



# Restless (Squad Goals Book 2)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Gio

Kissing Tucker Evans at a frat party was a stupid idea. He's still getting over his cheating ex and there is no way I am anyone's rebound guy.

Except when he gets injured, somehow I find myself volunteering to help look after him.

In every sense.

So maybe I will be his rebound. If I know what the score is going in, I can't be hurt.

Solid plan.

Tucker

Kissing Giovanni Russo at a frat party was a brilliant idea. There was more chemistry in that one kiss than there ever was with my ex.

Now I just have to convince him to give me a chance.

Sharing a bed at his parents house leads to some epic fun times, but he has it in his head that I just want a rebound.

With Gio I want everything.

**Total Pages (Source):** 23

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I kinda wish I hadn't come to this party dressed as Thor. The stupid cape keeps getting wrapped around my ankles, and I ditched the ten-dollar wig about two songs ago.

Maybe it's just this party I'm not feeling.

The main reason I came was to cheer Lexi up, and he left with Ryder twenty minutes ago. Fancy dress and cheap beer aren't really my scene anymore, but Lexi needed to get out of his head, and I'd do anything for my bestie.

"Hey, you came as a Roman, too," a familiar voice says from behind me. I turn to see Tucker Evans smiling at me. "I thought I was the only one who thought it was a general dress-up theme."

I look at his costume. "What about this outfit is meant to be Roman? You look like a Scottish person decided to wear their bed sheets. Is that a cum stain?"

It isn't, but fucking with him is fun.

He looks down at his costume and then back at me. "What are you talking about? These sheets are very clean and very Roman."

I take that as permission to check him out.

Tucker Evans is a wet dream at the best of times. With his big, broad linebacker frame. He has nearly half a foot on me, and I am not a short man. I can't decide if I want to fuck him or be fucked by him.

Why make the decision? Both are perfect. I'm all about taking turns. I'm nice like that.

I know that on the field he looks menacing, but like this, he is just adorable, with his big blue eyes and chocolate brown hair. The red tartan bed sheet wrapped around his body, putting his thick thighs on display, along with his bulging biceps, is doing things to my heart. And my dick. Mostly my dick.

“Are you done checking me out?”

I shrug. “You could always turn around. The back might be more impressive than the front.”

Tucker smirks and slowly twirls. His ass looks nearly as delicious in his Scottish toga as it does in his football uniform.

“You know we could always go somewhere a little more private, and you can give my body a thorough inspection.” He says, leaning into my space, his cinnamon scent rolling over me. “You could be the big bad gladiator, and I'm the horny villager trying to seduce you.”

“Tucker, neither of us are dressed as Romans.”

Why are those the words out of my mouth and not ‘Yes Tucker, take me back to your room’?

I am a dumbass. Who is dumb for his ass.

“I am literally wearing a toga right now.”

“It's plaid.”

“Still counts.”

“Nope, it really doesn’t. Plus, there is a cum stain.”

“It’s fucking clean, and you know it. Who are you meant to be if you aren’t a gladiator?” He crosses his arms, distracting me as his biceps bulge. I wonder what they would feel like underneath my hands as I rode his dick?

“I’m Thor.”

“You’re not blond.”

“I took my wig off.”

“Where is your Hammer?”

“Hudson borrowed it to play golf.”

“What is he using as a ball?”

“No clue,” I shrug. “Wyatt is with him, and it’s made out of foam, so I figure he can’t do much damage.”

“Okay, so you be the god of thunder and I’ll be the poor Scottish villager who is stuck in the Highlands during a storm.” He leans in and whispers into my ear.

“Pillage me, Gio.”

Fucking hell.

I try to adjust my interested cock, which is just awkward in this costume. The mirth in Tucker’s eyes implies I wasn’t covert enough.

“Let’s get-”

“Shit,” he interrupts, looking over my shoulder.

“What’s the matter?”

“Henry just walked in.”

I look over my shoulder at Tucker’s cheating supermodel-looking ex dressed as Buzz Lightyear. The guy is an absolute shit head for the way he treated Tucker. I wish I could yeet him into outer space. Creep.

“Hey, will you kiss me?” I whip my head round and look at Tucker nibbling his lip nervously.

Well, if this isn’t the reality check I needed.

He wants to make his ex jealous, and I’m here looking all horny. I’m the perfect rebound. Again. Ugh, I’m having high school flashbacks.

What is it about me that screams ‘getting under me, will help you get over them’? Absolutely no way am I being a rebound again.

“Sure,” I hear myself saying.

One kiss I can do. Then I’m out of here.

Tucker smiles at me sweetly and cups my jaw with his big, meaty hand that I am definitely not thinking about cupping me in other places. I watch as his tongue darts out and wets his lips. I don’t care if this is meant to be his show, my restraint breaks, and I wrap my arms around his neck, dragging him down so my lips can meet his.

My whole body lights up the moment we connect.

Tucker deepens the kiss, licking his tongue into my mouth with sexy determination. His taste takes me from half-mast to full-blown. My dick is going to set sail across the Pacific and party in Tokyo, baby.

One of my favorite things about men is when they have stubble, or even a full blown beard. Feeling it scrape across my cheeks does things to me. And don't get me started on how it feels on my balls. They go so tight they could be mistaken for golf balls.

I need to know how Tucker would feel sucking my dick. I'd like a little beard burn around my crotch.

"Wow, you two are hot." Perry's voice breaks through the lusty fog like a bucket of cold water, and I wrench myself from Tucker's arms. "Why are you stopping? Do more. Do you take requests?"

I avoid Tucker's eyes and covertly look over my shoulder at Henry. His fists are clenched at his sides, and his cheeks are flushed red.

"Mission accomplished. He looks pissed as hell." I say, mustering up a smile I just know looks fake as fuck. I finally look at Tucker. His returning gaze is confused.

"What?"

"You wanted to make Henry jealous, and judging by that pissed off look he's wearing, you were successful."

"Oh," he says, running a hand through his cropped hair making half of it stand on end. Why is that so adorable? "That's good. Hey, do you want-"

“I’ve actually got to go. I just remembered that it’s my Nonna’s birthday tomorrow, and I need to be up early to go visit.” Lies. Her birthday is in two weeks. But I need to get out of here. “I’ll see you around.”

Ignoring Perry’s shrewd gaze and Tucker’s disappointed one, I weave through partygoers, making my way out of the frat house as quickly as possible.

Tucker Evans is sweet, funny, sexy, and tastes like Girl Scout cookies. I want nothing more than to eat thin mints off of his ass. He is the perfect guy, but there is no way I am going to be anyone’s rebound again.

I see a blur out of the corner of my eye and moments later my foam hammer whizzes past my face and straight into the side of Henry’s head, making him spill his red fruity drink down his mainly white costume. Seems like my hammer was useful after all. Shame it wasn’t metal.

“Hole in one!” Hudson shouts.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

“What is on the agenda for tonight?” I ask Lexi as I plop on the couch next to him.

I’ve been friends with Lexi and his sister, Kait, since freshman year. Every Thursday they have a nineties themed movie night together with Ryder, Kait’s best friend and Lexi’s new boyfriend. I don’t always come to them, but they are always fun. Even if the movies are ancient. We watched one a few weeks ago where the main character had to visit an internet cafe just to send an email.

“The Scream series,” Ryder answers, sitting down on the other side of Lexi. “I love me some slasher movies.”

“You don’t give a shit about slasher movies. You just love watching anything that makes Lexi cuddle into you.” Kait shouts from the kitchen.

Ryder shrugs. “I may have discovered that I get a blowjob after I’ve protected my man from thirty year old movie villains.”

“Seriously Ryder? That’s why you’re so obsessed with these films?” Lexi lowers his voice. “If you just wanted a blowjob, you know I would have given you one anyway.”

“Yeah, but I like feeling like I’ve really earned it,” Ryder whispers back.

Lexi attacks Ryder’s face with his mouth which is my cue to move seats. I take the loveseat and spread out. Kait can deal with those two.

I am happy for Lexi. He’s been in love with Ryder since the moment he met him four



years ago. But I do not need a front row seat to their foreplay. More than one person has told me I have pretty eyes, so bleaching them is out of the question.

I get up to answer the door when the bell rings. “Who else did you invite?”

They don’t hear me and continue to keep eating each other’s faces.

“I need to get laid,” I mumble as I open the front door.

“I’d be happy to help you with that.” Tucker grins, standing on the porch, arms laden with take out bags.

“I didn’t think college sports stars were allowed to work during the semester?”

His nose scrunches in confusion, which is not adorable at all. “What are you talking about?”

“Food delivery driver, no?” I take the food out of his arms and shut the door on his bemused face.

My mouth curves into a small smile as Tucker rings the doorbell again, and I start unpacking the Chinese food onto the coffee table.

Since that kiss weeks ago, Tucker has decided to flirt relentlessly with me. I’m hot, I know this, so it’s not unusual for attractive people to flirt with me. What is weird is my reaction to Tucker flirting with me. I blush. A lot. Seriously, why the fuck does he pull that reaction from me? He’s just a guy.

A guy I will absolutely not be kissing again, no matter how much he flirts with me.

“Who the fuck is pounding on the door?” Kait says, stomping through the living

room.

“I forgot to tip the delivery guy. My bad.” I grin.

Lexi untangles himself from Ryder. “What delivery guy? Tucker is bringing the food?”

“You’re a little shit, Giovanni,” Tucker growls in a way that makes my cock twitch. No, I am not attracted to him. I will not get a chub on. I refuse.

“I’m sorry,” I say, surprising everyone. I pull a twenty from my back pocket and slap it on his chest. “I didn’t mean to forget to tip.”

Ryder lets out a snort and then a grunt as Lexi elbows him in the kidney.

“Gio-” Lexi starts.

“I’ll take it. I wouldn’t mind a different tip from you, a more physical one, but this will do for now. I’ll add it to our first date fund,” Tucker says with a wink, making my cheeks flame.

That fucker.

I have no comeback so I just roll my eyes and flop back onto the love seat. Tucker can be subjected to the Lexi and Ryder show on the other couch.

Except he sits next to me, because of course. It’s his mission in life to torment me. He is not a small man, so all of him is pressed against all of me. Goosebumps engulf my entire left side. My body is a traitorous whore. How many times do I have to explain that we are not attracted to men who are on the rebound after a bad break-up?

“Here you go,” Tucker hands me a plate I didn’t even notice he had been fixing.

“How are these all of my favorite dishes?” I look up at him, which is a huge mistake. His dark blue eyes entrap me immediately. They remind me of the sky just before sunrise.

He smiles softly. “I know. I pay attention, Giovanni.”

Does he really have to say my name like that? It’s a crime. A crime against my cock.

“Thanks,” I mumble and turn to my food.

I try to tune into the movie and ignore how good it feels being this close to Tucker.

I’m not some emotionally repressed stereotype who has vowed to never have a relationship again because my last two blew up in my face. I’m gonna date again. I want a boyfriend/girlfriend/partner someday, but I’m not going to jump into a relationship with someone still getting over a heartbreak. No way am I going to be the guy he gets under to get over stupid Henry.

So, I will continue to ignore the heat and chemistry between us.

It has to go away eventually.

Right?

“Stu and Tatum are the ultimate pan panic,” I say a little while later. “They just scream sex.”

“Yeah, Stu is hot. I’d let him stab me,” Ryder says, munching on popcorn, oblivious to all the eyes on him.

Lexi leans in and whispers something, which sounds a lot like “Tatum” and “role-play.” I know way too much about their sex life.

“Wanna bet how long they’ll stick around before running off to get laid?” Tucker whispers to me.

“They’ll last till the end of the movie and will probably be naked and prepped before the credits have finished rolling,” I whisper back. Teasing our friends is a safe subject.

He snorts “Do you think they’ll be back in time for the second movie?”

“Nah, we’ll have lost them for the night.”

“Hey assholes, we can hear you,” Lexi throws popcorn at the both of us.

Tucker shrugs. “We weren’t being that quiet, to be fair.”

“How about you all shut up, and we watch the movie?” Kait snipes as she turns the volume up on the television. I guess that told us.

“Is everything okay, Kait?” Lexi asks her gently.

“Yes,” she bites out. “Okay, no. Josh had to help his dad collect something he bought from Craigslist. So, watching you four being all loved up and flirty is making me feel lonely. I want to snuggle.”

“We’re not flirting or snuggling,” is the first thing out of my mouth.

“That’s what you focus on, jackass?” Kait replies with an eye roll.

“He’s in his feels about me. It overpowers every thought.” You can hear the satisfaction in Tucker’s voice. Jerkface.

“I am not-”

“You are literally snuggling into Tucker right now. His arm is around you.”

I turn and see that Tucker’s arm is in fact around me and I’m pressed into the side of his body, a lot more than I need to be. How did this happen?

Fuck, he smells delicious.

“I need a drink,” I say and rush out of the room. I probably also need a cold shower and some sense knocked into me.

I am not a rebound.

Why do I have to have a crush on him? If Tucker and Henry had had a nice, normal break up, this wouldn’t be such a big thing. But the dude got cheated on. He needs to fuck that out of his system before he is ready for anything else.

I don’t want to be used.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

My teammates are great, my teammates are great. I won't murder them because they are morons who like to play Superbass by Nicki Minaj at full volume to wake up. Nope, no murder for me. I'm too pretty for jail.

I wrench myself out of bed and head to the bathroom for a much needed piss, but as I open the door, I am faced with a cheerleader. And not one I might expect to see or the one I long to see in my bedroom. Naked, lubed up, and bent over.

Giovanni Russo has had a chokehold on me ever since that kiss at the frat party a few weeks ago. But no matter how much I flirt, he's just not interested. He certainly enjoyed the kiss, so why won't he flirt back? Ugh, people say men are easier than women when it comes to dating and flirting, but clearly, they have never met Gio.

He's fun and sexy but in a mean way.

And why the fuck does he not want me? Maybe I need to flex my muscles around him a bit more. Who doesn't love thicc thighs?

"Why is he just staring like that? Did he do that when you two hooked up? It's kind of creepy." Perry's voice breaks through my inner monologue.

Ryder sighs heavily. "We didn't hook up, shithead, I hooked up with his ex."

"Call me shithead again, and I will prove my nickname is a great one," Perry says pursing his lips.

"What is it?"

“Petty Perry.”

“Yeah, that totally fits.” Ryder nods before turning to look at me. “Oh look, there seems to be some light on behind those eyes. What were you thinking about?”

I ignore his question. “What are you to doing here? And together?” I add. Perry and Ryder are a weird pairing. I can see Ryder being friends with Bradley, Hudson, and Wyatt, but not really Perry. They look like they’d snark each other to death.

“Okay, so remember when I unknowingly helped your ex cheat on you and you were all mad?”

I close my eyes and take a deep breath.

“You can’t punch me, Lexi would be sad.” Ryder rushes out.

“I’m not going to hit you.”

And I mean it. Ryder didn’t know that my now ex-boyfriend, Henry, was in a relationship when they hooked up. Plus his boyfriend has become a really great friend of mine. A punch to the face would probably ruin that, so, I’m kind of stuck with Ryder in my life.

“Great, so let us get started with revenge. Luke has got his brother to order two gallons of body glitter from his supplier, and I have a seventy two pack of toilet paper on order from Amazon. Are you busy next Tuesday?” Perry says with a smile.

I look between the two of them, standing there waiting for my answer.

“What is happening right now?”

“I hate that I had a part in your ex cheating and Perry loves to be petty, so we figured we would join forces and help you get revenge on Henry in a non-illegal way.”

“I guess it’s kind of sweet that you both want to do this for me, but getting revenge on Henry is not something I need to do.”

Ryder looks at me sadly. “Because you’re still into him?”

“No, I’m really not.” God, I mean that from the bottom of my soul. I can see now that Henry and I were a huge mistake. We both wanted different things. Honestly, my heart wasn’t hurt by his cheating, my ego was though. Why not break up with me and then sleep with others? It stung that perhaps I wasn’t enough.

Perry looks at me shrewdly. “You’re into someone else.”

“Who are you into? We can help.”

“Ryder, you seriously do not need to help me.” Considering how fucking clueless he was with Lexi being in love with him for nearly five years, I dread to think how he’d help me with Gio.

“Dude, did you have a threesome last night?” Charlie our quarterback says, opening his bedroom door opposite mine. “Because there was like, no sounds coming from your room. Did they not have a good time?”

Perry looks over his shoulder. “If I was involved in a threesome this whole fucking house would know about it.” He turns back to look at me. “I guess I will use my petty powers elsewhere. But, if I think for even a second, you are still into Henry while you are pursuing who I think you are, I will use them with full force on you.”

Well, shit. “That is terrifying.”



“Don’t fuck around, Tucker.” He turns and heads down the stairs and out the door.

“I should go because I’m his ride and he scares me a little. Honestly, most of the male cheerleaders do... maybe not Luke.” Ryder adds.

“You can go with a clear conscience. I do not need your help.” I tell him firmly. He winks at me and leaves.

What the fuck does that mean?

I walk past Charlie, who is still standing there, looking down the hall after Ryder and Perry with a thoughtful look on his face, to the bathroom and finally relieve my bladder.

Heading back to my room, I quickly get dressed. We don’t have a game this weekend, but there is no part of me that wants to hang out around the house. It’s loud and dirty and I need a fucking break.

And snacks. I have a craving for Junior Mints, Airheads, and Pringles.

And maybe I need a plan to get Gio to go on a date with me before his friends try and help, and drive him away.

I head to my favorite grocery store about twenty minutes away and park my car. Before I get to the door, an older lady comes out of the store and how she can see where she’s going, baffles me. She is carrying three brown paper bags full to the brim with groceries and only the tops of her eyebrows peek over the bags. As I think that, her bags start to topple over.

“Shoot, are you okay?” I ask her as I rush over and grab her bags.

“Thank you, I’m okay. I should have grabbed a cart.” She rolls her eyes at herself.

“We’re all guilty of doing that.” I laugh. She looks up and squints her eyes at me.

“You look familiar.”

“I play football at the local college,”

“Are you single?”

“I am,” I say hesitantly. “I’m gay, though.”

Her eyes light up. “Perfect. I have a son.” She puts the bag she was holding down, picks up her purse, and starts rummaging through it before producing a pen and the back of an envelope. “Write your number down.”

I do as she asks. Honestly, the woman may be tiny but her determination scares me a little.

“This is perfect. I will call my son, see when he is free, and you will come to dinner.”

I just stand there as she loads the last bag into her car and drives off. I’m not really sure what just happened. She didn’t even ask for my name.

This has been a weird fucking morning.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

“WE ARE THE RHINO’S, THE MOTHER FUCKING RHINO’S!”

“CATCH ‘EM!”

“GRAB ‘EM!”

“SPEAR ‘EM!”

“STOP ‘EM!”

“FLORA VISTA WE’RE GONNA BEAT YA!”

We finish the chant with a lot of woo’s and a few hoo’s, shaking our imaginary pom poms in the air.

“Great practice, all of you,” Coach says, with a clap. “See you at practice on Monday.”

We all head to the changing rooms where I hear my phone ringing. It ends before I get a chance to answer it and it immediately starts ringing again.

Lexi laughs. “Sounds like Mama Russo has found you another date.”

I flip him the bird and look at my screen. Lexi is right about it being my mom.

“I should have stayed in the closet,” I grumble, ignoring the rest of the guys’ snickers. They all know what my mom is like. She is relentless. She once followed a

couple for three miles in her car, so she could ask them if they were siblings or dating, and if either of them would date me. Luckily they were dating.

“Hi, Mom,” I say, answering the phone.

I love my parents. They are wonderfully supportive about my sexuality, cheering, and majoring in sociology even though I have no clue what I want to do with my life once I’ve graduated.

The one thing my mom is adamant about is me being in a relationship. When I told my parents I was pansexual and explained what it meant, my mom squealed and said “that means there are so many more people I can set you up with now.” She is determined to see me settled down before I’m twenty-one. I’ll probably have my first legal drink at my engagement party if she has her way.

“Sorry my love, were you at practice?” she says.

“Yeah, just finished. Is everything okay? How are Dad and Nonna? Are Dante and Aunt Bianca doing okay?” I’m not going to lie, I’m kinda hoping talking about family members will make her forget whatever she was going to ask me to do.

“I know what you are doing Giovanni,” mom says sternly. “I have found a lovely polite man for you to date. I want you to come over next Sunday for dinner to meet him.”

“Mama...”

“Gio, it’s one dinner. Dad and I will be here.” Yeah that’s the problem, I think. No way of escaping. “I nearly dropped my groceries and he was so helpful, Attractive too, and he plays football for Pine Valley.”

“Mama, their football team is terrible.”

“I’m not asking you to coach the boy Gio.”

“Sorry, Mama.”

“So I will see you next week. Four o’clock.”

“Yes, Mama.”

She hangs up, and I face my snickering friends. “You can all fuck off. I challenge any of you to say no to my mother.”

“Oh, for sure we can’t,” Luke says, looking queasy at the thought. “I’m surprised we haven’t all had to date you.”

“I told her that I won’t date anyone on the squad in case it messed with dynamics.” I’m actually really impressed that I thought of that so quickly. Thank fuck my dad jumped in and agreed with me. She left it alone...though I have seen her look wistfully at Lexi once or twice.

“Do you think that’s true? Cheer queers shouldn’t date?” Wyatt asks, picking at his fingernails.

“Nah, cheer queers can definitely date. I just don’t want to date any of you.” I laugh at the chorus of indignant ‘hey!’

“Reign your ego’s in. None of you want to date me either.”

Luke looks at me intently, scaring me for a brief moment. “Do you think Mama Russo would set me up on a date?” Oh, thank god.

Before I have a chance to answer him, Coach comes through the door. “I forgot to mention that there is going to be an extra practice next week. We need to do some choreo for the cheer party coming up, because...” She covers her face with her hands. I don’t think I have ever seen Coach Phillips look so uncomfortable. “I can’t believe I’m encouraging this, but I have it on good authority that there are going to be at least two dance-offs at this event and I do not want to be beaten by Coach Smith.”

We all just stare at her.

“I should’ve just sent a text,” she says, before leaving the locker room.

That was so weird on so many levels. Coach usually only ever comes to the parties for an hour to show her face and then leaves after telling us we better be on our best behavior, otherwise we will be doing laps before practice for the rest of the school year.

Not a fun time.

“But seriously, would your mom find me a date?” Luke asks as if the stuff with coach never happened.

“I can ask her if you want, but my mom is extreme. Like a push the red button if all else fails kind of deal.” I glance at the others for help. I know that Luke wants a boyfriend, but I don’t think my mom is the solution.

“Luke, babe, we are going to get you a guy that deserves you,” Perry says, wrapping his arm around Luke’s waist. “And it won’t be a Pine Valley football player.”

I flip him the bird.

“I’ll see you fuckers later. C’mon Lex,” I call to my bestie who has his face buried in

his phone. Judging by that dopey smile, he is probably messaging Ryder. “You promised me a coffee.”

Lexi puts his phone in his back pocket and follows me out of the locker room, towards our favorite cart around the corner.

“Ryder is going to bring me my laptop because I left it in his car, but he’s not staying. It’ll be just us hanging out,” he says it so quickly it takes me a few seconds to process what he said. And what he didn’t say.

I grab his arm, pulling him to a stop. “Lexi, you know I’m not jealous or upset with you spending time with Ryder right?”

“I know I haven’t been hanging out as much and you left really quickly after movie night. I guess I was worried you were getting fed up with me,” he says, running his hand through his hair.

“You have a hot new boyfriend who you’ve been in love with for nearly five years. I totally get that you are going to want to spend time with him.” I pull him in for a hug. “I love you, man. You don’t need to worry about our friendship ever.”

“Love you too. I-” Lexi frowns at something over my shoulder. “Is that Henry talking to Tucker?” I whip around so fucking fast.

Yup. That’s a very animated Henry talking to Tucker over by the coffee cart. Tucker is facing away from me so I can’t see if he actually wants to talk to Henry, though judging by the tense set of his shoulders, I’m guessing not.

Tucker is a grown man. He doesn’t need me to rescue him.

Henry takes a step closer.

“Fuck that,” I growl and make my way over to them.

I have clearly lost my damned mind and the fact Lexi isn’t stopping me right now is really inconvenient. I have made it perfectly clear that I do not want to get involved with Tucker right now, so I shouldn’t be getting involved in whatever this is. For some weird reason, that we will not be dissecting, I feel protective over him.

I slide in front of Tucker and immediately feel him relax into me. I look at Henry and let the disdain show on my face. This cunt cheats on Tucker and then causes a scene on campus acting like the victim.

I hope he gets tapeworm.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

All I wanted was to grab a large half whole milk, half soy, caramel macchiato, with two extra shots of espresso, whipped cream, and cinnamon and chocolate sprinkles from my local coffee cart and then head home. Is that too fucking much to ask? Apparently yes, because now I have Henry talking at me, pissed I dared to have feelings about him cheating on me.

“...we weren’t fucking exclusive, Tucker, and now I’m a fucking pariah around campus.”

My eyebrows practically shoot off my face.

“You’re mad at me that you can’t get your dick wet? Fuck off with that shit, Henry.”

Of course this selfish fucker would be mad at that. Like I’m meant to give a literal flaming turd that he can’t go around hurting more people.

I know that Henry and I were never in love. The dude didn’t break my heart. Just my ego, maybe? I dunno. What I do know is that I’d feel like this if anyone cheated on me. Icky feelings of not being good enough surface and I just really need Henry to piss off and leave me alone.

“I’m mad because it’s a lie. I didn’t cheat on you. I know I’m a shitty person, but I’m not a cheater.” he says, voice low, stepping closer to me.

I want to laugh. Does he think he can intimidate me? I could bench press twice his weight with one hand.

Before I can tell him this, a new body slides in between us. I'd recognize that dark curly hair anywhere. The scent of his citrus body spray is calming as it washes over me.

"I don't think we've met. I'm Gio, and you must be Henry, Tucker's lying, cheating ex," Gio says, in a sickly sweet voice hinting at danger that would give Perry a run for his money.

Henry throws his hands in the air. "I didn't fucking cheat." He shouts. I'm not a fan of all the eyes, and some phones, we now have on us. "You know what, fuck this. You can go fuck yourself, Tucker."

"Don't worry, sweetie, he has me for that," Gio calls after Henry's retreating back.

Did Gio say what I thought he said?

"Don't get excited. We're not having sex," he says, in a low voice that goes straight to my cock. Poor thing doesn't understand words. "Grab your gay ass drink, and let's get out of here."

I pop ten bucks into the tip jar with an apologetic look at the barista for all the fuss, grab my coffee, and follow Gio towards a nervous looking Lexi and a frowning Ryder.

"Lexi, can we hang out tomorrow before the game instead?" Lexi nods so quickly and ferociously at Gio that I won't be surprised if he gives himself a headache. "C'mon Tucker, let's go. Bye, guys."

I follow behind a fast-paced Gio. I've no clue where we are going but it's not a surprise that I would follow him anywhere. To the bedroom would be really nice. Ooooooh, I wonder if I could trick him into going on a date with me? That sounds

really fun actually. I could take him to a carnival and we could kiss on the ferris wheel.

I am so busy daydreaming about Gio that I don't notice him stopping right in front of me, and I walk straight into his back. Thank fuck for quick football reflexes. I manage to grab Gio and am pulling him to my chest without thinking about it.

Until he relaxes into me.

That makes my fucking day.

Sadly, it lasts less than a minute before Gio is pulling away. The look he gives me makes me want to hide, and, at the same time, makes my dick hard.

“What was that about?”

“Sorry, I wasn't paying attention.”

A look passes across his face, but it's gone before I can process it. “Were you thinking about Henry?”

“Nope, I was thinking about you.” Gio rolls his eyes, but I don't miss the twitch of his lips. That I can process. The fucker likes me. Sure, it might be so deep down the Mariana trench can't even relate, but it's there.

“So where are we going?” I ask as he starts walking again. I fall into step beside him so I don't get distracted by his thicc ass.

“We're going to go to Target, buy a shit load of snacks, some fabric paint, and some plain totes bags.”

“I’m down. Are you an artsy guy, Gio? I didn’t know that about you. What else are you hiding from me?”

“I’m not artsy. Whenever I was angry or upset as a kid, my mom would put some paper and colored pencils in front of me and tell me to draw my feelings. She’d talk things through, but a lot of the time it was easier to get my feelings out with art.”

“She sounds like a really cool mom”

“She’s interfering and nosy, but yeah, she”s the best.”

“So, what feelings do you need to get out?”

“It’s not for me, Tucker. Henry just caused a scene and said some shitty stuff. You’re going to paint your feelings away and turn them into something practical.”

My heart gives a pathetic little thump. He cares about me. I swear to myself that I am going to make the best fucking tote bag ever and show him that all the feelings I’m interested in are centered around him.

“Another penis, Tucker? Seriously?” Gio snorts, shaking his head. Target was all out of plain totes, which is a travesty apparently. Gio nearly went full Kevin, on the poor sales staff when they checked out back and there were none. Who knew he was so passionate about tote bags?! We had to pivot, which is how we ended up on Gio’s bedroom floor painting boxer briefs. I honestly think this is the better idea. Now we get to paint five things each instead of one.

“It makes total sense. These are where I keep my dick!”

Gio snorts a laugh. “That’s like when my aunt bought me a Spiderman doll for my birthday and used Spiderman gift wrap. Talk about spoilers.”

“So what you’re saying is my dick is a gift. I love that for us.” I smirk at his spluttering, indignant face. He is still gorgeous when his face goes red and blotchy, and his eyes bulge.

“I didn’t...I mean...I-,”

“Don’t worry sweetheart, I won’t tell anyone I made you speechless,” I wink at him before turning back to my underwear on the floor. “Maybe I should put these on and paint them? What if the paint looks weird when they’re stretched? Do you mind if I change here?”

Calling him sweetheart and asking to get naked is really playing with fire. I guess that makes me an arsonist. Or it means that I’m going to get burnt.

I like him so fucking much. Maybe if I can’t entice him with my winning personality, I can try my body. I have no shame. Anything that gets me my man.

Gio nods, and that’s the green light I need.

I take off my clothes slowly, not too slow that he gets bored, but just enough to entice.

Gio gulps. Loudly.

I am so going to make him fall in love with me.

Once I’m down to my underwear, Gio looks away. I can’t help pouting. My dick is my best asset. I slip my old boxers off and put my half-painted ones on.

“You’re free to look. My best bits are all covered.”

He looks at me, and I see the flair of lust before he tampers it down.

No. Stoke that sexy flame. Drool all over me.

Actually, that's kind of sexy. Gio's spit all over me as he sucks and kisses my entire body.

Fuck.

My dick perks up at those dirty thoughts. Who can blame me, it's hot as fuck.

"Tucker, why are you getting hard?" Gio asks, eyes fixated on my package.

"Do you want the truth, or should I make something up?"

"Make something up. Please."

"Okay, I was thinking about painting my dick outline on these shorts."

His laugh feels like hot kisses along my spine. Adding that to my mental list of stuff I want to do with Gio when he accepts this chemistry between us.

"That's not a bad idea now I've said it. Show me your abs, please, I need to get fully hard."

I open my legs wide and arrange the underwear so they stretch nicely over my cock. It's still only semi-hard. I look back up at Gio. His smile has gone, his eyes are once again locked onto my dick. I make it twitch. A little sexy cock dance for my sexy sweetheart. Cock tango.

His stare does the trick, and moments later, I'm painting away.

“This feels fucking ace, man. You should definitely try it,” I say after a few minutes of silence. I look up, and Gio’s thick hard dick constrained in his pants catches my attention. And doesn’t let it go.

I want to bounce on it. Suck it. Watch it explode as I fill Gio’s ass with my cum.

“Tucker Evans, you are a menace,” Gio says before getting up and promptly leaving the room.

I can’t help but fucking grin.

That beautiful stabby man is going to be all mine one day soon.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

My phone vibrates like it wants me to stick it up my ass. I look at the screen, not surprised to see a shit ton of notifications from the Cheer Queers group chat.

Cheer Queers

Bradley: There's a party at the football house tonight. Win or lose

Perry: Why would they want to party if they lose?

Bradley: Maybe they want to dance it out. You can't be sad when you're dancing.

Bradley: Plus dancing is more likely to attract a mate.

Bradley: Orgasms are happy!!!!!!

Hudson: My last orgasm was sad. Never knocking one out watching Titanic ever again.

Wyatt: I know you think Kate Winslet is hot but maybe don't jerk off when the boat is sinking.

Perry: Orgasms with other people, and when you aren't watching a movie based on one of the deadliest maritime disasters, are GENERALLY happy.

Luke: Can't relate.

Luke: I'm going to skip the party. My brothers want to have a video chat game night.



Lexi: Is it a regular party or a costume party?

Gio: Yes to the football party.

Nate: Why are you all messaging each other? We are literally all going to be in the same room together in about ten minutes.

I mute the chat for an hour and chuck my phone into my gear bag.

“No one is answering my question,” Lexi pouts, staring down at his phone as we make our way to the football stadium.

“If you want to wear a skirt, do it. You are always so happy wearing feminine clothing, and your legs are hot.” I tell him truthfully.

I don't even know why I said I would go to the party. There is no way I'm going to hookup with anyone there. Even though I know it doesn't mean anything, with the amount of flirting Tucker has done, it would be rude to get off with someone else in his own house. That is definitely the reason. One hundred percent. Absolutely nothing to do with having a crush on him.

I'm 20 years old. I'm pretty sure you stop getting crushes the day you get your high school diploma.

So, I don't have a crush on Tucker.

I just can't stop thinking about the stupidly cute smile he does when I first see him. It makes his blue eyes shimmer.

Or the way he celebrates all of his teammates' achievements even if he's having a crappy game.

Or the way he painted his dick outline on the boxer briefs. They were so fucking tight and practically see-through. I swear I saw a vein, and then he actually painted it on.

That was both my best and worst idea. It was torture for me.

At least it made Tucker happy. That fucker Henry really needs to leave him alone. And I am definitely saying that as a friend to Tucker, and in no way because I feel possessive or claimy. Nope. Not at all.

“Gio, are you ignoring me on purpose, or are you thinking things?” Lexi looks at me with a slight smirk. He looks like he is about two seconds away from asking me what happened with Tucker yesterday.

Honestly, I wish I knew. I just couldn’t stand him getting hurt. I suppose I could have asked Tucker to join me and Lexi instead of stealing him away for myself. I shouldn’t be this involved in the dude.

Rebound. He just wants a rebound. I need to remember that.

“You should definitely wear a skirt. Your legs are amazing,” I tell him, not expecting him to break out laughing. I watch fucking confused as he tries drying his eyes. “Seriously tears? I wasn’t even being funny.”

“I know. You already told me about my hot legs like five minutes ago. Tucker really has got all inside your head hasn’t he?” He looks at me knowingly.

Fucker.

“I-I don’t want to date someone who’s rebounding. Been there, done that, got railroaded. Twice.” I straighten my backpack, not looking at Lexi. I just know he’s got his sympathetic eyes on.

“Tucker isn’t going to hurt you.”

“Intentionally.”

“Gio-”

“Lexi, man, I love you, but I can’t do this now. Not when I’m about to spend the next three hours watching him in tight pants and then three more hours being all funny and charming.”

He grabs my arm and pulls me to a stop. “I’ll say one last thing, and then I’ll be quiet about it for the rest of the night.” I raise an eyebrow at him. “I swear on the life of Prue Halliwell.”

“Didn’t she die in the third season?”

He ignores me. “Tucker is a good guy and so are you. You both deserve to have someone who cares about you. You can be that for each other.”

I nod, and Lexi starts walking again. He doesn’t say anything else about Tucker and just talks about the choreo for the Christmas cheer party coming up in a few weeks. I’m thankful he’s keeping it superficial.

I need to not think about Tucker anymore.

The thought has barely entered my brain when the man himself gets out of his Honda Civic ahead of us. He looks calm and confident. Like he knows he is going to dominate the game today. He probably will. There is no way that man is not heading to the NFL. He was born for it. He works fucking hard, but still, the raw talent he has is fucking breathtaking.

Just like him.

No.

Bad brain. No Tucker thinking thoughts.

Am I seriously telling my brain off? I am ridiculous.

I know the moment Lexi sees Tucker because his gaze snaps to mine. “You swore on Prue’s life.”

His hand flies to his neck like he’s clutching his nonexistent pearls. “I didn’t say anything!”

“Yet,” I sing-song back at him. “Come on, we need to hurry up and get changed. I need to borrow some of Luke’s body glitter.”

I need to channel my inner Zac Efron and get my head in the game.

We are up 37-9 and there are 28 seconds left of the final quarter. I swear I have been hard the entire time the defensive line has been on the field. Cheering has been a fucking nightmare. I put on my best sports jock to try and hide my physical reaction to Tucker, but I’m not sure it’s working. Thank fuck we have pom poms for this routine.

I doubt many queer guys are unaffected by the tight pants football players wear. They showcase their sexy bubble butts to perfection. Of course, I daydream of sliding my cock inside as Tucker moans my name.

Shit.

Not Tucker. As a random player moans my name. Random.

Ran. Dom

“You’re thinking about-”

“Shut up,” I mumble at Perry, not even bothering to take my eyes off Tucker. He snorts like an adorable little micro pig, making me smile.

“Head out of the clouds, Gio. We’ve got a crowd to chant to.”

He’s right. I tear my eyes away as they line up another play and turn to the crowd. Being this far up on points at this stage of the game doesn’t mean we relax. Fuck no. Sometimes, we might try out some new cheers, but whatever we choose to do, we always go hard.

We spread out in front of the lines and get into formation. As we start clapping our hands and thighs, the crowd starts clapping along in time with us. I love this. Getting the crowd worked up and excited with our cheers and routines energizes me. It’s a heady feeling. Cheerleading might not be my whole future like Lexi, but I know I want to do something where I get to inspire people like this.

A few moments later and we start cheering in perfect unison.

“DEFENCE PUSH THEM BACK!”

“DEFENCE GIVE NO SLACK!”

“DEFENCE GET THAT BALL!”

“DEFENCE MAKE THEM STALL!”

We repeat this a few times, and on the last one I end with a backflip like always.

“WOO!” I scream back at the crowd. Their eyes are all on the game, which must have started back up as we finished our cheer.

I turn around to see what’s happening and hear my name being screamed by someone somewhere. It doesn’t really register because all I can see is the massive St. Albans player about to collide with me.

I don’t move.

I don’t scream.

I just freeze.

Waiting for the hit that never comes.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I can see before it happens that the receiver for St. Albans is going to crash into a cheerleader. They are turned away from the game, facing the crowd. Raven black curls and back muscles that I dream about. I don't need to see his face to know it's Gio.

The receiver's eyes are on the ball, and he hasn't seen Gio either. Gio isn't going to stand a chance. He'll be plowed into and thrown like a fucking rag doll. I sprint like my life depends on it to intercept. I like to think I'd try to help anyone, but all I can think of is not him.

"Gio, move!" I scream fruitlessly. He doesn't hear me over the roar of forty thousand people in the stadium. How could he?

Gio turns around, and the look of horror on his face injects adrenaline into my veins spurring me on faster.

Launching myself at the player, I drag him to the ground, our limbs a messy tangle as our momentum has us rolling to a stop, landing at Gio's feet.

There's a flash of pain along my calf.

Well, shit.

I can feel the press of hands over my chest and neck. My eyes are closed, but the familiar spicy scent of Gio invades my senses. "Fuck," he mumbles. "Someone get the fucking medic. Tucker? Shit, I think he's unconscious."

“I’m not,” I murmur. “It just really fucking hurts.”

I don’t want to look down at my leg. If it’s broken, then that it for the season. Who knows if I’d be able to come back to full fitness for my senior year. Not to mention what professional team is going to take a chance on someone who’s had such a big injury?

So I will just stay right here with my eyes closed. Ignorance is bliss, right? That way my NFL dream isn’t over.

I’m not strong enough for that.

I am football. It’s all I’ve had since I was a kid, and I knew I was different because I liked boys. Football protected me from homophobic nut jobs in high school. Even with my parents, football has helped. We don’t have a bad relationship, but it’s the one thing that connects us.

A new voice enters the mix. “Tucker, it’s Coach. We’re going to get you on a stretcher and get you into the medical room, okay?”

“Okay,” I say through gritted teeth. I fucking hate the stretcher. It’s like a beacon of despair. Why did they have to get it in brown? A nice yellow or green would be so much happier. Shit, am I delirious? Is that why I’m bemoaning stretcher colors? I am doomed.

“Move out the way, please, Russo.”

“Fine,” Gio says after a beat. I can practically feel the daggers he’s shooting at Grant. “I’ll check on you later, Tucker.” He squeezes my hand before quickly letting go.

No.



I open my eyes and grab his arm as he starts backing away, not really thinking, just acting on instinct. “Don’t go. Stay with me. Please?”

His chocolate eyes bore into mine as if he’s looking into my soul. That is some scary shit. He turns his steely gaze on Grant, who has just sprinted over. “I’m staying.”

“Okay, fine. Don’t get in the way,” Grant huffs out. He turns to the other medics. “Let’s get him loaded up.”

I keep my eyes on Gio, cataloging everything from the beads of sweat at his hairline, to his eyes full of the concern he’s trying to mask. But his eyes refuse to leave mine. He probably doesn’t even realize just how comforting he is for me.

“Let’s go,” Grant says the second after he’s strapped me in. Reluctantly, I close my eyes. These shitty things give me motion sickness. Plus, I don’t want to see the pity in people’s faces.

There is a thunderous applause as I get lifted up, making my heart constrict. Fans can be intrusive, overbearing, boundary stompers, but fuck if they don’t care with their whole souls.

The noise disappears as we make our way to the medical room. I open my eyes as I’m transferred to the bed that resides there.

“You guys can go back to the touchline. We should be good here.” Grant tells the other physios.

That’s promising right? Unless he thinks Coach and Gio are strong enough to hold me down. I look at Gio. His cheer outfit is quite loose so it’s not giving anything away. I’ve seen him in tighter clothes, though. The Roman costume especially showed off his biceps. Yeah he could definitely hold me down.

“Why are you looking at me like I’m a math problem?” Gio says, eyeing me suspiciously.

“Trying to figure out if you could hold me down,” I tell him truthfully. Grant snorts, and tries to turn it into a cough.

Gio looks shocked. “Tucker,” he admonishes.

Realization dawns on me. “I didn’t mean in a sex way. Although-”

“How’s the leg, Doc?” Coach says loudly, cutting me off. Rude.

“It’s not broken. It’s a really nasty cut. Looks like the other players cleat got you real good. I’ll give you something for the pain and I can do the stitches here.” Grant smiles at me with kind eyes.

“It’s not a career-ending injury?”

“No, it’s not. You’ll need to do some lighter training for a few days, and it’s a bye week, so you won’t even miss a game.”

The relief flows over me like a tsunami.

My dream isn’t dead.

“That was fucking scary.”

“Language,” Coach says. “I’m glad you’re good, Evans. I’m going to get back to the field, but I’ll see you at practice on Monday and we’ll run through what you can do.”

“Yes, Coach.”

“You are going to have to rest and relax for the next few days, okay? No parties, early nights, and no strenuous activities. You got that?” Grant looks at me sternly like I was planning on raving it up until the early hours.

“I’ll make sure he rests.” I turn to Gio so fast, I’m lucky I didn’t tweak anything.

Gio, as my own personal caretaker is a fantasy I didn’t know I had. The thought of me wearing just a hospital gown and him in nothing but tight scrubs with those elastic waistbands so he can get his dick out quick and easy. Bending me over the bed and sliding inside my tight hole.

“Stop thinking whatever it is you’re thinking, Tucker.” Gio’s lips twitch.

Grant looks at the two of us dubiously. “I’ll stitch you up, and we’ll get you on your way.”

Gio offering to take care of me absolutely means something. I don’t think even he knows what though.

I don’t care. Operation show Gio he isn’t a rebound is a go.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I'll take care of him. Why in the fuck did I say that? I need to be spending less time with Tucker, not volunteering myself to spend more time with the man.

Okay, no getting out of it.

"I just need to text the guys. I was their ride to the party later," Tucker's eyes go round. "Dude, concentrate on letting the doc fix you up. They can figure it out."

I pull my phone out and let them get on with it. I ignore the part of my brain that wants to discuss the fact I am still holding Tucker's hand. His big, meaty hand that could easily throw me around the bed.

I am an ignorant king.

Cheer Queers

Perry: Gio, how's Tucker?

Luke: How are you?

Brad: Dude, you almost got flattened.

Hudson: Wyatt wants to know if Tuckers tattoo is okay?

Luke: What tattoo?

Wyatt: He's got a sword on his calf and a skull on his ass.

My jaw clenches in jealousy.

Gio: How do you know what tattoo he has on his ass????

Perry: Oooh, look at the green eyed monster.

Gio: I'm not jealous. Just curious why Wyatt, who is straight, has seen Tuckers ass.

Perry: You used four question marks. That is jealousy.

Luke: Perry has a point Gio.

Brad: What monster?

Wyatt: I walked into the football players locker room by accident one time.

Wyatt: He has a great ass.

Wyatt: Ask him what workouts he does.

Lexi: How is he doing?

Shit.

Me: It's a big fucking gash, but Tucker is okay. Thankfully next week is a bye week so he should be okay to play after that.

Me: I've said I'm going to help him out. Can you guys find a ride later and take my backpack home?

Luke: Thank fuck. It could have been so much worse.

Perry: No worries.

Perry: You're helping him out?

Me: They're calling me over. I'll speak to you all later.

I close out of the app and put my phone on do not disturb. Perry may be petty as fuck, but he is also one of the most caring friends I have. He has a vague idea of my history with Tucker, so no doubt he has a lot of thoughts about me playing Florence freaking Nightingale.

I have questions.

Like, what the fuck am I doing?

"Okay, Evans, you're ready to go home." The doc says, interrupting my musings. "Take a couple of Tylenol, keep it dry and elevated. And remember to get plenty of rest. No strenuous activities." He is really obsessed with the strenuous activities line.

"That won't be a problem," I say with a nod.

"Yeah, because you're the only strenuous activity I want to do," he mutters.

I swear to god, Tucker Evans is going to be the death of me.

"Sexual activities count as strenuous."

"What abo-"

"Even those."

“But-”

“Tucker, stop thinking about your dick, and let’s get you home,” I explode.

“I don’t want to think about my football career circling the drain.”

“Tucker, this is not a career-ending injury. You just need rest and light physio.” Grant says with a smile.

Doc helps me get Tucker loaded into my car, we leave with a set of borrowed crutches just in case he needs them, and promises of keeping them updated.

The drive to the football house is a lot quieter than I thought it would be. Is it stupid that I kind of miss him hitting on me?

Yes, yes it is. Don’t be a fucking idiot, Giovanni.

No rebounds.

I pull up outside his home and look on at a full-on rager underway. I have a headache, and we’re not even in the house. How the fuck is Tucker meant to rest here?

“Stay in the car,” I tell him as I make my way inside the house. I storm through the throngs of people until I see someone on the team.

“Charlie, take me to Tucker’s room,” I shout in his ear, making him jump.

He looks at me, confused. “Uh, I think Tucker might kill me if we hook up in his room.”

“I don’t want to hook up with you, I want to get him an overnight bag because there

is no way can he stay here. He needs calm and quiet,” I tell him. “I thought you were straight?”

“I am.”

Okay, then.

“Which room is Tuckers?”

When the fucker finally tells me, I head up to the room, grab a bag from his closet and stuff a few days worth of clothes in there, including socks and the boxers that we bought together when we went shopping so he could get new fun underwear.

He’s rebounding.

I grab his laptop, charger, and wash caddy, and head back out to the car, ignoring the football players who call out to me. Dickheads.

“What is happening?” Tucker asks when I’m back in the car and pulling away from the curb.

“You can’t stay there. It’s loud, dirty, and fucking crowded. Plus, I would have murdered someone if I had to stay there too.”

“So, are you taking me to the cheer house?”

“No. I share a room with Perry, so that won’t work.”

“Okay, are we going to a hotel?”

“No.”



“Why aren’t you telling me where we’re staying? I’m getting scared you’ve decided to yeet me into the Pacific.”

“You are so dramatic.”

“I only get dramatic when you get avoidy.”

Urgh, does he have to call me out? I suppose I would be stressed too if I was being taken to stay somewhere I had no clue about. It’s just that I know this is a fucking terrible idea. Tucker will be fine, but it’s me I’m worried about. She will no doubt try to have us engaged within a month.

“We’re going to my parents.”

“Oh. Are they...do you not get on?”

“My parents are the best people in the whole world. They are going to treat you like a king. I’ll have to make sure my mom doesn’t completely throw off your football diet.”

“That’s great.” I can feel him staring a hole into the side of my head. “Why are you so worried?”

I stay silent.

“Giovanni,” he says in his grumbly voice that has a direct line to my dick.

“My mum is very...invested in my love life.” I bite out. “She’s going to try and set us up.”

I can feel the fucking joy emanating from him at my words.

“I have an ally in Mama Russo?”

“No. No allies. You’re not fighting a fucking war, Tucker.”

“You bet your tight, juicy ass I am. And I am going to use any weapon I can get.”

“Until you wear me down?”

“Fuck off with that shit. The only reason you are saying no is because you have it in your head that I’m rebounding. If you didn’t want this, I would back off, and you would make me.”

Well, shit.

I have nothing to say to that. Okay, I do, but anything I say is going to prove him right, so fuck that.

Even though our car ride finishes in silence, I can feel the smugness radiating off him.

I pull into my parents drive and see that the lights are all still thankfully on. I didn’t think they’d be in bed asleep at eight p.m., but you can never tell with my parents.

Mom must have heard my car. Before I’ve fully opened the car door, she’s standing there on the porch looking like all her Christmas wishes have come true. I really should stop by more often.

“My baby, what brings you here? Are you okay? You’re still in your cheer outfit. Is this a protest because it’s been a few games since we’ve seen you cheer? I am so sorry.” She turns to my dad, who has followed her out and is standing on the porch with a happy smile. “Anthony, we need to cancel plans with the West’s next

weekend. We're going to watch Gio cheer."

"Ma, take a breather. I'm not protesting anything, and next weekend is a bye week."

"Are you sure? We don't mind. They only ever talk about books and plants, so cancelling isn't a hardship."

I roll my eyes. "I'm positive. I'm here because my friend got injured during the game and he needs to rest and relax. I was wondering if we could stay for a few days. I said I'd look after him and the football house is too loud and wild."

To say my mother lights up would be an understatement.

"Yes, Gio. Of course. Bring him in," She beams at me.

This is a bad idea.

Oh well, there's no turning back now.

I walk around and open Tucker's door. "I can't believe I'm going to meet your parents for the first time looking like roadkill." He grumbles as I help him out of the car. He changed into sweats back at the stadium with the help of Grant.

"You look as gorgeous as always. Just a bit beat up." I'm just full of errors today it seems.

"You think I'm gorgeous?"

"You know how you look."

"Yeah, but it's nice when the guy you're crushing on says it." He winks at me,

making my stomach flutter. “I’m going to analyze this in bed tonight as I go off to sleep. Oh, I hope I get put in your room. That’ll be hot.”

No words. How is he just so open about all this shit? I don’t understand it.

“Let’s get you inside.” I lead him over to my parents and I am not prepared for what happens next.

“Grocery lady,” Gio exclaims with a smile.

“Oh my goodness, Anthony, it’s the boy from the grocery store. I got his number so he could have dinner with Gio. This is wonderful.”

“You wanted to set me up with Gio? Hell yes! I’m obsessed with him in a perfectly wonderful green flag kind of way. Maybe you can help me convince him we should date.”

My jaw drops. “I’m going to be your carer for the next however long and you decide to just throw me under the bus like that?”

“Sweetheart, I told you I will use any and all weapons to help you see we belong together.” He smirks at me.

“Aww, Anthony, he calls Gio sweetheart. That is delightful.” Mom shoos us into the house. “Let’s get you both set up in Giovanni’s bedroom, and then I will feed you.”

That stops me in my tracks.

“What do you mean both? Tucker can sleep in the guest bedroom, no?”

“No, your cousin is coming to stay and I have already made the room up for him. So

sad. Anyway, you are both adults. You can share a bed.”

I look at my dad, and he just shrugs.

Looks like I’m sharing a bed with Tucker.

Fuck.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

Gio's mom is the GOAT.

I am tucked up in Gio's childhood bed with a full tummy, dosed up on painkillers, and waiting for him to come out of his ensuite.

Shame I have to wear pajamas.

This day has been a whirlwind. I would have preferred to have ended up in Gio's bed a different way, but I'm not sad I'm here. I have social media and I know what booktok is. Those horny fuckers are obsessed with the one-bed trope. The characters always end up living happily ever after.

Mama Russo has basically guaranteed me marrying her son.

The sound of the door opening pulls me from my inner snugness, and I look up to Gio entering the room in...wait.

"Are there bumblebees wearing Santa hats on your jammies?" The look he gives me would make a lesser man cry. Unfortunately for him, it just makes him more attractive to me. He has a plain white tee, but the pants are covered in the Santa bees. "They are so fucking cute, Gio."

"Shut up, they're comfortable," he huffs and gets into his side of the bed. I'm not surprised that he has made sure there is a ten-foot gap between us. Okay, I'm exaggerating but it feels that big. "No touching. I don't want to wake up to you smothering me. I can feel you staring at me"

He's laying on his back looking at the ceiling, whereas I'm on my back head turned towards him.

As if I'd look at anything other than Gio.

"Who knows how long I'll get to spend in your bed? You bet your ass I'm going to stare at you. You're gorgeous."

He turns to me, eyes soft. "Tucker," he whispers. I hold my breath, waiting for his next words. Something in those beautiful brown eyes shuts, and I exhale.

"Goodnight," he says softly before turning away from me.

I am so fucking close to getting him to take that step. He's like a baby bird, except I can't throw him out of the nest. He has to jump on his own. I can certainly tempt him with my body and super fun personality, though. There is interest in his eyes. I saw it when I painted my dick, when he was in the medical room with me, and just now.

Gio likes having me in his bed. Deep, deep, deep, deep, deep down.

Maybe if I stay perfectly still and quiet, I can just stay here forever with Gio wrapped around me like a sexy squid. Who knew this man was such a cuddler? His legs are wrapped around my right one, his head is using one pec as a pillow, and his hand is resting on the other. His thumb gently grazing my nipple.

Of course, I'm rock hard.

How could I not be? I have a serious crush on this man and feeling his body heat, even through his adorable pajamas, is definitely a form of torture. If I knew national secrets, I'd be spilling all the tea right now.

I just wish Gio would give me a chance. He won't even let me explain that I was never heartbroken. Henry and I were never going to be endgame. Hell, we were never going to last the semester. It was the cheating that knocked my self-esteem or ego or whatever. And I am not persuing Gio to replace the self-esteem that I lost. If I wanted to do that, I'd be hooking up with a jersey chaser. It is kind of cool that queer guys on the team get them too. Although maybe that term is offensive? I should ask Kait.

My point is, I like Gio, for Gio. He's so fucking perfect with his prickly snark, fuck off attitude, and heart the size of Texas.

Gio's body suddenly goes stiff. And not in a fun way that ends with mutual orgasms.

"Good morning," I say cheerfully. No way am I going to let him slink away and not recognize how good we feel together. "Did you sleep well? I slept great."

He looks up at me with those beautiful eyes and smirks at me. "I bet you did. Please tell me you don't have a wet dream I need to clean up?"

I lift the sheets up and look under them. My hard dick imprint is clearly visible in the athletic shorts I'm wearing. "Sadly, not. But if you want to give me a sponge bath, you don't need an excuse. I'm more than willing."

Gio gulps and finally detangles himself from me, getting out the bed so fast it's like someone has lit a fucking fire under his ass.

"How are you still thinking with your dick after your injury?" He huffs.

"Thinking about my dick helps me not think about the pain and losing my place in the starting lineup and then never making it to the NFL," I reply honestly.

The pain isn't a lot. I will definitely be able to play again in two weeks. I just hate



that I'm going to miss a few practices. I don't think Coach will give Kipling my spot permanently, but you can never be a hundred percent certain about shit like this.

Gio's face softens. "Tucker, you're not going to lose your spot. You're going to-"

I guess I'll never know whatever it was Gio thought I was going to do because at that moment someone started banging on the door. Many someone's.

"What the fuck?" Gio opens the door to Luke and a guy I don't know but who looks familiar. "What was the banging about, and why are you here?"

"We all came to see how Tucker is and make sure you didn't murder him," Luke says cheerfully.

"Not me," the unknown guy says. "I came for breakfast, but your ma says no one can eat until the football guy is at the table."

He peers around Gio and obviously checks me out.

"No wonder you're still in bed, cuz. He is delicious."

"Fuck off, Dante." Gio spits out.

"Yeah, you're not gonna get anywhere there, man. Those two are hot for each other," Luke helpfully adds. "Just a heads up, there are about a dozen footballers, cheerleaders, and NHL hockey players in the dining room."

"Dante-"

"I only brought Zayne and Marcus," he says, holding his hands up in surrender.

“Okay, we’ll be out in five,” Gio says, shutting the door behind him.

“Was that Dante Russo?” I ask. “And was he talking about Zayne Kerber and Marcus Landon?”

Gio rolls his eyes and starts getting undressed. Gone are the cute Christmas pjs as he puts on a gray t-shirt and black sweats. I try not to peek at his ass as he gets changed, but peripheral vision is a thing. My dick is already thinking about how it would feel to sink into his bubble butt, drain my dick dry, and then watch as he gets off taking my hole.

Fucking hell, I’m going to have a boner during breakfast if I don’t get myself under control.

“How’s your leg feeling? Do you need help getting dressed?”

“I do,” I say hesitantly. “But I should warn you that my dick is rock hard right now” I know I talk a lot about wanting him, but I don’t actually ever want to make him uncomfortable.

“It’s fine. Pretty sure I can cope.” He hands me a bottle of water from his nightstand and a couple of Tylenol, “Here, take these first.”

I do as he says and then gingerly move my leg around so my feet dangle off the side of the bed. Gio grabs the waistband of my shorts. I can’t help the quiet gasp as his fingers roughly brush against my skin. It feels extremely intimate.

He carefully pulls them down to my mid-thigh before he pauses, his gaze caught on my cock. Which is rapidly getting even harder under Gio’s attention.

He is so close I can feel his breath ghost across my cockhead.

A rumble of laughter comes from downstairs and snaps him back to the present.

Fucking fuck.

“Do you want some - or should I grab - I mean what do you want to dress?”

I can't help grinning at Gio uncharacteristically stumbling over his words. I did that to him. Me and my cock. Good job fella, I mentally tell my penis.

“I'll just take some sweats and a t-shirt for now, thanks.” No calling him out. Baby bird steps.

Gio quickly helps me get dressed, not before checking my cut, which he says looks like it's healing well. He helps me stand up, and I start to wobble. Gio leans in, grabbing my arms to steady me before I can lose my balance.

All of him is pressed up against all of me, and my still hard as fuck cock is pressed between the two of us just in case he needs a constant reminder of how into am I am.

His eyes zero in on my lips, tongue poking out and wetting his own. I wonder if he's thinking all the dirty things I could do with my mouth. I stay stock still, not wanting to do anything to ruin this moment because I'm pretty sure that Giovanni Russo is about to kiss me.

I so want him to kiss me.

Closer and closer he comes, as if he's in a trance and my lips have got hypnotic powers. Giovanni is the one I've snared. I can see all the different shades of brown that make up his beautiful eye color. The scent of his cinnamon body wash invades my senses. I want to always be able to smell him

Finally, his lips touch mine. And for one brief and glorious moment, all is right with my world. Barely a second passes before he rips them, and himself, away.

“Seriously, how long does it take you two to get dressed? I’m wasting away here,” Dante shouts at the door with a bang.

Ignoring him, I gaze at Gio, who is currently scowling at me, “You kissed me I say with a grin.”

“Barely. It was a moment of madness.” Oooh, I get a sexy little eye roll as well as the scowl. That’s impressive.

Stubborn little fucker

“Let’s just go have breakfast,” Gio is opening the door and out of the room like I lit his ass on fire.

He may think that this is over, but we are 100% going to talk about this later. He wants me. I know he wants me. He just has to get over this stupid hang-up he has of me being on a rebound.

I will prove it to him that he is the one I want.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I can understand me and Tucker kissing. Honestly, it seems inevitable at this point. What I don't understand is why I was the one who initiated the kiss. Me. Not Tucker.

Seriously, I would have put money on him kissing me first.

I run my hands through my hair. What the fuck am I doing?

Pushing the almost kiss out of my mind until later is the best plan. I can't be thinking of Tucker's lips while I'm in the same room as my mom. She'll know. Any time I've ever been interested in anyone, she has known immediately. One time, I liked a girl in middle school who had transferred that day, and the minute I got home she was asking about my "new crush." It's weird.

Following the chatter, I head into the kitchen and Dante really wasn't joking. There's him and three of his teammates: Charlie from the football team, Luke, Perry, and Wyatt.

"Giovanni, where is our guest?" my mom asks, brandishing a large spoon at me, pieces of scrambled eggs flying everywhere.

"He's -"

"I'm right here," Tucker says, coming up behind me and placing a hand on the small of my back. Fighting my erection is going to be a losing game at this rate.

I step away and take a seat between Perry and Wyatt. Not far enough away to escape my mom's scowl.

“Why are you being so rude, Gio? Leaving Tucker to fend for himself.”

“I told him to go ahead. I needed a minute before I came down,” he smiles at my mom so sweetly, it gives me a toothache. “You’ve raised a good man, Mrs. Russo.”

Is he serious?

“Tucker is a smart one,” Perry whispers to me with a smirk as my mom gushes over Tucker. “Getting Mama Russo on his side is genius.”

My jaw drops. I know he joked about that, but he didn’t mean it. Right? I look up at him as he takes the seat opposite me.

“Hey, Wyatt, where’s your other half? I don’t think I’ve ever seen you without Hudson before.”

“He’s helping Nate with something super secret.” He stabs at his pancakes like they are the reason Wyatt isn’t having bestie time. “I don’t know why I couldn’t help as well. I can keep secrets. I’m good at helping people. I always help people move houses, and I never told anyone that Perry accidentally hit on Luke’s brother.”

“Wyatt!”

“Perry!”

“I didn’t know it was still a secret.” Wyatt wails. He turns to Luke with big puppy dog eyes as if he’s the one who tried hitting on his brother. “It was the end of freshman year when the hockey brother came and picked you up.”

“He shut me down saying he doesn’t sleep with his brothers’ besties and that’s when I realized it was your brother. He totally changed his hair in my defense,” Perry says,

arms folded.

Luke sniffs. "It's still weird that you didn't tell me."

"I was embarrassed," Perry leans forward and gives Wyatt a death glare. "I will get you back for this."

Wyatt pales, which is understandable. Perry can be pretty petty. I need to remember to try and reign him in. Poor Wyatt.

"Now, now, boys let's not start something I will have to finish," mom says, looking at the table as a whole. "Eat up. Your pancakes are going cold."

There is relative silence for a few minutes except for the sounds of cutlery on plates. It's quite peaceful.

Of course, my stupid cousin shatters it.

"So, how long have you been dating my little cousin?" Dante says to Tucker, looking way too gleeful. The little shit. I say little. He is about six years older than me. And he's an NHL player so he's actually bigger than me too. But not bigger than Tucker.

"Tucker, if I say yes to going on a date, will you beat my cousin up? I think you can take him."

"Gio, don't you start. Dante is your family."

"Oh, Tucker can take me anytime," Dante says with a slow perusal of Tucker's body.

Nope. I do not like that.

“Dude, I didn’t know you had come out. Congrats man,” Dante’s friend, Marcus, says with a huge smile. His other teammate just quietly watching with mild curiosity.

“I haven’t. I’m still straight. I just like fu-uh, winding Gio up.”

“Okay, well, that works out because I’m not interested in anyone other than Gio.” Tucker says, winking at me.

Great. Now there is blood in the water, and my mom is going to pounce.

We are completely ignoring the fact that his words lit me up like the night sky on July 4th. I’ll just keep my head in the sand. It is probably in Australia by now.

I might have got the geography wrong on that one.

Whatever.

“That’s why you went so hard in saving him during that play,” Charlie pipes up. He’s looking at Tucker like he’s a god. Does he have a crush? My stomach rolls at the thought.

“Why are you here?” I bite out.

“Gio,” My mom says with a warning tone.

Charlie looks at me, wide eyes ringed with uncertainty. “I went to the cheer house to check up on Tucker, but Perry said you guys were here and that I could tag along. Should I...was that wrong?”

I feel like I just kicked a puppy. “No, it’s fine.” I can feel Tucker’s stare. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to be rude.”



“It’s okay, bro,” he really does have golden retriever energy. “Last night was crazy with the way Tucker slid in and stopped you from getting murdered.”

My mom looks at Tucker like he’s a hero from a summer blockbuster.

“You saved my boy?” Oh my god, has she got tears in her eyes?

“There was no attempted murder.” No one listens to me, of course.

“Yes, ma’am.” He smiles at her warmly. “No way Gio is getting hurt if I can help it.”

I fight to roll my eyes at the not so subtle undertone. Tucker really is adamant that he won’t hurt me. It feels delusional. My mum turns to me with a stern look. “You look after this wonderful boy.”

“Yes, mama,” I turn and stare at Tucker. “I’ll take very good care of him.”

Starting with his dick.

I give up.

I quit.

I’m too weak to resist Tucker Evans anymore.

He is obviously on the rebound, but if I am going into this with my eyes wide open, that should help. It’ll hurt when he’s done with me, but if I know it’s going to happen, then that’ll make it hurt less. It’s science.

Or I’m just lying to myself, and this is going to hurt however I spin it.

My need for Tucker outweighs everything else. I need to feel his lips against mine properly and not just a rushed, barely there kiss.

Tucker needs to consume me.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I need to come.

If Gio isn't going to talk about the kiss, then that is just fine. Great even. I don't need Gio to want me. I can be my own happy ending. Who needs a dick when you have your own.

Okay, that doesn't completely make sense.

We had a nice day. Breakfast with our friends. Lexi and Ryder came over and hung out for a few hours. We got to watch the Giants get destroyed by the Horntails, and Guila and Anthony (Gio's parents said I had to use their first names) made the world's best fucking brisket.

And the whole day, Gio avoided being alone with me.

Whatever. I'm getting off while he's in the shower. Opening the drawer to the nightstand that is next to my side of the bed doesn't yield the goods I was hoping for. Maybe the other one will have lube or some kind of lotion. My cut dick does not enjoy a dry rub and tug.

I try to lean over without moving my leg, but it's too fucking far. I am destined to never have an orgasm ever again.

"What are you doing?" I look up and see a freshly showered Gio standing at the end of the bed, water droplets clinging to his soft muscles, and a towel loosely wrapped around his waist. It's slung so low I can see a few pubes poking through.

So.

Fucking.

Sexy.

I would give anything to bury my face into his groin.

“Tucker, seriously, dude, why are you lying like that? Are you hurt?” Concern bleeds into his voice. He would be such a great fucking boyfriend.

“I was looking for lube,” I huff. I sit upright and cross my arms. Being horny, unwanted, and injured has made me petulant it seems.

“You’re planning on jerking off while I’m lying next to you?” He raises an eyebrow at me.

I roll my eyes. “I was hoping to do it while you were in the shower.”

“That would have been quick.”

“I haven’t come in four days, and I’ve been sharing a bed with you. Of course, I was going to be quick. Don’t shame me.”

I know he’s just messing with me but I’m in no mood for his snark right now. It turns me on, and I want to be mad at him. Not for turning me down, I’m not a dick. But for wanting me and denying us both.

“You’re not going to find any lube in here.”

I just nod and slowly move so I can lie down in bed. I’ve just gotten comfy when the

sheets are pulled back to my knees.

“What the hell, man?” I look at Gio, who is staring intently at me. He slowly unwraps his towel and lets it fall to the floor.

Gio is naked.

Gio is hard.

Gio is on the bed.

Gio is straddling my legs.

“There isn’t any lube, and you need to come,” he gestures to my leaking dick. “So I’m going to suck you dry.”

“Gio,” I whisper.

His eyes harden for a brief moment. “This is just sex, Tucker. Nothing more.”

“It’s going to be more for me,” Gio starts to say something, but I don’t let him. “I’m going to take whatever you give me, Gio.”

He frowns. “Tucker-”

“So about this sex...” I waggle my eyebrows. I’m not going to lie to Gio. Ever. He needs to believe that I want him.

He looks like he wants to say more but has a change of heart. “Can I suck you?”

“Of course, you fucking can. My dick is your dick. Feel free to do whatever you want

to me and it.”

He plants his hands on the bed, on either side of my hips, and lowers his head until I can feel his breath on the tip of my head.

I could come now.

This is a sight I will never forget.

Gio looks at me through his eyelashes as his tongue licks up the bead of pre-come.

Dead.

Literally on a higher plane right now.

I want to close my eyes and get lost in the sensation of the best blow job I’ve ever had, but I can’t. This might be the only time Gio lets me close. I am going to need to watch him so I can relive this moment for the rest of my life.

The warm heat of his mouth encases my dick, and as if he knows I’m already close to blowing, he grips the base of my cock, bringing me back from the edge.

I whimper when he lets my dick fall from his lips. “You can touch me,” he says before swallowing me down once again.

I run my hands through his hair as he bobs up and down on my dick. His curls are so soft. Every part of him feels amazing. Fuck me, do I want more of this. More of everything. I am going to win him over with my amazing personality.

Flicking his tongue at my slit before swallowing me down so I can feel his throat tighten, strangling my cock. I see all the fucking stars.

Gio lets out a groan and I am done for.

That does things to me.

Knowing he's turned on by sucking my dick makes my orgasm crash over me so fucking hard and fast I can't even warn him. I just grunt like a fucking caveman as my cum fills his mouth.

He leans up, cum and drool mixed together, escaping the corner of his mouth, and just as I think he's going to spit, he swallows my load. Loudly, whilst never taking his eyes off mine.

"Please, Gio. Please let me suck you," I beg shamelessly. He licks at the sides of his mouth before nodding.

My eyes don't leave his as he knee walks up the bed, still straddling me, until he reaches my head.

"That fucking mouth," he mumbles and then presses his cock to my lips. I open instantly. I have no chill with this man. Never claimed to, and I suspect I never will.

I immediately deep throat him. My face nestles in his groin, the course hair smelling like mint and sex. This is how all of Gio should smell when he's with me.

"This isn't going to last long, baby," the endearment makes my heart so fucking happy. "Can I fuck your face?"

I nod so fucking quickly.

Gio grabs my face with both hands, and I relax for him as he goes to town on my mouth. Looking at him from this angle is just as good as looking down at him

sucking me.

I'm giving him pleasure.

Me.

The heat in his eyes lights me up inside, and I feel myself get hard again.. I ignore my erection. The only orgasm that matters now is Gio's, and the way he's pounding my face, it isn't going to be long.

Moments later, he stiffens, and my mouth is full of his seed.

I have a part of him inside me forever. Well, for the next fifty hours or whatever, but I will fucking take it.

He rolls off and lies down next to me. I don't like it. I want him touching me always.

"That was..." I can't help but brace myself for whatever it is he's going to say next. A mistake, stupid, wrong, "amazing." He finishes, and I turn towards him. The content smile on his face makes me feel like a fucking superhero. I did that, me, and my dick blissed him out.

"It really was. We should burn all the lube and just use our mouths to get each other off for the rest of our lives." I tell him with all the seriousness I can muster.

He smirks at me. "If we did that, we would never get the chance to fuck each others holes. I kind of want to see what you look like bouncing on my dick." He leans down and pulls the sheets over us before turning the lights out. "Night Tucker."

Speech has left me.



“Fucking hell, Gio,” I whisper.

“Sweet dreams,” he laughs quietly.

“More like wet fucking dreams,” I mumble.

I would endure all the wet dreams in the world for it to become a reality even once. This has been the best day ever. Gio might try to play it off as just sex, but I know differently. He wants me. And now I’ve broken the sex seal, the feelings one is all that is left.

Giovanni Russo is going to be mine.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I turn up to cheer practice, and I'm one of the last people there, which isn't surprising. Tucker is so fucking cuddly in the mornings, and apparently, my body is a slut for his. For the second morning straight, I wake up wrapped around his delicious body, face smooshed in between his pecs. Waking up late also gave me a bit of a reprieve from having to discuss last night. I dropped him off at the football field and then headed straight for the gym.

I definitely shouldn't have kissed him on the dick with my mouth.

It was the best kind of mistake, and I know that as much as I tell myself that it was a one-off, it wasn't. There is no fucking way I can keep my mouth and dick to myself now I've tasted his cum.

Looks like I will be doing what I'm best at right now and burying it deep in my brain box to think about later.

After changing really quickly into my gym gear, I rush over to where everyone is already stretching.

"You had sex," Bradley says so fucking loudly that everyone turns to look at me.

Jesus fuck.

"What? No, I haven't?" I lie shamelessly.

"Giovanni, do not lie to me," Bradley says, crossing his arms, eyebrow raised.

I huff at him. “Maybe don’t shout my business for the whole team to hear.”

“Shit, you’re right. I’m sorry, bro.”

“Don’t worry about it,” I tell him and drop down on the mat and start stretching. I wait a beat, knowing what’s about to be unleashed.

“What sex did you do?”

“I bet it was good. Tucker has the look about him.”

“Does Gio have a sex aura?”

“Wait, it was Tucker, right?”

“Is sucking a dick like sucking your fist?”

“How fucking big is your dick?”

I ignore Hudson, Perry, Luke, Lexi, Wyatt, and Nate’s questions and look at Bradley.

“Does your psychic sex powers extend to knowing what we did?” I can’t help it. I’m curious as fuck.

Bradly smirks. “Mutual blowies.”

My jaw drops.

“Does that count as sex then?” Luke asks, eyebrows furrowed. “I guess I thought penetration would be involved.”

“Penetration was involved. Tucker penetrated Gio’s throat,” Perry snort laughs, making me roll my eyes.

“A girl jerked me off this morning, and I’d class that as sex. No penetration was had,” Nate shrugs. “I think it depends on the person, but for me, it’s something that gives me a boner and might lead to an orgasm.”

“I like that,” Luke says, smiling. “Makes it less intimidating.”

“Does it make you less of a virgin?”

Before anyone can ask Luke for any more deets, Coach Phillips comes in to the gym like she’s on a mission.

“Okay everyone, practice is cancelled today. We are going to be doing choreo for this dance party coming up because you know that when “Hey Mickey” comes on, there will be at least three dance battles, and there is no way Coach Smith is going to beat us.” We just look at her, stunned.

The Christmas cheer party is always a good natured event. Sure there are dance battles, but it’s not that deep. We won’t be shunned from society if we mess up. We all laugh and cheer on the others.

We’re also not all bitchy rivals. Cheerleading gets shat on enough by outsiders, and there is no way we are going to do it to ourselves. We aren’t even recognized as a sport. It’s the one topic you don’t want to bring up with Lexi unless you are in the mood to be talked at for hours. He’s right on all counts, but he is intense.

Coach never lets us off practice, and she likes Coach Smith. This is all so fucking confusing.

“Um, Coach?” Jackie, one of our flyers raises her hand tentatively. “We...um...we don’t usually do choreo for the Christmas cheer party.”

“Well, this year we do. Get into groups of four.”

Well, at least no one is talking about my sex life. I think to myself as I shuffle over to Luke, Jackie, and Liz.

“I heard you and Tucker had sex last night,” Ryder says the minute Lexi and I get out of our last class of the day.

We spent two hours this morning doing dances that we probably aren’t even going to need. We are going to look like a post-credit Bring It On scene. Coach didn’t elaborate on why it was so important, and assistant coaches Lopez and Kramer looked just as confused as we did. Thank fuck it’s a bye week for football, and our next competition isn’t until February.

“Ryder, I am tired. I have the wrong lyrics to “Hey Mickey” stuck in my head because Bradley sings whatever feels right to him in the moment. It’s Monday, I haven’t had caffeine for four hours, and I have had a full day of classes. Fuck with me at your own risk.”

“Um,” Ryder’s eyes go wide as he looks to Lexi for help. His boyfriend just smirks and shrugs at him.

Besties before testes.

I sigh. “How did you know about me and Tucker?”

“I didn’t. I just said that to wind you up.”

Of course he did.

“Mission accomplished. I need to go check on Tucker, so I’ll see you all later.”

Lexi calls after me, but I just brush him off with a wave over my shoulder. I feel like a horrible friend, but I don’t want to deal with any more shit. It feels like Tucker and I are a fucking punchline right now, and I don’t like it.

It takes me five minutes to drive to the stadium where Tucker is waiting out front, talking to another player. It takes me a second to realize it’s Charlie. I hate that I got a flash of jealousy at breakfast. Ugh, my head is such a fucking mess right now.

Getting out of the car, I make my way over to the both of them.

“Hey man,” Charlie says, smiling at me before turning back to Tucker. “I’ll catch you tomorrow. Bye, Gio.”

“Bye, man,” Tucker calls to Charlie as he heads to his car.

Tucker takes a deep breath and looks at me. His eyes are pinched, his shoulders are holding so much tension he looks like he might snap something, and I’m pretty sure he is holding his breath.

He’s worried. He’s worried about me and how I’m going to react to him. That knowledge feels like a stab in the heart.

I take a few steps towards him, pressing my body flush against his, and slide my hand around the back of his neck, gently pulling him in for a kiss. The moment our lips connect, all the stress of the day leaves me. All thoughts are replaced with Tucker. The way he lets me dominate the kiss, letting me take what I want...no...what I need from him.

I pull back, and he's looking at me with crinkly eyes and a satisfied smile.

"I wasn't expecting that, but I sure as fuck ain't complaining." He says before crashing his lips to mine. I need to always have his taste on my tongue. That thought is fucking scary. As hard as I try to remember that this is going to end when he is all healed, my heart really doesn't want it to.

For a second time, Tucker pulls back.

"Let me take you on a date."

Gio freezes.

Fuck. I shouldn't have said anything. He looked so tired and stressed when he first walked up, but it all went away when he kissed me. Made me move too fucking fast. I need to move at a glacial pace with Gio.

Even if it does make me angsty and restless.

Relationships aren't a sprint, and they sure as fuck aren't a game. I just want to be in the comfortable, settled part with Gio already. Not the is-he-going-to-get-scared-and-run-off-and-leave-me part.

"Yes. Let's go on a date," he smirks at me and I feel it in my balls. Holy shit, has Gio trained my balls to expect a blow job after just one time? That would be impressive. "You do have our first date fund, after all."

I bark out a laugh and pull out my wallet. I rifle through the receipts and pull out three twenty-dollar bills to show him. "This is our fund so far. I've been putting in twenty dollars a week since you gave me the tip."

He frowns at me. "Uh, wasn't that last night?"

I snort laugh. "I meant from the Thursday movie night takeout."

The hint of blush that heats up his cheeks, even as he rolls his eyes at me, is endearing and sexy. I really hope that I get to cuddle him tonight. Waking up to him draped over me is amazing, but I reckon falling asleep like that will be out of this



world.

“Are we doing this date now?”

Shit, I didn’t think this through. I want to go on a date now because I’m scared he’ll change his mind. But at the same time, my leg is fucking aching, we’ve both had long days, and we both need to be up early tomorrow.

I saw the team doc again today and he said the cut was healing well and I will be back to full-on training next Monday. Today was just light stuff which I fucking nailed to the wall. That does mean that I am wiped and the only thing I really want to do is curl up with Gio in bed.

“Let’s do something this weekend. If you really want, you can be my date to the cheer dance thing?” He shrugs like it’s no big deal, but we both know this is a huge fucking deal. A public date with Gio? Where all of his friends will see us? Sign me up, baby.

“Yes. All the yeses. What should I wear? Can we coordinate?” I rush out. What have I got in my wardrobe? Maybe my plum suit. That one shows off my ass and still gives me room to dance.

Gio groans. “I can see your mind whirling and it’s scaring me. We can talk clothes tomorrow. How about we head to my parents and eat my mom’s famous garlic bread lasagne?”

“Oh my god, I might start drooling, that sounds delicious. Is it a family recipe?” We get in the car and he heads towards his parents’ house.

“Nah, she copied a video online,” he snorts before smiling at me softly. “My parents really like you.”

“They are amazing. You won the parent lottery with them.”

“Um...what are yours like?”

“I think meh covers it. We don’t have a bad relationship, but we don’t have a good one. I’m pretty sure that the moment I leave college we probably won’t see each other anymore.”

“That sucks. If you want, I can ask Perry to do something petty to them. He’s great at that. I’m pretty sure he sent Luke’s dad a delivery of mustard-filled donuts.”

“That’s brilliant,” I laugh. “I’m fine with it though. I had my grandma growing up and now I’ve got friends like Lexi and Ryder.”

“What am I, chopped liver?”

“We both know that I want more than friendship with you, Giovanni.” His eyes flick over to me and he squirms in his seat.

This is why I’m not going to give up on a relationship with him. He wants me. He might not always like that he wants me, but he can’t deny it. Which is why he is slowly giving in.

“We’re here,” he says, voice cracking. “Let’s go eat my mom’s food.”

A realization hits me. “Shit, I should give her some money for letting me stay.”

“You should definitely offer her money while I am around,” the evil glint in his eye manages to confuse me but also starts pumping blood directly to my dick which I don’t want to happen around his parents, so I try not to overthink it.

We make our way into his house and my nose is immediately hit with the most delicious aromas.

“I wish my house smelled like this instead of sweat and farts.”

“What a colorful compliment, Tucker,” Guila says coming out of the kitchen wiping her hands on her leopard print apron. “Did you boys have a good day?”

“Yeah, Mom. Coach had us do some choreo for the Christmas cheer party and class was fine.”

His mom turns and looks at me expectantly. “I had a good day. Only a couple of classes so I got caught up on my assignments. Doc looked at my leg and said I’ll be back to full practice training next week.”

Gio looks at me in horror. “Shit, I’m the worst. I got so distracted about our date, that I forgot to ask about your injury.”

“You’ve done it now kid,” Gio’s dad says and he walks past us into the kitchen. That man is stealthy. I had no clue he was there.

“Wha-.” Gio starts before he is cut off by his mom screeching.

“Date? My baby has a date? Where are you both going? Do you need money? Can I come too? No, of course not. Oh, I need to call your nonna and aunt Bianca.”

She rushes upstairs and Gio looks at me, jaw slack. “I really fucked up.”

I can’t help the laugh that escapes me. Grabbing his shirt, I pull him towards me and press my lips to his, briefly.

“I like it. But maybe I can tell her when we officially become boyfriends? I wanna see your mom speechless.”

I leave Gio standing there with that thought and head into the kitchen.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

If my mom didn't have food in the oven, I'm pretty sure she would have spent all evening on the phone with various family members. She is ridiculous, but I love her. Tucker deserves a mom like mine instead of parents who are indifferent.

Dinner time was spent with my mom giving us date ideas, followed by my dad asking her to give us some room to think, and then it ended when my mom got a call from her hair stylist's niece asking if we wanted to pre-book her mother in law's converted barn as our wedding venue.

That is when I dragged Tucker off to my room in case he tried to put down a deposit. No way am I getting married while I'm still in college.

And before we've even had a date.

"How's your leg?" I feel like a cunt for not asking him how he was doing earlier. I'm the worst...friend? Ugh, I'm just the worst person. Labels don't even come into it.

"It's achy and itchy. If you want to help me make it feel better, you could suck me off again..." He slowly starts inching his shirt up, teasing me with a glimpse of his abs and that sexy smattering of hair.

Tucker has an enticing treasure trail. That fucker does its job too fucking well. My cock is starting to plump at the sight of it.

"Stop it," I growl at him. The cheeky little shit doesn't stop it. He keeps on going and if I'm being totally honest with myself, I'm glad.

I want to see his chest. I want to see his whole fucking body laid out on my bed so I can take my time with him.

This isn't going to happen with my parents awake in the house.

"If I jerk you off in the shower, will you stop torturing me?"

His smirk turns into a full on beaming smile that takes my breath away.

"I will for today," he says before he hobbles into the bathroom. "Hurry up, Gio."

I am going to have my hands full with Tucker.

That thought stops me in my tracks. I won't have my hands full because whatever this is won't last. I am a rebound. Helping Tucker get back on the saddle so he can ride someone else into the moonlight or however the saying goes.

I am not Tucker's award-winning stallion. I am a donkey. A huge fucking ass who will end up brokenhearted.

If anyone is going to break my heart, I'm glad it'll be Tucker. He's so fucking gentle, we'll probably be friends for life. Ugh, that is so fucking depressing.

"Gio, you promised to touch my dick, don't make me drag you in here. I want to play with your balls," Tucker suddenly shouts from the bathroom.

I really fucking hope my parents didn't hear that.

Ten minutes later, I am wet and naked with Tucker's tongue halfway down my throat. His arms are like a vice around my waist, leaving no room to stroke his fat dick but that hardly matters when he is frothing against me like his life depends on it.

“I’m not gonna last long Giovanni. You feel too good. Too right.” he says, coming up for air and resting his forehead on my shoulder.

He’s right. We fit together perfectly.

His dick is thicker and longer than mine, and the tip of my length catches his making the both of us moan. Every. Single. Time.

“You need to be careful of your leg,” I pant out. When he ignores me, I run my hands through his wet locks and pull his head back. “Tucker, I mean it. I don’t want to hurt you.”

He looks me dead in the eye. “I’m being careful, I promise. What I need is to come with you. Please, Giovanni, come with me.” The sound of my name on his tongue is like a lightning strike to my balls.

My grip on his hair tightens as my orgasm crashes over me at the same time as his. Tucker takes my mouth in a slow kiss that I never want to end.

But it does.

“It’s always so sad watching cum wash away down the drain,” Tucker says looking down.

“What would you want to do with it?” I ask him as I start washing myself. “And don’t say put it in a vial around my neck because that is an immediate no.”

Tucker huffs a laugh. “No, that would be too weird.” He very deliberately doesn’t make eye contact with me. “I think I want kids someday. Seeing Lexi and Kait with their parents...I just want that. I want a husband and a family.”

I run my hand up his arm. “You would be an amazing dad.” He really would. Tucker is full of heart. I want him to have everything he wants because he deserves it. Tucker deserves the world.

“Is that something you might want?”

“I haven’t really thought about it too much, but yeah, I can see that in my future.” Is it weird that we’re having this conversation while we’re in the shower right after we watched our cum go down the drain? Yeah, probably, but I love these random moments with Tucker. They feel real. Tangible. Something I’ll be able to hold onto even when this delicate thing we have crumbles like a house of cards.

“If I could knock you up, you would be so full of cum, you’d make glooping sounds as you walked. Seeing as that can’t happen, I’ll settle for watching my cum slide out your ass.”

So romantic.



## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

This week has been the best in the whole of existence. I got to basically live with the guy of my dreams, have a fuck load of orgasms, and be a part of a really cool family.

Shame it's all going to end.

I love my teammates, but if the choice is sleeping with Gio at his parents or the football house where it smells like stale sweat and is too loud, of course, Gio always wins.

I haven't brought up the fact that I am fine now. Doc and Coach said I can resume training on Monday, so there really isn't any reason to stay.

Except that I am terrified this thing with Gio is going to end if he doesn't have a reason to see me every day. Maybe if I show him that I am the best boyfriend ever at this party tonight, he will keep me.

"What are you thinking about?" Ryder asks, throwing himself onto the sofa next to me.

Perry demanded we all be at the cheer house to get ready for this dance.

"Whether I'm going to look like an idiot trying to dance," I tell him.

It might not have been the exact thing I was going to say but it's been on my mind. I'm a linebacker for fucksake. I'm going to look like a bear that stepped on a bee lumbering around out there on the dancefloor, especially as most other people will be cheerleaders. It's not like it's even at a club where it's so dark and there is mostly

grinding. I can do grinding in my sleep.

Just ask Gio.

“Mood.”

I roll my eyes at him. “Thanks, that’s super helpful.”

“Shit, my bad. I thought you wanted commiseration rather than encouragement,” He sits up straight and clears his throat. “TUCKER! TUCKER! YOU’RE THE MAN! YOU CAN DANCE LIKE NO ONE CAN! GO TEAM! WOO!”

“I hate you so much,” I say into my hands knowing that he has just summoned several cheerleaders.

“That was good! Maybe I should try out?”

“Dude, you need to be really flexible to be a cheerleader,” Perry says

Ryder snorts. “I know. You should see the positions Lexi can get himself into.”

“Why are you talking about sex with my brother?”

“Because it’s my favorite thing ever.”

“Who was chanting about Tucker?” Gio says as he enters the room with Luke who is wearing a really cute corset.

“Me. He’s going to kill it on the dance floor.”

“I’ll definitely be killing something, you shithead.”

Gio, plonks himself onto my lap and I freeze for a second before winding my arms around his waist. Him showing me affection in front of everyone fans the flames of hope in my chest.

“If you’re worried about dancing we can stick to slow ones and do some excellent swaying. Or I could use your body as a pole and channel my inner stripper?” He smirks at me.

“Yes,” I say immediately. “I want them both.” I didn’t need to say anything. He can feel how hard my dick is at his words.

“See, my encouragement helped,” Ryder says, smugness radiating off of him. “You would have just moped if I didn’t say anything. I am a great fucking wingman.”

“Maybe you can help me?” Luke says hopefully.

Ryder looks at Luke in fear. “I’m sorry dude, but I think Perry would kill me if I set you up with anyone I knew.”

“What? Why?”

“Because he only knows shitheads and fuck boys,” Perry says with a sniff.

“I’m not gonna deny it,” Ryder nods in agreement. “The only good, single guy I know has a massive crush on my uncle and I’m not putting you in the middle of that.”

“Ugh, yeah, no thanks,” Luke says before turning to me. “I keep meaning to ask, what does the football team do with old footballs? I have a friend in my art class who needs one for a project he’s doing.”

“Uh, I don’t know. I’ll ask the team manager next week and text you.”

“Thanks, man.”

Gio looks at me with a soft smile. “Thanks for helping him out,” he murmurs quietly as the others carry on the conversation.

“I will always help out if I can, sweetheart.” For the second time this evening, I freeze as the endearment slips out.

Gio’s only acknowledgment is his eyes softening.

I will take it.

I’ll take anything he gives me.

“Are there usually this many dance battles?” I ask Gio as he slow dances with me in the middle of the dance floor. “It never crossed my mind that someone would break dance to Lewis Capaldi.”

Gio snorts. “Cheerleaders love to show everyone what they’ve got. That is a dance circle though, not a dance battle.”

I have no clue how they are different things.

“You look gorgeous by the way. I don’t know if I mentioned that.”

Gio snorts. “Just one or two thousand times.”

There are no lies though. He’s wearing a form-fitting, navy suit, with a cream shirt that has a cream floral pattern, and a plum tie. I’m wearing a plum suit with a similar cream shirt and a navy tie. Gio’s mom, Guila, surprised us with them this morning over breakfast. She phoned Perry and made him take a billion photos of the two of us

in a variety of locations. I'm ninety percent certain she wants to use these as our engagement photos.

"You look good yourself," he shouts in my ear as the song changes to "Hollaback" by Gwen Stefani. Before he can say anything else, Nate and Bradley come waltzing over. Literally waltzing.

"Dudes, have you seen Coach Phillips?" Bradley says, nodding in the direction of the refreshment table. She's looking at another lady with a murderous gleam in her eyes. "She's eye fucking Coach Smith."

"What? No, that is the look of hate not lust." Gio splutters out.

A cloud of emotions crosses Nate's face. "They can be the same thing. I mean from what I've heard. Sammie and Liz are always talking about enemies to lovers being great smut."

I swear everyone on this cheerleading team has got a secret love life issue.

"Did you see me in that dance circle just now? If I had a hymen, it would've just broken." Luke says, appearing at Gio's side.

Okay, so maybe not everyone's love life issue is a secret.

"Everyone is probably going to be here for another hour or two. Wanna duck out early and come back to the cheer house with me?" Gio whispers into my ear as Bradley starts explaining to Luke that he thinks the coaches are in love.

It could be the final play in the Super Bowl and I would not have moved as fast as I did right now.

Grabbing Gio's hand, I pull him through the throngs of people and head to the parking lot. "Bye guys," I shout over my shoulder.

I do not want to waste a second.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

“How’s your leg doing?”

After Tucker realized we needed to order a ride, he slowed down pretty quickly. Now we’re in the car heading home, and I want to make sure he’s doing okay. I should have worded what I said better. I forget that he gets really over-excited at the prospect of orgasms.

He looks at me guiltily. “Um, it’s okay. It’s actually all fine. Well, it’s not totally healed, but Coach and Doc may have cleared me yesterday to go back to training properly with the team.”

“Why do you look shifty about that?”

“I’m sorry. I found out yesterday, but I didn’t tell you because I knew you’d say we both had to move back to our houses and then what if you were done with me? I haven’t even taken you on a date yet and convinced you I would make a great boyfriend.” He blows out a breath and looks at me hesitantly.

“Tucker, I-” I don’t know how to finish that sentence.

I guess I just assumed that he’d get me out of his system when his leg was fixed.

“This thing with us, I know it’s a rebound. You need to heal after what Henry did to you, so I know this isn’t permanent.”

“Nothing I say is going to make you see that I don’t see you as a hookup, is it?” I have to look away from his sad eyes.

“Um, dudes? We’ve been parked outside your address for nearly three minutes,” the shaggy haired driver interrupts. “Totally sorry, but I have other fares. I am living for this tea though so if you could tag me when you hard launch, my at is foozdriverian with no spaces and all lower case.”

Tucker and I look at each other. “Sure thing, man,” Tucker says and we slide out of the car and walk up to the cheer house in silence. He follows me as I head to the room Perry and I share.

“Smells nice in here,” Tucker mumbles.

“Yeah, Perry really likes his reed diffusers.” I start loosening my tie and throwing it on my desk. I’ve only popped back here twice over the last week to grab the textbooks I needed. I didn’t realize just how much I miss this space. I’m going to miss Tucker more, though.

“Gio, I don’t want to talk anymore. I want to get naked, climb on your bed, and have you own every inch of my body.”

He looks at me, eyes full of desperation. This I can do. Because god knows I want him. Crave him. I’m like a vampire, and he’s my sexy prey.

I shake my head at my own weird thoughts.

“A part of me wants to ask you to strip slowly, but I don’t think I have the restraint right now,” I tell him honestly. His answering grin, followed by him undressing at a near inhuman pace, lets me know just how much he wants me. It’s a heady feeling. Not just to be wanted but to be wanted by him. Tucker.

I still need to get my shirt and pants off when he bounces onto my bed completely naked. His huge body is on display. Tucker is the most beautiful person alive. From



his soft abs, thick and powerful thighs, to his long fingers wrapped around his mouth-watering dick.

I'm transfixed as I watch him slowly stroke himself.

"Sweetheart, I love having your eyes on me, but right now, I also need your hands. Actually, I need them in me, unless you want me to prep myself." He opens his legs wide, giving me a fan-fucking-tastic view of his hole.

I nearly trip over myself in a rush to get naked. I grab the lube from my nightstand table, pausing before I climb on the bed.

"I know we're both on PrEP, but do you want to use a condom as well?" Living together for a week meant it wasn't hard to see what medication Tucker took.

I shouldn't have asked him and just used a condom, but there was something so intensely primal about having my cum inside Tucker. He painted an excellent picture when we were in the shower the other day.

"No condoms. I don't want any more barriers between us," he groans out, and I studiously ignore what he's not saying.

I smirk at him. "I can't wait to watch my cum drip out of you."

He lets go of his cock and grabs the bed sheets.

"Fuck, I was close. Shit, I love your dirty mouth. Kiss me," he demands. I climb on the bed, lean over him, and take his mouth. It's rough and dirty and definitely the hottest kiss I have ever shared with another human being.

Without breaking the kiss, I squirt some lube onto my fingers and reach down to start

stretching out Tucker's hole. I swallow down his gasp as I start circling the small patch of hair at his opening. Slowly, I press one finger in.

Fuck me.

I could do this all day, every day for eternity. His hole is so tight with just one finger, and I can't imagine how good it will feel with two and eventually my dick.

I press a second finger into him slowly, and his legs start to shake

"You aren't allowed to cum yet. I want your hole wrapped around my dick when your orgasm hits."

He hisses and grabs the base of his dick. I fucking love that my words get such a physical reaction from him. I'm so going to need to test that out further another day.

Once he's all stretched out and is a mumbling mess beneath me, I sit up and cover my dick in a generous amount of lube. I line up my dick with Tucker's glistening, open hole and then I turn my eyes to him as I slowly press inside him.

Tucker is practically quivering as I enter his body. He locks his eyes with mine, and the emotion swirling in those chocolate depths are enough to leave me breathless.

The moment I'm fully seated, I lean over and crash my lips to his, needing a full circuit connection.

"Gio, please move, please. I feel so full, I need you, please, my sweetheart," Tucker begs, sounding like he's about to sob.

"Anything for you," I tell him, and I lean back and slowly glide my dick out so only the tip is left in before I snap my hips and pound back into him.

“Yes, yes, yes. You’re fucking perfect, sweetheart,” he moves to grab his cock, but I push his hand away and grab it for myself.

“Mine. I’m the one in control of your pleasure,” I growl out and start pumping him in time with my thrusts. I’ve never been a caveman in the bedroom, but there is something about Tucker that makes me want to own all of him.

I have an idea of why that is but there is no way I’m going to delve into that when I’m balls deep in my man.

“It’s too good. I can’t last, Gio, Gio, Gio, I can’t,” Tucker’s whines make me feel ten feet tall.

“You can come, baby.”

His eyes lock onto mine just as I start pegging his prostate, and he comes undone.

He roars out, and the feel of his hole clenching around me as rope after rope of cum paints his stomach tips me over the edge. The tingle at the base of my spine is intense as my orgasm lights up my body in pleasure.

With a grunt, I release his well used dick and slump forward on top of him, covering us both in his seed.

His arms wrap around me, holding me tight to him.

“That was seriously the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“You just wait until you’re topping me. My arse is going to be a religious experience for you.”

“I don’t doubt it,” he says, pressing a kiss to my sweaty hair.

“I’m so gross, but I don’t have the energy for a shower,”

I feel Tucker nodding. “Same.”

“I’ll get a cloth and wipe us up.” Lifting Up, my dick slides out of Tucker slowly.

I just stare at my cum leaking from his beautiful ass.

“Take a picture. It’ll last longer,” Tucker snorts.

“I wish I could. Fuck... it’s making me chub up again already.”

“Do it. Take a picture.”

My eyes snap to his.

“Sweetheart, I trust you. Take the picture and then send it to me. Looking at your cum leaking out of me is going to be excellent jerk-off material.” The lusty look he gets in his eyes is enough to get my ass into gear.

I reach down, grab my phone out of my pants pocket, and snap a couple of photos.

“You’re doing a whole ass photo shoot,” Tucker laughs. “I’m not complaining; just remember to send them all.”

“You wait until you see them,” I mumble as I pull up the messaging app and send Tucker twenty seven attachments.

Once that is done, I grab a washcloth from the bathroom and head back to wipe clean

a very sleepy Tucker. I clean myself up and throw the cloth in the laundry basket before getting into the bed with Tucker. He immediately snuggles into me.

“I want to be the sleep squid tonight,” he whispers. Snorting, I just pull him closer to me.

“Okay, but no guarantees that we won’t wake up with me wrapped all around you,” I say softly, breathing in his scent. “At least I didn’t hurt your leg this week.”

“Being with you would be worth any pain,” he murmurs, eyes closing.

I lie there for hours in the dark, willing myself to stay awake so I get to hold Tucker in my arms for as long as possible.

I don’t want to be a rebound.

I want to keep him.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

There is no fucking way I am spending another day without Gio as my boyfriend.

It's Monday and we had an afternoon practice that just finished. We always get two shorter practices on the Monday after a bye week. The cheer squad does as well except theirs finishes a little later. They also do their practice on the field sidelines, so I just spent forty-five minutes staring at Gio, watching him laugh with his teammates, and nail some awesome people catches. I really should know more cheerleading terms.

I have roughly thirty minutes to come up with a plan and desperate times call for desperate measures.

"Charlie, hurry up, I'm gonna need you," I shout across the locker room, earning a bunch of wolf whistles and catcalls. I bet the animal kingdom is a lot classier than this room of beasts.

"Sure thing, man," and he speeds up getting ready.

Two minutes later, we are dressed and out of the locker room. I practically run into Ryder hanging around the tunnels.

"What are you doing, man?" He opens his mouth. "Actually, I don't care, come with us. I need a private place to talk."

"How about the commentator box? It's soundproof, which is great for sex." Charlie says with a shrug.

Okay then...

“Lead the way, dude.” I put a hand out for him to lead the way and after only getting lost twice, we end up in the commentator box.

“This is so cool,” Ryder says, looking out over the stadium. “I can see Lexi.”

There is nothing figurative about the hearts in his eyes. Maybe there is, but it’s cute to see. Probably the same way I’m looking at Gio.

“Sit down the both of you. I need your help,” Ryder immediately sits on the desk, and Charlie copies him. “You both better not break anything sitting there.”

I take a seat opposite the two of them. Thankfully, they’re blocking my view of Gio otherwise I’d never be able to get this out.

“I am desperate and I need your help,” I start. “I need to try and convince Gio that he’s not a rebound and I want to be his boyfriend for real.”

Ryder looks at me with a frown. “How are you so sure he isn’t a rebound?” He crosses his arms. “I like you Tucker, but Gio has always been a great friend to Lexi. My loyalty is going to be to him, but if you are serious about him, then I will help you both get together.”

I feel a wave of affection for Ryder.

“I’m not loyal to Gio, but I am loyal to you. And you are never happier than when you’re with Gio,” Charlie pauses for a second. “He is a little scary, but I think that suits you.”

I snort. “Thank you. Both of you.” My eyes meet Ryder’s. “I’m not on the rebound.

Henry and I dated for a few weeks, and honestly, what hurt most was not that he cheated but that I was cheated on. What about me wasn't worth keeping? Plus, what a fucking ego bruise. I was over that whole thing in less than two weeks. Gio doesn't see it like that, though. He is stuck on this idea that I don't want to keep him forever, and nothing could be further from the truth. I want to marry him, have adorable babies, go on family holidays to Italy, and try not to offend an entire nation when I order Pizza for us as we sit in a little restaurant in Rome."

I take a deep breath. "But I need him to see the future for us as well."

"Maybe, just start with the boyfriend bit. Build up to the marriage and babies and vacations abroad." Charlie says, looking at Ryder, who nods.

"Yeah, how about making him jealous? That worked for me and Lexi."

"Nope, no way. That'll just prove to him, in his mind, that I think he's interchangeable and he's really not. Either, I have Gio or I want no one. I'll be sad, lonely, and have two cats called Barbara and Cher."

"Dude, I think that's gayer than your coffee order." Ryder snorts.

"My coffee order isn't-ugh, forget it." They really aren't helping at all. "Words aren't working, neither is action. And we've had plenty of action. I think my options are either to keep doing this weird in-between thing with him or propose."

"You love him?" Ryder asks in awe.

Yes. I want to scream and shout how much I love Giovanni Russo. I don't, though. Instead I say, "The first time I say that out loud is going to be Gio himself."

"Holy shit-" Charlie starts to say before there is a pounding on the door.



“Tucker, let me in right now,” a muffled voice shouts from the other side of the door. I open it, and Hudson and Wyatt burst through.

“How did you know I was here?”

“See that light?” Hudson points to a blinking green light in the far corner. “That light means you are broadcasting live.

Like we’re in some kind of horror movie, Charlie, Ryder, and I all look out of the window to a sea of faces looking up at us.

“How much did you hear?” Ryder asks while I carry on scanning the crowd for the one face I really want to see.

“Everything.”

I make eye contact with Lexi, who looks like he’s about to cry. He just shakes his head.

My heart drops. Free falls straight into the stadium and shatters.

Gio left.

He doesn’t want me.

Saying nothing, I turn and leave. I’m not even embarrassed by what I said. The only emotions taking up residence are sadness and heartbreak.

I lost Gio.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

It's as if Medusa herself has come to Earth and frozen me where I stand.

Words keep coming over the intercom. Marriage, babies, pizza, filter through the haze. I'm vaguely aware of Hudson and Wyatt running off.

"I can't stay here," I say finally. "I have to go."

Lexi stands in front of me with a look of determination I haven't seen since he was trying to convince himself Ryder wouldn't break his heart.

"You like Tucker. You literally can't stay away from him, and he lights up at the mere mention of your name. You need to figure out what you're doing because right now, the only person hurting you is you."

I nod. "I know, but I can't do this. Not here." He looks at me sadly and turns back to look up at the commentator box.

I run down the halls and don't even bother to grab my gear. I need to get to my parents' house so I can fucking compose myself before Tucker turns up.

We stayed at my place Saturday night, and after mutual blowies, we had a shower and came back to my parents' house where we watched one of Dante's hockey games. My mom force-fed us her homemade Snickerdoodles the entire time.

At no point did we discuss what we started in the rideshare Saturday night. Okay, we talked about foozdriverian and his weird Insta feed, but that was as close as we came.

If I have to look deep down inside myself then I can state that I know, unequivocally, that Tucker doesn't see me as a rebound.

And I am so head over heels in love with him.

It's terrifying.

Which is the sole reason I have been lying to myself. Because, yeah, I have been hurt in the past, but Tucker has the ability to break me into so many pieces that no one can fix me.

I'm twenty years old. I wasn't expecting to find the great love of my life during college. I wasn't prepared for this. Why the fuck isn't there at least an infographic on Pinterest to tell you what to do in situations like this.

I realize that I have pulled up at my parents' house, and I'm not gonna lie, I don't remember the journey at all. Thank fuck for muscle memory I guess.

I'm barely through the door before my dad is lifting me and swinging me in a circle. I'm a little surprised he picked me up so easily and a bit confused as to why he decided I needed spinnies when it's been eight years since we last did this.

The second he puts me down. My mom and Nonna are all over me, kissing my cheeks, and pinching my side. Not sure what that is about.

"Did Dante put weed in your snickerdoodle mixture again?" I shout above the squeals and clapping.

"No we are just so happy for you-wait, what do you mean again?" Mom narrows her eyes at me, but at least she's stopped pinching me.

“Just a joke,” I spit out. “So what is this reception for?”

“We were listening to the radio. We heard everything Tucker said. That boy loves you as much as you love him.”

“How did you hear? It was just the PA system. Did someone record it?” I look at my mom in horror, which just deepens her scowl.

“I think those boys, Charlie and Ryder, sat on more buttons. They were also on the radio and the stadium intercoms.”

“Where is Tucker? I want to meet him. Don’t you worry. I will teach him how to order a pizza in Italian. And ice cream. He can propose to you on the riverfront.”

“I came straight here,” I whisper. “Everyone was looking at me and I panicked. He’ll meet me here, right?”

My dad looks at me softly. “He declared you his forever, and you ran away, son. I know neither of you were expecting this to happen, but I don’t think he’s going to turn up. I think you might need to run in his direction this time.”

My dad pats me on the back and heads into the living room with Nonna following behind him.

“I love him, Mom,” my voice breaking.

“I know you do,” she says, pulling me into a hug. “Now, go let him know that.”

“Thank you. All of you. I wish Tucker had parents like you guys,” I sniff.

Mom breaks the hug and takes a step back. “Tucker doesn’t need parents like us. He

has us. I've already picked out the photo for your engagement announcement."

I huff out a laugh before heading out the door. "Love you, Mom."

"Love you too, my boy."

I pull out my phone as I get into my car and type out a message.

Cheer Queers

Gio: Does anyone know where Tucker is? I need to find him.

Hudson: Dude he was crushed when he realized you left. I think you need to give him some space before you officially dump him

Gio: I'm not going to dump him

Wyatt: Okay, well, whatever it is when you tell a situationship it's off.

Gio: It isn't a situationship. I want to talk to him first but I'm not going to hurt him!

Nate: It's Charlie here. If you're not going to hurt him then he went back to the football house. If you are going to hurt him then he booked himself an Airbnb in Pine Valley.

Lexi: It's Ryder. Charlie, I say this with love. Stop helping and give Nate back his phone.

I ignore the rest of the messages, which to be fair, are mainly Hudson and Wyatt sending facepalm emojis and GIFs.

I know where my man is, and that's the only thing I care about right now.

The plan is simple.

Break into the football house because I'm not stupid enough to think they will just let me in.

Find Tucker's bedroom.

Profess my undying love and adoration.

Live happily ever after.

That shouldn't be too hard to accomplish. Right?

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

Maybe I should ask Perry for some reed diffuser recommendations. They sure would help this whole house feel a little more homely.

Except, Perry isn't going to want to recommend me anything now Gio hates me.

I try not to sob again, but it's hard. He heard everything I had to say, and he left. Left me.

I pull up my phone and open my message app. Maybe I should text him. Maybe I'm not being fair. He was blindsided by everything I said. I go to our message thread, and the first thing I see is a lot of photos of my asshole, which is clearly in need of a wax. Nestled in between all the hair photos, tacked on the end, probably by accident, is a photo of Gio and me. I can tell by the pose it's one of the pictures Perry took of us. I'm laughing, and he is looking up at me like I'm the only thing on Earth that matters.

Like he loves me.

I sit up so fast my brain rattles.

Gio loves me back.

It doesn't matter that he ran away. I'm going to find him, drag him back to bed, and convince him to open up that stubborn heart of his. I stand up and start looking for my sneakers when Gio, Charlie, who is buck naked and dripping wet, and a couple of other guys on the team crash through the door.

Gio's hair is full of twigs and leaves, there are drops of blood on his sweater, which only has one arm intact, and he isn't wearing any shoes.

"What the fuck is going on?" I pull Gio to me and start looking him over.

"Your bodyguards didn't want me to see you, but I had to. Tucker, I have to explain everything to you." Gio's eyes are wild and desperate, like a wild animal caught in a trap.

"We can talk, but first, I need to talk to these guys." I look up at my teammates and put on my scariest I'm going to destroy you football face. "What did you do to him?"

Charlie is the only teammate that stays. Someone mumbles, "fuck this" and the others race off.

Pussies.

"Dude, he looked like that when he crashed through my bathroom window. I just started chasing him," Charlie looks at the back of Gio's head. I've never seen him with such a serious expression. "You good here?"

"Yeah, man, thanks," I smile at him. He nods and heads out of my room, cock and balls swinging proudly. I lock the door behind him and turn to Gio.

"Let's clean you up."

"No, that can wait. We need to talk. Please." I hate that look on his face. So scared and unsure.

"Yeah, okay. I want to say I'm--"



“I love you!” Gio shouts. “Shit, I didn’t mean to just blurt that out, but I had to tell you. You need to know, even if you can’t forgive me for running away. You need to have all the information, and the biggest bit is that I’m in love with you.”

I can’t help but stare at him as he nervously runs his hand through his hair showering my room in the local flora.

“I know,” I smile at him.

He looks uncertain. “You know?”

“I saw a photo of the two of us, and you were staring at me like a man in love. I was actually on my way to fight for you again.”

“You are never going to have to fight for me ever again, Tucker,” he chokes out. I hold my arms out, and he sobs as he rushes into them.

This is what peace feels like. The feel of the man I love in my arms.

“I wasn’t running away completely,” It comes out muffled as his face is buried in my shirt. “I went to my parents to wait for you, but then my family said they heard all of what happened because it was on the radio, and my dad made me realize that it probably looked to you like I didn’t want you, but I do.”

He looks up at me.

“I’m done being scared. I trust you, and I trust in us. We’re going to have the best fucking future, and my nonna promises to teach you enough Italian so you can order all the pizza you want.”

A loud laugh escapes me. “I love you, Gio.”

His breath hitches, and he slams his mouth into mine. If he thinks he's in control this time, he is mistaken. Sliding my hand up his body, I cup the back of his neck, controlling this kiss, and taking everything I want from Gio.

My boyfriend.

My man.

My everything.

"I need you, sweetheart," I growl out and start to take his ruined sweater off when I remember the blood stains. "What did you do?"

Gio snorts as a delicious blush overtakes his cheeks. "I didn't think anyone would let me in, so I decided to climb a tree, except the fucker was against me, and I fell into the bushes twice before I finally made it through a window. Unfortunately, Charlie was in the shower and I panicked and started running through the house and opening doors until I got to this one."

I laugh so fucking hard I have tears in my eyes. "I wish I had seen that."

"I think you probably will. I saw more than one phone pointed in my direction." He sits on my bed and buries his head in his hands. "I'm going to be the laughingstock of the campus."

I shrug and sit down next to him. "I don't know. I think my accidental grand gesture might beat you out. Wait, why couldn't you find my room? You've been here before."

"Yeah, I was paying more attention to your ass, then where we were going," he snorts. He runs his hands through his messy hair. "Thank you, Tucker. For giving me

another chance.”

“It was never a question, sweetheart. I fell hard for you.” I take his hand.

“The footballer and the cheerleader.” Gio turns his head to face me with a smirk.  
“Shame you’re not the quarterback.”

“Shame you’re not the head cheerleader.” I retort before capturing his lips in another scorching kiss.

The feel of his tongue sliding alongside mine is enough to make me hard. It has the same effect on Gio because when he scrambles to climb onto my body, straddling me, and never breaking the kiss. I feel his hard cock press into mine through too many layers of clothing.

He slowly starts thrusting against me, and the feel of his heavy balls moving on top of my own makes me feel insane with lust. I run my hands over any part of his body I can touch, desperately holding myself back from grabbing his hips and taking over. I want nothing more than to flip us and to rut hard against his beautiful, chiseled body.

“We need to be naked,” he gasps out, shedding both of our clothes in between kisses.

“You are so smart. We really do,” I press kisses along his neck, sucking as I go.  
“Ride my dick, sweetheart.”

“Fuck,” he pants out. “Okay, I need you to prep me quickly. No taking your time. I need to be bouncing on your cock in less than five minutes.”

I throw him onto the bed and grab the lube coating my fingers, and even though I’m prepping him quickly, it takes longer than five minutes. There is no way I’m going to hurt him.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, Tucker, I need you now, god damnit.” He moves my hand away from his ass, which is a crying shame, and pushes me over so I’m laying on my back. Quicker than a blink, he has lined up my cock to his entrance, and his hot hole is swallowing me down.

I grab his hips and still him. “You need to give me a second,” I say through gritted teeth. “I am not going to be a two-pump chump after we just did love declarations.”

Gio laughs, then leans over and presses a kiss to my lips. “We have forever right, and we’re both athletes in our early twenties. If you come quickly, then you can suck my dick, and we go again in half an hour.”

I look at him in wonder. “You are fucking smart.” I slap his ass, earning me a yelp. “Start bouncing.”

Gio doesn’t ease himself, or me, into it. He starts fucking himself on my cock with so much enthusiasm I know immediately I am fighting a losing battle. My man barely gets to double digits before I am roaring his name and coating his insides with my cum.

His lust drenched eyes stay on me as he rides me through my orgasm. The moment I’m done, he lifts off of my cock and knee walks up the bed, still straddling me.

I open wide, and he shoves his leaking cock in my mouth. I hollow out my cheeks and swallow him down. It’s giving me a flashback to nine days ago when we first had sex. I can’t believe this is where we are now. Except this time, I stick two fingers inside his hole so I can feel my release inside him. My caveman claim on Gio. I finger fuck him until I find that special spot that I know is going to send him to nirvana.

“Tucker, gonna come. Tucker, TUCK, TUCK, TUUUCK.”

I can't help but puff up my chest, and I drink his cum, knowing I brought him that pleasure. Me.

He flops down over me like my very own human shaped blanket.

"I'm going to have a nap now, and when we wake up, I want you inside me again, okay?" he mumbles. "Love you, Tucker."

I breathe him in. "Love you too, Giovanni."

He makes a cute noise, almost like a purr, that evens out into a snore.

I want to pinch myself.

Gio loves me.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I wake up to Tucker's cock nestled between my ass cheeks. Seriously, how am I ever going to sleep without this man in my bed? There is no hope for me.

I will have to take it one day at a time, and hopefully, I can convince him to get an apartment with me next year.

My eyes catch on the small bottle of lube on his nightstand. We are going to have to invest in some Costco sized lube because that pathetic little tub won't cut it. I snag it and quietly open it. I'm still pretty open from last night, but I need just a little bit more stretching if I'm going to take Tucker's dick again in less than, I look at the clock, two hours.

Once I'm all stretched and open, I wriggle my ass against Tucker's cock. He is as hard as me, but he's still fast asleep. It's almost a shame to wake him.

Almost.

"Mmm, Gio, why are you moving like a bag of snakes?" he mumbles out, making me huff out a laugh.

"Because I'm so fucking horny I feel like I'm going to spontaneously orgasm. My hole feels so empty without you." I whine desperately.

I've never been so needy to have someone inside me. It's all Tucker. Now I've given in to my feelings for him, it's unleashed my inner cock slut.

His stubble scratches along my neck as he presses kisses there. Tucker slowly moves

his hand over my ass cheeks.

“Do you think you’re ready for—wait, have you already prepped yourself?” he says, voice ringed in astonishment.

“Yes, I woke up needing my boyfriend”s dick. Please don’t make me wait.”

I hand him the lube, and he coats his dick quickly before lifting my leg over him while I’m still on my side and sliding into me.

“Finally,” I moan, feeling blissed out and full.

This is my new favorite position. I feel wide open for Tucker to do whatever he wants to me, and I’m still surrounded by him. Plus, having easy access to the most filthy open-mouth kisses is turning me the fuck on.

He spends a few minutes sliding in and out of me at a slow, torturous pace. Slowly dragging the head of his fat cock along my prostate. I try to quicken the pace, but Tucker won’t let me.

“I’m in charge, sweetheart,” he growls in my ear.

“I know, baby, I can’t help it. Shit, why did you stop?” I ask when he pauses.

“You calling me baby is fucking sexy,” he bites out, thrusting a little bit quicker and harder.

Oh, it’s like that is it.

“I love you, Tucker.”

I've barely finished saying his name, and he pulls out and moves me to my back, legs to my chest before he slams back inside me at a deliciously punishing pace.

"You don't play fair, Gio," he grits out.

"Never said I would," I retort.

Thump, thump, thump.

The bed slams against the wall, and I have no doubts that the entire football team is listening to me getting railed.

"Not gonna last long. Touch your dick."

"I'm not going to need to," I say, moaning louder than the sound of the bed whacking against the wall.

I wasn't lying either. Tucker had just started hitting my p spot. I fall over the edge into orgasmic bliss, hands-free, and holding on to my boyfriend's forearms as he reaches his climax with a fucking loud roar.

We're both sweaty, covered in cum, with a few leaves stuck on random parts of our body.

"Love you."

"Love you, too."

Just as our lips are about to meet there is a loud round of applause from outside Tucker's bedroom door, and fists pounding on the door.



I'm pretty sure Charlie is the one who yells out "Peg the shit out of your man!" Little gross, but the sentiment is cute.

"Well, I'm glad your teammates are supportive, at least."

Tucker laughs. "Yeah, they're a good bunch. We have each other's backs, but we definitely don't have the same level of closeness that you cheer queers have."

He presses a kiss to my forehead before lifting me off the bed. "Come on, lover, we need clean sheets, a shower, and food."

I watch him in all his naked glory head to the shower, and I follow along like an invisible leash is tethering us.

I feel like I could cry. I'm so fucking happy. For the first time in weeks, I finally feel free. I could kick my own ass knowing I'm the one who held myself back for so long.

It doesn't matter now.

Or maybe this is how it needed to go.

Whatever.

I have Tucker, and that's what matters to me.

G T Very Much Not On The Rocks Group Chat

Lexi: Ryder made me start this

Ryder: Babe, it had to be done. We all need to know what went down. I can't wait till tomorrow. That is a blatant hate crime.

Nate: Is it really a hate crime or are you quoting the office?

Ryder: You are my least favorite cheerleader.

Nate: I'm incredibly self-aware. I know that I'm most people's least favorite cheerleader.

Perry: ARE YOU SHITTING ME? Does no one have any more information on Gio and Tucker?

Charlie: Ooooh me I do.

Hudson: ...

Wyatt: ...

Luke: Well?

Charlie: They had a fuck load of sex. The whole football house shook with the force of Tucker railing Gio. It was pretty hot. A few of us had a jerk-off party.

Guilia: Lexi, my dear, what have you added me to?

Lexi: Uh

Ryder: Good news Mrs R. It looks like Tucker and Gio made up.

Guila: That is wonderful news!! You must all come over for brunch on Sunday. We can celebrate this and Nonna's birthday. Everyone's pants will remain on for the whole day.

I am going to fucking kill Charlie and Ryder is my first thought when I read through the text exchange from last night.

“You look extra hot when you’re all murderous.” Tucker smirks from his seat opposite me on the picnic table in front of my favorite coffee cart.

After another few rounds of sex and a pizza delivered by foozdriverian, we got about four hours of sleep, and I can barely cope. I even copied Tucker’s gay drink order in the hopes that the caffeine and sugar get me through the day.

“Did you read the entire thread?” I demand.

“I did,” he raises an eyebrow. “I thought it was your nonna’s birthday a few weeks ago?”

Shit.

“Yeah, I said that because I was all deep in avoiding my feelings. I promise not to lie to you about my relatives’ birthdays ever again.” I lean over the table for a brief kiss.

“Dude, are you the guy from the video?” a voice says to my right. A guy I’ve never seen looks at me expectantly.

I share a confused look with Tucker. “What video?”

The guy pulls out his phone, and we watch as the audio of Tucker’s speech is played over the CCTV of me falling out of the tree multiple times, and then I’m being chased through the football house. The video ends with a smiling, shirtless Charlie standing outside Tucker’s room with a thumbs up as the sound of Tucker’s bed hitting the wall in a rhythmic beat is played.

Tucker and I start talking at the same time.

“All the murder.”

“Can you send me that?”

“Tucker!”

“What? It’s romantic in its own way,” he says, holding his hands up in defense. “It’ll be something to show the kids.”

I roll my eyes and throw my balled up napkin at his head, missing him by about seven feet but at least it goes in the trash can.

Before I come up with a witty retort that would have been better than my pathetic throw, my phone beeps.

Charlie: Please don’t kill me. I’ve just seen the video, but I didn’t do it. I mean, yeah, I took the last little bit, then I accidentally air dropped it. I didn’t intentionally send it to people. I was going to send it to Tucker.

Gio: Fine. I’ll forgive you, but no jerking off to our sex noises and no traumatizing my mom with my sex life.

Charlie: I promise hardcore!

Gio: Okay we’re good.

I tell Tucker about my text exchange, and he smiles softly at me. “You know you’d be well within your rights to not forgive him.”

“Yeah, I know,” I say with a sigh. “We weren’t exactly quiet, though. And he kind of gives Ryder a run for his money in the clueless category.”

Tucker presses a kiss to my head. “I love you.”

Never going to tire of hearing that.

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

I'm back, baby, and we are about to win this motherfucking game. We are so far up at this point I could just sit on the sidelines and let their offensive team run free, and they still wouldn't even half our total points.

My game is on fire.

The relief over my injury being hardly anything, plus being so fucking happy with Gio, has seriously pushed me into the stratosphere.

All the cheerleaders are amazing at what they do. They are definitely going to crush it at regionals in the new year. But having my boyfriend on the sidelines cheering his heart out for me personally is some next-level shit.

Gio talks about having caveman tendencies, and I guess I'm drinking the water, too, because I am totally feeling that. The temptation to just fuck him bare on the 50-yard line and cover him in my cum so everyone knows he belongs with me is stupidly strong.

It would be cool to have sex on the field. Not that I'll ever get that opportunity again. Coach shouted my ear off for ten minutes flat over the commentary box fiasco. He did finish by saying congratulations to me and Gio, so that was positive. I got the message though. No being in stadium spaces without permission.

“FLORA VISTA YOU’VE WON THIS!”

“FINISH THEM OFF, YOU WON’T MISS!”

My eyes stray to the chanting cheerleaders, and I catch Gio's eye. He winks at me before he gets into formation to throw Perry in a basket toss.

"Tucker, got your head in the game?" Charlie says, slapping my helmet. He may be a goofball off the field, but on it, he is all business.

"Fuck yes, let's do this." I bend my knees and get ready to stop the opposition. Seventeen seconds later, the whistle goes, and I'm banging on my chest like a fucking gorilla.

"Incoming," Charlie shouts at me, and for a split second, I worry that a disgruntled player from the away team is about to tackle me.

Turning around, I see the blur of my boyfriend in his green and white cheerleading outfit.

"You were a fucking beast out there," he says, jumping into my arms and taking my helmet off. Gio immediately starts planting kisses all over me.

"You helped," I tell him, kissing him back.

He shakes his head. "That was all you. Your determination and talent got you here. Not my magic cum."

I throw my head back and laugh. "I know I shouldn't tie my happiness to anyone else. But it's tied to you. Being with you is like injecting fire into my veins. You, our happiness. It makes me better in every sense."

Gio looks at me softly. "Yeah, I understand that."

I place his hand over my heart. "This beats for us."

I do the same with his. “So does this, sweetheart.”

We stand there looking into each other’s eyes for what feels like forever.

“Are you having a staring contest?” Wyatt says, breaking our spell. “Hudson sometimes has staring contests with me without telling me. Total cheat move. Anyway, see you at the football house later?”

“Yeah, see you there,” Gio answers with a smile.

Wyatt runs off and jumps onto Hudson’s back making them both fall to the ground. Am I the only person who thinks there is something going on there?

An hour later, I am sitting on the sofa next to Ryder in the football house watching my boyfriend dance with Lexi.

“We have really hot boyfriends, dude,” Ryder says. “I am itching to throw Lexi over my shoulder and find somewhere private to have sex.”

“Thanks for the info.”

I know what he means, though. I want to be snuggled away with Gio. We both know our guys need time with their friends. Fuck, we do too. A few weeks ago, I thought it was me and Lexi who were going to be close friends and Ryder was going to be the surly, scowly boyfriend who hated my guts.

I can see him becoming my bestie, though.

Weird.

“Wanting me as a bestie is not weird; it’s actually the smartest thing you’ve ever said



or done,” Ryder says, punching through my musings.

“Shit, I said that out loud?”

“Don’t give me that,” he rolls his eyes at me. “You one hundred percent wanted me to know your thoughts. Now, it looks like our friendship is going to endure an immediate test seeing as our mutual ex is heading this way.”

“What?” I ask, his words take a second to process and I whip my head to the right when I feel someone standing next to the sofa.

Henry.

He looks kind of sickly and a whole lot nervous. My eyes find Gio who has stopped dancing and looks like he is trying to stab Henry with his mind. I love how protective of me he is.

Has always been.

“Hi, Tucker, Ryder,” he clears his throat. “I’m really sorry. For cheating on you, Tucker, and lying to you, Ryder. I heard the commentary box conversation, and I realized I’d never thought that deeply about how my actions impacted you. I did a lot of assuming, and because what we had wasn’t serious for me, I thought that applied to you, too. My dad also heard about what happened, and I guess he decided that I was self-sabotaging, so I see a lot of therapy in my future.” He puffs out a breath. “I’m glad you found someone that deserves you.”

“Thanks, man, I wish you well,” is my response. He gives me a timid smile and heads out. Gio is straddling my lap seconds after he left.

“What did he say? Are you okay?”

I can't resist pulling him in for a kiss.

"I am. He wanted to explain why he cheated and apologize. It was nice to hear, but I didn't need it. It also didn't upset me, so you can chill out."

That earns me one of my boyfriend's smirks. "I am so very chill. But I'm feeling kind of caveman vibes right now, so let's find a dark corner where I can blow you."

Gio wraps his legs around my waist as I stand up with more speed than either of us expected.

"Let's go back to yours. I don't want any jerk-off parties to break out because of us." I tell him reluctantly, putting him down.

"Fuck yes, let's go!" Ryder says, earning three very surprised looks.

"Babe, we are not joining them," Lexi says, having come over when Gio did.

"Ew, no." Ryder turns to me. "No offense."

"None taken," I smirk.

"If they're going, then so can we. Let's go to my place, though, because Kait says she and Josh were going to celebrate privately at yours." Him and Lexi both shudder.

We all say our goodbyes and head back to the cheer house. The moment Gio's door is shut, he is on me.

## Page 22

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 3:02 pm*

Being on my knees for Tucker is a heady experience. He is this big, powerful linebacker, and I can turn him to goo with my mouth.

It's intoxicating.

Right now, I am too turned on and riled up to put on much of a porn show. Seeing his ex talk to him put me in some kind of mood. It's not jealousy, but it's not not jealousy. I have trust and belief in my relationship with Tucker. But I also have this need to show him who he belongs to.

So I pull his jeans down to his ankles and start pumping his half hard dick. I hear his head thump against the door, but I'm too busy licking his balls to care. They taste like mint body wash and something that is decidedly Tucker. I could lap at his balls all day, and I carry on doing it after his cock is hard and weeping in my hand.

"Please, sweetheart," he whines. "Suck me."

Well, if he insists.

I pull back from his balls and immediately swallow him down whole. My nose is nestled in his pubes, and I breathe in his scent. If I could bottle that, I'd be horny all the time.

I go to town on his dick, tasting his salty pre-come, feeling him heavy on my tongue, eating up every inch of him, his moans spurring me on every second. Usually, when I suck his dick first, I get off by fucking Tucker's face. That isn't going to work this time. I'm too close to my own orgasm. I shove my hands in my pants and start

furiously stroking my own dick. I feel Tucker's thighs tense, knowing that soon, I'm going to be rewarded with his cum.

Tucker doesn't disappoint. I swallow down every single drop he gives me before letting my own orgasm wash over me while he's still in my mouth. I make a huge mess of my underwear, but I give no fucks.

"That was amazing, Gio. Your mouth is like a cock whisperer, but for me only," he says, running his hand through my sweaty hair. I just smile at him. I am boneless.

Tucker lifts me up, pulls the sheets back, and starts undressing me. He then goes to the bathroom for a wet cloth and cleans me up before putting some athletic shorts on me. He repeats this for himself and then snuggles in bed with me.

"Post-orgasm hugs are the best," I mumble, long blinks taking over.

It feels like five minutes later, I'm woken up by banging and shouting.

"What's going on?" Perry says with a yawn. I guess he came back after we passed out. I'd asked him during the week if he minded Tucker staying over, but he was totally cool about it and just asked that we didn't fuck on his things or while he was in the room, which is more than fair.

"Cheerleaders, I have something of yours," someone shouts in a sing-song voice.

The three of us look at each other and rush downstairs. Hudson and Wyatt coming out of their room behind us. As soon as we hit the stairs, I see a guy I vaguely know from frat parties and around campus.

He's standing by the open front door with someone over his shoulder and a shit eating grin on his face.

“Finally. I’ve been shouting for-evah,” he says with an eye roll.

“It was thirty seconds, you ass,” the person over his shoulder says.

Wait.

I recognise that voice.

“Luke? What the fuck is going on here,” I step towards the guy, but Tucker grabs my hand, not letting me get too close.

“This cute, little troublemaker says he belongs to you guys. Seeing as you know his name, I guess he wasn’t lying after all.”

“I told you so, jerk face,” Luke mumbles. The guy slaps Luke’s ass sharply. “If you keep sassing me, I’ll keep spanking you.”

“Dude, what the fuck? Put him down.” Perry scowls at him.

This time, Hudson and Wyatt step closer. I guess they look more intimidating than I do because he shrugs and places Luke upright. Luke wobbles a bit, but the guy catches him and holds him still.

“Your hot little friend decided to teepee my frat house. The kappas don’t take too kindly to acts of vandalism.” He finally lets go of Luke, but neither move away from each other.

“Shit, Luke, why would you do that? Their president is a fucking hard ass,” Wyatt says, throwing his hands in the air making Luke wince.

“I guess that is a great segue into introducing myself. Hello, I am Corey Howe,

President of Kappa Sigma Kappa.” I don’t think I have ever seen a more arrogant smile. “Luke, I want to see you at my frat house tomorrow at ten am sharp.”

“I can’t do that. I have a brunch.” Luke crosses his arms.

“Why do you think I would care about that? Be there, or you won’t like the consequences.” He gives us all a look of disdain before turning on his heels and leaving, not bothering to shut the door behind him.

“Okay, dining room now. We need to discuss whatever the fuck just happened.” Perry says, the five of us following him and all sitting down around the table.

Luke opens his mouth to start, but Bradley appears. “Why was the door open, and did I just see Corey Howe leave the house?” Even Bradley looks frazzled. Luke really is fucked.

“Luke is just about to explain,” Hudson says, motioning Bradley to take a seat.

“Remember I said I had a date tonight with this frat guy I met outside a coffee cart last week? He was super cute and super nice, and he asked me to meet him at that amazing taco place in Pine Valley. I wait for half an hour before I accept that I’ve been stood up. I order a ride, and this really cool driver asks me how I’m doing and I get it all out. The bad dates, how I feel my virginity has become my only personality trait, my brothers forgetting our video call last week. Anyway, he says I should still enjoy my evening, so I spend a few hours helping him make food deliveries. The last one is to the dorms, and guess who answers naked? My date. Ian, the driver, says I should get revenge. We head to Target and buy a bunch of toilet paper. Then we teepee the house...except I got the wrong house, and Corey wasn’t very happy.”

I think we’re all a bit stunned for a second.

“Oh, and Ian ran away and left me,” Luke adds with a wince.

“You teepeed the kappas. That is...fuck Luke, they’ve destroyed people for less.” Bradley says. It’s weird seeing him so fucking serious.

“We will figure something out. In the morning. It’s all going to be fine,” Perry says, and gets up to move around the table and hug Luke. “Come on, let’s get to bed.”

Perry guides Luke up to his room and we have no reason to stay.

“This was an eventful night,” Tucker says, getting into bed and positioning me so I’m draped over his chest. It’s our favorite way to sleep. “If Luke needs anything, he has my support. The whole football team will probably help.”

Tucker making that offer makes me fall a little bit more in love with him. I wonder if it’s going to be like this always? The more we learn and grow with each other, the more we fall in love every day.

The falling part never stops.

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“How the fuck do we still fit in these suits?” My husband asks, looking at himself in wonder. It’s valid. I often look at him the same way.

All these years later and I still pinch myself to confirm that I landed the man of my dreams, as well as my dream career.

After being drafted as a third-round pick with San Francisco, we finally won the Superbowl this past spring. Gio and our two kids cheering from the stands with Gio’s parents. The second we got engaged, Guila insisted I start calling them mom and dad. Maybe not the exact second but pretty damn close. The off-season after my rookie year, I took Gio to Rome and I proposed to him in Italian like his nonna had taught me. As soon as we were back, we had a huge party, and that’s when I was told I had a new mom and dad.

The only time I’ve spoken to my actual parents is when my dad called and asked for free football tickets about six years ago. Perry was enraged when Gio told him and paid someone to spread several packets of instant mashed potatoes on their lawn the day before the rain was scheduled.

That was the day our group of friends started a ‘Perry’s Bail Money’ savings account. We haven’t had to dip into it yet, but it’ll happen.

Gio ended up working for Lexi’s dad at the cheer complex. He enjoys it, and it works around our kids’ schedule. I would not be where I am if Gio hadn’t decided he wanted to stay at home with our kids as we started a family. He’s an amazing dad to Stefan and Gracie. Our home is full of laughter and mayhem.



I've loved every minute of it.

"How are you not more amazed? Two kids and you've only gotten more ripped since joining the NFL," Gio says, still looking at himself in the mirror.

We're wearing the suits we wore to the cheer dance. The outfits we wore the very first time we had sex.

"Do you want to recreate what we did when we first wore these suits?" I ask, sliding up behind him, grabbing his hips, and grinding my dick into his ass. "We have a hotel room. You could fuck me as loudly as you want."

I watch in the mirror as his eyes fill with lust. In all our years together, I don't think we've fucked in front of a mirror. The thought of watching ourselves as we get off has me quickly unbuttoning Gio's suit pants.

"Yessssss," he moans out.

"No. Absolutely not," a voice coming from behind startles us, and I whip around to see Lexi standing there. "I know the happy couple would probably approve of you both having very public and loud sex, but I need your help. Wyatt is trying to add safewords to his vows and both of the ring bearers have lost the rings. Help now. Get off later."

Lexi and Ryder have stayed our best friends. We even live next door to each other. The kids love playing with their puppy, Regina. Which is extra handy because it means they've never asked us for a dog. Although we do have a doggy door installed in our shared fence. The kids use it to go see their uncles just as much as Regina does to come over and play.

Gio does up his buttons. "Give us two minutes, and we'll help." Lexi nods and heads back out of the hotel room.

“I’m guessing that two minutes isn’t enough time to get off?” I give him my sad puppy dog eyes.

He snorts. “No baby, but my parents are taking the kids home after the ceremony, and like you said, we have all night to do whatever we want with each other.”

“Okay, fine,” I press a chaste kiss to his lips. “I’m pretty sure your mom did alterations on the suits for us,” I tell him, earning me a smile.

“I love you, Tucker Russo-Evans.”

“I love you, Giovanni Russo-Evans.”

The End.