



# Puck After Puck (Playing the Puck #7)

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**Category:** Sport

**Description:** Heidi

At eighteen, Im the youngest and newest Ice Girl for the Minnesota Norse pro hockey teams cheer squad. So, of course, Im the one to be hazed by the head Ice Girl. Tasked to complete a near-impossible scavenger hunt—I do my best until one mishap after another leads me into the arms of three handsome referees.

Its like a dream come true until I realize they are twice my age—theres no way I can compete with the women they are used to dating. As fate would have it, Im thrown into a world that is way over my head. But with the help of the three handsome referees, Im able to survive in their world.

Bodie, Anders, Riggs

Shes way too young for us, and we know it. But who are we to ignore destiny if the universe sees fit to throw her into our path?

Shes the one we have been waiting for all our lives, and if she should fall, we will catch her, Puck After Puck.

**Total Pages (Source):** 14

# Page 1

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one

Heidi

This is so ridiculous. I'm not even the newest ice girl on the team—Gemma is. But she's pretty much untouchable now since she's dating the three owners of the Minnesota Norse pro hockey team, leaving me as the low man seniority-wise on the cheer squad. It's not fair, but what can I do?

Even my older brother, Holden, who plays on the team, can't help me. He's on probation himself for fighting with his teammates. It looks like I'm alone if I want to stay on the squad.

I glance at the scavenger hunt list on my phone that the head cheerleader, Tiffany, gave me and cringe. How can I sneak into the referee lounge and take a selfie wearing one of their striped shirts? The room is off-limits to anyone from either team, including the cheerleaders.

Tiffany is on probation by the team's owners for some reason, but it hasn't stopped her from continuing the hazing ritual of the new ice girl. It doesn't help that I'm the youngest ice girl at eighteen—I'll be nineteen in a few months, but that doesn't help me. One of the items on the scavenger hunt list is to get a selfie in a sex club. I'm not sure how I'll pull that one off since I don't have a fake ID, but Tiffany says that's not her problem.

I scan the hallway, making sure there's no one around before I slowly turn the knob on the referee lounge door and say a silent prayer the room will be empty. It's two

hours before the game; the referees should still be in their pregame meeting with the rest of the game officials.

Three of the four referees arrived about twenty minutes ago and dropped off their duffle bags in the referee lounge as I watched from a hiding spot in the arena. I'm not sure where the fourth referee is for tonight's game, but I don't have time to worry about that.

The door makes a creaking noise, causing me to jump, and I rush into the room before someone catches me. Quickly shutting the door, I glance around the room to see I'm alone.

Knowing I have limited time to accomplish my mission, I dash to the lockers. Opening the first one I come to, I pull out the black and white striped shirt. I slide it over my head and take a quick selfie before slipping it off and returning it where I found it.

At the sound of the door opening, I dive behind the couch closest to me and send a second prayer they won't find me in the lounge—if caught, the punishment is a one-game suspension.

"So where's Howie? He should have been here by now, " a deep, sexy voice says as I hear the sound of clothes rustling around and zippers being lowered.

I bite my lip at the vision that pops into my head of their naked bodies and the thought of what they would do to me if they found me. Instantly, I feel a throbbing between my legs as I hold back a moan. I'm dying to see their faces close up—their bodies looked impressive from a distance. This isn't surprising since many of the referees are former hockey players.

"You know Howie, he has to go kiss ass with the owners before the game," an

equally deep, sexy voice replies.

"Doesn't he know the owners of the Minnesota Norse despise fake clingy people?"  
Oh, and there it is: a third deep, sexy voice joins the conversation.

I inch my way to the edge of the couch. If I can get a quick peek at their faces to prove they can't all be as sexy as their voice makes them out to be, I'll be able to relax and wait out my time behind the couch until they have to leave to take the ice.

I'm glad I had the forethought to change into my cheer costume before I took off on my scavenger hunt. I glance down at the barely there uniform and curse Tiffany for her choice of outfits for today's game.

"Like that would stop him." One of them snorts, and even his snort is sexy.

I continue inching my way to the edge of the couch, trying not to make a sound while they discuss Howie's shortcomings. I'm so absorbed in watching the floor before me that I don't see the shadow that falls over me before it's too late.

"Well, well, what do we have here, gentlemen?"

I lean up with a shriek of surprise, fall back, land on my knees, and come face to face with the biggest cock I have ever seen attached to one of the most handsome men I've ever seen. No matter how handsome he is, I can't keep my eyes off the large penis hanging down his muscular leg only inches away from my parted lips, and suddenly my mouth begins to water, wanting to taste the prize in front of me, which is weird because I've never wanted to do that before. I had a boyfriend back in high school. We had sex a couple of times, but nothing out of the ordinary. It wasn't even that great—and his penis wasn't even as long hard as this one is soft.

"What exactly did you find, Bodie?" Two equally handsome faces pop over the naked

God's shoulders, who I now know as Bodie.

"I think I found us a little treat."

"More like she found a treat by the way she's staring at your naked cock licking her lips." One of them says above me, and I realize he's right—I can't take my eyes off the rapidly hardening flesh in front of me. "Why don't you put some close on? You might poke her eye out with that thing." He says before he and the other guy behind Bodie turn around and walk away, leaving Bodie and me in this awkward position.

"Eyes up here, sweetheart, unless Anders is right and you want a taste." My body has a mind of its own as I feel myself begin to lean forward with my mouth open until his words sink in, causing me to rear back and snap my eyes to his face and the knowing smirk staring back at me. I jump up with more force than I expected, causing me to stumble. I reach out, grabbing for something to help me steady my balance when my right-hand grips his very warm, extremely hard length by accident. "Easy, baby girl, you don't want to hurt it before we even start." He places his hand over mine before I can pull it back and squeezes my hand around his cock, giving a couple of pumps before letting go. "Are you going to tell us what you're doing in our private sanctuary?"

The hungry look in his eyes has me clenching my thighs together, trying to alleviate the pressure building there. Until I remember what will happen if I'm caught in the referee lounge and I drop my hand, staring between the three guys: Bodie in front of me, Anders, and the other sexy, nameless guy sniffing his shirt like it's the best thing he's ever smelled as they both stand in front of their lockers.

Sniffing his shirt?

Then I realize it was his shirt I put on for the selfie. Some of my perfume must be lingering on the fabric. Between him sniffing my scent on his shirt and the way Bodie

stroked his length while using my hand with his cupped over it, I'm beginning to wonder if they're interested in me.

Do they all want me? Because I'm certainly attracted to them. Could I be as lucky as all my friends to have found three boyfriends of my own? It's not unheard of with the Minnesota Norse hockey team. It seems like instead of pairing off in couples, they pair off in quads.

I think about Teagan, the team's first female hockey player, and her three hockey-playing boyfriends; Britt, the team's social media manager, and her hockey-playing triplet boyfriends; and Gemma and her three team-owner boyfriends. Even my brother and two of his teammates seem to be getting cozy with former child actress Hadley Ford, especially after my conversation with Holden about whether I thought a woman would be okay being intimate with three guys at the same time or not. Of course, I said yes.

Could I be next?

Until reality sinks in, they're way out of my league. And instead of boldly going after what I crave, I take the coward's way out, "Sorry, I must have, um, got lost."

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am*

two

Riggs

"Y ou got lost, did you, now?" Bodie continues to tease our beautiful intruder. "So what are you like, Little Red Riding Hood, on her way to her Grandmother's house, lost in the woods, and we're three, big, bad wolves ready to eat you up, kind of lost? Or are you more of a Goldilocks looking for just the right bed to sleep in, lost?"

"Look at her, Bodie, with that rich, sable brown hair and deep brown eyes. She's more like Belle, looking for her Beast or, in this case, Beasts to ravage her." Anders joins in with the teasing.

Usually, I would join in, but I can't stop inhaling her scent from my uniform shirt. I'm not sure how it got there, but it's definitely the same soft jasmine scent I could smell when I was looking at her over Bodie's shoulder.

Jasmine. Like Princess Jasmine from Aladin.

I would definitely place her in that category: a princess. What I wouldn't give to claim her and treat her like the Princess she deserves to be treated like, but she's not mine. Plus, at thirty-six years old, I'm too old for a sweet young thing like her.

I try to push those dangerous thoughts out of my head and finish getting dressed for the game. It's a good thing we're required to wear padding in our pants, or I'd embarrass myself on national TV at how hard I've become at just her scent. The fact that it's clinging to my shirt is bound to keep me that way through the whole game.

Bodie, Anders, and I all played for the same professional hockey team for years, even retiring around the same time. But the boredom and loss of not being out on the ice led us to become hockey referees. It's not like we need the money—we all have plenty of that—not being out on the ice led us to that decision.

The adrenaline rush might not be the same as it was as a player as it is as a referee, but that doesn't matter to us—now that we control the game and the penalty calls, it's a different kind of rush.

"I must have taken a wrong turn." Her sultry voice fills the room, and damn if I don't want to fill her up with something warm and creamy. "Besides, if anything, the three of you are like the trolls who won't let Billy Goat Gruff cross their bridge."

I turn to face her as she crosses her arms over her chest defiantly, glaring at each of us with Bodie still naked, but now standing off to the right of her.

Billy Goats Gruff was one of my favorite fairytales growing up, so I decide to join in with the teasing, "Actually, there was only one troll in the story with three goats he wanted to eat. Do you want to eat us, Princess?"

Her eyelids get heavy, and her breathing comes out in short little pants as her large breasts rise and fall rapidly, straining against the tight one-piece cheerleading costume. She drops her arms to her sides and steps around the couch until all of her luscious body is visible to our hungry gazes. It's the first time we really get a good look at what she's wearing. And fuck me if the hard points of her large nipples aren't poking at the fabric of her outfit. I run my eyes up and down her body from the skin-colored fabric molded to her firm body with strategically placed rhinestones covering up the good stuff to the silky-looking fringe on her hips swaying as she moves.

"Fuck me." Bodie voices what I'm thinking—what I'm sure we are all thinking.



The three of us have never shared a woman before, but there is always a first for everything. Besides, the team colors of her cheer uniform make it look like she's an ice girl for the Minnesota Norse, and they have a recent reputation for groups of three guys sharing one woman. I wonder if she's into that or if she's already taken by a group of them. If so, then what's she doing in our lounge?

"You still haven't answered the question." During our teasing, she's been slowly working her way to the door, putting her inches away from the door and her freedom. I grab her arm to halt her progress as she cautiously tries to slide out of the room, her jasmine scent filling my nostrils.

"Yes, I want to eat each one of you." Her sultry voice rolls over my body like a lover's caress as visions of her sucking me off as Bodie and Anders watch fill my brain.

Stunned by her confession and the desire shining in her chocolate-brown eyes, I loosened my hold on her arm, allowing her to escape the room before we even found out her name, why she was in the referees' lounge, or better yet, why my shirt smells like her.

I reach for the door to follow her, with Anders and Bodie behind me, but before I can open the door, Howie pushes it open and walks through.

"What was Holden Hill's little sister doing in here? You guys weren't banging her or anything, were you? If you were, I'd like to get in on that action. She is fine."

The urge to punch him in the face rides me hard at his disrespectful attitude towards who we now know is one of the Minnesota Norse's hockey player's sisters. Instead of hitting him, I rein in my temper. Since he might have the answers we are looking for from our mystery girl.

"Have some damn respect for once." Anders bites out. He unclenches his teeth, getting ready to say more, but I catch his eye and silently tell him to back off with a shake of my head.

Anders and Bodie look confused, so I give them another firm nod, noticing that Bodie has finally put some clothes on. I see the moment they realize I've handled the situation when they step back and visibly relax their shoulders.

I usher Howie into the room and shut the door behind him. "What do you know about Holden's sister?"

"Let's see, Heidi is eighteen years old. She's new this season as a Valkyrie on the cheer squad. And as you can see and probably just sampled, she has a smoking hot body—I bet she's a fantastic lay. Next time, make sure to invite me—I hear the women here like to get gang-banged."

Having gotten the information we wanted from Howie, I nod at Anders to finish what he started to do the first time Howie disrespected our girl. This is how I feel about her; whether we act on it or not, we're not going to let some douchebag like Howie talk shit about her.

"My pleasure." Anders cracks his knuckles on each hand before twisting his head from side to side with an audible cracking sound like a boxer getting ready for a big fight. "I warned you not to disrespect Heidi."

Howie looks from Anders's angry face to mine and finally to Bodie's: "Come on, guys. Can't you take a joke? Besides, I don't want your sloppy seconds anyway—I'd have to go first."

Does this guy not know when to shut up? Anders is seconds away from beating him to a pulp, and he's still talking shit about Heidi.

Luckily for Howie, the door swings open as one of the scorekeepers walks in. "Hey guys, do you mind if I hang out here for a few minutes? My ex-Tiffany just spotted me. She's a little unhinged."

"Sure," Anders replies before turning his attention back to Howie. "If we ever hear Heidi's name come out of your mouth again, you'll be eating through a straw for the rest of your life. Got it?"

"Geez, calm down already." Howie steps around Anders and then reaches his locker. "Talk about unhinged."

"Asshole!" Bodie shouts, slamming Howie up against the lockers with his forearm under Howie's chin, pinning him in place. "Don't push us. If you so much as breathe next to her, you're a dead man. Have I made our point clear enough this time?" Bodie shoves Howie with his forearm before letting him go.

"Yeah, whatever." Howie wheezes, grabbing for his throat. We grab the rest of our gear, preferring to finish changing anywhere but next to Howie. I'm not sure how we'll be able to be civil to him on the ice with his shit attitude. When the little prick seals his fate, "I'm not afraid of you. I'm friends with the owners." He puffs out his chest. "I could have the three of you fired with the snap of my fingers."

Talk about unhinged.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am*

three

Bodie

It's been one hell of an afternoon. I can't wait for the game to end so we can blow off steam somewhere—anywhere as long as we're as far away from Heidi as possible. She's temptation disguised as an angel. And right now, that angel is shaking her pom-poms in an arena full of horny guys.

It's the first-period break, and we're supposed to be reviewing the penalties and the scores, but Howie is the only one of the four who is actually doing his job. The rest of us are watching as Heidi and the Minnesota Valkyrie ice girls perform on the ice to some seductive song. My eyes never leave Heidi as she shimmies and shakes her luscious body while skating to a dance routine.

I've been so busy with the intense hockey refereeing schedule the last year that I haven't taken the time to hook up with anyone, even for one night, Which hasn't bothered me until tonight. Now I'm hard and aching to stuff my cock in a warm, tight hole. The only problem is there's only one woman I want.

"Damn, she's good." Anders takes a large gulp of water from the plastic bottle in his hand before passing it to Riggs.

"She's so graceful yet sexy." Riggs waves off the offered water bottle.

Just as the words leave his mouth, Heidi glances in our direction and slightly stumbles but regains her balance without missing a beat like the pro she is. She

finishes the routine with the rest of the ice girls, then skates off the ice to her designated cheering section in the stands. It's not far from where we are. She bends down with a smile to talk to someone I can't see in the audience because someone is standing in the way.

I swear if it's some guy, I'll bust his lip.

The fan sits down, revealing that Heidi is talking with three women in the crowd, not some guy. If I'm not mistaken, one of the women looks like actress Hadley Ford. I remember some of the rookies on our hockey team liked watching Hadley's TV shows when we were on the road. She's definitely grown up since the last time I saw one of her shows—but she still doesn't hold a candle to Heidi. My cock hardens, remembering how close she was to taking it into her mouth only a few hours ago.

The horn sounds alerting us to take our positions on the ice for the second period. "Come on. It's time we earn our pay." Riggs slaps me on the back, breaking Heidi's hold over me.

"I'd rather watch her," I mumble before turning and skating away.

"Amen, brother." Anders skates next to me. "But you know she's too young for our old asses, right?"

"I know, but a guy can still fantasize, can't he." We laugh until I notice Riggs, a few feet in front of us, tilting his chin to his chest and inhaling deeply. "What's up with him?"

"I have no idea, but he's been doing it a lot today."

Riggs stops, and we almost run into him. He looks past us to where Heidi's cheering section is. "If, for some reason, the universe throws her into our path again, can we

act on it?" When neither of us answers, he continues, "I don't mean here or at some other hockey game of function that super obvious—more like someplace we would never imagine running into her at."

I know what he's asking; I've been thinking about it, too. If given a second chance, would we act on our feelings of what can only be explained as instalust for Heidi? Before I can answer, Anders jumps in with his reply.

"Hell, yes, we would and should. I haven't been able to concentrate on anything since we first saw her. I'm pretty sure I've missed a ton of penalties today—I can't keep my mind off of her."

They both look at me, waiting for my answer. I glance over my shoulder and find her looking in our direction. I can't tell if she's looking at us or just in the vicinity, but it doesn't matter; I'm willing to take a chance, even if it is a long shot.

"Okay, if for some reason the universe sees fit for our paths to cross somewhere outside the hockey world—somewhere we would never expect—then yes, I say we act on it, and we act on it hard because we barely even know her, yet I feel like she could be someone special in our lives."

"Agreed." Anders and Riggs answer before we have to drop the puck for the second period to begin. I only hope we do a better job of concentrating on the game instead of the sexy little ice girl shaking her pom-poms for us.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am*

four

Anders

The final horn ends the game and puts us out of our misery. We need time away from the ice to decompress our strange, lust-like attraction to Heidi. She's just a woman like any other woman we've met at all the arenas we've been at through the years.

In all our years playing in the pros and now refereeing together, we've never been attracted to the same woman until today. Now, a beautiful, dark-haired, eighteen-year-old ice girl has us wrapped around her little finger.

"So, where do you guys want to go tonight to unwind?" Riggs is the first one to ask.

"I was thinking we could go to the Book Club. But before you shoot my idea down, hear me out." Riggs and I listen to Bodie's heartfelt plea for why we should unwind at the sex club we joined years ago and keep up our membership even though none of us have been there in a long time. "It's not like we'll pick anyone up and take them back into one of the playrooms. It's baby girl night tonight. I just want to go watch."

"Yeah, and pretend you're watching Heidi." I snort, but it's not a bad idea. Maybe being in the club will help us clear our minds of Heidi.

We might just be lusting after her because it's been a long time since we've had a baby girl of our own to spoil—the urges never completely go away.

"Fine, but I want to go to the hotel and shower before we go anywhere." I don't add that I want to get as far away from Howie and his slimy attitude. But the real reason is the sooner we leave the arena, the sooner we'll be away from Heidi too, and I'm afraid if I see her again too soon, I won't be able to control myself—she has me that tightly wound up.

"Okay, but I don't want to get there too late, or all the good seats will be taken."

I agree with Riggs if you're not there with your own sub, the seating arrangement is shit because everyone is willing to let a Dom and his sweet little sub sit with them. Sometimes, they'll even play a little at the table, not caring who's watching. A vision of Heidi spread out like a feast on one of the club tables as Riggs, Bodie, and I devour her while others watch pop into my head. We would let them watch as she squirmed on the table, getting closer and closer to her release. But right before the pleasure of coming washed over her body, we would scoop her up and take her to one of the playrooms for our eyes only.

"Sounds like a plan," Bodie says. "Let's grab our stuff and get out of here before the traffic gets too bad."

That's one nice thing about being a referee and not a player—you don't have to ride the team bus back to the hotel room. I think about the hotel we're staying at and what Heidi would think of it. It's nice, but it's not a home. Hell, none of us really have a place we call home. We have a condo we share in the off-season. But during the season, we move from town to town, hotel to hotel.

Being an ice girl for a pro hockey team, I'm sure she understands traveling most of the year is part of the gig, but does she like that? I wonder if being a pro cheerleader is really her dream or if she has other dreams she'd rather be doing.

I'm still so lost in thought about Heidi that I don't notice we've arrived at our hotel



until Bodie sarcastically tells me, "We're here, loverboy." I give him my best scowl, which only earns me a laugh. "You can't fool me. I was daydreaming about her, and I was driving. I'm sure Riggs was thinking about her, too."

"Guilty as charged." Riggs raises his hand, causing us to laugh, and it's the first time I've been able to relax since I laid eyes on our dreamgirl.

I'm not a religious man by any means, but before I stepped out of the vehicle, I said a little prayer—praying to The Father, The Son, and The Holy Ghost that my one wish would come true and the universe would take pity on our three souls and give us the greatest gift of all.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am*

five

Heidi

I give my tiny, tight leather top one last tug, making sure my breasts don't spill over like they're threatening to do before I stroll up to the doorman at The Book Club. It's a strange name for a sex club, but the theme is Where your book boyfriend and your real boyfriend collide— permitting you to act out your favorite fantasies from all your naughty books. Rumor has it a famous romance author owns the club franchise and has clubs all over the country.

Showing up to a sex club by myself is probably not the smartest idea I've ever had, but my friend Erica was busy tonight, and Tiffany has a deadline I have to meet for the stupid scavenger hunt.

Act like you know what you are doing, and he won't ask any questions.

I give myself a silent pep talk as I attempt to slide past the doorman. Sweat begins to pool in the middle of my back, and I can't tell if I'm just nervous or if the leather is too hot. Oh, who am I kidding? I'm scared shitless that the doorman will see through my disguise. I tried to layer on the makeup, but it felt too fake and tight, so I went with my natural lighter makeup instead—which I am now cursing as the doorman grabs me by my wrist, stopping me from entering the club.

"I don't think so, jailbait. Let's see some ID." My body freezes at his words. I thought for sure he would let me in, especially with the short, tight leather dress I'm wearing. "Besides, it's Dom/baby girl night tonight, and there is no way your Dom would let

you dress like that without him at your side."

Ugh, I knew I should have researched more about the club and what exactly I was getting myself into. "Look, I need to go inside for only ten minutes—it's all I need, then I'll leave. I promise." I beg, knowing Tiffany will make my life a living hell if I don't complete her scavenger hunt in time.

His eyes roam up and down my body with a look of amusement, "I tell you what. I get off in fifteen minutes. If you get me off, I'll sneak you through the backdoor and take you to one of the rooms myself, maybe through your backdoor." He tightens his grip on my wrist, and I want to throw up.

There is no way I'm going anywhere with him, not in fifteen minutes, not ever. I guess I'll have to deal with whatever punishment Tiffany gives me. I'm just about to jerk my hand out of his ever-tightening grip when I hear the voice of one of my saviors.

"Get your hands off our property, Mario," I hear Anders say as I turn to face him, and I'm not mad at being called their property—just the opposite.

"I don't think your boss would like to know you're trying to force three of the club members' baby girl into blowing you instead of letting her inside to wait for us like the good little girl she is," Bodie adds, causing Mario to drop my hand like it's on fire.

"Good boy," Riggs says, condescendingly patting Mario on the cheek.

Before the game today, I snuck a peak at one of the programs, searching for the name of my third crush as I've decided to think of them as—since I can't act on the desire they've caused inside of me. I was lucky to escape them earlier today before embarrassing myself and begging them to take me when we were in the referee lounge. I could barely get through the dance routines with their eyes on me.

I even did an internet search on all of them, looking for any information until I finally needed a break from my obsession—only to come face to face with them outside a sex club. My mood sours as I realize they were on their way inside the sex club when they spotted me trying to get in to the club.

Did I interrupt their plans for tonight?

The thought of them hooking up with random women at some sex club depresses me. It's time I throw in the towel for the stupid scavenger hunt and my crush on three guys who have clearly already forgotten about me.

"Excuse me. I'm going home." I try to storm off, but a pair of strong arms wraps around my waist, pulling me tight against a muscular, warm chest.

"You're not going anywhere, Baby Girl. You obviously got dressed up and wanted to go to a sex club. Well, you've got your wish." Bodie whispers against my ear, causing my skin to break out in goosebumps.

I'm not sure if this is the part of the dream where I should pinch myself to wake up or let the dream play out. My curiosity wins, and I let them lead me into either heaven or hell.

"But she's not exactly dressed for Baby Girl night. Let's make a stop at the boutique." Riggs says as Bodie ushers me through the front door and passes a very pissed off-looking bouncer.

"There's a boutique inside the club?" I look around the club and am in awe of its tasteful decor, which includes leather oversized chairs and bookshelves with thousands of books lining the walls. It's almost an exact replica of the Beast's library in *Beauty and the Beast*—it even has a ladder to slide around to reach books on the higher shelves. The only difference is the number of people in the room and the bar

on the other side of the massive room.

"Of course, there's a boutique inside, Heidi. There are different levels of fantasies. You need to make sure you dress the part to experience the full fantasy. Plus, you might need a few extra toys to reach the desired heights of pleasure." Anders makes the comment like it's normal to walk into a club and become totally immersed in the lifestyle.

A thrill runs through me when Anders says my name. I'm not sure how he found it out, but the fact that they actually took the time to find it out sends a thrill through my body. Until I realize this is all more than likely a game to them since they're obviously members of the sex club I'm trying to sneak into.

"You guys come here a lot, huh." I try to keep the disappointment out of my voice as I let Bodie lead me to our destination, but if I'm only going to be a plaything to them, I want to know now so I can protect my heart.

We pass by the main room and down the hall to the boutique. A saleswoman greets us and leads us to a private dressing room. I'm so lost in my pity party that I don't listen to the conversations going on around me.

I should be used to being alone by now. My parents never wanted me. My brother Holden is the only one who actually takes any interest in my life. I know he loves me, but he has his own life to live.

Bodie positions me in the middle of the large changing room while the saleswoman instructs another woman on where to place the clothes they have brought in for me to try on. Bodie, Anders, and Riggs sit on the leather couches in the dressing area while the saleswoman and her assistant leave the four of us alone in the room when it dawns on me that there is nowhere for me to change but in front of my three crushes.

Deciding if I only have one shot with the three of them, I will make it as memorable as possible. I unlace the strings holding my leather top together, pull it over my head, and throw it on the floor at my feet, leaving my naked breasts to bounce now that they are free from their confinement. I then kick off my high-heeled shoes, not caring where they landed, as I watch the lust fill their eyes as they gaze at my body.

I've never really liked my body—I've always felt a little self-conscious of how big my boobs are and how wide my hips are, but at least my tiny waist makes up for it. Speaking of my waist, I run my hands over my toned stomach, another one of the features of my body I like, and reach for the zipper on the side of the leather skirt and slowly lower it before wiggling out of it and letting it drop to the floor with a soft thud.

"Oops. No panties." I raise my hand to my lips in mock surprise.

The only reason I'm not wearing panties is I couldn't find the sexy lace thong panties I bought to go with the skirt. Unfortunately, they are the only sexy panties I own—I can't very well wear my everyday high-waisted granny panties with a leather skirt, so I opted out of wearing panties altogether.

A collective groan comes from the couch, causing me to channel my inner bad girl. "I guess I'll have to try the clothes on like this." I lower my hand, place both hands on my hips, and do a little spin, giving them a 360-degree view of my body.

I grab the first outfit off the rack and slip it on—it's a schoolgirl uniform with a super short skirt and a tight, white sheer top—so sheer my hard nipples are clearly visible.

"What do you think?" I do another twirl, causing the short skirt to fly up around my waist. "Is this baby girl enough for you?"

Their groans turn into moans, and instead of three sexy guys, they sound more like

zombies closing in on the prey they want to eat. I turn back to the clothes rack, pretending to be interested in the next outfit to hide the giggle that wants to break free from my lips at the obvious hard-ons they're packing in their pants while watching me change.

I want to continue my little peep show for them, but I need to get into one of the sex rooms for the selfie before I leave—and if they keep looking at me like that, my brain will turn to mush, too.

The outfits the saleswoman and her assistant picked out for me are amazing. I'd love to try them all on for the guys, but time is wasted. My hand lands on the perfect outfit for our little game. It's a light pink, sheer babydoll nightgown with ruffles on the short skirt that barely covers my ass. Every part of it is sheer—it's as if I'm not wearing anything.

"That's the one." Bodie finds his voice as he stands and walks toward me, with Riggs and Anders following close behind. "What about your hair? Should you put it up?" Riggs and Anders nod in agreement.

I've watched enough porn with my friend Erica for educational purposes; she's studying to be a psychologist, that I know exactly what they want me to do with my hair. Pigtails or a ponytail would be too obvious, so I go for two French braids instead.

I quickly French braid my hair and place the pink rubber bands and ribbon I found with the sheer nightgown and face them. "Is this better?" I hold in another giggle at the way their mouths are open, and their eyes bulge out.

"You're perfect." Riggs is the first to come to his senses. "Let's go to the main room and show off our little treat." He takes my hand and guides me through the dressing room and into the main bar area.

I should be mortified that I'm being paraded around like this, but I absolutely love the attention I'm getting from not only my three guys but all the other guys and some of the women in the club. We pass by other women dressed in baby girl outfits, and for some strange reason, I finally feel like I belong somewhere—like I've found my people.

We sit at one of the round booths in a corner of the club—Anders on one side of me and Bodie on the other while Riggs sits next to Anders but still at an angle that he can look directly at me.

"So, how does it feel to have every guy here want you?" Riggs asks playfully.

"They don't." I duck my head, bashfully cursing the bad timing for losing my nerve now that I finally feel comfortable somewhere, thanks to the three of them.

"You honestly don't think everyone in here hasn't already committed your naked, curvy body to their memory by now?" Just as the final word is out of Riggs's mouth, two tall, muscular cowboys stroll up to our table.

"I know if she were our baby girl, we wouldn't let anyone touch her but us. And we mean no disrespect, but we've never seen someone with her innocent yet sexual aura before." The first cowboy finishes saying as his eyes run up and down my body.

"What my friend here is trying to ask is if you would be willing to let us have a go at your baby girl for a few hours. I know some of the Daddy Doms like to share, and since there are three of you and only one of her, we thought it was worth a chance to ask." The second cowboy licks his lips, his eyes never leaving my hard nipples.

All of a sudden, I begin to panic. I don't really know Riggs, Bodie, or Anders at all. They could be into sharing with other guys, not just between the three of them. What if they say yes? I can't very well try to escape the club wearing a sheer nightgown.



Plus, we haven't really talked about how far this is going to go.

I don't realize my knee is bouncing up and down like I'm preparing to escape until Bodie leans in and whispers in my ear, "Don't worry, Baby Girl. We aren't going to make you do anything you don't want to do, even if it's with us. This is the first time the three of us will be sharing a woman, if you'll let us. And we certainly aren't going to share you with anyone else." He tilts his head and gives me a reassuring smile before returning to the conversation.

"We appreciate the offer, but she's ours, and we don't share." Riggs nods at Anders and Bodie in some secret signal, causing Bodie to lift my nightgown, fully exposing my nakedness to everyone around the table. At the same time, Anders slides his fingers into my soaked pussy. I close my eyes and arch my back, pushing my chest into Bodie's touch. "So, if you'll excuse us, we need to get her into a playroom before she comes in front of everyone. And no one gets to see her come but us."

Little does Riggs know that his words and the possessive tone of his voice as he stakes their claim on me almost send me over the edge, but like the good baby girl I am tonight. I hold it in as Anders pulls his fingers out of my wet core and slips them into my mouth. "Taste yourself." I open my mouth, obeying Anders, moaning at the first taste of my juices as they coat my mouth. I lick his fingers clean before he slides them out, and Bodie picks me up and carries me bridal style to one of the playrooms with the sound of the cowboys cursing their bad luck at not finding me first follows us down the hallway.

## Page 6

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six

Riggs

I thought I had used up the last of my three wishes. My first wish was to get an athletic scholarship to play hockey in college. My second wish was to be drafted and play in the NHL. My third wish was for my grandmother, who raised me, to beat her breast cancer diagnosis—she's been in remission for the last five years.

I would never have wasted my first two wishes if I had known I would need one for my little Princess Jasmine. But fate has a strange way of making you realize what's important in life. So, I refuse to squander the opportunity the universe gave us, and I'll do whatever it takes to make Heidi ours.

"What do you think of the playroom, Heidi?" Bodie asks. He's the expert when it comes to sex clubs.

He introduced us to the Dom lifestyle. I wouldn't exactly call us committed to it—we more or less dabble in it. It was fun and exciting when we were younger, but now it seems fake until we saw Heidi here tonight. Now, those Dom urges inside of me are stronger than ever.

"It's, um, nice."

We try not to laugh at her innocent answer. She's a breath of fresh air compared to the women we usually hook up with.

"Do you understand what happens in these rooms?" She nods at Bodie's question. "And do you consent to whatever form of punishment or pleasure we give you?" She nods again. "Words, Baby Girl. We need to hear you say the words."

"Yes, I consent to let you give me whatever form of punishment or pleasure you deem necessary, Sir." Hearing her say, Sir goes straight to my cock. She has no idea the effect she has on me—on all of us.

"Good girl, let's show you what's in store for you." Bodie walks her around the room, pointing out the spanking bench, the sex swing, and all the various toys available for pleasure.

I watch as her eyes stray back to the large St. Andrew's Cross in the middle of the room. I'm not sure if Bodie intentionally didn't mention the cross or what he's thinking.

"What's that?" She points at the cross, desire shining in her eyes.

"That is something you will have to work your way up to, baby girl. For right now, we'll start off slow with some mild spanking and light anal play." Bodie sits down on the bed and pulls Heidi across his lap as the short hem of her sheer skirt rides up over her ass, giving us an unobstructed view of her naked ass. "Count out loud each time my bare hand connects with your naked ass starting at one."

I've never watched Bodie discipline anyone before, so watching him do so with Heidi is turning me on more than I thought possible. With each crack of his hand against her bare skin and her soft voice calling out a number, I grow harder and harder. Finally, after Heidi says the number fifteen, Bodie pulls her off his lap, lifts off her nightgown, and lays her on the bed.

He gives her a deep kiss, thrusting his tongue into her mouth before stepping back,

"Are you ready for us?"

"Yes." She moans.

Bodie nods at Anders, and he strips his clothes off, settling his broad shoulders between Heidi's thighs, and begins to lick her pussy like it's his last meal until she begs for release.

"Please, can I come? I need to come!" She all but screams the last part.

"Come for us." Bodie commands.

Her body shakes as her eyes roll back in ecstasy. Anders moves from between her thighs and thrusts deep into her pussy, causing her to spasm again.

"Fuck, you're so tight. I could do this all day and night and never tire of it." Anders's hips thrust in and out as he pounds into her tight hole.

Her high-pitched squeals of pleasure almost send me over the edge, but I hold on, knowing I won't truly be satisfied until I'm coming inside her.

"That's it, take Anders's big cock." Bodie continues his encouragement.

Needing something to distract me from the scene in front of me, I remove my clothes and set them on a chair by the bed when I hear Anders grunting for Heidi to come on his cock.

I turn around just in time to see her body tense and shake before relaxing as Anders continues thrusting into her body until his body tenses and his eyes roll back.

Once his body stops convulsing, Anders gives Heidi a deep, lingering kiss. I'm

seconds away from tearing him off Heidi so I can have a turn when he breaks the kiss and pulls out of her body.

"I guess we never really talked about birth control." He says sheepishly, causing us all to freeze.

I've never gone without a condom before, but with Heidi, I don't want anything between us.

"It's okay. I'm on the pill, and I'm clean."

We all sigh in relief, knowing we need to take her bare to quench the beast inside of all of us.

"I'm clean too." We take turns replying.

Anders moves out of the way, and I take my place between her thighs, notching my cock against her entrance, silently vowing to eat her sweet little pussy next time. "Ready?"

She smiles and nods her head as I slide my cock deep inside her. I capture her gasp of surprise and thrust my tongue into her mouth. I've always loved kissing, but something about kissing Heidi is different—it feels right—like I've finally found home.

I reach a hand between our bodies, finding her clit, and rub my fingers across it as she calls out my name. She's so responsive to being touched all I want to do is tie her up and tease her until she's begging for mercy.

Someday.

I feel her body tighten around my cock as she comes undone. I follow her over the cliff as I shoot rope after rope of cum into her womb.

Once our bodies relax, I roll off of her and move to the side of the bed, wanting a front-row seat to Bodie taking his turn with Heidi. I watch as he slides his cock into her tight hole, his cock pulling almost all of the way out before plunging back in. Our baby girl is taking our cocks so well I can't wait to take her all at the same time.

Bodie picks up the pace, thrusting faster and faster until they are both coming at the same time. Giving them a few minutes to recuperate, I slip into the bathroom and get a warm washcloth to clean Heidi.

When I return to the bed, Anders and Bodie are lying on either side of Heidi on the bed. I run the warm cloth across her beautiful pink pussy and say, "We have a couple of away games, but we'd like to see you again."

She lifts her head off the pillow and smiles at me, "I'd like that."

We make plans for when we're in town again, then make love to Heidi a few more times before leaving. Never all of us at the same time. Like Bodie said, we have to ease her into it.

## Page 7

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seven

Heidi

It's been five days since I've seen Riggs, Bodie, and Anders, and I feel like I am coming out of my skin. I want them so badly; these last few days have proven that to me. Their work schedule sent them to Canada for a couple of days. But they're back in Minnesota, refereeing the home game tonight against the Indiana Freeze.

I was running late, so I didn't see them before the game. Then the Freeze played so dirty that Riggs, Anders, and Bodie were stuck reviewing all the penalties during the first-period break. Now Teagan asked to meet Hadley, Gemma, and me by the referee's lounge, which is making me even more jittery, being this close to where they might be.

"What's so important that you wanted us to meet you here?" Hadley asks Teagan

Before Teagan can answer, Riggs, Anders, and Bodie walk out of the lounge—their eyes instantly land on me. "You're not causing any trouble, are you, little girl?" Bodie asks, and I feel a dampness between my thighs at just hearing his voice.

"No," I mumble, not wanting my friends to see how much they affect me. We haven't really talked about our relationship; with me being so much younger than them, they might not want to risk anyone finding out about us, but that doesn't stop me from adding, "Sir." I want to see if I get a reaction from them.

"Good. We'd hate to have to punish you if you were causing trouble." Anders says. I

feel my face heat up at the desire hiding in his eyes.

"We'll see you around." Riggs gives me a sexy wink, and I swear I almost melt into a puddle.

"Okay, I'm not sure what just happened there, but we don't have time to dissect that right now." Teagan raises an eyebrow at me before turning back to Gemma and Hadley. "I think it's time I tell you guys about the video that Brock released to the media before the game started," Teagan says, bringing the conversation back into focus.

"What video?" I hear Hadley ask Teagan, but my eyes are still on Riggs, Anders, and Bodie as they make their way down the tunnel to the ice.

"I don't know how to say this to either one of you, but," I hear Teagan say, which snaps me out of my fantasies of my men, "Brock Billings, Gemma's ex, released a video of what looks like Gemma giving blow jobs to Caspian, Holden, and Barnett." Teagan hits play on her phone, and the video starts as we all watch what appears to be Gemma cheating on her boyfriends.

I look away from the video because the last thing I want to see is my big brother having sex with anyone.

"What? I would never cheat on Colt, Jensen, and Beck—you have to believe me, Hadley." Gemma shoves the phone away from her.

"Don't worry, Gemma, I believe you because that's me in the video with Holden, Barnett, and Caspian. We were at a restaurant in one of the private rooms in the back. I, um, couldn't wait." My mouth drops open at Hadley's confession, and I fight the urge to jump up and down and say I told you so. I knew my brother was up to something. I just hope he's happy.



"Holy shit, you were serious about making a sex tape." Teagan says, "I thought you were just kidding. I didn't know you were so kinky."

"I didn't know we were being filmed." The color leaves Hadley's face, and I'm worried she might pass out. "It had to be one of the staff at the restaurant that knew of a private entrance because I made sure to lock the door before we started."

"What restaurant were you at?" Gemma's voice wobbles.

Hadley shrugs as the color comes back to her face, "Provisions or Providence."

"I bet it was Provisions. I heard Tiffany works there, ever since Colt, Beck, and Jensen fired her for her reckless behavior. That's why we never go there." I wrap my arms around Gemma, trying her best to comfort her.

I haven't known Gemma long, but she is one of the sweetest people I have ever met—she doesn't deserve this.

"Where's Cassi and Britt?" Hadley asks.

"Britt is setting up a press conference for after the game, and Cassi is calling the police to have Brock arrested and charged with revenge porn."

"Revenge what?" Hadley asks. "I've never heard of that."

I haven't heard of it either, but I can only imagine how painful this is for Gemma—at least she has Beck, Colt, and Jensen to take care of her. I smile as I think of my own three men.

"It's when an ex distributes naked pictures of you to embarrass or shame you. It's a felony in the state of Minnesota to intentionally share an image of someone who is

shown performing a sexual act or has their private parts exposed."

"Oh God, people are going to see that video and think it's me." Gemma sobs into my shoulder, and I hold her tighter.

"Don't worry, Gemma, I'm going to clear up this whole mess." Hadley brushes her hair off her face. "Brock is going to pay for what he tried to do to you."

"Damn, straight he is." We all jump at the sound of Colt's voice.

Gemma bursts out of my embrace into the waiting arms of her three boyfriends, "It isn't me in that video, I swear."

"We know, baby. Let's get you home." Colt picks Gemma up and carries her bridal style out of the building, with Beck and Jensen each holding one of her hands.

"They are so cute together. I wish I had that kind of love in my life." I sigh as I watch them leave, praying that one day, I'll have that kind of love in my life. My mind wanders to Riggs, Bodie, and Anders.

"Don't worry, squirt, you will someday." Teagan nudges me, and I laugh at the silly nickname she's given me, "Now that Gemma is safely out of the arena, let's go over our plan."

We spent the next five minutes quickly reviewing the plan until Teagan had to return to the ice for the third period, and I had to return to my cheering section.

I really didn't have a huge part in the plan. I was more of a supporting cast member. But I certainly loved watching Gemma's prick of an ex-boyfriend get arrested after the post-game news conference when Hadley outed Gemma's ex for his criminal behavior. Watching him walk out in handcuffs was the icing on the cake. I even

recorded it on my phone for Gemma to watch when she's ready.

"Just what I thought, you are getting into trouble." A strong arm wraps around my waist, and I almost drop my phone before I can hit send to Gemma. "Let's get out of here," Anders whispers in my ear as he pulls me away from the crowd into the shadows of the arena and out the back door to a waiting SUV with Riggs and Bodie inside. And I know I'm going to have a good night.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am*

eight

Heidi

The last few weeks have been amazing yet lonely. Whenever the guys are in town, we secretly hook up. We've never talked about keeping our relationship a secret; it just happened. I hate lying to my brother during away games when I claim to be sick and go back to my room instead going out to eat with the rest of the cheer squad and team, only to meet up with Riggs, Anders, and Bodie when we're lucky enough that our schedules line up so we can spend time together in a hotel room.

Sneaking into the referee's lounge the second time was much easier than the first time. Either that, or I'm not as nervous this time. Or maybe it's a different kind of nervous—one filled with the promise of sexual release, at least for them with what I have planned.

I crouch down behind the couch like the last time I was here and wait for my prey to arrive. Thanks to Cassi, the fourth official is tied up working on a mountain of paperwork so we won't be interrupted. Riggs, Anders, and Bodie have been on the road again for a little stretch, and I haven't seen them in a couple of days. The only thing that has kept the loneliness away from missing them is knowing I would see them in a couple of days and how they would react to my little surprise.

The door creaks open, kicking my overact libido into overdrive, causing me to rub my thighs together under the sheer baby doll night gown I'm wearing. I know how much they love seeing me in it. I smooth my French braids and prepare to pounce on my men when my plan is spoiled by three handsome faces leering over the couch at

me.

"How did you know I was here?" I pout, not really upset by the turn of events.

"Baby Girl, if you haven't learned by now, we can sense you anywhere. You never will." Bodie reaches behind the couch and helps me stand, catching a glimpse of my outfit. "Damn, you know how to keep your men happy." He runs his hands over the sides of my body as his eyes take in my near-naked form.

"Actually, I know of a way I want to keep my men very, very happy." I step from behind the couch, grab a pillow, and toss it on the floor before lowering myself onto it until the padded fabric cushions my knees. "I want to feel all of you in my mouth."

The silence in the room at my statement is soon replaced by the sounds of zippers being lowered and belts being unbuckled, with the final sound of fabric sliding down bare skin as Riggs, Anders, and Bodie stand proudly in front of me naked.

"Is this what you need?" Bodie grips his cock and rubs it over my lips until I open my mouth and take him deep inside my throat. "Shit, you feel so good." Bodie moans, his hips picking up speed as he thrusts into my mouth.

I open my throat and let him guide our pace with his hands wrapped around my French braids as he snaps his hips faster and faster until he's coming hard down my throat. I greedily swallow his hot cum as it splashes against the back of my throat, loving the silky feeling.

He pulls back just a little bit to coat my mouth and tongue with his seed. After a few more jerks of his body he pulls out completely leaving me feeling empty.

Anders must sense my disappointment as he steps up, taking Bodie's place, "Don't worry, my greedy little girl, I've got more for you to suck on." Which is exactly what

I do as I take him into my mouth, bobbing up and down over his cock until he's tugging on my hair, moaning my name as he shoots his load down my throat. "God, I missed you." He leans down and kisses the top of my head. He pulls out of my mouth and steps back, giving Riggs room to take his place.

"Do you know how sexy you look on your knees, letting my best friends fuck your pretty little mouth?" He runs his thumb across my lips, and I stick out my tongue to lick it. But he pulls his hand back, "I've got something better for you to suck on."

Riggs guides his cock into my mouth, and I take him just as deep down my throat as the other two. My jaw begins to ache from having so many large cocks stretching it out, but it's a good kind of ache. And just like the other two, he holds my braids and thrusts deeply into my mouth and down my throat until he's coming forcefully down my throat. After that last aftershock, he slips out of my mouth, holds my hands, and helps me stand. "Now that you've taken care of us, we need to take care of you."

I place a hand on his chest, "Hold that thought. You guys have the pre-game meeting to attend, and one of the ice girls is back from maternity leave with her new baby. I want to see it. We'll have plenty of time tonight for you to pleasure me. Besides, this was my way of telling you I missed the three of you." I grab my coat from behind the coat and slip it on.

"Fine. But we aren't letting you out of bed until we've had our fill." Bodie says.

"Promises, promises." I sway my hips from side to side as I walk across the room and out the door with a light heart, knowing my men are back in town.

nine

Bodie

"Damn, that was so hot. How did we get so lucky as to have such a good girl who likes to get nasty," Anders is right. For being so young and inexperienced, Heidi has really taken to letting the three of us do whatever we want to her ripe, young body. "So, what do you think we should introduce her to tonight?"

"She was eyeing the St. Andrew's Cross at the club that first night. I'd love to see her stretched out on it, sacrificing herself to us." The image of how she would look tied to the cross and how we would make her beg for our cocks has me hard all over again. It's hard to believe her sweet little mouth sucked us dry less than an hour ago. If not for the pre-game officials meeting, we'd still be in the referee lounge sampling her nectar. "Do you think we have time for another round after the meeting?"

"I guess it depends on how fast we can get through the meeting and if she can sneak away from warmups." Riggs gets a faraway look in his eyes, and I know he's thinking about how Heidi looks warming up before games, with her plump ass sticking up in the air as she bends over and touches her toes. It's one of my favorite positions to get her into—she's so damn flexible.

"Maybe we'll get our chance." I nudge Riggs's shoulder when I see Heidi skate onto the ice, taking a few practice spins before someone on the bench catches her eye. Our eyes follow her to where she sits on the bench and grabs a chunky baby out of a woman's arms.

I suck in a breath at the vision of our Baby Girl holding a baby, and all I can think about is getting her pregnant and watching as her stomach grows with our child inside her protective body. Until reality sinks in, I glance toward Riggs and then to Anders. They're looking at her and the baby like it's the best thing they've ever seen. It's then that I realize Heidi was never meant to be ours. It was just a glitch in the matrix.

She was meant for greater things, like being a wife and a mother not the young secret lover to three dirty old men. Shame washes over me, and all I want to do is forget I ever saw Heidi holding a baby in her arms and go back to thinking of her as our sub, not the perfect wife and mother.

I finally look away as Heidi blows little raspberries on the baby's stomach, making him laugh, "We can't do this, do her. She needs to find someone her own age, get married, and start a family." They open their mouths to speak, but I hold up my hand, "We're only going to hold her back. Look at how natural she is with that baby. She deserves everything her heart desires even if she doesn't realize it yet."

"I know." Riggs finally concedes as he hangs his head.

"So how are we going to do this?" Anders says, not taking his eyes off Heidi.

As much as I know the next words are going to haunt me, I rip off the band-aid and say them anyway, "We have to make her believe we don't want her any longer." When they say nothing, I add, "It's for her own good. She'll thank us someday."

"I hope you're right." Riggs lifts his head. His eyes land on Heidi, "I hope she forgives us someday, if she even remembers us.

The thought of her forgetting about us doesn't sit right with me. But isn't that what we're asking her to do—to forget about us and move on?



ten

Anders

With a sigh, I glance at Heidi, who is still holding that adorable baby in her arms, and I wonder what our child would look like. Would he have sable-brown hair like his mother? Or would he have dirty blond hair like me? Or dark hair like Riggs? Or maybe strawberry blond hair like Bodie? The possibilities are endless, but not our reality.

I catch Heidi's eye, and she gives me a huge smile. She picks up the baby's tiny little arm and waves it at us, and my heart almost stops. Is this what it would be like if Heidi was the mother of our children? At the age of thirty-six, I'd pretty much given up on finding the one to settle down with and spend my whole life with. But then Heidi popped into our lives, and that's all I can think of. She's all I can think of. Unfortunately, she's way too young for us, and it's not fair for her to continue with a relationship that isn't going anywhere.

It's time we man up and let her live her life and experience the world until she's ready to settle down with her special someone. I choke down the bile that's rising in my throat just thinking about her with someone else.

How did one woman come to mean so much to us so quickly that we would give up our own happiness for her to find the happiness she deserves?

I attempt to smile back, but it feels forced. She must realize we have something important to talk to her about. Her smile fades as she hands the baby back to its

mother, whom I assume is its mother, before skating over to where the three of us stand on the ice.

"You guys look so serious. Is everything okay?"

"We, um, wanted to let you know that our time with you is over." I stumble over the words, hating each one as they fall from my lips.

"What Anders is trying to say is that it's been fun, but it's time we all moved on." Bodie jumps into the conversation, his voice holding a little enthusiasm at the words hurting our Baby Girl, something any good Daddy Dom would never do.

That's the catch: we aren't good, Daddy Doms. If we were, we would do everything in our power to make her happy and not break her heart like I can tell we are doing now by the devastation in her eyes.

"But we just...I mean, I thought this meant something to the three of you because it meant something to me." Her dark chocolate brown eyes fill with tears but I know I have to end any hope she is clinging to with my next words.

"It's over Heidi."

eleven

Heidi

"This is over? Is that what you're telling me?" I hate that my voice cracks, making me sound as vulnerable as I feel.

"You're a sweet girl, but that's exactly what you are—a girl. We need a woman by our side." It wouldn't hurt as bad if Anders could actually look me in the eyes when he's lying to my face.

I don't understand what happened. One moment, we were in the referee's lounge having the most amazing moment, and the next, they were telling me they didn't want me anymore. It doesn't make sense unless I'm right; this was all a game to them from the beginning.

"It's just that we want different things. You're still young and have your whole life before you while we're set in our ways." Riggs says.

"It's for the best, Baby Girl," Bodie adds, and before I can yell at him and tell him he lost the right to call me his baby girl when they told me it was over, I hear someone call my name.

"Heidi!" I glance over to where Cassi is running down the hall, yelling my name, only to have Anders step in front of me like he's my personal bodyguard or something. But he doesn't get it. If they're dumping me, they have no control over who I talk to or go out with.

"Ms. Masterson, I didn't realize that was you." Anders backs down when he realizes it's just Cassi running toward me and not some crazy lady, even though she's acting pretty crazy right now.

"I need to go to the locker room and talk to my guys." Cassi stops in front of the four of us with a pleading look in her eyes I've never seen before, and I realize I was right. She is in love with Dalton, Ace, and Maverick, three of the newest and youngest players on the team, as well as her latest clients.

"They're not in the locker room. They're already on the ice. Coach Davis is trying something new for pre-game warm-ups." I shrug. I wish I could do something to help her talk to her guys.

"But..."

An idea hits me, and I snap my fingers, "We wear the same shoe size."

"And..."

"Take my skates and skate out there to your men and tell them you love them." I can't help but look from Anders to Bodie, then to Riggs. Why are they being so stubborn?

"That's brilliant!" Cassi kicks off her shoes and slips on my discarded skate, just like the rest of me—discarded by the three men I thought cared about me.

I watch as Cassi laces up her borrowed skates. With the assistance of Anders, Riggs, and Bodie, she makes her way to the ice and out to claim her men. I turn away, unable to watch the happiness in their eyes as they see her.

Instead of heading to the stands and my designated cheering section, I pick up Cassi's shoes and carefully make my way across the cold arena floor with only my sheer

pantihose protecting my feet. I intended to grab my extra pair of skate, put them on, and go to my cheering section, but once I got to Cassi's office, I realized I didn't feel like cheering, and I certainly didn't feel like being forced to watch the three men I'm pretty sure I've fallen in love with skate around the ice like they didn't just throw me away like I meant nothing to them.

With my mind made up, I send a quick text to Gemma, who is now the head cheerleader of the Valkyrie, after Tiffany's involvement with the whole revenge porn Gemma's ex-hockey-playing boyfriend tried to pull, which landed him in jail, and let her know I don't feel well, then I lay down on Cassi's couch and pull the throw over my body and let the darkness take me as I fall into a fitful sleep.

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"Heidi, wake up. It's time to go home." Cassi's voice pulls me from my dreamless sleep.

I yawn and stretch my hands over my head, "How long have I been asleep?"

"It's the second-period break. I didn't see you in your normal cheering spot, so I wanted to check on you." Cassi leans down and brushes a lock of hair off my cheek. "Do you want to tell me about it? Does it have anything to do with those three hot as sin referee's you've been hanging out with?"

There's no use hiding the truth from Cassi, "I think I'm in love with them, but they don't want me. They said I'm too young. I have my whole life in front of me blah, blah, blah." I can't control the tears that roll down my cheeks. "Why did I have to go and fall in love with them?"

"Oh, honey. Life is a mystery. There's no rhyme or reason to who you fall in love with or, in our case, how many you fall in love with. But if they don't love you back,

you have to let them go and move on. There's a whole wide world out there filled with guys who deserve your love—don't waste it on three who don't."

I know she's right, but it still hurts, knowing they're so close yet so far away.

"You should probably know I got an update on my phone during the first period of a change in the referee schedule—your three referees aren't on any of the Minnesota Norse games for the rest of the year."

If I didn't believe them at first, this is the final dagger to my already shattered heart: "Cassi, do you have somewhere I could stay for a while until I can figure things out?"

With a soft smile, she replies, "Actually, I do."

twelve

Riggs

I search the cheer squad as they practice their routine on the ice for tonight's game. My eyes scanning the group for even the smallest glimpse of Heidi. But I don't see her anywhere.

These last few days without her have been hell without her. Not just sexually, but her quick wit and sunny personality are something I need in my life. I know Anders and Bodie feel the same way—like we are just going through the motions, too numb to process our true feelings for Heidi. We called more penalties in the last few days than we have all year, and the team owners are beginning to notice. Two days ago, Anders almost got into a fight with some of the players during a game.

That was the final straw. We knew we needed our Baby Girl back. We had to pull a lot of strings to get back into the rotation to work a Minnesota Norse game on such short notice, but we somehow pulled it off.

"Is she out there?" Bodie glances around my shoulder.

It's two hours before the game, and we should be in our pregame meeting instead of looking for Heidi. I'm not sure how I'm going to be able to step into the referee lounge with the memories of what the four of us did in there the last time we worked a Minnesota Norse game.

"I don't see her," Anders adds. "Do you think she's okay?"

"If you mean, is she sick from a broken heart? Then yeah, she's not okay." We turn around at the new voice that has entered our private conversation to find Cassi Masterson, a cutthroat sports agent, glaring at us with her hands on her hips. "I should gut you myself for what you did to that poor girl. All she has ever wanted was to be loved and have someone make her the center of their universe. The three of you did that for her—gave her everything her heart desired—then, poof, it was gone along with the three of you."

"How did you know about us? I thought she wanted it to be a secret since we are so much older than her," I ask, still stunned by Cassi's assessment of our situation with Heide.

"Heidi and I are best friends, even if I'm a little bit older. Even though she's only eighteen, she's an old soul who had to grow up fast since her parents didn't care about her. Her older brother tried, but he was dealing with his own stuff. She was doing good living on her own with a roommate, a full-time job, she was even starting to hang out with our Ladies of the Norse group. She was finally living her life independently—then you three ass wipes stroll into her life, give her the love and connection she's been craving—then rip it away."

Hearing our shortcomings and Heidi's crushed dreams coming out of Cassi's mouth makes me feel about two inches tall. By the heartbroken looks on Anders and Bodie's faces, I can tell they feel the same way.

"But we're twice her age. She can't possibly what to spend the rest of her life with our old asses." Anders glances from Cassi to me, then to Bodie as he says the words—a look of longing in his serious gaze.

"After the way you treated her, I'm not sure she would take any of you back." We glance out at the ice, searching for our sable-haired beauty. "She's not out there. She needed some time to think about things. I let her use my cabin on the lake. I can't



believe I'm doing this, but here's the address." Cassi hands me a slip of paper. "I'm trusting you with this information—don't hurt her again, or I'll make sure you never ref another game in your life. Understand?"

I take the piece of paper offered, shoving it in my pocket for safety. "Let's go get our girl," I say.

Anders, Bodie, and I turn to leave, but Cassi stops us. "What about the game, gentleman? Who's going to officiate if you're not here?"

Shit, I completely forgot about the game since it's the least of my worries. "We can try and call for replacements."

Cassi rolls her eyes and pulls her phone out of her purse, "Go on, I got this." She waves us off with a flick of her wrist.

thirteen

Heidi

The peaceful sounds of the water hitting the shore on this unseasonably warm fall night help to relax me as I snuggle into my blanket on the porch swing, watch the full moon shine on the water, and think about my life, my future, and what path I should follow.

I love being a Valkyrie and cheering for the Minnesota Norse, especially now that Tiffany was fired and Gemma replaced her as head cheerleader, and I didn't have to finish the scavenger hunt. But it's not my passion. My passion is writing. I love reading romance novels, but now I feel like the authors got the ending wrong, especially when the story ends with a happily ever after. Life doesn't work that way.

My story would end with the three trolls, who swore they would never fall in love with the princess, falling to their deaths out of a castle window after they had seduced the fair maiden, never to be seen again.

I shiver, remembering every touch from my trolls, as I will forever refer to them, and pull the blanket tighter around my body. I glance over at my neighbor's cabin on the lake to see his light is still on. His name is Jacob, and he's also getting over a bad breakup.

We've spent our mornings sitting on the dock, drinking coffee, and watching the sunrise. For the first few days, I felt as if I was cheating on Riggs, Anders, and Bodie by spending time with Jacob, but as the days went by, the feeling passed, leaving a

hole in my heart. Like they say, misery loves company; believe me, Jacob and I are two of the most miserable people in the world.

A set of headlights flashes in the distance, pulling me out of my thoughts. It must be the owner of the third house on this part of the lake. I know it's not Cassi; she's on a mini romantic getaway during a break in the hockey schedule. She called me earlier to tell me they were leaving after the game today and asked if I needed anything.

As the car gets closer, I notice it's coming straight for my cabin. Jacob must have noticed it because he rushes out of his cabin onto my porch. "Are you expecting company?"

"No, only my friend knows I'm here, and she's out of town." I stand up to get a closer look at who's in the vehicle.

Jacob frowns, "Stay behind me. I don't want you to get hurt." He is so sweet to protect me. I can't believe his girlfriend dumped him. If I wasn't still in love with Riggs, Anders, and Bodie, I might be swept away by Jacob's chivalry. "Who goes there?" I giggle as Jacob sounds like the troll from Billy Goats Gruff.

"You've got to be kidding me, Baby Girl—this is who is protecting you—some troll wanna-be." I don't know if I want to laugh or cry at the sound of Bodie's voice.

Instead, I squeeze Jacob's arm, saying, "It's okay—I know them." Jacob doesn't move until I tell him, "Don't worry—they can't hurt me more than they already have."

Jacob gives me a sad smile. "I wouldn't be too sure about that." He walks away into the night, the bright moon lighting his way to his cabin.

I pull the blanket tighter around my body, not sure if I'm cold or if I am trying to protect my heart, and say, "What are you three doing here? Isn't it kind of far out of

your way for a booty call?"

"Ouch, I guess we deserved that." The sadness in Anders's voice throws me off guard. Having the three of them here throws my whole body out of wack.

"We want a chance to explain why we did what we did and said what we said." Riggs steps closer, reaching his arms out like he wants to hold me before dropping them back to his sides. "We made a huge mistake."

"When we saw you holding that baby in the arena last week, and how happy you looked holding that chubby little guy in your arms like you were a natural—it made us realize that's the life you deserve—one with a young husband who can give you all the babies you want," Anders adds, also looking like he wants to scoop me up and never let me go. A week ago, when I was so devastated by their words, I might have let them and ended up falling back into our old routine, but not now.

"So, just because I was smiling and holding a baby, the three of you decided what was best for me?" I throw the blanket off my body and place my hands on my hips, forgetting that I was wearing the seethrough baby doll nightgown they bought me that first night at the sex club. It might make me look sad or pathetic, but I needed something to remind me of them tonight.

"You better not be wearing that for him." Bodie nods toward Jacob's cabin as he grabs my discarded blanket and tries to wrap me in it, but I dodge him and continue the fight.

"What if I am wearing it for him? You were the ones that ended our relationship or whatever it was. What if I've been up here letting him do everything to me that the three of you did to me? What then? You've obviously moved on—maybe I have too."

"That's just it, sweetheart. We can't move on. We haven't even tried. We've been such

miserable sons of bitches to be around. I'm surprised we still have jobs." Riggs steps closer to me, and this time, he takes my hand and holds it. "I don't care if you at your neighbor have been up here screwing around." At Anders and Bodie's growl, Riggs corrects himself, "Hell yes, I'm pissed as hell that some other guy besides the three of us touched you, made you moan, made you come around his cock. But we can't change that. It's your body and your choice who you share it with. We just wanted to tell you we're sorry and we miss you."

"We were assholes to break things off just because we thought we knew what was best for you. Will you forgive us?" Anders adds.

It's a lot to absorb standing outside on a Minnesota Fall night with only the sound of the water cutting through the silence.

Before I can speak, Bodie offers his two cents worth, "We'd like you to come back to us in whatever capacity you want, but I don't think we will be able to share you with him. So if he's who you want, tell us, and we'll never bother you again." He nods toward Jacob's cabin.

I want to make them all suffer the way I've been suffering this past week, but by the looks on their faces, they've been just as miserable as I have, if not more, especially if they think I've been hooking up with Jacob.

As if.

"First of all, you're right. It is my body, and I can share it with whoever I want." I watch as their handsome faces fall into sorrow, and I know I can't drag this on any longer. "But I'm not attracted to Jacob—he's just a friend, and he certainly has never seen me in this outfit—well, I guess, unless he's peeking through the curtains." I burst out laughing at the speed at which they snap their heads to Jacob's cabin, looking to see if he's watching—which, thankfully, he's not.

After satisfying their curiosity that Jacob is not watching me, they turn their attention back to me, "So, do you forgive us?" Riggs says as they all look at me hopefully.

"Yes, I forgive you." They each take a step toward me, but I hold up my hand and stop them, "Just because I hold a baby doesn't mean I want a baby. We can cross that bridge when we come to it. But for now, I want this. I want us. No more pushing me away. I'm yours, and you are mine. Do you understand?" I hold each of their gazes before moving to the next until I've searched each of their eyes for my answer.

"Yes, we understand." They say at the same time.

"Good. Now, come inside before the bugs eat me up when I'd rather have the three of you eat me up." I give them a wink and a wiggle of my hips, and just like that, all is right in the world again.

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am*

One Year Later

"O kay, go ahead and open your eyes." Bodie removes his hand from over my eyes, and all I can do is blink in surprise at the secret playroom they've created in our new house.

"So what do you think?" Anders says. "We made sure to add all your favorite toys. We thought it would be best if we made sure to make a secret playroom for all your fantasies, so that way, when we have kids, they'll never know about the hidden room."

"You want kids?" I try to keep the shock out of my voice, but I can't help it.

When we were on a break because they thought they were too old for me, I never dreamed they would want kids someday once we got back together. I had resigned myself to being the best aunt in the world to my brother Holden's children but never a mother myself, if I couldn't have them in my life.

"Of course, we want kids with you. You might be a mom someday, but you will always be our Baby Girl." Riggs wraps his arms around me, kissing the top of my head. "So, what do you think? Do you like the sex swing? Maybe the spanking bench? Or how about the St. Andrew's Cross?"

I can't believe they made this room for me—for us. "I love it! And I love all of you." With Riggs's arms still around me, I reach out my hands to Anders and Bodie, pulling them into a tight circle.

"We love you too, Baby Girl." They say as they take turns kissing me.

How did I get so lucky as to stumble across these three amazing guys? I'd thank Tiffany for her scavenger hunt, but the last I heard, she was serving time for stalking an ex-boyfriend. Instead, I ask my men to do the one thing I've been dying to have them do to me since they first showed me this room, "Can you do me a favor?" I pull them closer.

"Anything for you, love." Riggs squeezes me tighter like he's afraid I'll run away again.

Like that will ever happen again.

I learned my lesson the first time: to stay and fight for those you love and who love you back, even if they think they are doing the right thing by letting you go.

"Will you please tie me to the cross and have your way with me?" In an instant, hands are tearing at my clothes causing me to giggle. "Whoa, slow down. I'm not going anywhere."

The frantic movements stop, and I'm spun around to face my three loves, "Promise you'll never run from us again." Bodie pleads as Riggs and Anders nod in agreement.

The emotion in their eyes is so overwhelming I suck in a deep breath before answering, "Never, my loves. I plan to stay with you for as long as you'll have me."

Their shoulders drop as they sigh in relief, "It looks like you're stuck with us forever." Anders says, "But we haven't finished your request first." They lead me to the St. Andrew's Cross and strap me down. "Do you trust us?"

To which I simply say, "Forever and always—puck after puck."