



# Cross Check Me, Coach (Montreal Triumph Hockey #4)

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**Category:** Sport

**Description:** Who says you can't meet a handsome, older stranger on the beach, dressed like he just came from a wedding, have one night, the time of your life, and never catch feelings?

When he's your cheating ex's new coach, your best friend's older brother, and you only slept with him because you wanted revenge maybe? Only he really was the time of your life, and you don't know how you're going to be able to work together because maybe you did catch feelings. .

Cross Check Me, Coach was first published in the Well Played Sports Romance Anthology. Are you ready for even more Brett and Zoe?

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

SOPHIA: I just heard the news! Congrats, COACH!!!

brETT: Soph, I coach now.

SOPHIA: Not for a PRO TEAM!!! Why didn't you tell me you were talking to the Triumph? And why did Noah have to be the one to tell me???

T hank fuck, the beach was deserted, because for once in my life, quiet and solace didn't sound all that bad.

Even for just a few minutes. I'd come out after making sure my lawyer sent my signed contract to coach in Montreal to let it sink in.

After five years coaching in the minors, head coach status achieved.

Growing up with two little brothers and Sophia meant noise. Tons of noise. And Soph gave as good as she got. Texting didn't stop her from being...Soph.

Noah might only be a few years younger than me, but, damn, he never could keep his mouth shut.

He better be fucking grateful he wasn't close enough for me to call him out for blabbing the news.

The little shit. And then thank Kev and Mel for getting married so he wasn't in reach

for me to throttle him.

But now that I was his coach, I could get my revenge on him in other ways. Like hiding his tape. Although, that might break his heart. Even I was n't that much of an asshole.

After all, I was the reason he taped his goalie stick.

Most didn't because of the added weight, but when he was younger, he had a rough time of it.

So, like any good big brother, I did what was necessary to get his confidence back.

The grip tape only added a little extra weight, but Noah had been playing with it on his stick for almost his entire career.

And was a damn good goalie. Was I proud?

Hell yes. Was I peeved he spilled my secret to Soph before I had a chance? Also hell yes.

Not enough to really kick his ass, but still exact a little revenge on the practice ice.

But here I was. Surprise beach wedding. Best friend and groom, Kevin from college, had made me promise to stand beside him if he ever asked the woman he loved to make it legal.

The bride? My ex girlfriend turned good friend, also from college, who teased that she was the one who really didn't get away.

It wasn't as if we'd been together in any capacity the last ten years, but it still fucked

with my head.

They'd been together far fucking longer than Mel and I had, but for some reason, it brought up things I'd much rather ignore.

brETT: I figured you had enough coach drama to last you a few weeks until contracts were signed.

SOPHIA: Haha . Funny. Seriously, though. Congrats . See you soon, Big B. Love.

brETT: Love ya Baby L.

SOPHIA: \*eye roll\*

brETT: You'll always be the baby. Noah's never been smaller than you. Not sorry. Ceremony time.

SOPHIA: Give my congrats to Kev! And don't forget to eat cake for me! Max says congrats!

brETT: Will do.

I let out a heavy sigh as I pocketed my phone and contemplated my lonely existence for a brief moment.

Even my baby sister had someone. Of course, her someone was the head coach for the Seattle Revenge who just so happened to be her favorite player until he retired. And that fucked with my head even more.

Sophia and Max. Kev and Mel.

And then there was me. Nary a plus one in sight, and I was the fucking best man. Which, a few months ago would've made me think of the possibilities, but instead, here I was, getting all existential and shit.

Perfect, dream job, and no one to share it with.

The waves crashed on the shore, a comforting reminder that, as alone as I felt, the world was filled with fucking wonders and lonely people staring at them at the same time I was.

Fuck this.

I needed a drink or five, and a tight, wet pussy to slide my dick into and forget all this melancholy bullshit.

Phone in my pocket, I headed down the beach towards where white lights strung like sparkling stars, chairs faced a small distressed wood platform set up for Kev and Mel to exchange their vows surrounded by white flowers, and got ready to fulfill my duties as best man.

Kev snuck up next to me like a damn ninja, and nudged me with his shoulder. "Hey. Mel and I appreciate you being here and doing this."

"Shut the fuck up. Where else would I be? After setting the two of you up after grad? I practically created this moment." While not being drafted by any pro teams. My lack of judgment greatly increased by the alcoholic haze I decided better suited my not-playing-hockey ever again state than remaining sober.

Melanie and I hadn't dated since sophomore year when we figured out kissing was about as far as we wanted to take things.

Not a single spark. Even alcohol hadn't helped.

She reminded me of Sophia way too much for anything more than platonic feelings developing, and we decided we were better friends than anything else.

When I caught Kev staring at her like she hung the fucking moon after a few drinks, I decided to take action.

Inebriated as fuck action, but action nonetheless.

Drunk yet somehow still coherent enough to understand what I was doing, I locked the two of them in my room and sat up on the roof with a bottle.

All night.

The hangover fucked me up enough that I stopped feeling sorry for myself and was about to do...

something, no idea what, but something...when I opened the door to my room and headed in without a thought of the two people I.

Locked in the night before. To Kev and Mel having insanely hot sex.

I yelled, covered my eyes as they scrambled to cover up with my comforter and realized Mel deserved to get laid by someone with their kind of chemistry.

Just not in my damn bed.

"You still owe me a new comforter." I reminded him, stuffing my hands in the pockets of my dress pants with a shake of my head.

He grinned. Cuffs in place, impeccable and ready to commit to forever. “We still have it.”

“Dude.” I groaned, scrubbing my hand over my face.

“Memories.” He smirked.

The sun sank lower nearing the horizon, painting the sky fantastical shades orange and red. Lights from the beachfront hotel behind us cast a silhouette on the marital bliss set up. Full on romantic scene from some cheesy romcom. It fucking suited them perfectly.

Not sure how to voice the thoughts running through my head, I stuffed my hands back in my pockets and cleared my throat. And instead of giving my melancholy a voice, I asked, “So, we doing this, or what?”

He nodded and clamped a hand on my shoulder with a grin. “Hell yes.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Zoe

Waves crashed in a cacophony of sound behind me, taunting and teasing me. A litany of warnings and the possibilities not yet realized. The ramifications if my plan went south. Which it wouldn't. I'd come this far, and refused to leave anything to chance.

My heated skin felt damp in the salted sea air, but the warmth raising off me wasn't from the sun since it set over two hours ago. No, it had everything to do with the man I had spent the last few days watching, working up the courage to carry out my plan.

And was watching even now.

My very carefully laid plan that no one, not even my best friend Eden, knew about.

Oh, she knew I had decided to escape for a few days to the beach, not only because it was my favorite place, but because I told her the new job was going to be a stress ball the first few weeks.

And I wanted a little downtime before my first real job in the NHL kicked off full throttle and the pre-season chaos ensued.

For the next six months, if things went as planned.

The path to the Stanley Cup was long and didn't end until almost June.

I'd taken a weekend getaway here and there, so it wasn't exactly unusual behavior for



me.

But, I still treaded carefully, not wanting to give anything away to Eden or Noah.

Or, anyone, really. Or jinx my plan. Especially since Eden had this weird way of figuring things out, and the last thing I needed was Eden asking Noah if I was acting funny.

Especially since the person I had been lowkey stalking was Noah's big brother.

As well as the man I planned on having a one night stand with, and my best friend's big brother.

When I arrived a few days ago, I made sure to stay under the radar, and avoided any situation where we would run into each other.

One random social media post and my cover would be blown.

So I watched, waited, and laid in the sun, enjoying the sand and listening to the waves crash at night with my balcony door ajar.

But tonight was the night I'd either crash and burn, or takeoff. Fingers crossed that all the prep and heels , plus the damn push up bra that made my tits even more...pushed up...paid off,

The wedding party had finally started dying down, the bride and groom having left earlier. As guests slowly made their way either to their rooms, in most cases, or the resort bar, the object of my attention lingered.

Brett watched the last few guests on the dance floor, and I almost gave up hope. But then, he tipped back the rest of his drink and made his way toward the bar. Where I

waited, ready to put the final stage of my plan into motion.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

“ And though I take full credit for the two of you finding each other, I did not have anything to do with how you love each other.

To Mel and Kev. “I raised my glass high as the two of them sank further into the adorable and somewhat vomit inducing happiness of newlywed bliss. “The girl I never deserved,” I smiled at Mel, “and the man who just might.” Kev just grinned as Mel kissed his cheek. “From the friend who still doesn’t deserve her friendship, but will kick his ass if he ever hurts her. Though Mel has a mean right hook, as Kev knows, so I’m sure she’d have that covered. Cheers!”

Mel’s laugh and her new husband’s half-hearted groan rose above the smallish wedding party and guests’ laughter.

That’s what happened when you’re reminded how you bet her she couldn’t hit you...hard. And she did. Really hard. Not gonna lie, still one of my favorite memories.

A cut the wedding cake and first dance later, Mel’s best friend and maid of honor, Corey, and I joined the happy couple on the dance floor.

Who I’m pretty sure was the same person who played for the USA Hockey team in the last Olympics, and was rumored to be getting a high up position with a team in the league, but I’d been so embroiled in my own career move, that I hadn’t payed that much attention to the details.

“They seem to be happy, don’t they?”” she asked, a wistful smile on her face as we swayed to the Taylor Swift song I swore they picked just to irritate me.

Little did they know that Soph and I snuck off to her concert not too long before she moved to Seattle.

Sibling secret pact. Plus Noah played her nonstop and loved sending me TikTok’s.

Fucked my algorithm. Some secrets were not meant to be spilled. Did I know every word? No. But Soph made sure I knew when to throw up the heart, when to clap, and I did in fact know all the words to the appropriate bridges.

Big brother duties and all.

One quick glance at the happy couple and that weird feeling washed ashore all over again. Fuck . I shook my head, unsure why nostalgia and another feeling I refused to name decided to creep up on me suddenly.

What the hell was this poetic shit?

Washed ashore?

Damn beach and too much sun.

Commitment didn’t scare me. Fuck, I wanted it. But choosing the wrong person did. My parents were still so in love that they, shudder, still snuck off at gatherings when they thought no one noticed.

We all noticed. Might be why I had so many damn siblings. Soph, Noah, Mason and I grew up knowing our parents loved each other deeply, and were all the better for it. Sure they fought, but they never gave up because they were so head over heels in

love with each other.

Realization dawned me. I wanted that.

What my parents had. What Mel and Kev seemed to have. All in, no holds barred kind of love.

Mel and Kev's relationship was solid, and nothing could break them. But that had to mean the chances of me finding it were slim to none, so fuck it.

Lightning only struck so many times.

Sex scratched that itch for physical contact, but the rest? Waking up in the morning, brushing your teeth before bed, sharing your dinner because she couldn't decide what she wanted on date night? Better left alone than disappointed or trapped in anything that wasn't what my parents had.

Ninety minutes later, the itch that always found me returned, built in a slow yet steady succession of mounting physical want until I needed to get away.

Focus on anything else but relationships and finding the fucking love of your life...

or not. The newlyweds took off ten minutes ago to do the whole newlyweds thing in their honeymoon suite, sans my comforter.

Best man duties fulfilled, no reason to linger.

Corey danced with a few of the guys from college we still kept in touch with, along with their dates.

I wrinkled my brow, because I could've sworn she was married at one time, at least,

but was here solo. Like me.

No one took notice as I slipped out and headed to the hotel bar, leaving behind the last few guests who were probably going to have one hell of a hangover the next morning.

A low key beach vibe permeated the air. I slid onto the stool in front of the distressed bar top and motioned for the bartender to give me a shot and to keep them coming.

As I turned, downed the shot, and surveyed the room.

Before I even set the glass down, a sexy as fuck pair of tits with the most gorgeous face I'd fucking laid eyes on appeared before me, lips full and pouty.

A slender hand reached out, palm up. An elegant brow arched as she asked, "Borrow your phone?"

"Depends." This fucking girl already had my dick twitching. Between her sunset eyes and the way her hair fell as she tilted her head at my response, it's getting ready to jump over the board before the penalty kill. I focused on her lips as they twisted into the smallest, yet sexiest, pout.

"On...what?" she asked.

"On who you are calling. Because," I murmured as I shifted around to fully face her and gave her all my attention.

As if I had a choice. "If you're calling the guy who stood you up, he doesn't deserve it.

If it's your girlfriend who is running late, she should've called you to let you know.

If it's for a ride home, then that would be a fucking shame, because having the time of your life should never be cut short. ”

Luscious and utterly fuckable lips twitched, as did my dick. “Ah. And talking to you is the time of my life?”

Smirking, I shook my head. “No, but being this close to the ocean and not staying to appreciate the moon reflecting on the water should be on the list, among other...things.”

Her head canted to the side, revealing the elegant length of her neck as her hair fell off her shoulder and cascaded down her back.

“What makes you think I don't live here and see that,” she teased as her eyes darted to the opened up deck area and the beach beyond lit up by a full moon, “all the time?”

“Because if you did,” I drawled, gauging her reaction, “your eyes wouldn't drift to the sand every time the waves crashed on the shore.

” Her eyes widened just enough that my suspicions were confirmed.

My eyes drifted along her body, admiring the way her dress hugged her curves, before returning to her lips, then her eyes.

“Fine.” It was more of an admission than a pouty answer. She moistened her lips, drawing my attention to them. “But you haven't answered my original question.” A hand tipped with red nails so dark they looked almost black as she swept her hair to the side. “Will you?”

Fuck, yes, I will.

With an arched a brow in question, I studied her. “Let you use my phone?” I asked with a slow grin, loving how her eyes darted to my mouth when I spoke.

“What if I said please? But I can’t tell you who I’m calling?..or texting?”

Now the image of her on her knees or bent over the desk in my room flashed in my head. My dick took notice and decided to pucker up.

Fuck it.

If she was texting another guy, he was a fool for making her wait.

I flick my finger over the dark screen then handed it over, and as she turned her back to me, I tried to not come in my pants like a damn teenager when I saw her perfectly round ass.

A few seconds later, she nearly caught me staring as she spun back around and handed me it back.

“Thank you.” And then, without another word, she spun on her heel. Her perfect ass swayed as she walked away without another word.

Well, fuck me, I thought as I watched the sexiest woman I had ever laid eyes walk away from without even a glance back over her shoulder to show me she knew what I was missing out on.

Resigned, I sighed and leaned my elbows on the bar, where thankfully sat my next shot, filled to the rim, when my screen lit up. With a text. From my phone to my phone.

brETT: Text me at this number and I’ll answer any question you have. Maybe more.



Because I do love the ocean and absolutely want to have the time of my life tonight.

She fucking texted me her number to my phone. With my phone. What a fucking whirlwind of a woman, destroying me and leaving me in pieces in her wake. With the biggest fucking hard on I'd had since...ever. I smirked and typed a response.

Two can play at this game, Little Tornado.

brETT: I thought you said you were calling someone, Tornado?

I added the moniker as her name in my contacts.

TORNADO: Tornado, huh?

With a smirk, I responded. Not just because my dick wanted it. The fucking initiative this girl possessed. Her confidence was an aphrodisiac. And I liked it. Damn.

Where had she been all my life?

Hint, dickhead, you weren't exactly looking.

brETT: You ran away before I could catch your name and left me in shambles.

TORNADO: Maybe you didn't earn it yet.

brETT: Earn it?

TORNADO: I'll make it easy. Tell me what your first thought was when you saw me.

Mine, or my dick's? I thought, knowing what she meant but unable to separate the two when it came to her question.

Fourth shot went down, smooth and warm. Not that I needed it to tell her, because my dick and I were still in complete agreement over what we both thought about her.

brETT: Only if you do the same, Tornado.

TORNADO: Oh, I can do that. You first.

Fuck it. My distraction from the relationship bullshit envy for the night fell into place the second I turned and found myself face to face with sunset eyes and lips meant for kissing and being wrapped around my cock. Might be a bit too much, but you miss the shots you don't take.

brETT: I thought you looked like a sunset. Then I wondered how you'd taste. Everywhere.

I resisted the urge to turn around and see where she ran off to after giving back my phone before walking away.

But, fuck, the urge to see her face when she read my text?

See if her lips parted, pupils dilated. Did it turn her on, or did she think I was some random creeper hanging out in my post wedding party suit?

TORNADO: I wondered how you'd look when I choked on your cock. So we're not too far off.

Holy fuck.

brETT: Oh, honey. You shouldn't say things like that unless you mean them.

TORNADO: Tell me what you would do if I gave you my room number and left my

door unlocked. Waited in bed only wearing my thong and bra. My back to you when you walk in.

For a few seconds, I didn't dare move, my dick was so hard, much less breath for a few beats. Fuck, this girl, whoever she was, was either crazy as fuck, or needed to get laid as badly as I did.

brETT: Playing a dangerous game, Little Tornado.

TORNADO: I can tell you're the kind of man who knows how to give me what I need. Or am I wrong?

brETT: Honey, when I told you you should be having the time of your life, I meant it.

TORNADO: Don't disappoint me, Daddy. Room 713.

Before I type any type of response, her dark tipped fingers slid into my view, along with a key card. I resisted the urge to take her in my arms, kiss her until she melted, so I could whisk her upstairs and give her what she asked for. I waited, not turning to look at her, hard as a fucking rock.

"This is so we're clear on what I want, and that includes you taking everything the way I meant it. You know where I'll be. Please don't leave me waiting too long."

The warmth of her body behind me vanished, and I felt her loss immediately.

The key card on the bar top gleamed like a damn beacon in the dim glow of the bar as the waves crashed outside onto the still sun warmed sand.

My dick reminded me, not so gently, that the distraction we both desperately wanted had made the move, and not us.

Which only made her hotter and made me want her even more, if that was even possible.

Fuck yes. She had the kind of body a man could get lost in and forget all the shit tumbling around in it. And I intended to get lost all fucking night.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Zoe

S NICK...

The sound of the door shutting cut through the silence of my hotel room, my body strung so tightly with overwhelming and nearly fantastical desire.

It echoed through the darkened room, and I jumped, nerves and hormones on high alert.

I made my way to the sliding glass door on the other side of the bed.

Not bothering to turn on the lights, I slid the door open.

The rhythmic sound of the ocean met the shore in gentle waves seven stories below calmed my nerves.

PING

Incoming text. I bit my lip, almost afraid to see the message.

Fuck, I hope he didn't change his mind. I worried my lip with my teeth as I swiped to read the message.

One glance and I let out a soft chuckle.

Nope, just my best friend, Eden, checking in on me, because that's what she does

best. And binge watch Bridgerton when she gets sad, with a box or three of Junior Mints.

Or sit in the rain with an umbrella and read a book, Which might be she loved working at Book Boyfriends )

EDEN: SQUEEEEEEE. Ride his face for me. Or something. Cheers, my love!

Yes, I was a dark romance girlie, but I had more important plans than reading or fantasizing about a masked intruder tonight. Okay, maybe I was hoping the intruder part would come true, but kidnapping and sleeping in. Trunk? Nope.

My lips twitched, threatening to smile, but I tossed my phone on the table after muting it. Hands shook as I shimmied out of my dress, clad only in my bra and panties. Just like I said I would be. Kicked off my heels, crawled onto the bed, laid on my side...and waited. Counting down the minutes.

Brett LeCavalier, in all his age gap sexy daddy vibes glory, dropped into my lap like a present from up above.

Thank god Noah, his youngest brother and one of my best friends, had spilled one night at the bar how his older brother would never settle down.

Which made him the perfect person to revenge fuck.

The dirtier the better. And from the rumors that flew fast and furious around the table, he knew how to please a woman and had a few that tried to nail him down, to no avail.

Especially when he spilled how Brett interviewed a few days before to replace the Triumph's current coach, who had an affair with an assistant coach's wife and caused

an enormous scandal.

As if my current situation wasn't poetic as fuck, though, in comparison.

My ex, or maybe never was, boyfriend, Liam Shaw, current winger on the Montreal Triumph, kept me like a secret.

Because, surprise, surprise, he had another secret girlfriend, but told us both we were the 'only one'.

Why the hell either of us cared enough for the asshole to be kept like a dirty secret was beyond me.

Workplace romance? Pfft.

More like a workplace disaster. Talk about the sin bin. I was so. In the penalty box when the other player should've been ejected from the damn game.

The one and only time we slept together had also been the most disappointing night of my life.

All talk, and no follow through. Should've known those dick pics were bullshit posturing. He probably sent the same one to God knows how many other girls.

Of course, he was only the second person I'd ever had sex with and so far, my record for two's company fell way short of my solo-is-the-way-to-go endeavors.

Liam tried to tell me the reason I didn't enjoy myself had been because I couldn't let go of my inhibitions.

Alone, yes, but subconsciously I must've known something wasn't right.

If I could give myself an orgasm, then I was pretty sure I wasn't the problem. Asshole.

Fuck, if only I had listened to my gut and trusted myself instead of allowing him to feed into my insecurities and manipulating me into thinking I was special.

Anger and humiliation washed over me, but I had promised myself to no longer empty my fucking cup for assholes.

Neither here nor there , I thought, slid onto one side on the soft, white hotel comforter draped over the king sized bed.

Please, whatever sex goddess makes-a-girl-happy-deity listen to the prayers of girls like me , I thought, who needed to feel that damn thing everyone talked about and I read or fantasized about and let me for once, see the fireworks and scream someone's name in utter ecstasy rather than cringe in disappointment.

With another person. A hot other person.

If it was with my ex's future coach, who didn't do feeling or attachments, all the better.

Plus. Win. Win. Orgasms without anything else sticky because Brett was...Brett.

Time ticked by, and I almost gave up hope.

My eyes had just drifted closed when I heard the telltale sound of the door being unlocked by a key card.

My breath hitched, my body lit up by the sudden electricity in the air as the hiss of the door opening shot low in my belly.



Every nerve ending in my body lit up, as desire raced along my skin.

I forced myself to stay still, not react.

His spicy scent and warmth of his body hit me.

God, when I breathed in as I stood next to him, playing it cool and asked him for his phone, the pine and leather and something so male filled my senses and I swooned.

He smelled the way I imagined the epitome of sexiness had to smell.

Mouthwatering, spicy, delicious, and darkness incarnate.

Ok, that might be my Delena Bennett fan-girl side showing, but still...

I wanted to lose myself in him. His sharp jawline, rough with a day's stubble, had me fantasizing about the way it would feel against the back of my neck...

and between my thighs. Along my breasts.

And god, those gray eyes? The storm that rolled through last night over the ocean paled in comparison.

And soon, God willing, I would.

Every footfall as he came closer revved up my already oversexed mind to where my body trembled with the need to come or explode into stardust. Part of me got lost in the fantasy, because I wanted him to do every dirty thing he could think of, even if I was a toy for him to play with.

There was freedom in it, a release of expectations.

To be used in the most filthy, dirty ways he could imagine.

A low growl had me nearly jumping off the bed, but there was no way in hell I was going to blow this. I forced myself to breathe, stay still, and sink into the anticipation.

A smile spread across my lips lazily as my mind slid into a kind of dreamy haze, not because of the two drinks I had that were just enough to make me lose the jitters, but because of his presence.

The unspoken and intrinsic knowledge he would take care of me, and give me what I needed the moment I laid eyes on him a few days ago.

The racing thoughts of how I dumb I had been, or that I missed something and still did, calmed in an instant. Brett LeCavalier made it stop.

Yes, I totally stalked him during the pre-wedding activities while catching a few rays...

The bed sank with his weight as he climbed onto the bed, one arm over my body, his torso caging me in.

Trapped as he ran his nose along the sensitive skin at my collarbone.

Shivers trailed behind in the wake of his touch, and I whimpered.

Caught in between wanting to see his face and loving how the hard planes of his body contrasted with the softer places of mine.

“Don’t move unless I tell you. This is what you wanted, isn’t it, Little Tornado?” A hand traced up the side of my ribcage as he shifted. I could escape if I wanted to, and that was the point. This fucking man was giving me the chance to leave.

He made consent even sexier, and I trembled as my body and mind responded to the choice he offered.

But nothing in this world or beyond could make me leave this bed or Brett.

Nothing.

His fingers lingered at the point where my neck and shoulder met. His sexy hum of approval felt like the sweetest praise dripping along my spine. Wanting more, I fought the urge to squirm as his hand entangled in my hair. “Fuck, I want to bite those tits. Mark you as mine.”

I arched against him, but he tugged, then pushed my head down low, kept in place.

Every inch of my body thrummed with desire, a dark and intense heat at being like this.

All his. One night of being owned by a man like Brett would ruin me for any other man and provide an endless font for fantasies for solo Zoe time.

“Still no name for me, honey?”

He let up enough that I was able to shake my head.

The sharp sting of his hand on my ass landed, and before I recovered, he delivered another.

I yelped and knew my panties were useless.

“Guess I’ll call you my needy little slut?”

No one else's but mine. Tonight, I'm going to use you the way you crave.

The way your body is screaming to be treated.

How I want to. How you need it, from the first moment you walked into the bar. Nod if you understand."

God, he even made checking in consent sexy. I nodded, and desperation coursed along my fevered skin.

"Such a good little needy slut." I gasped as his body shifted and he released my hair only to smooth along the back of my neck, along the sensitive area along my spine, and hooked around the thin straps of the panty I wore.

With a grunt of approval, he pulled it taut, the friction against my clit delicious and uncomfortable in the best way because I couldn't move.

God, I wanted to, but the hard body behind me made that impossible. "Please-" I begged, but stopped before I said his name and gave myself away.

"Oh, Tornado. You'll beg and plead, and I'll take whatever I want."

Fuck, my body strained, my ass pushing back, desperate for any contact with his cock. I whimpered when he rolled his hips, the hard length of him against me. "More."

The feral growl as he shifted, pushing his still clothed body against me so hard, my pussy clenched, the need climbing toward my orgasm. "Fuck, honey, my pants are wet from rubbing against your pussy. So ready to take my cock, aren't you?"

He hadn't even touched me or teased my clit or pussy, yet I was ready to explode

from his words and the way he treated me like his personal fuck toy.

Fingers pulled the strip of fabric to the side, and he plunged two thick fingers into my swollen pussy.

My body begged for more, even as I adjusted to the intrusion.

The obscene sounds of how he used me for his pleasure filled the air, along with my desperate pleas and his pleased grunts of approval.

“So fucking wet and begging to be filled. My little slut,” he murmured, and suddenly his warmth was gone, but he ordered in a low and commanding tone, “Don’t move.

Even an inch.” A harsh slap to my ass, and I yelped but stayed in place.

God, I wanted him to tell me I did a good job so fucking bad I was ready to weep with need.

The distinct sound of his zipper, um, unzipping, and foil being ripped registered before his hands were back, one on the back of my neck, the other teasing my wet center.

One finger, then two. A third stretched me, readying my body.

He slowly withdrew them from inside me, then brought them next to my face against the bed.

“Open, and show Daddy,” he smirked, remembering the name I said as I walked away from him downstairs, “what a good girl you are. How your needy, tight cunt tastes because it wants to be filled and take my cock.”

I obeyed, and sucked his fingers dry as he watched, then pulled them further into my mouth even further.

“Keep them wet for me. I’m going to fuck you,” he leaned down and bit the sensitive flesh at the side of my neck, “and fill your ass. You’re going to squirt for me, honey.

All over my cock when you cum. Just for Daddy. ”

Mindlessly, I wet his fingers, spit spilling out of my mouth and onto the bed just as he slammed his cock into my swollen pussy.

“Yes,” I screamed as he removed his fingers.

I tensed as he spread my cheeks, his cock so far in my pussy, incredibly full and stretched to my limit.

His cock twitched inside me, the girth burning, but so good at the same time.

Pain and pleasure entwined in a wicked dance my body craved and needed.

Pumped in and out, once, twice. Brett’s finger slid along my ass, to the tight hole no one had ever touched before.

I whimpered as he teased and put one finger barely inside the tight ring of muscle. My inner wells spasmed. I couldn’t tell if I wanted more or not.

“Tell me, has anyone played with your ass before?”

I shook my head as he continued to slow thrust his cock in and out, shallow, deeper, shallow. His finger slid in more.

“Fuck, honey. Taking your ass for the first time? Even with just my fingers? Such a good gift for Daddy’s little slut to give to me.”

Between his cock and fingers, I was so full I couldn’t think, only feel.

When he breached the tight hole, working and playing with my ass, heat spread from the top of my head along every inch of my skin.

Pinned down, used, and unable to think, the most explosive orgasm ripped through me I’d ever experienced. Even on my own.

He didn’t stop, and I barely recovered before he stretched me further, adding another finger in the most forbidden of places, and played my body like he knew every inch and had for years.

Relentless, licking the salty sweat and tears from me, fucking me harder and harder until wetness gushed from me around his cock as he growled, my inner walls spasming in endless waves.

“Fuck yes, soak me, baby. Come on Daddy’s cock like a good little slut,” he commanded, and I was helpless to do anything but take what he gave me. Loving every second in a mindless, blissful haze.

He came with a roar, and fuck if I didn’t wish wasn’t a barrier between us as his cum filled me, marking me the way his teeth had.

My body gave up, and I laid there boneless. He kissed my cheek and withdrew from me. “Stay right here, honey. I’m going to clean you up, draw a bath in that fabulous bathtub. Wash your hair, and dirty you up before the morning sun steals you away.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

“I’ve never ‘washed’ myself twice in one night.” The gorgeous creature in my arms giggled sleepily, her beautiful body pressed up against mine in delicious surrender.

“I bet you’ve never come so many times in one night to need to be washed,” I teased, letting her rest back against me in the oversized tub, back to my front.

Fuck, she was a goddamn gift. Soft, sexy, responsive and so damn eager with a touch of sass and confidence that intrigued the shit out of me. “And I’m washing you, Tornado.”

Her head moved back and forth as she hummed in agreement, the scent of whatever I found on the counter tickling my nose from the warm water we were immersed in, and her skin. “I’m so glad we showered first, because this,” she sighed like a content kitten and nuzzled into my front, “is bliss.”

My chuckle was dark and satisfied. Bliss was her ass against my semi-hard cock. The desire to fuck her all night and into the next day roared in me. But as it was, I knew daylight would be here all too soon, and every second with her was more precious than the last. “Sit up.”

She did, but glanced over her shoulder, bewilderment coloring her features. “Why?”

I smirked, knowing no one had ever treated her the way she deserved. Worshiped. Given what she needed. Took care of her even though she could do it herself. “So I can wash your hair, honey.”



Her sunset eyes widened with astonishment. “You want to wash my hair?”

“Yes. Face forward,” I commanded. She stared back at me, mouth opening and closing like she wanted to protest but couldn’t. I grinned at how adorable yet sexy she looked. “Now. Trust me.”

Fuck, the way she listened and obeyed as I squeezed the shampoo into my hand, then gently worked it into her hair. Her moans of pleasure as I massaged her scalp were not missed by my dick. The happy fucker wanted more.

Don’t get attached, I warned. One night stands only last one night, buddy.

I lathered, rinsed, and washed her body. Soothed her aching spots. Languishing in the feel of her skin, her body, the weight of her against me.

Fuck, why was she so young?

Wait, why the fuck was I thinking that at all?

“Tell me one thing,” she said as she rested against my chest, “you’ve never told anyone else.” My hands snaked around her body, and fuck if I couldn’t resist touching her full tits. She let out the sweetest sound as I did. “Please?”

My hands played with the weight of her, fondling and enjoying her body for no other reason than...

I could. Plus the fucking sounds she made?

I needed to keep hearing them. “I played hockey in college. My whole family is into hockey. My brothers both play, and my baby sister works for the Revenge. When I didn’t get drafted, I almost gave up and moved to the mountains.

Just left. I packed, ready to go, and wasn't going to say a word.

Noah, he's the youngest, walked into my room and told me I was his hero because I did something I loved just because I got joy out of it.

"I chuckled, low and quiet. "He's the reason I became a coach. "

She stilled, then placed her hands on top of mine. "You coach hockey?"

"I do. In fact, I just signed a contract to coach an NHL team. And," pride filled my chest, "I am coaching Noah. Full fucking circle."

The room settled into a comfortable silence. She tilted her head to look at me, eyes shining in the candlelight. "That's beautiful. You must love him very much."

"Don't get me wrong, he's a shit. But yeah. I do." I kissed her head as she laid back and held her in my arms.

The water cooled, and as I helped her out, wrapping her in a towel, I knew how easily I'd become addicted to the sleepy, satisfied look on her face. Knowing I put it there.

And filed the vision away for the lonely nights I would have in Montreal. Because I doubted anything, or anyone, could compare to her.

"You don't have to feed me," she said as one arm, then the other, went through my button-up shirt.

The black material against her skin a sexy contrast, better than anything I'd ever seen, and I felt a primal claim seeing her in my shirt and nothing else.

Fuck, I loved the way she looked wearing it.

Way too much. This girl dug deep under my skin like no other woman ever had.

Fuck. I even slept with her. Caught actual z's with her, naked, snuggled up against my body.

“And you didn't have to wake me up the way you did, either.”

Her amber eyes sparkled with mischief, tongue darting out to wet her lips.

“But- it was fun.” My eyes tracked the piece of bacon as she plucked it from the plate between us on the bed.

As she bit into it, my cock twitched, recalling how her lips looked wrapped around my cock when I opened my eyes an hour ago.

The highlight reel of this woman filled with every damn second she occupied since walking up to me to ask for my phone.

“And I like fun. Time of my life, remember?”

I poured her a cup of coffee. Her smile was everything, and fuck, to see that small smile spread her lips day after day? Some lucky fuck was going to get them.

Not me. I swallowed down my disappointment and focused on the here and now. Scooping up a forkful of eggs, I brought them to her lips. “Eat, honey. You must be hungry.”

That pert nose of hers wrinkled in protest, but she opened her mouth. A hand came up, covering as she swallowed. “Aren't you hungry? You did more work than me.”

I smirked, satisfaction and fucking pride at how relaxed and well loved she was.

“That wasn’t work, Tornado.” The memories replayed in my head of how I played her body for every moan, whimper, and magnificent tremble.

My cock screamed for round four. From how she squirmed as I studied her, I didn’t think she’d protest. Unfortunately, I had a plane to catch today.

And she still refused to give me her name. “That was the time of my life.”

An adorable blush crept along her cheeks. “Don’t get out much, Coach?” she teased, her eyes dancing over the rim of her coffee mug. I growled at her, and she laughed.

I fed her another bite as she glared at me, pouting and sexy. The sides of my shirt barely hid her breasts and the marks I left on them. A satisfied warmth spread in my chest as she opened her mouth and took what I offered. Where the hell was this coming from?

I’d told her I had signed a contract last night to coach, but not where or for what sport.

You like her, and it freaks you the fuck out because you’re leaving in a few hours, don’t know her name, and you want to make her scream your name again.

“Maybe,” I drawled as I moved the almost empty room service tray and crawled towards her and claimed her mouth as mine. I kissed her, tasted her, and didn’t stop until she was breathless and pliant against me. “We were meant to have one night neither of us will ever forget.”

“One more time?” she said, her voice raspy and like honey.

I grunted. “I thought you’d never ask, honey.”

NOAH: Can't believe my big bro is my coach!

brETT: And you told Soph you knew before she did

NOAH: Fuck yeah I did. But I waited until you officially signed.

brETT: Couldn't let me in a group text?

NOAH: Nope. Soph and I have a competition going. Now I'm ahead. \*fist pump\*

brETT: The two of you are ridiculous.

NOAH: Yep, but still winning. Coach Big Bro.

brETT: Call me that and you'll be doing sprints.

NOAH: Goalies don't do sprints.

brETT: You will if you call me that. N. Love you, lil bro.

NOAH: SAME.

I checked my watch for the millionth time as the plane taxied and turned as we prepared for takeoff.

Not to check the time, but to convince myself it had only been hours ago since I left her room.

When the object of my current infatuation laid in my arms, writhing with pleasure.

Cold, hard reality set in as the plane's engines propelled us down the runway, and far

from the one person I couldn't stop fantasizing about.

But it was time to go back to the real world, and the next chapter.

In Montreal. With my baby bro.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Zoe

Two weeks later...

“Wait. Brett?” Eden’s eyes widened, and she stopped mid step.” As in Noah’s big brother, Brett ? As in LeCavalier Brett ?”

“The one and only.” Numb, I nodded as I unlocked the front door to the brownstone we shared.

Eden and I were rooming together until she found a place of her own.

Of course, it had been six months of ‘looking’ for a suitable place, but it was better than living with her mom and stepdad.

Even though Eden turned twenty-four this summer, her stepdad was just a tad overprotective in the best possible way.

The walk from Noah’s place just down the street took at the most, maybe five minutes.

Noah, as in LeCavalier Noah, invited a few of the Triumph players over for a pre-madness/preseason dinner.

Brett, my revenge fuck one night holy fucking hotness stand’s little brother.

Triumph training camp began in just a few days, and there were a few new guys who

he invited to stay at his place until they found out if they made the team or not.

Eden and I left when the boys brought out the gaming chairs and did that weird chest bump thing guys sometimes did.

Out came the PS5 controllers, the headsets, and a few extra beers.

Being around them going head to head in some insanely immature and loud video game was not my idea of a good time.

I loved Noah, but unless he snuck out the Nintendo Switch he hid for our Kirby tournaments, Eden and I were out.

Rowdy hockey players taking out their aggression gaming? Not as much fun as it sounded. Even if they were easy on the eyes. But the loud outweighed the eye candy, so Bridgerton binge watch it was. Noah might've pouted when we told him our non-gaming go back to our place plans.

Goalie's were a different breed. Noah was no exception to the stereotype and hated when we watched the period drama without him.

Noah also got all emotional in the middle of dinner over how his big brother was going to coach the Triumph this season.

My stomach dropped, and I steadfastly avoided eye contact, choosing to concentrate on the taco bar set up as I loaded my plate with a second round of yumminess.

The guilt worsened when Brett sent him a text telling him he'd be in town in a few days mere seconds later.

Noah's face lit up as he read the text out loud.



Eden, the third of our bestie trio, kept throwing glances my way, twiddling with a strand of her bright hair.

Eyes narrowed on me, watching every reaction.

I also avoided her because Eden had an uncanny way of finding things out she shouldn't.

When we begged out of the rest of the night, Noah teased as he walked us to the door, "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were sneaking off with your summer fling instead. But Mr. Mystery man is thousands of miles away, so you get these idiots instead. Makes sense."

"Hey!" Stephen Linders, the team's star defensive player, peaked his head around the corner. He added, with a fake pout, "I'm offended. See you later, Zoe. Eden."

Eden wagged her fingers at him, then turned her attention to me as I pretended to look for my keys. Watching every movement like a colorful haired little yet very observant hawk.

As if she realized I kept something pretty big from her that included Noah somehow. And the text he read out loud as I choked on the spaghetti marinara from our favorite Italian place.

Eden knew I hooked up with someone on my mini escape over the summer. I just never told her who. Or that the reason I needed to get away was my secret situationship with Liam and his two-timing ass.

Add one more thing to the list of secrets I was keeping, I thought guiltily. It was eating away at me, and I felt the the story screaming and fighting to get free from the spot I locked it away once I closed the door as I left Brett's hotel room that morning

two weeks ago.

As soon as I threw my keys in the bowl on the kitchen island, I broke down and told her my hot-as-fuck beach hook-up was Noah's older brother.

How Noah's buzzed story about Brett's reputation sparked a plan that included a little light stalking, a whole lot of scheming, and multiple orgasms with Noah's big brother.

As in, not only Noah's big brother, but also the new coach of the Triumph. And technically, the person I'd be working with, at least in some capacity.

Yep. Brett LeCavalier, Triumph head coach, and the best sex of my life would be unavoidable for the foreseeable future. Avoiding how to navigate that was my current super power.

Eden buried her face in her hands with a groan.

She squared her shoulders, raised a finger to indicate the hold the fuck on we need something strong for this finger, walked deftly to the kitchen and whipped open the cabinet we kept our alcohol and her Junior Mints, as well as my and Noah's secret snack stash.

Then she brought out the vodka and two shot glasses, lips pursed, silent, and poured shots.

I wrinkled my nose as she handed me one and raised hers in a not-so-toast toast. We downed it together with a grimace even though the vodka went down smoothly.

Eden motioned for me to continue, and listened to my incoherent ramblings as she kept pouring Tito's.

Maybe because I was reliving all the dirty details, but leaving out the whole revenge fuck and reason why. That I just randomly ran into a really hot guy, only to realize he was...Brett on my solo beach getaway and had a one night stand that lasted until the next morning.

Leaving out the reason behind it all, but I had my reasons. Was I embarrassed that I'd been fooled so easily and believed all his lies about how he felt about me and that I was the only one. Hell, I could be one of seventeen at this point.

At least I had the memory of Brett and all the things he did to me to resort to when I went down the rabbit hole.

Shot two went down easier. Of course, we drank to Brett's magic, no commitment dick and tongue. Le Sigh. So that helped.

By shot number three, I confessed how I thought about him and the orgasms he addicted me to constantly. Day and night. Night and day, and not the damn Tom Cruise movie, either.

Oh, no this was full on, X-rated, replay every damn dirty filthy thing.

I could almost hear him call me his little slut even now.

NO, not almost. I did. My cheeks flushed, and I was grateful to have the alcohol buzzing in my veins.

"But it's hopeless to even think anything else could come of the night we spent together.

Because he doesn't do feels. Catch feels.

Things. Ugh,” I groaned as I buried my heads in my arms on the countertop.

“Which was why it worked out so well, right? Even if he is Noah’s brother? ”

“ Noah is going to ice you out when he finds out. Not because you had crazy, dirty sex with his older brother. “ Eden pointed her finger at me while holding another shot then downed it. Her nose wrinkled. “But because you kept it from him. Bestie code. You know he’s going to be hurt and...we didn’t even watch Bridgerton.”

“Which is why I am not going to tell him.” I raised my clear shot of false liquid courage and threw it back like I was still in college. The burn as it made its way down to my already torn up in knots stomach only made me feel worse and more guilty. Liquid courage, my ass. “And neither are you. ”

Eden raised her eyebrows as she gathered her multicolored hair and twisted into a bun on top of her head. “What else aren’t you telling me, Z?”

I froze, all that guilt eating away at me once again. But instead of confessing all my sins, or should I say dickhead Liam’s sins, I shook my head and plastered what I hoped was a convincing buzzed smile on my face. “Nothing.”

Hand on her hip, she glared at me, clearly not believing my bullshit.

“So you’re telling me you just so happened to be at some random beach bar, buzzed like a little honey bee?

For no other reason than you missed the beach and magically ran into Noah’s hot, emotionally unavailable older brother.

The same one Noah told us was a grumpy man whore?

Then, BAM ,” she snapped her fingers, hot pink and purple strands swaying like a fluffy cotton candy dream, “woke up in bed with him after a gloriously dirty night of sex?”

“Yep. Nothing else to tell.”

Her eyes narrowed. Seconds ticked away as she twined her hair around her finger, lips pursed.

Then the finger pointed at me as she reached for a cookie from the jar we kept on the island.

“You can lie to Noah, Zoe, but I am on to you. Fine. Keep your little secret. I’ll be here when you’re ready to attend confession. With vodka.”

A ping from her phone distracted her as she took a bite of the sugary goodness. I breathed a sigh of relief until I noticed the concern etched on her features. And how pale her face went as she read the message on her screen. “Eden? Is everything ok?”

“Huh?” she asked, enormous eyes looking up, then back down in quick succession as she turned off her phone and slipped it into her back pocket.

“The text?” I pointed to her phone as I shoved a cookie in my mouth.

Her eyes widened, then she shook her head. “Nope, everything is fine. For now.” And like any person hiding a secret, she flipped the tables on me. Just like I tried to do with my question. “I hope you know what you’re doing, Zoe.”

I sucked a deep breath and reached for another cookie. “So do I.”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

Two fucking weeks since a Tornado ripped through my life and engrained herself into my brain. Thank God I had the distraction of my new position with the Triumph to occupy my time.

It wasn't working but a guy could dream. And fantasize.

The distraction of a new job and moving to a new city only took up so much time, though.

Which left about lot of time to think about her.

I glanced around my apartment and the boxes I packed the last few days so the moving company my team had hired could do the hard part of my relocating to across the country in seven days. I'd fly out the following week.

Too bad all I could think about was a raven haired beauty with eyes like a fucking sunrise and the way her body responded to my every fucking touch. The gasps and whimpers she gifted me with.

Every other woman faded after our night together. But her? Fuck, she was still stuck in my head. I'd thought about her every damn time I jerked off. And even when I wasn't, her eyes haunted me.

Mel and Kev's fucking wedding messed with my head, and for once in my life, I wanted more than just a one night stand.

Finding the girl who turned my world upside down who had been on my mind ever since messed with my head, but in a good way.

Shifting priorities and moving across the country among other things had me questioning all the things I once thought I needed. Or didn't need, it seemed.

Even my new position at the Triumph took up less space to the way she messed with my head.

My dream of being in the NHL, even if it wasn't as hitting the ice to shoot my shot, seemed empty without someone to share it with.

I was grateful as fuck, but still, once the thought took root, it was hard to ignore.

Thank fuck I still had a few loose strings to tie up here before I left, because staying occupied and focused was the only way I could fucking cope with it all.

NOAH: What time's your flight land again, Big B?

brETT: Noon.

NOAH: Getting the jitters?

brETT: The only thing I'm getting is tired of you spilling all my secrets to Soph. She's still pissed I didn't tell her first.

NOAH: Imagine how annoyed Max Vaughn is going to be when she wears a Triumph Jersey.

I snorted as I tossed a few more random things in a box. Most of my stuff would go into storage until I found a place to live since I told the Triumph I wanted to find a

place myself even though they offered to help me. And Noah had a spare room he kept hinting about every other damn day.

Since I no longer cared about having someone to distract myself with any longer, the idea of living with him wasn't as terrible as it would have been before...her.

brETT: It's the one thing I think I might enjoy more than bossing you around.

NOAH: Find a place yet?

brETT: Nope.

NOAH: Offer still stands. I'll even let you tape my stick again.

brETT: Tell me you don't use that as a pick up line, Lil B.

Even so, I hated the thought of returning home to an empty place for the rest of my fucking life. Solitude had its perks, but I was beginning to think maybe being the sole controller of the remote wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

NOAH: Please, I have so much more game than that. Or something. Speaking of game, I can't wait for you to meet Zoe and Eden finally.

brETT: You do have friends on the team, right? Other than Sutton, right?

NOAH: Of course. And I have plans for the new guys. Just a little haunted house bonding to kick things off in a few weeks. Be forewarned, Big B.

It took me a second to figure out what the hell Noah was talking about, until I remembered Laney, the head of PR for the Triumph had emailed me with a few things she wanted me to attend in addition to the media obligations.



The team held an annual event that benefitted their foundation that included a haunted house where a few players dressed up as the creepy people who scared ticket buyers, among other activities.

Noah, who had a huge heart, had recruited more players after being drafted, which only increased the event's popularity.

There was no way I'd haunt anyone, but I knew it was important for the team to bond, so I'd agreed to make an appearance. Hopefully, my head and dick would get their shit together before then.

Either way, I knew I'd never get her out of my mind, even if I never saw my Tornado ever again.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Zoe

Two weeks later...

NOAH: Tell me there's grip tape. All the tape, Z. New grip tape???

ZOE: You barely use it, N.

NOAH: I use it. But you know I looove new tape, Z. Especially at the beginning of the season. It's like getting a warm hug from the equipment staff.

ZOE: Ok, Olaf.

NOAH: Z! I need to know if there's grip happiness ready for me.

NOAH: Does Walker use tape? Are we going to be tape bros?

ZOE: Doesn't every position EXCEPT goalie use it? Of course he does, silly. And tape bros is too weird. Don't use it. Try again. And I don't know because he's...Walker.

P reseason meant the training facility was empty, so I decided to take advantage and film a few random things to use later, along with pics to post in between now and the start of the season.

Noah was obsessed with the idea of welcoming Walker to the team, since he was 'practically in the bestie circle by familial ties' along with the other players who had

been acquired after the end of last season.

My big brother wasn't exactly forthcoming with information.

We didn't grow up together, because our parents divorced when I was only three, and he was thirteen.

Walker spent most of his time with our dad because of hockey and traveling.

Not that our parents had any animosity toward each other, they just were busy with...

us. Walker loved me, just like I loved him, but he was a tough nut to crack.

I shook my head with a roll of my eyes and snapped a pic of the huge plastic round bins overflowing with new grip tape, all ready for the team to mess up and go through faster than Eden went through her Junior Mint stash.

Noah might not use a ton, but he loved his grip tape.

Goalies rarely added tape to their sticks because it added weight, but Noah didn't care.

My big brother taped it for me after I had a terrible game and wanted to quit. He said it was magic. That tape and Brett is why I'm here, Z.

NOAH: HELL YES! Also, I'm calling it. Tape Bros Unite.

In a few weeks, both of our brothers would be here in Montreal.

My big brother, Walker, was traded days before training camp started to fill the gap in the Triumph's D, and I couldn't be happier.

I only hoped he kept his big brother vibes in check.

He knew about Noah, but he wasn't convinced that our relationship was strictly platonic.

Noah LeCavalier became my best friend the day I locked my keys in my car.

Which, coincidentally, had been my very first day of my real job as Laney's assistant in the PR department.

At least, I thought I locked them in. Turned out, when I left the office I shared with Laney and Chris, Laney's other assistant, I put them on top of the tiny fridge Laney kept stocked with all kinds of sparkling waters and snacks from the commissary.

Locked in the building, and not my car. I stayed after everyone had left, putting my things away and familiarizing myself with the new roster and each player's unique foundations or pet charities.

Internship, versus a position with the Triumph was as different as night and day in terms of the tasks and insanity of every day hockey business.

When I interned, I fetched coffee, La Croix, and scanned a few social media accounts to make sure everyone behaved along with a few other mundane tasks.

My workplace, more often than not, was in my car and nowhere near the facility or players.

But now? Laney entrusted the Triumph's main Instagram account and one other social media site to my care, while Chris assisted her with the media and press wrangling.

All those reels of the walk-ins and favorite song posts?

All on me now. I loved every moment of it all.

Not only were we the last two people in the parking lot, but Marc, the team's security head, left as soon as we walked out the door because he had to pick up his daughter from swim team practice across town.

As I let out a frustrated growl, Noah came up behind me, scaring me so badly, I swung my purse at him.

We met a few times, but with transitioning to my new position, the whirlwind meant very little conversation and more filming behind the scenes action to post at specific times to satisfy the algorithm.

"Woah, slugger! It's me! Your favorite goalie. No serial killer or mugging in the parking lot with a hockey stick. Just tape." He held up his equipment bag and a bag of takeout he had uber eats deliver after practice, well, as much as he could since it was slung over his shoulder and massive.

He was one of the only players who took anything home with him. Because taping was one of his rituals.

"Oh," I breathed, heart racing, and winced. "Sorry."

He chuckled, and once he realized I was stranded, offered to share his taco, salsa and chips with extra guacamole with me while we waited for someone to come up and let us back in. He called security once I realized where I left my keys, because my phone, of course had died.

Then we argued about who was right in Marvel's Civil War, duh Cap, and the rest

was history. I was a Cap fan. Noah? Stark. All the way.

Noah might've leaned a little towards Nat's thinking after I argued with him over all the Mexican goodness he shared with me. And the rest was history. When he met Eden, it was like kismet.

A wave of guilt threatened to crash over me over my current position.

How I lied to Noah when he asked if I had run into his brother when I went to the beach for a week.

How I decided to sleep with Liam's new coach, Noah's freaking big brother, to get back at him for cheating on me. Lying to me. Dickhead.

My cheeks flushed as I thought about that night that bled into the morning and the multiple orgasms he rendered from my body like no one else ever had, or probably could again.

The hours I spent naked, whimpering, and begging my best friend's older brother to revenge fuck me.

Not that Brett knew it was a revenge fuck.

I kept that little detail all to myself.

Even if no one, even Noah and Eden, our other bestie knew I had been dating the Triumph winger.

I doublechecked that I did indeed have my keys then got ready to leave, typing off one last text to Noah, lest he think I forgot about him.

ZOE: Tape is all safe and sound. Even hid a few in our secret spot.

NOAH: YES! on me! Or not tacos, but Indian Fusion?

I smirked because Noah never let either of us ever pay, and it had turned into a crazy competition to see who could grab the check before Noah made our favorite places put his card on file.

Stinker. I gave up on the hope of running into Brett, who was flying in, given the late hour. Maybe he had been delayed or, hell, changed his mind when he found out I was working in the same place. Which was impossible since I never gave him my name.

All that time curling my hair and winging the eyeliner for nothing. Not that I wanted anything. Right?

“Hey, Zoe, still here?” Marc asked with a grin as he came down the hall, extra bounce in his step.

The beginning of the season always had that magic, and everyone felt it.

Especially this year. Yep, ever since the night I lost my keys, the sweet and burly head of security checked in on me, making sure I not only had my keys, but that I never stayed in the building alone. Or at the arena.

“No rest for the wicked and social media. How’s Stassi liking school?”

He beamed with pride. His daughter swam for her college swim team and was on track to make the Canadian Olympic Team for the upcoming Games.

I was Team USA, but since Montreal was my second home, I cheered for my second home.

Especially Stassi. Marc was such a good guy, and loved his daughter with a fierceness and pride that almost converted me.

“Training. She called last night. Loves her dorm, but misses her mom.”

We chatted for a few more minutes, and then assured Marc I had my keys with a laugh.

EDEN: Dinner? Noah texted me. Usual place.

ZOE: Perfect. Tape day.

EDEN: No wonder he’s all hyper. Texted THREE times. See you soon. Love!

Eden’s hot pink and purple strands were easy to spot, even amidst the busy Thursday night crowd. She waved me over, and I weaved and bobbed until I reached the table. The spread on the table made my mouth water. My stomach growled in agreement.

Loudly.

Her eyes widened as she looked me up and down.

I glanced down at the outfit I painstakingly picked out.

Laney mentioned our new head coach was supposed to stop by and picked for his media packet.

Which included his iPad, press and arena team credentials, and other official business.

Then meet the rest of the staff. But, she sent a text, informing everyone Brett



LeCavalier's flight from Columbus had been delayed due to a mechanical failure.

Sigh. I wasted my favorite outfit.

Eden may have vibrant and crazily colored hair, but she was always impeccably put together. Adorable, sexy, and dressed in the cutest ensembles that fit her unique style. Today, it was a black off the shoulder sweater and white capri's set off by hot pink kitten heels that matched her hair.

But, I was giving her a run for her money in my royal blue cropped top and matching pencil pants.

I shrugged as I sat down and breathed in all the yumminess.

"Laney is having us do team photos. Today was team colors profesh media day shoot, tomorrow is Triumph Pride. Preseason kick-off on the accounts." And any day now, Brett would show up for his first day and heaven knows he'd probably hate me.

"These heels not only look killer, they are literally killing my poor feet."

She snorted and wiggled her feet with a cheeky grin, then slid a full to the rim glass my way.

"Thought you might like this, takes the edge off. And," her hazel eyes sparkled, "you might like that for later." I followed the direction her finger pointed, my heart pounding in my chest, because some silly, romantic, way too horny part of me thought he would be here.

But instead of Brett LeCavalier's gray eyes and scruff covered jawline, a pair of pale blue eyes and blond floppy hair winked back at me.

Sigh. No spark. Not even a tiny one. How pitiful am I?

No that I wanted to be attracted to my best friend, but even the hot guy at the bar wasn't so...hot. Ugh.

"Sorry I'm late. I had to stop by the airport." Noah said, a big grin on his face as he approached the table. "And fuck, am I hungry." He reached for the apps Eden ordered before anyone showed up as he sat in the chair opposite me. She swatted at his hand with a playful growl. "Hey!"

"Hey is right. You know this is your treat, right? But that doesn't mean you get to steal my food!"

The goalie rolled his eyes, and repeated like it was from rote memory, "Last to arrive-"

"Pays the tab," we all finished. His rule, run order to subvert any one else paying. Didn't mean he left the drama behind, because we went through this song and dance every time.

"Why am I always the one picking up our dinners?" he grumbled with a teasing pout over the rim of his water glass before draining it all in one gulp.

"One," I said, ticking the reason off on my finger, "you get paid more than Eden and I ever will."

"And two," Eden added, "you're always late, Noah. Plus you gave them your damn card so we wouldn't pay. Remember?"

He glared at her until she relented and let him grab one of the loaded Indian butter chicken fries that everyone in town obsessed over with a grin.

“I take care of my friends, what can I say? Plus, what if some douchebag tried to pay for your food, then hit on you, and no one came to rescue? It’s my solemn duty.

” He popped a fry dripping with all the fixings dripping off it in his mouth and groaned.

“Fuck, I love these. There has to be crack in them. Or maybe some elicit drug that could fuck me over if I get tested, but I don’t care. ”

Eden and I shared a look because Noah loved hockey more than anything in the world.

So much so that he ignored the opposite sex, no matter how often they threw themselves at him.

The girls loved Noah, but he loved hockey.

In the three years I knew him, he’d had one serious relationship that ended when Tory decided she didn’t want to compete with the net.

After that, he focused on training, the game, and the community outreach the players all took part in.

“Better than sex,” Eden agreed. Her head tilted, a calculating gleam in her eyes. “Don’t you think, Zoe?”

I shot her a glare. “I couldn’t say, Eden.”

Relentless, she asked, “What about the guy from this summer?”

For the first time since we met, I flushed bright red talking to my best friend, who

was more of a girlfriend than Eden sometimes. Because that great sex Eden referred to was with his brother.

“These,” I said as I jabbed a fry covered with deliciousness at her, “are better than any old sex I could ever dream of having.”

“Even if the sex happened during the greatest night of your life?”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

Fate was a fickle bitch, but sometimes the Universe decide her cockblocking needed a detour and did you a favor.

When the attendant at the counter announced my flight was delayed due to a mechanical failure, I thanked my lucky stars it was found before the damn plane ended my NHL career before it started and made my way to the nearest airport bar, which happened to be Jimmy Buffet themed.

Not interested in totally getting wasted away, I ordered food and one margarita to celebrate my flight not crashing and texted Noah to let him know I'd be late.

The Triumph head of travel and logistics got me flight out within three hours, but I had to cancel my meeting to get my credentials and reschedule it for tomorrow since I'd land after everyone had left the facilities for the night.

Noah, the little shit, texted me back at least ten times before I muted him.

But, fuck, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't excited about coaching him again.

As a hockey player, he was focused, intense and took every pointer and suggestion.

He'd improved so much since that first time on the ice when he was little, and I felt an odd sense of pride watching him grow up.

Even if he was just as weird as every fucking goalie I'd ever encountered.

“Big B!”

Even if I wanted to , I couldn't stop the smile from spreading across my face as Noah ran up to me and engulfed me in a hug, just like he was little and I came home from hockey camp. Of course, then, he had fired off nonstop questions, wanting to know all about what I learned and if I'd show him.

And so I had.

Crazy how some things come around full circle. From teaching him tips and tricks when he was little to coaching him in the NHL.

Yeah, life didn't suck.

“Lil B!”

Noah didn't waste a minute, grabbing my carry-on and slugging it over his shoulder as I rolled my suitcase behind me and adjusted my personal bag that contained my laptop.

I'd studied the old playbook and team write up the organization put together for me on the plane, even though I'd memorized it when I signed my contract over a month ago.

And even before that, I did my research.

“The girls are waiting, and we're already late but I am always late. Hope you like fusion, It's Zoe's fave, and she was a little down on the phone earlier even if she won't admit it. Which is weird, because she loves the preseason shit as much as I do.”

I buckled in, slightly nervous after the last time Noah took the driver's seat when he

was seventeen. Let's just say I never let him touch a steering wheel since the incident. "The girls? Are you dating more than one and they know about each other?"

Noah scoffed. "Not everyone likes to fuck around, B. Guys and girls can be friends. Best friends. And they let me watch Bridgerton with them and shit. I draw the line at guy liner, no matter how hard Eden tries, though. Girl time is top tier. You should try it sometime. You know, friends and not fuck buddies?"

If he only knew. "Members of the opposite sex can't be friends, Noah. One night, you'll cross the line--"

"Let me drop some knowledge. You fucking can, and it's magical. Plus, they remind me of Soph, let me be me, and Oliver is still in the chat. Which reminds me, I should put you in the chat."

I laughed and shook my head. "Fuck no. Once was enough. I'll just live in chat-less bliss, Noah. And I don't only see women as fuck bodies." Not anymore, I added silently.

The airport gave way to the suburbs and as we neared the city, Noah tossed a side-eye my way every now and then as Taylor Swift played from a playlist on his phone through the SUV's speakers. I had to stop myself from doing anything and instead attempted to check my emails to distract myself.

Finally, after he snorted, I asked, exasperated, "What? What has your panties in a twist?"

He threw his head back as he pulled into a parking spot outside a crowd and eclectic themed restaurant.

"You, trying to convince me you aren't into fucking around anymore.

A leopard doesn't change its spots. But," he held up a hand when I opened my mouth to deny it, "I'm not saying it makes you a bad dude.

It's just I can't see you settling down, at least not anytime soon.

Between moving to Montreal and coaching, you probably won't have much time, anyway. "

I wanted to protest, to tell him there was one girl I would make time for, but when I checked my emails, there were a few from HR and Laney that needed my attention.

"Relationships complicate things, and fuck knows my life is complicated enough right now. You head in, I'll be in a sec.

" I pointed to my phone, and he nodded, climbing out and making his way inside.

I tapped out a few responses, one that included that damn haunted house I'd make an appearance at, and pocketed my phone.

The night air was still warm for this time of year as I pushed the door open as the fragrant scents of Indian fusion hit me.

Noah waved from a table midway into the place.

The hostess smiled as I pointed at my brother, and I weaved through the tables.

As I neared, I caught sight of a girl with bright pink and purple hair talking animatedly to Noah, as another woman with long raven hair nodded enthusiastically.

And stopped dead in my tracks. Because it couldn't be. Fate wouldn't be that kind, right?



But, fuck, there she was. The girl I couldn't get out of my mind ever since she walked out my hotel room door.

My Little Tornado. And if I had my way, the love of my life.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Zoe

“E ven if the sex happened during the greatest night of your life?”

A deep voice from behind me asked, dripping along my spine like whiskey and making me question my sanity.

I froze because, God, I knew that voice.

Had dreamed about, fantasized about...while using my favorite solo late night date toy.

Nonstop, every night and sometimes in the morning, for over a month now.

Oh, God. Noah said he stopped at the airport. Brett was here. What the hell was I going to do? I had hoped to run into him before he could slip and tell the secret I had desperately wanted to keep.

Noah jumped up and hugged his big brother while I remained frozen in place, unable to move, barely breathing.

My skin tingled in his presence even though I hadn't even looked into his eyes or breathed in his scent.

“Brett, I'd like you to meet my two best friends, outside of Ollie and Mikayla. Eden, this is my brother Brett.”

Eden, eyes wide as she glanced from me to Noah, recovered and held out her hand with a welcoming smile. “Welcome to Montreal and to the Triumph. Noah talks nonstop about you. Doesn’t he, Zoe?”

“Noah talks nonstop about everything,” he said in a dry tone.

His voice dripped down my spine. Warm, commanding, and the epitome of sex on a stick.

Shit. Revenge sex turned into an addiction I couldn’t allow myself to indulge in ever again.

“Oh, Tornado. You’ll beg and plead, and I’ll take whatever I want.” I heard the words from that night in my head, repeating like a mantra and prayer combined in one sexy command I wanted to experience again. They trickled down the back of my neck, along my spine, and settled low in my belly.

“And this,” Noah drawled as he took my arm and spun me around to face Brett, “is Zoe.”

Gray eyes that had haunted my dreams. A smirk played on his lips. Lips that kissed and knew every secret spot on my body. Then his brow drew together in confusion as I stuck my hand out and plastered a smile on my face. “Nice to meet you, Coach. The Triumph is lucky to have you.”

His palm, warm and rough the way I remembered, held my hand for a moment longer than was polite.

Eden watched it all like we were a newly discovered breed of wildlife on a National Geographic tv show recording our mating dance.

But Noah, bless his heart, was oblivious to it all.

Brett released my hand after an extra second or two, but the heat of his touch lingered after we broke contact.

Memories of how that hand played my body snuck in like a devil on my shoulder, whispering and trying to corrupt me.

Like I would have any issue letting this man do whatever he wanted. Hell, if Noah wasn't here to remind me why I couldn't, I would be on my knees, begging.

"Zoe runs the social media for the Triumph, so I have to put up with her more than you will, big bro." Noah's grin, usually infectious, had the opposite effect on my rolling stomach.

He nudged me with his shoulder. "If you see her coming with her phone, hide. Or you'll be on her teaser reels or answering a question about who's on your lock screen."  
"

I punched him in the arm, a little harder than I intended. Noah scowled. "You're so in for it now, goalie. Figure out your favorite T. Swift song for training camp walk-in."

His eyes widened in horror at having to choose. "You wouldn't."

A wicked grin spread across Eden's face, but then it faded as her phone pinged. But she didn't check it. I sent her a quizzical look, but she shook her head. Then her smile was back in place. "Better choose wisely, Noah. All those Swifties might take you off the most eligible Swifty bachelor list."

"Never. They love me." He held up his wrist, showing off his wrist, which was covered by friendship bracelets. "Airport. Swifties are everywhere, and they love

me.”

Brett snorted, but his eyes remained on me.

“Don’t worry, big bro, I’ll explain who Taylor is after you take a nap,” he teased.

Breathe, Zoe. Reminding myself wasn’t helping, and I was just about to escape to the bathroom when Brett said, “You work for the Triumph?”

Noah’s head jerked back. “I told you about Zoe, dude. Should I be worried about your mental capacity?”

Brett shot him a death glare. “Your life is in my hands, lil bro.” Noah shrugged and dived back into the fries. “So, Zoe,” I shivered at the way he said my name, rough and rich with promise, and something darker, “you’re with the Triumph?”

I nodded and saved myself from saying anything inappropriate by showing fries into my mouth, even though I was no longer hungry. At least, not for fries.

Trouble.

I’m in so much trouble.

Eden watched the exchange with a mixture of fascination, pity, and utter amusement.

Noah, thankfully, focused on his stomach and was blissful and ignorant at the underlying narrative between his best friend and his big brother.

“As Noah mentioned, I run the team’s main social media platforms and stalk them for reels and soundbites.

But,” I backed away, needing to get a some space so I could breathe, to escape to the bathroom, “if you’ll excuse me for a moment. ”

My legs trembled as I scurried away and made a beeline for the bathroom. I didn’t think seeing him again would affect me like it had.

A revenge fuck with someone who wouldn’t catch feels. Or want more.

Only I hadn’t counted on catching feels for my best friend’s older brother.

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

“ I don’t expect special treatment, but at least let me call you Coach Big B?

” Noah bounced on his heels next to his pink and purple haired friend, Eden, fought a grin.

She was cute, but fuck, the way the breath left my body when I saw the girl I couldn’t get out of my mind made every other woman fade away.

Like she had ever since the moment I first laid eyes on her.

I didn’t know it then, but she ruined me for other women.

Not that they lined up at my door for the chance to hop into my bed, but until that night, sex had been a physical act that felt great, but meant nothing when it came to the person I slept with.

I respected them and made sure it was a beneficial situation for both of us.

Until the wedding. Or, more specifically, the hours after the wedding in the bar. “You call me that, and you’ll be doing drills.”

Noah reared back, an amused grin on his face. “You don’t scare me, Big B. Drills? Pshaw, you don’t scare me.”

I narrowed my eyes at him, even though my mind drifted back to Zoe. Her body, her

laugh, her cries and whimpers when she came all over my cock.

Zoe. My Little Tornado is Noah's Zoe.

His best friend.

My baby brother's fucking best friend.

"Call me Coach, Lil B. Or else." My hand twitched, and my cock made it known to me that our girl was close by, and we fucking needed her.

Now. Fuck, five minutes in her presence and every fucking thought involved filthy, fucking dirty as hell things.

My eyes drifted to where she had disappeared only a few minutes before.

"Or else? I for one would love to see someone put Noah in his place," she said, a lock of her bright hair wrapped around her finger as she grinned as the waiter shimmied up to our table.

The indistinct murmur of the crowd buzzed in my ears as everyone ordered, but when Noah added, "And our absent friend will have the Chettinad Chicken chicken, with basmati rice and an iced ginger tea." That buzz turned to a roar at the idea that my baby brother memorized Zoe's order.

Because he had been out with her, and somehow, a part of me claimed her.

Hated that anyone, even my baby brother, knew more about her than I did.

I should be the one ordering for her. I growled low in my throat as Eden cleared her throat.



Caught. Our eyes met, and yep, that gleam in her eyes told me she heard every dirty detail.

But why the fuck did I feel like there was a missing piece of the puzzle?

Noah was droning on and on about the fuck knew what.

As per usual. Eden sat, popping fry after loaded fry in her mouth.

An amused, if not worried, around the edges of her expression.

When Noah took a breath, she said, eyes wide and not even close to innocent, “Gee, I hope Zoe is ok. So, tell me, Coach, how do you like Montreal so far? Have you found a place to live yet?”

“Big B is staying at my place-”

“Just until I find a place.”

Noah reared back. “What the hell? Is it because I gave you the room with the bunk beds?”

“No fucking way am I staying in your fucking kid's bedroom.”

My little brother rolled his eyes, reminding me so much of when he was younger, and I told him to run drills or had him go one on one with Mason. “Fine, you can have the guest room.”

Eden twisted on her stool, neck strained as her eyes darted over the crowd toward where Zoe disappeared.

“Gee, thanks.” Done with waiting for Zoe to come back, I said, “Be right back.” Noah gave me a thumbs up as he and Eden fought over ordering more food. She swatted his hand as he went to grab at the plate in front of her.

“Noah, I swear if you take one more, I’ll stab you with a fork,” she warned and pointed at him with said utensil. The two of them grinned and kept sparring until Eden called out as I walked away, “Keep an eye out for Zoe, will you, Coach Big B? Just in case she needs...help, or something.”

I left the two of them sparring with utensils as the food arrived.

And zigged and zagged until I reached the hall where Zoe disappeared.

But she was nowhere in sight. I glanced across the dining area, to the bar, but the girl who haunted my dreams was nowhere to be seen.

I was just about to give up when I saw a flash of blue outside in the dimly lit open patio lounge area.

The night air was cooler than usual, and she was the only person outside.

My feet carried me to her of their volition, and when she spun and crashed into me, my arms instinctively wrapped around her to steady her so she wouldn’t fall.

“I knew you were falling for me, but this is a whole new level, honey.”

Her scent, just as fucking intoxicating as I remember, surrounded me, her sweet curves pressed against my body as she stared up at me.

Trapped in a timeless moment. She blinked and stepped back as she crossed her hands over her chest. “Whole new level would be texting you and having you meet

me in the bathroom, bend me over the sink, and stuff my panties in my mouth so no one would hear me scream when I come.”

Fuck yes. I closed the distance in two steps, loving the way her chest rose and fell with each breath.

How her pupils dilated, and her lips parted softly.

“Or,” I ran my nose along her jawline, and nipped the sensitive skin behind her ear, “I could fuck your mouth with my cock so no one could hear you and come down your throat. Take you home and ruin you all over again.”

There it was. That sound she made when she wanted me to touch her. The sound that permeated my dreams. Lived in my head as I stroked my cock over and over, remembering how fucking amazing it sounded falling from her.

The memory paled in comparison to the real thing.

Her hands gripped my shirt, curled into fists. Just as I thought she was about to give in, she shut her eyes and pushed me away. “We can’t. I can’t. Noah-”

“Is a pain in the ass grown up man.”

“And he’s my best friend.”

“And he’s my baby brother.”

“But...Brett, I only slept with you to get over someone. Who hurt me. That was why I was there that week. And I knew who you were when I saw you in the hotel lobby the day before I asked to borrow your phone. I saw an opportunity to get back at him for cheating on me, and keeping our relationship a secret.” She drew in a deep breath.

“Sleeping with his new coach would be the kind of revenge the cheating asshole deserved. I can’t...

I’m not worth it, Brett. This can’t happen. ”

Her eyes, so full of fire and desire moments before, filled with a sadness that ate away at me. When she walked away from me for the third time, Zoe took a part of me with her.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

Brett

Two weeks later...

With every second that passed, staying away from Zoe became the torture only the strongest man could endure.

I didn't give a flying fucking hockey puck why she slept with me.

Our chemistry, the way the air crackled with intensity when I knew she was in the building, or filming the walk in or that damn Taylor Swift sound bite, was as real as it could get.

Drills, team meetings, media...the last week and a half flew by in a blur.

Every damn time I passed one of the Triumph players, my team now, in the hall, on the ice, I wondered if this was the guy who hurt my girl. Half of me wanted to thank him, which was fucked up, because if he hadn't, she wouldn't have

But now, with the guys all fighting for their spot on the team, the fewer distractions, the better.

The roster was set except for a few key positions.

And every day, the lines were getting more and more comfortable with each other.

The only pain in the ass refusing to get along with his potential teammates?

Liam Shaw. Mason's best friend from college. Something about the guy always bugged me, but Mason liked him, so I stayed out of it. The guy had a chip on his shoulder after getting laid out last season in the playoff series against the Revenge.

The sound of skates on the ice and the familiarity of practice, a routine I'd lived most of my adult life, should have been comforting.

Instead of filling the hole completely, there was a vacant spot.

Waiting to be occupied...by Zoe. I leaned against the boards, watching but not seeing a damn thing.

Giving in to the impulse I'd been fighting for almost three months, I pulled out my phone.

brETT: I can't stop thinking of you. And I'm not sorry, Tornado.

Fucking lovesick fool. Mel would squeal with delight to see me so torn up over a girl. Much younger than me girl, who was also my little brother's best friend.

I blew the whistle, signaling the end of practice, and skated off the ice, only to look up and see her standing just outside the tunnel.

Filming practice. Her brow knit together, and as she lowered her phone, my heart fell to the bottom of my stomach.

God, Soph would never let me live it down if she knew I was sending mushy texts, but suddenly, I didn't care.

Or perhaps I hadn't cared all along. When her lips twitched as she fought the smile spreading on her lips, the realization hit me.

I wanted to wake up every morning next to Zoe.

Get her breakfast in bed. Wake her up with my face buried between her thighs so she could make those little noises for me for hours and hours.

Maybe not today, or tomorrow because fuck, I was pretty sure I'd either scare her away or Noah would have a fit that I stole his best friend.

Just like when our brother Mason ended up being Zeus, our dog's favorite when he was ten.

But if it took a month or even six months, I'd fight for her.

brETT: Don't you want to see how many greatest nights of your life you can have, Tornado?

Her eyes danced as she read the message, tongue darting out as she licked her lips. I waited, holding my breath, willing her to respond.

TORNADO: Does that mean I get multiple orgasms?

brETT: Oh honey. Orgasms. Breakfast. Dessert. Movies in bed, naked. Any fucking thing you want. Text me it, and fuck, I'll make sure you scream my name and have the fucking time of your life. Forever.

No. Fuck that, I'd fight for her. Make Noah understand. Zoe locked eyes with me as I skated to the opening and stepped off the ice. Her smile grew with every step she took forward.

Noah skated up behind me, his goalie stick taped just the way I showed him how to do it when he was eight, in hand. "Lil B, I'm in love with your best friend. Got a

problem with that?”

He looked back and forth between us, took a few seconds, then shook his head.

“Why the fuck would I? Zoe has a mean right hook. And you’re the best fucking guy I know.

Plus she’s bad ass charades player, and we’re a fucking shoo-in for Christmas game night if she’s your girl.

” He shrugged. “I’m in.” As he passed Zoe, he kissed her on the cheek and whispered something in her ear, and she laughed loudly.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she murmured.

I stepped up, took her face in my hands. “We’re going to HR right after I kiss you, Little Tornado.”

“We are?” she asked, her brow furrowed. “Why?”

“Fraternization or immoral behavior clause.”

“But-”

“Unless ‘reported to HR upon commencement of said relationship’,” I interrupted. The guys came off the ice, one by one, but from the grins and nudges, I wasn’t worried. Yet. “And I plan on beginning a relationship with you, Zoe.”

“Then, by all means-” she said, her sunrise eyes filled with a mischievous glow.

“What the fuck is going on here?” Liam Shaw yelled from the ice, spraying a flurry



of white our way as he halted. “What the fuck are you doing with him? And why the hell are you about to kiss Mason’s older brother?”

Then it all made sense. The attitude and his avoidance of doing any sort of promo for Zoe or Chris or even Laney. He had been on my cut list since the week began, but until now, I hadn’t been solid in my decision.

Zoe glared at him. “Because I can. And he’s not a two-timing cheating asshole, Liam.”

“You fucking cunt,” Liam said, starting towards her. I was about to deck the jerk when Noah’s taped stick flung over from the side board and laid him out flat.

“Dude, you were always such a prick. And don’t talk about my best friend or my brother’s girlfriend like that again, or I’ll show you just how heavy all that damn tape makes my stick when it connects with your pretty face.”

I leaned over and added, “Shaw, I guess this is about as good a time as any to tell you to clean out your locker and call your agent. You’ve been waived. Have a great day.”

Zoe’s eyes widened, and as I scooped her up into my arms, she whispered in my ear, “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. And,” she licked my ear, “I’ve always wanted to make out in the coach’s office. Maybe over his desk. Wearing only my Triumph hoodie...”

“Time of your life, honey. Who am I to deny you a single moment?”

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:55 am*

ZOE

Three weeks later...

The mist covered the ground, snaking out from the well-placed smoke machines scattered through out the wooded lot the Triumph's rented and converted haunted house sat.

Off in the distance, the sounds of little kids had dwindled down as the kid-friendly portion of the event neared its expiration date.

Inside the haunted house, however, there were delighted and shrill screams emanating from the open windows that added an eeriness to the atmosphere.

I adjust the jaunty witches hat as I flicked on the skeleton topped lights that lit the way to the after party for both VIP ticket holders and the volunteers for the night's festivities.

Eden had run through the house once by herself because she had no chill and needed to see her room ASAP.

But, we met up after I wrangled the players, aka #GHOSTHOCKEYDADDIES as Noah dubbed them, and she was decidedly off for the entire time, barely even squealing or clutching my arm when the ghouls and goblins popped out to scare us.

Maybe she saw most of the scariest parts, and it didn't surprise her or something? Who knew.

I tiptoed along the path, determined to check in with staff before allowing myself to relax and enjoy myself.

And my...boyfriend? Brett refused to dress up, but he was around somewhere, meeting with the VIPs and guests.

And not loving every moment I was sure. I chuckled, imagining his adorable glare this morning when I tried to get him to at least wear a mask, but he said he'd only wear it for me... if I asked nicely.

My idea of nice was dropping to my knees and showing him how much I'd love it if he did. And only for me? Swoon.

Who knew if it would happen, but a girl could dream, right?

Before I was halfway to the event space, my phone vibrated in the hidden pocket of my witch dress, which was basically a short black dress...with pockets. Pockets made everything better, and I was trying to not order every color in this dress just for the pocket goodness of it.

Might've failed, but, again, pockets.

brETT: Ready for another night of your life, Little Tornado?

brETT: Don't move. Stay right where you are, understood? And take off your panties before you take another step toward the party.

I shivered and glanced around in the darkness. The trees and house far off in the distance were barely visible, but my eyes had adjusted to the dark enough that I could see around me. Where was he?

I searched, but unless he was suddenly a shadow, Brett had to be so far away, I

couldn't see him.

ZOE: How do you know where I am, Coach?

brETT: I know how much you love those stalker dark romances.

ZOE: Did you put a tracking app on my phone?

brETT: ...

A shiver of pleasure ran down my spine, because knowing Brett, he actually did it to make sure I was safe after hearing about my proclivity for losing my keys from Noah. Either way, stalker or not, it made me clench my thighs together. Because if he was talking about my dark romances, maybe...

Sure enough, a notification popped up on my screen. I tapped it, only to reveal a masked picture from my Coach.

The same mask I tried to get him to wear this morning.

brETT: Walk over to the edge of the clearing and wait by the bench next to the statue, or else. Don't make me chase you. And then, I'm going to take what I want from my little slut.

Holy fuck. Brett knew I wouldn't run. In fact, if there was anything I loved more than anything it was being told I had no choice. And the way the man slid into me in the middle of the night? When I was fast asleep, only to wake up to him fucking me?

Bliss.

But this?

Next level.

My panties were drenched as I slid them down and stepped out of them. I made my way to the place he texted, and clenched the balled up material in my hand as I searched for him.

brETT: Such an obedient little thing, aren't you?

God, I was going to come just from his texts. Behind me a branch snapped, and I spun, only to come face to face with a man in the mask I bought earlier. Wet, and trembling with anticipation.

"Panties," he ordered from beneath the mask, hand outstretched. I placed them in his upturned palm as he stepped in closer. "Open."

Not sure if I was trembling from the command or what was coming next, I licked my lips before doing as he asked. Slowly, he put my soaked panties in my mouth as I tried not to moan.

"My little slut ruined her panties for me, didn't she?"

I nodded, my pussy throbbing with need.

"Taste yourself, and know that I am the only man who gets to ruin you. Ever."

I nodded again as he loomed over me, hand snaking under the hem of my dress.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head as he touched me, then spanked my clit.

My thighs were slick with my arousal and I let out a muffled moan.

The sound of his zipper nearly had me spasming around his fingers as he plunged

them inside my pussy.

“So fucking wet and tight. I’m going take what I want, and no one can stop me, can they? ”

I couldn’t answer I was so lost in the way he played my body like only he could. Thrusting, and relentless, he kept up the pace until I came all over his fingers. Mask in place, gray eyes hot and darkened with desire as he watched my face.

When he brought his fingers to his mouth and sucked them clean with a growl, I nearly collapsed with how it made me feel.

“Mmm, knowing you tasted this before me, Tornado? That you’re still tasting what I do to you?

It means when I fuck you , it’s not going to be gentle or slow.

Cause fuck, what you do to me makes me lose control.

And I can’t wait to fill you with my cum, then watch you walk around knowing it’s dripping from you because you’re mine. ”

I whimpered as he lifted me, and impaled me on his thick cock with one thrust, fucking me fast and hard just like he promised.

My legs wrapped around his waist as the panties in my mouth muffled my cries as we both came only a few moments later.

Hot spurts of his cum filled me as my inner muscles clenched around him.

Brett whipped off the mask as we rode the wave, hand in my hair, witch’s hat on the ground.

As We came down, he freed my gasps, and kissed me senseless before gently setting me down.

As he slowly wiped my thighs, and kept my panties, he smirked as he asked, “So, how was that?”

I sighed contentedly. “You’re always the time of my life, Mr. LeCavalier.”

“Just wait until I make you Mrs. LeCavalier.”

Eden

USER1212: You looked so pretty tonight. I love watching you.

USER1212: I like your hair down. You should wear it like that all the time.

USER1212: You shouldn’t walk home alone.

USER1212: The world doesn’t deserve to see so much of you. Don’t wear that dress again.

USER1212: You’re too beautiful for the world. I know it. They’ll destroy you. But I’ll keep you safe.

My hand trembled, and I swallowed down the bile rising in my throat. Was he here? Watching me?

It started out innocently enough, or so I thought. My job required me to interact and post on social media. The first message seemed innocent enough. A compliment on my content and the featured local hot new restaurants for the Traverse Group. But then things...became not so innocent.

When I realized the 1212 from his username matched my birthdate, I ignored them. But they didn't stop. And now I spent every second worrying if I was being watched. If he waited for me. And what he wanted. Which was even scarier, so I pretended none of it was real.

It was getting harder and harder as the days passed.

"Halloween should be a national holiday," Noah, the Goalie for the Montreal Triumph, and one of my best friends said with a grin as he came up beside me.

Zoe rounded the corner in front of the haunted house set up, grinning as she glanced back at her boyfriend, Triumph coach Brett LeCavalier. Who happened to also be Noah's big brother.

The team's foundation partnered with local businesses, including Traverse.

I snapped a few pictures for posts and tried to smile.

'Haunted with Hockey Players' drew in thousands of dollars for the various foundations the Triumph supported, and the city loved it.

There were fun and only slightly spooky things for the kiddos.

But the adults only haunted house, which the team's roster 'haunted', drew the most attendance and raised more money than any other event of the year.

"Hey," Zoe said, looping her arm through mine. "Everything ok? You look a little pale."

I swallowed down my fear. There was no way I'd let anyone spoil my favorite event or my favorite time of year.



When Zoe and I interned for the Triumph's PR department two years ago, I had been so excited to work with the team and help organize the haunted Hockey Players event, and even though I no longer worked for the team, it still topped my Halloween favorite must-do list.

"I didn't get lunch, so I'm a little hungry," I lied. I kept the messages to myself, convincing myself they were harmless.

But were they?

"I'll grab you something," Noah said, concern etched on his face.

I put my hand on his arm. "There's no way I'm missing going through there because of a little growling in my belly." I forced a smile. "Dinner after, scary spookiness first."

They both grinned as I pulled Zoe towards the entrance, completely oblivious to the masked figure lurking from the shadows.