



Fractured Faceoff (The Detroit Serpents #2)

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Category: Sport

Description: They were never meant to be. But when revenge turns into something more, the game changes forever.

Isla

I should have seen it coming—the betrayal, the heartbreak, the way my world would shatter in an instant. But nothing could prepare me for walking in on my long-term boyfriend tangled up with his co-host.

Now, love is off the table. Trust? Even more so.

Then Jared Crowder makes me an offer I should refuse.

He wants revenge just as much as I do. After all, he's spent years in love with Ava—my sister. And that didn't stop him from secretly seeing her behind his brother's back. Now she's chosen Kash, and Jared is done playing nice.

The plan is simple: fake a relationship, show the world we've moved on, and make them both regret ever hurting us.

The only problem? Some lies feel dangerously real.

Jared

I've spent my career getting inside people's heads. It's how I dominate on the ice.

But Isla Sawyer? She's always been the one person I couldn't figure out. My childhood rival. The girl who knew exactly how to get under my skin. The one I never saw coming.

For years, I chased the wrong woman. I told myself Ava was the one, even when she chose my brother.

But the second Isla and I strike a deal, everything shifts. The chemistry we've spent a lifetime ignoring ignites, and suddenly, pretending with her feels easier than remembering why we started this in the first place.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 7:28 am

Jared

The rain pounded against the windshield, a relentless rhythm that matched the tension simmering between Isla and me. We had just left the arena, adrenaline still buzzing from the game. I glanced over at her, her hair damp, framing her face like a stormy halo.

“Great game,” she said, trying to keep it light.

“Yeah, sure,” I replied, staring out at the darkened road ahead.

As I navigated the slick streets, the tires gripped the pavement less than I wanted. The storm intensified, a swirling mess of wind and rain that blurred my vision. Just when I thought we’d made it through the worst of it, a sharp jolt shot through the car.

“Damn!” I cursed as the steering wheel jerked in my hands.

“What happened?” Isla’s eyes widened as she clutched her seatbelt.

“Flat tire.” I pulled over to the side of the road with a groan. The sound of rain pelting against metal filled the silence that followed.

“Perfect,” she muttered, clearly unimpressed.

I shifted into park and killed the engine. The rain hammered down like it was angry at us for being out here in the first place. “Stay put,” I said as I opened my door and stepped into the downpour. Cold water soaked through my clothes almost instantly.

“Really? You’re going to change it now?” She didn’t bother hiding her disbelief.

I shrugged, pulling out the spare tire from the trunk while keeping one eye on her.

“What else am I supposed to do?”

“I don’t know,” she said dryly, arms crossed against her chest. “Maybe call for help?”

“No way.” I tossed aside an old hockey stick that cluttered my trunk and grabbed a jack instead. “I can handle this.”

She stepped out of the car reluctantly, water splashing around her boots as she joined me under a flickering streetlight.

Isla grabbed the other end of the jack, her brow furrowed with determination. “You know, I’ve changed a tire before,” she said, muscles tensing as she pushed down.

“Impressive,” I replied, matching her effort. “Didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Don’t underestimate me.” She shot me a sideways glance, lips twitching into a half-smile that broke through the storm clouds above us.

We worked in sync, lifting the car just enough to swap out the tire. The rain soaked us both to the bone. Water dripped from my hair and slid down my neck, but I barely noticed; my focus was on her. Each time she grunted with effort, I felt something shift in my chest—something warm and unsettling.

“Hand me that lug wrench,” she said, gesturing toward the tool lying in the mud.

I handed it over without hesitation. As she tightened each bolt, droplets splashed off her cheeks, framing her face like some kind of goddess emerging from chaos.

“You’re really good at this,” I said, a hint of admiration slipping through my usual

bravado.

“I told you,” she shot back playfully. “I’m full of surprises.”

The final bolt clicked into place with a satisfying sound. We stepped back and surveyed our work: the spare tire now held fast against the rim.

“That wasn’t so hard,” I said, breathing heavily from more than just exertion.

Isla laughed lightly, shaking her head as if to shake off excess water. “Next time we should plan for less rain.”

I turned to face her fully and my breath caught in my throat. She stood there—drenched hair clinging to her skin, droplets glistening on her lashes—and damn if she wasn’t gorgeous in that moment.

My heart raced as something shifted between us, an electric charge that hummed beneath the surface of our banter. Without thinking it through—without considering how stupid it might be—I closed the distance between us and kissed her.

Her lips were soft against mine, surprising me with their warmth amidst the cold rain. The world faded away; it was just us standing there, soaked to our bones yet somehow completely alive in that instant.

I kissed down her neck, my lips tracing a path along her collarbone. She shivered beneath my touch, her breath hitching as I pressed into her. The rain continued to pour around us, but it felt like we were in our own world.

My hands roamed over her body, feeling the curves of her hips and the softness of her skin. I could feel myself growing harder with each passing moment, my desire for her becoming more intense.

I marked her neck with my teeth, leaving a small bruise that would serve as a reminder of this moment. She gasped at the sensation, her fingers digging into my shoulders as she pulled me closer.

Her nipples marbled against her thin blouse, pressing against my chest as we embraced. I could feel the heat radiating off of her, and it only fueled my desire further.

I slid my hand up her shirt, feeling the smoothness of her skin and the hardness of her nipples. She moaned softly as I teased her, my thumb brushing over the sensitive peak.

She reached down and grabbed my belt, pulling me even closer. I could feel the tension building between us, the desire becoming almost unbearable.

But then, just as things were starting to get really intense, a car drove by, its headlights illuminating us for a brief moment. We both froze, realizing how exposed we were on the side of the road.

I pulled away from her, my breathing heavy as I tried to regain my composure. She looked up at me, her eyes wide and filled with desire.

A look passed between us, a silent understanding that this was happening and there was no turning back. The rain continued to pour around us, but it felt like we were in our own world. I didn't care if anyone saw us; in fact, I wanted them to. I wanted the world to see me with her, to know that she was mine.

I reached down and peeled off her jeans, revealing her soaked panties. She stepped out of them, her bare legs shivering in the cold rain. I dropped to my knees in front of her, my hands gripping her hips as I pulled her closer.

I could feel the heat radiating off of her, and it only fueled my desire further. I

pressed my face into her cunt, my tongue tracing a path along her folds. She gasped at the sensation, her fingers tangling in my hair as she pulled me closer.

I could taste the rain on her skin, mixed with the sweetness of her arousal. I devoured her, my tongue exploring every inch of her. She moaned softly, her hips bucking against my face as I pleased her.

I couldn't get enough of her. The taste of rain and her arousal on my tongue was intoxicating. I devoured her, my hands gripping her hips as I pulled her closer. She moaned softly, her fingers tangling in my hair as she pushed me deeper into her.

"You like that, don't you?" I murmured against her, my voice low and husky. "You like it when I eat you out in the rain."

She whimpered in response, her hips bucking against my face as I continued to pleasure her. I could feel her getting closer, her body tensing with each stroke of my tongue.

"Come for me, Isla," I growled, my voice barely audible over the sound of the rain. "I want to taste you."

She let out a strangled cry as she came, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm. I lapped up every drop, savoring the taste of her on my tongue.

When it was over, I stood up and pulled her into my arms, kissing her deeply. She tasted like herself and the rain, and I couldn't get enough of her.

"You're incredible," I replied, my voice thick with emotion.

I pulled out my cock, already hard and throbbing from the taste of her. The rain pelted against my skin as I stroked myself, watching her eyes widen with desire.

"Look what you fucking do to me," I growled, my voice low and husky.

She licked her lips, her gaze never leaving my hand as it moved up and down my shaft. I could feel the tension building between us, the desire becoming almost unbearable.

Without warning, I grabbed her and thrust into her. She gasped at the suddenness of it, her body yielding to mine as I pinned her against the car. The rain continued to pour around us, but it felt like we were in our own world.

I fucked her hard and fast, my hips slamming into hers as I claimed her. She moaned softly, her nails digging into my back as she met me thrust for thrust.

"Anyone could catch us," I whispered in her ear, my voice low and dangerous. "They could see us right now, fucking like animals in the rain."

She whimpered in response, her body trembling with pleasure. I could feel her getting wetter with each word that left my lips.

"Do you like that?" I growled, my teeth grazing her earlobe. "Do you like the thought of someone watching us?"

She nodded, her breath coming in short gasps as I continued to pound into her. I could feel her getting closer, her body tensing with each stroke.

"Come for me, Isla," I growled, my voice barely audible over the sound of the rain. "I want to feel you come around my cock."

She whimpered as I moved faster inside of her, my hips slamming into hers with an intensity that left us both breathless. The rain continued to pour around us, but it felt like we were in our own world. I took a hard nipple in my mouth through the material of her shirt, feeling it pebble even more beneath my tongue.

She cried out my name, her voice barely audible over the sound of the rain. "Jared!"

I growled in response, my teeth grazing her skin as I continued to fuck her. "That's it, sugar," I said, my voice low and dangerous. "I want everyone to know who's fucking you."

I could feel her getting closer, her body tensing with each stroke. I knew she was on the edge, and I wanted to push her over it. I reached down between us, my fingers finding her clit and rubbing it in tight circles.

She gasped at the sensation, her hips bucking against mine as she came. I could feel her pulsating around me, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm. I continued to fuck her, my own release building as I felt her come apart in my arms.

The moment crashed over me like a wave, a tidal surge that pulled me under. I buried myself deep inside her, feeling the heat of her body wrap around me as I let go. The world blurred, the rain, the car, everything faded to white noise as I filled her.

Her body responded instinctively, clenching tightly around me, drawing out every last ounce of pleasure. I let out a low groan, our breaths mingling in the cold air, steam rising from where we were joined. The electric pulse of our connection surged through me, leaving my heart racing.

We lingered there for a moment—caught in the aftershocks of what had just happened. My hands rested on her hips as we both tried to catch our breath, the rain washing over us like some twisted baptism.

But then headlights pierced through the gloom, cutting into our little bubble. I froze for a split second as a car pulled over beside us.

"Shit," I muttered under my breath.

“Jared!” Isla’s voice held panic as she scrambled to pull herself together.

I shot up and quickly yanked my jeans back up while glancing over at her. She was fumbling with her shirt, damp fabric clinging to her skin. “Here,” I said and helped tug it down for her. “Just act natural.”

The car door opened and a man stepped out, his brow furrowed in concern as he approached us. “You folks need any help?”

I plastered on my best charm—the one that had gotten me out of tight spots before. “Nah,” I replied smoothly, adjusting my shirt with feigned nonchalance. “We fixed the problem.”

Isla shot me an incredulous look but kept quiet as she tucked a strand of wet hair behind her ear.

The man squinted at us for a moment, likely trying to gauge if we were telling the truth or hiding something more scandalous beneath the surface of rain-soaked clothes and disheveled hair.

“Okay then,” he said slowly, though skepticism creased his forehead. “Just be careful out here; it’s pretty slick.”

“Will do,” I said with a wave as he retreated back to his car.

Once he climbed back inside and drove away, I turned to Isla with an amused grin plastered on my face despite my heart still pounding from adrenaline and lust alike.

I watched the stranger's taillights disappear around the corner, then turned to Isla with a smirk I couldn't contain. Rain still poured down, but somehow it felt warmer now.

"Well, that was close," I said, running a hand through my soaked hair.

Isla shook her head, but I caught the smile she tried to hide. "Too close. I can't believe we just..." She trailed off, gesturing vaguely at the car and the side of the road.

I stepped closer, tucking a strand of wet hair behind her ear. "I can. And I'd do it again."

Her cheeks flushed despite the cool rain. She straightened her clothes with as much dignity as someone could muster after roadside sex in a downpour.

"We should break down more often," I said, my voice low as I pulled her against me one more time.

She laughed against my chest, the sound vibrating through me. "Let's just go home," she replied, pushing me playfully away. "Our takeout is getting cold."

I glanced at the forgotten bags of food in the backseat of the car. In the heat of the moment, I'd completely forgotten about dinner. My stomach growled on cue, and we both burst out laughing.

"Fair point," I conceded, opening her door with an exaggerated bow. "Your chariot awaits, sugar. Slightly wetter than before, but serviceable."

Isla rolled her eyes but slid into the passenger seat. "You're ridiculous."

"You love it," I countered, closing her door before jogging around to the driver's side.

As I settled behind the wheel, I caught her watching me, her expression softer than I'd ever seen it. Something tugged in my chest. Love. For her. For everything we were.

Fuck, I was lucky to have her. And now that I had her, I had no intention of letting her go.

Ever.

The wipers squeaked across the windshield, clearing away the rain as we pulled back onto the road, both of us soaked to the bone but somehow warmer than we'd been all day.