



Puck Me Home Tonight (Playing the Puck #11)

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Category: Sport

Description: 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?

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one

Lenni

"S top 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 for 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. That's 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 on a male pro team. I'll be the second female player in the NHL, behind Teagan Hayes from the Minnesota Norse. But I'll be 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 are my dreams 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 coincidentally 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're both in training, but this place looks like a mean girls 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 more curves. 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." Briella grabs my hand with a smile. "Let's dance!" She shouts over the crowd, pulling me along until she finds the perfect 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 will be 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're 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're trying to dance with her. It almost looks like they're 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. Did you drive?" One of the wicked friends asks me. I shake my head. "Do you think you can call for a ride?" The other wicked friend asks 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 as I shift my gaze between the three of them, noticing they're 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."

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two

Daylen

"Why did you drag us here again?" I love my younger brothers, really, I do, but hanging out at some nightclub hasn't been my idea of fun in over fifteen years since I was twenty-three and a rookie in the NHL.

"Don't look at me. It was Kepler's idea." Raiden points to a smug looking Kepler.

He might be the middle brother, but Raiden is far from the group's peacemaker. His motto has always been, "Either you sink or swim—there's no in between."

I take a sip of the top-shelf whiskey the beautiful hostess set on the table in the VIP section of the nightclub, where only the rich and famous are allowed. At least it saves us from being in the thick of the club, surrounded by a meat market of women and men all searching for a one night hook-up.

It's one of many perks my two brothers and I enjoy, thanks to being the owners of the State's only pro hockey team, the Iowa Poseidon.

"Alright. Why are we here?" I turn my attention to my youngest brother, his eyes gleaming in mischief.

"You know how hard it's been for us to meet women who get along." I know all too well how hard it is. How often have I gotten a text from a girlfriend complaining about Raiden or Kepler's girlfriends being mean to them. I know Raiden and Kepler

have had the same problem with women they've dated. "Well, what if we all date the same woman?"

"I.." Kepler cuts me off before I can explain why I don't think it can work, but I'm already picturing the three of us sharing the same woman and I don't hate the idea.

"The Minnesota Norse all paired off in groups of four, sharing the same woman. Hell, some of our players are doing it."

I glance at Raiden to gauge his reaction, only to be met with a look of interest. "It might actually work," Raiden says. "I mean, not only would no longer have to worry about them fighting or complaining that we don't spend enough time with them, but we also won't have to worry about where to spend the holidays."

Raiden has a point. Growing up was hard on us. We might all share the same father, but we have different mothers who always fight over who goes where for the holidays. God forbid they all spent a holiday with our father and all his children.

"Okay, so let's say we agree on this plan. Where are we going to find a woman we all want to be with? Who wants to be with all three of us?" I look between Kepler and Raiden, we have similar tastes in women, but a little more is at stake here. I don't want us to fuck this up before we've even started.

A huge grin crosses Kepler's face. "How about her?" He points down at the dance floor below us to a gorgeous brunette with stick straight hair that I want to mess up. "The sexy brunette dancing next to the pretty little blonde." He adds.

Like he had to clarify.

We're struck silent as we watch her dance—her wide hips and thick thighs swaying to the beat. Add her tiny waist and giant breasts and we are gone for this woman.

Like a magnet, she looks up to the VIP section. Her eyes shift between the three of us before shifting back to the dance floor. I'll be damned if we don't all leap out of our chairs and rush to the dance floor to claim her before she gets away.

We push our way down the stairs into the main club area, searching for the gorgeous brunette. The club is especially busy tonight, as it's a Friday night and the club is so new. Everyone wants to be seen at the hottest club in town.

It takes longer than expected to work our way to the dance floor. When we get there, she's gone. "Where in the hell did she go?" I growl loud enough that Raiden and Kepler hear me over the music.

At 6'4" we tower above most of the people at the club so it doesn't take us long to spot her. "Over there!" Raiden shouts, pointing in the direction of the exit.

We push through the crowd with a new urgency. We can't let her slip through our fingers—not now that we have finally found her.

We catch up to her when she's a few inches from the front door. Luckily, we manage to cut her off by stepping in front of her. "Going somewhere, Beautiful?" I say, drawing her attention away from the door.

Her eyes roam up and down my body before she looks at Raiden and Kepler, checking them out the same way she did me with a look of interest.

"She's over there." She jerks her head backward, her eyes changing from interest to sadness. "But you have some competition."

What in the fuck is she talking about? We want her, not whoever she thinks we're interested in. Doesn't she realize how sexy she is? What man in his right mind would be anyone other than her?

The first thing I'm going to do after we make her ours, is to spank her juicy ass until she understands she's the most beautiful woman in the world. But right now I have to convince her to go home with us. As luck would have it, Kepler, Raiden and I share a mansion just outside town, so there's no argument about whose house we're taking her home to tonight.

Lightly, I grip her elbow so as not to scare her off. "I'm not sure who you think we're talking about, but we want you, Beautiful."

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three

Lenni

"I 'm not sure who you think we're talking about, but we want you, Beautiful."

My heart rate picks up again, and I can't believe they're talking about me. I'm not ugly by any means. I'm just not the type of girl sophisticated guys like these three typically fall for.

Wait, did they say they all want me?

"You mean, you want me. Not that you all want me." I wait for one of them to answer as I consider running for the door and leaving this weird encounter behind me. Because, really, who propositions someone for an orgy in a nightclub anyway?

What am I thinking? This is the exact type of place to set up an orgy.

"Why don't we step over here, where it's quieter." I let him take my hand and guide me to a small room off the main entrance while the other two guys follow. "I'm Daylen, by the way and those two are my brothers, Raiden and Kepler." I glance between them, noting a slight similarity. "We have the same farther, but different mothers." He clarifies.

Noticing they don't give me their last name—I hesitate to give them my real name. Until I finally settle on giving them my real name—the one I don't go by, just in case they're some weirdos who I don't want to know who I really am. "I'm Elenna."

"Beautiful name for a beautiful woman." Kepler takes my hand from Daylen's and kisses the top of it.

Daylen clears his throat causing Kepler to gently drop my hand. "We have a proposition for you." He clears his throat again. "We'd like to take you home and share you tonight—maybe longer if it works out."

Wow, he definitely gets straight to the point.

"What we're asking is for you to come home with us for the night. If more comes of it, great. If not, we can go our own way." Raiden explains.

Okay, now I know they're crazy. Who acts so calm when asking someone to go home with them for one night or more? Businessmen who probably do this all the time—that's who.

I open my mouth to tell them no way, when my phone buzzes. I pull it out of my purse to read the text from Briella.

Briella: My evil stepbrother and his wicked friends are taking me home. Well, to their home not ours. Don't wait up. I plan to give them an earful when I get them alone. I'm sorry, I know tonight was supposed to be about you and your new job. But, hey, you can still find a hot guy and go home with him. Love you! Bye!

I type a quick reply back before I change my mind.

Me: I think I've found the perfect way to celebrate tonight. Don't wait up for me either.

I glance up before tucking my phone back in my purse to see Kepler looking over my shoulder with a smirk. "So, I guess that's a, yes?"

"Lead the way gentlemen." I take a deep breath, wondering where my newfound courage came from.

Sure, I'm aggressive on the ice, as a goalie, I have to be. But in real life—that's a hard no. My sex life is as vanilla as it gets. The thought of hooking up with three guys at the same time has unleashed a new kink I didn't realize I had.

At some point I expect my survival instincts to kick in, but they never do as I let three strangers lead me out of the safety of the club and into their waiting car at the front of the club that the valet has just dropped off. They must be something special to receive that kind of treatment.

When Briella and I tried to pull into the valet we were politely told to pull our old jeep around to the far parking lot. It was a killer to walk that far in heels.

"Here, let me." Kepler holds the back door open with one hand, as he places his other hand on the small of my back guiding me into the luxury car with its soft buttery leather seats before sliding in behind me, leaving Daylen in the driver's seat and Raiden pressing against my left side in the backseat.

"Really?" No one is going to sit up front with me?" Daylen rests his muscular arm on the back of the passenger side headrest to glare at his brothers sitting in the backseat with me.

"Nope. We're fine right where we're at." Kepler takes my hand in his bringing it to his lips, placing a soft kiss to the inside of my wrist, which causes my panties to soak with need at his sensual touch.

It makes me wonder how I'll survive the night with all three of them if I'm already feeling over heated by such a small thing like a kiss to my wrist. I can only imagine what I'll do when those same lips are kissing my pussy.

"What about you Raiden?" Daylen's scowl deepens and I think I see the start of a vein throbbing at his temple.

I wonder what else of his might be throbbing.

"I'm good." Raiden drapes his arm over my shoulders with a smirk.

"Assholes." Daylen curses, dropping his arm from the headrest, with a curse. He turns his head to face forward, only his eyes shift to the review mirror as he watches me with undisguised hunger.

Taking pity on Daylen I offer to sit in the front seat with him, "I can sit in the front with you."

"Oh hell, no. You'll stay right where you're at." Raiden tightens his hold on my shoulder, pulling me closer to his side. "It's his car. He never lets anyone drive it. So, it's his own fault if he has to sit in the front all by himself.

The glare Daylen gives Raiden in the rearview mirror is priceless. As an only child, I'm not used to this kind of playful banter with a sibling.

"Fine, but since the two of you are hogging her now, I'll be the one hogging her later."

I should be offended that they're deciding my fate without my say. But by the heated look in their eyes, it tells me I'm in for one hell of a ride, no matter where I sit.

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four

Lenni

I'm not sure what's gotten into me but I'm completely naked in a strange bed getting ready to have sex with three equally naked strangers. Raiden and Kepler sit at the edge of the bed while Daylen hovers over me.

"Is that what you want, baby girl? Do you want my cock in your tight little pussy?" Daylen rubs the tip of his cock across my lips, leaving a trail of pre-cum in its wake. "Open up and take what you want, baby girl. It's all yours for however long you want it."

I've never been called baby girl before. Sure, Xena, Princess Warrior, since I'm 5'11". But to have this sexy man call me his baby girl, sends a new flash of wetness between my thighs.

"Stop teasing her, Daylen. Don't make her beg for something we all want." Kepler caresses my leg earning a growl from Daylen.

"I warned you that I was going to hog her once I got my hands on her." Daylen snarls.

"Fine, but I'd like a turn sooner rather than later. Or maybe we should enjoy her at the same time."

Having these three sexy powerful men all vying for my attention is definitely going to my head, making me feel sexier than I've ever felt in my whole life.

"If you'd be quiet, we can continue." Daylen shifts his gaze to mine. "Are you ready to take my dick like a good girl?"

"Please." I moan against the tip of his cock, licking at the sickly wetness.

"Please, sounds so pretty coming from your lips." He presses his cock forward into my waiting mouth causing me to gage at first until I can adjust to his size.

Daylen is a lot bigger than either of the two guys I've been with before. I'd bet money that so are Kepler and Raiden.

"That's it. You're doing so good." Daylen groans, his hips thrusting forward in slow even strokes. "Just like that."

I take him deeper into my mouth, surprised that I'm not gaging as the tip of his cock pushes against the back of my throat.

"Fuck this." I hear Kepler say right before a warm mouth settles over my pussy.

Kepler's tongue slides through my pussy lips, swirling his way to my clit. Where he spends a crazy amount of time sucking on the little bundle of nerves.

Next thing I know, Kepler slides a finger inside of me, then two, then three until he's stretching me wide with his eager thrusts. His fingers and tongue work as one pumping and sucking until I come all over his face and hand.

I glance to my right to see Raiden has his cock in his hand and is running his hand up and down his length. I've never watched a guy masturbate in person, only in pornos, but watching him play with himself as his brothers play with me is too hot for me to handle and I come a second time.

"Shit, did she just come again?" Daylen moans, his hips pumping faster and faster.

"Yup." Kepler says popping the p, giving my pussy another lick before taking his seat next to Raiden again only this time he's stroking his cock to.

Abruptly Daylen pulls out of my mouth. "Condom." He growls reaching for the nightstand drawer and pulling out a square packet.

Ripping it open with his teeth, he yanks the latex out of the foil and slides it down his hard length before positioning himself at my entrance.

Daylen enters me slowly with gentle thrusts making me squirm beneath him. If only he would push it in harder and faster like I really want it but the tease that he is, he knows what I want but he's not giving it to me. I'm finding that Daylen is someone who likes to be in control of every situation. What I wouldn't give to make him lose control—definitely something I want to try.

"Come on, baby girl, relax and enjoy this." He pushes deeper making me moan. "That's it just like that. Take my cock."

He slips his hand between our bodies—his fingers find my clit as he begins to rub the little nubbin until I'm screaming out my climax. "Good girl." He says kissing my lips as he picks up his speed and pumps his hips faster until his body shudders and he shoots his cum into the condom.

Once my body comes down off its high, Daylen slides out of me, kissing me softly on the lips.

Taking my hand, Kepler says, "Let's go. I'm taking you to the bathroom, where I can wash his taste out of your mouth so I can replace it with mine." My body hums at Kepler's words. "Yes, sir." I jump off the mattress, causing Daylen to groan at the

loss of contact as Kepler leads me to the bathroom.

"Are you doing okay, Elenna? Is this too much for you?" Kepler's kind words shock me. I thought this was all a game for them. But the way he's washing my body under the shower makes me reconsider their motive.

"Um yeah, it's okay. I'm really enjoying myself." I answer honestly.

He lifts a small bottle of what smells like mouthwash to my lips. "Open." I obey, swishing the minty liquid around my mouth. "Now spit." I obey again with a giggle, thinking how odd it is to hear a guy say spit. He must have realized why I'm laughing when he says, "That will be the first and last time I ever tell you to spit."

"Yes, Sir." I giggle again.

His smile turns into a frown in a split second, "That's good, because there's a future here with us if you want it."

I know his words are just part of the game tonight—they don't mean anything. Still, I go along with him. "That sounds great."

"I'm serious, Elenna. We want you to be ours forever." He takes my chin in his hand, tilting my head up to meet his eyes, and all I can see is desire and possessiveness, shining back at me.

"Okay." I'm too overwhelmed to say anything else so I agree with him. "How about if we get back to the fun?" I say, trying to change the subject and get him back to the fun-loving guy I met at the bar.

"I don't think you understand Elenna, but I'll concede this time." This time he sounds almost as dangerous as Daylen. "Now, let me taste your pussy again."

For a tall man, he easily kneels in the shower taking his time licking every inch of my body until I'm squirming so much, I'm afraid I'm going to slip and hit my head on the stone of the shower wall.

"Don't worry, Elenna, I've got you." As soon as the words leave his lips I come in a white-hot flash. My body shaking in delight. "That's it." He stands, hooking my leg around his waist as he pumps into me, inch by delicious inch.

That's when I feel the condom. That sneaky little bastard. I didn't even see him grab a condom. In my defense I was a little busy with Daylen.

He thrusts into me slow at first. Then finally picking up his pace, he pushes me higher and higher until I shatter in his arms, coming all over his latex covered cock causing him to come. "Fuck, yes, Elenna." He growls in my ear.

After our bodies stop shaking, he pulls out of me, quicky disposing of the condom before joining me in the shower again and begins to gently clean my body with soap and a warm washcloth. "This is my bathroom and my bodywash. Now you'll smell like me."

It makes me smile to think he's marking his territory even though they said they wanted to share me.

Once he's done cleaning every inch of my body, he carries me out of the shower and dries me off before carrying me to the bed where Raiden is waiting for me.

"Hi." Raiden says running his hands over my body before settling his lips on my right nipple.

My already sensitive flesh is in overdrive at the stimulation, and I find myself coming from just his mouth on my breasts as his lips pull deliciously on my nipples, making

sure to give equal attention to each one.

"Such a good girl." He kisses his way up to my mouth before capturing my lips with his as his mouth devours me.

He nudges my legs apart pushing his length deep inside of me. I'm still a little tender and he is by far the biggest of the three—not by much, but I'm still able to relax and let him in.

He flexes his hips pumping in and out of me until I feel a fresh wave of desire wash over me causing my pussy to throb as I come unglued. At my surrender, he pumps his hips faster until he unleashes into the condom, his body shaking as he comes.

"That was amazing." I look between the three of them with a smile.

"You haven't seen nothing yet." Is the only warning I get from Daylen before he picks me up and positions me just where they want me on the bed as they begin to show me exactly what comes next.

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five

Lenni

Like a thief in the night, I wake up at the crack of dawn, wiggling my way out of the enormous bed and the two sexy guys' arms and legs that are wrapped around me.

Wait two. Where's Kepler?

I don't have time to dwell on where he might be as I quickly climb out of bed, throw on my dress and high heels, grab my purse and phone to schedule a ride home. I take one last look at them resting so peacefully.

What would it be like to wake up to this every day?

I know they told me they wanted more, but that's not in the cards for me right now. My future is succeeding as the first female goalie in the NHL—not with the three of them.

The walk of shame is all new to me as I retrace my steps to the front door. I'm not that girl—I don't have sex with random strangers, then leave before they wake up. But I guess I am now.

"Leaving so soon?" Kepler appears out of nowhere, smiling as he hands me a cup of black coffee. "Here."

"Thanks." I take the cup from his large hand, and I'm reminded of everything those

hands did to me last night and again this morning. "Um, my ride should be here anytime." I inch my way closer to the door.

"You could stay, you know. Maybe sit and talk. You might be surprised at what you might find out." He reaches out his hand, picking up a piece of my hair off my shoulder and runs it through his fingers. "I think I prefer the curls."

A car horn honks, breaking the spell. I don't have a chance to ask him what he means by preferring the curls, "That's my ride. I should go."

"Or you could stay." He gives me that sly smile I've come to know in such a short time, and I almost cave in and stay.

No, I have to be strong. I need to leave—move on with my life. Last night was a magical night—one that I'll never repeat. It's one thing to act out a group fantasy like that. It's another to have to look into the eyes of the guys that each banged you separately while the others watched, then took you at the same time, filling every hole. Nope, it's best to leave it as a wonderful memory—but a memory, nonetheless.

"I really need to leave." I take a quick drink of the coffee, downing half the mug before setting it on the kitchen island. "Thanks for everything," I say as I rush for the front door.

Thanks for everything. Who says that after getting gang banged by a group of strangers?

Kepler sets his mug down and follows me, opening the door for my escape. Ouch, that hurts—he wants to get rid of me that fast that he's holding the door open for me. Not that I have any room to complain, I'm practically sprinting away from him.

He grabs my elbow at the last minute, halting my escape, "We'll see you around,

Elenna."

The way he says my name sends a wave of awareness down my spine. When I told them my real name instead of my professional name, I didn't realize how it would affect me when they called me by that name.

They've each called out Elenna numerous times during our time together, but the way Kepler just said it puts me on edge. It's almost like an inside joke to which I'm not privy.

I nod, shaking my elbow out of his grip and dash down the steps to the waiting driver. Once inside the car, I relax back into the seat and take a deep breath. When the driver pulls away from the house, I fight the urge to turn around and see if Kepler is watching me leave.

It's a foolish thought on my part. Last night was only a hook-up—there is no need to get attached when I have my whole new pro career to concentrate on now.

The words feel hollow to my ears, but I push those feelings down, knowing I've made my choice and have to stick by it—no matter how difficult it will be.

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six

Raiden

"I think you're really going to like the new goalie." Kepler leans back in his seat as we watch the team practice from the family skybox in the arena.

It's been two days since he let Elenna walk out of our lives. I'm still pissed at him for letting her slip through our fingers. She was perfect for us, and he just let her leave without getting her phone number. The last place I want to be is watching a hockey practice. We should be searching the city for our girl.

"Lenni is a great goalie. We're lucky to have signed her before someone else noticed her." A smug look crosses Kepler's face, making me want to punch him.

"Fine," I say through gritted teeth. "I'll sit here and watch our new goalie."

I spent all weekend searching the internet for anyone named Elenna with zero leads to our woman. I'm beginning to worry we'll never find her. After practice I'm going to hire a private investigator to find her.

Fucking Kepler.

The new goalie really is something else. The way she blocks shots and scans the ice, it's like she's played with this team forever. And the guys aren't taking it easy on her either. They're taking the shots as hard as they would with any goalie, male or female.

I continue watching her every move, almost like I'm in a trance. Her moves are sharp yet graceful in a way I've never seen a male goalie move. Hell, even when she falls to her knees on her pads to make a save, she looks as though she's floating.

Damn, if losing Elenna isn't making me act like a lovesick fool. Who in the hell would ever say a goalie is floating when they are obviously taking hit after hit on their knees with such force.

And just like that a vision of Elenna on her knees with her lips around my cock as she strokes Daylen and Kepler's cocks has me reliving that night like I have every night since sharing her with my brothers.

Fuck me if Elenna wasn't perfect for the three of us.

"She's good." Daylen says, pulling my attention away from the ice. It's the first words he's spoken to either of us since Kepler let Elenna leave without getting her phone number.

He's just as pissed at Kepler as I am. What makes it worse is Kepler's attitude—like he doesn't have a care in the world letting the best thing that's ever happened to us slip out of our lives without any way to contact her.

"She's better than good." Kepler gives us a mysterious smirk. "Did you see how fast she bounced back on her skates after blocking that shot with her knees? Why don't we go down to the ice and get a closer look?" His smirk widens making me wonder what he's hiding from us.

I wish I could fire him. Maybe I can disown him. I'm sure it wouldn't take much to convince Daylen to get rid of Kepler even if he is our brother and a part owner of the team.

As much as I want to rush back to my office and continue the search for Elenna, I know work comes first, for now. If we want any chance to win the Stanley Cup this year, it's with our new goalie leading the way with her unbelievable saves.

The walk from the skybox to the arena floor feels like it takes forever as Kepler goes on and on about our new goalie. She's good. We get it. But right now, my thoughts are still with Elenna and how I can find her.

We barely sit down in the arena seats behind the bench before the coach is blowing her whistle to end the practice. All the players skate off to the locker room leaving only the new goalie and head coach on the ice.

The goalie slips off her helmet as she skates closer to us. I must be seeing things, because our new goalie looks exactly like Elenna only with her hair braided.

"Elenna, what the hell are you doing out there on the ice?" The words fly out of my mouth as I glance from an angry looking Daylen to a smiling Kepler.

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seven

Lenni

D deflected puck after puck from some of the best players in the NHL, gives me the confidence I need to believe I belong here. It also takes my mind off what happened Friday night and again Saturday morning.

"Run the play again," Coach yells from the sidelines. "If we stand a chance against the Norse, we need to make sure we run it tight and hold our lines. Lenni watch for Bowen on the outside, he's got a mean shot coming off the right side."

I take everything the coach says to heart, watching the puck gliding down the ice, shifting as the players move their bodies, waiting patiently until I hear the smack of the stick against the puck, knowing it's now my time to react. I shift my legs doing the splits blocking the puck from the net as my team cheers, the whistle blows ending the practice.

"Sick moves, Lenni, I'm glad you're on our side and not the opponents." Bowen slaps me on the back even though I blocked his shot earlier.

All my teammates have been super sweet, considering I only met them three hours ago. I've actually met everyone involved with the team except for the owners, who I'm supposed to have a meet-and-greet after practice with since they were busy with official team business before practice. I know it's only been one practice, but I feel like I truly belong here.

"Everyone hit the showers. "That's it for today's practice. I'll see you all back tomorrow at 8:00 AM sharp." Coach yells.

I accept a few more congratulations from my teammates before I slide off my helmet and skate to the bench to grab my water bottle before I hit the showers. Luckily, I'll be using a separate locker room to shower in.

By the time I gather my things and skate to the bench, the rest of the team had already left the ice. The closer I get to the bench—I notice three guys sitting in the stands behind the bench. I can't believe my eyes when I realized who they are.

"Elenna, what the hell are you doing out there on the ice?" I'd recognize Raiden's voice anywhere, but what are they doing here?

"Who are those guys?" I glance at the coach for answers, but she's looking through her playbook, unconcerned about the drama unfolding around her.

"That's Daylen, Raiden, and Kepler, the owners of the Iowa Poseidon." She barely lifts her head from her book to answer, confirming my worst fears. No wonder Kepler wasn't worried about not knowing where to find me when I left without giving him that information.

Shit, shit, shit, this can't be happening. I've worked my whole life for this moment, only to have it ruined. Coming face-to-face with a one-night lapse of judgment is something I'm not ready for.

Oh, who am I kidding? I would do that again with the three of them over and over if only my life were different.

The three guys work their way to the bench. Daylen and Raiden looking extremely angry and confused, while a smiling Kepler acts like it's no big deal.

"Daylen, Raiden, Kepler. This is our new goalie. Lenni Klum." Coach introduces me to the three men who gave me the best orgasms of my life.

"Lenni, you say?" Daylen's eyes bore into mine, "is that short for something?"

I don't want to answer, but the coach gives me a strange look, so I have to comply.

"It's short for Elenna. But I always go by Lenni."

"Always?" Raiden asks.

I swallow hard, "Most of the time I go by Lenni."

"Well, Lenni, why don't you hit the showers and meet us in our office in fifteen minutes?" Daylen growls, causing the coach to give me another strange look.

"Yes, Sir. I'll see you in fifteen minutes." I realize my mistake of calling him Sir too late, as all three of their faces look like they want to eat me alive—in a good way.

As they turn and walk away, I try to do the same, Coach grabs my arm. "I'm not sure what that was all about." She waves her hand toward the retreating owners, "If you ever need to talk to anyone, you can either talk to me or I have some connections with the Minnesota Norse, if you want to talk to Teagan Hayes, the other female, in the pro leagues."

"Thanks, coach. That was nothing. Don't worry about it—it won't interfere with how I play. I'm committed to the Poseidon." I say, unsure if I'm trying to convince her or myself.

"That's good to hear, but remember hockey isn't everything," she says before walking away, leaving me more confused than ever.

Could I really make it work dating the three team owners?

I doubt it. My life doesn't work like that.

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eight

Daylen

I could kill my brother. What in the fuck was he thinking involving us with one of our players. First, he put the idea of sharing a woman in our mind, then he pointed out the perfect woman for us all the while knowing who she was.

"What were you thinking Kepler?" Raiden paces my office. "You had to have known who she was before we all hooked up with her. You're the one who's been scouting her. Hell, it was your idea to sign her."

I've never seen Raiden as mad as he is right now. And I don't blame him. What Kepler did was a dick move, setting us up like that, knowing we can't go any further with Elenna.

As the oldest, I need to defuse the situation. "It's fine. We're all adults here. I'm sure we can go on like nothing happened."

"Fuck that. I still want her." Raiden growls, his eyes blazing in anger. "If she'll still have us. But after the look she gave us when she found out who we were, I'm not sure that's possible."

I'm not sure it's possible either. I mean what would the gossip sites think about a female hockey player screwing the owners of the team she plays on. We need to put Elenna, I guess it's Lenni, first.

"Look, Raiden. Lenni is our first priority. We need to obey her wishes. If she wants to continue with our arrangement, we will. If not, we can't force her." I play my trump card, needing to know where they stand with Lenni. "Besides, now that Kepler has put the idea in our heads, there are other women besides Lenni out there."

Both my brothers lunge at me like, ready to beat me to a bloody stump, each yelling their displeasure with my idea as I sidestep their attack.

"Like hell we will."

"Lenni is ours."

"Settle down. I needed to make sure we're all on the same page." I fix them with a stare. "But if for some reason she needs a little push in either direction, I'll do what I think is best for her and neither one of you had better interfere."

When Kepler first came up with the idea to share the same woman, I thought it was just Kepler being Kepler. The young spontaneous brother. Hell, I can't even call him the youngest brother, because every time we turn around there's another new woman with a baby claiming it's our newest brother.

At sixty-five years old, you would think our father's sperm would be all dried up or at least not as potent. But year after year a new baby on the doorstep proves us wrong.

My gaze falls on my brothers. What would it be like to have a big family that we were all involved with, instead of the feeling of detachment we currently have toward all our half siblings.

We sit in silence, each taking our time to absorb the new information that the woman of our dreams is now our team's newest member, until a quick, knock on the office door breaks the silence in the room.

"It's, um, Lenni, can I come in?" Her soft voice feeds my soul—so grateful that we found her.

My gaze snaps to Raiden and Kepler. If these two idiots mess this up, I'll murder them myself and make sure to hide their bodies where they will never be found.

"Play it cool." I warn my brothers before I answer Lenni. "Remember this is the long game not a sprint."

"We know." Raiden hisses, jerking his head toward Kepler, "But this idiot has already fucked with our chances of gaining her trust."

"Me? I'm the one who orchestrated this whole thing. Without me she'd never be in our lives to begin with." Kepler growls, shifting his gaze between the two of us then to the door. "Now hurry up and let her in before the two of you fuck this up."

Damn Kepler for putting us in this awkward position. But honestly if he hadn't done what he did we never would have acted on our attraction to Lenni. Especially if we knew she was our new team goalie.

With a deep sigh I answer Lenni, "Come in."

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nine

Lenni

I can't believe they're my bosses. They own the team. How am I ever going to look them in the eyes?

I might look calm on the outside, but on the inside, I'm terrified of what will happen now that they know I had sex with all three of them on Friday night. Do they really want a goalie who acts like that? I'll be back in the minor leagues in a flash.

It's not far to their office, but I take my time, dragging my feet. I don't want my dream to end, but I know I need to face whatever's to come. Like they say, when you make your bed, you have to lie in it.

Once in front of their office door, I raised my hand, giving it a quick, swift knock. "Come in." Daylen yells after a few intense moments, because of course I can recognize each of their voices.

I open the door, letting myself in and look at each one of their handsome faces. Everything we did that night comes crashing through, causing my freshly showered body to overheat and my clean panties to get messy.

"Elenna, I mean Lenni, go ahead and have a seat." Daylen is the first to speak as he motions for me to take the chair in front of the desk.

I'm not someone who handles anticipation well, so I blurt out, "Look, we're all adults

here. We can pretend like Friday night never happened and move on with their lives. I'm a damn good goalie. I need to prove myself without my teammates thinking I'm some puck bunny who'll sleep with anyone who's affiliated with the team. That's not me, that's not who I am. So, please, if we can keep this between the four of us and move on, I would be eternally grateful."

I know my speech caught them off guard as they stare at me with their mouths open before Kepler finally speaks. "She did say please. You know how well Dylan likes it when she says please."

"Enough Kepler." Daylen snarls, his eyes flaring with the same intensity as that night every time any part of his body entered me.

"And just how do you think we're going to keep this a secret?" Raiden joins the conversation, turning his attention to me. "Do you really think we'll be able to keep our hands off of you after everything that went on that night and into the morning? Because I know I can't."

"It doesn't matter—you'll have to figure out a way. My career comes first." I know my words are hurtful because they're ripping out my soul. But as much as I'd love to have the relationship that they want—that's just not in the cards for someone like me. My life revolves around hockey—it always has and always will. I need to make that clear, no matter who gets hurt, even if it's me.

Time feels like it's standing still as I wait for one of them to say something, anything—even if it's to tell me to pack my bags because I'm kicked off the team.

"Okay, if that's what you want, that's what you'll get. We're still looking for that one woman to share her life with us. You need to be prepared when we find her. Will you be able to handle the reality of us with another woman?" Daylen's words hurt more than I expected causing me to grip the arms of the chair thinking about them touching

another woman, the way they touched me.

Taking a deep breath, I loosen my hold on the leather chair. I'm giving up my right to them and choosing my hockey career. I open my mouth to tell them that when Kepler interrupts.

"Stop it Daylen. Can't you see you're hurting her with your harsh words. It doesn't have to be this way let's give it some time." Kepler steps in between me and Daylen giving me a chance to breathe.

I don't know how it can be any different. They're the owners. I'm a player. People will think the only reason I got the starting position as goalie is because I slept with all three of them, which they're half right about.

"Thanks for everything, I really appreciate the chance to be your new starting goalie, but that's all this can ever be, so please can we move forward and start over. Hi, my name is Lenni Klum, and I'm your new goalie." I stand, reaching my hand out to shake Kepler's hand first since he seems to be the most forgiving of the situation.

He smiles and takes my hand. "Nice to meet you Lenni I'm Kepler."

I pull my hand out of his and turn towards Raiden. "Lenni Klum. It's nice to meet you." I stick my hand towards his, waiting for him to take it.

"I'm Raiden." He shakes my hand before dropping quickly, so I turn to Daylen.

"Hi, my name is Lenni Klum. You're new goalie." I reach out my hand. His eyes dropped to it, he doesn't touch me, he only smiles softly at me.

"Nice to meet you too, Lenni. Now if you'll excuse us we need to get back to work."

And just like that, I'm dismissed from their office and most likely their lives. I rush out of their office before the tears start to fall.

Why did I have to go to that stupid club Friday night?

ten

Kepler

I let my brothers fume all weekend when they woke up with Elenna gone and the knowledge that I had not gotten her phone number. They deserve a little chaos in their lives considering all the pranks they played on me through the years.

I thought everything would work out, but I was a fool. Lenni is more committed to hockey than to a relationship with the three of us.

How could I have been so wrong about her?

I hit the punching bag harder, needing the burn in my muscles to replace the hollow feeling she left behind.

"Cheer up, Kepler." Raiden walks by, throwing a jab at the punching bag. "She obviously doesn't want us."

What the hell? Raiden has been pushing for this relationship even after discovering she's one of our players. Why the sudden change of heart?

Before I realize what I'm doing, I take a swing at him, which he conveniently dodges. "So, you're just going to give up on her too?" I grit out. I've never felt this much anger toward one of my brothers, but they're both getting on my nerves—giving up so easily on Lenni.

"It's not like that." He unties his boxing gloves with his teeth before continuing. "We can't force her to accept us. She feels she has something to prove by being the first female goalie in the pros. We can't stand in her way or let anyone doubt that she deserves to be where she is."

He's right. But I'm not ready to let her go. "She's still ours, whether she's ready to accept it or not." I take another swing at the punching bag before turning back to Raiden. "I don't care how long we have to wait for her to realize she doesn't have to prove herself to anyone. She's already shown she would be an asset to any pro hockey team."

"I know that. You know that. Hell, the whole hockey world knows that, but until she does, she's off-limits. Understand?"

"Understood," I say, untying the strings of my boxing gloves with my teeth.

If I hurry, I can take a quick shower and still have time to watch Lenni at the walk-through practice before our plane leaves for Minnesota for the game tonight. It's a quick hour and a half flight to Minnesota. If I'm lucky I might even get to sit next to her on the plane.

But fate had other plans as it placed her between two of our single players while all I could do was watch them talk to her. Even coaxing a smile to her beautiful face. A privilege that should only be reserved for my two brothers and me.

"Do you think we make her nervous?" Raiden asks, taking a seat next to me in the family skybox.

We've known the Hayes family for years. So, we have a standing invitation to sit in

their family skybox whenever we play the Norse in Minnesota. Normal I wouldn't complain, but I'd rather be closer to our team's bench and Lenni.

The only thing stopping me is the fact that it's her first night staring in the pros we don't want to make her nervous before or during the game.

"No. She's too much of a professional to let that happen." I reply.

Which is true. If anything, she looks more relaxed when we watch her play—almost like she's playing just for us. Which is ridiculous, but a guy can still hope.

"Do you think it's a good idea to start her tonight? She's only gotten two practices in with the team." Daylen takes the seat on the other side of me, a deep scowl lining his face.

"She'll be fine. She's a professional." I remind them.

We sit in silence watching her protect the net shot after shot. It's insane how good she is. Raiden's right, we can't take this away from her. She'll come to us when she's ready—I try to convince myself, but our woman is a superstar, and she deserves her time in the spotlight even if it's without us by her side.

The coach blows her whistle, signaling the end of practice. All the players skate off the ice except for Lenni. She takes off her helmet and glances toward the family skybox like she's searching for someone until her eyes meet ours and she gives us a quick smile before skating off the ice.

Damn, it's going to be harder than I thought keeping my hands off her.

eleven

Lenni

"Thanks for meeting with me today, Teagan," I say, shaking her hand before gesturing for her to sit in one of the chairs in the private room assigned to us at the arena to discuss the matter before the game.

"Of course. Why wouldn't I meet with the second female hockey player in the Pro League?" Her genuinely friendly tone gives me the confidence to continue.

"I wasn't sure if you'd be able to make it on game day today, but I appreciate you taking the time to meet with me."

"So, what do you want to discuss? Being a female in a male-dominated sport, or something else?"

"Actually, I'd like to talk about both." I hesitate momentarily, knowing discussing my complicated work-life balance with anyone other than Briella will be tough.

"That sounds interesting. But why don't we start with your pro career first? If you prove yourself while playing in a male-dominated field, there's nothing they can say about your skills on the ice. Your personal life, however, is fair game."

"I was afraid you were going to say that." I take a seat in the chair across from her. "I don't have a problem proving myself on the ice with my skills, but I'm worried my personal life might interfere. How do you balance everything?"

"Well, for starters, I'm dating three of my teammates. As far as I know, you're not dating any of your teammates, are you?"

I try to respond, but the words get stuck in my throat.

"You are dating your teammates!" she exclaims. "We're more alike than I thought."

"Shh. Not so loud." I place a hand on her shoulder. "I'm not dating my teammates." I pause, taking a deep breath. "I slept with the three team owners, and they want a relationship with me, but I'm afraid people will think I slept my way to becoming the starting goalie on a pro team."

"Times have changed. No one will think that of you. And even if they do, they're not worth your worry." She shrugs her shoulders. "Besides, life is too short to be miserable."

It can't really be that simple, can it?

"But don't you worry about all the negative comments from the online trolls?" I chew on my lower lip, "I mean dating three guys at the same time isn't normal, especially when they're brothers."

Teagan surprises me by bursting out in laughter. "If that's your biggest worry, you should be talking to my best friend, Britt. She's dating my triplet brothers. And none of them seem to mind what anyone else thinks. Hell, everyone on the Norse team is in a shared relationship. Aren't there even a few shared relationships on your team?"

She's right. In the short time I've been with the team I've seen a few groups of guys surrounding one woman.

"If the rumors are true, even your coach as a harem of her own." Teagan winks and I

almost choke my own tongue. "That's what I thought." She laughs. "Don't worry about what some lonely pathetic trolls think and end up missing out on the best thing that could ever happen to you."

A knock on the door puts a quick end to our conversation, "That must be my men. They get a little nervous when I'm away from them too long." She smiles, patting my hand before standing. "I like you, but you do know I'm not going to take it easy on you tonight."

I smile and nod as she steps to the door, opening it to three very attractive worried looking guys. "There you are." One scolds her causing Teagan to look over her shoulder and roll her eyes at me. "They might be a pain in my ass most days, but I wouldn't settle for anything less and neither should you." She steps out of the room leaving me to my thoughts.

Rushing out of the room, I jog down the corridor to my separate locker room the Norse were kind enough to let me use and play back my conversation with Teagan.

Changing into my pads and uniform I make myself a vow—I'll play the best game of my life tonight and if fate guides me in the right direction, I'll grab for it and not let it slip away.

twelve

Daylen

"Y ou got yourselves one amazing goalie there. How the hell did you guys accomplish that? The whole league has been after her and you just swooped in and stole her away from everyone."

I've always liked Colt Hayes, one of the owners of the Minnesota Norse. He's a straight shooter who's also in a relationship with one of his team's ice girls along with his two best friends and co-owners of the Norse. I want to ask him about it, but I don't want to out Lenni either.

"Yeah, thanks to Kepler we got lucky we were able to sign her before anyone else got a chance." Lucky in business but not lucky in love.

He's right she does look good blocking puck after puck. I don't think I've ever seen a goalie work as hard as she does. She's only been with the team for less than a week, but she's looks like she's played with them for years.

The way she yells out to her teammates to watch their blindside is something only veteran goalies are good at. But to her it's second nature.

"Well, if you ever want to do a trade, we'd love to have Lenni on our team." The words are barely out of Colt's mouth before Kepler is leaping over his seat and grabbing Colt by the shirt collar. "Like hell we'll trade her."

"Kepler, not if off." I hiss, not wanting Colt to figure out our true feelings for Lenni—we owe it to her not to spill her secret.

Reluctantly Kepler drops his hands from Colt's neck.

"So, it's like that is it?" Colt straightens out his shirt. "I had a feeling you three were into her. How long has she been ignoring you?"

It's no use lying to Colt. I can see it in his eyes—he knows the truth about how we feel about Lenni.

"How did you know she's been ignoring us?" Raiden asks.

"Since the moment I saw the three of your long faces walk into my arena. And of course, the look on Lenni's face when she looks at the three of you is a dead giveaway."

"Shit, do you think anyone else knows?" I run my hands through my hair, hating the idea of anyone talking bad about our woman.

"No, not unless they're looking for it. In all the time I've known the three of you I've never seen that said puppy dog face like you've been wearing all day. But make sure Lenni wants the same thing you want. Take it from me, it's hard on the woman who's dating three guys—the trolls love to slut shame them."

"That's something that's been bothering us about the whole relationship thing." I walk toward the glass to get a better view of our woman.

She looks so happy on the ice. Not that I can tell from this far away, but it's in the way she plays, like she's loving every minute of being on the ice.

It finally hits me this is her dream. It's something she's worked her whole life for why she would let three guys come between her and that dream even though she's, our dream.

With my mind made up, I need to talk to my brothers about letting Lenni go personally so she can flourish on the team like she was meant to do.

I glance at my brothers as they watch Lenni on the ice below. Their faces light up just watching her and I know it's going to be a fight for them to let her go. But I'd rather let her go and let her live her dream, than be the cause of all her pain from never achieving the greatness she is meant for.

thirteen

Lenni

I 'm still buzzing from the win tonight. I'm not like the other guys on my team. I'm not going to go to the bar to celebrate. And I don't have a significant other to celebrate with so instead I find myself standing in front of my hotel room door when something out of the corner of my eye catches my attention.

"Lenni what are you doing on this floor?" Daylen asks, with Kepler and Raiden standing next to him.

"This is my room." I say pointing to the door.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me." Daylen clenches his hands at his sides.

His words hurt me more than they should, but I shake them off. "Yes, and I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed."

Their eyes flare, and I wonder if they're remembering what we did the last time we were all in bed together.

"It's fine. Our room is a suite. Hers is a regular room." Kepler points out as he opens the door to their room with the keycard.

I walk inside my room taking in the medium sized room that's just the right size for one person or a couple when I realize there's an adjoining door that connects my

room to their room.

If I were the bold girl from that night, I would unlock the door and let them in.

Instead, I go to the bathroom and take a bath. But even the warm water can't soothe the sadness I feel.

After I dry off, I slip into sexy silk nightie. I know it's crazy, but it makes me feel beautiful, something I've only felt that night with Daylen, Raiden and Kepler.

Sleep evades me as I toss and turn thinking about what's beyond that door. Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, I've given up hope of sleeping.

Quietly I pad over to the connecting door and unlock my side with an audible click. Lying back on my bed, I hold my breath waiting to see if fate will decide for me.

Less than a minute later I hear the click of the adjoining door. My door opens seconds later to find their three hungry gazes looking at me in the soft glow of the bedside lamp.

"You know if we do this there's no turning back. You'd better be damn sure this is what you want. The next time we're in front of the team, we're going to make damn sure they know you're ours and so will the rest of the world." Daylen stalks into the room like I'm his prey.

I hesitate, thinking about what this means. After tonight I feel like I've proven myself. Besides, it doesn't matter what other people think as long as we're happy—just like Teagan said. I want this and I want them.

"Yes, I'm sure." I throw the covers back and slip out of the nightie, leaving me naked to their view. Seconds later they're just as naked as I am crawling onto the bed lips

and hands all over my body just like I remembered.

How did I ever think I could give this up?

"We weren't planning this, so we don't have any condoms." For some reason Daylen admitting that they don't carry boxes of condoms with them makes my silly heart flutter. "We're going to be taking you raw tonight."

My pussy clenches at the dirty word as my clit pulses more than ready to be taken bare. "I have the arm implant for birth control, so I won't get pregnant and I'm disease free according to the team doctor."

The audible growls that fill the air should alarm me, but it doesn't. These are the three men I'm meant to be with—fate made that decision when we were too pigheaded to make it on our own.

"We might need a little something here." Kepler slips a spit coated finger between my ass cheeks, rimming my tightest hole.

"I-I have some lube in the drawer of the nightstand." I moan as he pumps his finger in and out of me.

"Naughty girl, were you going to play with yourself with only a thin wall between us. Do you know how fucking crazy I would have been if I would have heard you moaning through the wall, thinking some lucky bastard was making you come? I would have broken down the door and killed the motherfucker who dared to touch what's ours." The heat in Daylen's eyes is almost too much to bear. "Tell us you're ours."

I don't hesitate this time, "I'm yours, all of yours." I moan as Raiden retrieves the lube from the drawer and squirts some between my ass cheeks as Kepler spreads them

apart. Kepler then works a second finger into my asshole pumping in and out in a scissoring motion. "I'm going to come." I add as Kepler pushes his fingers deeper.

"Raiden, take care of her pussy." Daylen runs his fingers along the side of my face, down my neck to my throat, "I'm going to punish your sexy little mouth with my cock as Kepler takes your ass and Raiden takes your pussy."

All I can do is nod as I feel the combination of Raiden's fingers gliding across my pussy to my clit, strumming it like a pro and Kepler's magical fingers preparing my ass. The combination sends me over the edge, and I come with a sigh.

"Good girl." Daylen praises. "Now open up."

I open my mouth wide and take him deep in my throat, his hand fisted at the nap of my neck using my hair to guide me off and on his cock at his pace.

Raiden lifts my hips and places me on his cock, my body stretching to accommodate his size as Kepler slides his fingers out of me and replaces them with his cock, gently pushing forward until he's deep inside me.

The feeling of being stretched to my limits by all three of them again is a feeling I never thought to experience again. As the four of us shout our release at the same time, all I can think is, I'm finally home.

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Ten Years Later - Lenni

Being a goalie can take a toll on your body, but I still managed to play in the pros for over eight years. I even took a page out of Teagan's playbook and hired a surrogate to carry our four babies. These last two I'm carrying on my own now that I'm retired from hockey.

A kick from inside my belly makes me smile. I'm glad I didn't miss out on this side of motherhood. I rub my nine-month pregnant stomach with a smile.

"Are the boys already causing problems?" Kepler sits at the end of the couch, lifting my legs and placing them on his lap as he massages my feet.

"No, more than the rest of the men in my life." I joke, when in reality I wouldn't have it any other way—three husbands, four boys, and two more boys on the way. I'm more than out numbered, which is truly my life story.

"Very funny." Daylen kisses my lips before lifting me and setting me on his lap. "You're a boy mom and you know it." He's right, I am more of a boy mom than a girl mom. But it would be nice to have another girl around the house.

Little did I know I would get my wish five hours later.

"It's a girl!" The doctor announces as the second baby arrives in the world.

"How can that be? The ultrasound said it was two boys?" I'm not mad. In fact, I'm overjoyed to have a little girl. Not that I don't love all my boys, but a girl would make

our family complete.

"About that." The doctor says. "Sometimes a hand or in the case of a multiple birth, the other baby blocks the view, or it might look like a penis when it's really not."

"A girl!" Raiden shouts as the doctor hands our baby girl over to the nurse.

I look at my three loves, and I know it wouldn't matter if we had only boys or only girls—they would love all of our children equally.

"I love you," I say looking at each of them, saying it three times.

"We love you." They say in unison.

I smile at the three men I'll be forever grateful to who will always be the ones to Puck Me Home Tonight.

-The End-

Briella's Story

Briella

My whole life has revolved around figure skating. The ultimate goal—to be an Olympic Gold Medalist. Years and years of hard work and sacrifice have earned me nothing but pain and heartache.

From missed high school dances and proms to my parents' divorce to my only adult relationship being a friend with benefits arrangement with a former male teammate. I'm ready to throw in the towel and run away to a tropical island—leaving my Olympic dream far behind me. I get part of my wish when my mother decides to remarry in an island destination wedding.

Feeling restless not knowing anything about my new stepfather or stepbrother, on top of the fact that my mother is remarrying, I make a foolish decision. Ending up spending the night with my soon-to-be stepbrother and his two best friends, who all happen to be pro hockey players on the same team, the Iowa Poseidon.

After a disastrous wedding, with the reveal of who I spent the previous night with. I make a vow to work hard to achieve my Olympic dream—not letting anyone stand in my way.

Unfortunately, fate has other plans when it throws me in the same town, and same training ice arena as my three island hook-ups. Staying focused on my goal is going to be harder than I thought considering every time I catch even the slightest glimpse of them—all I think of is how they can Puck Me Like You Do.

Blade, Atlas, and Ivan

Our little ice skater is crazy if she thinks we're going to let her go that easily. After willingly giving herself to the three of us last year then running away, we aren't going to let her runaway again this time. Especially since her new training facility is also our practice rink.

All bets are off when she tempts us as ever turn. One night with her was far from enough. Our little dancer needs to understand we are the only ones who will pucker her like we do.

Briella

The warm night ocean breeze feels amazing on my bare shoulders. It's not often I get to wear a dress that shows off my shoulders—my legs yes, but my shoulders not so much. After years of freezing my ass off in ice skating rinks, this is truly paradise. Or it would be if my mother wasn't getting remarried to a man I don't even know.

Tomorrow at this time I'll have a brand-new stepfather and stepbrother that I know nothing about. It's not that I don't want my mom to remarry considering my father remarried years ago. It's how fast she's getting married after only knowing the guy for less than three weeks that worries me.

Sure, on paper he sounds like a perfect guy, from his job as a high-profile sports agent to the huge diamond ring he bought my mom, he seems like a great catch. Except I can't shake the feeling that something doesn't add up. Like why I've gotten tons of pictures of my mother and her ring over the last few days, but none with her and her fiancé.

The mystery continues as their private plane was delayed, grounding them until at least tomorrow morning. Luckily, it's a sunset ceremony on the beach and not a sunrise service.

Being a perfectionist, my mother planned her wedding days ago, confirming every detail online. All she had to do was show up with the groom, which now seems like the most difficult part of the destination wedding.

The last time my mother sent me a text, I didn't bother asking the where abouts of my

soon to be stepbrother. If anything, I'm relieved to have a few hours to myself. I didn't want to jinx my time alone asking about him and end up having to entertain some stranger.

"Miss. The gentlemen at the end of the bar bought you this." The hotel bartender nods to the end of the bar as he sets a glass filled with bright blue alcohol and matching blue sugar around the rim.

My initial thought is to not even glance at the end of the bar, but to politely decline the drink. Instead, my curiosity wins the fight as my eyes shift to the end of the bar.

Holy smokes, they're three of the hottest guys I've ever seen and they're looking at me like they want to lick every part of my body. My panties instantly dampen at the thought as my clit begins to throb causing me to squirm on the barstool.

Damn, all these sixteen hour a day practices. Well, that and the fact that my fuckbuddy, Sean, switched training facilities six months ago, putting an end to our quickies at the ice arena.

My clit throbs harder, reminding me everything I've given up, chasing that gold medal. It might be time to finally give up on my dream since I'm getting up there in age.

At twenty-three, I'm the oldest figure skater on the team. I swore to myself this was the last of my Olympic dreams. If I don't make the team in the next two years, I'm officially retiring from the sport.

But for now, I want to explore the fantasy of a tropical island hook-up. And I know just the three guys that will be perfect for the job.

"Thanks." I nod at the bartender, before turning back to the three gorgeous guys at the end of the bar. I make eye contact with each one then lift the tropical drink in a salute

as I tip the cool glass to my lips, drinking the slushy alcohol until nothing is left but a ring of blue sugar on the other side of the glass.

Placing the empty glass on the bar, I grab my purse, slide off the barstool, and swing my hips back and forth in what I hope looks sexy until I reach my targets at the end of the bar.

"Hello, gentlemen. I have a proposition for you." I pause for dramatic effect. What can I say, I'm a figure skater, we love the dramatics. "How would you like to come up to my room for a little fun?"

Want to start from the beginning with Teagan's story?

Puck Like a Girl

Teagan

Fed up with living in the shadows of my famous hockey-playing father and brothers, I decide to take matters into my own hands. With a little help from a family friend, I anonymously try out for my new college men's hockey team, hoping to win one of the two open spots on the team and finally proving that I'm just as good as my father and brothers.

There's only one thing standing in my way—actually, make that three things standing in my way: Coulter Collins, Fin Baxter, and Royal Reynolds, the three senior captains of the men's hockey team. Their job as team captains is to select the two new team members. I need to make sure I'm focusing on tryouts and not the three sexy men watching my every move on and off the ice.

Armed with my lucky hockey stick and full-length, mirrored visor, I take the ice to

prove I'm just as good as any male hockey player because I have a secret weapon:

I Puck Like a Girl.

Chapter One

Teagan

"You know this is crazy, right?"

"It's not crazy. It's strategic. How else am I going to get intel on the competition? Now come on, we didn't squeeze into these tight dresses and wax everything only to stand outside." I tug on Britt's arm, pulling her closer to the sidewalk leading to the college house party.

Her steps falter the closer we get to the house. "Are you seriously going through with the hockey tryouts tomorrow?"

Britt may be my oldest and dearest friend, but she will never understand my desperate need to prove myself in the world of hockey. Having grown up with a father who is known around the world as the GOAT of modern-day hockey, with five Stanley Cup championships under his belt, and three brothers who currently rule that same hockey world, I need this.

As a female in a male-dominated sport, I'm relegated to the women's league, where the competition is good but not at the same level of skill and development I'm used to from my father and brothers training me for all these years.

I transferred to State College so I could anonymously try out and win one of the two open spots on this year's men's hockey team tomorrow. My ultimate goal is to finally prove to the doubters that I'm just as good as my famous father and brothers.

“I still don’t think we should just crash the Hockey House party.” Britt stops walking completely and blinks up at the massive house before us.

My eyes wander across the front lawn, and land on a guy walking through the grass. His shoulders are hunched over, and his head is down. When he senses me looking at him, his head snaps up with a fierce frown.

I’d recognize that ruggedly handsome face anywhere. It’s Coulter Collins, one of the three senior co-captains of the men’s hockey team. He’s not my usual type with his long, shaggy hair and beard. Plus, I’ve always stayed away from dating hockey players. But something about how he stares at me makes my heart flutter.

He breaks eye contact first and ducks behind the house, heading for the backyard. I let out a breath, feeling stripped bare by his intense gaze.

“Did you hear what I said, Teagan?”

I drag my gaze away from where he was standing.

“Yes, Britt. You said you can’t wait for your first college party.” I can’t help but tease.

The horrified look on her face is exactly what I needed to get my mind off the handsome hockey player.

“You know that’s not what I said.” She huffs. “I said, what if someone recognizes you?”

The thought had crossed my mind. Since I grew up in a famous hockey family, my face has been plastered all over the world.

“No one is going to recognize me. These guys are all puck heads. All hockey, all the

time, with the occasional puck bunny thrown in.”

“You seem to be forgetting the poster every wannabe professional hockey player has on their bedroom wall.”

I cringe, recalling the exact poster she’s talking about. The photo was taken right after my father won his first Stanley Cup. In it, he hoists the trophy in the air, and I’m sitting on his shoulders and leaning forward to kiss the Cup with one eye trained on the camera.

I was only five years old when the photo was taken, but I’ve been told I’m easily recognizable by the rare violet eye coloring I inherited from my father. All my brothers and I share the trait. That’s why I have in my brown-colored contacts tonight.

“Come on. You need to live a little and stop hiding behind your romance novels.”

Britt grunts at me, and I loop my arm through hers, dragging her up the steps to the front door.

“Come on up, ladies,” Fin Baxter, one of the other senior co-captains of the hockey team, calls from the house’s front door. A wide, boyish grin breaks out across his face.

Where Coulter is the shy, quiet type, Fin is the loud, confident player of the team. Rumor has it he has a different puck bunny in his bed every night. Another reason I don’t date hockey players is that there are way too many puck bunnies.

“I can’t let you in without paying the cover charge.” His hand braces against the doorframe, blocking our entrance as his eyes twinkle with mischief.

“How much?” I ask, opening my purse to retrieve the cash I keep for emergencies.

His hand flies to his chest. A mock indignation crosses his handsome face. “I’m shocked you would think I want money from you.”

I roll my eyes at his over-the-top theatrics. “Then what exactly do you want?” I cross my arms over my chest and tap my foot.

“A boon.”

I glance at Britt, and she shrugs.

“Fine,” I say, already regretting my hasty agreement.

“How about a kiss on the cheek from you, fair lady.” He reaches his hand out to Britt, causing a pink blush to creep up her chest and neck onto her cheeks.

“O-Okay,” she stutters.

Poor Britt, she’s not used to males flirting with her. She’s only dated one guy, and they broke up last year.

Fin’s hands grip her waist to help steady her as she stands on her tiptoes. She kisses his cheek with a quick peck.

Once her feet are safely planted on the hardwood of the deck, he releases her and turns to me.

“That was the appetizer. Now for the main course.”

I roll my eyes again and lean forward to kiss his cheek, but he surprises me by turning away and shaking his head.

“No, your boon is your panties.”

I grew up in a male-dominated world, nothing shocks me. I need to wipe that smirk off his face though.

“Sorry, I would, but I’m not wearing any.”

At his shocked expression, I brush past him, Britt close on my heels. He recovers quickly and yells after us.

“I will definitely be seeing you later.”

Our eyes meet again, and he raises his eyebrows up and down flirtatiously.

He’s such a player, but my heart races anyway over his vow and his panty-melting gaze because, of course, I’m wearing panties.

“Come on, Britt, let’s get something to drink.”

We walk deeper into the house, trying to avoid the bodies rubbing and grinding on each other to the loud music.

“Over there.” I point to a bowl of punch on a table in the corner.

I fill two red cups and hand one to Britt. I take a drink from mine just as a guy stumbles into us, causing my plastic cup to fly out of my hand. Part of the red punch lands on my white dress, and the other part lands on the shirt of a sexy guy walking by.

His irritated gaze snaps to mine.

“Watch where you’re going, puck bunny,” he growls, pushing his way past us with a scowl.

I groan inwardly, realizing I've just pissed off the third and final co-captain of the hockey team, Royal Reynolds, the resident bad boy of the group. I don't think I've ever seen him smile. He never looks happy, not even in any of the online pictures of the team I've been studying.

I stare after his retreating back, my pulse pounding in my ears. How can my heart possibly race for three different guys? Three guys who hold my hockey fate in their hands.

I shake off my thoughts. No, it must be my nerves for tryouts tomorrow that are making my heart race.

"You need to get that cleaned up before the stain sets in." Britt dabs at the rapidly spreading liquid on my dress with a tissue she pulled from her purse.

"You're right. I'll be right back."

Britt's eyes widen, but she nods her head anyway and sits in one of the open chairs by the fireplace.

I follow a group of girls down the hall to what I hope is the bathroom, but there's a long line of people waiting to use it, and the thought of having to wait in such a long line doesn't sound that appealing. With my mind made up, I head upstairs to look for one.

At the top of the staircase, I search for the bathroom, jiggling each door handle until one finally opens.

But once inside, I realize it's not a bathroom, and I'm not alone.

"Sorry," I say to the guy lying on the bed.

His hand stills over his huge cock.

Shit, I just walked in on some guy masturbating. And not just any guy, it's Coulter. And instead of being grossed out, my nipples pebble into hard points, and my panties dampen.

My gaze snaps to his eyes, and I'm mesmerized by the raw look of desire staring back at me. It's like nothing I've ever seen.

Before I know what I'm saying, I utter, "Don't stop."

I shut the door behind me and move closer to the bed. So close I can see every vein in his thick cock. The pre-cum leaking from the tip has me licking my lips, imagining his salty taste.

He hesitates for a second before he continues to stroke himself. His hand runs up and down his hard length. His cock looks to be about nine inches long and oh-so thick. I've seen my fair share of cocks, but I'm certainly no expert.

I squeeze my thighs together, the strong pulse of my clit making my panties wet. The worry of the punch stain setting in my favorite dress is long forgotten.

His breathing speeds up, but his eyes never leave my face. The rhythmic sound of skin on skin, as he thrust into his hand is almost hypnotic, making me step forward, needing to be closer to him.

His cock pulses in his hand as he throws back his head, and his cum splashes all over his muscled stomach and chest. The urge to run my fingers through his cum for a taste has me stepping closer to the bed until I look up at the poster on his wall.

Fuck. Of course, he would have that on his wall.

I stumble out of the room before he can recognize me as the girl on the poster.

“Wait!” he calls out, jumping out of the bed as I slam the door in my haste to leave his room.

What was I thinking, having him masturbate in front of me? Sure, it was so fucking hot, but now what? What do I say to him at tryouts tomorrow? I really liked watching you jack off in your room last night. Can we do it again?

I run through the hallway and down the stairs. I push through the crowd until I reach Britt, who is still in the same place I left her.

“Come on, Britt, let’s get out of here.” I grab Britt’s arm, ushering her out of the house. Thankfully, Fin is nowhere near the front door to watch us scurry away.

“Did you see everything you came here to see?” Her question is innocent enough, but I stumble at her words.

I regain my balance. “More than enough,” I mumble, pulling her along the sidewalk. I don’t dare to turn around to see if we are being followed.

The thought of not just one but all three of them catching me races through my mind. The tiny voice in the back of my head that is supposed to help me make responsible decisions answers with a resounding Yes! Please catch me!

I tug tighter on Britt’s arm, pulling her along the sidewalk and trying to put as much distance as I can between us and three of the sexiest men I’ve ever seen. I need to vanquish them from my thoughts so I can concentrate on tryouts tomorrow.

Good luck with that. The tiny voice in my head taunts me.