



Puck it Off (Playing the Puck #10)

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Category: Sport

Description: Maggie

Im a yoga instructor. Im trained to stay calm and focused under any circumstance. But after one amazing night with three pro-hockey players, Im reduced to a ball of fury just thinking about them, let alone being anywhere near them after their quick dismissal of that night.

Even after overhearing them claim our one night together was a one and done, they continue to show up at my yoga studio and participate in all the classes. Ive tried to ban them from my studio but they continue to return day after day.

Whats a girl to do but train the goats from the goat yoga class to head butt them in their privates, maybe then they will finally get the hint and realize they were the ones who threw away any hope of a relationship with me and just Puck it Off.

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one

Maggie

"H ello, is anyone here?" A deep voice calls from the reception area of my yoga studio.

Shoot, I forgot to lock the front door again. "Sorry, we're closed." I rush out of my office, ready to intercept the potential customer. "The last class ended one hour ago." I jog around the corner, only to stop dead in my tracks. Three of the most handsome guys I have ever seen are standing in front of me.

"Actually, we aren't looking for a yoga class—we're interested in getting massages." The gorgeous blond runs his gaze down my body, causing my neglected nipples to harden under my sports bra.

"Are you the masseuse?" An equally gorgeous dark-haired guy pushes his way past the blond, extending his hand in introduction. "I'm Zander." His eyes drop to the hard points straining against the fabric of my top licking his lips.

Ignoring his outstretched hand, I cross my arms over my chest, hiding my body's reaction to these three hot guys. "We don't offer those kinds of massages here." I snap, trying to act outraged by their insinuation that I run a seedy massage parlor.

Instead, my mind conjures up images of the four of us oiled up and rolling around on the yoga mats.

"Sorry about that." The third gorgeous guy with brownish-red hair steps around the dark-haired guy. What my friend, Zander, is asking is if you could work us in for a quick deep tissue massage as your website advertises." He holds his phone up, the screen pointed in my direction, with a picture of me smiling back at me. "Isn't that you, Maggie Long, Licensed Massage Therapist of Love Yourself Long Time Yoga Studio?"

Why did I let my best friend Aubree talk me into offering massages at my yoga studio? Sure, I'm a licensed massage therapist and a certified yoga instructor, but I was planning on hiring someone else to do the massages while I took care of the yoga classes.

I can't deny being a massage therapist with the incriminating evidence staring back at me. "I don't have any massage oil," I blurt out with a cringe. I've never been good at lying, as I think about the complementary basket in my office I'm making for the hospital charity auction next month, complete with a coupon for a couples massage, edible massage oil, a bottle of wine, and a box of condoms to go along with the adults-only theme of the auction.

"I'm sure there's something around here we can use." Zander zigzags around me so fast I don't have time to stop him.

"Wait!" I yell after him.

"Sorry about Zander. He's like the Tasmanian Devil when he gets his mind set on something, and nothing and no one will stand in his way. Or I guess since he's from Canada, he's a Canadian Devil." The brown-haired guy holds out his hand. "I'm Owen, by the way. That's Reece." He points to the blond lounging against my reception desk like he doesn't have a care in the world while I'm wondering if I should call 911 or, better yet, where I left my phone so I can call for help.

"We're pro hockey players for the Iowa Poseidon." Reece gives me a boyish smile that I'm sure has gotten him into a lot of women's panties, but not this time, buster. "We got back about an hour ago from a long road game stretch only to have to turn around and play one game tomorrow night, and our regular massage therapist is out of town on his honeymoon. We could really use your help." He bats his insanely long eyelashes any woman would envy at me in a way that would look silly on anyone else, but on him, it looks seductive, like he would gladly reward my help with any part of his body.

I shake my head, knowing my thoughts are wandering into dangerous territory again. "Like I said, I don't have any oil or lotion, and no one wants a dry rub." I shrug my shoulders, faking disappointment at being unable to help them work out the stiffness in their bodies.

Speaking of stiff bodies.

My eyes drop to the impressive bulge in Reece's gray sweatpants, and I swear it grows even bigger. I snap my gaze back to his face, only to be met with a smirk.

"Sometimes dry isn't so bad." Reece pushes off the counter with a wink. "As long as it eventually gets wet."

Ignoring his obvious innuendo, I turn my attention to Owen. "Look, I'd really like to help you, but even if Reece is okay with it, a dry massage is never a good idea. It will only leave you craving for that slick feeling only wetness can give you." I smirk, two can play at this game.

Besides, they seem harmless. I doubt pro hockey players would be secret serial killers.

"Touche, little one." Reece walks toward me, his hand outstretched like he's going to

touch my cheek.

Involuntarily, I close my eyes and lean forward, welcoming the caress, but all I feel is air causing me to open my eyes as Zander comes bounding into the reception area holding the auction basket.

"Look what I found." He sets the basket on the reception desk, pulling out each item one by one. "A bottle of wine, with a screw top, for easy access." He throws it at Owen. "A bottle of cherry-flavored body oil." He quirks an eyebrow at me, but I refuse to break.

Breaking eye contact first, he shrugs and throws the bottle of edible body oil to Reece, who, of course, catches it with ease, just like Owen did with the bottle of wine. "Tsk, tsk, you lied to us, Maggie." Reece scolds. "You do have massage oil." He takes his eyes off me long enough to read the label on the bottle. "Cherry-flavored edible body oil that heats on the skin with contact. Perfect. Looks like we won't have to do it dry after all."

"Let's not forget the *pièce de résistance*." Zander reaches into the basket for the last item. "A box of Magnum condoms. Just my size." His eyes trail over my body before landing on my face. I'm almost positive I'm going to spontaneously combust from the heat in his gaze.

"Don't act like you're the only one of us who has a huge cock." Reece's voice cuts through the room. "Have you forgotten? We all shower together. Unfortunately, I've seen you naked more times than I care to count."

"Sure, you have." Zander shrugs. "But she hasn't. Maybe she can judge them for us and see who's the biggest."

"Wait a minute. I haven't agreed to anything yet." I hold up my hands in a feeble

attempt to stop the direction of this conversation, because if I'm honest with myself, I don't hate where it's going.

"But you haven't said no yet either." Owen screws off the cap on the wine bottle before holding it out to me for the first sip. "Drink?"

"Are you trying to get me drunk, so I'll say yes?" I hold back a smile, realizing they're completely harmless—incorrigible flirts—but harmless, nonetheless. A little flirting can't hurt. It actually feels good to tease the three of them.

"We're desperate men, Maggie." Owen raises the bottle of wine to my lips. "We'll do whatever it takes for you to say yes." He tips the mouth of the bottle to my lips. "Open." I do as I'm told, placing my lips to the rim of the bottle and letting Owen pour the wine into my mouth before pulling the bottle back when I close my mouth, sealing in the liquid. "Swallow." He commands again.

Only this time, before I obey Owen, I glance around the room to find all three sets of eyes trained on me. A naughty thought pops into my head as I slowly swallow the wine. I close my eyes as the smooth liquid coats my throat, making me wish it was a different kind of liquid only they could give me.

Going in for the kill, I open my eyes and make eye contact with them as I open my mouth to show them, I've swallowed every drop Owen gave me. A round of sexually frustrated groans fills the air making me feel like a sex goddess—something I've never felt before.

Sure, I've dated, even had a few serious boyfriends, but I've never been the one to initiate anything. The whole reason I moved to Iowa to open my yoga studio was to get away from a controlling ex-boyfriend who wanted to add people to our sex lives. When I said no, he went off on me, calling me a prude. If only he could see me now, flirting with these three hunks, he would think I was far from a prude.

Owen is the first to recover, lowering his lips to my ear. "You're dangerous, aren't you, Maggie May? " He whispers, his breath caressing my cheek, making my body heat up.

"About the massages," Zander says, pulling my attention away from Owen, giving me a chance to cool my body down. "We're willing to pay you a thousand dollars apiece for a thirty-minute-deep tissue massage."

Three thousand dollars?

The yoga studio is doing good, but I'd be foolish to turn down that kind of money.

My gaze drifts from each of their hopeful faces before I finally give in. "Fine. But I expect a big tip."

Reece is the first to react to my statement, "Don't worry. We would love to give you a big tip, but we'd prefer you take the whole thing, not just the tip." The smirk on his face tells me all I need to know. If given the chance, I could have whatever I wanted from the three of them, at least for tonight.

"A monetary tip," I clarify as I grab the oil out of Reece's hand. "Now, who's going to be first?"

Three hands shoot in the air so fast, I'm certain they're going to fight over who gets to go first when they shock me by saying, "How about all at the same time?"

I should be scandalized or at least shocked by their joint statement, but since my best friend Aubree is dating three pro hockey players at the same time, I'm not surprised they would suggest it.

Ignoring their suggestion, I motion for them to follow me, but not before I lock the

front door. Not that I would actually take them up on the offer, but I can't risk anyone finding me alone in my studio with three guys—I'm a respected businesswoman in the town—what would people think?

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two

Maggie

It didn't take the guys long to decide who was going first for their massage, but instead of leaving us alone in the massage room, Reece and Owen take a seat on the mat against the wall while Zander strips out of his clothes, leaving me with a perfect view of his gigantic cock. I try not to let my jaw drop, but damn, he wasn't kidding when he said he needed the magnum-size condom.

"See anything you like?" Zander wiggles his eyebrows with a smirk.

My cheeks heat with the realization that I've been caught staring at his finely sculpted body with an equally beautiful rock-hard cock. "Um, I need you to get on the massage table," I say, ignoring his comment.

"Faceup or facedown?" He gives me another smirk.

"Facedown." I quickly say, lifting the top sheet off the table for him to settle in for his massage, but mainly to cover up his glorious cock before I do something foolish like drop to my knees and worship it with my tongue.

I'm not sure I can concentrate on his massage if he's sporting an enormous tent under the sheet only inches from my hands. Hopefully he'll only want his back massaged and not his front.

Yeah, right Maggie, like you aren't dying to get your hands on every part of him.

He shrugs before leaping onto the table and sliding under the sheet with more grace than a man his size should have and lies facedown on the table. I drape the sheet over his bottom half at his waist, so I don't have to stare at his toned ass.

Once he's situated, I pick up the flavored, edible massage oil and squeeze some into my hand—the smell of cherries fills the air as I set the bottle down and begin to rub the oil between my fingers to warm it up because no one wants cold oil on their body.

Surprisingly, the oil feels like silk gliding between my fingers. I expected it to be sticky since it's edible, but it's not. The warming sensation of the oil surprises me next—it's subtle at first before becoming more intense.

My eyes flutter shut as I imagine gliding my naked oil-covered body against the three of their equally naked oil-covered bodies. An abrupt cough has me snapping my eyes open, only to find all three of them staring at me with so much lust and hunger that it almost sends me running out of the room.

Instead, I hold my ground with these dominant males. "Shall we begin?" I pick up the discarded bottle of oil and squirt some directly onto Zander's back, not caring if it's cold or not, considering we all need to cool off. He doesn't even flinch as oil hits his skin.

He lowers his head back into the face cradle of the massage table. "Give it to me, Maggie."

An unlady-like snort escapes my lips, thinking about how I'd like to give it to him.

What am I thinking? I don't act this way.

When my ex-boyfriend, Ted, wanted to watch me have sex with another guy, I told him to go to hell. But now all I can think about is having sex with one of them while

the other two watch or having sex with all three of them at the same time.

Damn you, Aubree, for telling me how great it is to be worshipped by three guys at the same time.

I curse my best friend, even though I'm secretly jealous of her unconventional relationship with her three hockey players.

Attacking Zander's shoulders with more force than I probably should, I knead his skin harder and deeper as he moans, causing my hips to roll each time I press down on his body. I work my hands down his arms and across his back, moving lower and lower until I reach the top curve of his ass. My hands stop moving as I suck in a deep breath. This is way more intense than I realized it would be.

Moving to the foot of the table, I lift the sheet, exposing his muscular legs, and bite back a groan.

How is a girl supposed to concentrate when faced with this much perfection?

Slipping back into my professional mode, I continue the massage, running my hands up and down each leg, adding more oil as I work the tension out of his body.

"Fuck, Maggie. Your hands feel incredible on my body." Zander moans in such a sexual way that my leggings dampen, and my clit pulses with need.

Seriously, what is wrong with me? I'm a professional who's acting like she's in heat. Get it together, Maggie.

"Flip over." I manage to say as my body overheats from the skin-to-skin contact.

"You forgot my glutes." Zander points out as I lift the sheet slightly to keep him

covered but still give him room to roll onto his back.

"Next time," I say before realizing I've just agreed to massage him again.

"You better believe there's going to be a next time." With a lazy grin he flips onto his back, shifting the sheet to give me a glimpse of his gorgeous penis again.

I've never thought of a penis as being gorgeous before I met Zander—I wonder if Reece and Owen's cocks are just as beautiful.

My eyes drift to where they're sitting on the floor with their backs against the wall, a look of undisguised hunger shining back at me.

Could I really go through with it if they all wanted me?

Aubree does it. Why can't I?

Maybe it's the wine talking, even though I only had one sip or the heat of their desire radiating off them, but I think I want whatever they're willing to give me.

With my mind made up, I squirt some more of the oil in my hand, rubbing my hands together to warm it up before sliding them under the sheet, landing on Zander's thick, hard cock. I watch his eyes flare wide as he realizes what I'm doing. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what's happening under the sheet when he moans.

Owen and Reece jump up and rush over to the massage table. "Are you really jacking him off?" Owen asks, his eyes never leaving my face, as I slide the sheet off of Zander's body with one of my hands.

"Fuck me. Are you going to take care of us the same way or only let us watch?" Reece has already moved behind my body, pushing his hard cock against my ass.

Damn, why is Zander the only one with his clothes off?

I lean back into Reece's arms, never breaking contact with Zander's cock as I stroke him from root to tip. I watch Owen grab the oil and squeezes a drop into Reece's hand before that same hand disappears down the front of my leggings and slides between my thighs to my soaked pussy.

Owen disappears from my sight for a few seconds before returning with a pair of bandage scissors that look suspiciously like the ones, I keep on the counter by the massage table in case I need to use the athletic tape to wrap someone's ankle or wrist.

Maybe they are sexy serial killers, after all.

Before I can dwell on that thought for too long, Owen asks, "Can I cut off your sports bra? Your breasts look painful, squished in it." All I can do is nod. It's all the permission he needs as he slices through the fabric, freeing my breast to the warm air. "How about these leggings? They look tight, too."

I nod again, giving him permission to basically tear my clothes off of my body. He carefully cuts through the elastic on the waistband of my leggings on each hip before setting the scissor down and ripping my leggings on each side from hip to ankle, leaving me completely naked to their lustful gazes—Zander from his spot on the massage table, Reece from over my shoulder, and Owen on my right side.

The sex goddess in me loves the attention, but the shy band nerd inside of me knows they're way out of my league. But that small part of me still believes in fairytales and happily ever after makes me hope this might be the real thing.

Sure, this is just sex, and we barely know each other, but with time, those feelings could change and grow into something more. Right?

Pushing those thoughts away, I decide to live in the moment and take everything they offer me. "Make love to me." I throw my head back against Reece's chest, pressing my breasts out to Owen's hungry mouth as it descends on my right nipple while his hand massages my left breast. All the while, I continue to pump Zander's cock with my hands as Reece thrusts his fingers into my dripping pussy.

The feelings are so intense that I try to pull away, only to have Reece elevate my worries. "It's okay, Maggie. We've got you. We won't do anything you don't want us to do." Reece kisses my neck as his fingers work their magic, penetrating me over and over until I'm shaking with the need to come.

"Shit, Maggie, you're going to make me come too soon." Zander places his hands over mine, stilling my movements as he fights the urge to explode in my hands—his face scrunched in what looks like agony when it's really sexual agony as he regains control of his body with deep, uneven breaths.

"She's going to come before any of us do." Reece picks up his speed as his fingers skillfully glide through my slick folds and across my throbbing clit. Combine that with the way Owen is hungrily sucking on my tits, running his tongue around each nipple before slipping it into his mouth with a firm suction that I can feel it in my core, I know it's only a matter of time before my orgasm claims me.

The sensations are too much as I close my eyes and explode around Reece's fingers, soaking his hand with my desire.

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three

Maggie

I 'm still floating in a sexual haze when I realize I really am floating as a pair of muscular arms picks me up and lays me on the now-empty massage table. My eyes flutter open to find Owen and Reece standing over me.

"Are you sure you want to do this? With all three of us?" Owen asks.

Am I sure?

This is a huge step in my vanilla sex life. A year ago, I never would have imagined this scenario. But now, it's all I can think about. "Yes, I'm sure." I smile, then frown, realizing Zander is missing.

"Condoms! "Zander appears in front of me, ripping the condom package with his teeth and pushing Owen and Reece out of the way. "I'm first."

I'm a little relieved we're going to do this one at a time, at least at first, until I get used to all of them at the same time. My pussy and ass actually clench with desire as my mouth waters just thinking about having each of my holes filled by the three of them at the same time. Maybe taking it slow is a little overrated.

Owen and Reece groan their disapproval of having to wait. I expect them to return to their spots on the floor by the wall, but they only take a few steps back and stay in my sight as their gazes' smolder into mine.

Damn, that's hot. Getting railed by one guy while two other guys watch. Maybe Ted was right.

"Eyes on me," Zander says as he sheaths himself in the magnum condom. "They'll get their turn. But for now, you're mine." Just as gracefully as before, he hops onto the massage table, balancing his body on his hands and toes as his body hovers over mine with impressive strength. "Do you know how bad I want to take you bare, with nothing between us?" He leans down so our bodies are slightly touching as he captures my lips in a possessive kiss. My mouth opens, letting his tongue in to explore as his hips nudge my thighs apart.

His cock probs at my soaked pussy, pushing forward inch by delicious inch into my opening, stretching me wide with each thrust. "Yes, Zander." I moan into his mouth—throwing caution into the wind, unsure of how we actually went from me not wanting to massage them to having one guy fuck me while the other two wait in line for their turn.

I'd laugh at the absurdity of it all if it didn't feel so incredible being stretched to my limits by his cock—instead, I moan my pleasure.

"That's it. Let Owen and Reece know how good I make you feel. Let them know it's my cock that's making you moan like that." Zander's lips move down my throat as his hips thrust in and out of my body. The massage table creaking under his powerful thrusts.

"It's so good." I'm surprised I can form a coherent sentence with the way his body is pleasuring me.

"You don't know how bad I needed this." Zander's words penetrate the lust-filled haze of my brain, causing my body to stiffen. Is it me he needs or just a warm hole to stick his dick in? "Come for me." His hand works its way between our bodies,

making me forget his words as his fingers dance across my clit, triggering another orgasm.

"Zander!" I grab his hair, holding on for dear life, calling out his name, my body spasming in release.

"That's it, Maggie, scream my name." His cock thrusts into me harder and faster. I wrap my legs around him, locking my ankles around his trim waist, and hold on.

With one last deep thrust, his body stiffens, and I curse the latex between us. I've never gone without a condom before, but I would give almost anything to feel his or any of their hot seed shoot inside me.

"Good girl." He kisses my lips one last time before sliding off the massage table and disposing of the condom in a nearby wastebasket.

Note to self—empty that wastebasket before any of my staff members or worse Aubree, sees what's inside it.

"Are you ready for me?" A naked Reece takes my hand and helps me off of the massage table onto the cushioned floor. "How about we give those two a show, one with you riding my cock?" He lies down on the mat, taking me with him as he positions me over his latex-covered cock, ever so slowly lowering me onto his hard flesh.

Shit, he was right, they're all huge. I take a deep breath and blow it out as I sink farther onto Reece's length, my pussy devouring it inch by inch.

"That's it, Maggie. Take me in your tight hole." He moans as I do what I'm told until I'm fully seated on him, ready to ride him like a cowgirl Experimentally, I lift my hips before sinking back down, causing him to hiss in pleasure. "Just like that." He

grabs my hips, taking control of the speed. I roll my hips in time with each of his thrusts, feeling more powerful than I've ever felt. "Come here. I need to taste your lips." He snakes a hand behind my neck, pulling me to his chest for a deep kiss I feel all the way to my toes.

We stay like this for a few more minutes, savoring the feel of our tongues rubbing against each other, before the need to flex my hips takes over and I break the kiss. I sit back on my heels with his cock still deep inside me. Giving him my most seductive smile, I run my hands over my large breasts, tweaking each nipple before rolling them between my fingers.

A chorus of groans fills the air as I remember we have an audience. I grind my hips down on Reece, loving how full he makes me feel. Then, because I'm feeling extremely naughty, I take one of my hands off my breast and stick two fingers into my mouth to get them wet before dropping them into my soaked pussy.

The look on Reece's face is classic as I rub my clit in time with my bouncing hips. The faster I bounce on his cock, the faster my fingers fly across my clit. "Fuck, Maggie. You are so fucking beautiful." Reece groans as he runs his hands up and down the sides of my body.

I don't care if the words are only said in the heat of the moment, but they give me the courage to finish what I started. I ride him harder, like a real cowgirl, bouncing up and down at an insane pace. Just as my inner walls grip his cock tighter, I feel his body tremble as he empties himself into the condom. I follow a split second later until I'm completely spent and fall onto his muscular chest with a sigh.

Getting ready to snuggle into his soft chest hair, I wiggle my hips, causing him to groan, "You might want to stop moving before I decide to take you again." Reece kisses the top of my head as strong arms wrap around my body, lifting me into the air and off his cock, placing me back on the massage table.

"Let me take care of you." Owen licks the seam of my lips, causing me to open my mouth with a sigh, letting his tongue explore my mouth.

His kiss is different from the other two. Where their kisses felt wild and possessive, Owen's kiss feels slow and sensual, like he could kiss me for days and never get bored.

Lost in the feel of his mouth on mine, I make a slight whine deep in my throat when he breaks the kiss. "I've tasted these lips," he runs a finger over my mouth. "Now I want to taste these lips." He runs that same finger down my body until it's resting on my soaked pussy lips.

"That's not fair. We didn't get a chance to taste her there." Zander's disgruntled voice cuts through the sensual haze surrounding Owen and me.

"That's because you two are fools who rushed to the goal instead of savoring it," Owen says in between kisses as he works his way down my body one lick at a time. "You're soaked." He licks a stripe up my pussy to my clit, taking his time to suckle the little bud.

"Mmm, yes." I moan, twisting my hips from side to side.

"Stay still, or I'll have Reece and Zander hold you down." His hot breath caressing my inner thighs.

I'm tempted to wiggle my hips again to see if he'll make good on his threat when his face appears in front of me. "Is that what you want? For them to hold you down while I fuck your tight little pussy." He raises an eyebrow, waiting for my answer.

"Maybe next time." I finally say.

"I knew you were dangerous, Maggie May." He leans down and captures my lips. I can taste myself on him, and I don't hate it. I've never had a guy kiss me after going down on me before. The salty, sweet taste is not what I expected. "But I never knew you were this addicting." He whispers against my lips. "I suppose we should get on with it so we can move to the main course."

I don't have a chance to ask Owen what he means by the main course before he slides a condom down his hard length. Yup, they're all well-endowed, is my last rational thought before he positions himself over me on the massage table, just like Zander did.

He pushes his hips forward, nudging his cock between my thighs and into my pussy. To my surprise, my pussy is just as tight for Owen as it was for Zander and Reece.

"Shit, Maggie, you shouldn't be this tight." He groans as he pushes himself deeper inside of me. I can sense he's trying to hold back, but I squeeze my inner muscles and milk his cock until he has no other choice but to fuck me hard and fast. "You're fighting dirty, Maggie May." I kind of love having Owen call me Maggie May. I grew up listening to classic rock. Rod Stewart is one of my favorite artists, so it's fitting that he calls me that. "Two can play at that game." He slides his hand between our bodies, his large fingers finding my clit as he rubs them across it in firm, almost punishing strokes, and Heaven help me; I love the pleasure and pain feeling it's giving me.

"Yes, Owen. Right there." I pant before my orgasm shakes my body.

He thrusts a few more times before he comes in that damn condom and not inside my body. "Anything else you want to try tonight?" He says as Reece and Zander pop over each of his shoulders, waiting for my response.

"Actually, there are a couple of things I want to try." I take my time looking at each

one of them before I continue, "That is if you're up for it."

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four

Maggie

Surrounded by three extremely hard, naked cocks was not on my bingo card for tonight, but here I am with one in my mouth and one in each hand.

"Maggie, that feels so good." Reece's grip on my hair isn't painful. In fact, it feels amazing to give up that much control of my body that I trust him to control how deep and how long I keep him in my throat. I hollow out my cheeks, sucking him as hard as I can, trying to push him over the edge. "Shit, Maggie. I'm coming." It's all the warning I get, before Reece shoots his load down my throat. I swallow most of it, leave a little on my tongue to show them once Reece slides out of my mouth. I open wide showing them all the treat on my tongue. "That's it Maggie. Swallow my cum." Reece growls before stretching out on the mat covered floor while I finish off Zander and Owen.

Zander guides his length into my mouth as I work my hands up and down on Owen's equally hard length. "Your mouth is magic, Maggie." Zander groans as I smile around his girth at the compliment. If they only knew giving head is my least favorite thing to do—or at least it was before tonight.

Taking him deeper into my mouth I hum, moaning at the feel of him in my mouth as my hands glide over Owen's length.

"I'm coming!" Zander shouts as he releases his cum into my hungry mouth. I swallow all but the last little bit like I did with Reece, opening my mouth as he slides out to

show him the treat he gave me. "Fuck, Maggie, that's making me hard again, seeing my cum cradled on your tongue." Zander reaches for me as I swallow his cream.

"Not so fast, Zander." Owen steps between us. "You had your turn. Now it's mine. But for my turn I want Reece's cock in your ass, while Zander's is in your pussy." My body shivers at the lust in his eyes.

Reece jumps off the floor, grabbing the massage oil as he positions himself behind me. I hear the cap click open seconds before the cool liquid runs between my ass cheeks. The cool sensation quickly replaced by a warm heat as Reece works the liquid around my asshole before inserting a finger to stretch me out for his huge cock.

I open my mouth to moan my pleasure, and Owen takes the opportunity to shove his big cock down my throat. "That's a good girl. Taking my cock as Reece fingers your ass, getting you ready to take all three of our cocks at the same time."

I nod, letting them know I want this—want them in all of my holes.

Out of the corner of my eye I see Zander grab two of the magnum condoms, tossing one to Reece. I watch as Zander rips open the package with his teeth and sheaths himself with the latex covering before laying on the padded floor and lifting me up at the hips to position me over his cock and lowering me inch by inch, stretching me wider and wider as Reece continues prepping my ass.

Needing a distraction from all the sensations running through my body, I focus on sucking off Owen. His girth stretches my mouth just like the other two that have been in my mouth tonight.

"Is she ready?" I glance up at Owen who's looking behind me at Reece.

"More than ready." He slaps my ass causing me to squeal. "See."

Owen tips my head up to meet his gaze. "I'm going to fuck your mouth while you fuck Zander and Reece fucks your ass. Got it." I nod, my eyes watering at the depth of his cock down my throat. "Good girl." He gently caresses my cheek before all hell breaks loose and all my holes are getting pounded into.

Sure, Owen said I would be the one fucking Zander but with the death grip he has on my hips as he thrust upwards, I'm not going to complain. Just the opposite as my body takes a cock deep in each hole until my body is humming for release.

"That's it Maggie. Take your men deep in all your holes." Owen pumps into my mouth faster. "Reece, play with her clit. She's dying to come—I can see it in her eyes." Owen winks at me causing me to smile around his girth.

Reece slips one hand around my waist to my throbbing clit as his other hand grips my hip as he slams my ass back and forth on his cock. He begins to rub my clit as Zander continues to thrust up into my pussy, his fingers bumping against Zander's cock with each thrust. "Sorry, Zander. I didn't mean to touch your cock."

"It's okay, man. As long as her pussy keeps squeezing me like this, I don't care who touches me." Zander groans as his hips thrust faster and faster.

"I think we're going to have to get used to the accidental touches if we keep sharing her like this." Owen winks at me again, causing my heart to flutter.

"You're probably right." Reece picks up his speed as his fingers fly across that little bundle of nerves until I'm crying out my release around Owen's cock.

Their rapid thrusting and grunting continue until I feel the distinct twitching of each of their cocks as Reece and Zander unload into the condoms while Owen fills my mouth.

"Swallow it all." Owen says as he slides out of my mouth placing his hand under my chin forcing me to swallow every last drop of his cum.

Reece pulls out of me next as Zander lifts me off of him before they both dispose of the condoms in the same wastebasket as earlier.

"Damn woman. You wore us out." Zander says as they sit on the mat with their backs against the wall.

Feeling a wave of domesticity, I stand and head for the door.

"Where are you going?" Reece asks.

"To grab you guys some water. You need to stay hydrated."

"What about you? Don't you need to stay hydrated?" Zanders says.

"Don't worry about me. I've had plenty of fluids to keep me hydrated." I flip my hair over my shoulder and sashay out of the room swinging my hips from side to side to the sound of sexual groans coming from behind me.

I'm never going to doubt Aubree again. I can definitely see the allure of having three attentive lovers.

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five

Zander

"Holy shit, that was wild." My body feels like a limp noodle and I'm pretty sure I won't be able to move for a long time. "That was so intense. I think I'm in love."

I'm not being dramatic or anything. It's the truth. I've never felt this way after sex before. Hell, I'm not even sure I'd consider my previous hook ups even half as good as what happened here tonight—whether because it was Maggie or the fact that this is the first time, I've shared a woman with anyone else at the same time or if it's because I shared a woman with my best friends. But this is nothing like I've ever felt before. I have to believe it's a little bit of everything rolled into one that's caused this feeling.

"She's quite a woman." Reece gives me a lovesick grin that I'm sure matches mine.

"This might seem a little too soon, but I'd like to see if she would be open to dating all three of us." The concern in Owen's voice wipes the smile off my face.

"Do you think she'll say no? I mean after what we did here tonight, I think she's definitely open to it." I try not to sound too confident but damn if she didn't just rock my world like no one else has ever done or will do.

"I don't know. It's a lot for some people to be in a relationship with one guy. We're asking her to be in a relationship with three guys." Reece says joining the conversation.

"What about those players from Minnesota? Don't you know them? Can't you ask how to handle a situation like this?" I feel the panic rise inside of me that I haven't felt since I was in high school, before I learned how to control my anxiety with meditation.

"I could call Colt Hayes one of the owners, he's a friend of the family. I hear him and the other two co-owners of the team all share one of the ice girls. I'll call him first thing in the morning." Owen says.

"Now that's settled, what are we going to do about tomorrow night's game with the Kraken. They're on a three-game winning streak. We can't afford to lose to them." Reece changes the subject, and I feel my anxiety lessen with each deep breath I take now that we have a plan for Maggie.

Owen and Reece continue to discuss the game tomorrow, but my mind is still on Maggie. I wonder if she would want to come home with us tonight. We'd have to stay at Owen's house, his is the biggest. We should probably start looking for a bigger house for the four of us, and of course for all the kids were going to have. And pets—I wonder if Maggie is a dog or a cat person?

Feeling more relaxed than ever, I continue to let my mind wander to a future with the four of us. Maggie sitting in the wives' and girlfriends' section at every home and away game. Because of course she will be at every home and away game.

The anxiety begins to flare inside of me again at the thought of not being near Maggie everyday now that we've found her. I'm not willing to be separated from her.

"So as long as we beat the Kraken tomorrow night, we're golden for a few more weeks." Reece points out bring my attention back to the conversation. "It's only one game, so we need to hold it together so we can concentrate on Maggie."

"Like I always say, one and done, baby. That's the key." We all laugh at my joke, but little did I know not everyone would think it was funny.

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six

Maggie

"Like I always say, one and done, baby. That's the key." I heard Reece say my name as I got just outside of the massage room. Added with Zander's awful words, and then to top it all off, they laughed like it was some big joke—like I'm a joke.

My heart drops as I come to an abrupt halt just outside the massage room. My hands shake, and I almost drop the water bottles I so foolishly grabbed for them.

You need to stay hydrated.

I teased, with a flick of my hair as I ran naked out of the room, actually thinking tonight meant more to them than one night only or, as Zander put it, one and done.

The thought of them high fiving each other at how easy it was to score with the flakey yoga girl has me pushing forward to kick them out before I'm humiliated anymore by the three of them.

Thankfully I had the foresight to slip into one of the silk robes that's part of the auction basket, or I would be feeling more vulnerable than I am right now after finding out I'm only a one and done, hit it and forget it kind of girl to them.

Okay, so technically no one said, hit it and forget it, but they might as well have for how dirty Zander's words make me feel.

Assholes. I'll show them the true meaning of one and done.

Strutting into the room I begin throwing the water bottles at them, secretly hoping to hit them with the full plastic bottles. "Here, your massages are complete. Take your complimentary water and leave." I cringe, knowing they didn't exactly get the massages they were expecting.

"Maggie, what's wrong?" Reece steps toward me, but Owen stops him with a shake of his head.

"Nothing's wrong. I provided a service. It's done. Now, it's time for the three of you to leave."

"But we still owe you three thousand dollars." Zander takes a step toward me, ignoring Owen's earlier warning.

I thought Zander's words before were hurtful. These take the cake. What do they think I am? Some whore who has sex for money.

"Out! Get out of my studio!"

Surprisingly, they don't put up a fight. Instead, they back out of the massage room, all but Owen. He's taking the trash bag full of used condoms out of the wastebasket, tying it shut, and holding it in his hand.

Realizing what he's doing hits me square in the face, "Oh—my—God! You're taking the used condoms with you because you're afraid I'm going to suck up your baby batter with a turkey baster and inseminate myself to trap you into paying child support for the next eighteen years." A vision of three little boys pops into my head, one with blond hair, one with dark hair, and one with brownish-red hair calling me mommy.

Fighting back the tears, I hold my ground. I cross my arms over my chest, waiting for a denial, even though I know there's no denying the truth.

"Maggie May, it's not like that." Owen reaches for me but thinks better of it as he pulls his hand back. "It's a force of habit. Women will do almost anything to bag themselves a pro athlete. It's hard to trust people in our line of work."

Hearing him call me, Maggie May almost breaks me. He doesn't have the right to call me that anymore. He lost that right when I became a joke to them. "Maybe if you would stop sticking your dicks into people you don't trust, you wouldn't have to steal the garbage like a thief in the night." I push past Zander and Reece, who have returned to the doorway to observe our heated conversation, and stomp to the front of my studio, unlocking the door and holding it open. "Out." As each file passed me, a little piece of my heart breaks.

"Maggie, at least let us drive you home—it's late."

As if I would take Reece up on that offer now. "I am home. I live above the studio." In a tiny, cramped studio apartment. But they don't need to know how small it is. "But don't worry, I didn't steal any of your precious sperm, so I won't be raising your child in my apartment."

The hurt look on their faces confuses me. They're the ones who wanted a one-and-done booty call, but now they look like I've kicked their favorite puppy. I feel myself caving—wanting to console them, but in the end, I let them walk past me and out of my life.

I slam the door with all the anger built up inside me, making sure to lock it before I escape to the scene of the crime, as I plan to never speak of it again, to clean up any evidence of what happened here tonight, when I notice a black garbage bag that wasn't there earlier and realize it's the one Owen was taking with him.

Did he accidentally forget it? Or is he saying he trusts me with his sperm?

I spend the next thirty minutes scrolling through my phone looking up how long sperm lasts outside the body because if I can't be the mother of their children, I can at least respect their wishes and dispose of their sperm properly so no one else can use it without their consent.

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seven

Owen

"What the hell was that all about?" Zander curses, kicking an empty metal trash can in his anger. "I thought she would be ours, like Bowen, Kyson, and River have Aubree. And like those damn Minnesota Norse, all have."

Zander's the youngest out of the three of us at twenty-five. At Twenty-eight, Reece and I have a little more experience with women than he does. "Don't worry. She'll be ours. Something must have spooked her." I glance at Reece for confirmation only to be met with a shrug. "Let's give her some time to adjust to a relationship with the three of us," I add when I see Reece isn't going to help.

After what happened in Maggie's studio tonight, there's no going back. She's the missing piece of our lives we didn't realize was missing.

I've never believed in soul mates or the saying, she's the other half of me. It's like we're all a quarter part of a relationship—a relationship that revolves around Maggie May.

Growing up with only my mom, we didn't have much. But what we did have was an apartment not much bigger than the size of Maggie's by the look of it filled with singing and dancing to all the greatest classic rock songs.

Maggie May by Rod Stewart, is still one of my mom's favorites. It seems like she was the older woman in the relationship with the father I never knew. When he found out

she was pregnant with me, he ran from the role of a father and a husband, leaving her a single, unwed mother, who worked hard so her son could someday play in the pros.

I thank God every day I was able to make that dream come true, so now she no longer has to work two and three jobs at a time. Instead, she has a house of her own and a husband who loves her. I can't wait for her to meet our Maggie May.

But first we have to convince Maggie she's ours.

We have a game tomorrow night against the Chicago Kraken. It's a make-up game, so it's only one-and-done, not a series where there's the potential to lose a game and still be okay. After that, we can take all the time we need to court Maggie properly.

"It will be okay. You saw how she reacted to us. She just needs a little time to figure out her feelings." I say this more to convince myself than to convince them.

What if I'm wrong and Maggie never wants a relationship with us?

I'm getting too old for the random puck bunny. I want something real, and I want it with Maggie and my two best friends.

We sit in silence on one of the sidewalk benches, watching her studio, looking for any sign of her. After an hour, the studio lights shut off, replaced by the soft glow of a light coming from Maggie's apartment above her yoga studio.

It's hard to tell how big the apartment is from this angle, but that doesn't matter. Maggie deserves a big house—big enough for her to have a home yoga studio and plenty of bedrooms for all our children.

When I left the garbage bag with her that contained our used condoms, it was a sign of trust. But a small sick part of me was turned on at the thought of her impregnating

herself with our sperm. I imagine her growing round with our child—the first of many since we all want a big family.

It isn't until the soft light in her apartment turns off that we pull ourselves away from Maggie and return to our respective homes, each of us dreaming of a future with Maggie May.

eight

Reece

Sitting in the locker room, I run through my pre-game ritual, I can't help but think about Maggie. Having her sit in the wives' and girlfriends' section wearing one of our jerseys would be a dream come true.

Sex, for me, has always been a way to relieve stress—nothing permanent—no connection. I'm not even sure I know the last names of half my past lovers. There was never a reason to know or care. We both got what we wanted.

But something about Maggie has me wanting more—a deeper connection. She's fun and sweet—or was until something set her off. I rack my brain, trying to figure out what it might have been, but nothing stands out. She was already mad when Owen was retrieving our used condoms, so that wasn't it.

I'm not used to women being mad at me. I'm the golden child. I come from a long line of famous hockey players. Combine that with a hotel heiress mother, and I've never wanted for anything—until now.

"Time to hit the ice." Head Coach Davis yells into the locker room as we all stand and follow him out onto the ice.

It's only a matter of time before Coach Davis replaces his father as the head coach of the Minnesota Norse, taking his two assistants, who happen to be his brothers, with him. That's the life of a hockey player—never knowing what the future holds.

Out on the ice, my thoughts calm down, letting me think clearer. If it wasn't the condoms, Maggie was mad about, was it the money? I mean, yes, she was mad about that, but we made that arraignment before we ever had sex, even though we all knew that's where we were headed.

"Do you think Aubree was able to talk Maggie into coming to the game tonight?" Zander skates up to me, a hopeful look in his eyes.

"I'm sure she did her best to convince her." It was a desperate move to include our teammates and their girlfriend, Aubree, in our plan. But we're desperate men willing to do whatever it takes to win back Maggie.

"Aubree's over there." Owen skates to us, pointing at the front row of the wives' and girlfriends' section. "But I don't see Maggie yet." It's a perfect spot for us to keep an eye out for Maggie. So close to the ice only the thin plexiglass separating her from us.

"There she is!" Zander excitedly points to Maggie as she makes her way down the arena steps to the front row.

"What the fuck is she wearing?" I squint, trying to make out the jersey she's wearing knowing it's not the Poseidon team colors.

"Oh, hell no." Owen skates toward her as we follow behind. All of us glaring at that awful burnt orange Chicago Kraken hockey jersey she's wearing.

Not surprisingly, she glares at us, but she surprises us by sticking her tongue out.

"Stop being a brat, or I'll give you something to suck on." While not the most mature thing to say, Zander has a point. She is acting like a brat. But at least she still feels something for us, even if it is hate at the moment.

"You wish!" She yells back, causing me to hide a smile, thankful she hasn't lost her spunk.

We skate away from the glass back to the team bench, where Owen motions for one of the security guards. "Tony, there's a fiery redhead in the front row of the wives' and girlfriends' section wearing a Chicago Kraken jersey." Owen picks up one of the extra team jerseys we normally sign and throw out to the crowd after we win and hands it to Tony. "Make sure she takes that hideous thing off and puts this one on." Tony nods, takes the jersey, and dashes through the crowd.

"This should be good," I say as we skate to Maggie's section.

As expected, she's angry as can be, glaring at the security guard as she whips the Kraken jersey off, giving us and the rest of the arena a view of those luscious breasts, barely concealed in an almost see-through bra.

I'm definitely going to buy her more of those so I can rip them off her.

We watch as she puts on the Poseidon jersey, covering her gorgeous body, only to have her flip us off.

"Come on. Let's go back to the bench before the game starts." Owen says with a smile, and I realize we're all smiling at Maggie's little outburst.

I've always heard that as long as there's a hint of emotion in a relationship, even if it's anger, that relationship can be fixed. But if there's no emotion at all, there's nothing worth fixing. It's a good thing our little Maggie still has feelings for us.

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nine

Maggie

The last thing I want to do is attend an Iowa Poseidon Hockey game with all the puck bunnies vying for the same attention I got from Owen, Zander, and Reece last night. One and done, just like Zander said.

I'm no better than one of their puck bunnies.

What a fool I was to fall for their smooth-taking style—only wanting a deep tissue massage, my ass. They wanted something deep, all right, and it was every hole in my body. Stupid me, I fell for it, even convincing myself I was okay with only one night—which I was until I heard those horrible words come out of Zander's mouth.

Steeling myself against seeing the three of them again so soon, I adjust the shoulders of my new Chicago Kraken hockey jersey, before walking down the arena stairs to the wives' and girlfriends' section, where my best friend Aubree is waiting for me. My eyes shift to the ice where Zander, Owen, and Reece are staring at me with undisguised anger.

What the hell? What do they have to be mad about? I'm the one who should be mad. Sure, I might have overreacted by throwing the water bottles at them and telling them to get the hell out of my studio, but that doesn't give them the right to glare at me the way they're doing.

"Maggie, why are you wearing that jersey?" I hear Aubree say, but I'm so wrapped up

in these foreign feelings of anger, jealousy, and self-pity that I don't answer. Instead, I react in the most childish way when I come face to face with the three of them with only the Plexiglas separating us and stick out my tongue before turning me attention to Aubree, but not before Zander calls me a brat and offers to give me something to suck on.

"You wish!" I snap my gaze back to them with my own childish reply.

What is it about the three of them that brings out this side of me? I'm a calm, peaceful person. I'm a certified yoga instructor. I'm the one who's supposed to always be calm and in control.

Luckily, they skate away, leaving me to deal with these unwanted feelings along with an empty feeling inside.

"Maggie." Aubree whispers, "People are staring. What's gotten into you tonight?"

What has gotten into me? I'm a professional businesswoman in this town—I shouldn't be acting so foolish.

"I'm fine. It's nothing." I sit in my chair, throwing my arms across my chest, suddenly embarrassed at wearing the visiting team's jersey 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 me what looks to be an authentic Iowa Poseidon hockey jersey, just like the one Aubree is wearing, but without a number or name on it.

Not letting them think they've won this round, I stand and whip off the Chicago Kraken jersey I'm wearing, only to expose my large breasts, barely concealed by a

light pink sheer lacey bra to the stunned gaze of not only the security guard but to Zander, Owen, and Reece who have returned to the spot in front of me on the ice with only the plexiglass separating us with smug smiles on their handsome faces.

Usually, I would think these were terrific seats, being this close to the ice and the players, but right now, I want to wipe the smirks right off their faces. With the cold air of the ice arena hitting my barely covered breasts, my nipples tighten into hard peaks, causing their smirks to change into lust.

Mission accomplished.

I yank the new Iowa Poseidon jersey over my head, unable to let them think they've won. I raise my middle finger at them, flipping them off, only to have them smile and skate back to their bench, waiting for the game to start.

Bastards.

I throw myself back in the seat with an unlady-like grunt. "I hate them." I glare at their retreating backs, accepting they might have won the battle, but the war is far from over.

Which honestly doesn't even make sense. Why do they care what team's jersey I wear, anyway? It was just a one-and-done last night.

"Do you know them?" Aubree's question shakes me out of my self-pity party.

I wiggle lower in my seat, realizing I might have made a bigger scene than intended. "I kind of slept with all three of them last night." I feel my face heat at my confession, which is ridiculous. If anyone understands the draw of having sex with three guys at the same time, it should be Aubree since that's her life now.

Lucky bitch.

"Maggie!" Aubree yells, making me wonder if I says the last part out loud.

Realizing I didn't, I try to do some damage control by quieting her down.

"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 whisper, praying tonight will end sooner rather than later.

As luck would have it, Aubree drops the conversation about last night and concentrates on watching her guys play hockey.

I can't deny how sexy Zander, Owen, and Reece look out on the ice. I've been to a few of Poseidon's games since I moved to Iowa, but I've never been this close to the ice or known any of the players until now.

My panties dampen thinking about what we did last night as I watch every glide of their bodies moving across the ice. The way they can pivot on a dime.

Plus, I'm pretty sure the reason they kept slammed the other team's players against the plexiglass in front of us all night long was the universe's way of taunting me—showing me their sexy, sweaty faces up close, reminding me yet again of last night.

It's a miracle I made it the whole game without sliding out of my seat, given how wet everything is down there. It's a good thing the hockey jersey covers me from neck to knees.

Once the final horn sounds, I tell Aubree a quick goodbye and dash for the exit, only

to be met with that same damn security guard. "Ma'am. I can't let you leave."

"Why the hell not?" My heart races, making me feel like a trapped animal. I have to get out of the arena before I'm forced to watch Zander, Owen, and Reece pick a lucky puck bunny to take home.

What if they share the same puck bunny? They said I was the first, but what if I wasn't, or now, they like it, and that's their thing?

Bile rises in my throat, and I almost throw up on the security guard as he grabs my elbow and tugs me through the crowd. "I've been instructed to deliver you to the locker room."

I can't do this.

Why would they want me to watch as they pick out their lovers for tonight? "I'm going to be sick." I place my free hand over my mouth and dry heave at the thought.

Shocked, the security guard drops my elbow, allowing me to escape into the crowd. I weave through the crush of fans celebrating the Poseidon win as tears fall from my eyes.

I don't know them, so why does it hurt so bad?

Not taking any chances that the security guard might be following me, I sprint through the parking lot to my car and speed home, where I lock myself in my tiny apartment above my yoga studio and cry myself to sleep, dreaming about three little boys, one with blond hair, one with dark hair, and one with reddish brown hair, all like their fathers. Only when I look at their mother, it's not me. It's some faceless woman who's living my dream.

ten

Owen

"Do you think this is a good idea?" Zander adjusts his hold on his duffle bag, gripping the strap tighter than necessary.

We're crashing a yoga class not robbing a bank. He needs to chill out before someone calls the cops on our suspicious behavior.

"It's a business. She's not going to kick out paying customers." I say with more confidence than I feel knowing she has every right to kick us out of her studio and out of her life.

When I came up with this idea, I thought it was perfect. There's no way Maggie would make a scene and throw out in front of her customers. Luckily, we made it passed the first hurdle—a bored looking teenager manning the front desk who was more interested in her phone than the customers who took our money, waving us on without taking her eyes off her phone.

"Come on, the class has already started." I hiss at Zander and Reece motioning them to follow me.

The last thing I need is for one of them to screw this up even more than we already have. I still can't figure out what got Maggie so riled up the other night. And why the hell did she run from Tony after the game when all he was doing was bringing her too us so we could apologize.

With no time to dwell on her actions after the hockey game last night, I lead Zander and Reece farther down the hallway. We all pause as we pass the door that leads to the massage room, none of us saying a word.

It's almost as if we're reliving every moment—I know I am.

Damn that was some night.

I glance between Zander and Reece before continuing our journey down the hall to gauge their reaction to the massage room. As expected, they both have the same longing in their eyes for Maggie that I know I have in mine.

We reach the classroom door as Maggie's sweet voice fills the air as she instructs everyone on the proper technique of each yoga pose. Until suddenly there's a harshness to her tone. Her eyes snap to the doorway where we sheepishly search for open spots to join the class.

"Gentlemen. The class has already started." Her eyes narrow and her lip curls making her look like one of those spicy kittens in all those online videos. "Please take a spot in the back of the room so you don't interrupt anyone any more than you already have."

The room erupts into a chorus of snorts and laughter, which just happens to be coming from some of our teammates that are in Maggie's class. Luckily, it's just Kyson, Bowen, and River with their girlfriend Aubree.

It's a good thing it's only them and not anyone else from our team, or I'd have to rip their eyes out watching Maggie bend in so many delicious poses—poses I'd like the four of us to try after she closes the studio tonight.

Even though I know they're in love with Aubree, I still glare at Kyson, Bowen, and

River, silently letting them know we've claimed Maggie. Which only makes them laugh even harder.

"You guys have it bad, don't you?" Bowen nudges Zander's leg with his foot causing him to lose his balance and fall on his ass.

"Knock it off, dip shit." Reece hisses at Bowen, attempting to bend his body in the next position as Zander glares at Bowen before pushing off the mat to move to the next pose.

"All of you knock it off." Aubree swats Bowen on the ass causing River and Kyson to laugh even more. "Don't embarrass Maggie in front of her paying customers or I'll withhold sex from all three of you for the next month."

The shocked look on their faces at Aubree's threat would be comical but damn if they aren't three lucky bastards that already have their woman. I push down the jealousy and concentrate on the next pose Maggie is moving into.

"Fuck." Zander groans as Maggie moves into the pose, she called downward-facing dog—her luscious ass pushed out high into the air. The perfect height to ram my cock into her tightest hole—the hole only Reece got to claim.

I'm not sure how we made it through the rest of the class watching Maggie bend like that, but somehow, we did.

Maggie has the class in a standing position as she dismisses them for the night. "I'd like to thank most of you for coming tonight." A quick glare in our direction doesn't go unnoticed, reminding us that she's not glad we came tonight. If she only knew how much we want her to come tonight.

Aubree whispers something into River's ear before dashing to the front of the

classroom, stealing Maggie out of our sight and into the hallway.

"Shit, she's getting away." Zander takes a step to follow them, only to be blocked by River, Bowen, and Kyson acting as a human wall none of us can get passed with their arms crossed over their chests.

"Settle down lover boys." River smirks. "The girls have things they need to discuss. One of which is why you three assholes are sniffing around Maggie."

"We're not sniffing around her." Reece tries to deny the truth, but we all know it's a load of bullshit.

"Right. And I'm Wayne Gretzky." Bowen calls our bluff. "I'm surprised no one slipped on all the drool dripping out of your mouths and on to the floor when you were eye fucking her all night."

Damn, were we that obvious?

"Look, we're just giving you shit." Kyson takes pity on us and offers us a lifeline. "We're still in that new phase with Aubree so we know exactly how you feel. But give the girls some time alone. Maybe come back tomorrow night for goat yoga." Both Bowen and River snort in laughter causing me to question Kyson's sincerity.

"Fine, we'll leave, but we'll be back tomorrow night and every night we aren't on the road or at a game until she gives in." I say, looking from Kyson to River to Bowen. "Make sure to pass the word, Maggie is ours. No one else gets to touch her, taste her, or even go out on a date with her."

"You got it." Kyson smirks, making me want to punch him in the face. But I'll save my anger for practice tomorrow when I'm smashing their smug faces into the plexiglass.

"Come on guys, let's get out of here." I say, motioning for Zander and Reece to follow me.

They hesitate for a few seconds before walking with me out of the room. But before we reach the door, I swear I hear Bowen say, "They are so fucked."

eleven

Maggie

"S pill." Aubree slams my office door behind us. "I didn't push you last night about your relationship with Owen, Zander, and Reece, but come on, by the way they were eye fucking you all night, I'd be surprised if you're not pregnant."

"Haha, very funny. It seems like someone didn't pay attention in health class."

"I live on a farm. I'm pretty sure I know more about pregnancies than you do." Aubree takes my arm, pulling me across the room to sit on the couch. "Speaking of pregnancies, did you use protection?"

Involuntary my hands slide across my flat stomach. The thought of not having their babies makes my heart hurt.

Why did they have to be such jerks?

They were so funny and cute as they tempted and teased me into giving them massages—not to mention the fantastic sex. It was definitely the stuff that fantasies are made of.

Unfortunately, that's all it will ever be—a one night fantasy. "Of course we used protection." I roll my eyes. "Like I want to raise their kids." My tone lacks the sarcasm I intended, because damn it if I don't want to raise their children.

It's a good thing I boiled their used condoms the other night to destroy any possibility of an unwanted pregnancy.

Who am I kidding, with the instant attraction I feel for the three of them, I was afraid I might actually suck up their baby batter with a turkey baster and inseminate myself.

Not really, but the thought did cross my mind more than once while I was waiting for the water to boil on the stove top.

"Are you sure about that? Because the sad look in your eyes tells a different story."

Aubree's my best friend. I should be able to tell her anything. But for some reason I can't get the words out. Not when she's so happy with three men of her own. I'll just end up sounding like a bitter old maid.

"I'm sure. It was just sex—one and done." I flinch at those words that still hurt to hear.

"That's odd." Aubree scrunches her eyebrows in thought. "I've never heard that saying before, one and done, until the other night before the hockey game. Bowen told me they had to win since it was their one shot against the Kraken and not a series. He said it was one and done."

The tiny hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

Could I have misunderstood what they were talking about?

I shake my head to clear the thought. It was just a coincidence that both Zander and Bowen said the same phrase in the same twenty-four-hour period. We'd just gotten done having group sex—well kind of group sex. Why would they be talking about hockey afterwards?

Because you were just a hole Maggie May. A one and done piece of ass for them to fuck for fun.

Damn Owen for ruining one of my favorite songs by calling me Maggie May. It's time to forget about them and move on.

"Look, Aubree, I think it's sweet that you're worried about me, but all I can say is, it was the best and the worst night of my life and I really just want to forget it ever happened."

"They didn't force themselves on you, did they? I can bring my three meanest goats to goat yoga class tomorrow night, because you know Zander, Owen, and Reece are going to be there, eye fucking you again. I can have the goats headbutt them in the junk."

"No, they don't really do that do they?" A vision of Zander, Owen, and Reece trying to avoid a goat head to the junk is too funny.

"Yes, they can, and they will." Aubree beams like a proud goat mom.

"You seem awfully proud of their talent." I laugh, unable to hold it in any longer.

"You would be surprised at what those goats can do with the right motivation." By the look in Aubree's eyes, I don't doubt her claim.

"Sure, why not?" I concede, wiping away the tears forming at the corner of my eyes from laughing so hard. "What harm can a small goat's head do anyway?"

"Once again, Maggie, you have no idea the power of a goat on a mission."

"Alright then, load up your meanest goats and let's have some fun." That is definitely

not a sentence I thought I would ever say.

It could be worse—the little bastards could turn on me and headbutt me in the crotch instead. Luckily, I'm pissed enough at Zander, Owen, and Reece to risk damage to my lady bits for a chance at making them suffer for the pain they caused me. Besides, it's not like I'll be using my pussy or my ass or even my mouth with anyone anytime soon.

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twelve

Zander

"Is it just me, or does this goat look feral?" I hesitantly take the goat's leash from Aubree as she assigns everyone in the class their own goat.

"Don't talk that way about Topsy Hooker. She's a sweetheart." Aubree bends down to praise the little furry demon. "Aren't you."

"Then why does she have that evil look on her face?" Reece holds out his hand to accept his own goat's leash from Bowen, his eyes never leaving my goat.

"My goat? What about your goat?" I point at Reece's goat, that has a smile on its face that could rival Heath Ledger's as the Joker.

"What the fuck?" Reece's eyes shift to the furry little bastard at the end of the leash he's hold, as it starts to chew at the waistband of his gray sweatpants.

I've always heard that women are attracted to men wearing gray sweats, but I didn't realize it crossed species.

"Easy, guys. We're here for Maggie. Besides these tiny goats are harmless." Proving his point, Owen takes a leash from River, only to have the goat move in close and personal to his groin, with a quick butt of its head. "Fuck—that hurt." Owen grimaces, looking around the room at the rest of the goats who seem to be calm and gentle with their human yoga partners. "Did we get defective goats?"

"Nope." Aubree pops the p before turning her back to us to finish passing out the goats to the rest of the students.

"You three are so fucked." Kyson laughs, following behind Aubree as he, River, and Bowen, walk their surprisingly calm goats through the classroom.

"This is a bunch of shit." Reece hisses, as he plays tug of war with his sweatpants and the goat. "Why are our goats such dickheads?" He pulls the waistband of his pants out of the goat's mouth so hard the little creature stumbles backward, but not hard enough to cause it any damage. Or so I thought. The goat dramatically falls to the ground, bleating like it's been shot. "What the hell? I barely touched it."

Aubree and Maggie come rushing over to check on the little faker. Once they deem the little devil fine Maggie turns to glare at us. "If you can't be nice to the goats, you need to leave the class."

Shit, we can't do that. Our whole purpose for being in this class is to win Maggie back.

"It's fine. It was just a little accident. wasn't it, Reece?" Owen bends down to help the little goat actress back into a standing position, triggering a bout of jealousy from the goat he's currently assigned to.

We might be pro athletes with lightening quick reflexes, but nothing has prepared us for these sneaky little shits.

"Fuck." Owen grunts as his goat butts its tiny head into his groin again causing everyone in the class, including Maggie to burst out in laughter. Even Reece and I can't help but laugh, until our goats decide to join in the fun and headbutt the both of us in our junk.

"All right class—that's enough." Maggie composes herself as she takes her place at the front of the class. "It's time to begin. Now remember, the goats can sense if you're uncomfortable, so try to relax and stay calm. If not, you might end up upsetting the goats like we just witnessed." Her lips curl into a slight smile, almost like she's trying to hide the fact that she's enjoying watching the goat attack us.

Which is fine by me. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep her happy, even at the expense of my junk. But unfortunately for us, Maggie is determined to keep us shut out of her life and no amount of goat abuse to our bodies will make her change her mind.

thirteen

Reece

Three Months Later

We still haven't figured out what made her change her mind about us, but all I know is I'm a wreck when we're on the road—when I can't be near her. The thought of her being with anyone else makes me sick—not that she's dating anyone. Even though she mentioned it at yoga class the other night, she hasn't been on a date that we know of.

I'm still not sure how Maggie got the goats from the goat yoga class to head butt us in the junk, but they do. We've had to be careful when we attend the goat yoga class. It's been entertainment for our teammates as more and more of them have started attending Maggie's classes for the show.

Which is fine with us. It makes Maggie happy to have a full class, and seeing Maggie happy is all we want.

The puck bunnies still line up after every game, waiting to bag themselves a hockey player. I wish they would get it through their heads—we're not interested. As most of the players on our team feel, puck bunnies have lost their appeal.

During the last three months, we've lost our head coach and his two assistant coaches, to the Minnesota Norse hockey team and gained a new female head coach, who we're waiting to talk to for our weekly small group meeting.

I glance at Zander and Owen sitting in our new coach's office as we wait for Coach Wynn. We're a sorry bunch with our long faces and somber demeanor. "Maybe it's time to leave Maggie alone." I break the silence, saying what I know we're all thinking. "We've played like shit for the last few months because Maggie has us tied in knots. It's not fair to her or us to continue like this."

"I was thinking the same thing." Owen grips the back of his neck in frustration. A look I've come to know well over the last few weeks.

"We can't give up on her!" Zander jumps out of his chair like a man possessed. "She's ours. But fuck you both if you don't want to fight for her."

"Gentlemen. Calm down." Coach Wynn strolls into the office, closing the door behind her. "Whatever is bothering you, we can work it out. Because whatever it is, it's affecting your play on the ice." She takes a seat behind her desk, clasping her hands in front of her on the desk. "Now, who wants to begin?" She motions for Zander to take his seat, which he does, crossing his arms over his chest.

I glance from Owen to Zander. They both nod, giving me their approval to tell the coach about Maggie. I spill my guts to her, telling her every little detail as Zander and Owen jump in with details of their own.

"Okay. Wow, that's a lot of information in a short amount of time. So, let's unpack it one at a time." She dissects each conversation inch by inch, but it still doesn't make sense.

Finally, after we think there is zero hope of understanding Maggie's issue with us, Coach Wynn pieces something together we never thought of. "Could Maggie have overheard you saying one and done about the game with Chicago and thought you were talking about her?"

That's it!

Maggie had to have overheard that conversation and thought we were talking about her. "Coach, you're a genius." I push myself out of the chair and head for the door. "Come on, guys. Let's go get our woman." Owen and Zander follow me to the door, but before we can leave, Coach Wynn calls out to us.

"Now wait a minute gentleman. She might not want the three of you, so be prepared to let her go if that's her choice. But it has to be that—her choice. Plus, the team needs you to be at the top of your game, especially with our goalie issues."

Coach Wynn's right—we have a dick for a starting goalie. Rumor has it, he's being replaced soon by a female goalie from the minor league.

Hey if the Minnesota Norse can have a female hockey player, so can we. Beside it shouldn't matter if it's a guy or a girl as long as they're a good player who's not a dick.

"We know Coach." Owen glances at Zander before continuing. "We won't do anything to force her into something she doesn't want." Zander opens his mouth like he wants to argue only to have Owen grab his arm. "We're going to let her go and move on with our lives if she doesn't want us." Zander begins to struggle, trying to free his arm from Owen's grip. "But if she gives any indication, she wants us, nothing in Heaven or Hell will stop us from claiming her. Understood?" Owen shifts his gaze between Zander and me as we nod in agreement. "Good. Now, that that's settled, we'll see you on the ice later, Coach."

fourteen

Maggie

"M aggie!" A deep familiar voice calls from the front of my yoga studio.

Damn, I left the door unlocked again. It's Friday night—the night I always close early since most people are going out on dates instead of doing yoga.

Now because of my lack of securing the door properly, I'll have to deal with Owen, Zander, and Reece.

It's the first time since that first night, we've been alone in my studio. My nipples tighten and my panties dampen at the thought of that night.

I wonder if it's too late to hide in my apartment.

"There you are." Three handsome faces pop into my office doorway. "We need to talk." Owen steps in first as the other two conveniently block my escape route. "We never meant to hurt you." Owen begins. "When we said one and done, we were talking about the hockey game with the Chicago Kraken, not you. We love you, Maggie May. We want to spend the rest of our lives with you—if you'll have us."

This can't be real. I must be dreaming. "You don't mean that." I push away from my desk moving farther away from their temptation.

"We do mean it. Maggie." Reece pushes past Owen.

"Every word of it." Zander adds, popping around Reece's shoulder.

"You love me?" The reality of what they're saying sets in, and I can't believe I've been a fool for so long.

"Of course we love you." Owen's says as they each take turns kissing my lips.

Not ready to let them get away with their hurtful words, even if they weren't aimed at me, and needing to hear them say the right words, I go in for the kill, "You made me feel dirty after that night. Like I was just some random one and done, hit it and forget it booty call."

They blanch at my confession, each of their expressions etched with pain.

"Tell us you forgive us." Reece's says taking my hand.

"Please forgive us, Maggie May." Owen adds taking my other hand.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have said those words when you didn't know the context of them. I want you to be happy." Zander positions himself in front of me, a sadness crossing his handsome face. "I'll step out of the way so you, Reece and Owen can make a fresh start." The sad smile he gives me breaks my heart.

How could I have been so blind?

These three have to love me, especially after all the goat headbutts to their junk, I'm now regretting but will soon make amends for with my mouth.

This is us. This is a relationship I want to fight for to keep all of them.

I take my time looking between each of their hopeful faces before finally responding,

"I love all of you too."

I'm smothered in a group hug with the men I love, kissing me everywhere they can reach—and I wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

"Oh, one more thing." I say in between kisses. "I have an extra bottle of cherry flavored oil in the backroom, but unfortunately I threw the condoms away."

"That's okay Maggie, we can pleasure you until we can get some replacement condoms, because I'm not going to be able to keep my hands off you long enough for us to get to Owen's house. At least not until I've pleased you at least twice." Zander slips a hand down the front of my yoga pants, with a smirk as he finds them soaked. "I think someone else can't wait either."

"Actually, you're right, I can't wait. But I want to feel all of you inside me without the barrier of the condom between us. I'm on the pill so I won't get pregnant."

"Fuck that." Reece says causing me to freeze. For someone who claims to love me, it seems like going without a condom is a deal breaker. I open my mouth to argue the point when he silences me with a finger to my lips. "We don't want to use condoms either. But we also don't want you to use birth control."

"What?" I'm sure I didn't hear him right.

How did we go from them literally bagging up their condoms, so I wouldn't steal their sperm, to them wanting to risk getting me pregnant?

"You're ours Maggie May. And we're yours. We want a big family with you with tons of kids. We'd like to start working on that family immediately if you want." Owen kisses my forehead waiting for my answer.

But between Zander's skillful fingers continuing to strum along my clit to this new information about starting a family, I'm speechless.

I shake my head trying to clear my thoughts only to have Zander double down on increasing my pleasure by speeding up his strokes making my pussy and ass clench with the need to be filled by their cocks as my mouth waters thinking about sucking off the third one.

"Come for us." Reece whispers in my ear and I obey coming all over Zander's fingers.

Once the orgasm subsides, I'm feeling a little clearer headed, but my men look like wild animals waiting to pounce on me and I love every minute of it.

Feeling naughty I decide to tease my guys, "Well hurry and fill me up with your cum the old-fashioned way— I'd hate to have to use the turkey baster."

They groan at my awful joke. But they must have taken me seriously as they spend the rest of the night in my studio filling up all of my holes the old-fashioned way.

Ten Years Later

The three boys I envisioned having the first night I met Zander, Owen, and Reece, stand in front of me each with their father's hair coloring. Only a year between each one. Our twin girls on the other hand look exactly like me as does our youngest little baby Lizzie who really isn't a baby anymore at two years old.

The boys are playing in yet another hockey tournament this weekend. Which by having three retired pro hockey playing fathers it's a given. In fact, all of our children play hockey, except Lizzie, but she will someday when she's old enough.

"What do you think? Are they going to win the championship again this year?" Zander asks, taking a handful of popcorn from the bag in my hand and shoving it into his mouth.

"If they're anything like their fathers, they'll win it numerous times in the years to come." I yank my bag of popcorn away from Zander causing him to pout.

"I thought you liked to share, Maggie May." Owen whispers in my ear with a sleeping Lizzie in his lap.

"Somethings, just not my popcorn." I give him my best come hither look.

"Duly noted." Reece takes the seat in front of me handing me a full bag of popcorn. "We need to keep mommy well fed." He places a hand on my ever-increasing pregnant belly and places a kiss to my stomach. "How are the twins doing?"

"Good. Active but good." He's referring to the twin boys I'm currently pregnant with.
"Speaking of twins. Where are Laura and Lana?"

"Scouting the other team." Reece points to the other team's bench where two red-headed little girls giggle behind the other team's bench.

"Are you sure they're scouting the other team. It looks more like they're teasing the other team." Zander's not wrong at six years old they have a habit of getting into trouble. I wouldn't doubt it if they were egging the other team's players on. "They're full of piss and vinegar, just like their mother." Zander adds.

"Hey!" I elbow him in the ribs causing him to choke on some of the stolen popcorn he shoved in his mouth.

Serves him right.

Once the coughing fit ends, Zander pulls me into his arms. "You know I'm just kidding. We love your fiery side. The girls are lucky to have inherited it." He places a kiss to my temple. "I love you."

"I love you too." Owen wraps his arm around my shoulders and places a kiss to my other temple.

Not to be out done, Reece leans in to kiss my lips, "I love you, too."

"And I love the three of you." I kiss each one of them on the lips. "I'm so glad you didn't give up on me when I tried to get you to puck it off and leave me alone."

"So are we, Maggie May. So are we."

-The End-

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Lenni

Playing professional hockey has always been my dream. Thanks to the Iowa Poseidon Hockey team, I'm the second female hockey player in the NHL and the first female goalie.

What better way to celebrate than at the new nightclub in my new town? How about meeting three of the hottest guys I have ever seen at the nightclub and going home with them for our own private celebration.

It was a fantasy night that will live in my memories forever—or so I thought until I come face to face with the three team owners of the Iowa Poseidon, who just happen to be my fantasy men that gave me the best night of my life.

I try to keep our working relationship professional on and off the ice. But what's a girl to do when all she can think about is that night and the desire to beg them to Puck Me Home Tonight?

Chapter One – Lenni

"Stop tugging at your skirt." Briella slaps at my hands. "You look sexy as hell. You'll have all the guys dropping at your feet."

Before I can respond to her obvious untrue words, the bouncer unhooks the red velvet rope, motioning us to pass through and enter the hottest new club in town.

Wearing skirts and makeup isn't my thing, but thanks to Briella needing a wing woman tonight, I've been squished into a short, tight green dress that, according to Briella, makes my hazel eyes pop.

My normally unruly curly brown hair, which I usually braid, has now been flattened into a sleek, shiny curtain, falling down my bareback, thanks to Briella's magic with a hair straightener and more hair product than I've ever used in my whole life.

She completed my new look with a touch of neutral eyeshadow, a little mascara, and a splash of ruby red lipstick on my lips.

It's not a drastic transformation, but for someone who wears zero makeup and sweats when she's not playing hockey, I barely recognized myself in the mirror when she was done. This is a good thing since I'm the new goalie for the Iowa Poseidon pro hockey team. My first day of practice and meeting the team is Monday—I can't risk being known as a party girl.

I was recently called from the minor leagues to play in the majors. I'll be the second female player in the NHL, behind Teagan Hayes from the Minnesota Norse, and the first female goalie.

Briella and I have been best friends for years, starting in our figure skating class when we were five. Things have changed in the eighteen years we've been friends. Unlike Briella, I no longer dream of being an Olympic figure skater—winning a gold medal in ice hockey and the Stanley Cup is my dream now.

By age eight, I knew figure skating wasn't for me. I didn't have the slim, graceful body Briella has—mine is lean and muscular. Even after I switched to hockey, Briella and I stayed the best of friends, each attending the other's events. The only major event in Briella's life I missed was when her mother remarried last year. According to Briella, she gained a new evil stepbrother and two of his wicked best friends who all happen to play for the Iowa Poseidon.

She never told me what happened at the destination wedding, but whatever it is, Briella is more focused than ever on winning an Olympic gold medal. Tonight is a one-off for her.

I arrived in town four days ago. I couldn't believe my luck when the team that offered me a pro contract was in the same city my best friend lived in. Not only is the pro hockey arena used for hockey, but it's also a hotspot for Olympic ice skaters to train.

The club is crowded, and the music is way too loud. All I want to do is go home, relax in front of the television, and watch a light romantic comedy. Instead, I follow Briella through the crowded club, where the smell of perfume, beer, and sweat fills the air.

"Are you sure about this?" I tug at Briella's elbow causing her to stop and turn around.

We obviously can't drink since we are both in training, but this place looks like a mean girl reunion. The last thing I want is to get hassled by a group of women who are fighting for the same man. I get enough hassle from the puck bunnies afraid I'm sleeping with my teammates.

As if.

The last thing I would ever do is mix business with pleasure. Besides all the guys in this place look to be in their early to mid-twenties. If I'm honest with myself, I prefer older guys—ones that appreciate a woman who isn't stick thin but has a little more meat on her bones. It's not that I'm fat—I'm muscular, which is a turn off for some guys.

"Come on Lenni. It's time you cut loose and have a little fun for once." She grabs my hand with a smile. "Let's dance!" She shouts over the crowd, pulling me along until she finds a spot on the dance floor.

She drops my hand as she begins to sway her body to the music, looking graceful with each sultry movement. I'm sure every guy has his eyes on her especially with her long blonde hair, sapphire blue short sequence dress that matches her eyes perfectly. It reminds me of one of her ice-skating costumes only sexier.

With all eyes on her, I decide to shimmy to the music since no one is watching me. I let the rhythm take control and close my eyes getting lost in the song. I sway my hips from side to side loving the feel of the silk of my dress as it caresses my body, almost like a lover's touch reminding me it's been too long since I've felt any other hand on my body than my own.

Something pulls at my core as I imagine a man's touch on my body, it's almost as if I'm being watched. I open my eyes and glance up to the VIP section of the club to find three extremely handsome men staring back at me. That can't be right. They can't be looking at me. They must be looking at Briella.

A glance away from them not waiting to watch them drool over my beautiful friend. But my foolish heart chances a peak back to the VIP section only to find them gone.

It was silly of me to think that one gorgeous guy would be interested in me let alone three gorgeous guys. Briella is the one they are interested in.

As if proving my point, a group of three guys circle around her. I breathe a sigh of relief when I realize it's not my guys from the VIP section.

I expect the guys to start grinding on Briella, but it doesn't look like they are trying to dance with her. It almost looks like they are trying to cover her up—away from anyone else's view. It looks as though she is arguing with them, but I've managed to dance too far away to hear their conversation.

Working my way back to Briella, I tap on her shoulder to get her attention. "Briella, are you okay?" I glance between the three angry faces, unsure of what is going on.

"Do you want me to get security?"

"No. I'm fine." She crosses her arms over her ample chest causing her already short skirt to ride up higher on her legs which in turn makes the three guys crowd around her even more. "This is just my evil stepbrother and his two wicked friends."

Shit. And my new teammates. Why didn't I take the time to research my new team?

I was so caught up in finally making it into the big leagues, I signed the contract electronically after my agent and lawyer reviewed it. I never once thought to see who my new teammates or team owners were.

I give her a pleading look not to introduce us, but she doesn't take the hint, "This is my best friend, Elenna." She throws an arm around my shoulders. "We're here to have a little fun and find a guy or guys for the night." She smirks.

The smirk is short lived as her stepbrother throws her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. "Like hell, you are." Before storming off the dance floor.

"Sorry about that. Do you drive?" One of the wicked friends asks me. And I shake my head. "Do you think you can call a ride?" The other wicked friend asks me as they both keep an eye on Briella and her stepbrother who has finally set her back on the ground at the edge of the dance floor.

Whatever is happening between the four of them is none of my business. Besides I don't want to interfere since Briella doesn't look to be in any danger.

"It's fine." I give them a friendly smile. "I'll call for a ride." They nod before pushing their way through the crowd to Briella who continues to glare at all three of them.

With a sigh I work my way through the crowd to the other side of the dance floor in the direction of the exit. At least one of us will be getting lucky tonight. As much as

Briella wants to deny it, there is definitely something going on with those guys.

I'm a few feet from the front door and my freedom from this disappointing celebratory night, when someone blocks my escape route. "Going somewhere, Beautiful?"

My gaze travels up the muscular chest in a form fitting black dress shirt, to the open neck, to a square jaw before meeting an intense pair of blue eyes. A movement to the right and one to the left of him catches my eye and I shift my gaze between the three of them, noticing they are the guys from the VIP section.

My pulse rate speeds up until I remember they want Briella and not me. "She's over there." I jerk my head backward. "But you have some competition." I manage to say through the pain.

So stupid, I should have known better. I'm a guy's best friend, not his girlfriend.

I take a step to go around the three of them when a large hand lightly grips my elbow. "I'm not sure who you think we're talking about, but we want you, Beautiful."