



Puck Me Like You Do

(Playing the Puck #12)

Author: Wynter Ryan

Category: Sport

Description: 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. Im 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 were going to let her go that easily. After willingly giving herself to the three of us last year then running away, we arent 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 puck her like we do.

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

one

Briella

One Year Earlier

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 whereabouts 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?"

"Are you sure you can handle all three of us at the same time, little girl?" The guy in the middle raises his eyebrow with a smirk in challenge. His two partners in crime giving me the same look.

Their kind of arrogance is normally a turn off for me, but for some reason I seem to be drawn to it tonight.

Damn my neglected lady bits.

Even when I was fooling around with Sean, it was always a quick poke here or a quick suck there. It always left me unsatisfied. It never failed I would end up still having to take care of myself when I got home from practice.

But something about the three of them makes me believe I won't have to worry about taking care of myself tonight. "Challenge accepted." I give them a smirk of my own.

Their smirks change to shock in a split second, before turning into smiles. "Are you serious about this, or are you just a cock tease?" The guy closest to me asks.

"Let's just say someone is going to get their cock teased to night. If the three of you aren't interested, I can find some other guys that are." I shrug, turning my back to them like I'm going to make good on my threat.

"Now hold on there a minute." The guy the farthest away from me, slides in front of me with so much speed, I would swear he was the Flash himself. "We never said we weren't interested in sharing you."

The heat in his eyes soaks my panties even more than I thought possible. "So, are we just going to stand around here all night? Or have you decided that this little girl his tall enough for the ride?"

I've never had the opportunity to flirt with a guy before, let alone three. But I must be doing something right as they eagerly respond. "You're tall enough alright." The middle guy runs his gaze up and down my body, causing my already hard nipples to tighten even more. "I'm Blade, by the way. That's Ivan." He points at the guy that was sitting the closest to me at the bar. "And that's Atlas." He points to the guy blocking my path.

"Nice to meet you, I'm Bri..." I catch myself before I give them my real name.

Tonight, it only about blowing off some sexual steam—practice for the Olympic village. I hear it can get pretty wild during the Olympic with all those athletes sharing the same space and needing to work off the adrenalin rush that comes with such high stakes' competition.

Considering I've only had sex with one guy in my life and that was mediocre at best—I need the practice. What better way than with three guys at the same time.

You could call it efficient—even organized. My other would be so proud of the accomplishment.

Holding in a laugh, I try not to picture my perfect mother finding out that I slept with three guys at the same time in the name of efficiency.

"Nice to meet you too, Bri." Blade stretches out my name, like he doesn't quite believe it's my real name. But honestly who cares—after tonight, I'll never see any of them again.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

two

Briella

"S o, Bri, are you sure about this?" Blade whispers against my ear as he slides his hand up my thigh and under my skirt causing my already soak panties to dampen even more.

"I'm so sure." I moan as his fingers dance across the lace of my underwear. But before he reaches the promised land his fingers stop moving.

"Good. Because we want to take our time enjoying you." His fingers begin to move again as he reaches the waistline of my panties. Hooking his fingers on the side he pulls them down my legs, until they pool at my feet on the floor and I thank God, he's holding me up with one arm or I would definitely slide to the floor.

Not giving me any time to take a deep breath, he pulls my dress over my head and throw is somewhere across the room before picking me up bridal style and lays me on the bed. He bends down and captures my lips in a heated kiss which ends way too soon.

"I'll be right back. I need to slip out of my clothes."

As Blade steps back Atlas takes his spot, placing his lips on mine until I open them and let his tongue explore my mouth. He breaks the contact and begins to lick and kiss his way down my body to my pussy. Ivan takes his turn placing a soft kiss on my lips before following Atlas's lead and kissing his way to my breasts.

Atlas's tongue glides through my soaked pussy with strong even strokes. While Ivan sucks one of my nipples deep into his mouth—so deep I can feel it all the way to my clit. Making it throb with need.

The stimulation of having a mouth on my pussy and a mouth on my nipple is a new concept to me. Sure, Sean and I tried oral sex a few times. But there was always the fear of getting caught and the short amount of time we had to have sex—we didn't spend much time on oral. But after feeling how amazing this is, I'm a little pissed at missing out.

"How are you doing?" Blade returns to the bed, as naked as Ivan and Atlas now. "Are they making you feel good." He wraps a hand around my neck with a gentle squeeze.

"So good." I moan, arching my back in pleasure.

"Good." He brings his lips to mine just as I feel a cool wet finger slip between my ass cheeks and into my back hole. The feeling is foreign. I've never had anything in that hole—not even a finger. "Do you like Atlas fingering your asshole?"

"Yes." I moan as Atlas's tongue darts into my pussy. His fingers scissoring in and out of my tightest hole.

My body is wound so tight by all the attention I can't hold on any longer as I cry out my release with Atlas's finger in my ass and tongue in my pussy, while Ivan continues his assault on my nipples. Blade tightens his hold around my neck causing my orgasm to last longer than it ever has before when I've gotten myself off.

"Such a good girl." Blade praises, releasing his hold on my neck. "No open up. I'm going to fuck your pouty little mouth while Atlas fucks your ass and Ivan fucks your pussy."

It doesn't take everyone long to get into position with Ivan under me on the bed, Atlas standing on the floor behind me, and Blade standing on the floor at the side of the bed with his for on the head of the bed, his cock lined up at my mouth.

To be honest, I wasn't sure exactly how we were going to make this work, but here I am with a cock in each one of my holes, loving every minute of it.

Atlas guides me onto Ivan's cock, bending me in a way to give him better access to my back hole. All the while Blade pumps his cock deep into my throat.

"That's it, you're doing so good." Blade grips my hair guiding me on and off his cock.

"Damn, I wish we weren't wearing condoms," Atlas inches farther inside of me. "I'd love to feel you squeeze me without the latex in the way." He pushes the rest of the way inside of me taking over the pace.

Atlas pushes forward as Ivan pulls back. It's a little awkward at first, but we finally find our rhythm. Even Blade has settled into a steady rhythm, down my throat, then almost out of my mouth.

The feeling is indescribable as I relax and let them take my holes however, they want until I'm screaming around Blade's cock in my release.

"Naughty girl. You're going to make up come to soon." He flexes his hips pumping his hot seed into my mouth load after load. "Swallow every last drop." He commands causing my body to orgasm again. I do as I'm told and swallow everything, he gives me.

"Shit I'm coming." Atlas digs his fingers into my hips, pumping in and out of me with zero concern to if Ivan is still inside of me. Which he is thank God. And explodes into the condom.

Blade slides his cock out of my mouth as Atlas slides his out of my ass.

"Are you ready for me?" Ivan asks as he grips my waist and bounces me up and down on his cock, forcing his thick length inside of me, making me come for a third time before he releases into the condom with a shout.

"That was incredible." I swing my leg over Ivan's hips and fall into the bed next to him.

"Don't get too comfortable. We have a long time to go before morning." Blade drops a kiss to the tip of my nose sealing his promise with a kiss.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

three

Briella

The warm breeze blows across my bare back, and I sigh, snuggling deeper into my furry pillow.

Furry pillow? I don't have a furry pillow.

My bed also isn't this warm and firm. Plus, I'm pretty sure my bed doesn't have four arms that hold me tight while I sleep. Proving the point all four of those arms squeeze me tighter, like they're afraid I'm going to run away while they're still asleep.

Memories of last night come crashing through, but before I can fully wake up, a loud scream fills the air. "Briella Jacqueline. what are doing in bed with your stepbrother and those other two men?"

My what?

"I think she's talking about me." Blade says. "But in my defense, I didn't know you were going to be my new stepsister until just now when you asked us to come back to your room."

"You what!" My mother's screeching takes on an insanely high octave I'm never heard before. "You propositioned three guys to have sex with you. I knew you were sneaking around with Sean to have sex, but at least that was only one guy not three. Unless you were having sex with other guys from the skating team? You're spoiled

goods now. No man is going to want to marry a slut who has sex with more than one man at a time. And to be the one to proposition them. I knew you were only good for winning a gold medal, but now I'm not even sure about that."

Ivan and Atlas are wide awake now thanks to my mother's screaming. They've all dropped their arms from around my body and I suddenly miss the safe feeling of being held by all three of them.

Now I'm left awkwardly sprawled on top of Blade with my head turned to look at my mother and a guy who looks like an older version of Blade that must be my soon-to-be stepfather.

"Mom, can you stop staying sex." I ignore her hurtful words as I try to decide the best way to confront her and still have some of my dignity left.

I decide the best way off of Blade is to slide down to the foot of the bed and take the covers with me. My feet tangle in the sheet as I attempt to inch my way down his body causing me to lurch forward, my mouth landing on his naked, hardening cock. I quickly regain my balance and lift my head off of him but not before I hear his sharp inhaled breath.

I glance up to see Blade, Atlas, and Ivan staring at me like I'm going to ravish them while our parents watch. Acting like I landed on his cock on purpose—making me feel even worse than having my mother call me a slut.

We've never had a close mother-daughter relationship. But hearing those awful words come out of her mouth, I'm left wondering if she ever cared about me at all or just the damn gold medal.

With more grace than I expected, I finish sliding to the end of the bed, adjust the sheet around my chest, securing it tightly under my arm before standing and facing

my mother's wrath.

"What else do you want me to call it? It certainly isn't making love." She huffs, crossing her arms over her chest like I've seen her do a million times when I don't land a triple axel just right.

"No, it definitely wasn't making love." I finally say when no one chimes in to help. "Mom, can we talk about this somewhere else. Maybe in your room."

A horrified look I've never seen before crosses my mother's face. "This is my room. The Honeymoon suite. The girl at the front desk said they gave it to you by mistake. She said they would have the bedroom cleaned before tonight." She wrinkles her nose and looks at the bed. "I thought they would only have to change the sheets, not burn the bed."

Ouch.

"Mom." I plead, taking her elbow, trying to lead her to one of the other rooms in the suite before she can call me anymore hateful names in front Blade, Atlas, and Ivan.

It's bad enough they probably already thought those things since I was the one who asked them all to my room. But to have my mother say them out loud is too much for me to handle right now.

Surprisingly, my mom lets me guide her to one of the open bedrooms. "Mom, I know this isn't what you expected." She snorts, shaking free of my hold and takes a seat by the window, leaving me only the bed to sit on. Instead of sitting on the clean bed, I stay standing. "I've never done anything like this before." When she only turns her head in disgust, I try again. "It was a moment of weakness. I..."

She cuts me off with a wave of her hand, "Listen up and listen good. I finally found

someone who makes me happy. I'm not going to let you or those puck heads in there mess it up."

"Puck heads? What are you talking about?"

"You can't be serious, can you? You honestly don't know anything about the guys you screwed." She rolls her eyes. "I'm surprised you even know their names. You just fucked Blade McKnight, the hottest rookie for the Iowa Poseidon hockey team. And who I'm guessing are his two teammates, Ivan Hollander, and Atlas Raines."

"I didn't know." I feel my face heat up. I'm just another puck bunny to them. Not that it matters, all I wanted was one night or so I thought.

"Of course not. You're just like your father—only thinking about himself. Why do you think I divorced him?" I bite my tongue, wanting desperately to remind her my father was the one that divorced her and not the other way around. But I keep still, letting her take her anger out on me. "Now that I have Roger, I'm not going to let you fuck this up for me."

"Yes, mom."

"Ugh, don't call me mom. It makes me feel old. Call me by my first name."

Really, this is our new dynamic now.

"Yes, Bernette." I give in, wanting this nightmare to end.

"Good. Now you're going to stay in this room and think about what you've done."

"But what about the wedding?"

"What about it? I'll tell them you're sick and can't make it." She shrugs like it's no big deal if I'm at her wedding or not. "Then you can take the next plane home and focus on your Olympic dreams not how my cocks you can fit in your body at one time." This time I do flinch at her hurtful words.

"Now that you've ruined my wedding, I'm off to the spa to rid myself of your filth." She strolls out of the room leaving me feeling hollow.

She's always been a hands-off mother, unless it had to do with skating, but I never realized until now that's all she sees me as, is a potential Olympic gold medalist—not a daughter.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

four

Blade

"I know boys will be boys. But did you all have to sleep with Briella?" My father rambles on as my thoughts keep drifting to Briella.

Would I have still slept with her if I would've known she was my future stepsister?

Hell, yes, I would have. And so would've Atlas and Ivan. We're a package deal. Even though my dad won't let us act on it.

I told him three months ago about the three of us wanting to share the same woman. He told me the time wasn't right for that. That the hockey world wouldn't accept three players fucking the same woman.

He wouldn't listen. He kept repeating the hockey world isn't ready for that kind of unconventional lifestyle. Even when I explained we would only be having sex with one woman and not each other, he still didn't go for it. He even went so far as to threaten to drop Atlas and Ivan as their agent.

I couldn't let that happen. So, I've kept my mouth shut and stopped bringing it up. Maybe somewhere down the line we can hire a different agent, but my father is the best of the best. We'd be foolish to drop him.

"Look, all I'm saying is you need a certain look if you want to be taken seriously in the pros. And fucking the same woman, no matter how hot she is isn't a good look."

I clench my hands at my sides. Never in my life have I wanted to hit my father more than I do right now. "It's not like that dad." I say instead of punching him like I really want to do.

"Come on son. It's always like that. If you want to make it big in the pros, you have to have the right woman by your side. You know, someone more wholesome, even virginal."

Atlas and Ivan scowl at the direction this conversation is going. But I've known my father longer than they have. It's best to just agree with him now and figure it out later. "Yeah, dad you're probably right. I virginal type of girlfriend is probably the best." The words feel like ash on my tongue.

I don't want anyone else besides Bri, or I guess Briella. I knew she was hiding something from me, but I didn't realize the extent of our connection, that might ruin any chance we have to be together.

Little did I know she would run from us and the wedding without any way to contact her.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

five

Briella

Hearing Blade admit to wanting a virginal appearing girlfriend to help his pro career breaks me.

Am I really that hard to love?

Not that I want them to love me. But it would be nice if just one person would stand up and say I'm not a bad person for exploring my sexual side.

With my mind made up, I sneak back to my room and book the next flight off the island that as luck would have it is in three hours. But there's one more thing I have to do to begin my new journey in life.

I search through my contacts pulling up the name of the one person who has never let me down, other than divorcing my mom and leaving me in her care all these years.

On the third ring my dad answers the phone, "Hello, Briella. Is everything okay?"

How do I even begin to tell my father all the awful lies my mother said about me when I'm not even sure they are lies.

Instead, I take the coward's way out. "Dad, can I come and live with you and Emma for a while. Only until I get my life figured out." I add, not wanting him to think his daughter is more screwed up than ever.

"Of course, honey. Our home is your home. You never have to ask if you can stay with us."

The tears flow freely down my face. Why didn't I move in with him after the divorce? Why did I choose to stay with my mom?

A rush of pain runs through me when I realize all the time I've missed with my father. Choosing instead to stay with the woman who pretended affection toward me but really only saw me as a trophy.

"Thanks, Dad." I brush the tears off my cheeks with the back of my right hand. "My flight leaves in a couple of hours. I'll see you soon. And Dad, I love you."

"I love you too, pumpkin." A smile breaks out across my face at his term of endearment I haven't heard in years.

My mother always hated it when my dad called me pumpkin. She said it was trashy. At least I'm done having to answer to that witch.

And just like that, it feels like the weight of the world has been lifted off my shoulders and I can concentrate on winning a gold medal. Love and happiness can wait.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

six

Briella

Present Day

Settling into a new training center was easier than I thought it would be. I've only had one day of practice, and it was only a half day since we share the practice facility with a pro hockey team, but I can already tell it's a thousand times better than my old training center.

As luck would have it, Sean is also training at this location. I'm meeting him for lunch to catch up, as friends, but that's it. I'm not ready to start up our old relationship. Even if my body is craving a man's touch. Or more specifically more than one man's touch. I shake my head clearing those dangerous thoughts.

In the last year I've done a lot of work on myself both on and off the ice. I no longer make rash decisions or hook-up with men for a quick fuck. Okay so the last part is a little of a stretch since I've only ever had sex with four guys. But they were still all bad decisions.

Gliding across the ice as I run through my routine, I can't help but think about those bad decisions. Sean was sweet. But each time we were together it felt rushed and hollow. Even the thrill of getting caught wasn't there. It felt very clinical, like getting your teeth cleaned twice a year. Not the rock my world and ruin me for anyone else feeling I got with Blade, Atlas, and Ivan.

Mentally slapping myself, I attempt the quadruple-triple-double I've been trying to perfect. The speed is perfect. The push off is on point. The spins come together perfectly. I'm inwardly congratulating myself as my feet touch the ice in a perfect landing.

"Yes!" I throw my fist into the air like I'm Judd Nelson at the end of the movie the Breakfast Club. And just like Judd, I'm the only one there to see it, or so I thought.

"Briella, is that you?" A rich, deep familiar voice calls out from across the ice.

It might have been only one night and a year ago, but that voice and the other two voices haunt my dreams nightly. "Blade." I say gathering my composure. "Atlas. Ivan." I nod, acknowledging each of them. "What are you guys doing here?"

Smooth, real smooth, Briella.

"We play for the Iowa Poseidon hockey team. I thought you knew that." Blade's words begin to sink in as he Atlas and Ivan skate next to me in their practice uniforms.

Did I know that?

What I do know is, I never once searched for them online. Part of working on myself was letting the past go. I've had zero contact with my mother since that day. Nor has she tried to contact me, which isn't surprising considering how she spoke to me that day.

Not having contact with my mother was the easy part. Not having contact with Blade, Atlas, and Ivan is another story.

Sure, I only knew them for one night and they were jerks in the morning when they

didn't even try to defend me. But damn it if my mind doesn't replay on loop how funny and sweet they were when we weren't having sex.

Nope, don't go there Bri.

"It must have slipped my mind." I shrug, trying to act like being this close to them doesn't affect me. "This is my new training center. Well at least for now." I'm not sure why I added that last part. It's not like I'm going to run away from them again.

I'm here to train for a gold medal, not see how many cocks I can fit inside my body at one time.

My mother's cruel words play through my head, reminding me of my purpose in life—to win a gold medal.

"Hey, Briella." Sean yells from across the ice. "Are you ready for lunch?"

"Sure Sean, just give me a minute to finish up here."

"You're going to lunch with Sean?" Atlas asks. "Are the two of you back together?"

I guess I'm not the only one who remembers our time together on the island. I just never expected they would remember my relationship with Sean. As much as I want to throw it in their face and claim to be dating Sean, I don't.

"No, we are not back together. We're just having lunch as friends."

Time stands still as I wait for one of them to response. Thankfully Ivan finally says something, "Good."

Good? That's all he has to say.

Gathering my dignity, I throw my shoulders back, "It was nice to see the three of you again. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to have lunch with my friend."

I skate off the ice with my head held high, as my heart breaks. Damn they all still look as yummy as I remember. Of course they do, their pro athletes. What was I expecting, for one of them to sweep me off my feet and carry me away while the other two followed and proclaimed their undying love for me?

Besides, I'm sure over the course of the year, they've found their perfect, virginal girlfriends—yet another reason why I never searched for them online.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

seven

Blade

"McKnight! Get your head in the game." Coach Wynn shouts in the team locker room at the end of the second period of our game against the Chicago Kraken. "That goes for the two of you to." Coach Wynn swings her gaze to Ivan and Atlas, both of them just as distracted as I am after seeing Briella again after a year.

Did I really think I could just forget about her and move on with my life?

She proved me wrong when I saw her at the practice center yesterday. I can't stop thinking about her. And now it's affecting our game.

"Sorry coach." We mumble.

We're no longer the team rookies. We have to get our shit together if we want an extension on our contracts. At least according to my dad.

"We have one period left to beat these guys. I need everyone's head in the game. We're only two games out of first place—we need a win against the Kraken to move up in the standing. So, either get your head in the game or I'll take your ass off the ice." Coach Wynn walks out of the locker room leaving our team to decide our fate.

Whoever thought having a female coach would be too soft on the team, never met Coach Wynn.

"She's right." I turn my attention to Atlas and Ivan only to find them watching a video on Ivan's phone.

I don't have to look at the screen to know they're watching a video of Briella from the world championships from two years ago. She placed just outside of the top five, but she looked like first place to us.

We've watched that video hundreds, maybe even thousands of times since we found out who she was. Torturing ourselves by watching her graceful body glide across the ice and spin into the air. Reminding us daily what we gave up all in the name of hockey.

"God she's beautiful." Ivan runs his finger over the screen, following Briella's every move. "What are we going to do with her being back in our lives?"

"She's the one that left us. Not even saying goodbye." I remind them.

"But that was after we cowardly let her bitch of a mother tear her to pieces."

Atlas isn't wrong, we did act like cowards, not sticking up the woman we wanted to spend the rest of our lives with, while her mother belittled her in front of us. "I know." I drop my head into my hands.

We've spent a year without Briella, thanks to my dad suggesting we need to improve our image, since our potential sponsors were concerned about our lives both on and off the ice. Sharing a girlfriend or even a wife wouldn't look good, and the sponsorships would dry up.

I've had my doubts about my father and his intentions with my pro career. It seems like the more and more sponsors we get the more money he makes but our share stays the same.

The private investigator I hired to expose my father's shady dealings dropped off some very incriminating evidence last week. I've yet to show Ivan and Atlas. But when I do, we'd all better be ready for the fall out.

"Times up guys." The assistant coach yells from the doorway.

Reluctantly, Ivan turns off the video of Briella and puts his phone in his locker.

In the end, Coach Wynn ended up benching the three of us for the rest of the game. I don't blame her. We played like shit costing our team the win.

The only thing left was to face the wrath of my father in our after-game meeting.

Atlas, Ivan, and I take our time showering. None of us ready to face my father our agent.

Usually, we meet with him in one of the extra offices at the arena but today he's demanded that we meet him at his office downtown.

"Let's get this over with." I sigh as we walk into my dad's office building.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

eight

Atlas

"What in the hell has gotten into the three of you!" Mr. McKnight paces his office, his face a deep shade of red as a thick vein pulse across his forehead. "I have sponsors in the crowd dying to sign the three of you, but you had to go and fuck it up. We'll be lucky if we can salvage half your current contracts." He slams his hand on his desk, reminding me so much of my own father, who demanded perfection or be met with the sting of a hand across the face or a belt to the ass. "Sorry boys, but I'm going to have to drop you as clients and concentrate on saving Blade's reputation."

"Saving my reputation?" Blade shouts back. "We had one bad game—we didn't kill anybody. The sponsors aren't going to drop us for that."

"It doesn't matter. I've still made up my mind. I'm not going to be representing your friends anymore." He waves his hand in a shooing motion, like Ivan and I are pesky flies he's trying to get rid of. "They're not good for your image anyway."

"Dad."

"No, it's okay Blade. We don't want Mr. McKnight as our agent either. All he's done is hold us back. I have evidence of all the sponsorship deals and how much he's getting for side deals without sharing with us."

"So do I." Ivan jumps into the conversation. "I still have contacts in Russia who would be more than happy to dig deeper into your business practices."

I'm not sure if Ivan is bluffing about his Russian contacts, but I certainly don't want to be the one to find out. And by the panic look on Mr. Knight's face, it doesn't look like he does either.

"Now boys, I was only joking. I'll keep all three of you as my clients. There's no need to involve anyone else."

"Actually, Mr. McKnight." Blade says, "We won't be needing your services any longer. We've decided to move on to a new agent. I hope you understand it's not personal, it's business." Blade through Mr. McKnight's words back at him. "Now if you'll excuse us, we have an agent to sign with and a woman to apologize to."

"Is that what this is all about, Bernette's whore of a daughter?" Mr. McKnight's sneers. "Her pussy must be ten times better than her shrew of a mother's."

"Don't you dare talk about Briella like that."

"Threating me now son. I thought I raised you better than that. I would have expected it from trailer trash like Atlas or Russian scum like Ivan. But you," he makes a tsking sound, "have my blood running through your veins. You're better than them and especially better than that slu..."

My fist connects with his jaw before he can finish the word, knocking him on his ass. "I don't care if you call me trailer trash, or Ivan Russian scum or even criticize your own flesh and blood. But I'll be damned if I let anyone talk bad about Briella again."

The fear of losing Mr. McKnight and all the money that comes with the endorsement deals and having to return to my life in the trailer park doesn't bother me anymore. Being able to finally defend the woman I could see spending the rest of my life with is all that matters.

I step over his crumpled body to the exit with a sigh of relief that he's finally out of our lives, when I hear Ivan speaking in Russian. I turn around to find him standing over Mr. McKnight with a look of hate so strong I take a step back.

He finishes by spitting in Mr. McKnight's face. "I curse you and your bitch of a wife to hell and back for the way you've treated our woman." Mr. McKnight is left speechless as Ivan steps over him to stand next to me.

"Did you really put a curse on him?" I whisper low enough for only him to hear.

"No, but I did tell him in Russian exactly what I would do to his body if he ever came near the four of us again." He whispers back with a smirk.

"Son, are you just going to stand there and let them treat me like this?"

"No, Mr. McKnight I'm not. The three of us are going to dissolve our partnership with you and your company, so we can move on with our lives with Briella and there's not a damn thing you can do about it." To add insult to injury, Blade adds. "I might even change my last name, so I'll have no attachment to someone as vile as you."

"But you can't dissolve our partnership. It will ruin me." Mr. McKnight shouts after us as we leave his office, feeling freer than we have in a year.

"Okay, gentlemen, it's time to get our girl." I hold the office door open letting Ivan and Blade walk through. When they are out of hearing distance I turn back to Mr. McKnight. "Just remember, if you try to do anything to ruin our careers or our relationship with Briella or her Olympic dreams, I still own that trailer in the Florida Everglades and I have the perfect spot to dispose of your body that only alligators will be able to find.

His eyes widen and he closes his mouth, my words obviously registering with him.
No one fucks with the people I love—not anymore.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

nine

Ivan

"Do you think Briella will like this?" Atlas lounges on a light brown suede sofa. The material looks to be soft and comfortable for Briella.

We spent the morning signing with a new agent. The rest of the day is spent picking out furniture for our home that Briella will like. Instead of looking like a frat house with mismatched furniture and hockey posters taped to the walls like it does now.

"It's perfect. She'll love it." I run my hand over the soft fabric, a far cry from the orphanage in Russia I grew up in. I was one of the lucky ones that was adopted to an American couple when I was five years old.

At the time I couldn't believe my luck, but I later realized it wasn't me the little boy they wanted. It was the Russian hockey playing bloodlines I carry.

Cutting my adoptive parents out of my life at age eighteen was the best decision I've ever made. That and now firing Mr. McKnight and going after Briella.

"I hope she likes everything we bought her." Blade walks by with a flustered looking salesman following his every move as he orders one of everything.

If it wasn't for the huge commission our purchases will net him, the salesman would probably be running for the hills right now with how picky Atlas is being.

"Does this couch come in any other colors?" Atlas jumps off the couch, chasing after Blade and the harried looking salesman.

Furniture for the house is the least of my worries, without Briella to share it with us, it doesn't matter.

I hope we can convince her to give us another chance.

ten

Briella

The last thing I wanted to do tonight was go dancing at a club surrounded by strangers. I'd rather be home watching an old rom com, eating pizza and treating myself to one bottle of beer. Which is what I would normally be doing on a Friday night. But here I am, at the hottest new club in town with my best friend.

Ever since my best friend, Lenni, told me she signed a contract to play pro hockey with the Iowa Poseidon and would be moving to the same town I live in, I've been planning a celebration. I didn't want to let her down by cancelling. Plus, having her as my new roommate is a bonus.

"Stop tugging at your skirt." I slap Lenni's hands as she fidgets with the short skirt, I convinced her to wear to tonight. "You look sexy as hell. You'll have all the guys dropping at your feet."

Helping to turn Lenni into a sex goddess for tonight's adventure was easy. She's gorgeous as she is but she doesn't see how beautiful she really is. I only helped enhance her already stunning features with a little make up here and there and something other than a t-shirt and sweats to wear. I even straighten her sexy curly hair into a sexier sleek style.

The bouncer unhooks the red velvet rope, motioning for us to go into the club as he eye fucks an oblivious Lenni the whole way by.

How she doesn't know her own allure is beyond me.

"Are you sure about this?" Lenni tugs at my elbow as we walk through the club.

Understanding her hesitation, I stop walking and turn around to reassure her. We've both been busy these last few years her with hockey and me with figure skating. It's time we both have a little fun.

A memory of Blade, Atlas, and Ivan pushes its way inside my brain. A memory I hoped too never have again—even if our one night together was the best in my life. It was also the wake up call I needed to fulfill my dreams.

The look on my mother's face when she and my soon to be new stepfather, found me in bed with my future stepbrother and his two best friends, is not something I want to remember. Add that to the shame of her admitting in front of them that she only cared about if I won a gold medal or not. And that I was now spoiled goods, that no man in his right mind would want a slut like me.

That wasn't even the worst part. No, the worst part was having the three guys that made me a slut in her eyes, not even try to defend me.

Assholes.

Fuck her and fuck them. It's time I reclaim my life. I still want to win a gold medal but not for my mom, but for me. As for my non-existent sex life, thanks to Blade, Atlas, and Ivan, ruining me for any other guy, it's time to get back on that horse or horses depending on how I feel.

"Come on Lenni. It's time you cut loose and have a little fun for once." I grab Lennie's hand, I'm tired of Blade, Altas, and Ivan giving me mixed signals. Tonight, I'm going to do whatever I want with whoever I want. "Let's dance!" I shout loud

enough for Lenni to hear me over the noise of the crowded club and weave through the dancers until I find the perfect spot on the dance floor. A spot that gives all the hot, rich guys in the VIP section the best view of our sexy dancing.

I'm not trying to be vain, but if I've learned anything, hot, rich guys only want one thing, and that's all I'm looking for—at least I keep telling myself that.

Dropping Lenni's hand, I roll my hips from side to side, raise my hands to my hair and lift it off my shoulders, revealing my neck. I read somewhere that it's a primal instinct to claim your prey by biting them in the neck or maybe I've watched too many vampire romance movies. All I know is it makes me feel sexy to offer myself to be claimed. I close my eyes and let the rhythm take over.

"What the fuck Briella?" My eyes snap open at the angry sound of Blade's voice, noticing equally as angry Ivan and Atlas flanking each side of Blade. "Are you trying to cause a riot?" Ivan and Atlas nod along to Blade's crazy talk.

"What are you talking about? I'd hardly cause a riot." I snort, not caring that I don't sound like the perfect little virginal angel they want.

Damn my luck having to switch training facilities. But once I fired my mom as my manager and the coach she had on payroll, it took me awhile to find a good replacement. So, when my manager suggested a new coach in Iowa I jumped at the chance. By the time I realized Blade, Atlas, and Ivan used the same training site, I was basically stuck.

Sure, I could have asked my dad for more money to start over, but I hated replying on him as it was. I have a few indorsements deals that help cover most of my expenses, but I'm certainly not rich like the three assholes in front of me.

"The fuck you wouldn't. Have you looked in a mirror recently." Atlas growls causing

my trader of a clit to throb at the sound.

I shift my gaze between the three of them, trying to figure out their motive, but for the life of me, I have no idea what has gotten into them.

Sure, I've done my best to avoid them. Plus, it's not like they've been knocking on my door. I still haven't gotten over the horrified look on their faces when I showed up for my first practice last week.

I'm just about ready to give them a piece of my mind when someone taps on my shoulder. "Briella, are you okay?" I hear Lenni say. "Do you want me to get security?"

"No. I'm fine." I cross my arms over my chest and glare at the three jerks in front of me. "This is just my evil stepbrother and his two wicked friends. This is my best friend, Elenna." An evil idea pops into my head, and I throw my arm around Lenni's shoulders. "We're here to have a little fun and find a guy or guys for the night." I smirk, not caring if they think I'm the slut my mother said I was.

My smirk is short lived as Blade throws me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. "Like hell, you are." He growls in my ear stomping off the dance floor with my ass sticking up in the air.

"Put me down!" My fists connect with his back, but to my dismay, I don't cause him any permanent damage.

Giving up on my useless attack, I lift my head looking for Lenni, only to find Ivan and Atlas talking to her on the dance floor. Before I have a chance to figure out what they might be talking about, Blade tips me right side up, sliding my body along his hard one until my feet touch the ground. Refusing to speak to him, I glare instead.

It doesn't take long for Ivan and Atlas to join us on the edge of the dance floor. "If you're done being jerks, I'd like to get back to my friend." I take a step toward the direction I thought Lenni was in, only to find her missing. "What did you say to Lenni?" I spin around pinning Ivan and Atlas with a hard stare.

"Nothing. We only asked her if she had a ride home." Atlas shrugs.

"We would have gotten her one if she need one." Ivan adds, making me feel slightly better that Lenni wasn't left to fend for herself.

"She doesn't need a ride. I'm her ride." I fight the urge to stomp my foot like the brat I feel like.

"Look, Briella, a lot has happened since that night we spent together." Blade takes my hand guiding me into a secluded area of the club as Atlas and Ivan follow close behind. "We fired my father as our agent, and we no longer have contact with him"

Last week? That has to be a coincidence that they fired their agent at the same time I came back into their lives. I'm shocked by his confession, but I hide my reaction waiting for the rest of the story. "Go on."

"I'd rather not have this conversation in public. Can we take you to our house and explain?"

Blade is right. It wouldn't be good for any of our reputations to air our personal lives in public. I don't miss him saying our home. Do they all live together. "Fine." I reluctantly agree. "But let me text Lenni really quick." I slip my phone out of my purse and send Lenni a quick message.

Me : 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!

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

Her response comes quick and I'm glad one of us is going to get lucky tonight.

eleven

Briella

Their house is perfect. From the masculine hockey painting on the wall to the more feminine touches of plants spread throughout the house. It's exactly how I picture a loving home to feel like. Even my dad and Emma's home isn't this inviting. I could definitely get used to living here.

Stop it Briella. You're only here to listen to what they have to say. Not move in with them.

Squaring my shoulder, I sit stick straight on their buttery soft couch. Refusing to lean back into what I know would feel like a fluffy cloud. "I'm here. What did you want to say to me." I raise my chin, not letting them intimidate me with their size.

And how well I know their size.

"We want to apologize for not defending you that morning after we had sex and our parents caught us." Blade says. "My dad is an ass."

"Like Blade said earlier, we fired his dad as our agent. We've hired a new one who doesn't have a problem with our personal lifestyle." I blink at Atlas sitting next to me. What personal lifestyle is he talking about. "Let me back up. We can't stop thinking about you and how we fucked everything up by not sticking up for you with your mom and then with Mr. McKnight."

"When we saw you again after a year apart, it was like a light switch went on." Ivan takes my hand, scooting closer to me on the couch. "We made a mistake, and we don't want to lose you again."

"What Ivan is trying to say is—if you'll give us another chance, we'd like to show you how sorry we are and make up for the lost year." Blade sits on the coffee table in front of me, his longer legs eating up the space between us.

"We foolishly believed Mr. McKnight's threats of losing our sponsors if we shared you. We stupidly chose hockey over you, and we don't plan on making that mistake again. We'll do whatever it takes to make it up to you." Atlas lifts my hair off my shoulder, placing it on my back bearing my neck to him causing me to shiver. "Do you forgive us?"

Do I?

Everything from that morning runs through my brain. Do I want a relationship with the guys from that night? No, I want a relationship with the guys sitting before me now.

Guys who have grown up over the last year. Just like I have.

Before I change my mind, I answer them as honestly as I can, "I don't want the guys from that time in my life." Their faces fall in sadness, but I have to get this out. "Those guys were insecure and selfish. I want the guys that are here with me today. Guys that are willing to ask for forgiveness and admit their mistakes." Their faces light up at my words. "So, my answer is yes. I'll give this relationship a shot."

I'm smothered in a group hug reminding me of waking up with all of them holding me tightly and I know I've made the right decision. But there is one more thing I need to get off my chest. "I don't put out until the fifth date." Expecting a snappy

comeback I give them a smirk.

"That's okay love. Neither do we."

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

Five Years Later

"That's it. Just like that." I cheer for the group of six-year-olds I'm teaching to ice skate.

According to Blade, Atlas, and Ivan, I'm kind of a legend around here. It's not everyone who can say their children were taught how to figure skate by an Olympic gold medalist who is also married to three of the reigning Stanley Cup Champions.

I dismiss the class, waiting for the last of the parents to pick up their child before skating over to my men as they set up for their own practice.

"You're not making this little one too dizzy by showing those kids how to properly do a camel spin are you?" Atlas places a hand on my still flat stomach.

"I'm barely pregnant. Besides we have to start our kids young if we want them to be champions." I'm only teasing but Blade, Atlas, and Ivan all stop what they are doing to scold me.

"You know we talked about that. We said we weren't going to pressure them into doing anything they didn't want to do."

"Atlas is right. Or children will have a say in their lives unlike the four of us." Blade adds as Ivan nods in agreement.

"Chill out." I roll my eyes. "I was just kidding."

"Oh, you were, were you?" Blade raises an eyebrow, and I know that look in his eyes.

I glance between Ivan and Atlas and see the same look on their faces and know this isn't going to end well.

"Remember I'm pregnant. You can't just throw me over your shoulder and take me home to ravish me." I say, skating backwards away from them, but secretly I want them to catch me.

"Looks like we're going to have to remind her what happens to little girls who tease their husbands."

A squeal escapes my lips as I spin around to make a run for it, or in my case a skate for it. But my figure skating skills are no match for their hockey moves as they effortlessly capture me. Well, I might have had a little something to do with getting caught.

"Now that we've caught her what should we do with her?" Ivan asks, his tone playful.

"I for one think she needs her ass spanked for teasing us."

"Atlas is right." Blade says, "But I think she needs to feel our cock deep in her sassy mouth."

Yes, please.

The spell is broken when a group of elementary kids arrive on the ice for hockey practice my husbands are coaching. "Looks like I'll have to take a raincheck on the spanking." I smirk.

"Don't worry, we plan to cash it in tonight." Blade pulls me close and kiss my lips. "I

love you." He whispers against my lips.

"I love you too." I whisper back.

"My turn." "Atlas spins me away from Blade and into his arms for a kiss. "I love you." He says breaking the kiss.

"I love you, too."

He smiles, as Ivan takes my hand, turning me to face him, "I love you." He says right before his lips touch mine.

"I love you, too." I say against his lips before he takes the kiss deeper.

"Gross. They're at it again." One of the hockey kids yells loud enough for everyone to hear causing the parents to laugh.

Blade's father was wrong. People are accepting of our lifestyle. We've made great friends. And considering most of the team have paired off into groups of four sharing one woman, we would be out of place if we didn't do the same.

"I guess I should let you get on with practice. But hurry up because I can't wait for you to take me home and puck me like you do."

-The End-

Puck Me Home Tonight

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?

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 6:28 am

"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."