



Faking It with the Enforcer (Toronto Thunder #3)

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Category: Sport

Description: Moving across the country to train with a prestigious ballet for six weeks? Major life goal unlocked. Living with my brother's grumpy and very hot best friend? Major life complication introduced. Especially when he needs a fake girlfriend...

When I show up at his door, I don't know much about Wolf Hartley beyond the fact that he played university hockey with my older brother and that he's currently the star enforcer for the Toronto Thunder. But within minutes of meeting him, I've developed a raging crush so intense that it consumes my every waking—and sleeping—thought.

I know that Wolf and I can never happen. My brother makes that clear as soon as I move in, with a joke that isn't really a joke. Plus, he's thirteen years older than me, and I'll be going home in just six weeks. I'm only living with him while I'm in Toronto because he's doing my brother a favour.

So I'm shocked when he asks me to be his fake girlfriend to get out of an obnoxious bachelor auction. Obviously, I happily agree. I might not be able to have him for real, but for a little while, I can pretend. I can imagine what it would be like to be his...

It turns out, I'm not the only one who's been imagining how hot we would be together, and suddenly what was supposed to be fake feels very, very real.

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One

Wolf

I slam my stick down on the ice in frustration as the wrist shot I fire at the net goes wide, bouncing off the boards with a loud clack that reverberates across the ice. I've missed the net.

Again.

I'm having the worst practice of my life. Which seems just about right, given how much I've struggled this season.

The Toronto Thunder's captain, Kincaid Campbell, skates over to me, patting me on the shoulder with a gloved hand. "You good?"

"Fuck if I know," I growl, digging at the ice with the blade of my skate.

Kincaid tilts his head, considering. "You want to know what I think?"

"No, but I have a feeling you're going to share anyway."

He grins. "Cute." He glances to where everyone else on the team is still running drills while Coach Ferguson occasionally blows his whistle or shouts instructions from his spot near center ice. "I think you're too in your head, for whatever reason. You're struggling, so then you start to analyze why you're struggling, and it snowballs into a thing."

I look at him, one eyebrow raised. “You a shrink now?”

Kincaid rolls his eyes. “Don’t think about blinking.”

“What?”

“Don’t think about blinking.” He waits a beat. “What are you thinking about right now?”

I blink my eyes once, twice, and then wonder if I’ve always been this aware of blinking. Should I blink now? Or is it too soon? How...do I do this? “Blinking, obviously.”

“Exactly. Blinking, something you do thousands of times a day, now feels weird and strange because you’re too focused on it. You’re in your head about it.”

I suck in a deep breath of cold, dry air, absorbing Kincaid’s words. There’s a reason he’s the assistant captain of the team, and it’s not just because he’s one of the best players. He’s a leader, through and through.

Me? I’m just the muscle. I’m the guy who slams other players into the boards and starts fights to get the guys amped up. I’m not under any illusions that I’ve played professional hockey for the past ten years because of my hockey skills. I’m a mediocre player on my best day.

But I’m really good at rearranging faces and intimidating the fuck out of other teams, so, here I am, a thirty-two-year-old defenseman with a shit wrister.

“Loosen your grip,” says Kincaid, pulling me out of my head. “And stop thinking about it so much.” He jerks his chin in the direction of the net. “Try again.”

I take a deep breath and then pull another puck from the little pile beside me onto my stick. I loosen my grip and fire off the puck before I have a chance to think about it. It still goes wide, but by far less this time.

Kincaid eyes me with an assessing glance. “Maybe you need to blow off some steam. Relieve some stress.”

“I’m not exactly a yoga and meditation kind of guy.”

Kincaid laughs. “There are other ways to blow off stress,” he says, adding a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows.

“No offense, but you’re not my type, Campbell,” I joke, and he laughs. Kincaid’s happily engaged to our coach’s daughter, a situation you couldn’t pay me to find myself in.

“So who is your type? When was the last time you got laid? Went out and had some fun?”

I shrug. It’s been...years, honestly. It’s been so long that I have to think for several moments before I can even remember the name of the last woman I was with. I’ve had relationships and girlfriends in the past, but nothing recent. I got tired of the puck bunnies, never knowing if they were interested in me or the fact that I’m a pro athlete. Got tired of the games and drama of the dating scene.

And now, the idea of meaningless sex just feels hollow. No thanks.

Coach calls us back to center ice to go over some final notes in preparation for tonight’s game, and I try to shake the shitty feeling following me. It’s not just about my crappy shot, or the fact that I’m having the most challenging season of my career. It’s the worry that my best days are behind me. That I’ve peaked. That it’s all

downhill from here.

Fuck. Have I lost my passion for the game?

That thought ricochets through my brain like a loose puck before settling in my stomach.

Coach Ferguson rattles off a few more talking points and then dismisses us with a clap of his hands. It's still early in the day, not quite lunchtime, but I don't feel like heading home yet. Instead, I decide to take Kincaid's advice and blow off a little steam in the gym. Guys around me shoot the shit and give each other a hard time as we all get out of our sweaty gear. Some head to the showers, while others hang around and talk about ordering lunch in. I feel like I'm on the fringes of it all. I'm not a talker. I'm not what you would call a friendly guy. I prefer to keep to myself.

My name suits me, I guess. I'm a lone wolf.

I change into fresh workout gear and then head to the gym, where a couple of other guys are cooling down on stationary bikes. Large TVs cover one of the walls, playing highlights from previous games. I jam my air pods in my ears, blast some angry rock music, and then tape up my hands.

Punching things usually makes me feel better. And even if it doesn't, it's a hell of a good workout.

I quickly lose myself in the rhythmic thwack of my hands against the heavy bag, swaying hypnotically on its chain. I jab, I cross, I duck, I weave until sweat slicks my skin and my heart is pounding in my ears. I pour all of the frustration, the doubt, the uncertainty into my movements, as though I can physically transfer it from me to the leather I'm pounding mercilessly.

And for a while, it works. My brain turns off as I settle into my body, and the weight on my chest seems to lift.

I'm not sure how much time has passed when my phone rings, jerking me back to the here and now. I pull my phone out of my pocket, frowning when I see it's the concierge of my building.

"Hello?" I answer, reaching out with my free hand to halt the swinging of the bag.

"Hello, Mr. Hartley. This is Winston, from the front desk. I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but there's a young woman here saying that you're expecting her?" His prim and proper voice goes up at the end, turning his statement into a question. "A Miss Emily David?"

"Ah, fuck," I grind out. "Yeah. Uh, you can let her in to my place. She'll be staying for the next several weeks."

"I see. Very good, sir."

"Thanks, Winston." I like Winston. He's the only person on the planet who calls me sir, and I like how it makes me feel. Like I'm a classy guy and not a paid goon.

The call disconnects, and I set about removing my gloves, yanking them off in harried tugs. Fuck me. I'd completely forgotten about Emily. As if I needed something else to be grumpy about.

I quickly head for the showers to soap up, and any lightness I'd been feeling vanishes.

A few weeks ago, my best friend from college, Mike, called and asked if his baby sister could stay with me while in Toronto. She's apparently an up-and-coming ballet

dancer and was selected for a prestigious internship at the National Ballet School. She's also apparently naive and helpless, as Mike didn't want her staying alone in the big city, so he wants her to stay with me so that I can keep an eye on her.

Because babysitting some little princess is my favourite.

Not.

Now, as a rule, I don't like having house guests. Lone wolf, remember? But Mike's been a close friend for over a decade, and I would've felt like a massive asshole if I said no. So I didn't. I said yes, telling myself that my penthouse is more than big enough for two adults.

I've never met Emily, only heard about her through Mike. Given that she's thirteen years younger than us, she would've been a kindergartner when I met Mike in university. Through the years, I've heard about her here and there—her recent high school graduation, her burgeoning ballet career, etc. But I can honestly say I've never spent more than a second and half thinking about my college buddy's kid sister. Why would I?

I finish up my shower and make a beeline for the underground parking where my Land Rover is stashed and head home. Even though I don't really want her there, my parents raised me to have manners, and it's not cool that I completely forgot about her and wasn't there to greet her. Plus, if I'm honest, I'm not used to having guests and I don't want her poking around my shit. Not that I have anything to hide. I'm just very used to being on my own.

Although I guess I'll need to get used to the idea of her being around for the next six weeks.

"It's only six weeks," I tell myself as I pull out into the usual Toronto traffic. It's

January, and the sidewalks are piled with snowbanks, the streets slushy with the remnants of last night's snow. "Six weeks is nothing. Besides, I'll be so busy with hockey and she'll be so busy with her ballet shit or whatever that I'm sure I'll barely notice she's there."

Great. Now I'm talking to myself. We're off to a fantastic start with this whole hosting thing.

It takes me about twenty minutes to get back to my building, park my car, and make my way to my private elevator in the corner of the lobby.

"Mr. Hartley, sir?" calls Winston from the desk, and I head back in that direction. When I approach, he gives me a thin smile. "How long will your guest be with us, exactly?"

I rub a hand over the back of my neck. "Six weeks. She's the sister of a friend, in town for an internship."

"I see. Then I suppose you'll want to give her this," he says, handing over a spare key card for the building and my private elevator. I take it and stuff it in my pocket.

"Right. Thanks."

The key card is like a hot weight in my pocket, a reminder of all the privacy I'm giving up over the next month and a half.

Mike owes me. Big time.

I grump silently all the way up to my penthouse, arms crossed over my chest, my jaw tight. The elevator doors slide open silently and I step into the small foyer that leads to my apartment. Unlocking the door with another tap of my card, I suck in a deep

breath and then step inside, ready to plaster a smile on my face.

I don't think she hears my steps as I move into the main living area. She's too focused on drinking in the cityscape through the floor to ceiling windows.

Which is fine with me, because I'm focused entirely on her .

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Two

Wolf

Emily David is tiny. Five foot nothing, with the most impeccable posture I've ever seen. Her hair is a fiery reddish-orange, and it's piled on top of her head in a messy bun. She's wearing black leggings a gray sweatshirt that's slipped down over one shoulder to reveal pale, creamy skin covered in a galaxy's worth of freckles.

"Emily?" I say, and she startles, turning around quickly with a hand pressed to her chest.

"Oh my god, you startled me!" she says, and as our eyes meet for the first time, my world tilts on its axis.

Jesus. Fucking. Christ. Emily David is beautiful. She's ethereal. Like an angel. Like a fairy, or a goddess.

Huge green eyes the color of emeralds blink at me, and more of those freckles dot her face—her forehead, her nose, her cheeks. Her nose is small and upturned, her lips full and rosy. She sucks in a little breath and her cheeks turn the most delicious shade of pink.

I feel like I've been struck by lightning. My brain has shorted out, my nerve endings are going haywire, and I can't move. I'm rooted to the spot, glued in place by the electricity crackling through my body.

I can't stop staring. I want to drown in her eyes. I want to count her freckles with my mouth.

She takes another breath, her pretty pink lips parted slightly, her eyes locked on me.

My heart hammers in my chest as I sweep my gaze down her body. She's so small and delicate. I could probably wrap my huge hands around her waist and have my fingers touch. She shifts slightly, making her sweatshirt droop down a little more, and my attention is pulled to that swath of freckled, creamy skin.

I want to taste that skin. I want to see if it's as soft as it looks. I want to smell her. I bet she smells delicious.

I bet she smells delicious? What the actual fuck is happening right now? And what the hell is wrong with me? This is Mike's little sister. She's nineteen, for Christ's sake. Nine-fucking-teen. She's a kid. Barely out of high school.

But she doesn't look like a kid. She looks like a goddamn fairy princess, all ethereal and glowing and too fucking beautiful to be real.

"Hi," she says, her soft voice coming out all breathy, her cheeks turning that fantastic shade of pink again. She tucks a tendril of fiery hair that's escaped from her bun behind her ear, and I track the movement, my eyes drawn to the graceful curve of her neck.

"Hey," I manage, and my voice comes out like a growl. I sound like I've just run a marathon, like I've been at a concert and shouting for hours.

Her eyes widen slightly at my gruff tone and I go a little lightheaded at how quickly all of the blood in my body flows straight to my cock. It takes only seconds before I'm aching, painfully hard. I shift my stance, trying to adjust myself discreetly, but

her eyes flick down, and then back up, her blush deepening and spreading, all the way up to her hairline and down to her collarbone.

Fuck. I think she noticed.

“You...” she licks her lips and shakes her head, as though trying to think clearly. Maybe this fog of lust I’m feeling isn’t one sided.

A guy can hope, anyway.

“You must be Wolf,” she says, and fuck me, but her voice is soft and sweet. It rolls over me like honey dripping from a spoon.

I have the sudden, visceral urge to hear that voice moaning my name. Screaming it. Begging and whimpering as I make an absolute mess of her.

Christ, I’m going to hell. And I’ll probably arrive soon, given that Mike will strangle me with his bare hands if I lay a finger on his little sister.

“Yeah,” I say, pushing a hand through my hair. I’m sweating. My palms are damp. My heart is racing. Am I about to have a heart attack? A stroke? Because I feel all kinds of fucked up right now. “And you must be Emily.” I love the feeling of her name on my tongue. The way saying it feels like coming home, somehow.

She nods, tucking that stray strand of hair behind her ear again. She’s nervous.

I make her nervous.

Good. I like that. A lot.

I like the idea of her squirming, of her being aware of me, of her feeling even a

fraction of what I'm feeling right now.

"Mike's told me so much about you," she says, her eyes darting around the living room before landing back on me. "You guys are like, best friends."

"We are," I confirm, taking a step closer. Her eyes widen slightly, but she doesn't move back. I can smell her now, a sweet, soft scent that reminds me of flowers and sunshine. I want to bury my face in her hair, in her neck, in her pussy, and breathe her in.

I want to taste her. Devour her. Consume her.

But I can't. I want to, but I won't. Because she's too young and innocent for me and the fucked up things I want to do to her. Because she's Mike's little sister. Because she's only here for a few weeks and then she'll go back to Winnipeg.

"He said you'd look out for me," she says, her voice barely above a whisper. "While I'm here."

"I will," I promise, my voice rough. I've only just met her, but I know I'd do anything to protect her. Keep her safe.

I'm in deep shit, here. I know that. I know that I'm way too old for her, that she's too innocent, too pure. I know that Mike would murder me and piss on my grave if he knew the thoughts running through my head right now.

But I can't stop them. I can't stop the images flashing through my mind: Emily underneath me, on top of me, against the wall, bent over the couch. I can't stop the lust coursing through my veins, the primal, animalistic need to claim her, to mark her, to make her mine.

Not that any of that is ever going to happen.

“Let me show you to your room,” I say, jerking my head towards the far side of the penthouse. I must be thrilling her with my conversational skills right now.

“Okay.” She falls into step beside me, and I’m struck by how fucking tiny she is next to me. She doesn’t even come up to my collarbone. And because I’m a sick fuck, that only makes me want her more.

I lead Emily down the hallway, trying to ignore the soft, sweet scent of her. Even though I keep my eyes trained straight ahead, I can feel her presence like a physical touch, and it’s taking every ounce of self-control I have not to reach out and take her small hand in mine.

“This is you,” I say, pushing open the door to the guest room. It’s decorated in neutral tones, the large bed piled high with pillows. The far wall is nothing but windows, offering a stunning view of the Toronto skyline.

Emily brushes past me, her arm grazing mine, and I have to suppress a shudder at the contact. She strides into the room gracefully, her wide eyes taking it all in.

“Wow,” she breathes, turning back to look at me. “This is...this is amazing, Wolf. Thank you so much for letting me stay here.”

I shrug, leaning against the door frame. I don’t miss the way her gaze skims over my shoulders, my arms, down my torso. “It’s no big deal. Anything for Mike. And...” I lick my lips and swallow. “I want to make sure you’re safe while you’re here.”

She smiles at that, her green eyes sparkling like jewels. “Well, I appreciate it. Really. I’m used to Winnipeg, and I thought that was a big city, but this...” Her gaze drifts back to the windows. “This is something else.”

“I thought so too when I first got here.”

“Where are you from, originally?”

“North Bay,” I say. It’s a small city about five hours north of Toronto on the shores of Lake Nippising. “The first time I tried to take the subway, I got on going the wrong way and ended up on the opposite end of town. But I did find the best Chinese dumpling place in the city, so...” I shrug. “Silver lining, I guess.”

Wow. Who am I right now? Is this flirting? Am I trying to flirt? If so, my flirting’s even worse than my wrist shot.

Her eyes sparkle again, and fuck, do I like being the one to make them do that. “Thankfully, I don’t think I need to take the subway to get to the school. It’s walkable from here.”

I shake my head. “I’ll drive you. Or, if I’m not available, I’ll have a car sent for you. I don’t want you walking in the freezing cold, or after dark.”

“Oh,” she says, a little breathless, and her cheeks are pink again. “Thank you. I...that’s really nice.” A moment stretches between us as our eyes lock, and then she clears her throat and looks away. “Mike will be relieved to hear that you’re helping me out. But...” She looks down at her hands, then picks at a non-existent piece of lint on her leggings. “I hope I won’t be too much of a bother while I’m here. I know your schedule must be slammed, what with hockey and everything...”

“You won’t be a bother,” I say, the words coming out rougher than I intended. Her eyes snap up to meet mine, and there’s a moment of charged silence between us. I clear my throat, looking away. “If you need anything, just let me know, okay? I want you to feel at home here.”

She nods, her cheeks flushing that delicious shade of pink again. “Okay. Thank you, Wolf.”

Our eyes meet again, and this time it’s like a punch to the gut. There’s something there, something real and raw and powerful. And in that moment, I know. I know that I could fall in love with this girl. I could fall hard and fast and completely in the blink of an eye.

But I also know that I can’t let that happen. That I shouldn’t. That it would be wrong on so many levels.

So, I do the only sensible thing. I nod, abrupt and stiff, and then I turn around and walk away, leaving her alone in the room.

As I return to the living room, my phone starts to buzz. I pull it out of my back pocket, my mouth going slightly dry when I see Mike’s name flash across the screen.

“Hey,” I answer, hoping I sound normal. I don’t feel normal. Not even a little. I feel dizzy and shaky. I feel completely off-kilter.

“Hey, man,” says Mike jovially. “How’s everything? Emily get in okay?”

I rub a hand over the back of my neck. “Yep. She’s here, got her settled in the guest room. I think she’s unpacking right now.”

Mike blows out a breath. “Good. That’s good to hear. She’s never traveled so far by herself before, and I was worried about her navigating the airport and getting to your place.”

I purse my lips. “She seems pretty capable to me. But I offered to drive her to and from the ballet school so she doesn’t have to worry about public transportation.”

“Thanks, man. You’re the best. Seriously. There are very few people I’d trust with Emily, but I know you’re a good guy.”

I have no fucking clue what to say to that, and a silence hangs in the air between us. He wouldn’t think I was a good guy if he knew the thoughts I’d already had about Emily.

“I promise that I’ll keep an eye on her,” I say after a little too long. It’s the truth, at least. I don’t know how I’m going to keep my eyes off of her.

There’s another pause. “But just your eyes, right?”

“Of course,” I answer quickly. “You know I’d never...” I trail off. I can’t bring myself to say it because it doesn’t feel entirely true.

“You’d better not, or I’ll have to kill you.” There’s a beat, and then he laughs, the burst of sound a little too loud in my ear, and I hunch my shoulders up. “Just kidding! Kidding. Seriously, I know you’d never do anything like that, but just for the sake of doing my big brother duties, keep your hands to yourself. My little sister is off limits. Clear?”

“Crystal, man. You’ve got nothing to worry about.”

“Good. That’s all I needed to hear.”

We chat for a few more minutes before the call ends, and I sink down onto the couch with Mike’s words echoing through my brain.

My little sister is off limits.

Fuck.

Page 3

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Three

Emily

I wake up before my alarm the next morning, and for a split second, I forget where I am. It takes a couple of slow blinks before the dim room comes into focus and I remember that I'm in the guest room of professional hockey player Wolf Hartley's stunning penthouse. Because I'm in Toronto to dance with the National Ballet for the next six weeks. This is a major opportunity for me, a huge step towards my dream of dancing full-time for a professional ballet company.

I stretch out in the luxurious bed, and instead of my usual thoughts of ballet, my mind immediately drifts to Wolf.

He's so gorgeous I feel like I can't breathe right around him. He's got this thick, dark hair that I want to run my fingers through, and these piercing gray eyes that I want to stare into for hours. He's got a close-cropped beard and full lips, and the perfection of those lips contrasts so perfectly, so beautifully with his slightly crooked nose. He doesn't seem to smile much, but when he does, he's got these lines that fan out around his eyes and make me feel all melty inside.

And the sheer size of him...god. He towers over me. He's quite literally twice my size, and that combined with the protectiveness in his voice when he said he'd drive me to and from the ballet school makes me want to climb into his massive lap and curl up there.

Which is insane. We met yesterday. Maybe I'm just channeling any homesickness

into horniness.

And it's not like it matters. He probably thought I was a gawking idiot yesterday because I couldn't stop staring at him. At his gorgeous face, at his huge, muscled body.

I lie in the dark, blushing furiously as I think about him. About the rough texture of his voice and how it sends a shiver down my spine and straight to my core every time he speaks. About the size of his hands and how they might feel on me.

There's something primal about Wolf. There's a raw masculinity there that's doing something to me. I've never met anyone like him, and I don't know how to process it. Because my brain is taking things and twisting them. He's just being nice. I'm here because he's doing Mike a favour. And I'd be an absolute idiot to think there was anything more going on here than that. My crush on Wolf is entirely one-sided.

Not to mention that phone call I overheard between Mike and Wolf yesterday. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but Wolf was only a few feet outside my bedroom and my door was open. Mike's voice was loud enough that I could hear both sides of the conversation. I was so embarrassed at the way Mike "joked" about Wolf keeping his hands off me. Now every time Wolf looks at me, he'll hear Mike threatening to kill him.

Great. Exactly what I was hoping for.

Not.

But again, it doesn't really matter, because what would a man like him want with a girl like me? I'm completely inexperienced, and he's way out of my league. Rich, sexy, successful, accomplished and mature. And I'm...I'm just Emily David. A girl with a dream.

I've never had these kinds of feelings before. I've had little crushes here and there, sure, but this feels different. Bigger and more consuming. Ballet has always been my sole focus, leaving almost no time for boys or dating or anything like that.

But Wolf...well, he's not a boy. He's a man. A gorgeous, gruff, intimidating man who makes me blush and makes my panties wet just by looking at me.

I let my eyes drift close again as I try to imagine what it would be like to kiss Wolf. I've never kissed anyone before, but I try to picture it now. What would his lips feel like? What would his hands feel like on my body? I think they'd be rough and strong, demanding and sure. My face heats in the darkness as warmth pools in my belly. What would his beard feel like against my skin? Would it be scratchy or surprisingly soft?

What would it feel like to be underneath him?

My pulse races, my breath catching as I imagine him touching me in ways no one ever has. His fingers trailing down my stomach, dipping beneath the waistband of my leggings. His hand cupping my pussy, one of his impossibly thick fingers sliding inside me, stretching and filling me.

I start to slip my hand between my legs, wanting to ease the ache that's building there as I lie here and fantasize about Wolf. But just as my fingers brush against the edge of my panties, the alarm on my phone starts to chime, pulling me back to reality.

I sit up and turn the light on, squinting against the sudden brightness. As I rub my eyes and blink a few times, I take in the room around me and I'm reminded of how I very much don't belong here. I don't fit in Wolf's luxurious home, with its plush carpeting and designer furniture and soaring views of the city. I don't fit in Wolf's world, which is filled with professional athletes and other rich, successful people, I'm sure. I don't fit in this city, which is huge and intimidating and makes me miss home.

And I'm terrified I won't fit in my program at the National Ballet School, either. Yes, I had to audition and be offered a spot but...imposter syndrome is hard to ignore sometimes.

I stretch, arching my arms above my head and rolling my neck, trying to dispel the nerves and doubt curling through me like smoke. I'm probably just nervous about my first day, and probably just feeling a bit lonely and homesick because I spent the evening watching a movie by myself while Wolf was at his game. He left in the late afternoon and wasn't home yet when I went to bed.

I shove my feet into my fuzzy pink slippers and pull a hoodie on over my tank top and pajama shorts, shuffling out towards the kitchen. My feet scuff quietly against the immaculate hardwood, and gray, early morning light pours in through the massive windows. The lights are still on in the city below, slowly winking out as morning crests. My stomach is a jumble of nerves as I move through the quiet penthouse. First day jitters are getting the best of me, and I'm hoping some tea and toast will settle my nervous tummy.

The last thing I need to do is puke all over my pointe shoes. God.

I round the corner into the kitchen, my steps faltering when I see that it isn't empty. Wolf is leaning against the counter, a steaming mug of coffee cradled in his massive hands. He's wearing a soft gray T-shirt that stretches taut across his impressive chest, the sleeves straining around his thick biceps. His dark hair is damp, like he's just stepped out of the shower. My brain very unhelpfully supplies the image of Wolf, naked with soapy rivulets of water running over his broad body.

My clit pulses and my heart hammers against my ribs at the thought.

He turns in my direction, my breath catching as his gray eyes meet mine. My cheeks immediately go warm, and it's like there's an electric hum in the room.

“Morning,” I manage to squeak out, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear.

“Morning, Emily,” he rumbles, and hearing my name in his deep voice does something to my insides, twisting them all in knots. He gestures to the fancy coffee maker on the counter. “Want a cup?”

I shake my head, moving towards the electric kettle. “I’m more of a tea drinker.”

He nods and opens a cupboard, pulling out a couple boxes of tea. “Take your pick.” I scan the labels, deciding on English Breakfast, and by the time I’ve plucked out a tea bag, he’s set a mug down on the counter in front of me.

We fall into a comfortable silence as I make my tea and toast and he sips his coffee. I can feel his eyes on me as I move around the kitchen, and it makes me hyperaware of every single movement I make. It makes goosebumps dance across my skin. It makes my stomach dip and swirl.

I mean, of course he’s looking at me. I’m only a few feet away from him, in his kitchen. I’m only reacting this way because of my crush on Wolf—a crush that’s only growing stronger by the minute.

We sit down together at the small bistro table to eat. It’s in a corner, ensconced by two massive windows that join at the seam, and I feel like a bird in a nest, perched above the city, surveying it all. His knees are almost touching mine underneath the table, so close that I can feel the heat of his legs. When he shifts, I can smell the warm, woodsy scent of him, and I have the sudden, insane urge to rub myself all over him like a cat.

I take a deep breath, trying to steady myself. I’m a ball of nerves today, and I’m not thinking straight. I’m anxious and homesick and projecting all of that onto my very sexy—and very temporary—roommate.

Who most definitely would not be interested in a girl like me, with no experience and no boobs and nothing to—

“Nervous?” he asks softly, interrupting my swirling thoughts as I pick at my toast.

I nod. “Uh. Yeah. A little. I just...I want to do well. I want to prove that I deserve to be there.”

He takes a sip of his coffee, his eyes never leaving mine. “You’ll be great, Emily. You wouldn’t be here if you weren’t talented. You’ve earned this.”

A small smile creeps across my face as I peer down at my tea. Warmth blooms through my chest at his kind words, at his confidence in me, at the way he says my name in that deep, rumbling voice of his. I smile shyly at him, feeling some of the tension ease from my shoulders.

We finish up our breakfast and then take our dishes into the kitchen.

“You just about ready? I’ll drive you,” he says as he loads the dishwasher.

“Oh, um. You don’t have to,” I say, shaking my head, even though I want him to. I just don’t want to be an inconvenience. That’s the last thing I want to be.

“I know I don’t have to. But I want to, and I insist.” He looks up, his gorgeous gray eyes meeting mine, and I melt a little. I don’t argue because Wolf seems like the kind of man who gets what he wants. Who people don’t argue with.

I suck in a breath, realizing that what I’m feeling right now goes deeper than a crush.

I want to be good for him. I want to please him, make him happy. All the better if doing what he wants means I get to spend more time with him and I don’t have to

figure out the public transit system.

I quickly gather up my pale pink duffel that holds everything I'll need for the day, my palms sweaty against the smooth straps. Once we're bundled up against the January cold, I follow him to the elevator that takes us directly into a parking garage, where he leads me to a sleek SUV. Without a word, he opens the door for me, my arm brushing against him as I climb up, sending sparks of electricity racing through me, even though we're both wearing heavy winter coats.

We pull out into the morning traffic, the weak sun struggling to emerge from behind wispy gray clouds. The streets are filled with traffic, the sidewalks bustling with pedestrians huddled in their heavy coats against the cold. I curl into the warmth of the seat, wanting to talk to Wolf but unsure what to say.

I'm unsure of a lot of things this morning.

"So, how long have you been dancing?" he asks in that deliciously gruff voice, his gloved fingers curled around the leather steering wheel as he makes a turn.

"Since I was four," I say, glancing over at him. God, he's so sexy. Those eyes and that hair and those lips and that bearded jaw and those shoulders and thick thighs...gah. I could melt into a puddle of lust just from looking at him. He's just so...so hot. "My mom got a flyer in the mail about a free dance class, and she took me. I fell in love with it almost instantly, and I've been dancing ever since."

He nods, his eyes on the road as he smoothly changes lanes. Even the way he drives is sexy, with one hand resting easily, confidently on the steering wheel.

"So that's...what? Fifteen years of dedication? You're...you're nineteen, right?" he asks, then clears his throat when his voice seems to catch.

“Yeah, I’m nineteen.”

“Right. Nineteen,” he says quietly, almost as though he’s talking to himself. “That level of dedication his impressive,” he adds quickly.

I shrug, but a blush spreads across my face at his praise. He makes me feel like a little kitten. I want to rub myself all over him and curl up in his lap while he strokes me and tells me what a good girl I am for him.

My clit throbs at the thought, and I shift in my seat. Apparently, I’m not subtle either, as Wolf looks over at me with an arched brow.

“I can turn the seat warmer down if it’s too much,” he says, but I shake my head quickly.

“No, I’m fine. It feels nice.” A silence falls between us, and I lick my lips, wanting to keep talking to him. “How old were you when you started playing hockey?”

“I learned to skate when I was five, started playing hockey when I was six.”

“You must be both talented and passionate to have made it to where you are.”

He frowns at that, and it’s like the sun going behind the clouds. Was that the wrong thing to say?

But when he comes to a red light and glances over at me, his beautiful gray eyes are soft. “Yeah. Hockey’s my passion. Or...it was, for a long time. Maybe it still is. I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?”

He shrugs his massive shoulders. “The game has changed. Or maybe I’ve changed. All I know is that it doesn’t...thrill me the way it used to. It’s like there’s something missing.”

“Like what?”

He shrugs again. “I don’t know. Maybe I just feel this way because I’m a hell of a lot closer to the end of my career than the beginning.” He swallows thickly, and before I can talk myself out of it, I reach across the center console and lay my hand on his enormous, rock hard thigh.

“These things we love—hockey, ballet—have very, very short career lengths. My goal is to soak it all up while I can and enjoy it, trusting that I’ll know when it’s time to move on. If you don’t know, then you’re not ready.”

He rumbles out a sigh, nodding slowly. “That’s very astute.”

“What do you think you’ll do, after retirement?”

He pauses, taking a breath. “I don’t know. I always kind of...pictured myself raising kids, being a dad, but...” His gaze flicks over to me before returning to the road. “I’m very single and have been for years, so I don’t know how realistic that is.” He clears his throat again, then turns the conversation back on me. “What about you? I know you’re just starting out, but where do you see yourself in twenty years?”

I laugh softly. “In twenty years? God. I have no clue.”

“What’s the point blank, gun to your head answer? Don’t think, just say what comes into your mind.”

“I’d be running my own ballet studio and have a bunch of babies.”

I swear his breath catches in his throat, and when I look over at him, his gaze is glued to me. He's staring at me as though he's transfixed. Like he can't look away. Heat blooms across my skin, and I wiggle slightly in my seat, feeling nervous and hot under the intensity of his attention.

"I know I've only just met you, but I think you'd be a great mom, Emily."

"Yeah?" I ask, a little breathlessly.

He smiles at me, and I can feel the connection between us like a physical thing. I feel like I'm buzzing. I feel a little drunk on Wolf's attention, on the way he looks at me.

And while I know it's all in my head, I'm going to enjoy it, because I've never felt this way before. Like I'm the bubbles in a champagne glass, fizzing and dancing and golden.

"Yeah. You're warm and sweet and gentle. You work hard at the things that matter to you, and you're willing to step out of your comfort zone when it matters. You're brave and kind."

"Wow," I whisper, my eyes stinging. "That's...um. Wow. That's one of the nicest things anyone has ever said to me."

His smile grows, his eyes sparkling as he looks at me. "Well, I mean it. You're...really great." I can tell he was going to say something else and then changed course at the last second.

"You're pretty great, too," I whisper as he pulls up at the curb in front of the school. My face flames as I look at him, and as he shifts towards me, I can smell the foresty scent of his cologne. I want to bury my face in his neck and breathe him in. "You're really nice for letting a total stranger stay with you for weeks on end. Not just anyone

would do that. And you...make me feel safe,” I say, my voice tiny.

A sexy grin spreads across his face at my admission. “Good.” Then he tips his chin in the direction of the school. It’s a pretty, red brick building with arched windows and huge carved wooden doors. My stomach dips as my nerves come flying back. “Knock ‘em dead, Emily.”

I suck in a steadying breath and nod. “I will. I hope.” I scoop up my duffel bag from where I laid it on the floor by my feet and start to step out of the SUV.

“Text me when you’re done for the day and I’ll come get you. Okay?” He pins me in place with his eyes, and I nod again.

“I will. Thanks, Wolf.”

His nostrils flare slightly when I say his name, but then he just nods, and I hop out of the car, walking up to the ballet school on legs made of Jell-O.

I turn and walk into the building, feeling his eyes on me the entire way.

And I like it.

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Four

Wolf

My skates scrape against the ice as I push myself through the drills Coach Ferguson has us running this morning, but my head's not in the game, so to speak. It's been invaded, taken over completely by a tiny redhead with freckles like constellations and emerald green eyes.

Emily.

My fucking god, Emily.

She's in my brain, my blood, my bones, and I can't get her out. Even worse, I don't want to.

The puck slides towards me, an easy pass from Tanner Davis, but I miss it, the puck skidding past the blade of my stick and into the boards. I can feel the coach's eyes on me from across the ice, and I can see the look Kincaid's giving me right now. It's very clearly a what the fuck is wrong with you look, but I just shake my head.

What am I gonna say? That I'm completely distracted with thoughts of my nineteen-year-old house guest who also happens to be a longtime friend's little sister? Today's fuck ups have nothing to do with how I feel about hockey and everything to do with Emily.

"You good?" he calls out, frowning at me, and I nod.

“Yeah. Let’s go again,” I say, knowing I need to get my game face on. We have a home game tomorrow, an important one.

I should ask Emily to come.

That thought does something to me, sending fire through my veins, and this time when Tanner slides the puck towards me, I flick it quickly to Kincaid, who dekes and then scores.

“Better!” calls Coach Ferguson from the other side of the ice. “Keep working that play. I like what I’m seeing.”

The idea of Emily watching me play charges me up in a way I can’t fully explain. I can’t keep the thoughts of her at bay, but the idea of her watching me dominate on the ice is fuel I didn’t know I needed.

And so while we run the drills, work through the plays, my brain plays thoughts of her on a loop.

Emily, with her gorgeously delicate body and beautiful smile. She’s so tiny and yet there’s a strength in her, both physical and otherwise.

I can’t stop thinking about the way she looked up at me last night, her breath hitching slightly, her lips parted. I wanted to kiss her so fucking bad. I’d just met her and I wanted her in a way I’ve never experienced before. I still don’t fully understand it.

What I do understand is that I’m powerless against whatever is happening. These feelings are powerful and consuming, and impossible to ignore.

I skate hard as we start another drill, and my mind is filled with images of her. Her delicate neck, the curve of her collarbone, the way her red hair cascades down her

slender back in messy waves. I can't stop myself from imagining what it would feel like to run my fingers through that mass of fiery hair, to tilt her head back and kiss her until neither of us can breathe.

I shouldn't be thinking these thoughts. I know. I fucking know. She's way too young for me. Way too sweet and innocent for a brute like me.

But goddamn, the things I want to do to her.

I want to lift her up, feel her tiny body against mine as she wraps her legs around my waist. I want to spread her out on my king sized bed and explore every single inch of her with my hands. With my mouth. I want to discover every single freckle. I want to make her gasp and shake. I want to kiss her little pussy until she comes all over my face.

A whistle blows, sharp and loud, jerking me back to reality. Ferguson is glaring at me, arms crossed over his chest. I've blown the drill, letting my thoughts of Emily consume me instead of fueling me. My balls are aching, my cock throbbing in the confines of my jock.

Fucking hell.

I need to get my head on straight. I need to focus on hockey and stop thinking about Emily and all the depraved things I want to do to her, because it's never going to happen. It can't. She's too young. Too sweet. She's Mike's little sister. She doesn't even live here.

So many reasons to put her out of my mind, and yet...I want her. I want her body. I want her heart. I want her so much that it's taken me over.

Fuck me.

“Hartley, get your head out of your ass and pay attention!” Coach’s voice booms across the ice.

I shake my head, trying and failing to dislodge the thoughts of Emily that have taken root in my brain. I can feel the eyes of my teammates on me, their smirks hidden behind gloves.

“So,” says Kincaid, skating over, a knowing glint in his eyes. “What’s her name?” He knocks his shoulder into mine, giving me a friendly shove.

I grunt. “Shut up and mind your own business, Campbell.”

Tanner skates over, a grin on his face. “Don’t tell me someone’s tamed the infamous lone Wolf?”

I feel a growl building in my chest, but it’s not for Tanner. It’s for the situation in general. Because I am a lone Wolf. I don’t date, and I’ve preferred it that way for a long time. Now, a woman I’m actually interested comes along, and there’s no fucking way I can have her.

Great joke, universe. Real fucking funny.

Irritation prickles at my skin, making me hot and itchy. I’m not in the mood for this shit. Not when I don’t fully understand my attraction to Emily. Not when I know I can’t have her.

“Drop it,” I say, my voice a low warning.

They laugh, skating away, and I clench my jaw, trying to bring my focus back to the drill.

“Hartley, you’re up!” barks Coach Ferguson, and I nod, skating into position. I take a deep breath and use every ounce of willpower I have to shove Emily to the back of my mind. I can’t afford to be distracted right now. I have a job to do, a game to prepare for.

We finish up the grueling practice with a few final words from Coach about tomorrow’s game, and then we hit the showers. The hot water cascades over my tired shoulders, washing away the sweat from practice. And even though I know I should be going over plays and absorbing everything we worked on today, I can’t stop thinking about Emily.

Her smile.

The sound of her laugh.

The way she smells like spring.

Her gorgeous green eyes and how they light up when she talks about ballet.

I feel like a kid on Christmas morning, counting down the minutes until I see her again. I step out of the shower, towel off and dress quickly, ready to be out of here.

“Hartley, you got a second?” Coach Ferguson beckons me over towards his office, which sits off to the side of the dressing room. My stomach drops towards my feet, but I nod and follow him inside.

“What’s up, Coach?” I ask, keeping my expression neutral, even though I have a feeling I’m about to get reamed for how distracted I was today.

“We’re looking for players to participate in a charity bachelor auction,” he says, catching me completely off guard. “You’re single, right?”

I grimace. Nothing against charity, but I fucking hate that bachelor auction. I did it last year and I swore I'd never do it again. Being paraded around on stage like a piece of meat while rich women scream at me isn't my idea of a good time.

And the "date" I had to go on after? Awful. We had dinner at a nice restaurant, and the winning bidder seemed to think she was entitled to a lot more than just steak and lobster and a couple hours of my time. Things got awkward real fast when I shut her down hard.

My brain sputters and spins for a minute, and then I blurt out a lie. "Uh, no. I'm not single."

Coach's eyebrows inch up his forehead, surprise written all over his face. "You're not?"

I shake my head, the lie making my gut churn. "Uh, no. I have a girlfriend."

"Oh," he says, frowning. "I had no idea."

"It's...new," I say carefully.

"What's her name?" he asks casually.

"Emily." I blurt her name without even thinking.

"You should bring her to the game tomorrow. She can sit with Lilah and Sadie," he says, mentioning his daughter Lilah (the one engaged to Kincaid) and his fiancée, Sadie.

"Oh, uh..." I say, but he's already typing on his computer.

“I’ll get the three of them a box. What’s her last name? I just need it for the security list.”

“David. Emily David.”

He nods and types. “Done. She’ll get the VIP treatment tomorrow night.”

“Great. Thank you.” I shuffle towards the door. “That all?”

He nods. “Yeah,” he says, shoving a hand through his hair. “Guess I’ll have to find someone else to volunteer for the auction.”

“Yeah, guess so,” I say as relief mingles with guilt in my stomach. “Ask Tanner,” I add. “He’s single.” I grab my coat, keys, and wallet and head down to the parking garage, feeling completely off-kilter.

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Five

Wolf

What the fuck just happened?

I feel like I've been asking myself that question on a constant loop for the past twenty-four hours.

I lied to my coach and told him I had a girlfriend just to get out of that damn bachelor auction. Worse, I lied and said that Emily fucking David is my girlfriend.

I unlock my car and slide into the driver's seat, the leather creaking softly under my weight. The SUV's engine roars to life and I sit there, letting it warm up as my addled mind wanders.

What would it be like if Emily actually was my girlfriend? What would it be like coming home to her after a long day?

I grip the steering wheel as the fantasy unfurls in my mind. I can see her waiting for me by the door, that pretty smile on her face, her green eyes lighting up for me.

For me.

Fucking Christ, do I want that. I barely even know her, but I want that.

The thought of coming home to Emily after a long day, after a road trip, after a hard

loss...it does something to me. Like it's changing me, rearranging my DNA.

I walk through the door to my penthouse and she's right there, wearing nothing but a silky robe. I stalk towards her, her smile turning deliciously sweet as I back her up against the wall.

"Hey, baby," she whispers, her breath fanning over my skin.

"Daddy's home, little one," I say, and then I'm kissing the absolute shit out of her, drinking in her soft moans like a man dying of thirst. Her lips are soft as I kiss her fiercely, her body pliant against mine.

I can taste her vanilla lip balm and the mint of her toothpaste, and it makes me want to devour her. I lift her up, her legs wrapping easily around my waist, her tiny body pressed against mine.

"I missed you so much," she says, and I hold her tighter, walking us toward the bedroom.

Our bedroom.

"Show me," I growl, tossing her down on the bed. Her robe falls open and she shyly spreads her legs, flashing her pretty little cunt at me.

"So much, Wolf. I need you. Please. Daddy, please."

"Fuck," I grind out, shucking my clothes in record time and climbing on top of her, my weight pressing her into the mattress. "I'm gonna kiss every single freckle." I suck one of her nipples into my mouth, making her back bow off the mattress. "And then I'm gonna kiss your sweet little pussy until you come for me, little one." I slide my hand between her legs, finding her hot and slippery for me. "And after you've

come on my tongue, I'm gonna make you come again with my cock buried inside your hot cunt."

She nods, her cheeks pink. "Yes, Wolf. Take me. I'm yours."

"Tell me how you want it," I say, circling her hard clit.

"Slow and deep so I can feel every inch of you inside me."

A car alarm goes off briefly on the other side of the parking garage, startling me out of my filthy fantasy. My cock is throbbing, leaking into my boxers.

Fuck. I'm so hard it hurts right now. My jagged breaths are fogging up the windows of my SUV. I shift in my seat, adjusting my erection, trying to will it away with thoughts of hockey and sad pet adoption commercials.

But it doesn't work. All I can think about is Emily. Her smile. Her laugh. Her body. How every new thing I learn about her only makes me want more. How every time she blushes because of me, it makes me feel like a goddamn king.

I'm just about to pull out of the parking spot when my phone buzzes with a text message. My heart does a stupid little dance when I see that it's her.

Emily: I'm done for the day, but there's no rush. I can wait.

A grin spreads across my face as I type out my reply.

Wolf: Your timing is perfect. Practice just finished and I can be there in about twenty.

My heart is suddenly pounding with an anticipation I haven't felt in years. I navigate the city streets, my brain buzzing, my grip tight on the steering wheel. There's a

tightness in my chest that I somehow know won't ease until I see her.

It takes a few minutes longer to get there than I'd like because of traffic, and when I arrive, I find a spot across the street from the prestigious ballet school. I spot Emily standing just outside the front doors, bundled up against the cold. Her gorgeous red hair streams from beneath her white toque, the fiery waves whipping around her face.

I smile, heat blooming across my chest, but my grin falters when I see that she's not alone.

A tall, slender man stands close to her—too close—and he lays his hand on her arm as he says something. Emily shifts away, nodding without saying much. He says something else and she shrugs, her shoulders stiff and high around her ears.

Whoever this guy is, he's making her uncomfortable.

Something primal and protective surges inside me, eating me up. I feel the same rush of adrenaline I get when I line up a guy for a massive hit on the ice. The same rush when the gloves come off and punches fly.

I slam my door behind me as I exit my vehicle and stride toward them, my jaw clenched. As I approach, the man looks up, his eyes meeting mine. He smirks at me and never have I wanted to punch someone so badly in my life, and I literally get paid to punch people for a living.

I'm ready for a fight, which is completely insane because I have no idea who this guy is, or if he's done anything beyond make Emily uncomfortable.

But the fact that he made her uncomfortable is enough for me. It's enough to curl my hands into fists, enough to heat my blood, my muscles tense and ready for action.

Before I can do or say anything, Emily's eyes meet mine, and I can see the plea there. I don't know how to explain it, but I know she's silently asking for my help. She quickly loops her arm through mine, her fingers gripping my bicep through my coat as she steps close to me.

"Here's my boyfriend!" she says brightly, her voice laced with a sweetness that catches me off guard and makes my head swim with confusion.

I frown slightly as I look down at her. Surely she didn't just say what I thought she did? Does she somehow know about the lie I told Coach Ferguson? But how?

She's smiling up at me, her green eyes wide and pleading. Without saying a word, I can tell she wants me to play along. Right.

Guess I'm not the only one who needs a fake date.

I nod and tuck her against me, my entire body singing with how good that feels. She fits perfectly, her tiny frame molding against me. "Yeah," I say. "I'm Emily's boyfriend. And you are..." I let the question trail off, arching an eyebrow at the guy.

"James," he says quickly, taking a step back. His smirk is gone, much to my satisfaction. His hands are raised in a placating gesture, which shows me James is smarter than he looks, because I could break him in half with one arm.

I still might, depending on what Emily says happened.

"I didn't know she was taken," he says, his voice pitched high.

"I told you I had a boyfriend," Emily says softly, and I curl my arm around her waist, holding her tighter.

“Right, I...I guess I didn’t...” He swallows thickly, eyes darting between me and the road.

“Well, now you know,” I say, my deep voice laced with a hint of a growl. “And you’re not gonna bother her again, are you?”

“N-no,” he says, shaking his head. “Definitely not.”

“Smart choice,” I say.

The guy backs up, mumbling an apology before turning and walking away. I watch him go, tense and ready for a fight. But he doesn’t look back, and soon he disappears around a corner.

“Thank you,” says Emily softly, slumping against me.

I nod, my chest swelling with protectiveness, with a possessiveness I have no right to feel. I look down at Emily, my arm still wrapped around her waist. She’s looking up at me with flushed cheeks, her breath coming out in little white puffs of air.

I want to kiss her so fucking badly that I almost do it.

“Thank you,” she says again. “He was bothering me all day. He asked me out and I said no, but he wouldn’t leave me alone. I told him I had a boyfriend, but he acted like he didn’t hear me. So when I saw you, I figured I’d tell him you were my boyfriend to see if that would make him back off.”

Is it just me, or did her cheeks get pinker when she said the word boyfriend ?

“Happy to play along,” I say, swallowing around the disappointment clogging my throat that this isn’t actually real. “In fact, I have a funny story for you. Come on.

Let's get out of the cold."

I tuck her hand into mine and lead her back across the street to where I parked. I open her door for her and help her up, resisting the urge to buckle her seatbelt for her, and then slide in behind the steering wheel.

I pull out smoothly into traffic, navigating the busy Toronto streets as I head home.

"So what's the funny story?" she asks, rolling her neck. She must be sore and tired after her day. I should offer her the use of my fancy shower so she can ease the soreness in her muscles.

"So, every year, the team does this bachelor auction thing. It's for charity, and I've done it in the past, and honestly, I hate it. It's just not my thing, and I didn't want to get roped into doing it this year, so...I lied to my coach and said I had a girlfriend. When he asked me who I was dating I said your name."

She laughs softly, the sound like soft, tinkling music. I glance at her, relieved that she's not mad. I mean, I didn't think she would be given the lie that she just told, but I'm relieved all the same.

"You told your coach I'm your girlfriend?" she asks, her cheeks pink, her laughter ringing out in the confines of the SUV. Her green eyes are glittering as she bites her lip and I feel like I'm standing in the sun.

"Yep," I confirm, a grin tugging at my lips. "What's that saying about great minds thinking alike?" I come to a red light and our eyes meet, our laughter slowly dying off as we stare at each other.

"Great minds, huh?" she says quietly, and I can't tell what she's thinking right now. "Definitely ironic that we both thought up the same lie to get out of a yucky

situation.” She lets out a soft giggle. “And here I was thinking I was dragging you into my mess.”

“I dragged you in first,” I say, glancing at her again and then returning my attention to the road as cars start to move again. Her cheeks are still flushed, muting the effect of her freckles.

Fuck, she’s so beautiful it physically hurts to look at her. It’s an ache in my bones that I can’t fully describe or explain.

“Well, then I guess we’re even,” she says with a soft smile. “Thank you again, by the way. For stepping in with James. I owe you one.”

“You don’t owe me anything, Emily,” I say, my voice rougher than intended. The thought of that creep bothering her makes my blood start to heat again.

She shakes her head, her red hair glinting in the sunshine. “No, I do. You’ve taken me in, given me a comfortable place to stay. You’re looking out for me, and I...” She swallows thickly. “It means a lot to me. So I’m happy to go along with this. Do you need me to do...anything?”

I need you to sit on my face.

The thought comes hot and fast and unbidden, making my dick press against my zipper.

I clear my throat, not fully trusting my voice. “Actually, yes. There’s a game tomorrow night, and the coach invited you to come. You’ll be sitting in a box with his daughter and fiancée.”

“Oooh, acting,” she says with a little giggle. “Not exactly my strong suit, but...I’m

in.”

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Six

Wolf

It's late afternoon when we pull into the parking garage of my building and I slot my SUV into my assigned spot. We exit the vehicle and step into the elevator, where I press the button for my penthouse. Emily stands beside me, her reflection in the mirrored walls showing a small, tired figure. Fuck me, she barely comes up to my shoulder. She's so fucking tiny that it makes my heart race.

She rolls her neck and stretches, and I can feel the exhaustion coming off of her in palpable waves. She busted her ass today, and she's going to keep busting it the entire time she's here. I might've just met her, but I already know that Emily's the type of girl who takes her passions seriously and gives her all. I can see it in the way her face lights up when she talks about ballet. I could see it this morning in how nervous she was. She wouldn't have been that nervous if she didn't care. If this didn't mean everything to her.

"You must be sore," I say, breaking the silence between us.

She looks up at me, those green eyes meeting mine in the mirror ahead of us. "Like you wouldn't believe," she says with a small smile.

The elevator doors open, and we step into my place. "You know what you need?" I ask.

"A massage?" She says it so innocently that I know she doesn't mean anything by it,

but holy shit. What I wouldn't give to lay her out and rub her little body until she melted for me.

And there's a new fantasy to add to the list.

"I was going to say a hot shower. The one in my bathroom has all these fancy jets that are almost as good as massage. There's a steam function, too."

Her eyes widen, and she bites her lip. "That sounds amazing. Yes, please. I will absolutely take you up on that."

The sudden image of pinning Emily up against that shower wall as hot water pours down over us sears through me, and I blink it away. I tip my chin in the direction of my bedroom, leading her toward the far end of the penthouse. She follows me into my bedroom, and I ignore the way my cock goes rock hard at having her in here.

Just then, my phone chimes from my pocket, and I fish it out, quickly reading the message. It's not important, so I toss my phone down on the bed, returning my attention to Emily, who's watching me with a small smile on her face.

God. She's so pretty that it makes my chest ache.

I need to tattoo the message that Emily's off limits to the inside of my eyelids because I seem to forget in the span between blinks.

I open the bathroom door and let her step in first. The shower is a massive glass enclosure with jets coming from every angle. I walk over to the control panel on the wall.

"It's a bit complicated," I say, starting to press buttons. "You've got your rainfall shower head, detachable shower head, then the side jets, and the steam function."

Emily watches intently, her fingers playing with the ends of her hair. I lose my train of thought for a second because I'm too busy drooling over her.

"And what does this do?" she asks, pointing to another set of buttons and bringing my focus back to what I'm supposed to be doing.

"This is where you adjust the pressure and the temperature. And if you want to use the steam function, just press this button. It'll fill the shower with steam, like a sauna. I like to use that after games. Helps get all the knots out."

Her head swivels from the panel to me, my skin growing hot and tight as her gaze travels over my shoulders, down my chest and then to my thighs. I fight the urge to adjust myself, hoping she can't see the slight bulge in my jeans that seems to always be there when I'm around her.

She swallows thickly and then nods. "Thanks, Wolf," she says softly. "This is really nice."

I shrug, warmth spreading across my chest at her gratitude. It makes me want to give her the world on a platter.

I am in so much trouble with this girl. Who is nine-fucking-teen. Who is Mike's little sister. Who lives in another province.

Before I can do or say anything stupid, I nod once more and then leave the room, striding into the kitchen and pulling a bottle of water from the fridge. I'm not even thirsty, but I drain it in one go, just to give my body something else to do, something else to focus on other than the fact that Emily is naked in my shower. I can hear the patter of the water from the kitchen, the soft hum of the fan.

I try not to think about the water running down her naked body in rivulets. I try not to

think about the way a soapy washcloth might glide over her freckled skin.

I fail. Miserably.

I open the fridge again, hunting for another distraction, when I hear the soft sound of a phone ringing. My phone ringing.

Fuck. I left it on my bed.

The ringing stops, then starts again, and I head back in the direction of my bedroom. As quietly as possible, I open the door and make a beeline for the bed, stopping in my tracks when I see that the door to the adjoining bathroom is ajar, and through those inches, I have a direct line of sight to Emily in my shower.

I freeze, my phone completely forgotten as my eyes lock onto Emily's body. There's some steam fogging up the glass, but not enough that I can't see her. She's facing away from me, her body a silhouette of lean muscles and smooth curves. Water cascades down her back, rivulets tracing the line of her spine, dripping down her impossibly toned ass. I know I should look away. I should leave the room. But my feet have grown roots, planting me in place as I stare and stare and stare. I can't stop staring.

I don't want to stop staring.

She shifts, turning slightly, and I see that she's holding the detachable shower head. She adjusts the settings, her other hand braced against the wall, delicate fingers splayed on the tile.

I've never considered myself much of a voyeur. Until now, anyway. Because sick bastard that I am, I'm rapt as I watch Emily.

She tilts her head up to the rainfall shower head, water streaming down her face, darkening her hair from fiery red to light brown. Her eyes are closed, her lips parted, and I can see her small breasts rising and falling with each breath. They're tiny and beautiful and perfect, topped with sweet little light brown nipples.

I watch as she widens her stance and brings the shower head between her thighs.

"Yes," she sighs, working the spray over her pussy in slow circles. She tilts her hips and then moves the shower head, angling it so that it's right over her clit. She whimpers and gasps, hips jerking slightly. Her body is taut, her muscles straining as she gets herself off.

I can't look away. I'm a fucking pervert, watching her, but I can't stop. She lets out a low, throaty moan that makes my cock pulse in my jeans. I'm so fucking hard it hurts. With a low growl, I palm myself over my jeans, slowly rubbing my aching dick. I'm leaking like a faucet into my boxers.

She leans back against the tiles and uses her free hand to spread her pussy lips open, washing herself with a delicious thoroughness. Her hips are moving in a slow, grinding motion, her soft moans getting louder and louder. I feel every single one of those moans in my cock.

I wish it was my hand there, my fingers massaging her needy little clit, my touch making her gasp and moan and writhe. I stroke myself over top of my jeans, working my cock with my open palm. My balls pulse and draw up, and I might fucking come in my pants. I don't care if I do.

"Oh, god, Wolf," Emily moans, and everything inside me goes completely still for a moment before exploding into a riot of light.

Holy. Fucking. Shit. Did she just say my name? She couldn't have. I'm so turned on

that I'm hallucinating. Imagining things that couldn't possibly be real.

"Yes, Wolf. Oh, yes," she moans again, and this time, I know what I heard. There's no mistaking that Emily just moaned my name while getting herself off.

My cock throbs angrily, impatiently beneath my palm as hope and disbelief battle it out inside me.

Emily is thinking of me as she works her clit with the shower head's warm spray. Me.

"Fuck," I grit out, one arm braced on the wall, the other rubbing my straining dick through my jeans. My skin feels hot and tight, my cock pulsing almost painfully with every stroke of my palm. There's a visible wet spot on my jeans from how much pre-cum I'm leaking into my pants. I should be embarrassed. Ashamed. But I'm not. I don't give a fuck. I can't stop. Not when Emily is naked and moaning my name.

Emily's body starts to tremble, and I know she's going to come soon. Her hips buck, and I can hear her ragged pants as she holds the shower head steady, the water pummeling her clit. Her skin is pink, her body one long, taut, graceful line of tension.

"Wolf," she moans again. "Want you so much. Yes, Wolf."

I'm wrecked. Ruined. Completely done for. I rub my palm harder and faster over my cock, the friction almost painful. Tingling heat races down my spine in warning. My balls draw up tight, my body tensing as I watch Emily come with my name on her lips. Her mouth hangs open as her body goes rigid, her eyes squeezed shut.

It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my entire goddamn life.

The sight of Emily coming and knowing that thinking of me is what got her there is what pushes me over the edge, and I start to come with a low groan. My cock pulses,

over and over, as I spurt into my pants like a fucking teenager, pleasure locking my muscles in place. I can feel the wet heat of my cum soaking into my underwear, my jeans, running down my cock. My body jerks with each pulse, and I keep stroking, rubbing, drawing it out until I'm completely spent.

My breath comes in ragged gasps, my heart pounding in my chest. I lean against the wall, my eyes still locked on Emily. She's slumped against the tiled wall, her body sated and limp as her posture echoes mine. Fuck, she's beautiful. And she just came to thoughts of me.

Me.

I huff out a sigh and then quickly change into a clean pair of sweats. Then, making sure she's not looking in my direction, I grab my phone and leave the bedroom, closing the door behind me and heading back into the kitchen.

My body is buzzing. My head is swimming.

Emily fantasized about me. Made herself come to thoughts of me. Which means she wants me, too. That my crazy attraction to her isn't one sided.

And suddenly, it doesn't matter that I'm thirteen years older than her, or that she's Mike's little sister.

Because knowing that Emily wants me? Hearing her moan my name?

It changes everything.

Every. Fucking. Thing.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:02 am

Seven

Emily

I'm bundled in the back of a sleek, black car, nerves and excitement swirling through me as the city passes by in a blur of lights. Wolf left for his game a while ago, needing to get to the arena early for a team meeting. But before he went, he arranged for a car to take me to the arena for the game. He said he wanted to make sure I got there safely and wasn't taking public transportation after dark. Honestly, I'm pretty sure Toronto is fairly safe, but I like his protectiveness. I like saying yes to things that make him happy.

And now I'm almost at the game where I'll be pretending to be his girlfriend. The game where I'll be sitting with the captain's and coach's fiancées.

A pang of something I can't quite name hits me right in the stomach. It's not regret, not exactly. It's more like...longing. Like a wishfulness that the whole girlfriend thing wasn't pretend. That it wasn't fake in order to spare Wolf the indignity of another charity auction.

I'm lost in my thoughts when the car pulls up in front of the bustling arena. Bright lights point up into the sky, and a massive screen plays clips of various Toronto Thunder players kicking ass. Butterflies explode in my stomach when I see Wolf on the screen as he slams another player into the boards.

I thank the driver and step out into the chilly night, the air soothing against my hot cheeks. Gah, if I'm this warm just from watching a little clip of Wolf, I'm going to be

a tomato after watching him play an entire game. I need to get it together.

I take a breath, centering myself the way I do before I step on stage. Anchoring myself in the here and now and not letting my swirling thoughts sweep me away.

People stream into the arena through the open doors, glowing with bright lights inside, and groups mill about, many of them wearing Toronto Thunder gear: jerseys, hats, jackets. A group of women walk by, talking and laughing, and every single one of them is wearing a Wolf Hartley jersey, his name and the number twenty-eight plastered across each of their backs.

A completely irrational flare of jealousy surges through me, churning my stomach and making my chest burn.

Of course they wear his jersey. He's hot as hell. All those crazy muscles, and that thick hair, and those piercing gray eyes. Of course they probably all have crushes on him. God knows I do. A wildly inappropriate one given that he's Mike's friend and so much older than me. He'd probably be beyond uncomfortable if he knew the thoughts swirling through my mind. If he knew that I'd made myself come in his shower imagining he was in there with me, touching me, washing me, massaging me.

I look away from the women, swallowing down my completely unjustified jealousy. Wolf isn't interested in me that way. In fact, he's barely spoken to or looked at me since we got home yesterday afternoon. He's probably already sick of me. I'd be a fool to misinterpret any kindness he shows as anything other than basic decency.

Energy seems to hum through the air, and I suck in a breath, the chill working its way into my lungs and calming my breathing. I've never been to a professional hockey game before, and the sheer scale of everything makes me shiver with anticipation. The lights, the size of the arena, the thousands of people streaming inside. It's a spectacle.

The crowd surges around me, swallowing me up in a sea of Toronto Thunder logos. I quickly pull my phone out of my small bag and open up my Wallet app to retrieve the ticket Wolf sent me this morning. My heart feels like it's pounding in time with the throb of music coming from inside the arena, and I realize that my palms are sweaty.

For the first time, I start to have second thoughts about this whole pretending to be Wolf's girlfriend thing. What if I can't pull it off? What if I embarrass him?

I move forward with the crowd, trying to shake off the nerves, reminding myself that it's just for a couple of hours, and we'll mostly be watching the game. The thought of getting to watch Wolf play sends another wave of excitement crashing over me. My stomach might as well be a flower garden for the number of butterflies flapping there.

I step inside, the noise and the lights enveloping me in something new and exciting. The air smells like popcorn and beer, and to my right, a man stands at a raised podium, selling game day programs. I can see a massive store to my right, filled with fans checking out merchandise. There's a row of Hartley jerseys on display, and I wish I had the money to buy one.

I glance down at my cropped black sweater, jeans, and black ankle boots, hoping it's the sort of thing a player's girlfriend would wear. My hair is down, my makeup minimal. Maybe I should've worn more.

The attendant scans my ticket, then gives me a special lanyard and tells me how to get to my box. I nod and start making my way through the arena, taking in the crowd, the vendors, the smells and sounds of it all. Through a gap in heavy black curtains, I catch a flash of white, and I realize that the ice is right there. Fans are crowded around the boards, watching the players take their pre-game warm-up. I flash the badge at the end of my lanyard to the usher standing by the curtains, and he nods, letting me pass and make my way towards the ice.

I manage to find a spot, squeezing between a couple of people, my nose practically pressed to the glass. The ice gleams under the bright overhead lights, and I have to blink several times to get my eyes to adjust. And as soon as they do, I spot Wolf, who looks even bigger with all of his equipment on.

He's so tall. So strong and thick. I've spent so much time drooling over those thighs that I think I'd recognize them anywhere, even covered in hockey gear. I watch as he skates across the ice effortlessly, his stick in his hands. He takes a smooth pass from another player and flicks it easily at the net, then loops around behind it.

Hockey may not have the elegance of ballet, but I can't deny that there's a captivating gracefulness in the way Wolf moves. In the control he has over his movements. Everything is smooth and precise.

As he skates back down the ice, he catches sight of me, and my heart jolts into my throat when his eyes lock with mine through the glass. He skates right over to me, a slow smile spreading across his face as I stand there and melt, my face hot. Everyone around me turns and stares as Wolf raises one gloved hand.

"Hey, Em," he calls through the glass, and I blush from the roots of my hair all the way to my collarbone. More people gawk at us.

"Hey," I force myself to say, raising my hand. I mean, that's what a girlfriend would do, right? For a moment, he just stares at me, his smile firmly in place. Then he winks at me and skates away.

Oh, he's good. That was very convincing.

I watch Wolf warm up for a few more minutes, doing my best to ignore the curious stares of everyone around me. Being on stage is one thing. I've chosen to be there. I've practiced my steps. I know exactly what to do. But being the completely

unexpected centre of attention? Yeah, not really my jam. But I can do this. For Wolf. I can pretend to be whatever he needs me to be.

Even if it kills me a little that it's just pretend, and that's all it'll ever be.

The crowd clustered around the glass starts to thin as the players leave the ice, the pre-game warm-up complete. Still feeling the weight of eyes on me, I turn and start making my way to the box, walking up an aisle and then to a specially marked elevator. An attendant checks my pass and then waves me through, pressing the button for me before the doors slide closed. My heart is a steady beat in my chest. From seeing Wolf on the ice, from the wink, from the attention, from the nervous anticipation of meeting these women and having to pretend I'm here because I'm Wolf's girlfriend.

Once I reach the box, another attendant checks my pass and then lets me in. I'm immediately struck with the luxuriousness of the space. Plush leather seats, a fully stocked bar, and a spread of food that makes my mouth water. There's a veggie platter, shrimp on a bed of ice, an elaborate charcuterie board, and a tray of fresh fruit. Off to the side, I see an enormous tray laden with pastries, cookies, and cupcakes. Behind the bar, a glass-doored fridge shows off what looks like endless rows of canned beverages.

I glance up to see two young women seated near the glass. They're both staring at me with open interest.

I swallow thickly. Showtime.

"Hi," I say, forcing an ease into my voice that I don't feel. "I'm Emily."

A petite woman who's almost as small as me jumps up and extends her hand. She's ridiculously pretty, with long, shiny blond hair and bright green eyes. "Hi. I'm Lilah.

Lilah Ferguson.” Her smile is warm, her body language relaxed, and I take my shoulders down a notch. I’m surprised that she’s not that much older than me, probably only a couple of years. “You must be Wolf’s girlfriend.”

I blush furiously at the word girlfriend , but shake Lilah’s hand. “I am. It’s nice to meet you. You’re Coach Ferguson’s daughter right?”

Lilah nods. “I am. And I’m engaged to Kincaid Campbell.” I glance down at her hand, sucking in a breath at the enormous diamond ring on her tiny finger.

Holy moly, that is one huge diamond.

The second woman stands, her striking gray eyes assessing me, but not in an unfriendly way. She’s absolutely gorgeous, with dark curls and curves that make me feel completely inadequate in the boob and butt department. “I’m Sadie Brennan,” she says, her voice friendly and confident. “I’d say we’ve heard a lot about you, but that wouldn’t exactly be true.”

Lilah shoots Sadie a look and elbows her. “Sadie!” She turns back to me. “All she means is that we were surprised to hear that Wolf has a girlfriend, given that he’s...well...”

Sadie shrugs, and then adds with a little laugh. “He’s Wolf. Grumpy, keeps to himself, likes his alone time.”

I have absolutely no freaking clue what to say to that, so I do a lame little hand gesture, waving at myself. “Well, here I am.” I have to stop myself from outwardly cringing.

There’s an awkward pause before Lilah says, “Sadie’s engaged as well,” and I replay what Wolf had told me, that I’ll be sitting with the coach’s daughter and his fiancée.

Whoa. Sadie looks to be about the same age as Lilah, which means there's likely a big age gap between her and the coach.

Something about that makes butterflies take flight in my stomach and hope unfurl in my chest, like a flower looking for the sun. Like maybe, just maybe, me wanting Wolf isn't the craziest thing in the universe. Granted, he'd have to actually want me back, which is unlikely.

"Right, to Coach Ferguson," I say after a beat, acting like I'm super in the know. It clicks in my brain that Sadie is engaged to Lilah's dad. I wonder if that caused any awkwardness between them, but I don't ask. Obviously.

Sadie grins and nods, and then gestures towards the seats facing the glass. "Come. Sit. Tell us everything."

I sit down next to Lilah, my stomach a mess of butterflies and knots. Lilah smiles at me, and I relax a little more. Really, I just need to be myself while getting to indulge in the fantasy that Wolf is actually mine. That I'm actually his.

"So, how did you and Wolf meet?" asks Lilah, her eyes sparkling with warmth and curiosity.

I tuck a strand of hair behind my ear, my cheeks going warm. "Well, um. He's actually friends with my older brother. So, you know." I smile and hope they don't ask for more details, because I don't have any.

Oh, god. I am so bad at this.

Sadie nods, her gaze a tad more assessing than Lilah's. "How long have you been dating?"

“Oh, um. Not long. It’s very...recent.”

And the Oscar goes to...definitely not me.

As if she can sense my discomfort—and let’s be honest, I’m probably not hiding it well—Sadie veers the conversation away from Wolf for the time being.

“What do you do, Emily? Are you in school? How old are you?”

“Oh my gosh, Sadie,” says Lilah with a little laugh. “Let the girl breathe.”

I laugh, too. “It’s okay. I’m nineteen, and I’m not in school right now. I’m a ballet dancer. I’m from Winnipeg, but I’m here in Toronto for an internship at the National Ballet School.”

Lilah’s eyes go wide. “Like, the National Ballet School?”

A surge of pride rushes through me. “Yeah.”

“That’s amazing! You must be, like, really good.”

I laugh and blush slightly. “I’m okay. Trying to get better. It’s my dream to dance for a living.”

Lilah and Sadie exchange a look, communicating wordlessly, but I can tell they like me, and it puts me at ease. They’re both sweet and friendly, if a little curious. Then again, I can’t really blame them for their curiosity. It probably feels like I appeared out of thin air.

We all help ourselves to something to eat and drink and then return our attention back to the ice, where lights are starting to flash and music is playing. The game hasn’t

started yet, but it will soon.

I can't wait to watch Wolf play. Just seeing him out there on the ice warming up was hot. What will it be like watching him take a real shot or deliver an actual hit? My stomach dips and swirls in anticipation, and I once again find myself wishing I'd thought to get a Hartley jersey before the game.

"You know, most hockey players are a little superstitious," says Lilah, sitting back in her seat and munching on some popcorn. "But from what I've heard, I think Wolf takes the cake."

"Oh really?" I ask, my eyebrows inching up my forehead. "What do you mean?"

"According to Kincaid, Wolf eats an orange before every game because he ate an orange before he scored his first professional goal, so he thinks it's good luck. He puts all of his equipment on in the same order, without fail. He listens to the same songs while doing his stretches."

A smile tugs at my lips. It's fascinating, trying to reconcile the massive, slightly gruff man I'm falling for with someone who indulges in silly superstitions. I want to know more. I want to know everything. I want to know precisely in what order he puts his equipment on. I want to know what songs he listens to and why.

Oh, crap. I'm falling for Wolf, aren't I? At least, I think I am. Not that I have any experience with this kind of thing, but...oh, crap. This isn't just a crush anymore. Somewhere along the way, it morphed into something more.

My stomach drops down to the floor, like I'm on some kind of roller coaster.

"I wonder if he'll punch anyone tonight," Sadie says idly. "Shane—the coach—says Wolf's been all worked up the past couple of days. Maybe he needs to let off some

steam.”

There must be something very wrong with me, because the idea of Wolf fighting has my blood heating and a tingle starting between my thighs.

Lilah grins. “It’s true. It’s been a while since he got into a real fight. I think the last time was when that jerk from the other team high stuck Kincaid and Wolf just laid him out.”

“No one messes with him,” agrees Sadie. “He’s a great guy to have on your side. As I’m sure you know.”

My mind jumps back to the way Wolf scared off James like it was nothing. The way he’d tucked me against him, making me feel safe and sheltered.

I want more of that, too.

The lights go dim and the players skate out onto the ice to blaring rock music, the fans in the arena exploding with excitement. For several moments, we don’t talk, just soaking up the adrenaline-fueled atmosphere. My gaze lands on Wolf the second he steps on the ice, and it stays there. I watch as he skates around to warm up. I watch as he stands for the national anthem. I watch as he takes his spot on the blue line to start the game.

It’s truly a feat of athleticism that someone his size can move as quickly and fluidly as he does. It’s astonishing. I can’t get enough of watching him.

There’s a lull in the game, and I turn back to Lilah and Sadie, who seem to be enjoying the game as much as I am. “So, how did you two end up with...” I trail off, not sure how to phrase my question. “It’s just that you’re both young and Kincaid and Shane are...” I trail off again, my cheeks going hot.

Lilah laughs easily. “Older?”

I nod, my face heating even more.

“Well, for me, it just kind of happened. Kincaid and I met at a party, and there was this instant connection. Age didn’t matter. We just knew we wanted to be together, no matter what.”

Sadie nods. “I’d had a crush on Shane for, like, ages, so once we got on the same page, everything just clicked. I just love how mature and confident he is. He makes me feel so safe and cared for. He might be twenty-four years older than me, but I wouldn’t change it for anything. I like it.” Sadie winks at me. “Older men are the shit.”

“How much older than you is Wolf?” asks Lilah. I don’t even know why I brought this up. It’s not like Wolf is actually my boyfriend. It’s not like the dynamics of an age gap relationship actually matter to me.

But you want them to , says a quiet voice in the back of my mind. And the voice isn’t wrong. I do.

“He’s thirteen years older. I’m nineteen, he’s thirty-two.”

Lilah grins. “Thirteen years isn’t that much. It feels like a lot because you’re young, but if you both want to make it work, it won’t get in your way.”

I smile at her, letting hope filter through me. It’s a foolish, reckless kind of hope, but it’s there all the same.

Our attention drifts back to the game, and I find myself swept up in the action. I’m engrossed watching the players move with speed and agility across the ice. We all

stand and cheer when Kincaid scores a goal, and the crowd is positively electric, their energy pulsing through the packed arena like a heartbeat.

And Wolf. God. He's a force to be reckoned with. He's powerful and aggressive and easily one of the biggest guys on the ice. His hits are so hard they make me wince on behalf of his victims. But there's a grace to his movements, too. A fluidity that almost reminds me of dance. He's not just brute strength; there's skill and precision in everything he does. Every pass. Every shot. Every slice of his blades across the ice.

Every time he steps onto the ice, my heart starts to race. I can't take my eyes off of him. The way his body moves, the aura of intensity surrounding him—it's enthralling. Intoxicating. I've never seen anything like it.

I think I'm wetter than I've ever been.

"Wow, Wolf is really fired up tonight," says Lilah, glancing my way.

"Yeah, he's playing like a man possessed," Sadie agrees, a smirk playing on her lips. "I wonder what's gotten into him. A redhead, maybe?"

I blush, looking down at my lap, where my hands are curled together.

Lilah leans towards me, her blond hair falling over her shoulder, her green eyes sparkling. "So, how are things with you and Wolf?"

I frown slightly. "What...what do you mean?"

Sadie giggles. "Wolf's playing like an absolute maniac tonight. You must be doing something right."

It takes me longer than it should to clue in to the fact that they're talking about sex.

My face flames and I twirl a lock of hair around my finger. “Oh, well. Um. You know. I can’t really take credit for that because we haven’t...” My mouth goes dry.

Lilah’s eyebrows shoot up. “You haven’t had sex yet?”

I shake my head. “Um, no. Not yet. We’re...” The words stick in my throat.

“Waiting?” offers Lilah, and I nod. She tilts her head. “Girl, you’ve got more restraint than me. I don’t know how you haven’t jumped him yet.”

“Or climbed him like a freaking tree,” adds Sadie.

I laugh, covering my face with my hands. “I can’t just jump him or climb him or whatever. I’ve never...I’m still...”

Lilah’s eyes widen. “Oh. You’re a virgin?” she asks gently.

I nod, my stomach dipping and swirling. “Yeah. Wolf is the only guy I’ve ever dated, and it’s new between us. But...I do want him,” I say, and it feels like the most honest thing I’ve said all night, even if the stuff about it being new between us is a lie. “Badly.”

Sadie sighs and then fans herself dramatically. “I bet he’s amazing in bed. All that intensity? God. You need to find out and then report back. You know, for science.” She winks at me and I can’t stop the laugh that bubbles out of me.

Lilah’s laughing too, and when I glance over at her, our eyes meet. “Is Kincaid...?”

Her laugh turns into a giggle, and her cheeks go pink. “He’s an absolute animal, and I mean that in the best way possible.”

I squirm in my seat, my clit pulsing insistently between my legs. I ache in a way I'm not used to. I feel empty in a way I don't fully understand as I think about what Lilah and Sadie just said. What would Wolf be like in bed? Would he be an animal? What does that even mean? And why do I like the sound of it so much?

Lilah and Sadie exchange a look.

"Whenever it happens, it's going to be explosive," says Sadie. "Trust me. That man wants you just as much as you want him, and it's making him crazy on the ice. Look at him."

We all turn our attention back to the game to watch as Wolf delivers a bone-crunching hit to a player on the other team, leaving him sprawled out on the ice. The crowd roars with excitement, howls filling the air as Wolf skates back to the bench.

Lilah nods. "Sadie's right. Believe me, I recognize the signs. Wolf is playing like a man who needs to fuck."

I suck in a sharp breath, and I can feel how wet my panties are. Snippets of dirty thoughts race through my mind, making my heart pound and my stomach swirl.

Wolf ripping my clothes off.

Wolf pinning me to the wall and fucking me so hard I can't breathe.

Wolf spending hours making me come, over and over again.

But none of this is real. They're only fantasies. Lilah and Sadie are only seeing what they think is there because I've lied to them.

Fuck my life. What kind of mess have I gotten myself into?

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:02 am

Eight

Wolf

I can't remember the last time I felt like this, my body heavily exhausted but with fire in my veins and adrenaline coursing through me. The satisfaction of a game well played and the thrill of a hard-fought victory. The utter ruthlessness with which I played tonight made me feel like my old self again, and I know it's all because she was here, watching me.

Emily. Sweet little Emily. I couldn't see her up in her box, but I could feel her eyes on me. Knowing she was watching lit a fire in me that I haven't felt in a very long time.

It's like she's my muse. My inspiration. My new reason for everything.

Something shifted in me when I heard her moan my name in the shower the other day. Shifted, or broke, or something, because I don't feel like the same man I was before I knew that Emily David wants me.

I finish washing off, then turn off the shower and step out. Music is playing in the dressing room, guys laughing and talking as we get cleaned up after the game. Tonight's win was a big one, and we're definitely riding high. And fuck, does it feel good to have contributed to that win. I may not have scored any goals, but I did what I was supposed to do and kept their players away from my guys, giving them chances to score.

Water drips from my hair, and I towel off roughly, my movements hurried. My body's still amped from the game, and I feel like a live wire. But it's not just the win that has me feeling this way. It's her. Emily.

I can't get her out of my mind, and I've given up trying. I waved the white flag on that the second I heard her moan my name as she used my shower head to massage her clit.

Fuck, and now I'm hard. Rock fucking hard. In the dressing room. Goddammit. I quickly wrap the towel around my waist to try to hide my jutting cock. It works. Sort of. Mostly.

I join in the celebrations as I make my way to my station, clapping backs, laughing at jokes, and exchanging insults. But even though I'm here, with my team, my mind is elsewhere. I'm thinking about Emily. Her smile. Her laugh. Her graceful little body and how fucking good it would feel pressed up against mine. Naked.

Fuck. I'm hard again.

I dress quickly, partly because I don't need anyone seeing me like this, and mostly because I'm eager to see Emily. I can't wait a second longer. The need to be near her is almost overwhelming. I need to get eyes on her. Smell her.

I'm the first one dressed, and I pace impatiently as the others finish up. Finally, I head up to the box with Kincaid and Shane. We asked the girls to wait for us there after the game, knowing they'd be safe and easy to find. We enter the box, and it's like something inside me settles at the sight of her. She's standing with Lilah and Sadie, talking, and I drink in the sight of her. Her red hair gleams, tumbling over her shoulders, and for a second, all I can do is stare. She turns, her green eyes meeting mine, and I know I'm done. Done resisting. Done convincing myself that wanting her is wrong. Done pretending I don't want her.

Done.

“Hey,” I say, my voice coming out rough around the edges.

She smiles at me, and the way she blushes makes me want to scoop her up in my arms. “Hey, Wolf. Great game. You were...” She inhales softly. “You were great.”

I want to reach out and pull her into my arms. I want to kiss the absolute daylight out of her. But I restrain myself. We’re not alone.

Yet.

Kincaid claps me on the back. “We’re all going out to celebrate. You in?”

I look at Emily, a silent question in my eyes. She nods, grinning at me and weaving her fingers with mine. I give her hand a gentle squeeze and she squeezes back. My balls throb in response.

“Yeah,” I say, my gaze not leaving hers. “We’re in.”

We leave the arena through a rear entrance that exits into an alleyway, where a row of sleek black cars awaits. There are always cars waiting here after the game for any team members or staff who need or want a ride. I don’t usually use them, but I’m grateful for the convenience tonight.

Shane and Sadie slip into the first car in line, followed by Kincaid and Lilah into the second. I hold the door open to the third for Emily, letting her slide in first. I close the door once I’m inside, effectively sealing us away from the world.

“Where to?”

I open and close my mouth, realizing I have no idea where we're going. Kincaid was the one who said they were going out. I was too caught up in seeing Emily to even ask.

"Uh...just follow the two cars that pulled out ahead of you," I say.

"Yes, sir," he says pleasantly, and we pull out smoothly into the night, the city sparkling with lights around us.

Emily shifts in her seat as shadows flicker across her beautiful face, and her thigh presses against mine. I can't stop thinking about wanting to touch her soft skin, how it would feel to have those thighs wrapped around me. I want to run my hands up her toned, lithe legs, feel the heat of her pussy against my hand. I want to slip my hand inside her panties and stroke her. Feel her wetness as I make her gasp and beg sweetly for more.

I shift in my seat, trying to adjust myself discreetly. I'm so fucking hard right now that it hurts. All I can think about is burying myself inside her, feeling her tight, wet heat around me. I want to fuck her slow and deep, make her moan my name like she did in the shower. I want to see her eyes glaze over with pleasure, feel her nails dig into my back as she comes.

I want to taste her, too. I want to bury my face between those pretty thighs, lick her until she's writhing and begging for more. I want to suck on her little clit, feel her orgasm on my tongue. I want to make her come over and over again, until she's so sensitive that she can't take any more.

I want to explore every inch of her body. I want to kiss every single one of her freckles. I want to suck her nipples. I want to grip her hips hard enough to bruise as I fuck her from behind. I want to see her on her knees, those green eyes looking up at me as she takes my dripping cock in her mouth. I want to feel her throat, hear her gag

as she tries and fails to take all of me.

I want and want and want. This wanting is consuming me. Eating me alive.

I glance over at her to find that she's staring at me, and our eyes meet. I can feel the electricity pulsing between us in the back of the car, can practically see the sparks in the air as she slides a little bit closer. She licks her lips slowly, her lids heavy, and I can see how much she wants me.

Fucking hell, this is wrong. And I don't give a shit.

I reach down and adjust myself, slowly and deliberately. Her eyes track the movement of my hand over the thick bulge between my legs and she blushes, staring openly now. Fuck, she's so sweet. And I'm a fucking beast for wanting to corrupt her. But I do. I want to make her mine in the filthiest ways possible.

Is she a virgin? The question sears through me. If she is...god, the things I could teach her. Show her. I could be her first and her last, and she could be my everything in return.

She blinks up at me, the tension wrapping around us like a blanket. She shifts again, her thigh rubbing against mine, the warmth of her evident even through the fabric of my pants. We're fully dressed and yet I can feel her as though we're naked. I've never been so hyperaware of someone in my entire life. Every time I'm near her, she's the only thing I can focus on.

Our eyes hold, and I can't look away. I'm completely mesmerized by her. Her lips part slightly as her gaze drops to my mouth, and I can see her chest rising and falling in soft little pants.

Fuck, I need to taste her. I need to claim her pretty little mouth. Her body. Every

single part of her.

I lean in, lifting my hand and cupping her cheek. Christ, her skin is soft. Impossibly soft. I trace my thumb over her cheek, and her eyes flutter closed as she leans into my touch. I can feel her breath on my lips, smell the sunshine and flowers scent of her skin.

Fuck it. I'm going to kiss her.

The car comes to a sudden stop, jolting us apart. I glance out the window and bite out a grumbled curse when I see we've pulled up in front of an upscale bar. Lilah, Kincaid, Sadie, and Shane are all waiting by the entrance for us.

Fucking perfect timing. I can't stop the little growl of frustration from escaping me.

Emily looks dazed, her wide eyes on me, her lips parted. She's so fucking beautiful. So sweet. She's like soft spring sunshine personified. The driver steps out of the car, chatting with one of the other drivers for a moment.

"Emily," I say, my voice gritty.

"Wolf," she says, swallowing thickly.

"I heard you, you know. In the shower." Now isn't the time for this conversation, but it suddenly feels important to tell her.

God, I'm such a mess over her.

Her eyes go wide, her lips forming a perfect o . She's completely adorable when she's stunned. She's never not completely adorable, honestly.

Her face turns a deep shade of red. “You heard me?” Her words are nothing more than a shaky whisper.

I nod, my gaze flicking down to her lips again. “I heard you moan my name. I heard you come, Emily.” I don’t tell her that I watched her, too. I want to see how she responds to this first half-true confession. I lean in close, my lips brushing against the shell of her ear. “It was the sexiest fucking thing I’ve ever heard in my life.”

She sucks in a sharp breath, and I pull back slightly. She’s staring at her hands, but I don’t want her to hide from me. From what’s happening between us. I grip her chin gently, turning her face up to mine.

“Don’t be embarrassed, Em. You never have to be embarrassed around me. It was hot. You’re hot. More than hot. And I—“

Of course, the driver chooses that moment to open the door, cool night air rushing in and ending the moment. With a small grumble, I step out and then offer my hand to Emily. She doesn’t hesitate before putting her small, delicate hand in mine, and I sigh at the contact. At how perfect it feels.

As we walk into the bar, my skin still feels hot and tight, and a snarled knot sits in the center of my chest. I promised Mike I wouldn’t make a move on his sister. I promised him I wouldn’t touch her. She’s too young for me. Too sweet and innocent. She lives a three-and-a-half-hour-flight away.

And yet, Emily David feels like she was meant to be mine. Like I’ve been waiting for her all this time. None of the other women I’ve ever dated made me feel like this. None of my relationships lasted because I wasn’t with Emily. Playing tonight, knowing she was watching me, it was as though a missing puzzle piece had clicked into place.

I haven't lost my passion for the game. I just needed to find my soul mate.

Who happens to be my best friend's younger sister. Who happens to be thirteen years younger than me.

It's wrong, but nothing has ever felt more right.

I know how this ends: with me inside her, taking what's meant to be mine, consequences be damned.

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Nine

Wolf

“We’ll continue our conversation later, little one,” I bend down and whisper in Emily’s ear. She shivers and then looks up at me with what can only be described as melty heart eyes at the endearment.

Good.

We enter the bar, where conversation buzzes around us and jazz music floats on the air. A few heads swivel in our direction, but no one bothers us as we’re shown to a table for six tucked into a cozy back corner. Large windows look out onto the city, the CN Tower lit up in shades of red and white, glowing against the night sky. I hold Emily’s chair out of her, watching as she gracefully sinks down, and then take the empty seat next to her. Our table is round, and I’ve got Kincaid on my right, while Sadie takes the seat next to Emily.

Under the table, I lay a hand on Emily’s thigh, drawing small circles with my fingers. Everyone here already thinks she’s my girlfriend, so I might as well act like the obsessed boyfriend I’m sure I’ll be. I’m not trying to keep my hands to myself, but I don’t think she wants me to, either. Not with the way she’s pressing her thigh into my hand, her cheeks pink.

The server comes by to take our drink orders, and immediately asks for ID from all three girls. She squints a little harder at Emily’s Manitoba driver’s licence, but then nods perfunctorily, handing it back.

The sight of the out-of-province licence hits me like a punch in the gut, a reminder that she doesn't live here. It deflates me slightly, but I also know that I'm not going to let something as petty as kilometers keep me from her.

We order our drinks and settle in, the conversation flowing easily. We chat about the game, and I love watching Emily chime in, talking about how much fun she had watching from the box.

"You had quite the game tonight, Wolf," says Sadie, eyeing me knowingly from across the table. "Feeling inspired?"

I glance over at Emily, watching as she tucks a strand of hair behind her ear and then takes a sip of her wine.

"You could say that."

Shane laughs. "We may need to get Emily tickets to every home game if that's the way you play when she's watching."

"I wish I could come to every game," she says wistfully, toying with the stem of her wine glass. I feel her leg shift beneath my hand, her sleek muscles tensing. "But I've got to go back to Winnipeg next month."

Kincaid looks at me, a slight frown on his face. "Oh? What's going to happen..." His eyebrows raise, and I shrug.

"Haven't figured that part out yet. But we will." I make sure I'm looking at Emily when I say that. Because I mean it. We'll figure something out. I'll do anything to keep her in my life.

God. I haven't even kissed this girl and I already know I'm going to marry her. I

know it in my bones. I know it like I know the sky is blue, like I know my own name.

Emily holds my gaze as she takes a sip of her drink, pulling my attention to her mouth. Immediately, I'm imagining her pretty lips wrapped around my cock.

Shit. Now I'm hard again. I shift in my seat, trying to ease some of the pressure as my cock presses hard against the seam of my fly. I take my hand from Emily's thigh, adjust myself, and then drape it over the back of her chair, letting my fingers play in the ends of her silky hair. She leans in a bit closer, and when she looks up at me, her pupils are blown, eyes bright with desire.

I want to drag her somewhere private where we can finish our conversation. Where I can tell her that I liked hearing her moan my name because I've wanted her from the moment I laid eyes on her. Where I tell her that I don't give a fuck about our age difference or Mike or the fact that we live in different provinces.

That I'm halfway in love with her.

"What do you think of Toronto so far, Emily?" asks Lilah, dragging Emily's attention away from me. I both hate it and love it. I want her all to myself, but I also want her to make friends. And I'm curious to hear the answer to her question. Toronto's come to feel like home to me, and I want to know what she thinks, too.

Emily grins, once again tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "I love it. It's so vibrant and full of life, and so pretty with Lake Ontario right there. I'm looking forward to exploring while I'm here."

"I'll show you around," I say, twisting a fiery lock around my finger and tugging gently. "Make sure you hit all the highlights."

She smiles and blushes slightly, and the conversation moves on to other topics, but

I'm not listening. I'm watching Emily, my mind filled with filthy thoughts. Thoughts about watching my cum drip down her creamy thighs, about green eyes watering as I fuck her mouth, about how perfect she sounds when she moans my name.

I take a long sip of my beer, trying to cool down, but it's no use. I feel like my body's on fire. I'm so hard that I'm aching. Dripping. I'm a mess over this tiny slip of a girl.

Lilah and Sadie have taken over the conversation, so I lean in, my lips brushing against Emily's ear. "You look fucking gorgeous tonight, Em," I murmur, my voice low and rough. She shivers slightly, her breath hitching.

"Thank you. I sort of wished I'd gotten myself a Hartley jersey to wear before the game."

"You want to wear my jersey?" I ask, warmth blooming inside me.

"Of course I do," she says, her eyes bright, her cheeks pink. She catches her bottom lip between her teeth. "I want everyone to know who I'm cheering for."

I grin, my heart pounding crazily against my ribs. "That's perfect, because I want everyone to know whose girl you are."

She opens her mouth to say something, but closes it as the conversation re-directs to us.

"So, Emily," says Shane, once again stealing her attention from me. Fuck. "How is your dance internship going?"

"Well, I think," she says, inclining her head and taking another sip of her wine. "It's intense and demanding, but I'm learning a lot. There's a performance at the end that we'll have to rehearse for, and a select few might be asked to try out if that goes

well.”

My ears—and my heart—perk up at that. “Try out? As in become a member of the ballet company here, in Toronto?”

She bites her lip again and nods. “Yeah. It’s extremely competitive, so I don’t want to get my hopes up.”

She may not want to get hers up, but I’ll gladly hoist mine to the skies. There’s a chance she could stay in my city to pursue her dreams? Hell, yes.

“You’re stunningly talented, Em. I believe in you,” I say quietly, coasting my thumb over her shoulder. “Anything I can do to support you, I’ll do. Anything in the world.”

“Aw, you guys are so cute together!” says Lilah, grinning at us. “I had my doubts about Wolf with a girlfriend, but she’s got you wrapped around her finger.”

We all laugh while Emily blushes ruby red, and I shrug. “That she does.”

We chat some more while we finish our drinks and nibble on appetizers. A couple of fans stop by the table to ask for pictures, which we oblige. Once our drinks are gone, the girls excuse themselves to use the ladies’ room. A few moments later, Lilah and Sadie return.

“Where’s Emily?” I ask immediately, muscles tensing.

Sadie points over my shoulder. “She’s just getting a water from the bar. Said she was feeling a little warm.” My head swivels over my shoulder, my heart thumping erratically until I can get eyes on my girl. My pulse settles when I see her standing at the bar with her sexy-as-fuck impeccable posture, thanking the bartender for the glass of water she’s just handed her.

I see it the moment it happens—a man steps up to the bar right next to Emily. He's close. Too close. He's got a mullet and a mustache, sporting the greaseball look that seems to be in with the university crowd. She shifts at his presence, and I watch as she goes tense, the smile vanishing from her face. I'm already out of my seat, my heart a war drum in my chest.

I'm almost there when the asshole says something to her, she shakes her head, and then he reaches for her hip. She steps away, but he crowds her, this time aiming for her waist.

Over my dead fucking body is going to touch my girl.

I grab the back of his shirt and yank him away from the bar, then give him a shove in the opposite direction. He stumbles back, a mixture of surprise and rage on his face. He makes the mistake of taking a step towards me, and I meet him halfway so that we're toe to toe. I could break this little fucker in half. I'm not going to, because I want to spend the night with Emily, not in a jail cell. But I could.

“Get. Your. Fucking. Hands. Off. My. Girl,” I growl, my voice low and menacing. I don't give a fuck about making a scene. All I care about is getting this smarmy prick away from her.

He blanches, swallows thickly, and then mutters something under his breath as he backs away. I think he called me an asshole caveman. I don't care.

Everyone's still watching us as I turn to Emily, her eyes wide, her lips parted. She's clutching her glass of water so tightly that her knuckles are white. I take it from her and set it down gently on the bar.

“You okay?” I ask, searching her face. She's gone so pale that her freckles stand out in stark relief, little constellations dotting her forehead, her nose, her cheeks.

She nods, swallowing hard. “Yeah, I—I’m fine. Thank you. I’m fine.”

I lead her away from the bar, into a quiet corner so that she can catch her breath.

“You’re welcome. Just take a couple of breaths. You’re okay. I’m here, and you’re okay.”

She nods shakily, taking a breath, then another. She reaches out for me but then stops herself.

I don’t think. I just act on what my body needs, on what I know her body needs. I step closer, wrap an arm around her waist and lift her off her feet. She’s so tiny, so light. I pull her tight against me, feeling her press into my body, as though she desperately needs this closeness right now, too. Her breath stutters, and her arms wind around my neck as I cage her in against the wall.

“Wolf,” she whispers. “This isn’t fake, is it?”

I shake my head slowly. “Never was for me.”

“Me neither.”

Our gazes lock. Hold. A current passes between us, fusing us together in a way I’ve never experienced.

“Kiss me,” she whispers, her voice shaking.

So I do. Right in the middle of the fucking bar. I claim her mouth the way I’ve fantasized about doing dozens of times, maybe even hundreds, even though I’ve only known her for a couple of days. My lips press firmly against hers, and electricity shoots through me at the contact, forever changing me. She melts into me instantly,

her body going soft, her lips parting. I slide my tongue into her mouth, tasting her for the first time, and she's even sweeter and hotter than I imagined.

It's perfection.

Her tongue slides against mine hesitantly, almost shyly, and the world fades away. It's just me and Emily, our bodies pressed together, our mouths fused.

She moans softly, and the kiss turns dirty. Intense. Her fingers tug at my hair as I fuck her mouth with my tongue. She moans again, opening for me so I can take more. So I can kiss her deeper. Taste every inch of her sweet mouth. I groan, pulling her tight against me and grinding slightly. She gasps into my mouth when she feels how hard I am.

"You see what you do to me, little one? Never been so fucking hard in my life."

She moans and wraps her legs around my waist. Even through our layers of clothing, I can feel the heat of her pussy, and it drives me wild. I feel like a man possessed as I suck on her tongue, bite at her kiss-swollen lips. She whimpers, writhing against me, her body begging for more.

I could devour her, right here, right now. All that matters is Emily. Her sweet mouth, the feel of her against me, her sunshine scent, her soft moans.

"Let's go home," she whispers against my mouth, fingers scratching over my cheeks.

I've never heard a better idea in my life.

Ten

Emily

Wolf pays our bill and we both ignore the highly amused stares of Lilah, Kincaid, Sadie, and Shane. I'm sure they saw everything, but I'm too achy and fizzy from my first kiss to care about anything but Wolf and this pulsing connection between us.

Once our tab is paid, we rush out into the cold and get into the waiting car, where Wolf practically barks his address at the driver and then orders him to put the partition up. That earns us yet another amused smirk.

The car is still sitting curbside when Wolf kisses me again, pulling me tight against him. His mouth is hot and hungry, his lips firm but soft. His beard prickles my skin, contrasting beautifully with the soft warmth of his mouth. I gasp into the kiss, and his tongue sweeps into my mouth, stroking against mine in a way that has me rubbing my thighs together. I can taste the whiskey on his tongue, and I suck at it tentatively. The groan he lets out makes me feel like I'm glowing from the inside out. I want to know what I else I can do to make him groan like that.

His huge hands cradle my face, his fingers brushing with a surprising gentleness over my jaw, and I shiver at the rough texture of his skin against mine. By the time he pulls away, the bar is long behind us and our ragged breaths fill the space between us. "Emily." He says my name like a prayer, like a wish, like a hope, and I lean into him.

"Was that...okay? I don't really know what I'm doing here," I say, blood rushing to my already overheated face.

He pulls back slightly, frowning. “What do you mean?”

I shrug, suddenly feeling self-conscious. “At the bar...that was my first kiss.”

His eyes go molten and then he presses his forehead to mine. “That was your first kiss?”

“Mmmhmm. And I’m glad it was with you and not anyone else.”

Wolf’s eyes look like storm clouds, gray and glittering with dark promises. “Which means you’re a virgin.”

I bite my lip and nod. “I’ve never done anything. Never dated. Never had a boyfriend. You’re the only man I’ve ever wanted like this. I’ve had little crushes in the past, but this...is more.”

A low groan rumbles in his chest and then he’s kissing me again, this time with a tenderness that makes an ache bloom right in the middle of my chest. He kisses me like I’m a precious thing, something to be protected and cherished. My nipples bead and my clit throbs as his tongue slowly slides against mine, the kiss deep and hot.

“Wanted you from the moment I saw you,” he says, burying his face in my neck and kissing a path from my ear to my collarbone. His voice is rough with emotion as he licks and sucks at my sensitive skin. “Tried to ignore it, push it away, but it was impossible. I can’t. I need you, little one. Need you like I need air.”

My heart pounds crazily in my chest, matching the pulse in my clit. My panties are soaked from our kisses, from his touches. God, if I’m this much of a mess from kissing, doing anything more will probably destroy me.

“I feel the same way,” I admit, my voice a breathy whisper as he sucks on the skin

just below my ear. “I want you. I’ve wanted you since the day we met. I didn’t think...”

At that, he pulls back, cradling my face again. “Didn’t think what, Em?”

I suck in a shuddery breath. “That a man like you—older, experienced, successful—would be interested in a nothing girl like me, with no experience, no real life outside of ballet, no—“

He cuts me off with a scorching hot kiss, licking into my mouth and shutting my brain off. All I can do is feel as Wolf kisses the absolute daylight out of me, working me into a writhing little mess with his mouth.

“Don’t ever call yourself a nothing girl again,” he growls against my lips, and my spine arches with an intense shiver. “You’re not nothing. You’re the opposite. You’re my everything, Emily. I don’t care about the age difference. And if you think I’m mad or disappointed that you’re a virgin...” He scoffs quietly, shaking his head. “I’m glad that I’ll be the only man on the entire planet who knows just how fucking good you feel. What you look like when you come. The sounds you make when you’re getting fucked good and hard. That’s all mine. Only mine.” His words make me melt as my clit throbs, and he drags his lips over mine. “I’m more than interested in you, Emily. A hell of a lot more.”

It’s my turn to pull back, to search his face as my heart races. Is he saying what I think he is? “What do you mean?”

He slides his hands into my hair, brushing his nose against my cheek. He inhales deeply, as though he’s smelling me. “I mean, I’ve been halfway in love with you since the day you showed up at my apartment. I mean, I’ve been gone for you since I heard you moan my name. I mean, I was ready to kill that guy just for touching what’s mine.”

My heart stutters to a stop and then restarts at double time. “Me?” I squeak out, not able to wrap my mind around what Wolf just said. He’s halfway in love with me ?

He grins at me, slow and sexy. “Yes, you. Emily David. There’s no one else for me. It’s you, little one. It’s only you.”

I suck in a shuddery breath. How is this my life right now? It feels surreal to hear these words coming from Wolf. Surreal and perfect. Right.

His thumb feathers over my cheek, my skin hot, my body aching. I’ve never felt this way before. Never been so aware of my breasts, my nipples, my clit, my empty pussy. “I’ve got you, Em. We’ll go as slow as you need. I’m not going anywhere.” He kisses my neck again. “I just want to make you feel good. Take care of you.”

I tilt my head to the side, my eyes fluttering closed. But thoughts start to push through, no matter how good Wolf’s making me feel with his mouth on my skin.

“What about Mike? I know he told you to stay away from me. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but I heard that phone call.” I sigh and then moan softly as Wolf scrapes his teeth over my earlobe. “What about the fact that I don’t live here?” I ask, my voice high and breathy.

Wolf growls softly against my skin. “We’ll figure everything out, Emily. All of it. If you’ll have me, there’s nothing I won’t do for us to be together. No problem I won’t face, no issue I won’t solve. I need you . Everything else is extra.”

“Wolf,” I sigh, tears of sheer happiness pricking at my eyes. “Yes. Yes to everything. Yes to you. To us. To being yours and facing whatever comes our way.” I laugh as he licks my neck. “This is crazy.”

“I know. You make me crazy.”

His words wrap around me like the softest blanket, chasing away any doubts or fears I was holding onto. I lean into his touch, desperate for more. His fingertips trail down my neck, brushing against my collarbone and I let out a small whimper. I feel like every nerve ending in my body is alive, sparkling, glittering at Wolf's touch. I feel like a mirrorball.

Wolf's gaze drops to my mouth and he leans in, capturing my lips again. I melt into him as he devours me, my body pressing against his. He's so much bigger than me. So strong and gruff, and it's heady to be the center of his attention. His hands roam over my body, curling into my ribs, tracing the dip of my waist, the slight flare of my hips. I moan into his mouth and he nips at my lips.

"Tell me how you're feeling right now, little one," he says, threading his hands into my hair.

"Overwhelmed, but in a good way. Very turned on. Very happy. A little nervous about...about sex."

He studies my face, his eyes peering into mine so intently it's as though he can read my thoughts. "You don't need to be nervous with me, Em. We'll go as slow as you want. If you want to spend the night kissing, then that's what we'll do."

My chest is rising and falling rapidly. "I want to do more than kiss." But I don't know what I want or what I need. This is all so new to me. "But I don't..."

Wolf starts kissing my neck again, and I'm already addicted to the rasp of his beard on my skin. "Can I touch your breasts? Suck on your nipples?"

I moan and nod. "Yes. Yes."

"So responsive. Such a sweet, good girl."

His words set off an explosion inside me, and I gasp at the way my body responds to being called his sweet good girl.

“What about more?” He traces the tip of his tongue over the outer shell of my ear, making me writhe against him. “Can I touch your pussy? Can I stroke your clit and make you come?”

He drops one hand from my hair and slides it between my thighs, resting just inches from where I’m wet and aching for him.

“Yes,” I breathe. “I want to touch you, too. Teach me how to make you feel good.”

Wolf groans and guides one of my hands to the massive bulge tenting his pants. “I’m losing my fucking mind just thinking about your fingers wrapped around me.”

The car stops, pulling up in front of Wolf’s building, and we scramble out of the back seat, the chilly night air doing nothing to cool my overheated body.

We rush into the lobby, my hand in Wolf’s, and make a beeline for the elevator, the tension between us taut like a bowstring. Like my muscles when I dance on pointe. The elevator doors slide open smoothly, revealing an empty car.

The moment the doors close, Wolf cages me in against the wall, towering over me. But I don’t feel intimidated. I feel safe. Protected. I tilt my head up, my breath hitching at the hunger in his steely eyes. His huge hand cups my cheek, making my skin tingle.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Emily,” he murmurs, dragging his thumb over my lower lip. I dart my tongue out, brushing against the tip of his thumb. He groans and then he’s kissing me again.

His mouth is hot and demanding, his tongue sliding against mine in a way that makes my legs shake and my stomach dip and swirl. I clutch at his shirt, pulling him closer. He groans again, his hands sliding down to cup my ass, lifting me off the ground. My legs slide around his waist as though we've done this a hundred times, and I moan when I feel the press of his hard cock against me.

I hear the elevator doors slide open, but Wolf doesn't stop kissing me. He walks us out, his mouth still devouring mine. I feel like I'm floating, vaguely aware of the sound of keys, of his door opening, of him kicking the door shut behind us. I hear his keys thunk to the floor and then we're moving again, his steps fast and sure as he carries me towards his bedroom.

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Eleven

Emily

Wolf's bedroom.

This feels like a dream.

Wolf walks us to the bed, laying me down and then following when I don't let go of him, his body pressing me into the mattress. I love how much bigger than me he is, how strong and sure. I can feel his cock pressing against me even through the layers of clothing separating us and it makes me ache. He feels huge against me. Enormous, even—not that I'm an expert. But it sends both nerves and a thrilling anticipation running through me.

His mouth moves from mine, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down my neck, his beard scratching deliciously against my sensitive skin. I hope it leaves marks. I don't really understand it, but I want Wolf's marks on me.

"Emily," he moans softly against my collarbone, his hands sliding up my sides and taking my sweater along for the ride. "Need to see you, little one."

Holy hell, the things it does to me when he calls me that. Like my skin is ablaze and my heart is going a million miles an hour and I'm humming and buzzing.

I nod and lift my arms above my head, arching up enough that he can tug my sweater off. His eyes go stormy, dark gray and glittering as he takes in my bare skin. His gaze

lingers on my small breasts, still covered by my lacy black bralette. I blush feverishly under his gaze, but he grins at me before dragging his nose down between my breasts.

“Don’t be shy with me, little one. You never need to be shy with me. You’re perfect. Absolutely perfect. Gonna take such good care of you, Em.”

He slowly slides his hand to the clasp of my bra, undoing it with a flick of his fingers. He nudges the fabric away, my nipples beading almost painfully under Wolf’s gaze. He groans, his eyes locked on me.

“Look at you,” he says, his voice low and rough. “So beautiful.”

“They’re really small,” I say, and I’m not sure why I do. Am I apologizing? Pointing out the obvious?

“They’re fucking perfect,” he growls, and then gently takes one of my nipples in his mouth. I gasp, my back arching as he sucks, his tongue swirling around me. It’s like there’s a direct link between my nipples and my clit that I was not expecting. He lavishes attention on one breast, licking and kissing, sucking and biting, then the other, his hands cupping and squeezing, thumbs flicking over my nipples until I’m a writhing mess beneath him.

“Wolf,” I moan, my fingers tangling in his hair as I hang onto him. “That feels so good. Yes, Daddy.”

I gasp and then freeze when I realize what I’ve just said. Oh, god. Embarrassment rushes through me, making my skin hot and itchy, making me wish I could rewind to before I said the cringiest thing ever.

But when Wolf’s gaze meets mine, his thumb coasting over my nipple, back and forth, back and forth, I can see the searing heat there. The possession. The need.

“That’s right, little one,” he rasps, dragging his mouth over my nipple. “Daddy’s going to make you feel so good.”

Oh. My. God. I might come right here on the spot.

“You like that, don’t you? Me calling you little one, you calling me Daddy.”

I nod shakily and he kisses my nipples again. “I do. It...makes me feel all hot and achy.”

“It’s because you were meant to be mine, Emily. You were made for me.”

He lowers his head back to my breasts, licking and sucking and kissing. My panties are soaked through. I’m so wet that I can smell it.

“You’re so sensitive. So responsive. Such a good girl for me.”

My entire pussy convulses at his words, and I grind up into him, moaning and gasping.

“More,” I pant out. “Please. More.”

Wolf rises to his knees between my legs and then reaches behind him, pushing off my boots with ease before slowly opening the button on my pants. “You say stop and everything stops.”

I nod, but he shakes his head.

“I need the words, Emily.”

I smile up at him. “If I say stop, everything stops.”

“Good girl. Lift your hips up.”

I do, and then he tugs down my pants and my soaked panties in one smooth motion. I press my knees together, shyness and lust unlike anything I’ve ever felt warring inside me. I want this, more than I’ve wanted anything, even with the nerves winding me up tight.

“You don’t have to hide yourself from me,” Wolf says softly, running his hands up the outsides of my bare thighs. “You’re so beautiful. So fucking lovely, Em. I’ve been obsessed with you from the moment I saw you. Every thought I have, every beat of my heart, every breath in and out of my lungs is tinged with you. All I think about is your freckles and the sound of your laugh, your graceful body and the way you smell like sunshine. Your glorious hair and pretty eyes and fierce determination. I will never not be obsessed with you. With making you feel good. With taking care of you. You’re it for me, Em.” His chest heaves, even though his deep voice is low, soothing. “Tell me you’re mine.”

I nod shakily. “I’m yours, Wolf.”

He strokes my thighs again. “Show me. Show me what’s mine, little one.”

Slowly, I spread my legs, my skin hot, my heart wild. Wolf groans, a deep rumble that I feel right in the centre of me. His gaze is hot and reverent, chasing away my self-consciousness.

“Look at you,” he rasps, his hands on my knees, holding me open for him with a firm but gentle grip. “You’re glistening right now. So pink and swollen. Dripping.” He slowly runs just the tip of one thick finger through my slit, making me gasp. “Is all this sweetness for me?”

I’m shaking as I nod. “Every drop.”

Apparently that was the right thing to say, because Wolf lets out the hottest growling sound I've ever heard, and then whips his shirt off over his head. I'm stunned into silence at the sight before me. Wolf is roped with muscle, thick and wide, his chest covered in a smattering of dark hair that arrows down over his chiseled stomach and into his pants. Every single part of him is huge. His shoulders. His biceps. His pecs. The sheer width of him.

I love it. I love it as much as his deep voice, his occasionally gruff demeanor, his stormy gray eyes, the ferocity with which he plays the game that he loves.

And in this moment, I don't care what anyone else thinks. I don't care what my brother will say, or that a lot of people will tell me Wolf's too old for me. Everything about this feels right.

He flicks open the top button on his jeans but doesn't move to lower his zipper, denying me a glimpse of what I want to see more than anything. Instead, he steps back from the bed and walks toward his bedroom door, where he unhooks a large mirror from the back of it. I watch as he positions it at the foot of the bed, angling it so that it reflects my naked body back at me.

My lips part as I study the girl in the mirror. I don't even recognize her. My hair's a mess from Wolf's hands. My lips are swollen and red. My neck has faint red marks on it from his beard. My nipples are hard, my bare pussy on display.

I look debauched. I look sexy.

Wolf settles on the bed behind me, sitting against the headboard.

"Come here, little one," he says, and I turn and crawl towards him on the mattress. His eyes glitter with dark approval as he watches me. Once I'm close enough, he hauls me into his lap and kisses me. The feeling of his hands on my bare back, my

hips, my ass, is electric, and I moan into his mouth as he fucks me with his tongue.

“What’s the mirror for?” I ask, tipping my head back as he drags his mouth up and down my throat.

“So that we can both watch as I spread you wide and play with your pretty little pussy.”

I gasp and then moan, my hips bucking at his words. He chuckles darkly.

“Does my little one like when I say filthy things to her?”

I nod and writhe against him. “I think I do. I don’t know anything, Wolf. I don’t know what I’m doing or what I need or...or...”

“Shhh. It’s okay, Em. I’ve got you. You don’t need to know anything. All you have to do is trust me. Do you trust me to take care of you?”

“I do. Yes. I trust you, Wolf.”

“Then turn around and face the mirror, resting your back on my chest.”

I settle against him, unable to look away from our reflection in the mirror. He’s so much bigger than me it’s almost obscene looking.

He gently guides my legs apart. “Spread wide for me, little one. As wide as you can.”

I push my legs apart until I’m practically in a split, leaving me gloriously on display. There’s a gentle, familiar pull on my inner thigh muscles, and a part of me is pleased at getting to show off my hard-won flexibility. I can see every single bit of my pussy, and Wolf was right. I’m glistening. I’m pink and swollen.

Wolf lets out a low groan, kissing my neck. “Look at that perfect cunt. Tell me it’s mine.”

“It’s all yours, Daddy.”

He groans again and cups me with one big hand, covering me entirely. “Good girl.” He spreads me even wider with his thumb and index finger, pulling my lips apart. “The most beautiful pussy in the fucking world. Gorgeous.” We both watch as fresh wetness trickles out of my hole, and he dips his finger, gathering it up and rubbing it around the outside of my lips, teasing me. “Daddy’s going to take such good care of this sweet virgin pussy, little one.” He rubs the outside of my pussy with long, teasing strokes, circling me, working me up even more than I thought was possible.

“Oh, god,” I breathe as his fingers skim over my throbbing clit, barely grazing me. The sight of Wolf’s massive hand on me is undoing me, changing me, re-orienting my entire world.

“So fucking sexy, Em. You want me to touch your clit? Play with it and stroke it?”

“Please, yes, please,” I beg, and he kisses my shoulder, chuckling softly.

“What do you like, little one?” he asks. “Up and down, like this?” He drags his fingers over my clit, and my hips buck. “Back and forth?” He changes directions, working my clit. “Or maybe little circles?” He swipes his fingers through the pool of wetness gathered at my opening and then starts circling my clit.

“Yes! Yes, like that,” I moan, pressing back into him. “That feels so good, Wolf. Don’t stop.”

“I’ll play with your pussy whenever you want. You feel so good on my fingers. So hot and silky. So fucking wet. It’s my job to take care of your pussy now, little one.

My job to make you come as often as you want.”

I bite my lip and whimper as he keeps working my clit with those slow circles, my eyes glued to the movement of his hand between my legs in the mirror. A part of me still can't believe this is happening.

“It feels so good,” I gasp, my hips moving completely on their own. I don't think I could stay still right now if I tried. Wolf's big fingers rubbing my clit feel too good.

“I'm so fucking hard for you right now,” he groans, pressing his hips forward. I can feel the outline of him pressed against the small of my back. “You look incredible spread open for me like this. Such a good girl, letting Daddy play with your wet little pussy.”

Wolf's fingers are relentless on my clit and my skin is hot and tingling, my entire body taut with the need to come.

“You have no idea what I want to do to you, little one. No fucking clue how filthy I want to be with you. I'm obsessed.”

“Tell me. Please. Tell me everything. Every dirty thought. Every fantasy. I want to know.”

He strums my clit. “I watched you, you know. In the shower. I didn't just hear you. I watched you use that shower head to get yourself off and it was so fucking hot that I came in my pants. That's what you do to me. That's the depth of my obsession with you.”

My clit pulses against his fingers at his admission, and I know I should see it as a red flag, but I don't. Because I know that if the roles were reversed, I would've touched myself to Wolf in the shower, especially if I heard him moaning my name.

“That’s so hot, Daddy,” I gasp. “I like that you watched me and that I made you come in your pants. That makes me feel...so sexy.”

“You are sexy,” he growls, his fingers moving a little faster. “Sexiest woman I’ve ever seen in my entire life.”

I whimper, my hips bucking into his touch. His words are setting me on fire, igniting something deep within me.

“I want to lick every inch of this perfect virgin cunt,” he groans. His fingers dip down to my dripping entrance, gathering my juices, then sliding back up to my clit. “I want to shove my tongue in your tiny little untouched hole and taste every single part of you.”

“Wolf!” I moan loudly at his filthy, unchecked words.

“I want to feel you come all over my face, little one. Over and over again.”

His words are crude. Explicit. Shocking, even. And they’re driving me wild. They’re turning me into a feral creature I don’t quite recognize. I never knew I had this inside me, this dirty girl who wants to do depraved things with a much older, incredibly sexy man.

But I like it.

I grind against his hand, letting my body take over. Letting instinct and what feels good guide me.

“And then, once you’re sopping wet from my mouth and your cum, I’m going to slide my cock into you, Emily. I want to feel this tight little virgin pussy gripping me. Milking me. I’ll go slow, inch by inch, until you’re begging me for more. Until

you're ready to take all eight inches of me in your tiny little cunt."

"Put your fingers in me," I whine, needing the sensation to go with his words. He slides one finger inside of me, slowly filling me up. I'm so wet that he slips right in without any resistance. My pussy flutters around him, and he groans, slowly moving in and out.

"More," I pant, chasing his finger with my hips. But instead of giving me what I want, he fucks me a few more times with that single finger, and then slides all the way out.

"I don't want to risk tearing your cherry like that and getting your virgin blood on my fingers," he says, petting my clit in long, teasing strokes. "It belongs smeared all over my cock because you're mine."

"Yes," I moan, and I don't recognize the low, guttural sound that comes out of me. The things he's saying should shock me. Even repel me. But they don't. They only draw me in closer, only make me hungrier for more.

I'm so wet now that his fingers slide over my clit with ease, and there's a hot tightness low in my belly that keeps growing, burning hotter, twisting tighter.

"Do you know how many times I've thought about fucking you in every position imaginable? On every single surface in this goddamn penthouse?"

"Probably as many times as I've thought about it," I admit, and he groans, circling my throbbing, swollen clit. My thighs are starting to burn with the stretch, but I don't dare close them. I can't take my eyes off of us in the mirror, off of his hand moving between my obscenely spread legs. I'm so wet that I can hear his hand moving over my pussy.

“You make me crazy, Emily. I’ve never felt this way before. Never wanted to claim and fuck and mark the way I do with you.”

“Mark?”

“Mark. I want to leave bruises on your hips, bite marks on your thighs. I want the entire world to know that you’re mine. You belong to me, little one. Only me.”

“Only you,” I say, the words catching in my throat as I start to come. My pussy convulses in hard, long spasms as it clenches at nothing, making me feel empty even as waves of pleasure crash over me. I’m desperate to be filled. Desperate to be stretched around him. It’s a feral hunger inside me, made only stronger by the pulses of my orgasm wracking my body.

“That’s it, little one. Come for me. Such a good girl, coming so hard on Daddy’s fingers.”

I feel like a ball of yarn, unraveling more and more by the second, loose and free and undefined. Ready to be made into something new.

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Twelve

Emily

Even though I've just come, I'm aching. Desperate for Wolf to fulfill all of his dirty promises. Earlier this evening, I'd thought we'd probably wait before blowing past all of my firsts, but now that I'm naked in his arms, now that I know just how much he wants me, waiting feels pointless. I want him inside me more than I want anything in the world right now.

"Wolf, please," I say, my body limp and pliant against him as the last aftershocks of my intense orgasm pulse through me. "I need you. I need you to take me, to make me yours."

He growls, a deep, possessive sound that makes my back arch and my pussy flutter. "Are you sure, little one? There's no rush. I can wait as long as you need."

"I'm so sure," I say, exhaling the words in a rush. "Be my first, Wolf. Please."

He strokes the side of my face tenderly, then kisses my neck. "If I'm your first, I'm going to be your last, Em. Once I've been inside you, I'm never letting you go." He drops kisses over my shoulder. "So tell me one last time that you're sure."

I meet his eyes in the mirror, and a thrill shivers through me at the stark differences between us. He's noticeably older. He's twice my size. I'm pale and freckled all over while he's darker, more olive-toned.

We look incredible together.

“I’m sure,” I say, and I watch emotions flicker over his face. Relief. Gratitude. Happiness.

He drags his mouth up my neck again. “Then lie back on the bed and let me make sure you’re ready.”

I do as he asks, settling myself on the pillows while Wolf moves between my spread legs. He kisses my breasts, my nipples, my stomach, my hips, his mouth sparking heat every place it touches. He slides down on the bed and spreads my legs even wider, kissing my thighs. I let out a squeak when his breath ghosts over my wet, swollen pussy. I can feel myself dripping.

“Fuck,” he breathes, inhaling deeply, scenting me. “Your little cunt is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen, Em. So pink and sweet. Such a cute little clit.” He kisses my clit, the touch of his mouth against me making my hips buck. He swirls his tongue over me slowly, licking all around my clit. “You taste so good, little one. So sweet and delicious on my tongue.” He keeps teasing my clit with long, slow licks, building me back up from the massive orgasm I had on his fingers.

“Wolf,” I sigh, sinking my fingers into his thick hair. “Yes. Please. Don’t stop. Your mouth feels so good.”

He dips his tongue lower, lapping at where I’m dripping for him. “Tiny little untouched pussy,” he says, licking me all over. “Need to make sure you’re nice and wet for me if you want to take this big cock.” He dips the tip of his tongue inside me. “You’re going to be so hot and tight around me.” And then he’s French kissing my pussy, and the rest of the world ceases to exist. Nothing else matters but the way Wolf is kissing me between my legs. He lets out a shuddery sigh that sounds like pure joy. “Wanted this from the moment I met you. Wanted you in my bed. By my side.

At the centre of my life.”

“Wolf,” I moan, tears of happiness pricking at my eyes. “I’ve wanted this, too. I’ve wanted you. So much.”

He keeps kissing and licking me, his lips and tongue working my clit until it’s throbbing and desperate for release.

“Such a good girl for me, letting me kiss your gorgeous little pussy like this. Do you like having Daddy’s mouth on you?”

I nod and say something completely incoherent. I’m aroused beyond the point of words now. I’m desperate and needy.

“Daddy’s going to eat this pussy every day, little one. Going to take such good care of you. Make you feel so fucking good.” He licks me from entrance to clit. “I can’t get enough of your taste, Emily. Fuck. I want to gorge myself between your pretty thighs.”

He starts licking and kissing and sucking with more intensity, and the only sounds in the room are my ragged breaths and the obscene sound of his mouth working against my pussy. The wet slide of his tongue, the slurp of his lips is the most erotic thing I’ve ever heard in my life.

“You’re so wet for me,” he says, his voice rough around the edges. “You’re soaking my face like the good girl you are.”

“It feels so good, Daddy,” I moan breathlessly, my hips moving as I grind my pussy into him.

“You’re so hot and soft and wet. Your swollen little clit feels perfect on my tongue,

little one. Everything about you is perfect.”

I’m gripping his hair like it’s the only thing anchoring me as I writhe against his mouth. “I’m going to come again,” I gasp, my entire body taut. “You’re going to make me come.”

“Good girl,” he growls against my pussy. “Come on Daddy’s face. Show me how good I make you feel.”

He sucks my clit into his mouth and polishes it with his tongue, and I go crashing over the edge. My pussy pulses and contracts in a wild flurry as my clit throbs in time with my heart. I can feel wetness dripping down from my entrance to my ass, and my entire pussy feels swollen. Pleasure ripples through me over and over again, the orgasm stealing my breath, my thoughts, everything. I’m nothing but sensation as I come and come against Wolf’s talented mouth.

He gradually gentles his licks and kisses, bringing me down soft and slow. My limbs are heavy, and I’m tingling from my scalp to my toes. I’m completely blissed out. Floating.

Wolf slowly kisses his way up my body, lingering over my breasts, at my throat, completely covering me as he supports himself on his forearms. “So beautiful. My sweet, gorgeous Emily,” he says softly, almost reverently.

“Wolf,” I sigh, still not able to believe this is real. He stands quickly, leaving me cold and bereft, but only long enough to shuck his jeans and boxers, his massive cock bobbing as he moves. It’s long and thick, with a beautifully flared head that looks angry and red at the moment. His balls are big and heavy, swaying slightly as he moves. A vein runs up the side of his cock, and a bead of moisture clings to the slit. “You weren’t kidding about eight inches,” I say, blushing and biting my lip. A twinge of nervousness pierces my blissful bubble, and I can tell that Wolf sees it. He eases

himself down on top of me and kisses me gently, thoroughly, his cock hot and heavy against my thigh.

“We’ll make it fit, little one. We’ll go as slow as we need to.” He kisses me again, his tongue stroking languidly until my worries start to melt away. He pulls back and presses his forehead against mine. “Are you on birth control? I have condoms.”

“I am. I get the shots. When I’m dancing all the time, it’s helpful to not have a...a period.” I don’t know why saying that makes me feel so self-conscious. Wolf just had his mouth on my pussy. He’s a grown man who clearly understands that women menstruate.

“Then can I come inside you?” he asks, heat shimmering in his gray eyes.

I nod. “Yes. I want that. I want all of you, Daddy.”

He groans, an approving rumble that comes from deep in his chest, and then he takes his cock and starts rubbing it up and down my soaking wet slit, coating himself in me. I gasp and moan every time he slides over my sensitive, swollen clit.

“Take a nice, big breath for me,” he says softly, and then notches the head of his cock at my entrance. I wince slightly at how freaking massive it feels. “Take a breath, Em. You’re okay. I’ve got you.”

His gaze holds mine as I slowly breathe in and out. Everything about this is overwhelming, and I let out a soft moan, my hips bucking against him.

“Shhh,” he murmurs. “Easy. We’re going to go slow. So, so slow.”

He pushes in slightly, and I tense, feeling the burning stretch of him at my entrance. He kisses me again, his tongue sliding against mine in deep, slow strokes that make

my breathing relax. The feeling of Wolf's mouth on mine soothes me like nothing else. It's wild that we only kissed for the first time tonight and now I can't imagine living without his mouth.

He sinks in, just an inch, maybe two, and it's the most intense thing I've ever felt in my life. I gasp into his mouth, wrapping my legs around him and clinging to him. My nails are digging into his shoulders, but he doesn't seem to care. He breaks the kiss so that he can watch my face as he claims another inch of my stretched and swollen pussy.

"You're doing so good, Em. So good for me."

He stays there, not moving, for several long moments, kissing me, letting me stretch around him. It still stings and burns, but the feeling of him inside me is igniting something deep within me, too. Something hot and needy.

"More," I moan when I can't take it any longer. My pussy is dripping around him, and I don't care if it hurts. I need him to fill me up. "Please. I need more."

"Such a good fucking girl for me, taking this big cock in your tight little virgin pussy. Asking for me to fill you and stretch you. You feel incredible. Incredible, Em." He thrusts his hips forward, giving me more of what I want, sinking in deeper. It hurts, but it also feels amazing. Tight and full and hot. His eyes meet mine, and I've never felt more connected to someone in my life.

"It feels so good," I whisper shakily, still clinging to him.

"I'm almost all the way inside you. You're going to take all of me on the first try, little one. Does it hurt?"

"A little. But it also feels amazing, Wolf."

He kisses me and then presses his forehead to mine. “Just a little more, and then I’ll be balls deep in your tiny little cunt. Take another deep breath for me.”

I do, and as I inhale, he pulls almost all the way out, then on the exhale slides all the way inside me, not stopping until he’s buried deep and I can feel his balls pressing against my ass.

Holy. Shit. Wolf Hartley is inside me. Wolf Hartley is taking my virginity.

This can’t be real.

But it is. Somehow, it is.

His hips are flush against mine, his chest heaving. “You’re mine, Emily. You’re all mine.” He kisses me, soft and slow, and my body feels like a firework about to go off, like I’m going to explode and shoot across the sky.

I try to catalogue every tiny detail of this moment. I want to remember it forever. The feeling of being stretched around Wolf’s massive cock. The weight of his body pressing me into the mattress. The way his hips settle against mine. The heat and utter devotion shining in his gorgeous gray eyes. His hair, mussed from my hands while he ate me. The ragged sound of our breaths, mingling together in staccato puffs. The taste of his skin.

I want to live in this moment forever.

We stay like that for several long moments, just connected, not moving, kissing and staring into each other’s eyes.

“Still sore?” he asks gently, and when I take stock, I find that the painful ache has been replaced with a much more insistent one. I bite my lip and shake my head.

“No. I...I think I’m ready for you to move.”

He moans as he slowly pulls almost all the way out and then slides back in, just as slowly, taking his time filling me back up. I can feel the exquisite slide of him along my nerve endings, and there’s no more pain. Only heady, addictive pleasure.

We come together like two people who are used to using their bodies to create something. He starts to move faster, and I arch up into him, wanting him as deep as he can go. I wrap my arms and legs around him tighter, hating the tiny bit of space between us. I just want Wolf. To be his, for him to be mine, for our bodies to be as close as two bodies can be.

“I love you,” he murmurs as he starts to move faster, his cock thrusting in and out of me in long, deep pumps. “I love you, Emily.” His eyes are filled with emotion and tenderness so sweet and sharp that it takes my breath away, and I nod frantically as tears prick at my eyes.

“I love you, too, Wolf. I love you.”

It’s the most beautiful, most insane moment of my life. Last week, this man was a stranger to me, but in the span of just a few days, he’s become my everything.

He kisses me and fucks me, making my toes curl and my heart pound like hummingbird wings.

“We’ll figure everything out, Em. Where you are is where I want to be. That’s all that matters now. This. Us.”

I choke back a sob and hitch my legs higher on his waist, allowing him to sink in deeper. We both groan, and my eyes roll back in my head. The stretch is intense, but I’m so wet, so turned on, that there’s no pain. Only the pleasure of being stuffed full

of Wolf's massive cock.

"I can't believe how we'll you're taking me, little one," he says, his voice ragged. "Such a good fucking girl for me."

"I love being your good girl. Your little one."

"Of course you do. Because you were made for me. We were meant to happen, Em. You were meant to be mine." He kisses me again as he fucks me into the mattress, the wet sound of his cock pumping into me filling the room.

Wolf's cock feels like it's rearranging me, it's filling me so perfectly. So completely. I'm obscenely stretched, impaled. In this moment, Wolf Hartley owns me, body, heart, and soul. And he owns me not because he took, but because I willingly gave.

Every thrust of his cock has shockwaves of pleasure crashing through me. My entire body is humming, my blood buzzing in my veins as my pussy pulses around him, trying to pull him even deeper. His eyes meet mine as he fucks me, the glittering gray dark and possessive.

"You feel so fucking good, Emily. So hot and tight around my cock. Just like I knew you would."

I arch up into him, his words twisting my insides like a physical touch, and I can't help but moan in response. "You feel amazing, Wolf. So big and hard inside me."

He growls, his hips moving faster, his cock pushing even deeper, making me gasp and buck up into him. He's fucking me so hard now that he's fucking the air right out of my lungs.

He leans down, his lips brushing against my ear as he pumps into me. "Your little

pussy is so wet for me, Em. You're dripping all over my cock and making such a mess."

I can feel how wet I am. I can hear it, too, the way I squelch around him with every thrust. It's obscene and vulgar and perfect. "I'm wet for you. You make me this way."

He pulls back, slamming into me, his eyes dark with lust. "I'm going to come inside you, little one. I'm going to fill your tight little cunt with my cum. Tell me you want that."

The thought of him coming inside me sends a wave of heat through my body. "Yes! Wolf, please. Please come inside me. I want to feel you."

"Gonna mark you as mine with my cum," he says roughly. His thrusts become even harder, more urgent. "And you're going to come with me. I want to feel you squeeze my cock. I want you to milk the cum out of me with your tight little pussy."

I'm already almost there, with tension simmering in my belly, my clit throbbing and desperate for attention. "Please, Daddy, yes. Fill me up with your cum."

He reaches between us, his fingers finding my ridiculously swollen clit. He rubs it in quick, firm circles, and I become that firework. I explode into a thousand tiny sparkling pieces, soaring and glimmering as my body convulses. My pussy clamps down on Wolf's thrusting cock as waves of pleasure crash over me. As I sparkle and glow and soar.

"Gonna come," Wolf growls, and his body tenses, his muscles flexing gloriously as he starts to come. I can feel the heat of his cum as he spills inside me, again and again, filling me. Marking me. He groans again and collapses on top of me.

He's shaking.

A little grin pulls at my lips. I made this massive man completely come undone. I did this.

"I love you, Emily," he murmurs against my throat, his voice soft and tender.

Emotion clogs my throat, but I swallow it down. "I love you, too, Wolf." It's fast and it's crazy, but I don't care. I want to be with Wolf. I want this crazy connection between us.

He presses a gentle kiss to my lips before slowly and carefully pulling out of me. I wince slightly at the sudden loss of him, the emptiness. I already want him back inside me, filling me up. He must be able to read how I feel on my face, because he smiles softly and kisses the tip of my nose.

"I'll be right back, little one."

He disappears into the bathroom, and I hear the sound of water running. He returns a moment later with a warm, wet cloth. He gently cleans my pussy, wiping away the cum I can feel leaking out of me, washing my lips, my clit. It's so tender. So caring.

It makes me want to do the same for him, so I sit up and take the cloth from him, then reach for his cock, still semi-hard and glistening with us. The cream is pink.

"That's a good girl," he rumbles, weaving a hand into my messy hair. "Clean your virgin blood off Daddy's cock."

I moan and bite my lip, my pussy spasming at his words as I gently work the cloth over his cock. I'm blushing furiously, but I'm also completely enthralled at his filthy words. I marked him, just like he marked me. I'm his and he's mine, and we belong

to each other now. Utterly and completely.

Wolf takes the cloth from me and tosses it into the hamper, and then pulls me into his arms, settling me against his chest. We don't talk. We don't need to.

I fall asleep to the soothing sound of Wolf's heart beating against my cheek. Right where I belong.

Thirteen

Wolf

The past twelve hours have been the best twelve hours of my life, without a doubt. The high of making Emily mine is better and more intense than getting drafted, scoring my first professional goal, or winning a playoff series.

My entire world has re-oriented itself around her. My sweet, tiny angel, sleeping in my arms. She slept curled against me all night, right where she belongs. This isn't just my bed anymore. It's our bed. Because everything I have is hers.

Not that we don't have obstacles ahead of us.

I can see light streaming in around the closed curtains, and I carefully reach for my phone. I don't want to wake Emily up. I already did that once last night with my mouth on her pussy, licking and kissing her until she came with a soft sigh. I'd pulled her pliant little body back into my arms and fallen asleep with the taste of her on my tongue. Now, she deserves to rest. Especially because I fully intend to carry her into the shower once she's awake so I can fuck her against the tiled wall after tormenting her with that showerhead she loves so much.

I'm aching hard at the thought of getting inside her again.

With one arm still around my girl, I fire off a quick text to my agent with my free hand.

Might need a trade to Winnipeg.

Maybe she'll get invited to stay in Toronto and dance here. But if she doesn't, then I need to find a way to be with her in Winnipeg. I'm not doing a long distance thing with her. It'd kill me. I need to be with her, as much as physically possible. I'm already dreading the short two-game road trip I have to leave for in a few days.

If she moves to Toronto, I could convert one of the bedrooms in this penthouse into a home dance studio for her. We could redecorate, make my place into our place. I'd let her do whatever she wanted. If she told me she wanted frilly pink curtains and a giant flower mural on the wall, I'd hand over my credit card and tell her to go nuts. I don't care, as long as it makes her happy. As long as she's in my arms and in my bed and in my life. By my side.

My phone starts buzzing, and I answer it without looking, assuming it's going to be my agent asking why the hell I want to get traded to Winnipeg.

"Hey, Kevin," I say, my voice rusty with sleep.

"So sorry to disturb you, Mr. Hartley. It's Winston down at the front desk."

I scrub a hand over my face. "Oh. Sorry, Winston. What's up?" I wrack my brain, trying to remember if I have a delivery coming.

"There's a gentleman here to see you, sir. He...says it's urgent." I can hear the tension in Winston's clipped voice, and I carefully slip my arm free from Emily. It doesn't matter, though. She's already stirring, stretching her lithe little body and rubbing a hand over her eyes. I'm momentarily distracted by the sight of her unfurling in my bed, and Winston clears his throat, reminding me he's on the line.

I shoot Emily a grin. "Who is it?"

“A Mr. Michael David, sir.”

Oh, shit.

Mike’s here.

What the fuck is Mike doing here?

Winston lowers his voice, and I can picture him turning away from Mike, covering the phone’s mouthpiece with his hand. “He seems quite upset. I can send him on his way.”

My blood runs cold. Shit. This can’t be good. I knew we were going to have to face this sooner or later. I was just hoping for later.

Emily’s sprawled out on the bed beside me, smiling up at me like an angel. She’s naked, and gorgeous, her red hair spilling over the pillow.

Fuck.

“Send him up,” I say, accepting that shit’s about to go down. With a sigh, I swing my legs over the edge of the bed.

Emily sits up, a frown pulling at her pretty face. “Wolf? What’s going on?”

I end the call and set my phone down on the bedside table. I shove a hand through my hair, tugging on the ends, mentally preparing myself for what’s about to happen. “Get dressed, little one. Your brother is on his way up.”

Her pretty green eyes go wide, panic etched into her features. “Mike? What’s he doing here? Does he know...?” She trails off, the sheet twisted between her delicate

fingers.

I grab a pair of sweats and tug them on, then do the same with a T-shirt. I shake my head grimly. “I don’t know. But he’s here and he’s apparently pissed.”

Emily leaps out of bed, but before she can run to get some clothes, I snag her wrist and pull her against me. I feel some of the tension leave her body almost immediately. Cradling her head, I look into her eyes.

“Whatever happens, it doesn’t change this, okay? Mike can be mad. He can hit me, scream at me, whatever he needs to do, but he can’t keep me away from you. Nothing will keep me away from you. You’re mine, and I’m never letting you go. You understand? This might be ugly, but nothing changes between us.”

She nods shakily, and I can see the fear, the panic in her eyes. So I kiss her, soft and gentle, trying to reassure her.

She nods and then snuggles into me, and for a moment, I just hold her, letting her soak up any comfort I’m able to offer. It feels too soon when she pulls away, but we both know the clock is ticking.

“I’ll go get dressed.” She picks up her clothes from last night off the floor and then heads for her room. I don’t have the luxury of enjoying watching her move, completely naked, in broad daylight. I don’t have time to fully appreciate her creamy skin covered in freckles, her sleek muscles, the redness on her neck from my beard. She’s a work of art, my girl.

Emily disappears into her room just as a pounding sounds on my door.

“Open this fucking door right now, Wolf!” Mike’s voice is furious, echoing in the hallway as he shouts.

Emily comes racing out of her room, wearing an oversized sweatshirt and a pair of leggings. Her hair is still a wild tumble around her shoulders, her eyes wide. She's even paler than usual, her fingers curled into the cuffs of her sweatshirt.

Mike knocks again, hard enough to rattle the door in its frame, and I know it's time to face the music. I take a deep breath and then pull open the door before Mike can beat it down.

The door's not even all the way open before a fist slams into my face, sending pain exploding across my jaw. Emily screams as I stagger back half a step, my ears ringing from the blow. Mike always did have a hell of a right hook. I just never expected him to use it on me.

"You fucking asshole!" he yells, shoving past me into the penthouse. He kicks the door shut behind him. "I fucking trusted you, you sick son of a bitch!"

"Mike, stop!" Emily shouts, her voice shaking.

His gaze swings from me to her, and his expression shifts, softening slightly, but the anger is still there. Tears are spilling down her cheeks now, and I might never forgive him for making my girl cry. He can punch me as much as he wants. He can call me every name in the book. But making Emily cry is over the line.

"Mike, I can explain," I say, but he cuts me off.

"Shut the fuck up, Hartley. I don't want to hear your bullshit explanation. She's been here less than a week and you just couldn't help yourself, could you? You fucking bastard. You promised me you'd keep your hands off my baby sister. And what do you do? You fucking maul her in a bar for the entire world to see."

I frown slightly, not entirely sure what he's talking about.

“No one mauled me,” says Emily, a touch of defensiveness in her tone.

Mike rolls his eyes. “I saw the pictures and video online. Some hockey gossip site posted photos of you two making out in a bar last night. Getting into a car together. There’s no room for misunderstanding. You were all over each other.” He swings his attention back to me, anger pulling at his features again. “How could you? She’s my baby sister, Wolf. She’s nine-fucking-teen!”

I open my mouth, but no words come out. I don’t know how to explain something as consuming as what I feel for Emily. I don’t know how to make him understand that Emily is my everything. That I’m madly in love with her. We’ve known each other for such a short time that it’ll seem completely unbelievable.

But I know that I have to try.

My mouth is dry. My palms are sweaty. My heart is going a million miles an hour. My jaw fucking hurts from where Mike decked me. I take a deep breath, trying to steady myself. I don’t want to fight with Mike. I don’t want to lose him as a friend. But if push comes to shove, I’ll choose Emily. It’s not even a question.

I hope he doesn’t make me choose.

“Mike,” I say, holding out my hand in a placating gesture. “Calm down. Let’s talk about this like adults. I never set out to lie to you or break your trust. That was never the plan here.”

“So what was the plan? Seduce my baby sister and then send her on her way?”

I shake my head, my ears ringing. “No. There was no plan. I just happened to fall in love with her.”

Mike scoffs. “Shut the fuck up. She’s been here for less than a week.”

“I know. Doesn’t change the fact that I’m in love with Emily.” I glance over at her, and I can see her heart shining out at me through those pretty emerald eyes.

“She’s a kid, Wolf! She’s barely out of high school. She’s not even twenty!” His voice gets louder and wilder with each sentence, and I breathe through it, trying to let his anger roll off me. If he goads me into a fight, we’ll do irreparable damage. I don’t want that to happen.

“I’m not a kid, Mike,” Emily says calmly, stepping between us. Her voice is quiet, but steady. “I’m an adult who can make my own choices. And I choose to be in a relationship with Wolf.”

“No. No fucking way.” Mike crosses his arms and shakes his head. “You’re my baby sister, and clearly you’ve lost your mind.”

It’s my turn to put myself between Mike and Emily, because the way he’s talking to her has my protective instincts rising to the surface. “Don’t talk to her like that,” I warn. My voice is quiet, but there’s a deliberate edge to it that tells him I’m not fucking around here.

Mike decides to be an idiot and shove me. Hard. I absorb most of the impact, but I have to take a half step back. Emily gasps. “Or what, tough guy? You gonna actually hit me back? Or are you only tough when you’re being paid for it?”

I clench my fists, his words goading me. Tension radiates through my body, and I want to hit him so fucking bad. But I know that nothing here gets fixed if I do. So, I force air into my lungs, force my fists to unclench and take a step back, shaking my head. I might be a hired goon on the ice, but that doesn’t mean I can’t control myself.

“I’m not gonna hit you, Mike. Although it might make for a good story during your toast at our wedding.”

A sound bubbles out of Emily at that, half laughter, half scream, all joy.

Mike’s face goes slack. “Your wedding ?”

I shrug. “I haven’t asked her yet, but yeah. That’s where this is headed. That’s how serious I am about your sister. I love her. I wanna marry her. I want a life and a future with her. This isn’t me taking advantage. I started falling for her the moment we met, and I don’t think I’m ever gonna stop. She’s it for me, man. She’s everything. And we’re gonna be together, with or without your blessing. I’d rather do it with because you’re my friend and I want you in my life, too. But if it’s without, so be it.” I shake my head, rubbing my hand across my aching jaw. “Did you seriously catch a red-eye from Winnipeg to come punch me in the face?”

“Damn straight. That’s my sister we’re talking about.”

“Your sister is right here and doesn’t appreciate you talking about her like she’s not in the room,” Emily says drily, stepping between us again. I watch as she squares her shoulders and meets her brother’s eyes. “I love him, Mike. I know it sounds crazy. I’m aware that there’s an age gap between us. But ever since I’ve arrived, Wolf has been nothing but kind to me. There was no seduction. I want to be with him as much as he wants to be with me. It might not make sense to you, but it makes perfect sense to us.”

I can’t tear my eyes away from Emily. My heart feels too big for my chest, swollen with love and pride and hope for the future. She’s so brave, my girl. So fiercely determined. So dedicated to her passion. So soft and gentle and sweet.

Mike’s head jerks back like he’s been slapped, his mouth open. He stares at his sister

for several moments before blinking slowly.

“This is...a lot. To wrap my head around,” he finally says after a lengthy silence.

“This obviously isn’t how we wanted you to find out,” says Emily.

“I just...I don’t understand,” he says slowly, shaking his head. “You’re so young, Em. How can you be sure? You’ve never even dated before and now...” He drags a hand through his hair.

Emily just shrugs, glancing over at me. I send her a reassuring smile. “Just because I haven’t dated doesn’t mean I don’t know real feelings when I experience them. And my feelings for Wolf are real. And strong. He makes me feel safe and cared for. He treats me like I’m a precious thing. When I’m with him, I just know.” She looks over at me, her eyes bright. “I know I’ve found my person.”

I slide an arm around her waist, pulling her to me. I need to touch her. To feel her next to me. Mike’s eyes darken, but he doesn’t say anything.

“Mike, listen. Like she said, this isn’t how we wanted you to find out. You’re shocked, and I get that. But I love your sister. I’d do anything for her. Hell, I texted my agent this morning about looking into a trade to Winnipeg.”

Emily gasps, looking up at me. “You did?”

I nod. “If staying here in Toronto doesn’t work out for you, then I’ll find a way to be with you in Winnipeg. I’ll always find a way to be with you, Em.”

She curls into me, her small body nestled against mine, and I look at Mike. I can see him softening a bit.

“You have my word that I’d never do anything to hurt Emily. She’s my whole world now. You know me, Mike. Look at me. Am I a bad guy?”

Mike looks at me, and then immediately looks away, crossing his arms in front of his chest. “I’ve known worse,” he grudgingly admits.

A silence hangs between us, Emily still cuddled against me. Mike scrubs a hand over his face. Honestly, he looks like shit after probably spending all night fuming on a red eye flight. I can tell he’s trying to process everything, so I don’t say anything, letting the silence stretch between us.

“I can’t pretend I’m okay with this,” he says after a long moment, and my heart sinks down into my stomach. I’m going to lose my closest friend over this, and that sucks. “It’s a lot to process. But...” He heaves a sigh, and hope flickers back to life inside me. “I don’t want to lose either of you from my life.” He looks at me, fully meeting my gaze. “You’re one of my closest friends, Wolf, and you have been for over a decade. And Em...” He looks at his sister, his gaze softening. “You’re my baby sister. Of course I want you to be happy. I want you to be safe. I want you to have whatever your heart desires.”

“Wolf makes me feel happy and safe,” Emily says softly, her fingers curling into my T-shirt. “He’s who I want to be with.”

Mike lets out the longest sigh I’ve ever heard in my life. “Okay. Okay. I don’t get it. But I can work on...trying to be supportive.” He makes a face like the words taste bad. Then his eyes lock on mine. “If you hurt her, I’ll kill you.”

Okay, I guess we’re not mincing words here.

“If I hurt her, I’ll deserve it,” I say, holding Emily tighter.

Mike's gaze bounces between the two of us, and then he rubs a hand over his face again. "Okay." He nods. "Okay."

"Do you want to stay here? Or are you headed back?" I ask. "I have a game tomorrow night, I could get you tickets."

He looks at me warily, and I can tell he's warring with himself over what to say. "Uh. I don't think I should stay here. With..." He gestures vaguely to me and Emily. "I can get a hotel. But...yeah. I'll stay for a few days. Come to the game."

I grin, relief making my muscles feel weak. "Good. You want some breakfast? There's a great place around the corner. Best omelet you've ever had. My treat, even though you did just punch me in the face."

"Yeah." The corner of his mouth kicks up. "Okay. Let's have breakfast."

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:02 am

2 months later

I roll up the sleeves on my Toronto Thunder jersey, emblazoned with Wolf's last name and number. It's warm in the arena tonight as the Thunder play a crucial game, and the crowd is intense. Rowdy and roiled up, with the arena packed to the gills. I'm not sitting in my usual box seat with Sadie and Lilah tonight because Mike is in town. He likes to sit in the crowd, be part of the action. So, he's sitting next to me, sipping a beer, and wearing a Hartley jersey of his own.

It's a nice show of support and goodwill, given that they're going to be brothers in law in just a few months.

I glance down at the sparkly diamond ring on my finger, my mind flashing back to when Wolf proposed two weeks ago. It was on the final day of my internship at the ballet school, after he came to our final performance, brought me the biggest bouquet of roses I've ever seen in my life, and took me out for a fancy dinner with oysters and champagne. And then, later that night as we snuggled in bed—naked, of course—he'd pulled out the ring, slipped it on my finger and asked me what I thought about getting married this summer.

I'd told him I thought it sounded absolutely perfect.

The next day, I got an email from the ballet school inviting me to audition for a permanent position.

Which I got, thanks to Wolf. Not that he helped me with the actual dancing, but I'm a different person after falling in love with him. I'm more confident. More centered.

More sure of who I am, and what I can accomplish. I've kept my word and never so much as thought of myself as a nothing girl again. How could I when I see the way a man like Wolf looks at me?

This time when Mike came to visit, he took a Uhaul instead of a red-eye flight in order to bring all of my things to Toronto, because I get to stay. Wolf doesn't need to look for a trade, and I get to live out my dream.

"Oh, come on! That was offside!" Mike shouts, his voice mingling with the jeers of the crowd. The opposing team rushes into Toronto's end, but Wolf is there, and he body checks the player with the puck hard enough to rattle the boards. He leaves the player sprawled on the ice, smoothly steals the puck and passes it back to Kincaid, who soars up the ice and into the other team's end. The Thunder score, sending the arena into a cacophony of sirens and lights and screaming fans. "Thunderstruck" blares through the arena's sound system, barely audible over the cheers. On the ice, the players celebrate, slapping each other on the back, sticks clapping on the ice.

Mike and I high five and settle back into our seats as the goal is announced—Kincaid's thirtieth of the season—and more cheering erupts around us. Wolf gets an assist on the play, and I scream loudest of all when his name is announced.

I'm so proud of him. Of how hard he works, of his dedication to the game. Just like our relationship has given me the confidence to pursue my wildest dreams, it's reignited his passion for the game. We inspire each other. We cheer each other on. He's my biggest fan, and I'm his.

I can't get over the fact that this is my life now. Just a few months ago, I was shy, inexperienced, scared of the city, feeling like I didn't belong in Wolf's world. And now, here I am—living in Toronto, planning my wedding to the most amazing man, and dancing with the National Ballet. And you know what? I'm exactly where I belong.

Mike grins at me as he takes a sip of his beer. “Your man is killing it out there tonight,” he says, and I can’t help the wide smile that takes over my face at his words. Two months ago, it felt almost impossible that Mike would get to this level of acceptance regarding our relationship. I mean, he punched Wolf right in the freaking face, for crying out loud. But he’s come to accept that we’re together now, and I couldn’t be more grateful.

When I called my parents to tell them I was dating Wolf, they were...well, shocked is probably the right word. They were hesitant about the age difference between us and how fast we were moving, but once they flew out and saw Wolf and I together, they realized that some things are just meant to be.

The game continues, and I can’t take my eyes off of Wolf, as usual. His intensity, his athleticism, the power in everything he does—it makes me ache between my legs. It makes me want to take him home, strip him naked and have my way with him.

Or maybe tonight, I’ll let him have his way with me. I’ll reward him for playing so well by letting him fuck my mouth and come all over my breasts. Or maybe I’ll ride him until we’re both sweaty and panting, not stopping until our bodies sated.

Or maybe I’ll dance for him. He built a studio for me in our penthouse (and it really is ours—he insisted on putting my name on the deed last week), and I’ve been thinking about putting on a private show for my sexy, growly, possessive fiancé. I could start off in a tutu and bodysuit, my pointe shoes laced up. Or maybe I’ll just start off in the pointe shoes and nothing else.

I doubt I’ll get much dancing done if I do that in front of Wolf.

I grin, my cheeks heating as I think about it, and I’m jostled back to the present by Mike’s elbow. “It’s intermission. I’m going to grab another beer. You want anything?”

“Nah, I’m good. Thanks, though.” I watch as Wolf heads off the ice with his team, his gray eyes flashing as they catch mine. Heat surges through me, and I wriggle slightly in my seat.

I’m liking this idea I have for tomorrow. I’ll give him a performance he’ll never forget.

“I love you,” he mouths, winking at me. I smile as a blush spreads across my face, heat creeping down my neck and into the collar of my Hartley jersey.

“I love you,” I mouth back, and I know I’m going to be saying those words to him for the rest of my life.

Because he’s mine, and I’m his, and nothing is ever going to change that.

Hello, amazing, wonderful reader! Thank you so much for reading Wolf and Emily’s story.