



Steamy Dunk (F*** on the Court)

Author: *Jenny Redford*

Category: Sport

Description: It had been a long week for Violet Petree and she just wanted to get her packages from the front desk of her condo building and have a quiet night in.

So how did she end up agreeing to a night out in a slinky green dress with the very tall Parker Blakeman? And can she find a way to repeat that night with the lanky basketball star of the Chicago Ignition?

Steamy Dunk features strangers to lovers, neighbors who could be something more, interior design, and having fun together making his ex jealous.

Total Pages (Source): 5

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am

Violet didn't care that she was going down to pick up her packages on a Saturday morning in her pajama pants. It had been that kind of week.

She loved her job designing interiors for restaurants. Really, she did. It was fun to create the design for the walls or how the bar area would look. There were also the accent pieces she had so enjoyed searching out, finding some unique art for the walls or a specific fabric for some booths that would really catch a diner's eye.

But this current project she was working on was a nightmare. There were advantages to working for a company that would send her out to consult in all different places across the country. She wasn't even disappointed when they told her the next project would be in Kansas City. After all, Violet had never been there before.

She also hadn't worked with this particular restaurant owner before. But after only a week, she was convinced someone in her company had a grudge against her. The owner had a very particular view of exactly how his restaurant should look and he clashed with Violet all week about every idea she gave him.

She wondered why he even hired her as an interior design consultant if he knew exactly what he wanted.

Luckily, she got weekends off, which is how she ended up here in the lobby of her building in her pajama pants waiting at the front desk for her package.

"I see you dressed up for your trip downstairs."

Violet tried not to roll her eyes at the man making a snide comment about her

clothing this early in the morning. Instead, she figured she would pull out her Midwest nice and give him a polite smile that would be holding back daggers.

But when she turned, her eyes landed on a man's chest and then her eyes kept going up and up until she finally saw his face.

That's when Violet remembered the gossip from someone she was on the elevator with the other day that a basketball player had moved into their building. This must be the guy. Would it be wrong for her to give him more than just a polite smile?

"I'm wearing my ball gown down here later."

He gave her a teasing smile. "I'll make sure to keep an eye out."

"Violet!" Charlie bellowed as he stepped out of the concierge storage area. "You had two packages, not one."

He set them down in front of her at the desk and then turned, his eyes lighting up when he saw the person standing next to her. "You're Parker Blakeman, right?"

"Yep, and I didn't get your name yet."

The concierge stuck his hand out for Parker to shake. "Charlie. Weekends and some nights. Let me know if you ever need anything. Ever. I can always help you out."

Violet was trying hard to hide the confusion on her face. Suddenly, this was not her usual desk guy. He had been transformed into some flustered teenage boy or something. She didn't realize Parker the basketball player had that kind of pull in this city. Perhaps she should pay a little more attention to basketball or whatever.

"I was supposed to have a courier drop off a tuxedo for me. Has it arrived yet?"

"Let me go check," Charlie said hastily.

The tall guy was hot, and maybe Violet would stay here a bit longer if she wanted to chat up the new guy. But he did live in her building, which could complicate things, and her packages contained her candle subscription box and two thrillers she was craving to read. She didn't need to be here anymore and it was probably in her best interest to not be here anymore. Self-preservation and a good book and all that.

So with a polite wave, she told Parker whatever to have a nice day and walked away. And no, Violet wasn't going to pretend that she saw a flash of disappointment on his face. Better to just move along. She was a consultant and worked somewhere that wasn't Chicago during the week. She had learned already that most men couldn't handle her travel schedule. It was better to not get involved than to get involved and be disappointed later on.

Violet headed to the elevator and pressed the button. She loved this building for its old-world charm and some more traditional features compared to the modern glass and steel buildings further down the lakeshore of Lake Michigan in Chicago. There was something unique and special about this place.

But the elevators were also unique -- and not in a good way. They took forever. She would even consider taking the stairs aside from the two unwieldy boxes in her hand.

"Hey, can you wait up?"

Oh no. Hottie basketball player again.

"That won't be a problem." She turned and gave him a smile. "You know how these elevators run at a glacial pace."

He gave her a sheepish smile. "Actually, I just moved here so I'm still learning about

the building."

"Ah, gotcha. Well, welcome."

He smiled and turned to look at the old-fashioned elevator indicators to tell them what floor the elevators were on. "Can I ask you a question?" he said without looking away.

"Sure."

How harmless could a question be from the new guy? She could tell him to get take-out from the pizza place down the street or avoid the dry cleaners next door because they ruin everything or yes, the elevators do in fact take forever.

"Do you really own a ball gown?"

Yeah, that was definitely not what she was expecting him to ask and she couldn't stop herself from rolling her eyes. "I do, but I'm really not going to walk around the lobby of our apartment building in it later."

Parker nervously shifted the garment bag from one arm to the other and finally turned back to look at her.

"Right, yeah. It's just..." His voice trailed off. "So, this is going to sound crazy, but I have to go to this charity thing tonight and my ex is probably going to be there and it's a whole thing. Anyway, do you want to go with me tonight?"

"Excuse me?"

"Right, a little sudden, I know. But I'm kind of desperate."

Violet must've made one of those faces her mother always told her not to make that would say so much without saying a word.

"Wait, I didn't mean it like that," he said. "Not like I'm desperate and you're my only option and I'm just settling, because I'm sure you probably look fabulous in a formal dress and--"

"You don't even know my name."

He looked down at the box in her hand, his eyes narrowing as he took in the label. "Violet Petree. But your hand is covering your apartment number. Probably a smart move. You never know who you're going to run into by the elevator."

The elevator dinged in front of them and she could hear the doors open, but neither of them moved. "I'm sorry, who are you exactly?" she asked.

Yeah, she heard his name the first time he told Charlie, but she needed to hear it again if only because this whole thing was throwing off her typical brain function.

"Parker Blakeman," he said with an awkward smile. "I play basketball for the Chicago Ignition."

"Yeah, I figured out that part."

Violet waved her hand in the general direction of Parker, and a sexy smile spread across his face.

"OK, so now that you know who I am, do you want to get dressed up and go with me to a charity thing tonight?"

Violet heard the elevator doors slide shut. Her possible escape was gone. But was this

something she wanted to escape? She took in Parker again, his brown eyes staring down at her, his tuxedo draped over his delicious forearm. He was definitely an athlete based on the way he was built and she definitely liked that.

"Yes, it's black tie, and I know it's last minute, but bringing a date would really save my ass."

Violet put her free hand on her hip while the other one gripped her box tighter. "What's in it for me?"

Parker's smile grew bigger as if he knew she was going to say yes. "So it's at The Cheshire Cat on Michigan Avenue. It's gorgeous inside. Plus, amazing dinner, free drinks, dancing but I promise I will stand a respectful distance. Car service there and back."

Violet tried to calm her nerves. Free food and drinks sounded good, she didn't mind the dancing.

But he thought it was gorgeous inside? She was on the team that spent a year working on that project. It was her favorite project of her career. There was no way she was going to tell him that, but the fact he thought it was gorgeous was the push she needed to agree to this crazy plan.

"OK, I'll go."

"Yes! You won't regret it, I promise."

"We'll see," Violet said as she pressed the button again for the elevator. "So what's your plan, basketball guy?"

The elevator dinged again and this time they got on. Violet pressed the button for the

fourth floor and saw Parker hit the PH button. She imagined his place probably had a beautiful view of the lake.

The elevator doors slid closed and Parker leaned his lanky frame against the side of it, his head precariously close to the ceiling. "Let's say six o'clock in the lobby since you promised you would be in the lobby with a ball gown." He gave her a knowing smirk. "I'll be there with my tux and the car will be waiting outside. We'll go over our story in the car in case my ex comes over and asks questions."

The elevator stopped at her floor and Violet stood in the doorway, holding the door open as she looked back at Parker. "Six o'clock in the lobby. And you really think this is a good idea?"

Parker's smile was infectious. "Best idea I've had in awhile."

"Uh, OK. I guess I'll see you at six."

Violet took a step back into the hallway and heard Parker say "See you then, Violet Petree!" just before the doors shut.

This was ridiculous. A little flattery about her work at The Cheshire Cat persuaded her to go on a date with a man she had met five minutes ago in her building lobby. Yep, totally ridiculous.

Violet wasn't kidding about the dress though. She had a go-to in her closet for black-tie restaurant openings for her projects. Dressing up for a formal charity event was an easy thing for her to do.

But going with a basketball player she just met? Well, that part would be interesting.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am

This was the worst idea Parker Blakeman had come up with in a long time.

He didn't mind doing local charity events and his Chicago Ignition basketball team even encouraged it. Tonight, he and some other players were going out to support the children's hospital in the city. Parker even volunteered to help with the auction to help raise extra money.

All that was great.

But what wasn't great was Katherine. His ex.

There was a reason he had to move into a new apartment in Chicago. His ex broke up with him and started dating a doctor in the same building they lived in - or rather he lived in. It was his damn place that she moved into before cheating on him.

He saw Katherine and Dr. Whatever in the lobby together too many times. It was just too much.

And yes, Dr. Whatever was a pediatrician who worked at the children's hospital he was raising money for tonight.

So yes, Parker did something stupid and irrational and invited a hot woman from his apartment building to be his date tonight.

Parker took one more look at himself in the mirror to make sure everything looked good. It wasn't easy to find someone who could properly tailor a tuxedo for a six-foot-ten basketball player but Del was the best in the city and there was a reason the

entire team went to him for suits. He did an amazing job with this one. Velvet collar on the jacket and a velvet stripe down the side of the pants. It was a little different than a typical tux, a little more modern but still sharp.

Parker wondered if Violet would like it.

He had thought about maybe canceling on her. Maybe he could ask Charlie at the front desk which apartment she lived in so he could let her down in person. But the look on her face when he said the event was at The Cheshire Cat tonight made him realize he couldn't break her heart like that. She seemed more excited about going there than going with him for some reason. He wouldn't read into it.

The elevator took forever to get to the top floor of his apartment - he would have to remember that for the future - and dropped him off in the lobby with its cushy dark chairs to match the deco of the old building.

That's when he saw her sitting in a chair checking her phone. Long green dress that looked kind of slinky and silky, red shoes with red soles that stood out in the dim light.

Violet looked up and saw him and he could tell she gave him a once over before a smile crept across her face. Then she stood up and holy crap. That dress was a slinky column dress with draping over just one shoulder and a flow to it that made him briefly wonder what was under that.

"Hello," she said with a smile as he approached.

"Hi." He leaned down and gave her a peck on the cheek. "You look lovely."

She looked up at him and smiled. "Little better than the sweatpants this morning, right?"

Um, alot better. Who knew she was hiding this body under those sweatpants? But he just met her today so he wasn't going to say that just yet.

"It's an upgrade," he told her instead with a teasing smile. "You ready to go?"

She nodded and slid her hand into the crook of his elbow as if it just naturally belonged there. It felt nice to feel like he was wanted again even if it was for a brief moment and this was just a date of convenience.

The black SUV was already waiting outside for them and his usual driver was standing next to it and opened the door for him. The company always made it a point to accommodate the basketball players by moving the seats around for extra legroom, which is why Parker always made sure to book a car with them.

Violet settled into the seat next to him and pulled her phone out of her purse. "I know this is weird that I'm asking now considering I'm all dressed up and everything, but can you give me your phone number?"

"You're not going to give it to some company trying to sell me a car warranty, are you?"

She laughed. "No, just thought I would need it if we get separated tonight so I can text you things like the guy with the meatballs is following me, please help ."

"That sounds delicious. I would totally help you with that." Violet smiled at him and he couldn't help but be smitten. "Alright, give me your number."

She rattled off her digits and he had to do everything in his power to go along with her as her phone was lighting up her cleavage in the darkened car and it was distracting.

Then he heard her phone ring, the screen brightening, her breasts bathed in light, and...

"Is that the Game of Thrones theme song?"

"Maybe," she answered demurely as he pressed some buttons to save his number in her phone.

"OK, favorite character?"

She turned and gave him a confused look. "Are you trying to test my Game of Thrones knowledge?"

Parker shrugged. He didn't mean to make it seem like he was flirting with her, but Violet's eyes went a little bigger, a smile pulled at the corners of her mouth.

But so what? So what if he was flirting with her? She was gorgeous and liked Game of Thrones and had actually agreed to go on this date with her.

And he was walking her into a trap.

Parker could feel his smile fade, and it must've been obvious to Violet too by the way she looked at him and turned back to her phone.

He had to tell her about Katherine before they got there. He couldn't just walk her in without knowing anything. She would come up to him to ask questions and check out Violet. It would be inevitable.

"So about tonight--"

Violet took a deep breath and turned with a plastered smile on her face. "It's going to

be fun."

"Um, yeah, I guess." He didn't like this not-so-flirty thing after all. "So my ex is going to be there with her new boyfriend. And I'm not using you or anything. I really did have an extra ticket and it seemed like we could have a fun time. It's just..." He took another breath. "My ex is going to be there."

That small smile returned and Parker couldn't help but feel a little relieved. Maybe they could make this work. Maybe she wasn't totally turned off by him after all.

"Can I be honest with you then?"

Well, now this was either going to be something good or something bad. He knew that because he actually heard that line before from a woman. But a woman telling Parker she wanted to go out with him to see if his dick was proportional to the rest of his body wasn't as much of a turn-on as men would expect it to be for him. He had heard it before. It was nothing new.

"The only reason I agreed to go with you tonight was because you said The Cheshire Cat was gorgeous inside."

Huh. Well, that wasn't what he expected. Sure, it's a nice place and he could totally see a woman wanting to go there for the food and the cook cocktails they make.

"So you have a thing for sleek bars?"

She smiled and shook her head. "I have a thing for guys who like my sleek bars."

He still wasn't following and that must've been obvious by the way he was looking at her now. But Violet's smile seemed to grow wider as if she was about to spring something strange and new on him. It was turning him on in a way that was getting

embarrassing in the back of this SUV with a chauffeur up front.

Violet leaned back and bit her lip for just a moment in a sultry way that made the predicament in his pants even worse.

"I designed the three bars at The Cheshire Cat."

"Designed how?"

She laughed. "I'm an interior designer. I work on restaurant interiors."

Well, that was new and not what he expected and... Wow. That was impressive. He had been there one time before for a teammate's birthday party and everyone had raved about it. The place was just cool and there were a few players who were even whining about doing the charity event tonight until they heard it was at The Cheshire Cat. There were plenty of takers after that.

And then he remembered something.

"Remind me to introduce you to Shalee tonight."

That skeptical look was back on Violet's face. "The ex."

"Oh yuck, no. She's my teammate's wife. The last time we were here, she couldn't stop talking about those uh... What are the lights that are attached to the wall by the bar with the mirrors?"

Violet smiled. "Sconces."

"She wants them for their house."

"I can help with that."

The buildings of Chicago were slowing down as they got closer to the restaurant and Parker started asking Violet questions about where she was from and how long she had lived in the building. She asked him why he moved there.

"My ex was cheating on me with another man in my building."

He could hear her sharp intake of breath. "Awkward."

"Tell me about it," he said. "Anyway, she's here tonight because he's here tonight since he's a pediatrician at the children's hospital that's putting this whole thing on."

Even though it was getting dark, Parker could see Violet's eyes go wide as she looked at him. He probably shouldn't have gone through with this. He was realizing that this really was a bad idea to walk her into an awkward situation when he had only met her this morning.

"OK, so I have questions."

She said it so matter of fact that Parker was ready for whatever vitriol she sent his way and he knew he would deserve it.

"How are we playing this then? I'm your girlfriend? We just met today? What are we doing?"

Parker just stared at her. "Um..."

"Did you not think this part through?" she asked teasingly.

"I'm still just shocked you said yes to me this morning."

"Ah."

She turned to look out the car window and the lights from outside cast a glow on her face. She seemed to be amused by this and he wasn't sure if that unnerved him or turned it on. Well, probably turned him on.

It also gave him a moment to finally notice her. It seemed like they had rushed to get out the door and rushed to get in the car and then he rushed through all this conversation. But now, in the quiet, he had some time to really look at her.

Violet's dress shimmered in the light and the dark green was sultry without being overboard. It wasn't a bright red dress that screamed "Look at me," but more of a subtle look that still looked gorgeous on her. Her brown hair was down and cascading over her shoulders and had some body to it. It looked soft and made him wish he could run his hand through it, but they didn't know each other like that.

He had noticed her make-up when he saw her in the lobby. He was sure she had taken some time to make it look good, but it seemed so subtle and effortless.

Effortless.

That was the word to describe her. She wasn't going to be make this a drama about dating a basketball player. She was coming to have a good time, enjoy herself tonight, be an effortless date, and Parker would have to step up to her level.

Violet turned, her hair falling over her shoulder again in a way that made Parker want to reach out and grab a handful, but he had to control himself.

"So here's the plan: we live in the same building and that's how we met even though it's a little weird that you've met more than one woman this way."

Parker shrugged. "Sorry?"

She waved her hand in the air. "We'll discuss that later," she said dismissively. "Anyway, I saw you needed some help when you moved in and we've been hanging out since then. When was what by the way?"

"What?"

"When you moved in?"

Parker had to think a bit. Days sometimes run into each other when you're on the road for games all the time. "Two weeks ago maybe."

"Sure, we'll do that."

"OK, but I was on the road this week."

Violet scrunched her face up in frustration. "Everyone there knows that too, right?" Parker nodded. "No biggie. People start new relationships all the time and there are plenty of ways to stay in touch even if you're on the road."

A sly smile spread across Parker's face. "True."

"No dick pics though!" she quickly added. "We haven't been dating that long and you are a gentleman."

Parker couldn't help but continue to smile at her and she let a bit of her cool exterior shine back at him. This would work and it wouldn't be that bad.

The car finally pulled up to The Cheshire Cat with the front of the restaurant decorated with some banners with the name of the children's hospital and some

balloons or something. He wasn't really paying attention as he slid out of the seat and then turned back to help Violet out of the car.

Her red high heels were bright in the dark night and that green dress shimmered as she stepped out. He never would've thought the woman in the pajama pants and messy bun this morning could end up looking like this.

There's no way this could go bad when he had someone like Violet with him tonight.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am

Was it wrong that Violet was having a good time with Parker? And was it wrong if she wanted to think of it as a date?

She noticed the way he looked at her when he saw her in the lobby earlier that night and it definitely wasn't the look a guy would give her if he just needed a date to something.

She noticed the way he helped her out of the car, his eyes lingering on her red high heels before traveling up her bare leg. Yeah, this green dress had a high slit in it and she liked it that way, especially when she got a look like that.

And when they walked through the crowd, she saw how he kept an eye on her or put his hand on her back to steer in a certain direction.

Of course, she also couldn't help but keep an eye on him too. It wasn't that hard when he was a basketball player and one of the tallest people in the room.

There was a point when they were standing at the bar waiting for their drinks when his eyes narrowed a bit as he took in the unique mirror behind the bar that refracted the light at different angles instead of being a typical flat mirror.

"You didn't do that mirror, did you?"

She looked up at him -- way up at him. "Sort of. I had the idea, but it was made by a local glass company."

She watched the smile spread across his face as he continued to stare at it. "I think it's

my second favorite thing here."

"Only second? What's your first?"

Violet was expecting him to say the purple velvet wallpaper or the huge chandelier she had picked out that makes for a dramatic entrance when you walk in.

Instead, he looked down and gave her a huge smile with a look in his eyes that made them almost sparkle in the light.

Oh. Oh, wow. Was she his favorite thing there?

Before she could ask him though, the bartender interrupted them with their drinks and the moment was gone.

But it nagged at her throughout the night. She wondered if he really meant that she was his favorite thing there or perhaps it was just his way of flirting with her. Even just flirting with her was enough though for tonight.

Really, all of this was enough for tonight. She never expected any of it when she went downstairs to get her packages this morning and yet here she was. It was a bit much and a bit totally perfect.

Parker introduced her to his friends and they didn't seem to pry or ask too many questions, which was fine because it helped with their cover. After all, she definitely didn't know what they were even for tonight and didn't want to answer anything beyond that.

And then there was the way he introduced her to some friends of his. Tyler was another player on his team, which was pretty obvious when Violet noticed how tall he was. His wife, Shalee, seemed kind and welcoming until Parker explained who Violet

was.

"She lived in my building," Parker said. "She's actually an interior designer and she designed this place!"

He said it with such pride that Violet couldn't help but feel her entire body flush with heat -- and he really did seem proud to be with her.

"Wait, are you the one who picked out the sconces behind the bar?"

Parker leaned over, bending his lanky frame down to be closer to her. "I told you she would ask about the light things."

And then Shalee was off asking her all kinds of questions about design and why Violet had chosen certain pieces in the restaurant.

"Wait, did you choose the purple wallpaper because your name is Violet?"

She laughed at Shalee's joke. "I promise, it was just a coincidence."

There was another round of drinks and some fancy passed appetizers and a buffet at some point. And every time, Parker was right next to her. He asked her questions and talked to her about her job. It felt weird because she sort of knew about his. After all, everyone in Chicago heard of the Chicago Ignition. They even won the championship a few years ago.

It all felt so natural, as if they were on a date but not on a date. But no matter what happened throughout the night, she always felt like Parker was watching out for her even though he wasn't standing right next to her.

After dinner, she walked into the lounge area with Shalee, Tyler, and Parker, sitting

down on a long sofa that she had picked out for the space with cocktail tables she commissioned from a local furniture maker with explicit instructions to have a shiny surface that wasn't too shiny.

"I love this place," Shalee said as she sunk into the sofa. "Everything in this room is just put together in my exact style. Wait." She sat up and grabbed Violet's arm. "Did you design this space too?"

Violet saw the smile spread across Parker's face, again it was that look like he was proud of her and proud to be her date. "I designed this space."

Shalee let out a note of excitement and started bouncing on the sofa's cushion. "I've been wanting to design a room in our house just for me. Do you think you can do that?"

"Oh, hell!" Tyler exclaimed from the other side of the table. "You had to bring an interior designer with you."

"Not just any interior designer," Parker said. "A very talented one."

Tyler rolled his eyes. "A talented one that's going to cost me a lot of money. You owe me a drink." Then he turned and smiled at Violet. "Don't tell Shalee -- or Parker -- but I will pay you well."

"It'll be our secret," Violet said loudly enough for everyone at the table to hear.

Parker shook his head playfully and winked at Violet before walking off to the bar with his teammate to get them more drinks.

Yeah, tonight was fun and Violet was glad she came along with Parker. Would it be wrong if she made this a thing? Because she couldn't see any downsides to that.

What she could see was a woman in a short, tight red dress slinking her way with her eyes directly on Violet.

"Oh, fuck," she heard Shalee mutter.

"Hi, Shalee!" the woman exclaimed. "It's so great to see you again. It's been so long!"

"Hi, Katherine."

Violet could tell Shalee's enthusiasm was totally contrived as this Katherine woman pushed ahead without seeming to notice.

"I wanted to introduce you to my boyfriend, Dr. Tom."

Huh. That was kind of odd for a person to refer to the boyfriend with their doctor title, right?

That's when Violet looked over Dr. Tom's shoulder and caught Parker's eye at the bar. He smiled at her and gave her a little nod, then his eyes drifted over the rest of the scene that was laid out in front of him. His smile faded and was replaced with a look of shock.

That's when Violet put it all together. Katherine was Parker's ex and Dr. Tom was the doctor neighbor she was cheating on Parker with.

"I don't think we've met before." Violet was pulled out of her thoughts by the woman in the red dress staring at her now. "I'm Katherine."

"Uh, Violet."

"Nice to meet you."

Her voice was too sweet and fake and it was obvious she was fishing for information. She probably saw Violet with Parker and had purposely come over to size up the woman with her ex-boyfriend.

"So who are you here with?"

Yep. She was totally transparent. Gross. Katherine knew the answer to that question, which is why she came over here in the first place to ask it. Violet couldn't get out of there fast enough.

"Um, sorry, but could you excuse me for a moment?"

She turned and saw Shalee give her a reassuring smile. It turned out that she wasn't the only one who could see through Katherine's ploy. But Shalee's smile seemed genuine enough, like saying "I know you're abandoning me, but it's OK. I understand."

Violet stood up, gave Katherine a quick "Nice meeting you," and left.

Parker was waiting for her at the bar with the bartender asking, "What can I get you?" But he didn't seem to notice, instead nodding his head toward the curtain-framed doorway to a side lounge. Violet actually designed and sewed the curtains herself.

There were a few people sitting at tables in the darkened room, but it wasn't as crowded. It was a little more cozy than the main area as well, which Violet was now keenly aware of as Parker had pulled her closer to him to tuck themselves out of the way of prying eyes.

And yet, his eyes were prying into her. It made her nervous in a delicious way to see him standing there looking so far down at her. She could get used to this basketball player thing.

"You OK?" he asked in a quiet tone.

"Was that your ex-girlfriend that was talking to me? With the red dress?"

She watched him swallow hard and nod his head. "I'm really sorry about that."

But Violet just waved her hand aimlessly in the air. "Oh, it's fine. It's just..." Her voice trailed off as she realized just how much Parker was staring at her, wondering what her next words would be. "Um, did you know she refers to her boyfriend as Dr. Tom?"

A smile started to creep at the corners of his lips. "Yeah." He gave her a small laugh and shook his head. "It's weird, right?"

"Very weird!"

Parker's mouth tightened just a bit, licking his lips a little as his bigger smile faded and into a smaller one. There was something starting to crackle in the air and Violet liked it. But was she supposed to? She just met Parker this morning and already he seemed to have this flirtatious pull on her that made her want to do more than just be his date for tonight.

"Um, hey." He reached out and brushed a piece of her loose hair over her shoulder. "I put in my appearance so we can head out anytime you want. Like, we can go now if you want to."

Now? Sure, Violet's feet hurt in her red shoes and she was getting a little sick of the strapless bra she was wearing. Going home wouldn't be a bad thing.

She didn't want to just go home. She wanted to go home with Parker. There was something pulling her to him that she couldn't explain. But then she really couldn't

explain anything about today, starting with how she got here to The Cheshire Cat in this green dress with a gorgeous basketball player. She was wearing sweatpants this morning and didn't even know who Parker Blakeman was. And now...

"Can we get out of here?"

Parker released a breath that she hadn't realized he was holding in and that big smile of his returned. Then his hand slid into her and he pulled her close to him. He was warm and even more rock solid than she expected for a lanky basketball player.

He leaned down -- far down -- so he was close enough to her ear that she could feel his breath on her neck.

"Let's go."

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am

Was it a bit cliché for Violet to be ending a date in a man's tuxedo jacket? Yes, but she didn't care.

It was a little chilly when she stepped out of the restaurant to wait for their car to pull around and Parker must have noticed that she was rubbing her arms to get a little warmer. She didn't ask for his jacket and really didn't ask for his help at all. He just quietly shrugged off that gorgeous tuxedo jacket and put it over her shoulders. There was nothing wrong with her accepting it.

There was also nothing wrong with her slipping her arms into the jacket after they got in the car. It was just to help it stay on. And there was nothing wrong with grabbing Parker's hand as they watched the city go by them from the back of the SUV he was paying for. Just another totally normal thing for a Saturday night.

Except none of this seemed normal.

She still wondered what exactly "this" was. For now, Violet was just going to assume it was a pleasant night and there was nothing else to it. She and Parker would go their separate ways at the elevator and it was a good time. Maybe they could do it again.

But as the car got closer to their building, there was something building in Violet, something telling her she didn't want this to just be a pleasant night. She wondered if Parker felt it too. He had to, right? After all, he was holding her hand right now. That surely meant something.

"So did you have a good time tonight?"

She turned and saw the question on his face so she gave him a warm, reassuring smile. "I actually had a great time."

"Even with the ex-girlfriend asking you questions?"

Violet shrugged. "No big deal. I knew what she was doing. And really, who calls their boyfriend by his title?"

Parker laughed at her joke so Violet kept pressing on. "Like, 'This is my boyfriend, Basketball Parker Blakeman.'"

His smile faded a bit and Violet realized what she had done. That was a little too much, too serious, too soon, even for her.

But then that teasing smile came back to his face. "Well, I've never been called an actual basketball before," he said with a smirk.

Crisis averted, at least for now.

The car pulled up to the front of their building and Parker got out first, turning to give Violet a hand to help her out just like the gentleman he was.

But then he didn't let go.

They walked through the lobby of the building hand in hand and Violet didn't care if one of their neighbors saw them or the front desk guy noticed.

Parker pushed the button for the elevator and turned to look down at her. "Hey, no pressure or anything, but would like to come up to my place for a drink?"

Violet could only stare up at him. She really wanted to go up with him, but she also

knew what that might mean. There could be more than a drink, and she honestly didn't mind if there was.

"I mean, you do need to return my jacket." He gave her a nervous smile. "Or, you know, you could just give it to me now, I guess."

She couldn't help the smile that spread across her face. "No, I can take it up to your place first."

The elevator dinged and she turned her attention to the doors that Parker was leading her into with his hand still firmly in hers. Then he pressed the button for his floor -- the penthouse -- and the doors slid shut.

Violet realized that this was the first time they had been alone, just the two of them, since he picked her up in the lobby earlier tonight. There was a tension that came with that realization and she wondered if he could feel it too.

And then he leaned down, practically bending himself in half, and planted a soft kiss on her neck. Holy hell, it was suddenly hot in this elevator, but that was fine with Violet. She didn't mind. She actually liked it. A lot.

So Violet tilted her head, giving Parker some more room to work as his mouth continued to tease her sensitive skin as he peppered kisses along her neck and then towards her ear. She reached up to thread her fingers through his curly brown hair, earning a moan against her skin that made her entire body vibrate.

And then the elevator dinged again.

Parker quickly stood up straight, his lips gone from her body in a way that made her instantly feel cold.

The doors pulled open to reveal a small lobby that was much different from the hallway she was used to on her floor. Instead, there was a small space with two doors, one on each side. Parker led her to the door on the right, and Violet knew from her years of living here that it was the side of the building with the best views.

She had gone over to a neighbor's condo on occasion for parties and things. She knew how different the view was on that side of the building. But nothing could prepare her for Parker's view.

He had windows that went across an entire side of the building, at least that's what she assumed. It was as if his penthouse went on forever from the living room to the kitchen and dining room and whatever was beyond that.

He didn't seem to have much furniture yet and there was a stack of boxes along the wall that had been broken down. In the middle of his living room was one of those huge sectionals that looked like you could sink into it.

Beyond that was the view. It was gorgeous. Even though it was dark now, she could see the moon's reflection on Lake Michigan as it spread out beyond the horizon. She wondered what it looked like in the morning as the sun rose over the water.

She wondered what it would be like to be here in the morning with Parker to watch it rise.

"Do you like what you see?"

Parker was standing behind her and she could see his reflection in the window. But he wasn't looking out the window. He was looking down at her.

"I like it very much."

She could tell by the smile that spread across his face in his reflection that he knew she wasn't talking about what lay beyond the window.

"Would you like something to drink?" he asked. "I have wine, beer, some weird protein shake I have to drink every morning. But I'm willing to share."

She couldn't help but laugh and turned around to look at him now, really look at him. His brown hair was a little disheveled after their ride in the elevator and his eyes looked a little darker in the apartment with only a few lights on compared to the restaurant.

His lankiness was on full display though, especially now that he didn't have his tuxedo jacket on. His sleeves were rolled up to expose his forearms, his hands in the pockets of his long pants. He had pulled himself up to his full height to look down on her, but it wasn't intimidating. It was invigorating.

"So." He cocked his head to the side and gave her a lopsided smile. "You ready to pick your poison?"

"Can I skip the drink?"

Violet didn't mean for her voice to come out that seductive, but she wasn't going to apologize for it now. Instead, she took a step closer to Parker -- but only a step -- waiting to see how he would respond.

He kept his hands in his pants pockets while his eyes roamed over her body in a way that made her remember that she was very thankful he took her on that date tonight.

"You look nice in my jacket." She gave him a small smile and took a step closer. "I'm sorry if I was too forward in the elevator. I should've asked before I tried to devour you."

"I mean, I wouldn't call that devouring me, but it was alright."

Parker perked an eyebrow in her direction. "Just alright?"

Violet shrugged and gave him a flirtatious smile. It only spurred him on as he took another step closer to her, so close that she could feel the heat coming through his shirt and his breath on her cheek. But he kept his hands in his pockets and it was driving her wild. She just wanted to reach out and pull them out to put them on her body. There was just something about the tension though that she was really enjoying.

"I can do better than alright." His voice was husky and dark, his breath coming quicker against her cheek. "Please let me show you that I can do better than just alright."

It was the "please" that spurred her on, the "please" that finally sent her over the edge. She couldn't contain her feelings for him anymore when he was acting so gentlemanly despite the fact that she knew he wasn't going to be a gentleman with her -- and she liked that.

Violet couldn't help what she did next, instinctively grabbing the front of his shirt and pulling him down to her. She had to admit it took a bit of effort since he was a strong athlete and a tall one too, but there was only a moment of hesitation before he realized what she was doing and went along with it.

So she kissed him, hard and determined and hot. And when Parker pulled his hands out of his pants pockets, they were all over her. His palm against her neck, pulling her closer. His arm snaking under the tuxedo jacket she was wearing as his hand drifted down.

It was in that moment that she realized how much tension had been building between

them tonight and how much she had tried to ignore it.

But why should she ignore it when it was like this? This was too good to ignore and she deserved this with a man this hot.

Parker slowly pulled them back toward the huge sectional in the room and sat down, Violet in between his wide open legs, kissing that soft skin just above her breasts as his hand reached around to play with the zipper of her dress. He slowly looked up at her and gave her a casual smile.

"May I?" he asked.

She could only nod, too stunned to be able to say words anymore.

It didn't help that he was so good with his hands as they quickly unzipped her dress, leaving it to pool on the floor at her feet.

Parker seemed to like what he saw, a growl escaping his mouth that sent shivers up her spine. She decided to wear a black bra tonight under her dress because it matched her black underwear that were those granny spanx kind that kept everything looking smooth. She wasn't sure if it was smooth to be wearing them now but Parker didn't seem to mind.

What he did seem to mind was her bra in his way and that man somehow popped the clasps on her back in quick order, letting it fall to the ground with her dress.

"Oh, fuck me," he muttered as he admired the view.

"Is that an invitation?"

Parker's eyes snapped up to her, a mischievous smile spreading across his face as he

pulled her down on top of him.

Damn, he was lanky and it almost felt like Violet was climbing a tree to get on top of him, but there was nothing wrong with being a tree climber and she wanted to make sure she did her best.

She crawled up his body, unbuttoning the buttons of his shirt as she went higher, her hands sliding along his hot skin. Yeah, she was getting to him and she liked it.

But she wanted more, needed more. She needed his lips on hers, his skin against her breasts, his hands all over her body, and she wanted it now.

Parker was more than happy to oblige, pulling her down to him, peppering her skin with his mouth before making his way back to her lips. He slowed things down a little, lingering and teasing her in a way that made her want him to speed up and get to the good part.

And she could tell she was having the same effect on him with the way she could feel his rock-solid cock straining against his pants as she moved over him.

When she was getting ready tonight, she told herself that she would be respectful and not think about whether his cock was proportional to the rest of his lanky frame, but now she really wanted him to pull it out and show her what he had under there.

He started to speed up his work, grabbing at her now, his hands kneading into her ass, his tongue swirling in her mouth, his moans shaking her chest. Oh fuck, did she want this and want him.

"Would you like to see the rest of my place?"

She should've said yes, had him slowly walk her into his bedroom wherever that was,

but she wanted him and she wanted him now.

"Here," she moaned as she kissed him again. "You need to fuck me here and do it now."

"Is that what you want?"

His voice was dark and husky now, demanding to get an answer.

"It's what I want."

"Tell me you want me, Violet."

She moaned in frustration. This wasn't like her. She wasn't forward like this with other men. But Parker wasn't like other men and she could almost guarantee that what was about to happen wasn't like what she had ever had with other men.

"I want you so fucking bad."

That was all the encouragement Parker needed before he quickly flipped her on her back, letting her sink into the soft sectional as he hovered over to rip off his shirt.

"Take those fucking panties off," he demanded.

Violet didn't need to be told twice and stripped them off. She looked up at him to get his approval, but he was too busy unzipping his pants and shoving them down to his ankles. He was fumbling with his wallet, his hands almost shaking as he pulled out a condom.

She liked this part, liked watching men prepare for her. But when Parker pulled himself out of the boxer briefs he was wearing, she wasn't totally prepared. He was

rock solid and ready for her and she couldn't help but feel some pride in the fact that she had that kind of an effect on him.

Violet started to pull her arm out of the sleeve of his tuxedo jacket that she was still wearing when he stopped and stared at her.

"Don't you fucking dare take that off," he growled. "I want to see you come so fucking hard in my jacket."

It was a demand that she was more than happy to oblige. The jacket was silky on the inside against her bare skin and smelled like him. But it was nothing like the real thing.

Parker lowered himself onto her, slowly and deliberately as she opened up for him. His arm came around her waist to lift her higher and hold her place, his eyes not leaving hers. He seemed to looking to her for reassurance, that this was what she wanted and needed from him.

"You good?"

She could only nod in response.

His next move was swift and demanding as he plunged into her, her back arching in ecstasy, her body adjusting to his hard cock. She couldn't even say anything, could only grasp his arm to hold on to him and ground herself.

"Oh, Violet." His moans were warm against her cheek as her heart beat loudly in her ear. "You feel so good."

She responded by finally taking a breath, finally releasing her tight grip against his arms for just a moment.

But then he started moving against her and she was barely hanging on to reality, his thrusts hard and determined, each one sending more ecstasy through her body. This was what she wanted, what she needed, and she was going to get everything she could out of this.

Because this wasn't normally how she would end a first date. She had a one-night stand once before back in college but that was so long ago and with a college boy who didn't know what he was doing.

Parker knew what he was doing. He knew so well. His hands on her body, his mouth on her breasts, her neck. It wasn't going to take her long.

"Is this what you needed, Violet?"

It was a desperate plea for reassurance, but he really didn't need to ask.

"I need it so bad, Parker."

He thrust harder, deeper, making her almost forget her name. This was definitely the best sex of her life and she was going to enjoy every thrust of it.

She looked up at him, his mouth curling into a sexy sneer. He knew the kind of effect he was having on her and he was ready to give her the payoff.

"Fuck, I want to make you come so hard."

What was it about that sentence, about what he wanted for her -- not him -- that made him even more delicious? If he was going to say things like that, he was going to give him what he wanted and she was going to like it.

Parker thrust into her again, her hands tightening on his arms. He sped up, became

more erratic, his almost shaking against her as the energy coiled in her belly. He was so close to getting what he wanted, so close to sending her over the edge.

Then he broke her, the waves of pleasure rolling through her as he almost cried out above her as his own rapture took over him.

Parker finally stilled, slowly lowering himself on her body, his breath finally becoming measured again.

He laid down next to her, pulling a blanket off the back of the sectional that she hadn't even noticed was there, and covered them up.

There was small laugh that escaped his lips as he kissed that spot at the base of her neck that sent shivers through her again.

"That was so good, Violet." His hand snaked under his jacket, teasing her soft skin. "Did it make you feel good?"

"Very good."

She turned to see him smiling at her, his hand coming up to brush away her hair that was probably a disheveled mess now.

"Close your eyes and get some sleep then. You earned it."

His command was almost a whisper, and she followed his directions, snuggling closer to him as her body sunk into the cushions.

It was so good. He was so good. Laying there with him with the lake and the moon stretched out beyond the windows was so good.

This definitely was the best date she had ever been on and she was going to enjoy sleeping there.

Then she woke up with Parker still sleeping next to her. What the hell had she done? A one-night stand with a neighbor?

This was a bad idea. Probably a very bad idea. And yeah, she was going to freak out about what a bad idea this had been.

She slowly extracted herself from Parker's arms, haphazardly putting her dress back on. But there was no way she would get those tight spanx and stupid bra on easily again in the dark so she did what any rational woman would do. That tuxedo jacket didn't seem to have deep pockets for all her stuff and was a bit too tailored.

Then she saw a jacket on the back of a kitchen chair with the Chicago Ignition logo that looked plenty big to hide her things and make her escape. Besides, he played for the team. It would probably be much easier for him to replace that than a tailored tuxedo jacket. She would return it later anyway so it wasn't like she was really stealing it. Just borrowing.

Violet slipped out into the hallway and wondered what to do next. She would run into a neighbor if she took the elevator, right? But she grabbed her phone out of her purse. It was two a.m. She would be fine.

The elevator doors slid open to welcome her in and she quietly descended down to her floor.

She had to get some sleep, then pack for her flight to Kansas City tomorrow. She would wait for another day to deal with the fallout of walking out on a hot man who fucked her senseless.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:33 am

Parker wasn't sure how he ended up in this position, and he wasn't sure if that pissed him off or made him horny.

It had been almost a week since his night with Violet and it wasn't like that morning after was the first time he woke up alone with a woman sneaking out of his apartment.

So what was it about her sneaking out of his apartment that was bugging him?

Sure, she took his warm-up jacket and he would have to text her or something and get that figured out. Of course, he hadn't picked up the phone to do that, but neither had she. He hoped that wasn't a bad sign and that he would come back to the building and find out she had just left it at the front desk for him to pick it up.

Actually, he wouldn't mind that because he was now on the road for eight days without a warm-up jacket after she stole his. The equipment guys bring extra track pants and extra uniforms but apparently bringing an extra warm-up jacket to cover the one you left at home or had stolen by a beautiful woman was something they didn't pack for the road.

But again, he was on the road. On Saturday, he was having his way with a beautiful woman he had just met. On Sunday, he was at the airport for an eight-day road trip.

The timing was a mess and he was making it worse by not sending her a text or calling or even explaining his lack of contact.

He was pissed off that she left, horny thinking about her coming back, and he still

hadn't done anything about it. At some point, he would have to figure this all out. But today, he had basketball.

So far, he had a morning practice with the team and then back to the hotel for a shower and some lunch. It was one of those typical basketball on the road lunches with bland chicken, pasta, and some other extras. The hotels must have a "protein and carb menu for athletes" that they shared with every other hotel because it was the same from place to place.

But as the team started to head back to the elevators to get in their afternoon naps before the game, something very different appeared -- or rather someone.

"Well, hello," Tyler said in a very knowing voice. "What kind of afternoon delight do you have planned?"

"What?"

Tyler nodded his head towards the restaurant's bar and a woman sitting there with a computer in front of her and a martini glass next to it.

Violet.

What the hell? Yes, he hadn't talked to her since Saturday, so did she follow him here? It was easy to check the schedule and know he was on the road, and where the visiting teams stayed wasn't a total secret. But it also seemed a little odd that she had just invited herself to Kansas City after one night. She didn't seem like the clingy type, especially since she hadn't called him or texted him after leaving while he was still asleep.

So why was she sitting at the bar at the restaurant in the hotel where he was staying?

"I'll uh..." Parker turned to see Tyler giving him a stupid knowing grin. "I'll catch you

before the game."

"Make sure you save some energy for the game," Tyler said with a wink.

Ugh. That just made it worse. How was he going to explain this one to Tyler later? He didn't invite Violet there. So what? She just coincidentally was in the same hotel in the same city at the same time? Yeah, that was too coincidental.

Parker took a deep breath, trying to steady himself as he walked over unsure of how to handle this. He couldn't confront her in the bar in public like that and it was hard for him to be inconspicuous when he was almost seven feet tall and a professional basketball player that people recognized.

Maybe it was just a weird misunderstanding. Maybe she thought this would be a nice gesture.

Maybe he was still horny after their night together and maybe it wouldn't be the worst thing if she was in town just to see him.

He put his hand on the back of the bar chair next to him. "Excuse me," he said politely. "Is this seat taken?"

"Don't sit there," she said directly without looking up from her computer. "I'm doing work and I have a boyfriend."

"Really? Because you didn't tell me you had a boyfriend on Saturday."

Her fingers paused in midair over her laptop's keyboard and he could tell she was too stunned to respond. Maybe he caught her off guard and she was waiting for later to knock on his door or something and announce her presence.

She finally turned to him with a look of shock on her face that made him think she

was just as stunned to see him there as he was to see her there.

"Um, hi." Her eyes wandered down his body before coming back up to look at his face. "What are you doing here?"

He couldn't help the incredulous look he gave her. "I was about to ask you the same thing."

The corners of her lips turned up into just a bit of a smile as if she had finally caught on to what was happening here even if he hadn't figured it out yet. "Work."

She pointed to the papers that he just noticed sitting next to her with some bright pink and orange swatches.

Oh. Oh, yeah. This was a coincidence.

Of all the hotels in all the cities, apparently they both were actually both there for work.

Parker couldn't help but smile at her now that he realized what was really going on.

"That is interesting because I am also here for work," he replied matter-of-factly.

Her smile got bigger and she moved the papers closer to her, nodding for him to take the seat next to her after all.

"Well, that would explain the Chicago Ignition fans that have been bugging me."

He gave her a strange look and she pointed to the logo on the jacket she was wearing. His jacket.

She stole his fucking jacket, took it to another state, and continued to wear it. He

wasn't sure if he was impressed or incredulous, but it did make his dick twitch thinking of her wearing it all these days even after she took it from his place.

"Do you know how many men have tried to sit down next to me just because they think I'm a Chicago Ignition fan?"

Parker shrugged and leaned in a little closer. "That's what you get for stealing my warm-up jacket."

"I didn't steal it. I just borrowed it."

"Really?"

"Yes, really," she said. "Do you honestly think I would keep this thing when it doesn't even fit me?"

She held up her arms and he noticed that she had rolled up the sleeves by a lot just to get it to sort of fit and she was almost swimming in the rest of it.

"So why did you steal it?"

"It was easy to grab as I walked out the door," she said sheepishly.

"So why did you take it on a road trip with you?"

"It's not a road trip," Violet said. "It's a work trip."

"You took my warm-up jacket on a work trip with you. Why?"

Parker could see the flush in her cheeks out of something that he wasn't really sure of. Maybe she was embarrassed that she got caught or she didn't have an answer.

He also wasn't really sure of her reaction either. She stole his warm-up jacket and was sitting at a bar in another city wearing it. He should be pissed off, right? Maybe find it creepy. And yet, she looked cute in it and he kind of liked the fact that a girl was wearing his jacket.

Well, a woman. He had a girlfriend in high school who liked to wear his letter jacket, which was stupid because no one even gets letter jackets anymore. But his mother insisted and his girlfriend wanted to wear it.

But this warm-up jacket on Violet was just something else.

Violet gave him a tight smile and turned back to him, but he wasn't about to expect an explanation for all of this. It was Violet after all and she didn't seem like the type of woman who would give him an explanation like that.

"Listen, I took your jacket."

"You did."

"And you didn't call me to find out where it was."

Busted.

"Well, uh--"

Violet waved her hand in his direction to quiet him. "I didn't call you either, and I'm sorry about that." She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "I was going to be gone all week for work and I decided I would send you a text to return your jacket when I got back."

"I also was going to be gone all week for work and thought I would send you a text about my jacket when I got back."

Violet laughed and he couldn't help but feel that weird butterfly thing in his stomach and the twitch of his dick again. This woman was definitely something different.

"We're really ridiculous, aren't we?"

"Maybe," he replied. "But you still haven't explained why you're wearing my warm-up jacket in Kansas City."

She gave him a knowing smile, then slipped her arms out of the jacket and handed it over to him. He immediately regretted saying anything to her about it but reluctantly took it from her hand. It didn't look the same in his hand compared to being on her body.

"So," she said matter of factly.

"So."

She leaned in a little closer and lowered her voice. "I'm going to be back in town on Friday. How about you?"

He smiled. "Saturday."

"So would you like to go to dinner on Saturday?"

"I would like that very much."

Violet smiled and hopped off her stool, grabbing a bag at her feet that Parker hadn't noticed until now. Then she put it on the seat she left behind and started packing up her computer and papers.

"You don't want to talk about my warm-up jacket some more?"

She laughed. "I do, but I have a meeting with my client. They're opening a string of smoothie stores in Kansas City and want something bright."

"So nothing sexy like The Cheshire Cat?"

Violet cocked her head to the side. "You think it's sexy?" He just shrugged. "Interesting."

How was that interesting? Parker really wanted to dig into that comment some more, but Violet was zipping her bag up so he would have to wait until Saturday.

She stopped and waited for Parker to get up and walk out next to her without a word. When they got to the lobby, he started to go right towards the elevators while she was heading left out the doors.

"So different directions again?"

Violet smiled. "For now," she said. "See you Saturday?"

Parker nodded and leaned down to give her a kiss on the cheek. He could've sworn she let out a small sigh, but he didn't feel like calling her out on it and instead decided to just carry that memory with him until he got back to Chicago. Plus, it was nice to quietly watch her walk away from him and out the door. Who knew that it wasn't such a bad thing to have a woman walk out on him after all?

When she rounded the corner, Parker took his warm up coat and slid it on. The sleeves were ridiculously short and he spent the walk back to the elevator unrolling and unrolling and unrolling them to get them to where they were supposed to be.

Tyler was standing at the elevator when he got there with a huge pile of towels in his hands. He always needed extra when they were on the road. Tyler nodded when he saw his teammate approaching and then a huge smile spread across his face.

"Oh, hey. You found your warm-up jacket. Where was it?"

"Long story," Parker said.

"Whatever."

The elevator doors opened and the teammates got on with Parker leaning over to press the button for their floor. And when he stepped back and the collar of his warm-up jacket slid close to his face, he totally noticed that it smelled like Violet now.