



Puck the Halls (Playing the Puck #8)

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one

Jolie

Six Months Ago

The free birthday drink sits untouched in front of me on the smooth woodgrain of the bar. What was I thinking spending my twenty-fourth birthday alone at a hotel bar?

That's the problem—I was thinking too much about the significance of this birthday—turning twenty-four. Ten years younger than when my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. The recommended time to start screening myself for the horrible disease that took her away from me when I was only ten years old.

The radiology tech was super nice when I had my first mammogram done today, talking me through the process and making sure to make me as comfortable as possible with such an uncomfortable test.

My best friend, Anna Marie, and my father offered to accompany me to the appointment, but I declined. I needed this time to be about me and my memories of my mother.

I begged off the celebration they planned for me, letting them know I wanted a few days to myself. This only meant spending two days in a nice hotel in the same town where I live.

Real adventurous, Jolie.

I have one semester left before I complete my graduate degree to become an athletic trainer. My final internship is with the Minnesota Norse Hockey team, which starts in a few weeks during the pre-season.

It's a coveted internship, and I'm lucky to have been chosen for it. I should be at home preparing for it instead of dressed in a tiny red dress and matching red come fuck me, high heels—which, at the time when I picked out the outfit, it seemed fun and flirty, but now after sitting at the bar by myself declining offer after offer from slick guys in business suits offering to take me upstairs to their hotel room I'm beginning to think it's more seductive than cute.

But isn't that what you wanted?

A voice pops into my head, the one I've been trying to push down deep inside and ignore its existence. The one that begs me to live life to its fullest since you never know what tomorrow may hold.

I think about my new reading obsession with how one woman shares herself with more than one man at a time. The thought of having so many hands and mouths on me at the same time causes my lace panties to dampen. I cross my legs, needing a little friction against my throbbing clit to hopefully take the edge off the fantasy.

If I'm being truthful, I would admit I want to try that, if only for one night. It would be something I could look back on with a smile, knowing I lived out a fantasy that most women only dream of. And if some deadly disease takes my life at an early age, I'll be able to leave this world with one less regret.

Before she died, my mother made me promise to enjoy my life to its fullest. At the time, I didn't understand what she meant. For a ten-year-old girl still playing with Barbies, I couldn't comprehend why she was so adamant that I make that promise.

A few short months later, she was gone. The disease took over, leaving me and my father alone. My father did his best to raise me, and I will be forever grateful to him, but the looming potential future has me making up my mind to give myself a birthday present I'll never forget.

I pick up the now-melted margarita, place the salty rim to my lips, spin my barstool around, and casually assess the single men filling the hotel bar. Business attire seems to be the theme for the night. While I would typically go for the put-together professional type, tonight, I want something else—something wild and untamed—willing to help me live out my fantasy.

The selection of suits dampens my wildside. With a sigh, I twist my hips and swing the barstool back to its original position, but not before my eyes land on three absolutely striking guys with varying shades of brownish-black hair looking out of place in a sea of corporate suits in their tight t-shirts that hug their muscular chests, paired with jeans and tennis shoes. My heart rate increases knowing I've found the perfect partners to make me feel alive tonight.

Taking one last sip of the liquid courage, I place the glass back on the counter. I stand, fluff my hair, fighting the urge to pull down on the hem of my red dress, knowing it has ridden higher than some would consider an appropriate length. Now is not the time for me to worry about what's appropriate or not as I'm about to proposition three strangers into having their filthy way with me tonight.

My body heats up at the thought. I place one foot in front of the other and let my hips sway seductively from side to side, walking toward a fantasy that might soon become a reality or a bad idea doomed to fail.

I weave through the crowd, deflecting their grabby hands as I pass by guy after guy on my way to my ultimate goal. I reach my destination and place my hand on the only unoccupied stool at their high-top table, conveniently bringing their conversation to

an end.

"Is this seat taken?" I hold my ground as three pairs of eyes roam up and down my body. I try not to squirm at their heated gaze.

Instead, I imagine how they see me—a young single female in a short tight red dress with nipples as hard as steel poking through the low-cut top of the dress, unbound breasts barely contained in the scrap of fabric clinging to them with the skirt riding so far up my thighs I'm sure they can see my red lace panties. The four-inch high heels bring my height from a modest 5'6" to an almost goddess-like 5'10", making me feel sexy and powerful all at the same time.

Now, if only that feeling could give me the courage to go through with my fantasy, it would be a truly happy birthday.

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two

Cooper

"Is this seat taken?" The sultry blonde in the tight red dress I've been watching all night saunters up to our high-top table, placing her hands with their manicured red nail polish on the back of the chair between my brothers, Sam and Tate.

From a distance, this little beauty is gorgeous, but up close, she's absolutely stunning, with her curvy body and huge tits begging for attention. I bet her pussy is just as needy, making her panties soaked, if she's wearing any, because she certainly isn't wearing a bra with how her naked breasts are almost popping out of her top.

I quickly adjust myself under the table to relieve the pressure she's caused on my hardening cock and shoot my brothers a warning look. We aren't here to pick up random pussy. The only reason we're in this bar, to begin with, is that it's the closest to the hospital our father was admitted to last night, and none of us were ready to go home.

Getting a call from your mother at midnight on a Tuesday night is never good—driving hours with my two brothers through the middle of the night in silence as we all worry about our father's condition is just as bad.

After numerous rounds of blood tests and diagnostic testing, the doctors diagnosed our father with GERD, or acid reflux, instead of the heart attack that was the initial concern. But to be on the safe side, the doctors wanted him to spend one more night in the hospital. We all agreed, but we didn't expect our mother to shoo us out of the

hospital room, demanding that we go to our childhood home to sleep while she stayed with our father at the hospital.

"No, it's not." My youngest brother, Tate, jumps out of his chair, almost knocking it over in his haste.

He takes her by the hand, guiding her onto the high stool, but not before I see a flash of red material covering her pussy before she's able to situate herself on the seat, causing the three of us to groan.

My brothers and I have never fought over a woman before because, frankly, as pro hockey players, and now that I'm a head coach and they are my assistants, there's never been a shortage of women. But thanks to this woman, that might all change.

I don't know what it is about her that has us all tied in knots. It can't be her beauty—we've all been with beautiful women—but I think it has more to do with the shy insecurity lurking in her sapphire blue eyes, which makes me want to protect her from heartache.

Unfortunately, all we have time for is a quick one-and-done hookup, which I'm not sure she's ready for by the way she nervously bites her lower lip.

After Tate gets her settled in the chair, he returns to his chair, which has magically gotten closer to the mystery woman. I glance toward Sam and find him casually pulling his chair closer to her. I'd laugh at how they seem to be marking their territory if I didn't feel the same way, so instead, I roll my eyes and put an end to our obsession.

"We were actually just leaving. So the table is all yours." I don't expect to see the sadness that fills her eyes at my words, and for some reason, I want to do whatever it takes to see that shy, seductive smile back on her face. But before I can, Sam speaks

up.

"That's okay, Cooper. You can go ahead and go. Tate and I would like to spend some time with..." He trails off, "What is your name, beautiful?" He picks up her hand, placing his lips on the top in a lingering kiss, causing her to blush a pretty shade of pink, confirming my suspicion that she's not the type of woman who hangs out in bars, propositioning guys every day.

"Jolie. My name is Jolie." She ducks her head in an adorable way that has my cock pressing tightly against my zipper.

"Yeah, Coop, we'll see you at home later," Tate adds, his eyes eating up every inch of her body.

The last thing I want to do is fight with my brothers over a woman, so I do the honorable thing and bow out, "Okay, I'll see you later." I take one last look at the beautiful woman. I can't help but wish she would reject my brothers because I'm not sure I can handle knowing that one of them touched her instead of me.

But like the good big brother I am, I step aside until her soft voice calls to me. "Don't leave. I want to be with all of you at the same time."

"What exactly do you mean?" I pin her in place with a stare that has made grown men cry, but she surprises me with her quick answer.

"It's my birthday today. I want to do something a little wild and crazy. I have this fantasy where I have sex with three guys at the same time. I have a room upstairs." She whispers the word sex and fuck me if she isn't the cutest woman I've ever been propositioned by.

"Is that so?" She gives me a firm nod as Tate and Sam finally come out of their shock

and give me a nod of their own. "Have you ever been with three guys before?" She shakes her head, so I continue. "How about two guys at the same time?" She shakes her head again.

"I've only ever been with one guy at a time." Her eyes hold mine, showing me how determined she is to go through with her birthday wish.

I've never been into sharing a woman, and I'm pretty sure my brothers haven't either. By the way, they're intently watching our conversation—I would say they're on board to start. But before we do this, because God help me, I have to have this woman anyway I can—she needs to know exactly what she's getting into.

"So, you're saying you're ready to have all of your holes used and abused by the three of us at the same time, filling you so full of cum it will be draining from you for days afterward." Her breath hitches as it starts to come out in sexy little pants, giving us a preview of how responsive she'll be to our touch. "Having one guy fondle your breasts while another guy plays with your clit." I watch as her eyes dilate as my words sink in. "Or are you too much of a prude to be fucked by three guys at the same time?" Her eyes snap to mine at my vulgar words, but there's no going back.

I nod at Sam and Tate, knowing without words they'll understand what I'm asking them to do. The three of us are a team, after all, first when we shared the ice together as players, then when we shared the bench together as coaches, and now as we prepare to share Jolie.

Understanding dawns on both Sam and Tate as Sam throws his arm around Jolie's shoulders and slides his hand inside the top of her dress, plucking at her hard nipple. Her surprised moan goes straight to my cock, but it's nothing like the sound she makes when Tate slides his hand under her skirt to play with her pussy which I'm positive is soaked in her desire.

She closes her eyes and throws her head back, a look of pure bliss crossing her face. "Open your eyes, Jolie, and look at us as Sam plays with your amazing tits and Tate finger fucks your sweet little pussy."

Luckily, Sam and Tate's bodies shield her from the rest of the bar as the loud conversations around us drown out her moans as they become bold with their treatment of her body. Her nipples harden to such tight points as Sam pinches the left one.

Her hips squirm in her chair as she tries to close her legs around Tate's hand, "Wider, or he'll stop." I threaten, and she obeys, opening her thighs to his touch. "Good girl."

She bites her lip, letting her eyes shift from Tate to Sam and then to me. I can tell she's seconds away from coming, but that would be too easy.

"Enough," I say.

Sam and Tate reluctantly obey as they slowly pull their hands away from Jolie's body.

Where pleasure once crossed her face, it's now replaced by confusion. "Why did you tell them to stop?"

"Because it's the moment of truth, Jolie. Are we going upstairs to your room to finish this, or are you going to come to your senses and turn into a prude?" I know my words are harsh, but having sex with three guys at the same time might sound like a great fantasy to her now, but what happens tomorrow morning with her body sore and well-used by three strangers?

She blinks at me with those expressive blue eyes, and it takes everything in me not to throw her over my shoulder and carry her to her hotel room and have our wicked way with her.

"Um, if you'll excuse me, I'll be right back." Her eyes trail over each of us as she slides off the chair before making her way through the crowd to the ladies' room.

"What the fuck, Coop? She was seconds away from coming all over Tate's hand." Sam snaps while Tate licks his fingers clean. "Are you seriously licking her juices off your fingers right now?" Sam shoves Tate in frustration. My normally laid-back brother looks like he's ready to explode. "At least tell us how she tastes."

"Like absolute Heaven." Tate looks like the cat that licked the cream—which he did.

"Look, guys, I'm sorry, but you see how young she is. She has to be at least a decade younger than us." I'm the oldest at thirty-four, Sam at thirty-two, and Tate at thirty. "She's too young to understand exactly what will happen when her fantasy becomes a reality."

"Well, you didn't have to scare her off." Sam crosses his arms over his chest and glares at Tate, who's still licking his fingers like a man starving.

"I gave her the easy way out. I'm sure she's already halfway back to her hotel room, thanking her lucky stars we're not there with her. Besides, don't you think it would be a little weird if we all had sex with the same woman at the same time?"

"I don't know. It's not like we've never seen each other naked before." Tate shrugs. "Plus, Dad said we need to have more bonding experiences."

Our Dad is the head coach of the Minnesota Norse pro hockey team. From his time in the league as a player and coach, we've always admired him. We've modeled our lives after him, except for finding a special woman to spend the rest of our lives with and giving him and Mom, the grandchildren they've been hoping for. I'm not sure they meant for us to all share that special woman.

"First of all, I'm pretty sure us having sex with Jolie at the same time isn't what Dad meant by that. And second, I know we've seen each other naked a million times, just never when you've been balls deep in someone." As brothers and hockey players, there is no modesty—between sharing a bathroom growing up and a locker room as we got older, there's nothing we haven't seen.

Before our conversation turns into an all-out debate, a delicate hand with red nails places something red on our table, and we turn our gaze at Jolie. "I'm not a prude, " she says before turning on her heel and leaving us speechless.

I'm still staring after her when I hear Sam say, "Mine." I turn around just in time to see him pick up the red fabric Jolie set on our table and bring it to his nose. As he inhales deeply, I realize they're Jolie's red lace panties.

Lucky son of a bitch.

"Room four-eleven." Tate holds up a keycard that must have been tucked into the panties like it's the Stanley Cup and leaps out of his chair.

"Wait a minute." I grab his arm before he gets too far away from me. "Are we really going to do this?" I look between my brothers, knowing that if one of us doesn't want to do this, then none of us are going to do it.

"Hell, yes, we're going to do this." Tate shakes his arm out of my grip with a smile. "It's time to work on our brotherly bonding."

"What if someone recognizes us?" I hesitate. I'm the head coach of the Iowa Poseidon Pro hockey team, and my brothers are my assistants. Our faces are plastered all over the place. Last year, we were voted Sports Illustrated's hottest coaches, landing us on the most eligible bachelor list.

"So what if they do? We're in the Minnesota Norse territory. They just signed Teagan Hayes and her three hockey-playing boyfriends to the team. I doubt anyone will care what we do."

"Tate's got a point. But the final decision is your Coop. Are we doing this or not?"

I look at each of my brothers' hopeful faces and decide, "What the hell—let's do this."

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three

Jolie

I pace the length of the bedroom, then back. "Why didn't I pay extra for a suite?" I mumble to myself. At least there would be a seating area, not a king-sized bed in the middle of the room, reminding us why we're all in my hotel room.

The minutes seem to fly by as I pick up my phone to check the time. It's been twenty minutes since I left them my soaked panties and room key on their table—they're not coming.

With a sigh, I toss my phone back on the nightstand and flop down on the bed just as the door to my room swings open, causing me to stand up.

"Sorry, it took us so long. We stopped in the gift shop to get you a birthday present." Tate holds up a T-shirt that looks about five sizes too big for me. It reads, "Minnesota State Bird," with a giant mosquito on it. "They didn't have much to choose from." He gives me a boyish smile, and my heart melts.

"I love it." I take the offered shirt and kiss him on the cheek.

"We also got you this." Sam hands over a bag of chocolates.

"Thank you. I love it, too." I kiss his cheek the same way I did with Tate, making sure I'm not playing favorites before turning to Cooper, who looks like he is hiding something behind his back. "And what did you bring me." I set the shirt and the bag

of candy on the nightstand.

"I didn't realize we were buying gifts. I bought these." He pulls a hand from behind his back and hands me a large box of extra-large magnum condoms.

"Oh, condoms." I try to hide my disappointment—not that being prepared isn't a good idea, but I didn't want anything between us.

"Like I said, I didn't know we were buying you birthday gifts." He glares at his brothers, who hide their smirks. "Sorry to disappoint you." He turns his gaze back to me, and it softens, speeding up my heart rate.

"Thank you." I kiss his cheek giving him the same treatment I gave the other two. "I'm not disappointed. It's just in my fantasy there aren't any barriers, just a little lube for my, um, back hole." I feel my face heat up at my confession as I set the box of condoms on the bed.

"I've got you covered." Cooper pulls his other hand from behind his back and holds up a bottle of lube.

"My hero," I laugh, kissing his lips.

We both freeze when we realize this is more than a quick peck on the cheek. Which is what I want—a deep, soul-searing kiss that makes my toes curl.

As if reading my mind, Cooper runs his tongue along the seam of my lips, demanding entry. I open my mouth, letting him in as his skillful tongue rubs against mine. I hear a soft thud in the distance. Realizing it was the bottle of lube, Cooper was holding, freeing his hands to pull me in tight as he takes over the kiss owning my body.

This is the kiss I've dreamed about my whole life, but it ends too soon when he pulls

away. "Are you sure you can handle having three guys kiss and share you?" He tucks a lock of my hair behind my ear in a sweet gesture, making me rethink my birthday fantasy. He seems like the perfect boyfriend, even husband.

I shake my head, clearing my thoughts. This isn't about finding the perfect man but living out my fantasy. "I'm sure." I smile, getting lost in his eyes as they search mine as if looking for an answer.

He must have found what he was looking for as he nods and runs his thumb across my bottom lip in a gentle caress. I don't even realize I've stuck out my tongue and licked his thumb until he groans.

"Sam, you'd better take a turn before I throw her on the bed and ravage her the way I want to." His low, possessive growl has me clenching my thighs together in need.

Cooper steps back as Sam takes his place, "May I?" His hungry gaze drops to my lips, waiting for my answer.

"Yes." My voice has taken on a husky tone that makes me feel sexy and confident as I step into his arms and mold my body against his.

His mouth closes over mine, and I'm just as caught up in this kiss as I was Cooper's. His warm lips mash with mine as our tongues tangle until I'm breathless and begging for more.

I wrap my arms around his neck only to have him pull away, "I think it's time you try Tate's kisses."

Tate steps forward, replacing Sam. "Hey, " he smiles, brushing his hand across my cheek. "How are you feeling? Do you want a break?"

He's so sweet to ask, but I'm afraid I'll burst into flames if he makes me wait to feel his lips on mine.

"I'm ready." I lean forward, my lips slightly parted, and let his tongue explore my mouth. "Mmm." I moan into his mouth as he takes the kiss deeper.

My hips begin to thrust against his hard cock, and I curse the fabric separating us.

"Enough." Cooper's voice causes us to break apart. "Take your heels and dress off, and get on your knees."

"Yes, Sir." I lick my lips, kick off my heels, throw the dress over my head, sink onto my knees, and wait for them to finish removing their clothes.

Once they've stripped off their clothing, they circle me like wild animals, cornering their prey—each pumping their long, hard cocks while precum drips from their tips.

"Open up and suck." Cooper taps my mouth with his tip, smearing his cream all over my lips. It's salty and manly, and I love the taste. "That's it. Take me nice and deep down your throat." He wraps his hand around my hair tightly but not painfully as he guides me up and down his length as I reach out for Tate and Sam's cocks. Taking one in each of my hands, I glide up and down their hard length, letting their precum lubricate my hands.

Cooper's body shakes for a second as he holds my head at the base of his cock, filling my throat full. I prepare myself to swallow his hot seed, but he surprises me by pulling my head back until he pops out of my mouth, and I let go of Sam and Tate.

"No one comes until you've had all three of our cocks down your throat," Cooper says, guiding my head to Sam.

I take Sam just as deep in my throat, loving the feeling of my mouth getting stretched again, and let him set the pace. "Fuck, Jolie. You feel so good." He grunts as he thrusts into my mouth.

He sounds so sexy I have to rub my thighs together to ease the pressure.

A loud smacking sound fills the air before I feel the sting of a hand slap my ass. "Ouch." I moan around Sam's cock, enjoying the spanking a little more than I should.

"That means you too, Jolie." Cooper guides me off of Sam's length to a waiting Tate.

I open wide and take Tate deep inside my throat, not caring that my jaw is starting to ache from being stretched so wide for so long.

Tate runs both of his hands through my hair and gently thrusts into my mouth. "That's it. Take me as deep as you can."

His body tightens, and just when I think he's going to come, he stops thrusting and steps back until he slides out of my mouth.

"That's three cocks in the same hole in one night. Are you ready to have all three holes filled with a cock at the same time?"

I glance between their eager faces, knowing deep down inside that if I told them I wasn't ready and wanted to stop, they would. Instead, I choose to live out my fantasy for better or worse.

"I'm ready."

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four

Tate

Watching Jolie's face as Sam spreads her thighs wide and devours her is more erotic than I ever could have imagined. Every little moan and sigh that falls from her lips goes straight to my cock.

I can't blame Sam for diving between Jolie's legs as soon as she lay on the bed. Her taste has been driving me crazy since I licked her juices off my fingers—I can only imagine what she'll taste like on my tongue instead of my fingers.

Being the breast man that he is, Cooper takes his time licking each of her nipples before sucking them deep in his mouth as his hand pumps the breast he's not sucking on, making her squirm even more—her hips thrusting up and down in pleasure.

"Tate, come here." She calls to me like the Siren she is. "I want to taste you again."

Unable to resist, I position myself at the side of the bed as she twists her body so her head is hanging over the side with her mouth and throat wide open, waiting for my cock. I plunge into her wet heat as her lips wrap around me, and she takes me deep. I fight the urge to pound into her, forcing her to take all of me. Instead, I set a nice, easy pace until she cries out her orgasm around my cock, and Cooper declares it's time for the main course, playfully slapping her ass as he positions her on her hands and knees over Sam's cock and guides her on him.

"That's it nice and easy." Cooper snaps open the lid on the bottle of lube, liberally

applying it to Jolie's ass while she gazes at me with a big smile.

I bend down and kiss her deeply, letting her know without words, she's more than just warm holes to us until Sam has to go and run off his mouth.

"Fuck you're so tight." Sam hiss as his face contorts into a cross between pleasure and pain. "I don't think I've ever felt anything so hot and tight before."

To which Jolie smiles against my mouth, "This all feels pretty amazing too." She grunts the last part.

My eyes snap to Cooper, who's pumping two fingers in and out of her back hole, stretching her out to take his hard length. "Good girl." I find myself echoing Cooper's earlier praise as I gaze back at her as Cooper pushes into her tightest hole, and her face tightens, causing him to pause. "It's okay. Just breathe through it and let your body stretch around Cooper." I kiss her lips and brush a lock of sweat-dampened hair off her cheek.

A few seconds later, her face morphs back into one of pleasure as she says, "I'm ready." Those two words are all it takes for Same and Cooper to begin thrusting inside of her.

I watch as Cooper grips her hips, helping her roll them on Sam's cock as he thrusts into her from behind. I'm content just watching them stuff her tiny holes with their giant cocks until she begs me to join, "Please, Tate. I need you in my mouth."

I obey her plea, letting my length slide back into her mouth as she bobs up and down, coating it with her saliva and even lovingly kissing the tip as she runs her tongue down to my balls before taking me deep in her throat again and again.

I'm lost in the pleasure when I feel the familiar tingling in the base of my spine,

letting me know I'm seconds away from coming in her mouth. Her body tightens and begins to shake as she calls out her release around my cock again, something I'm quickly becoming addicted to before I let stream after stream of my cum shoot down her throat as she swallows every last drop.

"Shit, I'm coming," Sam thrusts into Jolie one last time before emptying himself inside her.

A split second later, Cooper bucks wildly against her ass, the distinct sound of skin on skin slapping filling the air, and grunts his release.

Cooper and I pull out of Jolie's body as Sam rolls her against his side on the bed. Worried that we were too rough with her, Sam asks, "Are you okay?"

With a smile of pure pleasure, she replies, "I'm more than okay. When can we do that again?"

Just like the birthday wish she wanted, we cleaned up and did it again and again all night long until she was too exhausted to move. And just like a fantasy, we were gone when she woke up the next morning.

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five

Jolie

The morning after living out my fantasy was worse than I could imagine when I woke up alone in the giant bed with the lingering remnants of our lovemaking clinging to my body—I felt empty, knowing I'd never feel the way they made me feel ever again.

Now that it's time to return to reality, a deep sadness settles over my body as I pack my suitcase. I didn't realize It would feel like this.

My phone buzzes, pulling me out of my thoughts. I pick it up and see it's Anna Marie calling me, "Hey, Anna Marie. What's up?" I say with as much fake happiness as I can muster.

"I'm glad I caught you. When are you planning on coming home?"

"As soon as I'm done packing. I think I've had enough alone time to last me a lifetime." I tease when I know deep down it's true.

This morning was a wake-up call. I'm going to be the best intern the Minnesota Norse have ever seen. I'll find the perfect guy, get married, have a ton of kids, and forget I ever met Cooper, Sam, and Tate.

It's the perfect plan until I remember I begged them to take me raw without the barrier of a condom between us. I'm on the pill, but even that isn't one hundred

percent foolproof.

I place a hand on my stomach and dream about a dark-haired little boy—a little boy who will never know his fathers. I hold back the tears until I can end the call with Anna Marie after agreeing to meet her at our favorite bakery downtown.

It isn't until three weeks later that my dream is shattered by the start of my monthly cycle, and I cry until I'm all cried out over a dark-haired little baby boy that never was.

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six

Cooper

Present Day

"I think you guys are going to like it here coaching the Minnesota Norse." Jensen James, one of the three team owners, slaps my back. "You'd better for how much it cost to buy out your contracts in the middle of a season."

"It seems like a nice facility." I automatically reply.

It's actually a top-of-the-line facility that any team would be lucky to have. And even though it doesn't seem like it, I'm excited about carrying on our father's legacy with the Norse Hockey Team and bringing home a Stanley Cup or two.

My brothers and I have been home a handful of times during the last six months, and we spend less and less time here each time. Not because we don't like it here—just the opposite. This town holds the best memories for us.

The memories of our beautiful, brave Jolie and the night she propositioned us. That night lives rent-free in my brain, playing on a loop every moment I'm awake.

"As you know, we have top-of-the-line athletes on our team. Your Dad did a great job sculpting them in the off-season and during the first half of the season. We're lucky the three of you agreed to take over his legacy." Colt Hayes, another one of the owners, adds.

"Besides the money, I've been meaning to ask what made you decide to switch teams this far into the season?" The third owner of the team, Beck Thorson, asks.

I glance at my brother before giving him the answer we had rehearsed: "It was time to come home."

After our father's health scare and our night with Jolie, our lives felt empty. We were restless and needed a change, or so we thought. Until the offer to coach the Minnesota Norse fell into our laps when we realized we needed to be closer to our parents. And maybe, just maybe, we might find Jolie again.

Beck stares at me a little longer than necessary as if trying to solve a puzzle before replying, "Okay. Let's show you around the facility some more."

We follow the three around the arena, working our way through the locker room and meeting the players until we reach the trainers' room. "This is Hank, our head athletic trainer." A guy in his late forties lifts his head from the wrist of the player he's wrapping in athletic tape and grunts a hello.

"What about me? Am I chopped liver or something?" The hockey player getting his wrist wrapped by Hank accuses.

"That's my mouthy nephew, one of the Hayes triplets. And over there, " Colt nods in the opposite direction, "is our intern Jolie, wrapping another of my triplet nephews' ankles."

"We have names, you know." The two identical players begin arguing with Colt, but I'm no longer listening to their bickering, and neither are my brothers as we walk over to the blonde crouched down on her knees, taping up whichever triplet is at her station.

Jolie isn't a common name, but I don't want to get my hopes up until I see her face and know it's her, even though I'd know her soft honey-blonde hair anywhere from all the times I ran my fingers through it that night.

Jolie turns around to greet us, and her eyes flare with recognition and desire. "Um, hi." She says, and I finally feel like I'm home.

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seven

Jolie

" U m, hi." I'm so shocked that I've finally come face to face with my fantasy men after all these months I can't move. Well, not exactly face-to-face—more like face-to-groin—like the night we were together on my birthday. Just when I had finally stopped thinking about them, they have to show up at my place of work.

"Jolie is our athletic trainer intern. She's done such a fantastic job that we'll offer her a position on the team once she graduates." Colt beams at me like a proud father, and I smile back, thankful for his praise until I hear three low growls from Cooper, Sam, and Tate.

"Is that so?" The stern look in Cooper's eyes makes me scoot back until Sam and Tate reach for my hands and help me stand.

"Thank you." I lower my head and drop my hands from theirs, hoping to hide my embarrassment warming my face.

"Jolie, these three are taking over for Coach Davis now that he's retired. I want to introduce you to Coach Davis's sons, Cooper, our new head coach, and Sam and Tate, his assistant coaches."

Brothers? How did I not notice that they were brothers?

My gaze snaps from brother to brother, and I see the resemblance, but that doesn't

stop my brain from blurting out, "You're brothers?"

"Yes, Jolie," Tate says my name like a caress, and I almost melt into a puddle, remembering the way he said my name while he was deep inside me that night. "We're brothers—very close brothers. We tend to do a lot of things together." He smirks causing me to choke on my spit.

Three sets of hands are on me in a flash, each of my fantasy men asking me if I'm okay. I nod and try to answer, only to make the coughing worse.

"Someone grab her a bottle of water," Cooper yells at Colt, Jensen, and Beck, causing them to dash out of the room in search of water.

"I think she needs mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

"Did you fail basic CPR, Tate? She's still passing air. Her throat isn't completely occluded."

My breathing begins to go back to normal as I gaze from brother to brother, wondering if they're remembering the last time they witnessed my throat being occluded by their big cocks.

By the fire in their eyes, I would have to say yes, they're remembering that night.

"Here!" Colt hands me an opened bottle of water. "I took off the lid so it would be easier." Jensen and Beck are close behind him with just as concerned looks on their faces.

"Why don't you come with me to the women's locker room, and I'll help you freshen up." Gemma's kind face replaces Colt's as she steps in front of him, holding her hand out to me.

Gemma is the head ice girl for the Norse hockey team and the girlfriend of all three owners. Which isn't that surprising, considering most of the players, owners, and a few referees are in groups of four, with the guys each sharing the same girl.

It would be so easy and acceptable for the four of us to continue down that path, but Cooper, Sam, and Tate proved all they wanted was one night—maybe more now that we work for the same team. But as far as a relationship, I don't foresee that in our future. Besides, I have to concentrate on my career. I don't have a full-time job with the Norse yet. I can't risk losing that opportunity because I fucked around with the coaches.

No matter how much Colt, Beck, Jensen, and Gemma like me, the owners will always side with the coaches when the co-workers with benefits end.

I take Gemma's hand and let her lead me out of the trainer's room, down the hallway, and into the women's locker room.

"So, how long have you, Cooper, Sam, and Tate been in a relationship?"

"I, um." I clear my throat. "We aren't in a relationship." Which is the truth—it was only one night.

Gemma pins me with a stare, and I fight the urge to squirm under her gaze. "If you say so." She finally says. "It's just that I've seen that look before on every man in love with a woman that I saw on Cooper, Sam, and Tate's face when they look at you." She takes a clean towel from the linen cart, runs cold water over it, and wrings out the excess water before handing it to me. "You have the same look on your face when you gaze at them."

She's right, but I'm not ready to unpack all my baggage with her, so I reply, "We can't act on our attraction. It would make working together too messy."

She eyes me thoughtfully, "I think you already acted on that attraction." I open my mouth to deny her claim, but she holds up her hand to stop me. "It's not my love story, but I can tell you my love story."

She takes a seat on one of the locker room benches, motioning me to sit down beside her, "When I first started as an ice girl for the Minnesota Norse, I tried to lay low and hide my feelings for Colt, Jensen, and Beck, thinking it was unnatural to fall for three guys at the same time. I let that fear push them away. But my Alpha males pursued me until I finally realized they were worth the risk. By the look on your face, I would say your guys are worth the risk, too." She stands and pats my shoulder before leaving me alone with my thoughts.

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eight

Sam

"Do you think we should go after her?" My eyes never leave Jolie as she retreats from the room with Colt, Jensen, and Beck's girlfriend Gemma.

Gemma's the head ice girl for the team. We met her earlier, along with the rest of the Ladies of the Norse, as they call themselves. As the girlfriends of the players they're planning a Christmas party for the team, all but Teagan, she was getting ready for practice.

I can't get over how accepting this job and community are of group relationships. We only officially moved here a couple of days ago, but at that time, we learned that the rumors about guys sharing one woman were true. Maybe it's not such a fantasy as Jolie thought it was—it's a reality for this team.

Shit, it's been six months since we've seen her. Maybe she's already hooking up with guys on the team. That doesn't sit well with me, but I can't fault her for moving on after that night. We never said it was anything more than one night.

"Is, um, Jolie seeing anyone?" Tate asks Colt, unable to disguise his interest.

"Not that I know of." Colt narrows his gaze at Tate. "She's a sweet girl. Don't fuck with her. She deserves someone who truly cares about her."

"We would never hurt her," Tate vows.

"We?" Jensen jumps into the conversation. "Just how many of you make up the we?"

Cooper clears his throat, "All three of us are the we."

Instead of more scrutiny from the team owners, they all break out in a grin, "I knew you guys would be a perfect fit for our team. It seems everyone around here likes to share." Beck slaps me on the back. "We'll give you gentlemen a few minutes alone before we meet you on the ice." Colt, Jensen, and Beck leave us alone in the trainer's room while Hank follows after them.

"Welcome to the club," one of the triplets says before they both leave the room.

"So now what? Do we go after Jolie?" Tate picks up the athletic tape Jolie had been using with a sigh.

"We need to give her a little time," Cooper says. "Having us show up after six months has got to be a surprise."

"So it's decided. We give her time to adjust to having us around, and if she doesn't come to us after a while, we go to her and beg her forgiveness."

"Agreed." Both Tate and Cooper say.

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nine

Jolie

Cooper, Sam, and Tate look so handsome in their matching black suits with matching teal-blue ties, the same color as the team jerseys, as they pace the bench area, yelling out plays and substituting players during the game. It's so hot that my damn clit decides to throb at their dominant behavior.

It's been five days since they started with the team. And for five days, I've been avoiding them. They haven't tried to approach me since that first day, which I thought I was grateful for, but in all reality I wish they would pursue me.

I gaze away from them and try to concentrate on the hockey game—making sure I'm ready for any emergency that comes my way now that I'm the acting head trainer for the team since Hank is home sick with food poisoning.

Damn him and his love for chicken wings. And damn, the fast food restaurant that served him undercooked chicken. I'm not really mad at Hank—I'm mad at the situation that has thrown me into such close quarters as the three men I can't stop obsessing about.

It's not long before I have something else to do besides obsessing about the team's coaches. One of the Hayes triplets limps off the ice with a possible sprained ankle, but after a quick palpation of his foot and ankle, I determined he just tweaked it a little and can return to the ice after I wrap his foot and ankle for support.

I would have thought Cooper, Sam, and Tate would have been happy that I was able to clear one of their star players to return to the ice. But instead, they seemed to be glaring at me the whole time. The Hayes triplet must have noticed it, too, as he teased me about territorial men and the woman they love. He skated back onto the ice with me still denying his observation.

The action on the ice heats up as the other team, the Indiana Freeze, starts taking cheap shots at our guys. It's not the normal referees who work the Norse home games tonight, so instead of making sure it's a clean game, they let the cheap shots go unpunished.

Cooper looks like he's about to blow a gasket when Fin Baxter is blindsided by two of the Freeze players. One takes out his feet, and the other knocks him in the shoulder, causing him to land head-first on the ice.

The refs finally blow their whistles to stop play, allowing me to skate onto the ice with my medical bag to check on Fin. "Is he going to be okay?" Teagan Hayes, the first female pro hockey player on a men's team and Fin's girlfriend is the first to speak as she positions herself next to his body.

"I'm fine, baby." He says with a wince.

"Try not to move until I clear you." I place my hands on his neck and work my way down his body, feeling for injuries, "Can you wiggle your feet?" He follows my command, making me sigh in relief. "Okay, now I'm going to shine this light in your eyes, and I want you to follow it." He does a decent job of tracking the light, and his pupils react the way I want them to, but I'm not ready to clear him to play. "Royal. Coulter." I call to Teagan's other two boyfriends, "Can you help him back to the bench? I want to run a few more tests on him."

They nod and help him to his feet, but not before Teagan plants a big kiss on his lips.

"Listen to whatever Doc tells you to do, " she says, nodding at me.

I was speechless for a moment. She just gave me the highest compliment possible by calling me Doc instead of Jolie or trainer, giving me the respect normally reserved for the head trainer.

"I'll take good care of him," I say before skating off the ice to tend to my patient.

The rest of the night went as expected, with Teagen spending more of it in the penalty box from avenging Fin than on the ice as Fin cheered her on from the sidelines. "That's my girl!" He yelled more times than I could count when she body-checked the other team's players.

It wasn't until after the game, when the Norse actually won, that I decided it was time to face my fears and talk with Cooper, Sam, and Tate. The arena had cleared out of all the players and fans. The only people left are the four of us and the Zamboni driver getting the ice ready for tomorrow's practice.

"Thanks for meeting me this late." Nervous energy takes over, and I pause to take a deep breath before continuing, "I love being part of the team. I really felt like I made a difference tonight." I wring my hands, hating to say the next part, but I have to. "That's why we can't pick up where we left off six months ago. I earned the respect of the team, and it felt good. Colt, Jensen, and Beck offered me a job on the team after I graduate and pass my boards. I don't want them to have to choose between their coaches and the team trainer when whatever this is between us ends. Besides, you know they won't choose against their coaches. You're the reason they win games. I'm not that important."

"Is that what you think—that we'll throw you away once we get bored?" Tate's hurt expression guts me.

Damn it, I barely know these three guys, yet I feel such a strong connection to them. But if the morning after my birthday taught me anything, it taught me I want to find true love, get married, and have a bunch of children. And I can't do that when I'm just fooling around with three guys at the same time.

"Isn't that what happened the morning after when I woke up alone with no note or way to contact you? I deserve someone who wants to be with me for more than just one night or because I'm convenient." I can't hold back the tears as they stream down my face or the begging. "It's going to be hard enough working for the same team as it is—please don't drag out something that will never be anything more than your dirty little secret."

I don't add that once they each find that special woman who completes them and they settle down, living out the real fantasy I want from them, I'll be long gone because there is no way I could watch my men with other women.

Tate and Sam look like they want to say something, but Cooper cuts them off, "If that's what you really want, we won't stop you."

Unable to speak, I nod and leave the arena and my heart behind.

ten

Jolie

It's the night of the Annual Christmas Elf Charity Auction, where single women and some married women dress like Christmas Elves are auctioned off to the highest bidder to raise money for our local Children's hospital. And just what I need to get my mind off Cooper, Sam, and Tate, except the Charity Auction is being held in the ballroom of the same hotel we celebrated my birthday in.

Last night was bad enough when I had to fill in for Hank, the head trainer, while he was out sick with food poisoning and sat on the team bench during the game. Even though Cooper, Sam, and Tate stood for most of the game, I could still feel their eyes on me, especially when I had to check Fin Baxter for a possible concussion.

And after I basically told them I wanted to move on with my life, there's no way to take it all back and beg their forgiveness. Some might call it weak or a disgrace to the female population but even a few stolen nights with Cooper, Sam, and Tate would be worth a lifetime of pain.

I glance at my best friend and roommate, Anna Marie. She was a last-minute replacement for Lola, who wasn't able to participate tonight due to a family emergency. "You look hot," I tell her. "Besides, I already told you not to worry. My Dad's in town for the holidays. I told him how you so graciously agreed to step in for Lola when she had a family emergency and had to leave town—and he agreed to bid on you. Isn't that great?"

"Where's your dad staying?" Anna Marie asks.

"At the hotel where he always stays when he's in town, silly," I playfully slap her arm, feeling happier than I have in a long time thinking about setting up my father and my best friend. "You know we don't have enough room in our apartment unless you want to share your bed with him."

"Oh, right. I forgot." Anna Marie's cheeks turn a pretty shade of pink, and I hide a giggle.

I've known for a long time that Anna Marie has a crush on my Dad. Although he'll never act on it without help, my Dad has romantic feelings for my best friend.

He hasn't even looked at another woman since my mom passed away, deciding to concentrate on raising me as a single parent. Which I appreciate but never asked him to do. It's time for him to have a little fun for once, and who better to set my Dad up with than my best friend?

"Jolie, you're up next. You have three minutes before you hit the stage." Suzie, tonight's elf auction hostess, calls over her shoulder.

"How do I look?" I adjust the tiny elf hat that's perched on top of my curly blonde hair.

"Like the perfect Christmas elf." Anna Marie laughs.

"Thanks, Anna Marie," I wrap my arms around her and hug her quickly. "You look perfect, too. Dad is going to freak out when he sees you."

"What do you mean he's going to freak out?"

"I just mean, it's been a while since he's seen you. You've changed a lot. You're not the same clumsy girl he met. You're a sexy, confident woman who's going to be taking her nursing boards in three weeks." I hope my plan works. I hate to see my best friend so unsure of herself.

"Jolie, it's your turn." Suzie ushers me to the center of the stage while Anna Marie stays out of sight in the wings of the stage.

Suzie announces my name to the crowd. I decide to have a little fun and enjoy being the center of attention, if only for a few minutes. I playfully wiggle my hips and blow kisses to the crowd, driving up the bids.

I'm having a great time until my eyes land on three guys in the front row raising their hands to bid on me.

Oh, Hell no.

How did they know I'd be here? Gemma. She was the only one I told when I tried to get her to participate in the charity auction. She politely declined, telling me her boyfriends don't like it when she auctions herself off. This seemed like a strange comment, but who am I to judge?

I glare at the three of them and place my hands on my hips. They didn't listen to a word I said last night after the game. My heart flutters at the thought of them wanting to fight for me.

"And the lucky winner—I mean, winners are the three dark-haired gentlemen in the front row. Come on over and claim your prize." Suzie gives me a little shove when I don't walk to the stairs at the edge of the stage, where Cooper, Sam, and Tate are waiting for me with huge smiles.

I make my way down the steps, slapping at Tate's hand as he holds it out to help me down the stairs, causing all three of them to laugh.

"This isn't funny." I hiss, trying to keep my voice low.

"We had to bid on you. It was the only way to get you alone." Sam says.

"You've been a bad girl—avoiding us. It's time we punish you for it." Cooper whispers in my ear, causing a flood of desire to dampen my panties just as Tate holds up a key card labeled room four eleven.

eleven

Jolie

I cross my arms over my chest and try not to look at the bed that was the scene of so much pleasure six months ago. "You're holding me against my will, you know." It's a total bluff. All I want is to be back in their arms again, just not at the cost of my future.

"You're free to go any time you want. But we wanted to show you something first." Cooper reaches for a stack of papers on the vanity and hands it to me. "It's your contract from Colt, Jensen, and Beck. If you read through it, you'll see that fraternizing with a co-worker or workers is not against team policy—it's actually encouraged."

"Also, if said relationship ends, all parties retain their positions with the team." Sam taps the papers in my hand and sits down next to me. "Even if that member is an athletic trainer and the rest are coaches."

"If you look at the fine print, you'll see that at any time those coaches break the athletic trainer's heart, it's grounds for dismissal on them, not her." Tate sits on the other side of me and takes the paper out of my hand, flipping through the pages until he finds what he is looking for, "See, it says it right here." He holds the contract in front of my face, and it does, in fact, say that.

"How did you get the owners to agree to that?" I can't believe Colt, Jensen, and Beck would pick me over them.

"It seems they like you better than they do us. If you flip the page, you'll see they added their own clause."

I turn the sheet and scan the next page until my eyes fall on clause number five. "If at any time the dumbasses known as Cooper, Sam, and Tate Davis break a one Miss Jolie Collins heart, Mr. Colt Hayes, Mr. Jensen James, and Mr. Beck Thorson can kick their asses." I read out loud.

"It's in writing. You'll have your job for as long as you want with the Minnesota Norse, even if you break up with us because there's no way in hell we would ever break up with you first." Cooper takes my hand and places a soft kiss against the pulse point of my wrist, causing it to thump wildly.

"Do you forgive us?" Tate gives me a hopeful smile.

"We're so sorry we left you that morning after your birthday. With our father being admitted to the hospital and everything, we weren't in the right headspace at that time. The only right thing we did was agree to your birthday wish," Sam adds.

"Wait, your Dad was in the hospital, and you three were having sex with a stranger in a hotel room?"

"Yeah, that doesn't make us sound very good, does it?" Tate cringes.

"Actually, I get it. It's human nature to want to do something to feel alive when faced with your own mortality. I should know. I was grieving my mother's death from fourteen years ago when I propositioned the three of you that night."

"So, you forgive us?" Cooper brushes my hair behind my ear like he did that first night.

I take in their anxious faces, "How could I not." They smile in relief, but I need to get the rest off my chest before we continue. "But we barely even know each other."

"We can take it as slow or fast as you want, Jolie. We're not going anywhere." Cooper looks deeply into my eyes, letting me see the sincerity behind his words.

I shift my gaze from Cooper to Sam and then to Tate, with the same look of hope shining back at me. I place a finger to my mouth, tapping it against my lips like I'm in deep thought, before I finally say, "I think I want it fast tonight."

Their eyes flare wide when they catch my meaning, "Your every wish is our command." Tate stands and gives me a silly bow that makes me laugh—and I realize they're perfect for me.

They strip off their clothes before tearing off my sexy elf costume and spend the rest of the night worshipping me in ways I never thought possible.

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One Year Later

It's the Annual Christmas Elf Auction for the Children's Hospital. It's almost my turn to take the stage, but unlike last year, I can't wait to have Cooper, Tate, and Sam bid on me.

Suzie, the host for tonight's event, calls my name, and I strut onto the stage in my tight elf costume to the catcalls and whistles from numerous men in the audience. However, I only have eyes for the three guys in the front row, whom I call my husbands.

We married in a small ceremony on my birthday, attended by only a few friends and family. My Dad gave me away, while I like to believe my Mom looked down from Heaven, blessing us and the baby I'm carrying.

Suzie starts the bidding off high because she knows my husbands will pay whatever they have to to win me. The bids go higher and higher. In my excitement, I put my hand on my little baby bump and turn from side to side, showing the little one off to my men. Which only makes them increase their bids, more determined than ever to win me.

However, my baby bump surprised the other bidders, who stopped bidding. I guess not everyone wants a pregnant elf for Christmas.

Unfazed by this new turn of events, I smile and wave at my men, blowing them kisses as they drive up the bid on each other. We have a little bet on who'll bid the highest for me. The winner gets to do whatever they want to do to me for the whole night,

while the other two can only watch unless the winner lets them join.

The bidding reaches a record high of one hundred thousand dollars before Suzie stops the bidding, claiming we'd be here all night with the three of them bidding on me.

Cooper made the final bid, and judging by the look on his face compared to the look on his brothers' faces, all they will be doing tonight is watching. It's okay. I'll make sure to make it up to them tomorrow night.

After Suzie announces Cooper as the winner, I walk to the stairs on the other side of the stage. There, Cooper, Sam, and Tate are waiting for me, just like last year. Only this year, I run into their waiting arms.

"I love you guys." I hug them tightly as they tell me they love me, too.

What a difference a year can make—a year ago, I was alone with only the memory of the best birthday present I could have given myself. Now I can have that birthday present anytime I want.

"So, are you ready to watch Cooper puck my halls?" I laugh at my pun while they groan.

Another great thing about living with hockey coaches is the fun hockey puns.

-The End-

Puck I Did it Again – Teaser

Wynn

You got this. You are a strong, independent woman who is more than capable of coaching a male pro hockey team. You've coached in the minor leagues; this is no different.

I repeat the affirmations a couple more times before I let the acting head coach lead me through the locker room to meet my new team, the Iowa Poseidon. It's true I've coached in the minor leagues. Four years ago, at twenty-five, I was the first female to coach in the men's minor league. Now, I'll be the second female to coach in the men's major league.

It's an exciting time for women in pro sports, with Teagan Hayes playing for the formally all-male pro hockey team, the Minnesota Norse. Opening up the door for more women to compete on the highest skill level and, of course, for women to coach men's teams.

The locker room is full of half-naked men eyeing me suspiciously. Being introduced to my new team right after practice wasn't my idea, but Don, the acting coach, felt the element of surprise would be the best for the team since the shock of having a woman coach might make them retreat to the locker room unless I make it known the locker room isn't off limits to me because I'm a female.

The grumbling begins, so I say the first thing I can think of to squash the brewing storm, "Gentlemen, I suggest you cover up what you don't want seen."

A few of the players laugh. A few grumble louder. But one does the unexpected and drops his towel from his waist, leaving him completely and utterly naked—his skin still glistening from the shower. A drop of water falls from his hair, making a trail down his chest and across his abs before falling onto a long thick cock. What I wouldn't give to lick that drop away.

"Eyes up here, Princess." I snap my gaze from his now hardening length and stare into the deepest brown eyes I've ever seen—so rich and dark I could get lost in them

for days.

That's when I realize I'm standing before Maximus Martin, the three-time NHL Player of the Year. He's a hockey legend. Instead of fangirling, I school my features and run through his stats in my head.

He's had a rough year, but I think I can get him and this team back on track with the right offense. The team was doing great until two months ago when the former head coach and his two assistant coaches, all brothers, decided to switch teams to coach for the Minnesota Norse to be closer to their aging parents.

Don, the acting head coach, doesn't know what he's doing, but I'm here to change that. First, I need to show them who's in charge.

"Impressive," I say, slowly lowering my gaze down his body, watching as his cock twitches to life before meeting his eyes. "Now, if only your stats were as impressive."

Sneak Peek

Puck Like a Girl

“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.