



Puck Dirty To Me (Playing the Puck #5)

Author: Wynter Ryan

Category: Sport

Description: Aubree

Life as a single goat mom isn't easy. Unfortunately there isn't a line of guys wanting to fill the position as a goat daddy. Which is fine, because all I need are my goats and my farm.

Sure running a goat farm and a thriving online goat soap business takes a lot of time and hard work, leaving me little time for anything else. But when my uncle asked if three of his pro hockey players could stay with me on the farm while they were playing on my cousins' team I couldn't refuse, since they're the only family I have left.

Having three sexy, hockey players helping out on the farm is making me want to get dirty in more ways than one. Hopefully they want the same thing and soon they'll all puck dirty to me.

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one

River

"I'm getting too old for this shit. That's why I'm sending the three of you to my sons' team in Iowa." Coach Davis glances from me to Kyson, then finally to Bowen.

Our team, the Minnesota Norse, is first in our division. I can't believe Coach would risk losing that spot by transferring us to a different team. It helps that the Iowa Poseidon is second in our division standings, but it still sucks that the three of us are the only ones being punished.

"That's bullshit, Coach." I spit out. "What about Billings, Hove, and Hill? They're just as bad, if not worse." My blood rushes through my body, making me want to hit someone or something. But I can't exactly do that since fighting on and off the ice is what got us in this mess, to begin with.

"River's right, why do we have to go to Iowa, of all places? There's nothing there but cornfields." Kyson jumps into the conversation. "How are we supposed to entertain ourselves when not playing hockey?"

Of course, that would be Kyson's first thought—needing to be entertained has always been high on the list of his priorities. That need has gotten us into more trouble than I care to admit. The last straw with Coach Davis must have been four nights ago when Kyson convinced Bowen to challenge our teammate Holden Hill to an arm wrestling competition at Valhalla Sports Bar.

The arm wrestling wouldn't have been so bad, but it turned ugly when they reached a stalemate. After ten minutes, neither had gained an edge over the other, which led to an all-out brawl, complete with glasses getting smashed and chairs being broken, not to mention the black eyes and bruising between teammates, which didn't go over well with the media.

Numerous customers at the bar had been filming the fight. By the following day, we might have forgotten about it, but the video of the fight had gone viral. To make matters worse, our social media manager, Britt, had to work endless hours to fix the damage our little fight caused. She happens to date the Hayes Triplets, who play on the team.

The triplets were so pissed that we had made extra work for their girlfriend that they decided to take it out on us on the ice. If they weren't slamming us against the plexiglass, they were intentionally not passing the puck to us.

"That's just it, Kyson—maybe it's time the three of you learn to control your impulses. And what better place than helping my niece on her goat farm in Iowa to keep yourselves entertained when you're not playing hockey."

"Oh, Hell no. I'm not living on a goat farm." Bowen swears, anger flaring in his eyes.

Instead of getting angry, Coach shakes his head with a laugh, "The three of you have just proven my point. You're itching for a fight. You need to calm down and learn to focus—center that anger into something good for once."

Impossible.

Anger is all I've ever known. The same goes for Kyson and Bowen. I wouldn't exactly call us friends, but we have a trauma bond that most people will never understand. It's not something you go around announcing to everyone, but the first

time I met Kyson and Bowen last year, all I had to do was take one look into their eyes to see the years of anger hidden from the outside world but evident to someone who's been down that road, lurking in their depths.

"There has to be another way," I ask. "Is it even allowed to transfer us this far in the season?"

"I received special permission from the commissioner. And since both teams are agreeable, there wasn't an issue with trading you with three players from the Iowa Poseidon. The commissioner decided it was an equal trade with neither team gaining an unfair advantage." The coach's office is filled with a combination of our anger, but from the stern tone in his voice, there's no way to change his mind.

"How soon do we leave for Iowa?" I concede, knowing there's no way out of this mess we created.

"My youngest boy, Tate, is driving up from Iowa today. He'll be taking the three of you back with him in the morning."

Great. Not only have we been banished to Iowa, but we have to drive there, with nothing but cornfields on either side of Interstate 35 as scenery.

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two

Kyson

"So, you got in trouble with my dad—classic," Tate smirks from the driver's seat of his black SUV, "It's been a while since someone has pissed him off so much he's dumped them on Coop to fix."

Cooper Davis, the oldest son of Coach Davis and one grumpy son of a bitch if the rumors are true, which they usually are in the hockey world. He's won every major hockey award from the moment he played in his first game as a child to when he was named the first pro hockey player to win both Rookie of the Year and Player of the Year in the same season in his rookie season to MVP in his following three seasons until his career was cut short.

His pro career was on track to dethrone the Great One until a rapid succession of concussions forced him to retire at the young age of twenty-six. Luckily, with his skill and knowledge, he also became the youngest head coach in NHL history. Now, eight years later, with his two younger brothers, Tate and Sam, as his assistant coaches, he's the head coach for the Iowa Poseidon and our new babysitter.

"It wasn't just us," I grumble, remembering how Holden goaded Bowen into an arm wrestling challenge.

Tate glances at me in the rearview mirror, "Oh, I saw the video—the whole world saw the video of the fight. The only problem is that the other three guys have Cassie Masterson as their agent. There's no way in hell she would let anything happen to her

clients. Your first mistake was not hiring her." His eyes shift back to the road.

That is one of the many mistakes we've made. River, Bowen, and I all had the same agent, but we fired him before the season started, thinking we could take care of ourselves as we've always done. Now, this seems like a huge mistake.

I don't want to think about what led us here, so I ask Tate about his cousin's farm. "What's the deal with your cousin and her goat farm?"

Real smooth Kyson. I scold myself.

"It's not my story to tell, but I can say it's peaceful and beautiful on the farm. Aubree has made it her own little goat sanctuary."

I hold back a grimace, not believing anything involving a bunch of goats would be peaceful or beautiful. "Whatever you say." I turn back to the window and watch as row after row of cornfields pass us by.

The sign at the state border should have said, "Welcome to the most boring place on Earth, instead of Welcome to Iowa." Yeah, I know I sound like a snob, but there's not much to do in Iowa.

I need something that will hold my attention for longer than five minutes, and these cornfields are not doing the trick.

"I know it doesn't look like much through the car window, but if you give it a chance, I think you're really going to like living in Iowa," Tate says as if reading my mind.

Holding back a snort of disagreement, I nod at Tate as he glances at me in the rearview mirror. He's one of the assistant coaches. I can't very well disagree with him on the first day I meet him.

Besides, I know what it's like to disagree with someone in power. I've got the scars to prove it. Not wanting to dwell on the past, I nudge Bowen, who's sitting in the back seat with me, "What do you think? Should we go out and tip some cows tonight?"

Tate laughs, "It's not as easy as you would think. Cows can be mean sons of bitches when you mess with them."

I blink at Tate, shocked that he has actually gone cow-tipping.

He glances at me in the mirror again, laughing harder this time, "I wish you could see your face. No, I've never gone cow tipping before, but you can bet your ass I would be better at it than you, city boy."

Generally, if someone made fun of me like Tate was doing, I would get pissed and pick a fight, but for some reason, I don't feel like fighting.

My good mood lasts all of fifteen minutes as Tate announces our arrival at this cousin's farm.

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three

Aubree

"Alright, girls, it's time to show these guys who's in charge." I reach down, scratching the closest goat, Topsy Hooker, between the ears. She's a sweet black and white goat with all black from her hooves to the middle of her legs, giving her the illusion that she's wearing black hooker boots, like the ones Julia Roberts wore in the movie *Pretty Woman*. Combine that and the fact that she looks a little off-centered when she walks—hence the name Topsy Hooker.

The rest of the goats circling me bleat their agreement—from Peaches to Aquamarine to Little Bits to Black Rose and Dandelion. Even Lady Thea threw in her two cents when she normally ignores all my comments—too busy to be bothered by my daily nonsense.

Luckily, the remainder of the goats are in the barn on the far side of the farm, away from my main driveway. I don't want to overwhelm the guys with the number of goats on my farm, so these seven will be more than enough to start.

My goats are more than my livelihood. They've become my family, which I know sounds pathetic, but they keep me busy milking them for my handmade soaps, which I make and sell in local shops and farmers' markets. I even have an online store that keeps me financially stable.

Sure, my nights are lonely, living in the main farmhouse built for a large family, not an only child who, by the time her parents had her were already set in their ways and

wanted adventure more than they wanted a daughter when they were forty.

Having them both die in a freak skydiving accident two years ago when they were celebrating their shared sixtieth birthday seems almost fitting for the life they loved. Being left home alone was something I've gotten used to.

My parents retired at age 55 and began traveling the world, continuing with their plans before they found out they were pregnant with me—their surprise baby. They never once considered it wrong to leave their fifteen-year-old daughter home alone with nothing better to do than to rescue unwanted goats for a hobby.

Being a lonely teenager was bad, but I've more than made up for it now—now I'm known as the town goat girl, not an unwanted daughter.

My uncle, Harold, would invite me to spend time with him and his family, but by that time, my cousins were all grown and playing pro hockey while my uncle coached pro hockey. It wasn't until a couple of years ago, when my cousins Cooper, Tate, and Sam moved to Iowa, that I felt like I had a family I could count on.

I'd do anything for my uncle and my cousins, but just because I'm letting three spoiled hockey players live on my farm for the next few weeks doesn't mean I have to like it.

Tate's SUV makes its way down my driveway, bouncing through the mud puddles I haven't had the time to fill, finally stopping a few feet away from where I'm standing. All four car doors swing open, and I'm greeted by three huge, grumpy, handsome men and Tate's mischievous smile.

"Hey, Cous," Tate says. His long legs eat up the ground as he walks toward me, scooping me up into his tight embrace and swinging me around until I think I'm going to throw up.

"Put me down." I laugh, smacking his arm.

He gives me one last twirl before setting me back on solid ground, "How's my favorite girl?" I snort because I know he's not talking about me. It seems Lady Thea prefers Tate's company over mine.

Lady Thea gallops over to Tate, moving faster than I've ever seen her move. Tate bends down in a squat in front of Lady Thea, petting her like she is the family dog and the little flirt that she is eating it up. She gives him one of her elusive goat smiles saved only for him and her favorite rice-crispy treats.

One of the grumpy guys takes a step back, "What's wrong with that goat? It looks like the Joker with that freaky smile."

I turn my head to hide my smile. The newcomer isn't wrong. Goats seem to have eerie facial expressions that can freak a person out if they're not used to it.

"Don't talk that way about my baby girl." Tate scowls at the guys. "He didn't mean it, Lady Thea—you're a good girl, aren't you." He coos and scratches her ears.

My cousin really needs to get himself a girlfriend. Even I haven't entirely gone over the deep end with my goats, and I live with them.

I occasionally date to keep my sanity from living on a goat farm alone. None of the guys I've dated have wanted anything long-term and certainly not anything permanent with my furry baggage.

It's a good thing I gave up looking for a long-term relationship after my parents died because of the horrified looks on my new temporary roommates faces; living on a goat farm isn't their idea of forever either.

"I'm Aubree," I say, reaching out to shake each one of their hands as they tell me their names. "Grab your luggage and leave him to his girlfriend." I motion to Tate and Lady Thea, still enjoying Tate's attention. "I'll show you guys to your rooms."

I don't blame Tate for getting distracted by petting a goat—it's soothing. It's also one of the reasons I want to expand the farm and create a place where families can spend time petting goats and other animals or doing goat yoga if I can get the goats to cooperate. It's amazing how much stress can be relieved by such a small action as touching an animal's fur.

Speaking of goat yoga, I promised my friend Maggie I'd bring the goats to her yoga studio this afternoon for a trial run. "We better get a move on. The goats need to be washed and dried before we take them to town for goat yoga." I call over my shoulder, only to be met with three groans and one full-on belly laugh from Tate.

"Have fun with that." Tate continues to laugh like a madman—knowing firsthand how uncooperative the goats can be. "I'll see you guys tomorrow at practice."

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four

Bowen

Is this really what my life has been reduced to? Chasing after goats?

The tiny goat named Little Bit is finally trapped in a corner by the barn. I make my move, lunging to the left, grasping her around the middle, and hauling her up so her body is resting against my chest. She feels so small in my arms—her little body shaking.

"Shh, Little Bit. I've got you. I won't let anything bad happen to you." I run my hand over her head as she leans it against my shoulder. Her body stops shaking, and she begins to baw as we round the corner to see three shocked faces. "What?" I instinctively yell, causing Little Bit's body to start shaking again.

Aubree rushes to my side, whispering soothing words to the tiny goat. The soft-spoken words of comfort pierce through my rough exterior, and I find my initial anger slipping away. A feeling of contentment washes over me as I watch Aubree's small hand run through the goat's fur. A vision of Aubree's hands running through my chest hair as she rides me pops into my head, and I'm instantly hard.

Shit.

My body stiffens. I'm not here to seduce Coach Davis's niece. I'm only here for a few weeks to prove I can control my anger and regain my spot on the Minnesota Norse hockey team. That's where I belong in Minnesota, not Iowa. And certainly not here

on a goat farm. Even if the goat farmer is a gorgeous little blonde with pale blue eyes and curves, I could get lost in for days.

Aubree glances at me as if she heard my thoughts. Her eyes search my face, making me want to pull her into my arms and hold on to her forever.

Where the hell did that idea come from?

"I better finish cleaning her up." I brush past Aubree and stride back to my cleaning station, breaking the spell.

"Dude, what was that?" Kyson walks over to my cleaning station with a medium-sized black and white goat whose coloring makes her look like she is wearing black boots hot on his heels.

"What was what?" Reluctantly, I set Little Bit on the ground. Surprisingly, she doesn't bolt as I expected her to. She glances up at me with a bah as if telling me to hurry up and get on with her bath before she changes her mind. A smile crosses my mouth, the muscles feeling rusty from little use.

When was the last time I smiled?

For the life of me I can't remember.

"You hugging a goat like it was your long lost child or something." River joins the conversation with a goat I recognize as Lady Thea following him like his shadow.

She's a fickle little thing, moving on from Tate to River so quickly. I wonder if she's like her owner.

Does Aubree move from man to man as quickly?

Another vision of Aubree pops into my head, but this time, she's pleasuring not just me but River and Kyson, too.

Where did that thought come from and why does it turn me on even more thinking about sharing her with River and Kyson?

"It's nothing." I scoff. "The sooner we prove to Coach Davis's sons that our anger issues are under control, the sooner we can go back to playing for the Norse." I turn my back to them, concentrating on cleaning the tiny goat in front of me instead of the empty feeling that crosses my body.

It's the same empty feeling I felt when my parents left me with my mean, spiteful grandfather when I was thirteen. Too tired to deal with my anger themselves, they took me to the one man they knew could whip the anger out of me. Little did they know my anger was stronger than an old man's belt.

"So that's the plan—prove our anger issues are under control by doing everything she tells us to do." River nods to where Aubree stands out of hearing range, washing her own goat.

"Unless you want to spend the rest of your hockey career trapped on a farm tending to goats when you're not playing hockey." I watch their faces, waiting for my words to sink in, but they're both looking toward Aubree and her smiling face as she talks to the goat she's washing. And instead of hatred or dread in their eyes, I see hope and longing. The same look, I'm sure, is shining in my eyes when I look at Aubree.

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five

Aubree

Keeping the goats clean while we loaded them onto the trailer was easier than I thought it would be. River, Kyson, and Bowen are naturals with my goats. They're the perfect goat daddies for my goat babies.

Where did that thought come from? I've only known the three of them for less than eight hours, and I'm already dreaming about a future with them.

I grip the steering wheel tighter, slightly jerking it, causing my truck and the attached trailer carrying my beloved goats to swerve. I quickly straighten the wheel and concentrate on the road, not the three sexy, all-be-it-grumpy hockey players crowded in my extended cab truck.

"Everything okay?" River asks from his seat on the front passenger side.

"Fine," I lie. "It was just a pothole in the road I was trying to avoid." The lie sounds fake to my ears, but thankfully, they don't press the subject.

Instead, Bowen changes the topic, asking me how I ended up on a goat farm.

I'm not comfortable talking about it, but since we still have about twenty minutes before we reach town, I decide to give them the less pathetic version.

"My parents liked to travel, and since I was still in high school, I stayed home on the

farm." Before they can voice their pity, I continue. "One Saturday afternoon, I was walking along the riverbank and heard a pathetic sound from the tall grass. I went to investigate the sound, and I found Topsy Hooker trapped in a discarded fishing net, which the large fishing nets are illegal anyway. Obviously, the fisherman who left it didn't care if a helpless animal got tangled in it."

I can feel the anger rolling off the guys at my story, and it melts my heart to know they are just as upset about what happened to Topsy Hooker as I was.

"I untangled her, thinking she would go off back to where she came from. Instead, she followed me—well, she followed me the best she could. Her balance was a little off, so it took us a while to get back to the farm. That night, I bathed her, snuggled her in blankets, and fed her. I slept on the floor next to her in case she needed something during the night."

Crap, I wasn't going to add the pathetic parts of the story. Too late now.

"The next day, I read everything I could find on the internet about goats, deciding if no one claimed her, I was going to keep her. I put up posters everywhere, but no one ever claimed her. Next thing I know, random goats are showing up on my property. Word got out that I was housing unwanted goats, so people dumped off the ones they didn't want anymore.

"I cleaned out both barns and made sure they were suitable for all my goats. When my parents finally stopped home for a few weeks between trips, they didn't complain—they gave me a credit card for any expenses I needed."

I can feel their anger turn to pity. Needing to finish my story quickly, I add, "I discovered how to make soap from goat's milk. I started my own online store and sell at craft shows and farmers' markets around the area. I want to branch out with the goats—that's where goat yoga comes in."

Thankfully, Maggie's yoga studio comes into view before they can ask questions, "Here we are." I pull into a double parking spot to the right of her building as Maggie rushes to my window. I roll my window down to hear what she has to say.

"Sorry, Aubree, but no one signed up for the goat yoga class." Maggie's eyes stray to the three guys in my truck I have yet to introduce to her.

My heart drops. This was the first step in expanding my goat farm. Instead of hanging my head in defeat, I hold my head up and say, "It's okay, Maggie. It was a long shot, anyway. I better get the goats home." I push the button, and my window begins to rise.

"Wait!" Kyson yells from the back seat. "Does your yoga studio have a window to the street where people walking by can watch your classes?"

"Yes. Why?" Maggie steps closer to the truck.

"What if the five of us have our own goat yoga class? Maybe if the people walking by see how much fun it is, they'll sign up."

"That's not a bad idea." River adds. "We'll unload the goats while you and Maggie get everything set up in the studio."

This time, when my heart melts, it's not from sadness but from the idea of these three sometimes grumpy, sometimes lovable guys offering to help a virtual stranger accomplish her dream. I better be careful around them, or my heart won't be the only thing melting. My core clenches at the thought.

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six

Kyson

As expected, the sight of three large guys and two beautiful women doing yoga with goats drew a big crowd—not that any of us knew what we were doing. By the time the class finished, Maggie had a line of mostly women and a few men signing up for the next goat yoga class in two days.

"So, do you usually have such handsome, strong guys in the goat yoga classes?" A middle-aged woman with bleach blonde hair, a fake tan, and fake boobs, who could only be described as a cougar, asks Maggie as her eyes roam up and down my body.

Usually, I would laugh it off. As a professional hockey player, I get hit on all the time, but the way Aubree glares at the woman, eyeing me like I'm her last meal, I'm afraid Aubree will do something crazy like pull out the bleach blonde's hair extensions. If I didn't know any better, I would think Aubree was jealous.

Interesting.

I'm definitely attracted to Aubree, but I wasn't sure how she felt until now. The only problem is she seems to be staring daggers at any woman who dares to look at me, Bowen, or River.

"We need to load up the goats and get back home." Aubree pushes past the woman, gathering me, Bowen, and River, steering us away from the woman and over to the goats. "We're not here to flirt. We need to get the goats home and get to bed because

we have an early morning ahead of us."

I smile at the possessive tone in her voice. "You're right. We do need to get home and into bed." I smirk, knowing how it sounds to the women standing around us. If Aubree is going to claim us publicly, then so am I.

Bowen and River catch on to my teasing, but our little goat girl, oblivious to my double entendre, begins to unhook the goats' leashes from the ballerina bar on the wall. "We have a busy day tomorrow. The hay needs to be changed out of each of the barns before you leave for practice." Aubree's gaze is so focused on the tiny goat in front of her that she misses the look between the three of us.

"What else is on your chore list?" I take the tiny goat's leash from Aubree's, causing her body to shiver when our hands touch.

Her eyes snap to mine, and I see desire in their depths before she quickly blinks it away. "Milking goats. The hay. Umm, that's about it." She shrugs. "You have your first practice with your new team tomorrow afternoon, and I'm pretty sure Cooper would be mad if I wore you guys out before then."

Lustful thoughts fill my head of all the things she could do with us to wear us out before practice. The vision of each of us filling one of her holes at the same time catches me off guard, and I stumble, causing the tiny goat to bleat disapprovingly at my misstep.

Aubree rushes to the tiny goat, crouching at eye level to see what's upset her. It's a sweet gesture from a sweet woman with a big heart. The only problem is her being at eye level with the goat also puts her at eye level with my huge, hard cock, which is impossible to hide in these grey sweatpants. All she has to do is turn her head a little to the left, and her mouth will be inches away from where I desperately want it most—wrapped around my length.

I take a step back, placing my hands in front of my junk, needing the space to control my raging hard-on, when I hear both River and Bowen snicker at my predicament. "Assholes," I murmur, only loud enough for them to hear, or so I thought.

Aubree turns her head to the left, her big blue eyes blinking up at me, and like the asshole that I am, I immediately step forward at the innocent movement that places her mouth directly in line with my ever-hardening cock. It's almost becoming painful at this point, but I know the movement wasn't intentional, so I reluctantly step back.

"Are you okay?" She continues to blink up at me. "You look kind of stiff." Bowen and River snort in laughter at her comment. "Did you pull something doing goat yoga? Do you need me to massage you anywhere?"

Her innocent questions are going to kill me as I shake my head. "No, I'm fine, but we should get the goats home before it gets too late." I look toward Bowen and River for help, but they're too busy laughing at my obvious distress.

"Okay, if you say so." Her eyes widen as she lowers them below my waist. She licks her lips before adding. "Let me know if you change your mind about the massage." She stands, her eyes roaming up my body before moving to River and Bowen. I half believe that I've imagined the whole thing until she says to River and Bowen, "That goes for both of you, too."

At our combined groans, she turns on her heels, leading a very confused tiny goat with her.

I'm right there with you, Little Bit. What has gotten into our little goat girl?

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seven

River

" Watch out, she's a squirter."

"Don't you think I realize that by now, Bowen? My jeans are soaked from the last time she squirted."

"Guys, you have to be gentle. Who knows what might happen if you're too rough? She might shit in your bucket like Little Bit did to Bowen when he wasn't milking her correctly." Kyson says from beside Topsy Hooker, looking like an expert goat milker as he squeezes each of her teats, filling up his bucket, minus the little balls of shit that fell out of Little Bit the first time Bowen tried to milk her.

"How in the hell are you getting that goat to cooperate with you?" Lady Thea struggles in my hold, reminding me that I'm a city boy who has no business trying to milk her.

Aubree gave us a crash course on how to milk goats before she went to check on the rest of her goats in the other barn. She made it look so easy, and the goats seemed to cooperate better with her than they do with us—well, Bowen and me. Kyson seems like a natural with Topsy Hooker.

"What can I say? Women love me." Kyson coos at Topsy Hooker as she bahs in response.

It's comical if you really think about it. Three, six foot plus, muscular professional hockey players sitting on tiny stools hunched over milking tiny goats.

"More like hookers love you." I nod toward the goat he's milking with a laugh, causing Bowen to snort in laughter, still trying to get Little Bit to stand still.

Instead of getting angry like usual at the insult, Kyson throws his head back with a loud laugh, causing all the goats to stare at him, their eyes blinking rapidly.

Maybe the farm is exactly what we needed. I haven't felt this relaxed in a long time.

That's how Aubree finds us—laughing like madmen with seven goats staring at us as she rounds the corner of the barn.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself, but the goats aren't going to milk themselves." She smiles, and I can't help but take in her soft curves.

The denim bib-overalls she's wearing only accent her wide hips and large tits. Tits I'd rather be milking than the teats on these goats. Lady Thea head butts me pulling me out of my thoughts.

"Alright, alright. Settle down, and I'll milk you." I huff out a breath, situating myself on my tiny stool and arranging the demanding goat in the proper milking position.

"She's fickle. You have to show her who her boss is. Make sure your grip is firm but gentle. But don't squeeze too hard—no woman likes her tits to be squeezed hard." Aubree gives me a wink before she spins around, her ample hips swaying back and forth almost hypnotically. I do a double take unsure if what I saw was real or not only to be met with Aubree glancing over shoulder with another wink before turning back around to tend to one of her other goats.

Is Aubree flirting with me?

I glance at Bowen and Kyson only to find them staring at Aubree's retreating back, a look of longing on their faces. We're teammates. We can't be lusting after the same woman. Unless we share her. It's not like no one on our former team didn't share the same woman. Hell the whole team from the owners to the players are all involved in a group relationship, why should we be any different.

Once Aubree is out of hearing distance I motion for Kyson and Bowen to come closer to me. "I like Aubree and I think the two of you do to." I whisper not wanting to alert Aubree to our conversation. "I know it's only been a day but there's something special about her. I feel more relaxed, even calmer around her than I have in a long time."

"Me too." Kyson glances at Aubree and she gives him a warm smile.

"Same." Bowen adds, with hearts in his eyes.

I'm not sure what kind of hold she has over the three of us but it's worth exploring. "I think our ex-teammates and owners have it right. We should all be with her not just one of us."

They both nod in agreement giving me the go ahead to finish telling them my plan to woo our little goat girl.

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eight

Bowen

"How's the goat farm treating the three of you?" Tate skates next to me, surprising all of us in his practice gear.

It feels good to be back on the ice. I know it's only been a few days but that's a lifetime for a pro-hockey player. There's always someone younger ready to take your spot if you're not on the top of your game.

"It's quiet on the farm." is all I say. I can't very well tell him I've developed an obsession with his cousin.

Sleep eluded me last night as thoughts of Aubree in my bed plagued me. They weren't my normal thoughts either, they were continued fantasies from yesterday of Aubree pleasuring the three of us, sometimes all together and sometimes separately while the other two watched.

"It must have been a good night normally those damn goats spent half the night bleating." I newcomer skates next to us and I have to reign in my anger.

How the fuck does this douchebag know what Aubree's farm sounds like at night?

"Oh, hey guys, this is my brother Sam." Tate motions to the guy that skated into our group. "We both like to scrimmage with new players to get a feel for their skill level. Coop should be out here shortly to observe from the sidelines."

My anger recedes as we take turns shaking Sam's hand, "So, you guys pissed off our dad. That's not an easy thing to do considering he raised three spawns of the devil as he likes to call us."

Sam's dry sense of humor catches me off guard and I end up mumbling something about at least your dad acknowledges he has sons. I don't talk much about my personal life so I have no idea why I said that.

Tate takes pity on me and changes the subject, "Well we're glad to have you here. The rookies we sent to dad to replace the three of you on the Norse team had some crazy, mad skills—let's see what the three of you have to offer."

River, Kyson, Sam, Tate, and I all run through the normal warm up drills with the rest of the team—passing the puck with ease and precision until a whistle blows stopping our warm up.

"Ah, and there he is, our esteemed head coach." Tate does some kind of medieval bow to Cooper.

"Cut the crap Tate. Everyone huddle up." Cooper yells to his players, with what seems to be a permanent scowl on his face. Once we gather around him he makes quick introductions of the three of us to our new teammates.

"We're only two games out of first place. Everyone needs to pull their own weight. We can't afford any distractions." His scowl lands on River, Kyson and me. "If any of your on or off the ice antics jeopardizes our chances for a championship this year, I will bench your ass so fast your head will spin. Got it." His gaze never strays from the three of us as to make his point he adds. "I don't care if it wasn't your fault. Any sign of scandal and your done on the team and possibly in the league."

Not exactly how I wanted my first interaction with my new head coach to go. We'll

have to make sure to fly under his radar at all times.

The rest of the practice goes as smooth as could be expected with only a couple of hiccups as we learn the new plays. A whistle sounds and Cooper dismisses the team for the day.

"What do you think about our new coaches?" River finishes tying his shoelaces on a bench in the locker room.

The three of us are the last to leave the locker room so we can talk openly about our new coaching staff, "I like Tate and Sam for the most part. The verdict is still out on Cooper." I answer honestly.

"Yeah, he seems like a hard ass not unlike his dad." Kyson joins the conversation. "But to be fair, he has every right not to trust us. We don't have the best track record when it comes to fighting."

Strange but I haven't felt the need to fight or argue with anyone since I stepped foot on the goat farm and saw Aubree standing there with the breeze blowing through her long blonde hair.

"Are you okay, man?" River nudges my arm. "You got a weird look in your eyes. Are you having a stroke or something?"

I blink a few times to gather my thoughts. Not necessarily a stroke, but I definitely feel something I've never felt before.

"Nah, it's nothing. Why don't we grab some pizza and go home to Aubree." The words fall naturally off my tongue as I imagine this as our future—going home to Aubree after practice.

It's something I could get used to.

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nine

Aubree

Calm down.

I curse my racing heart. What was I thinking, openly flirty with the guys? It's not like we can have a relationship or anything. They are only here for a short while until Cooper whips them into shape or sends them back to my uncle in Minnesota.

My heart drops at the thought of losing them now that I've found them. The way they handled the goats with such gentleness. And the way they came up with the idea to do our own goat yoga and draw in a crowd when no one signed up for the class. It's enough to make a girl lose her senses, which is how they make me feel—overwhelmed, but in a good way.

I hear the sound of my truck pulling into the drive, and I glance down at my clothes. Seeing the near-transparent white tank top with my nipples poking through, minus a bra, and tight black booty shorts. I almost turn around and run to my bedroom to change. Instead, I stand my ground and open the door to their surprised faces.

"Hey," I say, leaning back against the door, causing my breasts to push higher and tighter against my thin tank top.

"Hey, yourself," River says, pushing a silent but staring Bowen through the door so he can get in.

Kyson follows the two of them into the house; their eyes travel up and down my body, spending a significant amount of time on my nipples pressing against my shirt.

When no one speaks, I finally say, "Oh, you brought pizza." I nod to the boxes each one holds in their hands. "I thought you guys might want to eat something else."

I've never seduced anyone, let alone three guys at the same time, but by the lustful look in their glazed-over eyes, I must be doing something right.

"What did you have in mind?" Kyson finally asks as they each set their pizza box on the coffee table.

I twirl around in a circle to make sure they see every inch of my body. Their combined groans give me the courage to end my teasing and go in for the kill. It's now or never.

I take a deep breath and blow it out as I say, "Me."

It's like I let a dam loose with that one small word. Before I know what's happening, there are hands and lips all over my body, pulling off my clothes and kissing every exposed inch of skin until I'm standing completely naked in front of them.

They each take a step back, breaking contact as their eyes devour me, leaving me feeling vulnerable yet powerful. "Off," I say, pointing at each one of them. "I want your clothes off now."

They obey, stripping off every article of clothing in record time, leaving them completely naked for my eyes to now devour them.

I'm not sure where this newfound confidence came from, but I love it, especially when I see their long, thick, hard cocks leaking pre-cum as they stroke themselves

waiting for my next command.

"Eventually, tonight, I want to have sex with all three of you at the same time." Is it my imagination, or did they all squeeze their cocks harder at my words? "But for right now, I want to have sex with each one of you separately while the other two watch but don't touch—not even your own cocks. And one other thing." I say as I lead them to my bedroom. "This stays between the four of us. I don't want the team or my cousins to find out about what we are doing here."

Surprisingly, they look hurt by my last command, which is crazy because they're pro hockey players; they have a different puck bunny in their bed every night. I'm just one of a long line of women they use and discard for the next one waiting their turn. I can't let my heart get involved any more than it has. A few nights of pleasure will keep me warm on the long, lonely Iowa winter nights when they return to their lives in Minnesota. At least I need to keep telling myself that will be enough.

ten

Aubree

B owen and Kyson each take a seat on opposite sides of my bed. Their eyes filled with a hunger I can't wait to sample. But right now it's my turn with River.

"So about protection. I don't have any with me. Do you guys have any?" He says, breaking our kiss.

"Shit, no." Bowen curses, his brown eyes turning a darker shade as he scowls.

"It's okay." I say. "I'm clean and I'm on birth control. I also know that my uncle and my cousins require all their players to have STD checks every three months. So, um when was the last time you've been tested? And, um, how long has it been since you've had sex with anyone.?" And just like that the brave girl who seduced three gorgeous hockey players reverts back into her shell.

"I'm clean and I haven't had sex since before getting tested." River kisses my throat letting me know he's good to go.

"Same." Both Bowen and Kyson reply at the same time.

I turn my head to look between the two of them, needing to see their faces before I automatically accept that they are telling me the truth. Not that I have any reason to doubt them, it's just that we hardly know each other. But once I look into their eyes I see the truth shining back at me—they are telling the truth.

"Good." I say, laying my head back on the pillow as the seductress returns.

"That's it, lay back and enjoy." River kisses my lips in a hungry possession before trailing kisses down my neck, across my chest, taking his time to circle each nipple. His lips close around a nipple as he sucks it into his mouth deeply, causing a jolt to my core increasing the wetness in my already soaked pussy. His hand kneads at my other breast, firmly but not painfully.

His mouth finally descends to my clit where he takes his time licking at the wetness they all created. "Damn you taste sweet." He moans against my core.

"Would you hurry up already, River." Bowen impatiently demands.

River lifts his head from between my legs, "Are you ready for me?"

"Yes." I rasp, unable to take a deep breath as my body waits in anticipation.

River kisses his way back up my body until his lips are on mine and his heavy cock is lined up at my entrance. His hips push forward filling me full. It doesn't hurt, but I've never felt so full in my life.

He pulls out almost all the way before slamming all the way back in. His hard thrusts have me moaning and thrashing around in the bed. "That's it, show me how bad you want me." River coaxes as he increases his speed.

"Yes, River, I want you so, so bad."

"Then come for me, my sweet girl." His fingers slip between our bodies and begin to strum across my clit, increasing my pleasure.

In seconds my toes are curling as the pleasure of his touch ignites me and I come

around his cock.

"That's it." He moans as he joins me, shooting his hot cum deep inside me.

He rests his forehead on mine as our breathing slows down, "Ours." He whispers against my lips with a kiss before pulling out of me and changing places with Bowen.

"Do you need a break?" Bowen looks down at me caressing my hair.

"No, I need you." I smile, lifting my hips toward him.

"Then you shall have me." His lips crash onto mine in a mix of desire and longing—longing that I feel all the way into my soul.

I wrap my arms around his hips and guide me into me, needing to feel his raw power pounding inside me to calm the hunger I feel for all three of them.

Not needing anymore encouragement, Bowen pressing his cock deep inside me, filling me up just as much as River did. "Perfect." He whispers against my lips then begins to thrust inside me just as fast as River did. Almost as if they can't hold back their desire for me. It's a powerful feeling to know these strong, handsome want me so badly they can't wait to have me.

I thrust my hips faster, matching him thrust for thrust until we are both crying out our release. "Thank you." He whispers in my ear, only loud enough for me to hear.

Bowen and Kyson switch places but instead of wedging himself between my thighs, Kyson rolls me over so he's now laying on the bed and I'm straddling his hips. "Are you okay with riding me? You can go as slow or as fast as you want, controlling how deep or how shallow you want me."

Why do they all have to be so sweet? And what am I going to do when this is all over?

I bend down and give Kyson a deep kiss before leaning back and sliding down his hard shaft. I know he told me to go at my own pace but I need him just as hard and fast as I had River and Bowen.

Needing to anchor myself, I place my hands on Kyson's chest for support and begin to ride him fast, hard and deep. My breast bounce up and down matching the rhythm of my thrust on his cock. I throw my head back and call out his name as my inner muscle squeeze him tight as I come around his cock before I collapse onto his chest.

He grabs my hips thrusting up into me one last time before spilling his hot seed inside of me. Once our bodies stop shaking he pulls out of me and lays me on the bed. I don't realize my eyes are closed until I hear him whisper, "That's it, sleep for awhile—you've earned a break."

The last thing I remember before I fall asleep is the feeling of three warm wash clothes gliding over my body wiping away the residue of our love making, which should make me happy that they are thoughtful enough to want to tend to me but the primal part of me wants to keep their scent on me forever.

eleven

Aubree

The week flies by as we fall into a peaceful routine—early mornings tending to the goats, afternoons making goat soap while they're at hockey practice, evenings having dinner together before watching a movie, and our nights spent with them filling all my holes before we all drift off to sleep in my king sized bed.

It's so cute how if one of the guys sleeping next to me gets up to get a drink of water or go to the bathroom, the one who wasn't beside me takes his place. It's become a battle of wills and bladders to see who finally caves and has to use the bathroom at night.

I'm a little nervous. Tonight is the guys' first game with their new team. Luckily, it's a home game. I brought Maggie with me, which I thought she would enjoy, but instead, she seems to be arguing with three of Kyson, Bowen, and River's teammates, which isn't easy to do with plexiglass separating them as the guys are warming up.

I glance down at her hockey jersey and notice it's not an Iowa Poseidon jersey but the team's opponent for the night, a Chicago Kraken jersey. No wonder the players are giving her hell; we're sitting in their fan's cheering section.

"Maggie, why are you wearing that jersey?"

She sticks out her tongue at the hockey players before turning to face me, and I think I hear one of the players say something about giving a brat something to stick her

tongue on.

"You wish!" Her gaze snaps back to the plexiglass and the three hockey players staring at her.

Yup, I heard him correctly. The guys skate away. Hopefully, that's the last issue we'll have tonight.

"Maggie." I whisper, "People are starting to stare. What's gotten into you tonight?"

"I'm fine. It's nothing." She sits back in her chair, throwing her arms across her chest when a security guard approaches us.

"Ma'am, I've been instructed to escort you out of the arena if you don't take off that jersey and put this one on." The security guard hands her what looks to be an authentic Iowa Poseidon hockey jersey, just like the one I'm wearing.

The guys worked out a system where I rotate wearing one of their jerseys for every home game. Tonight, I'm wearing River's jersey. I glance out across the ice and locate River, Kyson, and Bowen warming up on the ice. I give them a smile and a quick wave before anyone notices. They smile and wave back, making my core clench in anticipation of what will happen after the game once we get home.

I'm still picturing it when I see Maggie stand up and whip off her Chicago Kraken jersey, exposing her large breasts barely concealed by a light pink sheer lacey bra to the stunned gaze of not only the security guard but of the three players Maggie was arguing with earlier who have now returned.

She yanks the new Iowa Poseidon jersey over her head, flipping off the three hockey players in the process. They just smile and skate back to their bench, waiting for the game to start.

Maggie throws herself back in her seat with an unlady-like grunt. "I hate them." If looks could kill, those three would be long gone.

"Do you know them?" I ask tentatively, wondering if I want to know the answer.

Maggie wiggles down lower in her seat. "I kind of slept with all three of them last night." Her face turns bright red at her confession.

"Maggie!"

"Shh. Not so loud. I don't need everyone in town to know my business. It's bad enough they think I'm some crazy hippie girl who owns a yoga studio; they don't need to know about my sex life."

I don't press Maggie anymore, but I'm dying to tell her she's not the only one who has sex with three guys at the same time.

The Poseidon beat the Kraken 4-2. As soon as the final horn sounded, Maggie jumped out of her seat and made a mad dash for the exit. It's a good thing we drove separately because I would not have been able to keep up with her long ballerina legs. Besides, I rode with the guys to the games.

Speaking of guys, we were barely in the house for five minutes before they stripped me out of my clothes and carried me to my bedroom, where they are now all just as equally naked as I am. Kyson and River each sucking deeply on my nipples while Bowen worships my pussy. His fingers work to stretch my tight back hole to take his giant cock back there while Kyson fills my pussy and River fills my mouth. My body gives an involuntary shiver at the thought.

"Did you feel that? I think she's cold." River teases my nipple with his tongue, biting it with just enough pressure to make my hips thrust off the bed.

"Please," I beg. "I need to come."

"Bowen, make the lady come," Kyson says, blowing his hot breath against my other nipple.

"With pleasure." Bowen increases the speed of his thrusts into my asshole, adding a second lubed finger as he twists it, preparing my body for his hard length. His tongue attacks my clit in a string of jackhammer-like licks making my toes curl, and my legs tighten. "Come for us, Aubree." Bowen stops his assault on my clit to whisper those words against my core before plunging his tongue deep inside me, triggering my orgasm.

"Yes!" I scream at the top of my lungs as the pleasure washes over me, making me feel like I'm floating on air.

When I finally come down from my orgasm-induced high, I find River standing at the head of the bed with one knee braced on the mattress, his hand guiding his cock to my welcoming mouth. I sigh at the first taste of his pre-cum. I'll never get tired of the unique taste each one of them has. I wrap my lips around his length, opening my mouth and throat to him as he guides me up and down his hard shaft using my hair as a handle.

It should make me feel dirty to have him use me like his own personal fuck toy to have my mouth used so thoroughly by him. Instead, it makes me feel desired and powerful to know I'm the one making him moan like that.

"Fuck guys, you'd better hurry up. I'm not sure I'm going to last very long with the way she's taking my cock so deep."

"She's such a good girl. Aren't you Aubree? Taking River's cock like that." My only answer to Kyson's question is to moan around River's shaft. "Is your tight little pussy

going to take my cock, as well as your throat is taking River?"

"Mmm." I moan again. My body is starting to feel tight from anticipation.

My body is lifted and shifted around until Kyson's cock is lined up with my pussy, and Bowen's is lined up with my back hole. Kyson grabs my hips and guides me down his length, his girth stretching me wide until I'm bent over, fully seated on him, our hips touching.

Bowen plunges forward, gently working his way past my tight ring until it finally gives way and lets his cock sink into me. Having all of my holes filled at the same time makes it hard not to come at the intense feeling.

The guys must sense my distress as they begin to move as one in and out of my body like I'm nothing more than a rag doll to use however they want, pushing and pulling my body to meet each one of their thrusting cocks until I finally call out my release.

"Shit, I'm never going to get tired of watching you come." Kyson squeezes my breasts, making the ache deep inside me return, causing my pussy, ass, and throat to tighten around their cocks.

"I think she needs to come again before we unload into her sweet body." River runs his thumb over my cheek. "Do you think you can come for us one more time?"

My answer is to take him as deep as I can down my throat and hold him there for as long as I can.

"Fuck!" River shouts as he shoots his cum deep into my throat. Not wanting to waste any of his cum, I swallow every last drop, licking him from root to tip.

River's reaction causes Bowen and Kyson to pump furiously in and out of me. I feel

fingers rub against my clit, and I come undone just as Kyson and Bowen shoot their own loads deep inside my other two holes.

It takes a few minutes before they're sliding out of my holes and positioning themselves around me on the bed. River is lying with his head on one of my arms, Kyson moves from under me to lie on my other arm while Bowen settles himself with his head across my thighs.

It's a perfect moment in time where the four of us are as one. And nothing or no one can tear us apart.

Or so I thought.

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twelve

River

"How are you guys holding up on the goat farm?" Tate slings his arm over my shoulder. Out of the three brothers, Tate is the most outgoing.

He's Aubree's cousin, so I can't exactly tell him that we've been fucking her every chance we get. So, instead, I say, "Good. Goats are good. The farm is good. Everything is good." My ramblings have caught the attention of not only Bowen and Kyson but also our head coach and Aubree's other cousin, Cooper.

Aubree dropped us off at the ice arena only minutes ago, and I already miss her. Maybe one of these days, she'll let us claim her publicly, and she can attend all of our games, but until then, we need to keep our relationship a secret like we promised her.

"I bet it will be a nice change of pace to be on the road for a couple of games," Tate says, his eyes roaming between the three of us.

"It'll be nice to have something to do besides bale hay and milk goats for a change." We all laugh at my joke.

"Maybe pick up a couple of puck bunnies or two," Tate adds.

The thought of touching anyone besides Aubree makes my stomach turn, but I can't let her cousins know, so I say something even more stupid. "Yeah, that's just what we need to unwind after a game—a puck bunny." This time, only Tate and I laugh.

Cooper is studying me closely. When I turn my gaze to Bowen and Kyson, their faces look like they've seen a ghost as they look at a spot behind me. I turn around to find Aubree standing there with my wallet in her hand.

"It's okay. I give you my permission to pick up as many puck bunnies as you want." She gives us a watery smile as she blinks back the tears. "I have a date tonight anyway. So there's no need to worry about me. I'll be having just as much fun as the three of you will be having." She places my wallet in my hand, and I want to kick myself for saying the things I did. "You left this in the truck."

I didn't mean them. If anything, I'd rather have her at the games and after the games in our hotel room. It felt natural to have her cheering us on at the home game. Then, we all rode home together and had sex until it was time to milk the goats. But now I've cheapened our relationship by trying to sound like a player in front of her cousins.

"Goodbye, River." She kisses my cheek before turning to Bowen.

"Goodbye, Bowen." She kisses his cheek before finally turning to Kyson.

"Goodbye, Kyson." She kisses his cheek, and I can't help but wonder if her goodbye kiss is permanent. "I'll see you around." She turns and walks away.

The three of us stand there frozen, unable to move. None of us knowing what to say.

"That was odd. I didn't know she was dating anyone." Tate steps in front of me with a shrug. "Good for her. She needs someone to fuss over beside all those goats for once."

"Hmm." Cooper nods, his eyes still staring at the three of us. "As long as she's happy, I don't care who or how many guys she dates."

I glance at Kyson and Bowen only to see they look as confused as I feel. Does Cooper know about the four of us? Is he giving us his blessing?

I'm still trying to figure out what he means and if we should run after Aubree. I don't want to embarrass her in front of her family. She was the one who wanted to keep it a secret.

The decision to run after Aubree is taken away from me as Sam strides over to our group, informing us that it's time to get on the bus that will take us to the airport.

"What the fuck was that shit about puck bunnies?" Bowen snarls when we're finally able to move around the chartered plane.

We're huddled in the tail end of the plane, as far away from Aubree's cousins as possible. "I don't know. I panicked. Aubree was the one who wanted to keep our unconventional relationship under wraps. I was trying to protect her." The words feel wrong—hiding our relationship feels wrong. And now, because of my stupid words and our extended road games, I won't have time to fix this anytime soon.

"We can't even text her until we land." Bowen angrily stuffs his phone in his front pocket before punching the empty seat in front of him, causing it to jerk forward. "What if she does have a date tonight?" Bowen's voice has a worried tone that I've never heard from him. "She's ours—I'm not sharing her with anyone other than the two of you." The anger is back in his voice, and if we're not careful, we might revert to our old ways and pick a fight with one of our teams.

"Calm down," Kyson whispers. "I put cameras all around the farm and in the house."

"You did what? Aubree is going to be pissed if she finds out we're spying on her." I cringe just thinking about our little independent goat girl giving us hell for spying on her.

"I don't like her living on the farm all by herself." Kyson holds up his hand as Bowen opens his mouth to speak. "Before you say anything, I'm well aware that she has been living on her own in that farmhouse for years, but that was before she met us. From now on, we'll hire someone to tend the goats while she comes with us to all our games, home and away, like the other wives and girlfriends do."

"But she's not our wife or even our girlfriend." I point out. "And after what I said today, I'm not sure she would even consider us her friends."

I can still see the hurt look in her eyes, which my words caused. She deserves better than three angry hockey players. She deserves a man or men who she will love enough to tell the whole world she belongs to them.

"You sound like you want to stay in Iowa and play for the Poseidon instead of earning our way back on the Minnesota Norse as we planned." I try to keep my voice normal and my breathing even. I want to stay in Iowa with Aubree more than anything, but I don't want to jinx it.

"I do now that we have someone special worth fighting for."

I glance at Bowen, gauging his reaction, still too anxious to believe we could have a future with Aubree. "We've only known her for less than two weeks." I prompt. When neither one of them speaks, I press on. "Don't you think that 's a little crazy to fall that hard, that fast, for someone we barely know.?"

"She's worth it," Bowen answers. Kyson nods his agreement.

"Alright, if we're going to do this, we need a plan."

It's a good thing we still have an hour left on our flight before we land so we can figure out how to win our girl back.

thirteen

Aubree

Three dozen long-stemmed red roses show up on my doorstep next. It's the fifth delivery driver that's been to my house today—each gift from Kyson, River, and Bowen.

I don't know how much longer I can ignore their constant texts telling me how much they miss me. Or the videos showing them leaving the games, not even looking at the puck bunnies lined up, hoping to catch the eye of a famous, rich hockey player. To them, essentially having a slumber party in one of their hotel rooms, complete with pizza, popcorn, and candy, instead of picking up a random stranger to fuck.

It wasn't until day four that they had been gone that Kyson admitted to me by video that he had secretly placed cameras around the farm and inside the house, but not in the bathrooms or my bedroom. I should have been angry by the invasion of privacy, but instead, it felt comforting to know they were watching over me and the goats.

The delivery driver sets the vases on the overcrowded dining room table, which is covered in gifts ranging from premium chocolate candy to pillows with each of the guys faces on them. But my favorite was the gold necklace with a goat charm on it. I touch the chain around my neck and think of Kyson, River, and Bowen, wondering if they are watching me through the hidden cameras.

Was I wrong to want to hide our relationship? Should I have fought for something more from them?

River has sent me numerous texts explaining what I heard that fateful day. I know he was only trying to conceal our true relationship from my cousins. He admitted that he did a poor job of it and that he was sorry for the pain his words caused.

The last communication I received from any of the guys was a video earlier today. They were getting ready to board a plane back to Iowa. Their last words to me were that they wanted to be with me, but only if I wanted them. If not, they would leave the farm and never bother me again. The pain and sorrow in their eyes ripped at my heart and soul.

How could I have fallen so hard, so fast for three guys I barely know?

I stare out my window at the goats milling around in the grass, and it hits me like a ton of bricks—they're my soul mates and goat daddies. Who else would put up with a bunch of goats?

I rush around the house looking for a marker and some cardboard to make the perfect welcome home sign for my men to let them know I want them to stay with me and the goats forever.

Now that I'm standing next to other people at the airport, my nerves kick in. Am I wasting my time? Have the guys changed their minds about having a relationship with me?

I push those thoughts aside and hold my sign up higher until I see three tall, handsome, athletic, familiar men running toward me. They come to an abrupt halt directly in front of me, laughing when they see my sign.

"So you're looking for three goat daddies, are you?" Bowen takes the sign out of my hands. "I think I know just the three guys who can fill that position for you and many others." He sweeps me into his arms and up against his chest, then lowers his mouth

to mine in a deep kiss.

"Don't hog her." River cuts in, pulling me out of Bowen's embrace and into his arms. "I'm so sorry. Do you forgive me?" I smile and nod, accepting his apology. "Thank you." His lips touch mine in a gentle kiss filled with hope.

"My turn." Kyson forcefully yet playfully taps River on the shoulder to cut in. River reluctantly releases me to Kyson, who wraps me in a big hug before devouring my lips. "I missed you." He whispers against my lips.

"Ugh, why don't the three of you get a room already."

Shocked by someone's rude comment, I break the kiss only to find all three of my cousins standing next to me. Tate with a big smile on his face letting me know that he was the one who made the rude comment in jest. Sam, with an amused yet more subdued look on his face. And Cooper with his patented scowl.

"If any one of you hurts my cousin—you're all dead." Cooper pushes past Bowen and River on his way to the exit, never once giving us a second glance.

"Well, he took that better than I expected." Tate slaps Kyson on the back.

Sam rolls his eyes at his brother, "Come on. Cooper's our ride."

We say our goodbyes as the rest of the team files by offering their congratulations until we are finally the only ones left in the area.

"You told everyone on the team about us?" I blink at the three of them.

"Of course we did. You're our girl. We wanted to make sure everyone knew that." Kyson holds me tighter.

"Well, this girl wants the three of you to take her home and make love to her."

"Yes, ma'am," Bowen says as he swings me into his arms and carries me bridal style out of the airport to my truck as River and Kyson follow close behind.

I wrap my arms around Bowen's neck and glance back at River and Kyson hardly believing I've found my happy ending with my three goat daddies.

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A Few Weeks Later

"Y ou did all this?" I spin around, taking in every detail of my new and improved goat relaxation sanctuary. "How did you get everything done in only three days?"

"We wanted to surprise you, so we had the guys from the Poseidon and Norse pitch in while you had your girls' weekend," Kyson explains. Topsy Hooker plastered against his side like usual.

"Do you like it?" Bowen's hesitation causes me to throw my arms around the three of them and hug them tightly.

"Like it? I absolutely love it!" Tears down my face.

They did this for me.

I continue taking in every inch of the farm, from the new shed to the newly painted barn, where all fifteen of my goats are lined up with bows tied to their ears. How the guys were able to get all the goats to stand still and keep their bows on amazes me. But then again, everything my goat daddies do amazes me.

"We had the shed shipped in and already made—it just needed to be assembled. We thought it would be a good place for indoor goat yoga when it is too cold to hold class outside. There's an office and a space for locker rooms with showers." River takes my hand, leading me to the new building. Kyson and Bowen are close by, as usual.

"This is only the beginning. We thought this would be a good spot for the outdoor

goat yoga classes. And over there, we can build separate cabins for people who want to spend time on the farm." Kyson's enthusiasm is catching, and I find myself smiling at his description of our future farm.

"We thought you could also have goat soap-making classes, starting from milking the goats to packaging the finished product," Bowen adds, his enthusiasm matching Kyson's. "There's plenty of room for another shed and more cabins on the north side of the farm."

I stifle a laugh at Bowen's casual mention of a shed. Sheds are huge, long buildings normally used to store large farm equipment like combines and harvesters—they are not normally used as yoga or soap-making studios.

"It's perfect! I love it, and I love all of you!" I'm swallowed up in their embrace, unable to move, which is fine with me. The love radiating off of them fills my heart with such happiness that I feel like I could burst.

"We love you too." River pulls back enough to brush my hair off my face and kiss my cheek.

"He's right we do love you," Bowen adds, a bright smile crossing his handsome face.

"In fact, we love you so much—we have a question we need to ask you." Kyson steps back, taking my hand in his with a kiss before dropping it back to my side.

The three of them step back and bend down on one knee, each pulling a black velvet box out of their pocket. "Will you marry us?" they say at the same time, opening the boxes, each containing a matching diamond ring.

"Yes!" I say, tears running down my face.

A look of relief crosses each of their handsome faces. One by one, they slip their ring

on my finger. It isn't until the last ring is placed that I realize there's a notch in each one, and the diamonds line up perfectly together like they were made to be worn at the same time.

"We had the rings specially made so you would have a ring from each of us," River says as if reading my mind.

"They're beautiful." I pull each of the guys to a standing position and give them a deep kiss. "I think it's time to christen the new shed."

The sparkle in their eyes has me clenching my thighs in anticipation. If there's one thing I know about my guys, it's how much they love to puck dirty to me.