



The Throwback (Boston Blizzard)

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Category: Sport

Description: JETT

At twelve years old, my whole life changed in the blink of an eye. I not only lost both of my parents but was also forced to uproot my life to live with my aunt and uncle, leaving behind the best friend I ever had. When a chance encounter in an elevator during championship week brings her back into my arms, I know I can't let her go again. I may not have long to do it, but I need to find a way to show Bailey Hart how much I've missed her, and make her mine for good.

BAILEY

As an esthetician at a high-end spa in Tampa, I deal with my fair share of entitled clients. So when I'm asked to work for one of the Boston Blizzard wives during the week of the big game, I'm reluctant to say yes. But as soon as I arrive at her hotel, my entire world spins on its axis when the first boy I ever kissed ends up right in front of me. Only now, he's no longer the awkward kid I once knew; he's all man, and the tight end for the same team my client's husband plays for. Is thirteen years apart too long to feel things right away, or is this all a part of fate's plan to bring us back together?

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PROLOGUE

JETT

“Alright, boys,” my quarterback, Tanner Lake, says through his mouth guard. “Eighty-seven smash left on two. Got it?” He looks my way because this play is designed with me as a main target. All I have to do is shake the defender, catch the ball and get out of bounds anywhere beyond the first down marker. If I do, we’re going to the Super Bowl for the second year in a row. If I don’t, we’ll be watching it from our couches. I can’t let my guys down.

“No problem, Cap,” I reply with a nod. It’s my fourth year in the league, and my second with the Boston Blizzard. I was drafted by the Chicago Monsters late in the second round, but after two seasons with subsequent injuries, they didn’t think I was worth the risk. I had a lot to prove over these past couple of years, which I feel like I’ve done. My numbers aren’t exactly where I’d like them to be, but I think I’ve been an asset to the Blizzard since they traded for me.

“Let’s get that ring then! One, two, three! ”

“Break!” we all shout in unison, clapping as we disperse from the huddle and take our spots on the line. My heart hammers behind my rib cage as I mentally go through the play several times while Tanner gets set up behind our center. I scan the defense, looking for any signs that they know what’s going on, but it doesn’t look like they do. If that’s the case, all I have to do is beat this one man, and we’ll be on our way to Tampa for this year’s big game.

“Blue, twenty-one! Blue, twenty-one!” he yells as I wait for the snap. As soon as it happens, I shoot off the line like a rocket. The defender stays on me at first, but I juke quickly to the right before cutting left and waiting for the pass. I’m wide open as Tanner fires the ball my way—a perfectly placed spiral right where it needs to be, as always with him. Stretching my hands out in front of me, I make the grab and pull it into my body, tightening my arm around it as I sprint as fast as I can toward the sideline. We’re down by two points due to a safety in the first half, so if I don’t stop the clock here, Ramirez won’t have time to set up for the kick and it’ll all be over. The entire game is on my shoulders right now as I attempt to close the final ten yards between me and an AFC Championship for my team.

This is the shit I live for.

Just as I think I’m free, a set of thick arms wraps around me. I fight to push forward, using every ounce of strength I have to break the tackle, but he’s heavy and doing everything he can to take me down. My quads burn as I carry the defender with me, until I feel my knees start to give out when I can no longer bear the weight of what is now multiple men on my back. Tucking the ball under me so I don’t fumble, I brace for impact, hoping I was able to get at least a part of my body out of bounds to stop the clock in field goal range.

The ref blows the whistle, running over and stopping with his feet by my head as I look up at him. The other team’s defenders slowly climb off of me and I push to my knees, breathing a sigh of relief when I see that my entire upper half, including the ball are well past the first down marker, and I managed to get out of bounds.

“First down!” the line judge yells, signaling to the stadium that I’ve achieved my objective. I pop to my feet just in time to be almost knocked right off of them as my running back, Dalton Davis jumps on my back.

“Fuck yeah, baby!” he yells, smashing his helmet against mine. “You’re an animal,

Kingsley!” This guy is always the life of the party, and his infectious laughter gets me even more hyped up as we hurry toward the sidelines while the field goal unit sets up for what I hope to be a game-winning kick.

“Show off,” Tanner says with a smirk as he sidles up next to me, nodding his head to where I went down about twenty yards past the spot we were hoping for.

I shrug. “Just trying to give Rammy some extra room.” Like he needs it. Ramirez’s field goal range starts in the fucking parking lot. The guy could nail this boot in his sleep, with or without my extra effort. But it feels nice to contribute.

We watch with rapt attention as the kick is made, a louder than normal thwack reverberating through the air as the entire stadium holds their breath. It sails straight down the pipe, just like I knew it would, and cheers erupt as our hometown crowd celebrates our come-from-behind win over the Pittsburgh Ambush.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” our defensive end, Maverick Moran, says with a bright smile. “We’re going to another Super Bowl.”

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ONE

BAILEY

“No. Ma’am. I—” I say into the phone, but I’m once again cut off by Mrs. Can-I-Speak-to-a-Manager.

“My skin is red and peeling. I tried to put makeup on and it just flaked right off! What am I supposed to do for my daughter’s wedding this weekend? I can’t go looking like this !”

I exhale slowly because for fuck’s sake. Clients think they know everything, even when you tell them otherwise—several times. “Mrs. Jacobs,” I begin using my best customer service voice, “when you booked this particular chemical peel, I specifically asked you if you had any important events planned for the next four to five days after. You told me you had done this before, and that it wouldn’t take that long for your skin to return to normal. All of this information was on the form that you were supposed to read and sign before the procedure, which I know you did since I’m looking at it right now. Everything happening to your face is completely normal, and you should be okay to start wearing makeup again in a couple of days if you’re following the care instructions.”

“But we have family coming into town tonight. I can’t let my mother-in-law see me in this state. I’ll never hear the end of it!” she cries out, and I’d feel bad for her if she wasn’t so rude to me from the second I picked up the phone. I had a feeling this woman was going to give me trouble when she walked into the spa with her Jimmy Choos and Louis Vuitton bag, demanding a discount on her services because she

planned on referring us to her brunch group.

“I understand that,” I reply, attempting to placate her. “I recommend using a tinted moisturizer for now. Make sure it has SPF in it, or you’ll end up drying out more. Use a generous amount of nighttime moisturizer before bed, and you’ll be good to go in time for the rehearsal dinner.”

She scoffs, and if I didn’t need to make an income, I would tell her to eat a giant dick. I swear, the way people treat others makes me want to leave this whole fucking planet sometimes. Especially these rich, entitled women who think they’re owed something just for gracing us with their presence. “Fine,” she says in a condescending tone. “I guess my daughter’s wedding will just be ruined . You’re getting a bad review—I hope you know that.”

I should get an award for my composure at this point, honestly. “Okay, Mrs. Jacobs,” I reply through my teeth, trying to remain calm. “Have a great day.” I hang up the phone before she has a chance to berate me further for something I warned her about on multiple occasions, setting it down on the counter and dropping my head into my open palms.

“Yikes,” Isla says from where she sits behind the reception desk. “That was painful, and I couldn’t even hear the whole thing.”

“I love my job,” I reply with a saccharine smile. “But respectfully”—I pause, glancing around to make sure we’re still alone—“fuck Mrs. Jacobs. Fuck her whole brunch group too.”

She laughs quietly. We both started at the spa around the same time, and our similar personalities ensured that we’d become fast friends. Her mom owns the place, but Isla is a vault. I know I can vent to her and be sure that it’ll stay between us. Just like it does when clients blame her for coming on the wrong day or at the wrong time,

expecting her to roll out the red carpet and clear the schedule to accommodate them.

It's not all bad, though. We have a lot of really cool people who come through here, who are so grateful when we're able to help them feel good about themselves. That's why I got into esthetics in the first place. All humans are beautiful, but sometimes we need that extra push for our self-esteem. I love being the catalyst for that.

I just wish the Mrs. Jacobs of the world would actually read the shit they sign so I don't have to deal with getting yelled at multiple times a week.

"Sooooo," Isla says, drawing out the word. "I got a call today and I think you might be interested in what they're offering. "

I smirk. "Is somebody finally going to pay me to sit on my ass and watch reruns of Friday Night Lights ?"

"No. Unfortunately, you will not be compensated for being a whore for Tim Riggins. That'll continue costing you a monthly fee from Netflix. However," she says, a wide grin blooming across her face, "you might be able to find a hot football player of your own if you take this job."

I lean in, giving her my undivided attention. "I'm listening."

"Well," she begins, "I know you have your two-week staycation starting on Monday, but the Super Bowl is in Tampa this year, and one of the football player's wives is looking for an esthetician. Hers cancelled at the last minute, so she asked around and we were recommended. She wants someone who would be available to do skin care and makeup for the whole week. You'd have access to all the events she's going to, and she's willing to pay double your normal rates for the short notice."

I purse my lips, mulling it over. I'm obviously not going to say no, but I at least want

to look like I'm putting an adequate amount of thought into it. I've been waiting for this two-week staycation for months, but double my regular rates sounds a lot like I could enjoy some time off next year. Besides, it's only a week. I'll still have time after to relax.

"What's the client's name?" I ask. One, because I want to see if I can determine her skin type and figure out what products I may need for her by looking at her photos. And two, because I'm nosy as fuck .

She types something on her computer, waiting for it to load before she answers. "Dia Davis. Her husband plays for the Boston Blizzard."

"Yeah, okay," I say, even though I don't know a damn thing about professional football. I binge-watch Friday Night Lights at least once a year, but actual games? It's just never been my thing. I couldn't pick this woman's husband out of a lineup, so I'll have to do some research—I don't want to make a fool out of myself next week. We'll be spending time at Super Bowl-related events, so I at least need to know who she's married to.

"Sooooo," she implores. "Are you in?"

I look up at her, an excited grin slowly blooming over my face. "Hell yeah. Book it."

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TWO

JETT

“Here’s your key card,” the hotel clerk says, sliding it across the smooth wood. “You can also unlock the door to your room via the app on your phone. Just sign in with the email and password on your paperwork, and you’ll be good to go for the week. Enjoy your stay, and good luck on Sunday, Mr. Kingsley.”

I give him a tight nod. “Thank you. I appreciate it,” I say, hoisting my bag onto my shoulder and heading to the elevator. We arrived in Tampa this afternoon and went straight to media training for hours, so I’m already exhausted.

Super Bowl week is a beast of its own. We made it last year, and no matter how prepared I thought I was, the lead-up to the actual game was still a shock. You don’t just get to focus on the battle ahead. There’s so much media, fanfare and a strict schedule that it’s almost impossible not to get sucked into the glitz and glamor of the event. If you’re not doing an interview or some kind of mandatory appearance, you’re studying game tape and repeating run-throughs until you feel like you’re going to collapse where you stand. That’s why we’re here for an entire week instead of just a day or two like any other away game.

I press the button to go up, looking down at my paperwork to double-check what floor I’m going to. My eyes feel like they’re going to close right here from how tired I am, and all I can think about is taking a hot shower and getting into bed. I have an interview with ESPN at eight in the morning, so if I play my cards right, I can get a full night of sleep before the craziness of the week sucks me in and spits me back out

after the game.

The metal doors slide open and I step inside, pushing the number twenty-two on the illuminated display before backing up to the wall and resting my head against it. I close my eyes, exhaling a relaxed breath and enjoying the first moment of silence I've had all day. Just as the elevator begins to close, I'm startled by a loud, feminine voice.

"Hold the door!" a woman yells, her hands waving wildly above her head as she runs toward me with a giant rolling suitcase clattering behind her. Reaching forward, I wrap my fingers around the metal and force the doors back open as she sighs in relief. I step aside as she walks past me, blowing a strand of wild brown hair out of her eyes. Her fresh scent permeates the air around us and I can't help but inhale deeply. She smells amazing.

"Oh my God, thank you," she says, clearly out of breath from the way she rushed in here. "If I had to wait for another elevator, I would've been late to meet my client."

"No problem," I reply, taking a step backward and rolling my neck from side to side with a tired sigh. The plane ride from Boston to Florida wasn't super long, but the non-stop going since we touched down in Tampa has me feeling like I got hit by a bus. "What floor?" I say, since I'm closer to the buttons than she is. I may be exhausted, but I'm still a gentleman.

"Twenty-t—" she says, cutting herself off as she smiles my way. "Looks like we're headed in the same direction." I look up, finally locking eyes with her, and I'm almost knocked straight on my ass. Where I was ready to fall asleep on my feet just moments ago, I now feel adrenaline coursing through me as I stare into the most unforgettable pair of bright green eyes I've seen in my entire life. Memories of my childhood play like a highlight reel in my head, and I can barely even form words as I attempt to sputter out a reaction.

“B-Bailey?” I choke out as my mind tries to convince me I’m wrong. But I know I’m not. I may not have laid eyes on this girl in thirteen years, but Bailey Hart isn’t someone you just stop thinking about because she’s no longer in your life. In fact, she’s popped into my mind more times than I care to admit since the day I said goodbye to her for the last time. A day that still sits firmly as the worst one I’ve ever experienced.

She squints, looking at me as if she’s trying to figure out how I know her. I guess that’s fair. I was over a foot and a half shorter, with big teeth and gangly limbs the last time she saw me. At twenty-five years old, I’m six- foot-five, two hundred and fifty pounds, with a thick layer of stubble hiding my sharp jawline. The braces I wore from ages thirteen to fifteen straightened my crooked teeth, leaving the boy she gave her first kiss to in the past, along with every other perfect moment we shared during the summers my parents and I spent at our beach house—before life went to shit.

“Jett,” I say, unable to pull my gaze away from hers.

C’mon, Bay...remember me. Please.

She takes a few seconds to register, but I see the moment when realization dawns on her. Her eyes widen and her jaw drops in disbelief. “Jett James?” she whispers as though she can’t believe it’s me. Which... same , honestly. I’ve thought about her so many times over the years. I’ve scrolled social media for hours, looking at each and every profile picture for girls around our age named Bailey Hart, but unfortunately, I never found her. And obviously, she didn’t know my full name either. My parents always called me by my first and middle name, and I never felt that it was important to share my last with her. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve regretted that over the last thirteen years.

“Yeah,” I say, surprised by the conflicting emotions I’m experiencing right now. Shock is at the forefront, but I’m also feeling other things that I can’t really sort

through at the moment. All I know is that I don't want to stop looking at her. She's fucking breathtaking. Long, thick lashes highlight her bright emerald eyes. The smattering of freckles that used to be so prominent across her nose when she was younger peeks out from under her makeup, and an adorable cupid's bow leads down to her full, pouty lips.

I remember those lips.

"Holy shit," she says on a laugh. "How are you?" She abandons her suitcase, walking my way and wrapping me in a tight hug. I'm stunned at first, but it doesn't take long for me to return the embrace. My heart hammers inside my rib cage, and I feel a missing piece of me snap right back into place as her warm body presses against mine. Although we only spent six summers together, Bailey was the best friend I've ever had, and I lost so much more than just my parents the day I left the beach house for the last time. She has no idea why I never got a chance to see her again, but I'll make damn sure I get the opportunity to explain everything. There is no way in hell I'll go without her now that she's back in my arms again.

"I'm great," I reply on a breath, doing everything I can to keep from getting too emotional. I'm not even sure why I am, but seeing her after so long just makes me feel like I'm home. I was only twelve when I lost everything that was important to me, and Bailey was a part of that. I know I'll never get my parents back, but having her right here is definitely eliciting memories of a time when I had no clue what real loneliness felt like. "What are you doing here?"

She pulls away but keeps her hands on my forearms, which are still loosely wrapped around her. I don't know why, but letting go doesn't feel right, so I'm going to keep the connection as long as I can. With any other person, this would feel weird. But not with her. Even when we were kids, Bailey was always very physically affectionate. It wasn't abnormal for her to give me a random hug or hold my hand while we were playing on the beach. As a little boy, I probably should've thought it was gross, but I

never did. Up until that very last summer, I never even saw her as anything more than a best friend—someone I could tell anything to and know she wouldn't judge. I liked the relationship we had, so if she wanted to be close to me, I welcomed it. She was always a comfort to me.

Then I had to go through the hardest time of my life without her.

“I know it sounds crazy, but I'm actually working for one of the wives of a Boston Blizzard player for the entire week.” She steps out of my embrace, reaching back to grip the handle of her rolling suitcase. “I'm an esthetician, and she needs someone to take care of her skincare and makeup while she's here in Tampa.”

My eyes go wide at the mention of my team. Just as I go to open my mouth to ask who, a quiet ding fills the air and the elevator doors slide open. We both look over to see we've arrived on our floor. I know that four full levels of this hotel have been blocked off for the Blizzard and their family members, but it's still a coincidence that the person she's here for is staying on the same one as I am. I can't help but think that fate has brought us back together.

I step aside, extending my arm out so she can walk ahead of me before following her into the empty hallway. “Who are you here to see?” I ask.

She scrunches her nose, shaking her head. “Her name is Dia. Her husband is playing in the Super Bowl. I'm not really into football, but I guess he's a pretty big deal. Are you a fan?”

I chuckle. The last time she saw me, I'd never even touched a football aside from the occasional game of catch with my dad. It wasn't until I moved to Texas after my parents died that I joined the local Pop Warner team. I struggled with a lot of anger during the beginning stages of grief, and since my uncle was the town's high school coach, he thought putting on a helmet and hitting some kids might help me work

through some of it. He was right. From the very first play, it became a part of me.

“Dia Davis?” I ask.

Her brows bunch in confusion. “How did you know that?”

“Everybody knows Dia,” I reply on a laugh. “She’s the queen of the Blizzard wives. What room?”

She looks down at the paper in her hand, then glances up at me with skepticism written all over her face. “I probably shouldn’t be telling you the location of my client. I’m going to get in trouble for sharing sensitive information.”

I roll my eyes playfully, swiping the pink Post-It from her hand. Her jaw drops in surprise, and she reaches out to take it back, but I turn my body away so I can read it. She yanks on the sleeve of my t-shirt, grunting as she tries to move me. Suddenly, it’s like we’re kids again, and I’m taunting her just to get a reaction.

“Jett James, you haven’t changed one bit,” she says, pulling at my arm. “Still such a grabby little asshole.” Her fingertips dig into the heated skin of my bicep, and I flex, making the muscle go hard under her touch. She looks up, her wide green eyes meeting mine.

“I’ve changed a little bit,” I say with a cocky smirk. Her cheeks flush as she drops her hands to her hips, waiting for me to return the paper. I do, but only because I already saw the room she’s supposed to be at. Checking the sign on the wall in front of us, I turn left, crooking my finger in an attempt to make her follow. “It’s this way.”

“I swear to God, if you act like some weird fanboy over this girl’s husband, I’ll tell them you followed me up from the lobby and make them call security on you,” she mumbles, making me chuckle again because she has no idea how close to Dalton

Davis I actually am. My teammates are my brothers. Other than my aunt, uncle and two cousins, they're the closest thing to a family I have.

We continue down the hall, stopping in front of the door marked 2211. I should let her be the one to knock, but this is too much fun. Rapping my knuckles against the thick wood three times, I glance back at her and smile as she shakes her head in disapproval.

"I'm getting fired," she says quietly as the door swings open, and we come face-to-face with my running back. Dalton is shirtless, looking fresh from some form of a workout, with his dark brown hair sticking in every direction as though somebody's fingers had just been running through it. Faint traces of dark lipstick are smudged across his face and neck, and he clutches a pillow strategically in front of his lower region.

Classic Dalton. Horny fucker.

He clears his throat. "Hey, Kingsley. What's up, man?"

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THREE

BAILEY

Wait, what?

Why is my client's husband acting like he knows Jett? And why did he call him Kingsley? This whole thing is wildly confusing. Running into him in the elevator was crazy enough, especially after he disappeared from my life for thirteen years. But now we end up on the same floor, and he's being recognized by Dalton Davis? It's just eerie. I'm ready to burst with all the questions I'm holding in.

First of all, where has he been, and why didn't I see him again after he left that day? For six summers, we spent every waking moment together—exploring the beach, building sandcastles and learning everything our adolescent brains could comprehend about one another. I remember sneaking him through my second-story window on more than one occasion after our parents went to bed because we just wanted more time with each other. We'd lie on the floor of my room, staring at the glow-in-the-dark stars on my ceiling, sometimes not saying a single word. So, what happened?

One minute, he was telling me he'd see me next year, and the next, their family beach house was for sale. I know it probably had nothing to do with him, and he likely had no way of finding me at that age, but I still felt like every summer that followed had less meaning. As I got older, I'd spend some days on the front porch, hoping he'd just pull into the driveway. My parents decided to sell our vacation home when I was seventeen, even though I begged them not to. I knew it was the only place Jett knew to find me, and once it was gone, there'd be no way I'd ever see him again.

But here we are. Together in a random hotel, just a few hours from where we first met.

I'm broken from my reminiscence when Jett settles a large hand on my lower back. "Bailey here has a meeting with your wife. I was just showing her to your room." The way he says my name sends butterflies fluttering wildly in my stomach, but I try my best to remain professional. This job pays really well and has the potential to help me create connections that could definitely further my career. I need to be serious about it while I'm here. There will be time to ask him the millions of questions that are plaguing my mind later.

"Oh, yeah," Dalton says, opening the door all the way and stepping aside for us to enter. "She's just getting out of the shower. Come on in." Jett's hand stays firmly placed on the small of my back as he guides me into the room, following behind as Dalton shuts the door. I'm still baffled by the fact that he knows Dia's husband. I'm also wondering why he didn't just bring me to the door and leave, but it's not like I can turn and tell him to take a hike. I'd look like a crazy person if I did that now—even though, honestly, I know there's no way I actually would.

"That presser was out of control, wasn't it?" Dalton asks, plopping down on the queen-sized bed in the room. "Fucking wild that they had us do that shit before we even got settled in. Last year, we got the first night to relax before they started with the media training and interviews."

"Yeah," Jett replies. "I definitely wasn't expecting that, but at least it's done and we won't have to be back until tomorrow morning."

I turn, giving him a confused look because what the fuck is he talking about? He gives me a dimpled smile but doesn't say anything in explanation. They talk for several minutes as my brain gathers clues and tries to fill in the blanks on its own. Jett is definitely part of the Boston Blizzard based on the way they're talking, which is

crazy because I know for a fact he wasn't into football when we were kids. The only sport he played was soccer. It was the reason his family had to leave the beach before ours every August, so he didn't miss the first practice.

"Let me go see what's taking her so long," Dalton says, standing and heading toward the bathroom door. He knocks once before cracking it open and slipping inside, leaving me to get some answers as quickly and quietly as possible. I don't even have to ask before he starts talking .

"I know this is crazy," he whispers, "but I play tight end for the Blizzard. I'm staying here with the team, right down the hall, and Dalton is my friend." His eyes meet mine and he swallows thickly. "You know what this is, right Bay?" His use of my nickname pulls a million memories to the surface all at once, and even though I know I can't, I want to break down and jump into his arms. Hold onto him and never let go. Because yes, I do know what this is. Something brought us here together tonight. There's no other explanation for such a random occurrence. "It's fate. It was time."

Tears fill my eyes because fuck . I missed him. I missed his smile and the way he laughed at how clumsy I was. The way he always tested the branches we climbed or the rocks we stepped on to make sure they were safe before letting me try. The way he held my hand when it got dark, and made sure I got to my porch before he went home every night.

I missed my best friend.

"I know you have a lot of questions," he says, reaching out and running his fingertips along my jaw. I lean into him, enjoying the familiar comfort his touch provides. He may be all grown up, but this is the same boy who made me laugh through the pain when I stepped on a piece of glass sticking out of the sand, carrying me all the way home so my dad could remove it and bandage it up. The same boy who held me while I cried after our old dog passed away at my grandma's. We knew he wasn't healthy

enough to make the trip to the beach house, but we weren't expecting him to die in his sleep just weeks later, before we even had the chance to say goodbye. It seems like a lifetime ago, but I remember it like it was yesterday; the way Jett did everything he could to make me feel better.

"I'm going to leave so you can have your meeting without being distracted. I'm in room 2243. Will you please come by when you're done? There's so much I want to tell you."

I nod. "Yeah. Okay," I say, doing my best to push the raging emotions I'm experiencing away for now so I can get through this meeting with Dia. I'm excited to work with her, and I'm hopeful for all the opportunities that could come after this week, but all I can think about right now is getting it over with so Jett can tell me what his life has been like for the last thirteen years. And then I can do the same.

"I'll be waiting for you," he whispers, stepping in and wrapping me in a hug. I still can't believe how familiar and comfortable he feels after all this time, despite all the ways he's changed. He's got to be almost a foot taller than me, with a broad, muscular chest and strong arms. Every part of him is firm, yet I fit against him perfectly. As confusing as this should be after so many years, he feels like home.

He pulls away, smiling down at me as his eyes roam over my features. "Fuck, how did you get prettier?"

I laugh quietly. "Makeup."

He shakes his head. "Absolutely not, Bay. I already know you're stunning without it." He leans down so that our faces are just inches apart, and even though the proximity should feel awkward, it doesn't. I want to be closer. "You have no fucking idea how much I missed you."

I swallow, fighting my instinct to close the rest of the space between us as we hear the bathroom door open. I back away quickly, turning to see a dark-haired woman emerge with Dalton trailing closely behind. Dia Davis is quite possibly the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, with flawless skin and big brown eyes. I'm going to have a blast working on a canvas that's already so perfect.

"Okayyyyyyy, this is interesting," she says with a grin as she takes in how close Jett and I are still standing together. I'm sure she witnessed our little moment as she opened the door, and I hope she doesn't think it was unprofessional. I want to make a good impression on her. I'd love the opportunity to work with her or her friends in the future, so there's a lot riding on the services I provide this week. I'd hate for her to think I'm flaky for almost kissing her husband's teammate in her hotel room.

Jett clears his throat, and I turn meeting his eyes. "2243. I don't care what time it is. Please come."

I nod as he leans in, pressing his lips to my cheek quickly. My stomach tightens, and I internally kick my feet with excitement but manage to keep my outward reaction under control. All of this is so crazy, but I'll have to work through the emotions later because, for now, there's work to do.

Jett and Dalton exchange a handshake before he turns and leaves the room, the faint snick of the door filling the air as Dia looks up at me with questions written all over her expression.

"Okay, I'm Dia, you're Bailey, and we're definitely talking about"—she waves her hand vaguely between me and the door—"whatever that was. That shit was hot. I almost came just watching it."

My eyes go wide as her husband pipes up from behind us. "Jesus, Wifey," he groans. "I'm going to Blaze's room while you two do your thing. Mads is working, so he's all

by his lonesome. You can give me the tea later,” he says, leaning in and attempting to whisper, but I hear his next words, “After I actually make you come.” I try not to react as she rolls her eyes, then presses up onto her toes and gives him a kiss on the cheek. He slaps her ass playfully and makes his way to the door, disappearing into the hall. She waits approximately three seconds before she runs her tongue over her top teeth and raises her brows in my direction, as though we’ve been friends our whole lives and she needs to be filled in on what just went down while she was in the bathroom.

I clear my throat. “I don’t know,” I whisper, a huge grin spreading across my face as I stare in disbelief. “I haven’t seen him in thirteen years, and I just ran into him in the elevator. He was my best friend when we were kids.”

She sits down at the foot of the bed before lying back and throwing a dramatic arm over her face. “Oh my God, that is so cute. This is just the entertainment I needed this week. Bless you.” She springs back up, smiling at me. “You have to go to his room! Now! ”

I shake my head rapidly. “No. I’m here for you. You hired me to be at your skincare beck and call, and that’s what I’m going to do. Whatever Jett wants to talk about can wait.”

“Okay, fiiiiinnne,” she says, drawing out the word in fake exasperation. “Let’s fucking exfoliate so you can get out of here. This is honestly probably the only night I’ll get with Dalton before the craziness ensues, so I don’t plan on leaving the room. My best friend and I are going shopping early tomorrow before the fan expo in the afternoon, so if you could be here at eleven to do my makeup for that, that’ll be perfect. I already emailed you a list of our events for the week, along with the times I want to be ready by. So, whatever you need me to do to prepare, just let me know. The only day I think we’ll need extra time is Sunday because I’m going full glam for the game. The quarterback’s fiancée made me the most amazing dress, and I need to

look absolutely fabulous. I have a ticket for you to the WAG's suite, so you can touch me up if I need it."

I nod in agreement. "Sounds great. I'll make sure I'm here on time." Grabbing my suitcase, I lift it onto the bed, unzip it and pull out the supplies and equipment for a quick facial. Normally, I'd have brought in a folding table, but I wasn't sure of the plan, so it's still out in my car. We can get away with not using it tonight since the bed is so high.

"Lie here," I say, patting the edge of the mattress. She does, and I make sure she's comfortable before getting to work. I skip the cleanser since she just showered and is still barefaced. Reaching into my bag, I take out the handheld steamer and switch it on, letting it heat up and holding it at a safe distance from her skin as it begins to emit a gentle mist. I allow it to open her pores for several minutes before applying a mask that'll leave her feeling fresh and smooth.

"So," she says as I set a five-minute timer on my phone, "do you think it'll be awkward when you get to Jett's room? You said it's been thirteen years, but you both looked really comfortable together."

I huff a quiet laugh. "I have no idea. It's weird because I didn't even recognize him at first, but as soon as I hugged him, it felt like no time had gone by. We only really spent a total of twelve full months together at our family's beach houses, but when I tell you we were with each other every minute, I'm not kidding. We were practically joined at the hip."

"How'd you lose touch?" she asks.

"I don't really know. He told me he'd see me next year, but he never came. We arrived the following May, and there was a For Sale sign in their front lawn. I waited every day and begged my parents to find out what was going on, but they never really

took the time to get to know our neighbors. My mom and dad kept to themselves a lot on vacation because they worked remotely. They were both so engrossed in their jobs. I think the beach house was more of a status symbol to them than anything else.” I shrug. “That’s probably why they let me explore on my own so much. As long as I checked in and didn’t cross the street or go swimming without an adult, they let me do my thing. It kept me out of their hair so they could focus .

“Anyway, they brushed it off and told me Jett’s parents probably just got too busy to keep up with the property, and I had to leave it at that. I was only thirteen years old, so it’s not like I could do much else.”

The timer on my phone sounds, letting me know it’s time to remove the mask. I cleanse and tone her skin, gently massaging as her tense facial muscles loosen under my fingertips.

“Did you ever look him up after that?” she says, trying not to move as I work.

“I wasn’t allowed to have social media until I was fifteen, so years had passed before I even could. Once I finally had it, I searched for Jett James in Georgia , hoping he’d pop up. It was the only personal detail I had about him or his family, and I thought it would be helpful, but there wasn’t a single result. I thought about him from time to time as a teenager, but the longer I went without him, the harder the memories were to recall. Until today, anyway.”

Her brows furrow in confusion. “His last name is Kingsley. You didn’t know that?”

I shake my head as I continue gently massaging. “His parents always called him Jett James. I remember seeing it on one of his luggage tags, so I never even considered that it could’ve been his middle name or a nickname. At the time, it didn’t seem important. When you’re a kid, you never think the people in your life could be temporary.”

I reach for the moisturizer, applying a thin layer to her skin to combat any dryness from the mask. When I'm done, she sits up and turns to me. "He doesn't date much...in case you're wondering. I've seen him with a few women over the last year, but he's not a playboy or anything."

My eyes go wide. "Oh, I don't— We aren't—" I sputter, but she cuts me off as I become more tongue tied.

"Yeah, I know. I just figured that was good information to have about your friend ."

She says the word like she knows the way I had to stop myself from kissing him when he was here. I can't explain it, and I understand how weird it is because I haven't seen him since we were twelve, but I've always felt this pull toward him. When we were really young, it was just wanting to be around him, but during the final moments of the last summer I had with him, something changed.

"Do you ever want to get married?" I asked, playing with the smooth rock I had picked up on our walk to the birch tree in my back yard. It was our favorite place to sit because if we angled ourselves just right, our parents couldn't see us, giving the illusion that we were all alone as the waves rolled into the shore.

"Nah," Jett replied, scoffing in disgust. "Seems like a lot of work. Plus, my parents are always kissing and it's gross. I can hear their spit. No thanks ."

I giggled. "You never want to kiss anyone, either?"

He whipped his head toward me like I had just asked him if he liked sardines on his pizza. Horror crossed over his face as his brows pinched tightly together and his jaw hung slack. "No way! Why? Do you?"

I shrugged shyly. "I mean...probably. I want to fall in lo ve one day. Can't really do that if I don't kiss the person first, right?"

His expression grew serious. "I guess not," he said quietly, looking at his hands that were wrung together in his lap. I focused on the water, feeling conflicted about the whole conversation. Part of me was sad that he felt so strongly about those things. Because it meant that there would never be a chance that Jett would marry me, like I'd dreamed about all the time. I sighed, causing him to look back in my direction.

"I'll tell you what, Bay. If neither of us is married by the time we're twenty-five, we'll marry each other. Sound good?"

I met his gaze, my eyes going wide. "You just said you never wanted to."

He shrugged nonchalantly. "You're different. You're my best friend. If you really want to get married and aren't by the time you're old, I don't want you to miss out."

A toothy grin bloomed across my face as my cheeks warmed. "Okay. Thanks, Jett."

"No problem," he replied. "Should we shake on it? To make it official?"

I nodded, sticking my hand between us for him to take. As soon as his palm closed around mine, I knew I'd never even try with other boys. All I had to do was wait until I turned twenty-five, then we could have a giant wedding and live forever on this beach. It seemed like a lifetime away, but I was sure I could do it.

"Jett?" I said quietly, swallowing the lump in my throat.

"Yeah?"

"Will you kiss me?"

FOUR

JETT

It's been an hour since I left Bailey in the Davises' room. It took everything in me to give them privacy and come back here to wait for her, but I couldn't be that close while she was trying to do her job. She's not here for me. She's here for Dia.

My mind is still reeling over the fact that it's really her. All the times I thought of her over the years, I never imagined it would be a random elevator ride that brought her back to me. This whole thing has so many moving parts, I refuse to believe that this isn't a fated meeting. I live in Boston. Before that, I was in Texas and went to college at A&M, so the only time I travel to Florida is when my team plays here. Our beach houses were in a small town less than four hours from here, but after my aunt and uncle made the decision to sell, I never returned other than to clear it out on a chilly mid-November day. I was just a broken boy at that point, quietly sobbing as I packed my belongings with the knowledge that I was saying goodbye to the place for good. I looked out the window, seeing Bailey's room through the pink sheer curtains, wishing there was a way to tell her where to find me. Looking back, I should've left a note, but I guess that type of logic wasn't something I possessed at twelve years old.

Losing my parents turned my whole world upside down, and that time was the darkest of my life. Some days were just a blur, and I moved through them barely able to put one foot in front of the other. I still break down every now and then when I think about how much tragedy I suffered at such a young age. On the really rough nights, memories of my parents and Bailey at that beach house were all I had. I clung to them like a lifeline when I felt like I couldn't go on any longer.

A quiet knock brings me back to the present, and I stand, walking over to the door. My stomach twists in anticipation as I open it, revealing Bailey and her large suitcase on the other side.

“Hey,” she says, pushing a rogue strand of brown hair behind her ear. I can’t help but stare at her, taking in every detail of her face and body as though I might lose her again.

But I won’t. No fucking way.

“Come on in,” I reply, making room for her to enter. As she passes, I grab hold of the handle of her luggage, taking it from her and wheeling it into the far corner of the room as the door quietly clicks closed behind us.

“How’d it go?” I ask, walking over to the mini fridge and taking out a can of orange soda. When we were kids, she’d beg her parents to let her have it. They’d usually say no, but she’d find a way to sneak it anyway. I pop the top, walking her way and hand it to her with a smile.

“You’re something else,” she says, shaking her head in disbelief before taking a sip. “It went really well. She’s so nice. And really funny. I’m excited to work with her.”

I sit on the bed, motioning for her to join me, hoping she’ll feel comfortable enough to be this close now that we’re alone in my room. Thankfully, she doesn’t hesitate, setting her can on the table before walking over and plopping down next to me. “So, what exactly are you doing for the queen of the WAGs ?”

She laughs. “Skincare and makeup for the week. She hired me to be here every day to make sure she’s looking her best for all the events you guys have going on. Although, I’ve never seen anyone as beautiful as her. She could probably roll out of bed, throw on a burlap sack and still look gorgeous.”

“Wait until you meet her crew. Mads, Bella and Grace are all a blast. You’ll fit right in with them.”

Her eyes go wide. “Bella? As in the Bella Simon ? Do you think I’ll get to meet her?”

I chuckle at her excitement. “Well, she’s dating our defensive end, and Dia is one of her backup dancers on her world tour, so my guess is that you’ll probably run into her at some point.”

“Oh my God, Jett. I’ll pee my pants if that happens. Just a full loss of bladder control. I know it.”

I bark out a laugh. “You’ll be fine. She may be the most famous pop star in the world, but I promise she doesn’t act like it. You’ll see. ”

She gives me a skeptical scowl and I pinch her cheek, making her roll her eyes playfully. Jesus Christ, she’s pretty. She was an adorable kid, but now that she’s grown up, she’s a knockout. Her green eyes haven’t changed at all, but other than that, she’s practically a walking wet dream. I’m trying to remind myself that we’ve been separated for thirteen years and I can’t just touch her like we’re not basically strangers, but when her gaze burns into mine, I can barely hold back. I want to lean in and taste her lips. Roam my hands over her ample curves. Press my body against hers and show her what being this close is doing to me. But I can’t. I hope all those things happen, but they have to be on her time, not mine.

For now, there’s so much catching up to do.

“So,” I begin, “how’s life?” I want to know every detail of what she’s been up to since I saw her last. I need to know what I missed.

She takes a breath, exhaling slowly. “Well, I got my cosmetology license after high

school and started working at a spa here in Tampa. I've worked really hard since then, continuing my education and getting additional certifications. I just love making people feel good about themselves. I want to be the best at it.

“My parents moved to St. Augustine shortly after I moved out on my own, to be closer to my grandparents. My grandpa got sick a while back, and they figured it would be easier to help with his care if they lived there. I can't really tell you why I decided to stay, but I did.”

Fate, Bailey. That's why.

She may not realize it yet, but I truly believe that every event that led us here was meant to happen exactly as it did. Even the fact that I'm playing in the Super Bowl is kismet. I never wanted to be a football player. Up until I was thirteen, I didn't even know I had the skills for it. But my uncle was a coach and wanted me to have an outlet for my emotions, so, together with my therapist's support, I was encouraged to give it a try. From the very first touchdown I scored, I was hooked. It quickly became my escape, something to focus on other than the fact that my parents wouldn't be coming back. I worked tirelessly to become the best, fine-tuning my growing body to ensure that it could take me to the next level if I wanted it to.

I was offered a full ride to Texas A&M, where I spent three years doing everything I could to stand out as a top NFL prospect. College was fun. I went out on occasion. I dated here and there. But I refused to get into anything that had the potential to derail my plan because I knew what the game had given me when I thought I had nothing left. It was a risk declaring for the draft after my junior year, and when the Monsters called me up to the podium with their second-round pick, all the sacrifices I had made to get there were worth it. My journey to the Blizzard roster was filled with highs and lows, but I'd do it all again because it brought me back to Bailey.

“How about you? How are your parents?” she asks.

Fuck.

I swallow the emotion bubbling up inside me, doing my best to stay in the present with her. She has no idea what happened, and I want to make sure I give her the whole story. She needs to know why I never came back to the beach house, even though I wanted to so badly.

“Ummm,” I reply, searching for the words. “My parents died.”

Her body goes rigid and she brings her fingertips up to her lips, unblinking as she tries to make sense of my words. “What?”

I nod slowly, unable to stop the tears that well in my eyes. I sniff them away, continuing with a shaky voice.

“The day we left the beach house, an oncoming car veered left of center. One minute, we were singing along to the radio. The next, my mom was screaming for my dad to look out, right before he jerked the wheel and we went off the road. There was a—” I’m cut off as my throat tightens, making my words catch as I struggle to force them out. “There was a ledge. It was all rocks and loose dirt. We broke through the guardrail and fell off, rolling a few times before landing upside down. The airbags deployed, but the impact was too much for them. They were already gone by the time I woke up in the hospital. I didn’t even get to say goodbye.”

“Oh my God, Jett,” she whispers, and I look up to see tears streaming down her face. She moves toward me, throwing her arms over my shoulders and squeezing tightly. As though she isn’t close enough for her own liking, she straddles my lap, wrapping herself completely around me. I return the embrace, clinging to her as she breaks down in my arms. “I’m so sorry. You must’ve been so scared. I wish I could’ve been there.”

“I know,” I say quietly, burying my face in her neck as we hold one another. We stay there for what feels like hours, just letting our emotions out, and for the first time since it happened, I don’t feel alone.

My aunt and uncle were very loving and supportive of me after my parents passed. But they were grieving too, and I know that worrying about me was hard on them. They did their best to help me move forward, but I could never shake the feeling that they saw me as a living reminder of all the things that were taken from us. I think it’s why we don’t talk much now that I’m on my own. I appreciate everything they’ve done, and I’ll always remember the way they put their own grief aside to care for me, but the relationships we had were tainted by the tragedy of our situation.

She pulls away slightly, dropping her forehead to mine. “That’s why you never came back.”

I nod. “Right after their funeral, I packed up my life in Georgia and went to live with my dad’s brother in Texas. They couldn’t afford to keep any of my parents’ properties, so they sold them all and put the money away for me. I stayed with them, focusing on football because it was the only thing that made me feel like I could breathe after everything I lost. I got a scholarship to play in college, and that turned into a career in the NFL. From the outside, it seems like I have it all.” I shake my head, fighting the tears that prick at the backs of my eyes. “But I’ll always be that twelve-year-old boy in a hospital bed, ready to trade it all for just five more minutes with the people who meant the most to him. I wanted to get to you more than anything back then, Bailey. But I couldn’t. I’m sorry. ”

She cups my face in both hands, closing her eyes. “Don’t be sorry, Jett. You were just a kid, and you had lost everything. I only wish I could’ve been there for you.”

“You’re here now,” I whisper, leaning in and pressing my lips to hers. I probably shouldn’t, but the pull is too strong to fight. After all the pain in my life, I’ve finally

got a piece of myself back that I thought I had lost forever. Bailey Hart is so much more than just my childhood best friend. She always has been—even when we were apart.

She melts into me as I pour everything I'm feeling into the kiss. My whole body hums with satisfaction, enjoying the way she feels as we give and take, needy sounds coming from us both with every slide of our tongues against each other. Her hands glide down, gripping the fabric of my t-shirt as if she thinks I might pull away if she doesn't. She couldn't be more wrong. This entire hotel could crumble around us, and I wouldn't give a fuck.

"Jett, wait," she breathes against my lips. "We shouldn't do this while you're vulnerable." Her mouth hovers over mine for a moment before I ghost my hands down her lower back, resting the tips of my pinky fingers on her ass over her leggings.

"Bay, this is the first time since it happened that telling that story hasn't felt like someone was tearing my heart out. Just because you weren't in the car that day doesn't mean I didn't suffer the loss of you too. Having you like this feels like home. And I haven't had that in a long fucking time. Please don't stop."

"Okay," she replies, crashing her lips back to mine. I lower my hands, palming her ass as my cock begins to harden between us. She whimpers into my mouth, rocking herself over me as we taste each other like we've been waiting our whole lives for it.

Because we have.

"Fuck," I grit out, standing with her still in my arms and turning before dropping her to the mattress. I lower myself down onto her, fusing my lips back to hers as the sounds of our kissing fill the quiet room. Sparks ignite behind my eyes as I grind myself against her center, eliciting heavy, broken breaths from her as she takes what

I'm giving.

"I missed you," I say, speeding up the motion of my hips as they pump back and forth. I'm harder than I've ever been in my life, which makes sense because I've never felt this type of connection with anyone else.

"I missed you too," she says, bucking up to meet my thrusts. Everything is happening at warp speed, but I can't find a single fuck to stop it. I want her like this. I want to experience this with her.

"Can I take off your shirt?" I ask, hoping I'm not crossing a line. The last thing I want is to take it too far, too soon. I'll never forgive myself if I lose her again. "We can slow down if you want," I add on.

She shakes her head rapidly, reaching for the hem and pulling it over her head in one swift motion. "No. I don't want to." My eyes lock onto her tits that spill from the top of her black lace bra, and I go lightheaded with the need to tear it from her body. I pull back, taking in her beautiful curves, still not believing that I have her here like this.

"What's wrong?" she says, crossing her arms over her midsection. "I, ummm...I've gained some weight. I'm always at the spa and don't have the best eating habits. I?—"

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I reply, furrowing my brows in confusion. "You're perfect. Look at you." I grab her wrists, pulling them away from her stomach. My cock is like granite under my shorts, and I can't believe she wants to hide herself from me. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." I gently press my lips to hers again before leaving a trail of wet kisses down her neck, stopping when my tongue touches the trim of her bra. I dip inside just slightly, making her moan softly in response. "Do you want me to keep going?"

“Please,” she breathes, and that’s all I need. I hook a finger inside one of the cups, pulling it down until her peaked nipple comes into view, begging me to pull it between my lips. I waste no time obliging as I lean down and suck gently, earning the most gorgeous gasp. God, I could come just listening to her.

I take my time, circling my tongue around the tight bud while she writhes in pleasure under me. “That feel good, pretty girl?” I ask as I reach around, unclasping the tight restraint and pulling it off before giving the same attention to her other breast.

“Jett,” she moans, sending a jolt of arousal straight to my dick. I’m doing my best not to move too quickly, but I’m losing control with every breath that falls from her lips. The feeling of her body against mine, paired with the emotions we just experienced while talking, has my heart and head at war as they try to convince each other of what’s really happening here.

It's too much to even think about.

I continue my descent, licking and kissing my way from her tits down to her stomach, nipping at the creamy skin as she shudders under my touch. I can tell she’s self-conscious about her body, but I want to show her how fucking gorgeous she is. How much I’ll worship every part of her if she’ll let me. I’ve never been this attracted to anyone in my life, which is crazy because as adults, we’re basically strangers. But none of that shit is important. She’s my person, no matter how many years we’ve been apart.

“You’re so fucking sexy, baby,” I rasp, running my tongue along the edge of her waistband. I’d give anything to taste her right now, but I don’t trust myself not to fuck her after that. And for now, this isn’t about me or my dick. It’s about showing Bailey how I’m feeling without actually saying the words. Neither of us is ready to hear them so soon, but fuck... they’re there.

I work my way back up her stomach and neck, finally finding her lips again and taking them in a burning kiss. She whines into my mouth as her hips lift off the bed, searching for friction. I know I can't leave her like this. I have to give her the relief she needs.

"Can I rub your clit, Bay? Help you with that ache?" I ask.

"Jett, please. It hurts."

Holy fucking shit .

"Okay," I choke out, shifting my weight off to her side so I can slide my hand down her leg. My erection rubs against her thigh as she spreads for me, and I have to grit my teeth so I don't come from just the small amount of contact. If I let myself, I know I could. That's how much she turns me on.

I bring my fingertips to my mouth, coating them in saliva before I push past the band of her pants and press against her swollen clit. She moans loudly as I rub in tight circles, sliding around it as it hardens more with each swipe.

"That's it, baby," I praise. "I'm going to take care of you. I'll get you there as many times as you need me to." Leaning forward, I run my nose along the sensitive skin of her neck before sucking on it, making her whimper loudly as she gets closer to her climax.

"G-go in," she stutters, and I don't have to be told twice. I ghost my middle finger down her slit, gathering the wetness dripping out of her before pushing inside. She gasps as I press my palm against her soaked skin, slowly pumping in and out to build her arousal even further.

"More, Jett. Please. I'll beg if you want me to—just, more ."

I slam my eyes shut, trying to stop myself from tearing off my clothes and fucking her into the mattress. This is by far the biggest test my self-control has ever faced. Between her warm, wet cunt strangling my finger and her needy whines, I'm not really sure how I haven't snapped already. But when I do sink inside her for the first time, all this agony will be worth it .

"I've got you," I say, giving her a second and third finger. She inhales a sharp breath, surprised by the intrusion as I work all the way in until I can't go any further. It's tough to maneuver with her pants and panties in the way, but I can't stop long enough to remove them. "Is that enough, or should I give you another? You want four?" I ask. "I don't think this tiny little pussy could handle it, but I'll give it to you if you want, Bailey. I'll fucking give you everything. Just say it and it's yours."

She has no idea how serious I am right now. It's been two hours since she came back into my life, and I'm already prepared to crawl across hot coals just to hear her say my name. I'm gone. Owned. Hers.

"Fuck me, Jett," she moans as I pick up my pace, fingering her with long, hard strokes. I can feel her walls closing in around me as her sounds get louder, and my cock swells to the point of pain inside my briefs. I need to let myself go or I'm going to do something stupid.

"You're going to make me come in my fucking shorts," I tell her, and I feel her muscles twitch in response. "Would that set you off? Knowing that I was unloading just from touching you like this?"

She nods her head frantically, panting as her orgasm barrels toward her. "Let me watch you," she says, locking her eyes onto mine. "Come on my tits and let me see it."

Fuck.

Without removing my fingers from her pussy, I get on my knees beside her, pulling my shorts and briefs down and setting my length free from its restraints. It bobs up, slapping my stomach, and she stares in awe as she takes in how angry and hard it is for her.

“I’m there, baby,” I grit out. “All you have to do is come for me.”

That’s all it takes for her to detonate, squeezing my fingers like a vise as I do my best to continue fucking her through it. Electricity shoots down my spine, gathering in my balls and making me come so hard I nearly drop down onto the bed. I use my thumb at the base to angle my cock toward her as I empty, shooting thick white ropes across her gorgeous tits while she screams in ecstasy below me. My body convulses as I continue to orgasm, completely hands-free, until I can’t take it anymore and have to lower myself on top of her to catch my breath.

“Oh my God,” she whispers, her chest heaving as she gasps for air. My fingers are still buried inside, soaked with her release, but I don’t move until her inner muscles stop spasming around me and I’m sure she’s absolutely spent.

“Do you need another one, or are you good?” I ask, gently rubbing her clit with the pad of my middle finger. Her body jolts and her legs slam closed, trapping my hand between them as I chuckle quietly.

“So good,” she replies on a breath, throwing her arm across her forehead with a giggle.

I lie beside her, leaning in and pressing my lips to hers as I reluctantly remove my hand from her pants. “You did amazing,” I praise. “So fucking beautiful when you come for me. I’m afraid to say I’m already addicted.”

She smiles, and I feel the broken pieces of my heart fit back into place as if they were

waiting for her all along.

These are huge fucking emotions, and I have no idea if she's feeling anything even close to what I am, but I don't want to ruin the moment by talking about it. I've felt alone for so long, and I know I need to let the dust from today settle so I can see everything clearly before I tell her what's going on in my head. Depending on where she's at, we might only have the week together, so that conversation will have to happen soon. But for tonight, I'm just going to enjoy having Bailey here with me after so many years apart.

"Come on, pretty girl," I say, standing from the bed and scooping her into my arms. "I'd love to keep you covered in my cum all night, but we should probably shower."

"You're right," she grumps, making me laugh quietly. "I have to be back here at eleven and it's a forty-minute drive to my house."

I flip on the bathroom light and set her on the counter before moving to the shower to turn on the tap. Sticking my hand under the stream, I wait for the water to warm, and return to her when I'm sure it's at a comfortable temperature. I pull my shirt over my head, followed by my shorts and briefs until I'm completely naked. Her eyes go wide as they roam my toned body, and I lift my chin with a cocky smirk as she drinks in every inch .

"Oh my God, I'm sorry," she groans when she realizes she's been busted, covering her pink cheeks with her hands.

I step into her, reaching for her leggings and slowly peeling them down her legs. I notice how wet her panties are immediately, and I want to tear them off and press my mouth against her skin to lap it all up. But I'm trying to be at least a little bit of a gentleman after what we just did, so I rip my gaze away from her center and pull the soft lace down, tossing it to the floor with the rest of our clothes.

“Just so you know,” I say, spreading her legs with my hands so I can step between them, “You can look at me all you want. I’ll stand here all night if you ask me to, Bay.”

“I wasn’t looking at you ,” she quips, rolling her eyes. “I was looking at the monster between your legs. What do you feed that thing?”

I bark a laugh before grabbing her chin and pulling her lips to mine for a chaste kiss. She’s so fucking sassy, just like she’s always been. “Stay with me tonight,” I say, smiling softly. It’s not a question, but she obviously has a choice. I just hope she’s comfortable enough with me to say yes.

She scrunches her nose. “I can’t. I don’t even have any clothes. My underwear is ruined.”

I can’t help but grin because I’m pretty proud of myself for being the cause of that. “You don’t need underwear. I have stuff you can borrow to sleep in. Better yet, stay naked.” I wiggle my eyebrows, earning a quiet giggle. “I’ll send everything down to be washed and it’ll be back by morning. I have an interview at eight, followed by practice, so you can run home then. You’ll be back with plenty of time to get to Dia. I just want to sleep next to you. Please?”

“Alright,” she agrees with a shy smile. “Is this crazy? We barely know each other, right?”

I exhale slowly, rubbing my hands along her thighs. “It’s crazy, but you can’t convince me it’s wrong, Bailey. We’ve always known each other. I could’ve done more to find you over the years, and I know that. On the nights when I felt the most alone, I’d get wasted and scroll through the list of Bailey Harts on social media, hoping that I’d get lucky. Part of me was desperate to find you, but the other part was terrified that I’d see you with a boyfriend or husband, and every dream I’ve had since

I was twelve years old would be blown to pieces. I couldn't risk it by hiring someone to locate you or doing an in-depth search. Missing you and thinking you were out there missing me too seemed a hell of a lot easier than finding you and seeing that you'd built a whole life I'd never be a part of. But running into you here tonight made me realize that we would've found our way back to each other eventually anyway. This is fate. There is no other way to explain it."

Her eyes fill with tears. "I'm Bay Faith on social media. I had a little bit of an online stalker situation in high school. Turns out it was just someone trolling and nothing ever came of it, but I used my middle name on my accounts just to be safe. It would've been worth the risk to have you back sooner."

"No," I say, shaking my head. "It happened exactly the way it was supposed to. That's why it feels so natural being here like this. Let's just embrace it and see where it goes, okay?"

"Yeah, okay," she replies with a watery smile, wrapping her arms around my neck in a tight hug.

"Good girl," I say, inhaling dramatically before lifting her from the counter. "Now let's get you in the shower. You smell like jizz."

She pulls her head back, her jaw dropping in indignation. "Your jizz," she says. "For someone who missed me so much, you're awfully quick to wash it off."

Joke's on her though. Because if I get my way, I'll be marking her as mine every night for the rest of my life.

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FIVE

BAILEY

“You smell like jizz,” Dia says, leaning into my personal space and lifting the sleeve of my shirt to her nose.

“What?” I reply, pulling away abruptly, my eyes as wide as dinner plates. “No I don’t!”

She laughs, clapping her hands gleefully. “Oh my God, look at your face! Mads, look at her face !” she says, turning to her best friend, who’s sitting on the bed wearing a sheet mask. She’s the team sideline reporter and was up late last night doing interviews, so I offered to help plump up her skin since she didn’t get much sleep.

“Don’t mind her,” Mads says to me. “She insists on inserting herself into everyone’s sex life, whether they like it or not. It’s her version of a handshake. It means she likes you.” She lies her head back onto the pillow as Dia turns toward the table of snacks, and I quickly sniff my shoulder just to make sure before she turns back to me with a chocolate-covered strawberry in her hand .

“Okay, but seriously. I need to know. For science. Did you get to see Jett’s tight end ?” she asks. “The way you were looking at each other had me all hot and bothered, and I was all the way across the room. I can’t imagine how it was for you with your history.”

“Wait, what history?” Mads asks, not moving her head.

“Jett and I were friends when we were kids.” I begin. “We spent some summers together at our families’ beach houses, but one year, he just...didn’t come back. I was crushed.” Exhaling slowly, I wonder if I should hold back some of the story. But to be honest, I need to talk about it, so I continue. “I was too young to do much more than just sit and wait, but I never saw him again. Turns out his parents tragically died and he had to move away. We both searched for each other on social media here and there over the years, but neither of us had enough information. Then, we ran into one another in the elevator yesterday, and I can’t explain it...he doesn’t feel like a stranger.”

“Isn’t that the cutest fucking thing you’ve ever heard?” Dia gushes, sitting down in front of me so I can do her makeup. I clip her hair back out of her face and brush on some primer, waiting for it to set before reaching for the foundation we matched to her skin earlier.

“I’m so confused,” I say, working while I talk. “I know I shouldn’t be jumping into anything before I get to know him again—I just can’t deny how comfortable he feels. We didn’t have sex last night, but if he kept going, I don’t think I would’ve stopped him. ”

“Fuck that,” Mads replies. “I can’t even tell you how much I regret pushing Blaze away for as long as I did. I was so worried about what people would think of us that I wasted months not being with him when he was perfect for me the whole time. Do what feels right to you. Anyone who doesn’t like it can kick rocks. If you want to let that man rail you into next week, go get him. We definitely have your back.”

I look at her with a grateful smile. Maybe she’s right. Maybe I need to stop worrying about the fact that Jett and I don’t know each other very well as adults and focus more on the way I feel when we’re together. If it changes, we’ll talk about it. We have less than a week before he heads back to Boston, so we may as well make the best of it.

“Was the fully padded run-through necessary, though?” Dalton says, walking through the door. “Coach was extra ornery this morning.”

“It’s the Super Bowl,” another guy says. I’m assuming it’s Blaze based on the way he crawls up next to Mads, who’s still relaxing on the bed. “I’d rather him push us right now than not give a shit.”

Dalton walks over to Dia, kissing her forehead as she looks up at him lovingly. They are so adorable. I bet they’re a blast to hang out with.

“Hey, pretty girl,” Jett whispers in my ear, startling me. I pull the brush away from Dia’s face, scowling at him over my shoulder and making him chuckle before he plants a chaste kiss on my lips. I look around the room, expecting reactions from the others, but they’re all just talking like there’s nothing out of the ordinary going on. I wonder if Jett told the guys about me. Not that it matters because I just word-vomited everything to the girls. I have zero regrets about it though, since they made me feel so much more at ease with the situation.

“Hi,” I reply. “How was practice?”

“Terrible,” Dalton interrupts. “Thanks for asking.”

I laugh, returning to Dia’s makeup as the guys fall into conversation about the big game. Making sure her foundation is fully blended, I move on to the contour, giving her already sharp features more depth. I was definitely right—it’s so much fun working on her face. Her skin is flawless, and she’s down to try anything. Plus, she’s so nice and I swear, I feel like they’ve already adopted me into their little group.

“What are you doing tonight?” she asks as I apply cream blush to her cheeks. “I know I told you I didn’t need you after this, but if you aren’t busy, we’re having a girls’ night in for our friend Grace’s bachelorette party. We’re heading to Vegas after the

game so she can marry her fiancé, Tanner. We're making it a Super Bowl tradition apparently, since Dalton and I did it last year."

"I'm the best mistake she's ever made," he yells over his shoulder, making her roll her eyes playfully as he returns to the guys.

"Anyway, we're going to watch movies and play games in our pajamas if you want to come. We've got wine and lots of junk food. It's going to be fun. I promise." She looks at me hopefully, and my heart squeezes in my chest that she's even thinking of including me .

Jett looks my way, smiling softly as I contemplate. He's so fucking hot. I can barely stand it.

"I don't know," I say reluctantly. "I live forty minutes from here and if I'm drinking, I wouldn't want to drive. I'm sure the hotel doesn't have any available rooms with the number of tourists in town for the game." I'm grasping at straws, trying to get out of it so I don't end up feeling like an interloper. I know I could Uber if it came down to it.

"Not a problem," Jett pipes up from his chair. "You can stay in my room. I'll get you an extra key and you can stumble in whenever you're done."

Dia looks at me, wiggling her eyebrows. "Come on, Bailey. When will you get another chance to say you got to play Pin the Penis on the Naked Guy with Bella Simon?"

I laugh loudly, covering my mouth with my hand. "I can confidently say never to that one." I pause, looking at Jett as he raises his brows, waiting for my answer. "Okay, fine."

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SIX

BAILEY

“Time for the swag bags!” Dia yells, cupping her hands around her mouth as if there are more than just the five of us girls in the room. Between us, we've already put away at least four bottles of wine so far, after starting the night with tequila shots because we had to make use of our dick-shaped glasses.

“I’m scared,” Grace says, taking her bag from Dia’s extended hand and setting it between her crisscrossed legs on the bed. I knew from the moment I met her and Bella that we were all going to get along so well. Grace is engaged to Tanner Lake, the Blizzard’s quarterback, and I'm not sure I've ever seen anyone as obsessed with their man as she is. From what she told me, they fell in love the summer after her high school graduation and ended up being separated for five years. Tanner recently fought to win her back, and their relationship has been moving at warp speed ever since. I don't blame them, though. I get it. I'm feeling the same way about Jett right now, even though our past doesn't quite look the same. At the end of the day, when someone has your heart, the details of how they got it don't matter.

“You’re scared ?” Bella mocks, raising a brow. “I’d confidently bet every dollar my last album made that you’ve been tied to some type of bondage device, fighting for your life in the last seventy-two hours. But you’re afraid of that ?” she says, tipping her wine glass at Grace’s lap.

“Touché,” she replies, smirking as Dia goes around the room, handing us each our own swag bag. We all wait as Grace reaches in and pulls out the first item, holding it

up with an annoyed sigh.

“Fuzzy handcuffs? What is this, Davis? Amateur hour?” she quips, setting them down as Dia scowls in her direction. She sticks her hand back in the bag, a devious smile covering her face as she draws it out. “Now, this might be useful.” A very large bright pink dildo hangs from her hand, flopping back and forth as she shows it off to us.

“I’ve seen bigger.” Bella shrugs before chugging what’s left in her wine glass.

Oh my God. What have I gotten myself into?

“Okay, guys,” Grace says, pointing the impressive toy around the room at each of us. “Now it’s your turn.”

“Stupid fucking card,” I mumble, waving it over the lock sensor for the fiftieth time. I snuck out of Grace’s room when I was sure the others had dozed off, tiptoeing down the hall practically naked. I thought we were going for a comfier night, but when I pulled out my cotton shorts and t-shirt to change, Mads stopped me and handed out matching silk nighties to everyone. Dia was sprawled across the floor next to my pile of clothes when I left, so I decided to just leave it because I didn’t want to wake her.

“Why?” I whisper when the light on the lock blinks red again. Just as I’m about to resign myself to sleeping in the hallway, it turns green and I quickly take advantage, pushing the lever and opening the door. The room is nearly pitch black when I enter, other than the lights from the city bleeding through the cracks in the curtains. I can see enough to make out Jett’s muscled back as he sleeps peacefully on his stomach with one leg hiked out to the side. The blanket is barely covering his ass, and the waistband of his designer boxer briefs is peeking out from beneath it. I take a few seconds to admire him before quietly walking past to set my bag of gifts down in the corner.

“Hey, pretty girl. Have a good time?” he rasps, inhaling deeply as he turns his body to face me. His hair is mussed and his eyes are tired, but he still somehow manages to make my heart skip a beat.

“Yeah,” I reply. “Sorry I woke you. I was trying to be quiet. Let me just put everything over here and I’ll get in bed.”

He sits, scooting himself toward the headboard as the blanket slips down, revealing his semi-hard length. He obviously just woke up, and that’s normal, so I do my best to ignore it.

I turn, attempting to hide the bag, but he nods toward it with a questioning look. “What’s that?”

Shit.

“It’s...nothing,” I reply nervously, shoving it into the pile of my stuff that I dropped off here after going home earlier. “Just some party favors.”

He stands, and I can’t stop myself from peeking over at his dick that’s now tenting the material of his boxers. The thing is huge and impossible not to notice, but if I don’t play it cool, this whole situation is going to get awkward really quick. I’m not embarrassed about using sex toys, but the ones Dia gave us are certainly a few steps up from what I’m used to. I fully intend to take them for a spin when I’m alone, but Jett and I have barely been intimate at all. I can’t even imagine what he would think if he saw what I’m trying so hard to hide right now .

“Jesus Christ, Bay. What are you wearing?” he says, stopping in his tracks when he takes in the black silk nightie that barely covers my ass. The matching undies peek out from underneath, and even though I’ve been wearing it all night, I’m suddenly feeling very exposed. My nipples harden against the smooth fabric as he approaches,

reaching out and running the backs of his fingers down my arm. Goosebumps erupt across my skin in their wake, and even though I'm burning up, I shiver.

"M-Mads got them for us," I stutter, leaning into his touch as he steps even closer, ghosting his hands up and down my sides.

"Remind me to send her a fruit basket," he says, leaning down and dragging his tongue from the base of my neck up to my ear. I moan in response, my body trembling as he pulls me flush against him. His erection presses into my stomach, and he reaches around to palm my ass so he can hold me tightly to him.

"What's in the bag, baby?" he says into my ear. "I know those girls, and I'm betting they sent you back to me with some interesting goodies. Why don't you show me?"

I huff a breathy laugh. "Interesting doesn't even begin to cover it." I swallow nervously, backing away as I reach for the floor. Wrapping my shaking hands around the handles, I lift the bag between us. He adjusts his erection, tucking the head of his cock up under his waistband before taking it from me.

His hand dips inside, and his eyes widen as he pulls out a pair of satin wrist restraints. They're fluffy on the inside and tie together with a pink ribbon. He gives me a sexy wink as he sets them on the bed. His hand disappears back into the bag, and he smirks as he takes out the next two items—a matching blindfold and ball gag. My cheeks heat and I shift nervously from one foot to the other as he tosses them with the restraints and goes back for more. He unceremoniously pulls out a bottle of lube and a small box of condoms, putting them on top of the pile. It's not until he reaches in for the last item that a dull throb begins to bloom to life between my legs.

"Well, what do we have here?" he asks, gripping onto the high-tech toy. Don't get me wrong, I have a whole box of dildos and vibes under my bed, but nothing like this one. I was embarrassed when I first opened it, but I can't say I wasn't secretly excited

to try it out by myself. The deep purple silicone is firm and smooth, with two separate parts sticking out from the main vibrator. One is meant to press against the clit, and the other is for anal penetration. There are several modes to make each part vibrate separately at various intensities, or all three can be turned on at once.

“That was Dia,” I say quietly. “She put the bags together.”

“Remind me to buy her a car,” he rasps, stepping back into me. “Are you drunk, Bay?”

I shake my head, swallowing thickly. “No. I stopped drinking hours ago. Everyone started to fall asleep, so I cleaned up and then snuck out.”

“Can we play?” he asks. I hesitate at first, but not because I don’t want to. I know I shouldn’t worry about the fact that we just came back into each other’s lives after so many years apart, and what Mads said earlier was true. I know how I feel about Jett. Maybe it’ll turn into more, maybe it won’t. But why waste the time we have here not doing things just because we feel like other people might think it’s wrong? None of this feels wrong to me.

“Yes,” I whisper, right before he dips down and presses his lips to mine. I snake my arms over his shoulders, and he lifts under my ass, urging me to bring my legs around his waist. He deepens the kiss, massaging my tongue with his as he turns and carries me to the bed, dropping me onto the mattress and crawling over me. I can’t stop myself from lifting my hips into the air, desperate for some friction, but he doesn’t give it. Instead, he reaches over to the pile of stuff next to me, gathers my wrists in both hands, and fastens them into the restraints. Each one is secured separately with Velcro, then they’re tied together in the front. When he’s content with the pretty pink bow, he gently brings my arms up over my head. “Keep them here or I’ll tie them to the headboard. Understand?”

I nod my head rapidly and my pulse speeds up as he reaches back over and returns with the blindfold. He gently places it over my eyes, lifting my head just enough to fasten it at the back. My breathing quickens, and my chest heaves with every inhale as I wait to find out what he'll do next.

“Have you ever heard of a Pleasure Dom, Bailey?” he asks. I shake my head, because while the words seem pretty self-explanatory, I want him to tell me himself. “It’s someone who gets off on making their partner come. Making you feel good last night was all I needed to explode the way I did. I asked you if you wanted another one, and stopped when you said you were satisfied, but I didn’t want to. I wanted to force more orgasms out of you. I wanted to make you feel so much pleasure that you broke and cried for me. I wanted to make you come so many times that you begged me to stop. I knew I couldn’t do that last night. But if you trust me, I’d like to try now. We’ll test it at first. I’ll check in after every orgasm and see if you’d like to keep going. If you don’t, we’ll stop immediately, and I’ll provide aftercare. If you do, I’ll keep pushing you as close to your limits as you can handle.”

I play the words over in my head, weighing the consequences, but ultimately throw caution to the wind because I can’t think of anything I want more right now than to let this man make me his.

“I trust you.”

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SEVEN

JETT

Thank fuck.

My cock turns to stone as Bailey whispers her consent, giving me permission to do what I've been dreaming of all day. Ever since I made her come last night, my mind has been fixated on witnessing it again.

"We need a safe word," I tell her. "What'll it be?"

"Can't I just tell you to stop if I want you to stop?" she questions.

I gently remove the blindfold from her eyes because I need her to understand how serious this is. Reaching over, I turn on the bedside lamp, and she squints as her eyes adjust to the light.

"Listen to me," I say softly. "Even though I only want to bring you pleasure, there will be times where I'm pushing a very fine line toward pain. Depending on your tolerance and how needy you are to come, you may or may not be able to handle it. There might be points where your brain is telling you it's too much, but your body wants to keep going. That's why we need a word that cuts everything off—so I know you're there. It's extremely important to me that I never do anything you aren't comfortable with. Establishing a safe word is a big part of that. Okay?"

She nods her head, swallowing thickly. "Yeah. Okay."

I lean down, pressing my lips to hers in a soft kiss, grateful that she's willing to do this in the only way I could move forward with it. "What's it going to be, pretty girl? Any word you want, as long as you'll be able to remember it if necessary."

She contemplates for a few moments before speaking. "Rock."

I laugh, because apparently some things never change. As kids, we'd scour the beach for hours, searching for the smoothest, roundest rocks. They couldn't be too big, because she liked to hold them in her hands, rubbing her thumb along their surfaces as we walked and talked.

"Alright," I reply. "Rock, it is. Use it if you need to and we'll pull the plug. There's no shame in saying it, and we'll discuss it afterward if you want. I never want to hurt you, Bay."

She nods. "Okay. Can I please have my blindfold back?"

I chuckle, lifting the fabric between us. "This what you want?" I taunt, earning a cute little smile. She's going to be a lot of fucking fun.

"Yes," she says sweetly, and I lean back down, securing it behind her head and making sure it won't move when she starts thrashing around. Because she will. I'll make sure of it.

I waste no time dipping down and sweeping my tongue between her tits that are peeking out from the top of her nightie. Teasing my way upward, I nip gently at her neck, working toward her ear and dragging my teeth across her lobe as she begins squirming around on the mattress.

"I hope you're ready to soak those little panties with how much you're going to want me to touch you," I say with my mouth pressed to her ear. "Because I'm not taking

them off until I'm sure they're wet enough to stick to your cunt as I pull them away from it."

Ghosting my hand from her navel to her breast, I graze her nipple with a fingertip, making her arch into me for more as her mouth goes slack. She gasps when I give it a light pinch, and my cock weeps at the sound of her desperation. I can't stop myself from pulling the fabric down and swirling my tongue around the peaked bud, feeling the bed shift as her legs open on their own accord.

"Look at that," I say. "I've barely touched you and you're spreading wide for me. What a good girl." She whines in response, lifting her hips off the bed, but I pull away.

"Not yet, baby. You can try to fuck the air all you want, but it's not going to give you what you need. That hungry pussy belongs to me right now, and it'll get fed when I say it's time."

"Jett," she whimpers, and I almost abandon the entire plan right then, because just hearing my name come from her lips in such anguish makes me want to give her everything.

I've done this with past girlfriends, but I can already tell that having the keys to Bailey's pleasure will be unlike anything I've ever experienced. The way she's giving me her full trust and submission while we explore is making me feel like my only purpose in this life is to take care of her.

I reach behind me, grabbing the vibrator and switching on the main part. A dull buzzing sound fills the room, and she turns toward the source as if she's being pulled to it. I take a small amount of mercy on her, pressing it to the skin on her inner thigh as she trembles with need. By the time I slide it upward and it touches her sensitive nub through her panties, her shaking legs are already parted wide in invitation.

“Stay still,” I warn. “I decide how much pressure you get right now. If you press against this toy, you’ll be punished. Your pleasure is mine from now on. Understand?”

“Y-yes,” she stutters, and scorching hot blood pounds against my pulse points as adrenaline courses through me. I can’t wait to make her come. Again and again until she’s begging me to stop.

I keep a steady pressure with the toy as I take in the sight below me. Bailey is lying there, blindfolded, one breast still out of her nightie, trying her best not to move even though I can tell by how tight every muscle is that she wants to. I peek down to where the vibrator is pressed to her needy clit, sliding it out of the way just enough to see her arousal as it leaks through the thin panties that cover it. Pushing the toy against her slit for a moment, I pull it away to find the lacy fabric clinging to the wet skin underneath. She moans in response, and I feel a part of my resolve crumble as I crawl down the bed and settle with my face between her legs.

“You’re being so good for me,” I praise. “I’m going to get these off. You made such a mess already.”

“Mhmm,” she whimpers, and I reach up for the sides of her panties. Her legs open wider, and although it wasn’t part of my plan just yet, I’m taken over by instinct as I lean forward and drag my tongue up the soaked fabric from ass to clit. As soon as her sweet taste registers, I know I’ll never crave another thing for the rest of my life. I let my eyes roll back as I take one more quick swipe before sitting back, pulling the ruined lace down her legs and tossing it aside.

Returning to my spot between her thighs, I bring the vibrator back to her swollen bundle of nerves, watching as it spasms at the contact. My cock is painfully hard, and I hump against the mattress to dull the throb as I do my best to keep from licking her again. I just want to get her worked up right now, because when she finally does

explode for the first time, I don't plan on stopping. I'll wring orgasm after orgasm from her until she cries or says her safe word. And I can't fucking wait.

"I'm gonna come," she breathes, and I pull the toy away, making her whine in response. "Jett, please. I need to. Please. " The sound of her begging only spurs me on as the release she was almost able to grasp onto floats out of reach.

"I know, baby. I know," I coo. "Let me edge you for a minute. I promise I'm going to make you feel so good. Trust me, okay?"

She nods her head, relaxing back into the pillow as I dip one fingertip inside her, wetting it and using the slick arousal to rub tight circles around her clit. Her legs stiffen and shake as she resists the urge to lift into me, which I reward with more pressure. Only seconds later, her breathing quickens and her fists ball tightly, indicating that she's nearing the summit again. I take my finger away, leaving her to writhe against the mattress as she whimpers in discomfort.

"Good girl, Bay," I say softly. "You're doing great. Your cunt is so swollen and dripping right now. Are you ready to come?"

"Please," she begs, and I swear I have to clench my butt cheeks so I don't blow from the desperation in her voice.

"Remember your safe word. This is going to get intense. Fight through it as much as you can for me, but if you need to stop, say rock and it'll all go away. Okay?"

"Yes, just—make me come," she gasps as I switch the vibrator to the highest setting and press it against her. She lifts up, and I allow it because I want her to take what I'm giving in whatever ways her body tells her to. What she doesn't know is that this is the last moment of control she's going to have until she puts an end to the scene, and I plan on showing her exactly how good I can make her feel.

“Take it, baby,” I grit out, pulling my knees up under me and sitting back on my feet while I lean over her. “Come for me. I want to watch this greedy pussy eat.”

With that, her back bows off the bed as her orgasm shoots through her. My eyes can’t settle on a focal point, alternating between the beautifully twisted expression on her face, her hands pulling against the restraints above her head, and her cunt as it contracts, pushing more wetness out of her and down toward the mattress.

It goes on for what feels like minutes, until she slowly comes back down to earth, relaxing against the pillow as the pleasure ebbs away. I pull the vibrator back and turn it off, setting it aside for later before sliding my hand between her legs and ghosting my fingertips along her swollen lips. Her body jolts at the contact, but I continue, giving her a small taste of the overstimulation that’s about to consume her within the next few minutes.

“You good to keep going?” I ask, using my free hand to push a sweat-soaked strand of hair off her forehead. Even with the blindfold over her eyes, she’s stunning with her flushed, glowing skin and pouty lips.

“Yeah,” she replies quietly. “I want another one, please.”

“What a polite girl,” I praise, resuming my circles on her clit. She moves around a little, still clearly sensitive, but she’s had enough time to recover that it isn’t too uncomfortable. “I’m not going to stop at all after this next one. I want to see if you can go back-to-back for me. You know what to do if it becomes too much.”

“Mhmm,” she moans, and I lean down for a quick kiss before I get back to work building her up. Her swollen bud hardens with every pass of my fingers as her breathing becomes labored and her muscles begin winding themselves tight. I’m already learning her body, so when I know she’s close, I move back between her legs, lying on my stomach so I’m ready when she comes. I’m about to show her what

being with a Pleasure Dom is really about.

“Oh my God, I’m going to fucking come!” she shouts, and I pick up speed, rubbing her clit from side to side until she finally lets go, shaking with her second orgasm of the night. I work her through it, but this time when her body begins to go slack, I don’t pull back. Instead, I push two fingers inside her sensitive pussy, making her whimper in response as she attempts to twist away from me.

“Good girl,” I say. “You can take it.”

“I c-can’t,” she stutters, trying harder to move out from under me. I wrap my free hand around her thigh, forcing her to open wider and staring down at my fingers as they disappear inside her. The sounds her body is making are absolutely obscene as her arousal splashes out in drops every time I retreat.

“You’re going to,” I taunt. “Whether you like it or not, baby, I’m forcing it out of you. I own this used little cunt, and if I want it to come, it’s going to come.”

She whines loudly, thrashing from left to right as I tighten my grip on her thigh and dive forward, latching my mouth onto her clit as she screams. My cock swells with the need to release as I continue fucking her with my fingers and flicking my tongue as quickly as I can in an effort to get her to the edge again. When I feel her inner walls clamp around me so tightly that I can’t move without the risk of breaking them, I suck, making her go off like a firework for the third time tonight. Her entire body lifts off the mattress, convulsing wildly as she orgasms so hard, I’m not completely sure that she’s even coherent. My restraint snaps and I lose control, rutting against the bed until I fall over my own climax, soaking my briefs with cum as I grunt loudly.

I can’t remember the last time I came without some form of skin-to-skin stimulation, yet I’ve done it both times with Bailey.

“Jesus Christ,” I say on an exhale, removing my fingers from her and dipping them into my mouth to clean them off. I bring my eyes to her pussy and as much as I know I shouldn’t keep pushing—I need more. Testing to see if she can handle it, I lean back in and ghost small licks over her clit, making her legs slam over my ears before I force them back open.

“Jett, I can’t,” she whispers, but I keep going, circling around it with my tongue.

“I know, Bay. You’re doing so good. I know it hurts. Do you remember your safe word?”

“Yes,” she replies.

“Use it,” I order, pushing my tongue inside her sensitive cunt. She attempts to pull away, but I can’t control myself enough to let her go. I need it. I wait to hear her pull the plug, but while every movement she’s making screams that she’s done, she doesn’t actually say the word.

I rear my hand back, slapping the overused bundle of nerves and making her hiss a sharp breath through her teeth. “Use the fucking word, Bailey. I won’t stop until you do. I came all over myself and I’m already hard again. I can do this all night.” She stays quiet aside from the small whines that escape her every time my breath ricochets off her skin. Even that is making her squirm.

Either this girl is certifiably insane, or she’s just fucking perfect for me.

I abandon my place between her thighs for a moment, crawling up to remove the cuffs from her wrists and kissing each one before pulling the blindfold from her eyes. They’re closed, and she looks absolutely exhausted, but they slowly flutter open when she realizes I’m there. I’m worried she might slip into subspace without me noticing, so I want to check and make sure she’s good to continue. I honestly didn’t think she’d

last as long as she has, but she's surprising the hell out of me.

"Hey, pretty girl," I say quietly, capturing her gaze. "You still here with me?" She nods her head, and I brush my fingers along her warm cheek, my heart squeezing in my chest as she leans into my touch. "Do you want to stop?"

"No," she replies weakly. "But will you stay up here with me?"

I huff a quiet laugh. "Of course, I will. Matter of fact," I say, reaching down and peeling my cum-soaked briefs down my legs and tossing them to the floor, "we'll do it together, face-to-face this time."

"Okay," she says as I slide on top of her, settling my body between her open legs. I have to breathe deeply to get my bearings as I feel my bare cock press against her wet center, reminding myself of what I have to lose if I don't take my time before moving us to the next level. I don't give a fuck that I just got her back. I already know the attachment I'll feel to her once we cross that line isn't something I'll be able to let go of.

The moment Bailey Hart lets me inside her is the moment I'll fall irrevocably in love. I'll be powerless to stop it from happening. I can feel it in my soul.

"Ready?" I ask and she nods, closing her eyes as I start to thrust against her. She's absolutely soaked, making it easy to rub myself along her slit, feeling how swollen she is from what I've put her through tonight. Her legs shake and squeeze my hips, then drop open wider as the friction gradually turns from pain to pleasure. The sounds of discomfort that were squeaking out of her moments ago morph into ones of relief, and she angles her hips under me so I'm hitting exactly where she wants me to.

"There's those pretty-girl moans," I say. "I'm so fucking hard for you, Bay. Can't wait to feel you gush on my dick when you come."

“Jett, fuck me,” she whimpers. “I want you so bad. Just, please .”

Goddamn it.

I could. It would be so easy to just reach over, grab a condom and fuck her until the sun comes up. But I won't. Not until she understands what it means for me.

“Look at me,” I say, and she opens her eyes, connecting them to mine. “We can't yet. Because once we do, I'm not letting you go again. It'll never just be a fuck with the goal of feeling good and moving on. When we take that step, it'll change our lives, so I need you to really think about it for a few days. If you're completely ready for that at the end of the week, I'll make love to you, Bailey. And then I'll keep you forever.”

Her eyes close and she exhales contentedly, nodding in agreement. I hope she understands what I'm not saying here. It may seem crazy, but the bond we share isn't one that can be broken by any amount of distance or time. This girl is all I have left of the life that was taken from me when I was just a kid, and making the decision to give her all of myself is as easy as breathing. She's been a part of me since I was six years old, even if the majority of our lives were spent unknowingly finding our way back to one another. I just want to make sure that if she wants to jump into this thing headfirst with me, she does it because she feels the same way. If she doesn't yet, I'll wait for as long as she needs me to.

“Let's come together,” I say, grinding against her as our orgasms build. I can tell she's still overstimulated, but she takes it like a champ, shifting herself under me until she's getting what she needs. I concentrate on not slipping inside as she moves, even though I'd give anything to feel her just for a second. But I want it to be perfect the first time, so for now, I focus on the way her swollen lips feel as they massage my cock.

“I can't wait to fuck you for real, Bay,” I grit out. “I'm going to pump you so full of

my cum. And you know what'll happen when I do, don't you? ”

Her eyes go wide and her mouth parts as she looks up at me, nodding her head rapidly.

“Say it,” I plead. Even if she decides she doesn't want me in the end, I want to get lost in this moment, dreaming about what could be if she did.

“You'd—you'd,” she stammers, and I can tell she's teetering on the ledge of her orgasm as I keep thrusting the head of my cock into her clit.

“I'd what, pretty girl?”

“Get me pregnant,” she moans loudly as her body stiffens and she comes all over me. Just hearing the words makes my vision go black, and my orgasm hits so hard I nearly pass out. I have yet to blow my load inside this woman, but every time she makes me explode, it's the most intense climax I've ever experienced. I'm afraid I might actually die when I finally fill her up. It would be worth it if I do. I have no doubts about that.

I slow my hips as we both come down, our heavy breaths and satisfied moans mixing together as I lean down and kiss her gently. “Thank you for coming back to me,” I whisper, and my heart feels like it could burst out of my chest with the way she looks at me. I know she's feeling at least a small amount of what I am. There's no way what we just did didn't mean something to her.

“It was fate,” she replies, and now I know she's right there with me.

I lower my forehead to hers, letting the last of our orgasms fade away as we breathe each other in. Our hearts are both pounding wildly as I lie on her with our chests pressed together, and I swear they sync up to the same rhythm like they were waiting

years to be able to beat as one again.

Two days.

That's all it took for me to become whole again. After all the suffering in my life, I finally have someone to look forward to sharing it with. I just hope that at the end of the week, she doesn't break me all over again.

"I'll be right back," I say, kissing her quickly and heading to the bathroom. I turn on the sink, waiting for the water to warm as I grab two washcloths from the shelf, hold them under the tap, and add some body wash from my toiletry bag. I clean the cum from my stomach and dick, preparing the other one for Bailey.

Leaving the room, I walk to the refrigerator and take out a bottle of water, then swipe a banana from the dish on the corner table before returning to the bed.

"Can you drink for me?" I say as she lies there, practically asleep, and reach under her neck to prop her up against the pillow. She groans in annoyance, and I chuckle as I hand her the bottle, which she thankfully takes. I watch her as I peel the banana and offer it in exchange for the water. She looks at me with defiance written across her face.

"You have to eat," I tell her softly. "I just put your body through the wringer. You did amazing, and you might feel great now, but it may be a different story when the endorphins wear off. You're at risk for something called sub drop, which is a very unpleasant experience I'd like to avoid, so please eat and drink for me."

"Fine," she sasses, taking it from my hand. "But only because your dick is huge and you just made me come about a hundred times."

I raise a brow. "You better watch your mouth, Bay," I warn. "Just because I get off

on giving you pleasure doesn't mean I won't punish you. It would be an honor and a privilege to turn that tight little ass red."

She tucks her lips between her teeth, hiding her surprise before taking a small bite of the banana. I smirk as I bring the washcloth to her overstimulated core, wiping gently to clean her as carefully as I can. She jumps at the contact, hissing a breath through her teeth.

"I'm sorry, baby," I apologize. "Is it sore?"

She smiles. "It is, but I really like it. It's never been that good before." Part of me internally fist pumps because I made her feel better than anyone ever has, but the other part hates the fact that we were separated long enough for her to live a whole other life without me.

No more. At least not if I have anything to say about it.

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EIGHT

BAILEY

“I can do this myself, you know,” I say with a contended sigh as Jett smooths the brush through my hair. We’ve been sitting in bed since we woke up, him pampering me as I pretend to resist.

“I know you can,” he replies, gathering my long locks in his hand and tugging gently to one side before kissing my neck. “But this is all part of what I like. Being a Pleasure Dom isn’t just about endless orgasms. It’s about making you feel good in all ways, both physically and emotionally. It turns me on to take care of you.”

I smile softly, nodding my head in understanding. I’ve heard lots of kinky stories from my friends, but this type of situation is completely new to me. I had no idea it was even a thing, and I have to admit that I’m curious about it.

Last night after Jett shook my entire world, forcing so many orgasms from me that I lost count, he fed me, cleaned me and whispered the sweetest praises into my ear as I gave in to my exhaustion and fell asleep in his arms. We didn’t really talk much about anything else, but I have several burning questions that I want answers to.

“Have you, umm...” I begin, trying to find the right words without setting myself up to be disappointed. “Have you done this with a lot of women?”

As soon as I say it, I want to take it back. I have no right to ask him that. What he’s done prior to that elevator ride isn’t my business. But I can’t help wishing that it was

something more with me.

“I’ve had a few relationships where this type of dynamic was in play.” He sets the brush down, reaching around me and pulling my back tightly to his front. “But please don’t let that diminish what we did last night, or what we’ll continue to do if you consent to it. They were my girlfriends, and what we had worked for us at the time, but none of them could even hold a candle to the connection I feel to you. That was unlike anything I’ve ever experienced, Bay.”

I roll my eyes playfully. “So I’m not like other girls? That’s what you’re saying?” It’s so cliché. I’m sure he’s been with beautiful women who knew exactly how to fall in line with the things he wanted from them. I have no idea what I’m doing. I live on my own and care for myself. It’s been over a year since I last had a boyfriend, and half that time since I’ve had sex. All my orgasms these days are self-delivered, and it’s usually just to tire me out so I can go to bed. What do I really know about handing all my pleasure—both physically and emotionally—to someone else ?

He hooks a finger under my chin, turning me so I’m looking into his eyes. They’re full of emotion, and it’s almost hard to believe that it’s only been three days since we reconnected. I feel like I know his soul. Like we were never separated at all. “There isn’t a single human being on this planet like you, Bailey Hart. You’re one of a kind. You’ve always been my favorite person.”

He leans forward, pressing his lips to mine and I turn to curl up in his lap as he holds me. “How did we never find each other? You had my last name, but I wasn’t using it. I didn’t have yours, but it was plastered all over every sports magazine in the country. We missed out on so much. I hate that my parents didn’t try harder when I asked them to find you.”

He exhales a thoughtful sigh. “We were kids. Everything seemed to make sense at the time. It’s not like our parents were close enough to care about personal details, nor

did they know the kind of friendship we had. While they were inside relaxing or working, we were hiding behind the birch tree, kissing and making plans to marry each other when we grew up. They couldn't have understood what we meant to one another. Don't blame them for that."

"Aren't you mad, though?" I ask. "You lost your mom and dad, Jett. And I wasn't there to hold your hand or tell you it would be okay. You needed me and I didn't know." Tears spill down my cheeks and my heart breaks all over for that little boy. In this moment, I may be pissed at my parents for dismissing me when I asked them about his family, but I don't know what I'd do if something happened to them. Even though he had his aunt, uncle and cousins, I'm sure there were times when he could've just used a friend. It kills me to know that there's a possibility I could've eased even an ounce of his pain, but had no idea he needed me. I was living my happy, carefree life full of love and laughter, while he was twelve years old, grieving the loss of the most important people in his world. Even if I wasn't in control of the situation, I don't think I'll ever get the image of him facing it all alone out of my head.

"You're a good man, Jett James," I say, pressing my forehead to his. "And I?—"

I'm cut off by a loud knock on the door. Part of me is grateful, because there's so much going on in my head and heart right now, and although I'm sensing he's on the same page, it's probably wise to give it a little longer before we talk about any of it. This thing is moving so fast, but I lost him once. I'd be an idiot to leave any words unsaid after this week is over.

"I'll get it," he says, kissing my forehead and walking to the door. He swings it open to reveal a very tired-looking Dia with her puppy-dog of a husband standing not far behind.

"Mr. and Mrs. Davis," Jett says with a smirk. "To what do we owe the pleas?—"

“Bailey, help,” Dia says, cutting him off as she blows right into the room and faceplants on the bed with a groan. Dalton trudges in behind her, plopping down in the chair and dragging his hands down his face. He looks exhausted, which makes sense since he was complaining yesterday how he sleeps like shit without his wife .

“Help with what?” I ask with a laugh as Jett slides back in behind me and picks up where he left off, working to get the knots out of my hair.

She flips over, squinting as though the light in the room is too much before looking my way and scrunching her eyebrows.

“He brushes your hair ?” she asks. “Oh my God, that is so cute I could puke. Dalton, how come you never brush my hair?”

He gives her an annoyed look. “Dia, I had your toes in my mouth two nights ago. Your dirty, sweaty I-walked-all-day-in-my-stilettos toes. Then, I put my tongue on other parts of you that haven’t seen a ray of sunshine since the day you were born, and I loved every fucking minute of it. Came so hard, I almost cried. So please don’t give me shit for not attempting to tame that mess ,” he says, waving at her hair. “I show my obsession for you in other ways.”

“You’re oversharing again,” she says before rolling my way. “Do you have any magic potions in your arsenal that can fix these eye bags? I feel like I got hit by a bus. Why do you look so good? And when did you leave?”

I laugh, standing from the bed and picking up my suitcase before hoisting it onto the mattress. I take out the caffeine serum, a jade roller and two disposable cold packs, making my way back over to Dia. “Angle your head toward the edge of the bed,” I instruct.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” Dalton says quietly, and I hear Jett chuckle behind me. I scowl in

his direction, and he winks with a cocky smirk that I simultaneously want to slap and sit on. If I wasn't so sore from all the orgasms he gave me last night, I'd consider it.

I squeeze the cold packs, shaking them and setting them aside while they activate before applying the serum to her cheeks and rolling it outward. "I left after you all fell asleep. Knowing there was a nice, warm bed over here calling my name made it difficult not to."

She laughs sarcastically. "Yeah, I'm sure it was the bed that had you excited to get back."

I scoff, taking the cold packs and laying them over her eyes. I wish I had a third one for her mouth before she tells everyone how I couldn't shut up about Jett last night. Thankfully, Dia is a girl's girl. She knows the code.

"Keep those on there. You'll look wide awake in no time," I say, walking to the bathroom and washing my hands. As I reach for the towel that hangs on the wall, strong arms snake around me from behind.

"Fuck, you smell good," Jett says, burying his nose into my hair. I turn, facing him with our lips only inches apart. I don't even bother trying to stop the smile that blooms across my face at the way he looks at me. I can't believe I didn't recognize him in the elevator. Now that I'm seeing him up close, his features have changed, but they're all still so familiar. I'm definitely glad he knew it was me, because the thought of missing out on reconnecting with each other makes me sick to my stomach. I had no idea just how much I needed him in my life until I got him back.

I know I have a lot to think about. We both do. The more I replay what he said last night in my mind, the more twisted up I get over the future. On one hand, the thought of jumping into a relationship after such a short time is crazy. It's reckless and we barely know each other as adults. Could we really make a long-distance relationship

work after only getting a week together to see if we'd even be a good fit? On the other hand, I know I'm feeling a lot of big things—things I almost blurted out a few minutes ago in the heat of the moment while I was drunk on being close to him. But are they real? They couldn't possibly be... right?

My head and heart are so far removed from one another right now, I'm not sure what the correct answer is. If I'm going with my logical brain, we can't let this thing go past Sunday. He lives in Boston, I'm here in Florida and it'll never work. If we rushed into a relationship so soon, every card would be stacked against us—including the way people would look at us like we were insane for thinking a childhood friendship could turn into lifelong happiness overnight after being apart for so long.

But if I follow my heart? I tell him how I feel—that even though it doesn't seem real, it took me less than seventy-two hours to know I was falling for him. That now that he's back in my life, I can't imagine ever being without him...and that I'd be willing to risk everything for a shot at forever.

It's just so confusing. And I don't want to make the wrong decision.

"Where'd you go?" he asks, tilting my chin up with his fingers. "I can practically hear those wheels turning in your head. Talk to me, Bay. "

I exhale a slow breath. "This is crazy, right?" I whisper. "What are we doing?"

He tightens his arms around me, pulling me into his chest. I listen as his heart beats steadily, the rhythm calming my chaotic emotions.

"We're doing what feels right," he replies. "It wasn't our fault we lost so many years together. It wasn't anyone's, really. But I promise you that if we hadn't, and we got to experience all those summers with each other, we'd be right where we are at this very minute. With you in my arms and me knowing, without a doubt, that I'm the luckiest

motherfucker in the world because of it. There's not a chance in hell I'd have let you go if I had a choice, Bailey. You have to know that."

"I do," I reply, seeing the sincerity written across his face. "But we're strangers, Jett. We're not the same twelve-year-old kids that didn't understand the real world. We've changed."

He stands tall, still holding around my waist. I love the way he never wants to let me go. "You're right. We've changed in a lot of ways. But at the end of the day, there's a reason we crossed paths here. It's not a coincidence that you were hired by my teammate's wife on the one week I'd be in Tampa. It wasn't an accident that we ended up in that elevator together. It was time for us, Bay. For us. Open your mind to whatever fate is trying to do here."

I swallow thickly, tears filling my eyes. He's right. One of those things could've been overlooked. But all of them happening exactly the way they have? That can't be random .

"Okay," I say in agreement. "We have four days left. We'll just enjoy it for whatever it is and see what happens after the game."

"That's my girl," he says, sliding his hands up to cradle my face as he lowers his mouth to mine. I moan into the kiss, and he slides his tongue across my lower lip, waiting for me to open before he plunges inside. Sparks explode behind my eyes as he steals my breath, and I realize that I've never felt like this with anyone else. Even the way he kisses me makes me feel so appreciated and cherished, like he'd move heaven and earth if I asked him to. It's intense and scary, but I know I don't want to let him go right now.

A throat clears behind me, and I jolt away from him, turning and smoothing my hair as though I can hide the fact that we just got caught making out.

“Sorry to interrupt,” Dia says, standing in the bathroom doorway. “Dalton’s parents just texted from the lobby, so we have to run down and meet them. We’re still on for ten o’clock in my room. There’s a superfan event after lunchtime, and the girls and I want to pop in and surprise them since the guys will be at the practice facility. You should come with us.” She looks to Jett, then back to me with a smile as he wraps his arms around my waist and lowers his chin to my shoulder from behind.

“It’s not a bad idea,” he agrees. “It might be fun for you to see how wild those things can get. They’re a blast.”

I look over at him, furrowing my brows. “I’m not a WAG. They probably won’t even let me in. ”

“You look like a WAG to me,” Dia says, making Jett chuckle against my ear.

I roll my eyes, addressing her again. “Maybe,” I relent. “Let’s get you ready first, then I’ll see how I’m feeling about it.”

That perks her up. “Okay! We’re out of here. I’ll see you in a couple hours.”

She leaves the room, dragging Dalton behind her as Jett spins me back around and lifts under my ass, prompting me to wrap my legs around his waist before carrying me back to the bed. “Let’s finish brushing these crazy-ass knots out of your hair. Can’t have my girl meeting the Blizzard fans for the first time looking like a homeless person.” I slap at his shoulder and he laughs, pressing his lips to my neck before he begins smoothing the brush through my tresses again. I close my eyes and enjoy the feeling of being cared for, daydreaming about a future where things like this could happen every day.

NINE

JETT

“Watch out for the blitz here, Kingsley,” Coach Mills says, pausing the film. “Wakeman comes off the line like a rocket on this play, so you’ll have to hit the block to give Lake enough time in the pocket to let the routes develop.”

“You got it, Coach,” I reply, writing in my notebook so I can brush up on everything when I’m back in my room later. We’ve been sitting here for hours, going over every play the Minnesota Graywolves have run against us over the last few years, finding our weaknesses and holes so we can fix them before Sunday. They’re notorious for blitzing on the weak side, so I’ll need to help with blocking over there to keep Tanner from getting his ass planted on the plays where I’m not the target.

“Alright,” he says loudly, using the remote to switch off the large smart screen behind him. “Get the fuck out of here. Go spend some quality time with your families. Friday evening, you’ll all move into sequestered rooms until after the game so you can focus and get solid nights of sleep. There will be a nine o’clock curfew, and you’re not to have anyone on that floor unless they have written permission from the team. That includes visits from girlfriends who happen to work for the media, Beckham. So don’t even try it.”

Blaze scowls before schooling his expression and nodding in understanding. “Yes, Coach.”

“Alright,” he continues. “I’ll see you in the morning for practice. Have a good night,

gentlemen.”

We all gather our belongings, standing and heading toward the exit. We’re used to these film sessions, but paired with all the media and events that are scheduled throughout the week, it’s a lot. I’m exhausted and I can’t wait to get back to the hotel. I was able to convince Bailey to stay until Sunday, so it’s nice knowing that I’m not going to walk into an empty room. It’s been a long time since I could say that, and even longer since I’ve felt this giddy about seeing a woman. I honestly feel like a kid again, waiting for her parent’s car to pull in the driveway after a year apart, even though it’s only been a few hours. I just want to hurry up and get there so I can hold her, kiss her and care for her.

“You headed straight back to Bailey?” Tanner asks as we walk toward the lobby of the practice facility. “Grace filled me in on your story. That’s fucking crazy, man.”

I nod my head, smiling at the way the girls just welcomed her into their group after only meeting her once. I shouldn’t be surprised. It started with Mads and Dia. Next thing I knew, Bella and Grace had become part of their little gang. And now they’re opening their arms to Bailey. I’m grateful for that, because it’s given her an idea of what this life is like and how much of a family we all are. “Yeah,” I reply. “I never thought I’d see her again, but it’s like we didn’t skip a beat. She’s fucking incredible.”

He returns my smile, and I know he gets it. We weren’t that close until this past season, but I know he went through a lot of shit after he broke Grace’s heart in college. I saw the changes in him when she came back into his life, and now it’s like he’s a different person. Before, he was always so private and reserved. Now, I’m surprised he doesn’t rent a billboard in every city we travel to so he can profess his love and devotion to his fiancée to anyone who might not know. It’s been pretty amazing to watch.

“You should convince her to come to Vegas with all of us after the game. Grace and I are going to tie the knot at the same chapel where Davis got married last year. My best friend Riggs is flying in, and we’re going to have a little vacation to wind down from this wild-ass season.”

I consider his offer. “She does have next week off, but I’m not sure if she’d be down for a trip. To be honest, if she wants to stay in Tampa, I probably will too. It makes me sick to even think about leaving her after Sunday.”

His eyes go wide. “Damn, bro. Didn’t know it was like that. You’re in love with her, aren’t you?”

“Pretty sure I am,” I reply, pinching the bridge of my nose. “She thinks it’s crazy for feelings to be getting involved so quickly, but I’m telling you man—the second I saw her, I was gone. It’s not smart, and it defies all logic, but I think she’s my soulmate.”

He shrugs. “Fuck logic. The worst thing I ever did was listen to my head over my heart when it came to Grace. I was in agony for years because of that shit, and so was she. The universe is literally dropping your person right into your lap, Kingsley. That’s one hell of a gift.”

I nod, letting his word sink in as he slaps my shoulder and walks away. “Vegas, baby!” he yells out before pushing through the door and disappearing into the warm Florida night.

He’s right. I’ve been given a chance to have everything I never knew I was missing, and I’d be a fucking moron to let it go. Am I scared? Yeah, sure. But the worst thing I can think of is ending this week without doing everything I can to convince Bailey to give us a shot.

“Bay?” I say into the room as I enter, setting my bag down on the floor. I expected to

see her lying in bed watching TV or something, but she's nowhere to be found. Her stuff is still in the corner where she left it, so she could be with the girls.

I make my way toward the dresser, noticing that the light in the bathroom is on as a subtle cloud of steam seeps from the crack in the door. The faint sound of water running hits my ears the closer I get, and my stomach twists with anticipation as I quietly push my way inside. My cock immediately thickens in my sweatpants at what I see beyond the glass wall of the shower. Bailey sits on the built-in bench, back leaning against the granite tiles, with her hand between her spread legs. Soft moans fill the air, and I watch like a voyeur as she takes care of herself, doing everything I can to stop from going in there fully clothed and punishing her for taking away the opportunity of feeling her warm cunt squeeze around my fingers. I bring my hand down to my dick and see stars as I give it a squeeze, feeling the first drop of precum as it leaks from the tip.

"Mmm, Jett," she whimpers. "Fuck me. I need your cock." She continues pumping in and out, and I bite my lip so hard I almost draw blood in an attempt to stay quiet while she brings herself closer to the edge. But the gesture is futile because as soon as she presses up onto her tiptoes, ready to fall over, I'm tearing my clothes off and ripping open the shower door, startling her as she yanks her hand from her core.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I ask, my chest heaving with the desire flowing through me .

"N-nothing," she stutters, eyes wide with surprise. "Just washing up."

I raise a brow, ghosting my fist over my hard cock just enough to tease it. "Oh yeah? Looked to me like you were fantasizing about me fucking you. Is that what you were doing while you were burying your fingers inside your cunt without asking first? I distinctly remember telling you that your pleasure belonged to me, yet here you are taking it like a greedy fucking girl."

“I’m sorry,” she whispers quietly as rivulets of water drip down her face and body. Her chest moves up and down rapidly with quick breaths, and she squeezes her thighs together in discomfort. I want to drop to my knees, throw her legs over my shoulders and give her a release, but she went against my wishes, and now she needs to suffer the consequences.

“Prove it,” I say, catching her gaze and looking to the floor to direct her. She doesn’t need another word as she stands and lowers herself to her knees at my feet, dragging her hands down my body as she goes. Looking up, she waits for direction like the obedient little sub I know she is, and it makes me swell with pride that she trusts me enough to do this. “Suck my cock, pretty girl. Tell me you’re sorry.”

She leans forward, licking the precum that’s ready to drop to the floor and swallowing it down before taking my head between her plump lips. I clench my teeth, trying to keep myself under control as she slowly explores, sending sparks of desire shooting through my entire body .

“Awww,” I coo. “My special girl. You look so pretty taking me like that. Keep going.” She preens under my praise, opening wider and sliding my length down her tongue until I hit the back of her throat. She tries to push further, but I stop her with a gentle hand on her cheek, pulling back slightly. “Slow down, baby. I don’t want you choking yet. You have a lot of apologizing left to do before I forgive you for touching what’s mine.” She tries again, this time with slow, languid strokes as she looks up at me like I’m the only person in the world. I take it in like a powerful drug, admiring her beautiful features while she worships me from her knees.

“Fuck, you’re perfect,” I say, rubbing my thumb adoringly across her cheek as she bobs up and down, using a gentle suction to coax my orgasm to the surface. To be honest, she could just look at me with those gorgeous green eyes, unmoving, and I would blow all over her with no problem. Bailey has a hold on me that’s unlike any woman I’ve ever met. She’s mine, and I’m hers. No matter what happens after this

week, that'll never change.

I pull out of her mouth, earning a needy whine as I round her body and sit on the bench. She turns without standing, settling her hands on my thighs. Gently gripping her soaked hair, I guide her back to my cock and she resumes sucking immediately, like she needs this just as much as I do. She's straddling my foot, which is exactly where I want her positioned for this.

I get lost in the way she gradually takes me deeper, drooling and moaning quietly as she grows more and more aroused. I'm not shocked by it, considering she was ready to come when I stopped her. "Good girl, baby," I praise, feeling every muscle in my body as they begin to fire off under my skin. Electricity shoots through my limbs, tightening in my core and I know it's only a matter of seconds before I can't hold back any longer.

"I'm going to come all over your pretty face, Bailey," I tell her, pulling the hair on the back of her head until she pops off. She looks up at me with wide eyes, waiting patiently as I wrap my hand around my cock and stroke. Her brows pull in, showing me how much agony I'm putting her through by leaving her so turned on. I hold her chin up, nodding to let her know that I understand what she wants as my balls pull tight and I explode, shooting my load all over her face. She opens her mouth, catching what she can while I paint her with my forgiveness. I only stop when I'm completely empty, resting my head back on the wall for a moment while I catch my breath. She goes to stand, but I stop her with a hand on her shoulder, pushing her back down so her pussy is pressed to my leg.

"Oh, we aren't done yet," I say. "You want to act like a disobedient puppy, I'll treat you like one. Ride my leg."

Her eyes go wide. "Wh-what?" she stammers, clearly disbelieving what I'm telling her to do.

I lean forward, gently grabbing her chin and capturing her gaze. “I told you that your pleasure was mine. Every touch. Every orgasm. Every drop of that sweet cum belongs to me. You tried taking it for yourself while fantasizing about me. Now you’re being punished. I need you to understand that I’m willing to devote my entire life to making you happy, Bay. I’ll quit my fucking job. Stay home all day. Give you whatever you want and then some. All you have to do is let me. I’ll never tell you no. I promise.” My eyes harden as I tighten my grip on her jaw. “But if you steal from me, you’ll pay for it. Now ride. My. Leg. ”

She obeys, slowly grinding herself on my shin. I can feel how slick she is with arousal as she moves, and I almost feel bad for making her do this when all she wants is for me to fuck her. But I told her already. Once we do, there’s no way I’m not making her completely mine in every way. I’m ready for it, but I need to be sure she is too.

She picks up speed, rubbing herself shamelessly as her moans ricochet off the glass of the shower door. She wraps her small hands around the back of my knee, holding on like her life depends on it while she chases her orgasm. It’s the most beautiful fucking sight I’ve ever seen, and it isn’t lost on me how lucky I am to have her trust me in this way. Submitting to someone isn’t an easy thing to do, especially when punishment or redirection is involved. She wouldn’t be doing this if she thought I was trying to disrespect her. She knows I would die before I ever did that.

“Just like that,” I say as she tightens her grip and thrusts faster, whining into the steam-filled air as her legs begin to shake. “You’re doing such a good job. Come on my leg.”

With that, her hips jerk and she stiffens, crying out her release as she lowers her head to my knee. I pet her hair as she rides it out, whispering gentle praises to her while she slowly goes limp and slides to the floor. I give her a minute to catch her breath before lifting her into my lap and holding her close, pressing kisses to her cheek and

forehead.

“Sit here,” I say, standing to gather the shampoo and body wash, then turning back to take care of her. I wash her as she sits with her eyes closed, fighting her exhaustion, doing my best to hurry so I can get her out of here before she conks out. Turning off the water and reaching for her towel on the hook outside the door, I dry us both off thoroughly before picking her up and carrying her straight to bed.

Sliding in next to her, I pull her into me, fighting those three words as they try to force themselves out of my mouth. Although I know how monumental they are, it’s only a matter of time before I can’t keep them bottled up inside me any longer. That should have me running the other way, and with anyone else, I would be. But not with Bailey. She owns my heart.

I just hope she wants to keep it.

TEN

BAILEY

“Are you sure about this?” I ask Jett, smoothing my cocktail dress with my palms as I stare at myself in the full-length mirror. “I’m not part of the team like the other wives and girlfriends. Are you sure they’ll want me at an event like this?”

He abandons where he’s getting dressed in the bathroom, walking over and standing behind me. “You’re with me,” he says, gathering my hair and placing it over one shoulder, dropping his lips to my exposed neck before catching my gaze in the reflection. “You’re a part of my family. That’s what this dinner is for—to show appreciation for everyone who’s had an impact on our lives. That includes you, Bay. Plus, I want to be the guy with the prettiest girl in the room on his arm for a change.”

“Date a lot of hideous women, have you?” I sass, making him pinch my sides. I squeal out a laugh as he wraps his arms around my waist and hauls me into his chest .

“No, smart-ass. But I’ve been on this earth for twenty-five years and I’ve never had my breath sucked from my body like I did in that elevator the other night. You’re perfect and I can’t wait to show you off. Now let me finish getting ready so we can get out of here.” I nod as he pats my ass before returning to the bathroom. Turning back to the mirror, I look at myself with a soft smile, grateful that he was able to ease my nerves.

When he asked me to be his date to tonight’s team dinner, I was reluctant to say yes. I knew it was happening because I was scheduled to do Dia’s make up a few hours

ago, but I certainly wasn't expecting to be invited as a guest. Since the guys will be heading to their own floor tomorrow, where they aren't permitted to leave at night, this is the last time they'll have with their families and friends before the big game. I suggested going home because I wasn't sure how I felt about staying in Jett's room alone, but he begged me not to. He said he would sleep better knowing we were only separated by an elevator ride. Deep down, I'm glad he wanted me here, because not only has it been easier to get to Dia every day, but I've loved waking up next to him.

The last few mornings have given me a taste of what life as a submissive to a Pleasure Dom is like. Not only does he want to fulfill my every need as far as orgasms, but he also enjoys taking care of me. He's done everything from brushing my hair to fastening the straps on my heels. He makes sure I've eaten and drank enough throughout the day, even when he isn't here, and while it's definitely going to take some getting used to, it feels good to know that my happiness and well-being are toward the top of his priority list. I have no problem taking care of myself, since I've been doing it all my adult life. But sometimes it's a relief to know that if I don't want to, someone else can shoulder that weight. I already know I don't want things between us to end completely after this week is over, but I'm still unsure what it'll all look like. Will he expect me to move to Boston? Will I want to? I love my job, so I wouldn't want to give up being an esthetician, but I'm not necessarily attached to the spa. I do love Tampa, though. So I don't know if I'd ever actually want to leave.

It's a lot to think about, especially since it's only been a handful of days for us, so I'm trying not to dwell too much on making such big decisions. We said we were going to enjoy the week and see where it takes us, and that's what I want to do. I don't want to let anything ruin the time we have left here. Playing in a Super Bowl is a once in a lifetime opportunity—or twice, for the Boston Blizzard—so we should be soaking this all in. I'll continue to weigh the pros and cons of getting into a long-distance relationship and moving to another state, since he certainly can't come to me. But right now, I'm going to push it all aside for Jett.

“Ready, baby?” he asks, adjusting his cufflink as he stands in front of me. The man is flawless in every way, with his hard muscles straining against the fabric of his dress shirt. His pants are definitely tailored to fit him, and I can see every ridge in his legs, even though they aren’t moving. It makes my mouth water, but I try not to let it show as I nod and step toward his outstretched hand, sliding mine into it. He weaves his fingers through mine, squeezing gently and melting away any leftover anxiety from my decision to accept his invitation.

My phone vibrates with a notification, and I see that I’ve been added to a group chat—one that’s been flooding for the last hour. I was so caught up in getting ready and worrying about being accepted that I didn’t even check it.

CHILLY CHASERS GROUP CHAT

Dia:

I added Bailey to the chat. What are you guys wearing?

Bella:

Hey, Bailey! I got a white off-the-shoulder dress from Versace. Mav loves it. He says it makes me look like a bride, which is funny because there’s still no ring on my fucking finger.

Mads:

Blaze is making me wear the same dress I wore for my birthday last year. He thinks it’s funny that it used to have a giant cum stain on it and we had to dry clean it within an inch of its life.

Grace:

That's so gross. I made myself a scoop-neck jumpsuit. Tanner is mad because there's literally no access to any of the goods. I'm trying to make him wait until the wedding night for some ass. He's been insufferable.

Mads:

That man will have you gagged and bound by midnight. Mark my words.

Dia:

This

I pull my hand from Jett's, shooting them a quick reply as butterflies flutter around in my stomach. I can't believe they've welcomed me into their crew the way they have after only four days.

Me:

Hey, girls! I'm wearing a black cocktail dress. It's super plain, but it was the best I could do with such short notice.

Dia:

I'm sure you look like a proper WAG. Especially with JK on your arm. I drool every time. I don't even care.

I laugh as another text comes in.

Grace:

Ok but why am I alone in this hallway with Tanner? Hurry up and save me before he

starts humping me like a horny dog .

I drop my phone into my clutch, taking Jett's hand again as he guides me to the door and pulls it open. I watch as the other couples funnel into the hall, joining Tanner and Grace who wait outside the elevator.

"About time," he mumbles, and I inwardly giggle at how clearly worked up he is. I have a feeling Grace's plan to hold out won't last through the night. Not with the way the veins in his neck are popping out from beneath the collar of his shirt.

"Oh my God. You look amazing, Bailey!" Bella says as she and Mav sidle up to us. "I wish I could pull off a look like that with no preparation. It took me a week to decide on this." Maverick drops his mouth to her ear and whispers something that makes her giggle as her cheeks turn pink. They're freaking adorable with their size difference. I'd be lying if I said I didn't wonder how they made everything...fit.

"You do look gorgeous, baby," Jett says, kissing my hand as he reaches forward and presses the button to go down. My heart squeezes at how openly affectionate he is in front of his teammates. The first time he pulled me close in front of Dalton and Dia, it felt weird. But now that I've seen the way they've welcomed me and how proud he is to have me by his side, it just feels right. Like I was meant to cross paths with them all.

The elevator doors slide open and I'm thankful that it's empty because it's a tight fit as we all squeeze in together. Jett pulls me to him, wrapping me in his arms as we descend. I take the quiet moment to snuggle into his chest, listening to the way his heart beats while the rest of the group talks casually amongst themselves. It's like we're in our own little world as he drops his lips to the top of my head in a sweet kiss.

Our peaceful bubble is popped entirely too soon as the elevator comes to a stop and

opens to reveal that we've arrived at the lobby. We head toward the door, where an entire brigade of blacked-out SUVs awaits.

The ride to the venue isn't long, and we arrive with enough time to get inside before the events of the evening begin. The building is guarded by heavy security, and everyone is required to show their ID before they're allowed inside, players and coaches included. When I hand mine to the man guarding the door, I half expect him to tell me I'm not on the list and can't go in. Instead, he just checks it and gives me a once-over before telling me to have a good night.

Jett ushers me into the ballroom with a hand on my lower back, and my eyes go wide as I take it all in. Everything is decorated in Blizzard colors with lavish centerpieces on each table. A small place card sits on every plate, and people dressed to the nines walk around searching for theirs.

"We're at table four," he whispers, pointing toward the corner of the room. "I asked to be seated with the rest of the group so you'd be surrounded by people you know. There's nothing worse than making small talk with strangers while you're trying to eat." He winks and the corners of my mouth turn up in a grateful smile. He's right. I'd love to meet more of his teammates and their families, but this is a lot. I'm sure I'll get to interact with some of them on Sunday since I'll be in the WAG's suite with Dia .

We take our seats and fall into easy conversations with the people I'm now claiming as my new friends. I'm so thankful that fate brought me to Jett, and in turn, to them. Even though we haven't had much time to get to know each other, I can confidently say that these relationships will last a lot longer than just the week.

ELEVEN

JETT

I slide into bed, swiping my phone from the nightstand and pressing the button to FaceTime Bailey. Propping my back against the headboard, I wait as it rings. As soon as she answers, I feel like I've been hit by a linebacker twice my size. She's fresh out of the shower, wearing nothing but my t-shirt as she moves through the room. The way she's looking so delicious right now has me ready to risk my career just to get down to her.

It's Friday night, the first of two that I'll be away from her before the game. Technically, I won't see her in person until Sunday night because we have to be at the stadium so early to prepare. I hate that we have to spend these precious hours apart, but I understand why the team requires it. Plus, we knew it was coming. But it still sucks that I can't hold her tonight.

"There's my pretty girl," I say as she pulls the covers back and settles on the mattress, wiggling in so she's just right against the pillow. I take the opportunity to admire how gorgeous she looks while doing the most mundane things. Her flawless skin glows brightly in effortless contrast to her sparkling green eyes and chestnut brown hair. Even at twelve years old, there were times when I'd fixate on her features, wondering how it was possible for something so beautiful to exist in the world. I may not have been the smartest or most observant kid, but you don't have to be to see that Bailey Hart is exceptional.

"I hate this," she whines. "How is it that I can't even count on one hand the number

of nights I've slept next to you, but the bed feels so empty right now?"

I chuckle. "Well, if you count all those nights when we were younger where we fell asleep on your floor and I had to sneak out before the sun came up, you'd need hands and feet."

She smiles softly. "I almost forgot about that. It was always easy to do with you. I felt so safe and protected. Like I knew that nothing would get me as long as you were right there."

"Nothing's changed, baby," I reply. "I'd die before I'd ever let anything hurt you. You own my heart. You always have."

"I miss you," she says, lying back. "I wish you were here."

I smirk. "That so? What would you do if I was?" I'm hoping to lighten the mood a little because any heavy conversations we have, I want to have in person. When the time comes to lay all my cards out on the table, I want to look into her eyes and hold her hands as I do it.

"Hmmm," she says, tapping her lower lip as if she's contemplating her answer. "I'd make you sit at the foot of the bed while I slowly spread my legs, showing you exactly how wet I am just thinking about all the things you could do to me."

Oh, fuck yes.

This is exactly what I was hoping would happen tonight. I want to show her that, even if we agree to do long-distance, I can still take care of her needs. Of course, I want to be able to touch her and kiss her and fuck her whenever I want, but if that isn't how our relationship begins, I'm fully committed to doing whatever it takes to make her happy.

“Mmmm,” I hum in approval, sliding my hand down and squeezing my semi-hard cock. “What else, Bay? Touch yourself and tell me.” She obeys, and I can hear her hand as it moves under the sheet. The phone shifts slightly and her mouth drops open, showing me that she’s got her fingers exactly where I wish mine were right now. A soft breath escapes her lips as she continues.

“I’d beg you to tease me until I was dripping, and then I’d do anything you asked just to feel your mouth on me. I’d ride your tongue until I came, over and over, just the way you like it, before asking you to put me out of my misery and finally take me the way I know you’ve wanted to all week.”

“Fuck, Bailey,” I breathe as I pull my boxer briefs down my legs and toss them aside, wrapping my fist around my length and squeezing. “You’d be such a good girl for me, wouldn’t you? I just know you’d let me rub that tiny little clit until it was swollen and aching. Every touch would make you cry out for a release. I wouldn’t torture you that long, though. That’s not what I want.” I spit in my hand, stroking myself nice and slow because there’s no way I’m going to blow yet. Not until I get her there.

“Reach into the nightstand drawer,” I tell her. “Your vibrator and lube are in there. Can you be my sweet, obedient little puppy and take them out?” She gives me the subtlest side-eye, but leans over and retrieves her toy, holding it up to the camera as she bites her lip.

“Perfect,” I praise. “Open those beautiful thighs and prop the phone up on my pillow between them so I can see what’s mine.”

Doing as she’s told, she takes the pillow from my side of the bed and gets everything settled. She spreads her legs, and the sight of her in just my shirt, with no panties on and her perfect cunt on display, makes me want to tear the walls off this place to get to it. My mouth waters with the lingering taste of her on my tongue—a taste that I greedily took before I left—but it’s not enough. I want more.

“Look at that good-girl pussy,” I say. “So pretty.” She smiles shyly while she waits for direction, showing me that she’s ready to submit. The thought has me somehow getting even harder as precum leaks from the tip of my cock, begging for me to speed up my movements.

“Get it nice and slick with lube,” I instruct. She squirts the clear liquid onto the main part of the toy, and I raise a brow, telling her without words that I want the whole thing ready for her to take. It has a line of graduated anal beads on the rear side, which we didn’t play with when we used it before. But tonight?

I plan on making my girl scream from three floors away.

She covers the beads in lube and tosses the bottle aside. I can tell she was very generous with the application, so I make sure to let her know she’s in charge. If she’s nervous about any of this, she has the power to end it.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do with me, Bailey. Ever,” I tell her. “I never want to hurt you or scare you, and I promise I’ll never intentionally do either. Use your safe word if you want to stop at any time.”

She tilts her head, a soft smile tugging at the corners of her lips. “I want this, Jett. You could never scare me. I trust you.”

I breathe a sigh of relief, settling back onto my pillow and flipping the camera so she can see what she’s doing to me. “Look how hard that makes me, baby. The fact that you’re giving me your pleasure even when I’m not in the room. My cock is aching for you.” I swipe my thumb over the tip, collecting the wetness and dragging it back down the shaft. I can hear her breath hitch as I do. “You sound so wound up,” I coo. “My poor baby. Go ahead and press that toy to your clit for me.”

“Okay,” she replies quietly, turning it on the lowest setting and touching it to her

already swollen bundle of nerves. A small moan of relief falls from her lips, sending me into overdrive with the need to hear her explode .

“Oh, that feels so good, huh?” I say. “Get yourself nice and close so I can fill that pussy and ass.” She gasps at my words, and her eyes roll back as they flutter closed. I can’t wait to watch her come like this. I continue jerking myself off, making sure she has the perfect view of my lower abdomen as the muscles contract on every upstroke. “Are you ready for more?”

“Y-yes,” she pants. “Will you please fuck me, Jett?” I almost lose it just from the desperation in her voice. I can’t tell you with absolute certainty that I’d be able to stop myself from actually taking her pussy if I were there. I’m glad I don’t have to make that choice, because I meant what I said. I want her to be ready for forever with me when she lets me inside her body for the first time. So for now, we’ll have to settle for pretending.

“Such a polite girl, asking so nicely for this big cock,” I praise. “Close your eyes and slide it in for me. Just a little bit, though.” She obeys, and I watch with rapt attention as she slowly brings the tip of the toy to her entrance and pushes forward, her mouth dropping open as it disappears about a quarter of the way. The anal beads are pressed against her puckered bud, and I can tell that’s why she stopped where she did. If she goes any further, the first one will be inside.

“Have you ever done anal play?” I ask softly. We should’ve discussed this prior to starting, but I didn’t sense her hesitation until just now.

“No, but I want to with you,” she says quietly, but I can hear the sincerity in her voice. I can also tell how turned on she is from the vibrations, so she should be relaxed enough to take it. The beads are no bigger than my finger at their widest, which gives me a great idea on how to make her feel more comfortable.

“Okay, baby,” I say. “Do me a favor and keep your eyes closed. Imagine that’s my cock you’re hugging between those gorgeous pink pussy lips. I’m going to go in further, and I’m going to finger your ass at the same time, okay?”

She swallows thickly, nodding. “Yes, please.”

“Alright, you’re in charge here,” I remind her. “Go ahead and take me when you’re ready.” I stop stroking myself as I wait for her to move. I want this to feel as realistic as possible for us both, so I’m going at whatever pace she sets. My eyes are glued to the toy as she exhales a slow breath and slides it forward, both ends disappearing into her beautiful body.

“There you go, Bay,” I encourage. “You’re doing great. You okay?”

“Oh, God,” she moans. “Jett, you feel so good.” The words are choked, and I don’t even have to ask if she wants more because she continues pressing inside until the entire shaft of the vibrator and each ball have been swallowed. The clit stimulator is pressed against her flesh, and her hips begin to circle against it as her sounds get louder.

Gripping my dick firmly and resuming my strokes, I talk her through it. “Listen to those horny fucking moans,” I say. “You like the way I’m stuffing your holes, don’t you? You’re going to come on my cock, and I’m going to feel that tight ass strangle my finger when you do.” She mumbles a string of unintelligible words as I pull furiously at my hard length, knowing neither one of us will last much longer. I can already see the way the outside of her pussy is starting to contract as she thrusts the toy in and out of it. The sights and sounds have me so close that I don’t know if I’ll make it another second before I blow. I need to get her there.

“I need you to come for me, Bay,” I grit out. “I need you to milk my cock with that pretty little cunt so I can paint your insides. You want that, don’t you?”

“I do,” she whimpers. “I want to be so full of your cum that it’s leaking for days.”

Fucking hell. I’ll get you pregnant so fast, Bailey Hart. Don’t tempt me.

“Take it then,” I choke out, holding back the orgasm that has every nerve ending in my body firing off with the need to release. “This load has your name all over it. All you have to do is squeeze it out.”

“Yes, Jett!” she screams so loudly, I’m positive the other girls on the floor can hear. I don’t have a single fuck to give though. I want the world to know it’s me that’s making her feel like this. “I-I’m coming for you!” That’s all it takes for me to explode, shooting thick ropes all over myself as she convulses in ecstasy, shoving the toy inside as far as it’ll go one last time. I can see her muscles clamped tightly against it as she shakes, riding out her orgasm until every last drop of pleasure has been wrung from her body. When it’s too much, she turns the vibrator off, slowly removes it and sets it on the mattress beside her as her chest heaves up and down with heavy breaths. I should get up and clean myself off, but I’m too mesmerized by the way she’s glowing to even blink. My only concern is aftercare as I wipe my hand on the sheet beside me.

“You did such a good job, Bailey,” I say softly. “Do me another favor and reach back into the nightstand. There’s a bottle of water and a bag of candy. Let’s get you hydrated and get some sugar in you.”

“Do I have to?” she groans, reaching down and pulling the phone from between her legs. She looks absolutely exhausted, and I doubt any of what we just did would cause her to experience sub drop, but it’s better to be safe. Plus, I’m still trying to show her that we can make all of this work even if there are floors or states between us.

“Yes, you have to,” I say with a chuckle, watching as she rolls her eyes and reaches

over, retrieving the items from the drawer. First, she takes a long chug of the water, and my heart squeezes in my chest at how good she is with letting me care for her. When I first told her I was a Pleasure Dom, I wasn't sure if she'd be open to giving it a try, but she's handled it all so well.

I watch as she pulls open the bag of candy, popping a few pieces into her mouth and chewing as she gives me a look of faux annoyance. I bark a laugh. "Watch those eyes, pretty girl. Remember, I'm not afraid to punish disobedient behavior. How do you feel?" I ask, taking the conversation in a different direction.

"Tired," she replies as she lies back on the pillow. "But really, really good."

"That's what I like to hear. If you get sore after the endorphins wear off, call me and we'll get you into a warm bath. I don't care if it's three in the morning. If you need more aftercare, it's my job to give it. Understand?"

"Mhmm," she hums, her lids drooping before slowly falling closed.

I take her in, committing every detail of her face to memory so I never forget how she looks in this moment, although I don't think I really need to. This woman is already ingrained in my being, and it's been a privilege to give her my heart twice in the same lifetime.

"Goodnight, my love," I say quietly. But she's already fast asleep, leaving me to stare a little longer, grateful for everything this week has given me and hopeful that I can turn it into forever.

TWELVE

BAILEY

“Holy shit, this is insane,” I say, looking onto the field from the WAG’s suite in disbelief. I’ve never been to a professional football game before, but I imagine that since this is the biggest one of the year, there’s a lot of extra stuff going on. The energy in the place is electric and the players haven’t even emerged from the tunnel yet.

“I’ve been with Dalton for a year now and I still haven’t gotten used to it,” Dia replies, setting her bag on the window ledge before sidling up next to me. “I love it.”

“Happy anniversary, by the way,” I say. “I didn’t know you guys got married after the last Super Bowl. That’s so romantic.”

She scoffs. “Trust me. Our wedding was anything but romantic. I couldn’t stand his ass. Not even an Olympic track star could’ve beaten me to the courthouse the next morning to get it annulled. But he somehow managed to make me fall in love, and now I don’t even want to imagine my life without him in it.”

I give her a soft smile, thankful that I decided to take the job this week. Not only did it bring me to Jett, but I can already tell that this is just the beginning of my friendship with Dia and the girls. They’ve made me feel so welcome and comforted through all the emotions I’ve felt in the last seven days. Their support gave me the courage to open my heart to him, even when my head was telling me we were moving way too fast.

But fuck that. We moved at the perfect pace. Our pace. Fate opened the door, and we ran right through it, hand in hand.

What does that mean for the future? I honestly still don't know. I've lived in this area my whole life, and my job is here. I'm certainly not ready to just pick up and leave while we try to figure things out. But I know I don't want to say goodbye and never see Jett again after tonight. It's all a giant question mark at the moment, but we'll figure it out.

First, he has a game to win.

JETT

"It's been a great season, boys," Tanner says into the huddle. "The year has been full of ups, downs, injuries and losses—all of which brought us right here. I've watched you come together as brothers, week after week, never giving less than your best. I'm proud to be your captain, win or lose .

"This next play is a big one for our man, Becks," he says, looking over to Blaze with a knowing smile. "He's got a pretty big question for that pretty sideline reporter over there, but he can only do it if he wins MVP and gets the interview with her. What do you say, guys? Can we help him out?"

"Fuck yeah, we can," I say, nodding. "What's the play, Cap?" I don't think any of us are surprised that he's finally popping the question to Mads, since they've been together for a while now. I never really paid attention to stuff like that before. I'm always happy for my teammates when they fall in love, but now I understand how monumental this kind of happiness really is. Bailey and I may have only just reconnected a week ago, but I'm already so full of hope that one day it'll be me taking a knee and asking her to be my wife. It won't be today, and it won't be tomorrow, but when we're ready, I know we could build an amazing life together.

“Twenty-two, flood right on three. Everybody good with that?” he asks, and we all agree. It’s a long pass, so we have to hit our blocks to give Blaze enough time to get downfield before Tanner sends the ball his way. We’re already up by a touchdown with just under two minutes on the clock, but that’s plenty of time for the Graywolves to make a move if we fuck it up here. As long as we all do our jobs, we can pretty much guarantee the victory with this play.

“Alright. Let’s fucking go!” We all clap in unison before heading to the line, readying ourselves to make history. This would be the team’s first back-to-back championship, and I can’t wait to be a part of it. Knowing that I get to hold Bailey while I celebrate is going to be the cherry on top.

“Fifty-two’s the Mike!” Tanner yells, alerting us to which linebacker may be trying to blitz. We need to be aware of the defense’s plan in order to let the play develop. If someone gets through, there won’t be time for Blaze to shake his coverage and get open. We have to be perfect here. “Blue forty-two! Blue forty-two! Hut, hut, hut!”

Our center snaps the ball, and the linebacker opposite me makes his move, attempting to power through. He’s bigger than me, but I plant my hands on his pads and push with everything left in the tank as the receivers take off on their routes. I hold the block as long as I can, but my guy rolls off me, heading straight to where Tanner stands with his eyes on his target. Just as he’s about to get hit, he fires the ball downfield. Holding my breath, I stand there helpless as it sails about forty yards, landing into the wide-open hands of Blaze. Their best safety left the game in the second quarter with an ankle injury, and their backup is no match for the fastest receiver in the league. Beckham jukes right past him, closing the final twenty yards before breaking the plane of the end zone. The entire stadium goes wild—both in celebration and furious roars—that the fate of the game has been sealed.

We take our time celebrating before the special teams unit heads onto the field to do their thing. Four short plays later, we’ve stopped them from getting a first down and

won our second Super Bowl in a row.

Blue and white confetti rains down onto the field as I scan the crowd for the only person I'm concerned about seeing right now. Last year was amazing, but there was an empty space in my heart, knowing that my parents would never be able to celebrate with me. My aunt and uncle have always been supportive, but it's rare for them to actually come watch me play. Knowing that I get to share this experience with Bailey means everything to me.

"Jett!" she yells, making me whip around just in time to drop my helmet and catch her as she launches herself into my arms. "You were amazing! I'm so proud of you!" I lift her up high and she squeals with delight before I slide her down my body, tightening my hold around her waist as I press my lips to hers. I take it all in: her words, her laugh, my jersey on her gorgeous body, the way she feels against me in this moment of triumph. I never realized how much I was missing out on until this exact second. She makes my life feel complete—like I have everything I could ever want and more.

"I'm so fucking glad you're here, Bay," I say against her mouth. "Come to Vegas with me. Our time doesn't have to be up yet." I'm hoping our time is never up, but that's a conversation for later. For now, I just want this week to go on a little longer. Tanner already told me to invite her to the wedding, and I can't think of anything I want more than for her to say yes. I just hope she doesn't make me get on my knees and beg in front of all these people.

She pulls back, playfully rolling her eyes. "I already promised Grace I'd go. She wants me to do her makeup for the ceremony and gave me the most epic guilt trip about looking ugly in photos and ruining all her beautiful memories. That girl is a handful." She giggles. "So, you're stuck with me for another day or two."

"Oh, damn," I reply sarcastically. "How will I survive with such a needy pussy to

please around the clock? What a hardship.”

She slaps my shoulder, which is still covered by my thick pads, and I bark a laugh in response. Out of the corner of my eye, I see the commissioner emerge from the crowd with the Lombardi Trophy, so I lean down and press another quick kiss to her lips.

“Find the girls and I’ll see you outside the locker room. We have some interviews to do, then we’ll head straight to the airport. Buckle up, baby. It’s going to be a wild night,” I tell her, wiggling my eyebrows mischievously. She rewards me with a sweet smile as I turn back toward the team to claim our prize. As excited as I am to hoist that piece of metal to the sky with my brothers, all I can think about is heading to Sin City and making Bailey mine for good.

THIRTEEN

BAILEY

“I can’t stop crying,” Grace whines as I blot her cheek with a tissue. I’m trying my best to keep her makeup intact, but it’s a challenge with how emotional she already is. I don’t blame her though. I’ve been filled in on her history with Tanner, and how up until last summer, she never dreamed she’d be able to call him her husband. Now, she’s literally minutes away from doing just that.

“It’s no big deal,” I tell her. “This foundation is meant to last all day, even through sweat and tears. And I used a waterproof mascara. It’s not going anywhere.”

She sniffs, giving me a grateful smile. “I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me too,” I reply, leaning in and wrapping her in a hug. “If you’re ready, I’ll let them know. If not, Dia has a car waiting out back.” I point a thumb over my shoulder in an attempt to lighten the mood. It works, thankfully, and she laughs before her expression softens .

“I’ve wanted to marry Tanner Lake since I was a little girl. There isn’t anything that could stop me from walking down that aisle tonight.”

I nod. “Alright, then. I’ll go get your dad.”

I head out of the room, trying my best to stay quiet when I see Grace’s brother, Riggs, on a FaceTime call. The woman on the other end is crying as he tries to console her.

“Monroe, you’re not a bad friend because you can’t be here. She understands,” he says. “You work your ass off, and you agreed to cover mornings at the boutique so Grace didn’t have to rush home. The only reason she’s even here marrying this asshole is because of you. So stop crying. I don’t want my date looking all blotchy.”

She scoffs loudly. “I’m not your date, Riggs. You’re the best man. I’m the maid of honor. That’s it.”

“Yeah,” he grunts. “Well you’re the closest thing I’ll ever get to being at a wedding with someone, so why don’t you dry it up and we’ll get through this together. Sound good, Mayhem?”

“Yeah, sounds good,” she replies.

Everyone says he’s a jerk, but that was kind of sweet.

I tiptoe past, telling Grace’s dad that she’s ready for him before finding my seat next to Jett. He looks amazing in his dress clothes, and my mouth waters in anticipation of what could happen after we leave here tonight. He said he wanted me to be completely sure before we had sex because he didn’t plan on letting me go after. I don’t exactly know what that entails, but it doesn’t matter. I want him for longer than just this week or this trip. We’ll figure out what that looks like for us later.

“You good?” he asks, kissing the side of my head.

“Mhmm,” I hum, snuggling into him. Everything about him makes me feel safe and cherished, from the smell of his cologne to the warmth that radiates from his firm body. He really does feel like home.

The doors open and Grace comes into view, slowly making her way past the handful of people in attendance. And although she’s stunning, I’m not looking at her. I’m too

busy focusing on the man up front. Tanner sucks in a deep breath, and I watch his eyes fill with tears as she walks toward him, until he's so overcome with emotion that he drops his head into his hands. His shoulders shake as he sobs, and I can confidently say I've never witnessed a love so beautiful in my entire life. Even through all the hard times and the years that separated them, they made it. And that gives me hope for my own future.

We sit through the ceremony, watching as the two soulmates vow to love one another forever. Surrounded by so much support, it warms my heart to see how the Boston Blizzard family is there for each other. I'm lucky to be a part of it.

Elvis pronounces them husband and wife, introducing them as the new Mr. and Mrs. Tanner Lake while the crowd claps and cheers loudly. The happy couple makes their way out of the chapel, leading the guests to the reception room to continue the celebration. We're the last to stand, and when I begin to walk toward the door, Jett stops me with an arm around my waist.

"Hold on," he says, spinning me to face him and taking my mouth in a deep kiss. I'm caught off guard at first, but quickly melt into it as he parts my lips with his tongue and plunges inside. I moan quietly, feeling the dull throb of arousal as it blooms to life between my legs. My entire body hums with electricity, like a live wire, as he kisses me, and all I want is to abandon this entire night and get him alone.

"Oh, I'm sorry," a frail voice says from behind us, causing us to break apart. A gray-haired woman with two champagne glasses stands in the doorway, holding them up in explanation. "The newlyweds are getting ready to toast, and we were looking for the owners of these extra glasses. They checked IDs at the door, but if I could just see yours, I can give you these and leave you to...finish."

Jett goes first, removing his wallet from his pocket and giving her his driver's license. She checks it and gives it back as I reach into my clutch, fishing mine out before

handing it to her. “Goodness!” she says, a bright smile stretching across her face. “Happy birthday, Bailey!” I internally cringe.

Jett whips his head toward me. “It’s your birthday? Why didn’t you tell me?” The woman sets our drinks down on a chair and leaves the room as he stares at me with a confused look on his face.

I shrug. “It was a big week for you. I didn’t want to ruin it by making it about me. It’s no big deal. I’m just?— ”

“Twenty-five,” he whispers, cutting me off.

I look up at him, realization hitting me like a speeding truck as his gaze burns into mine. “Twenty-five.”

He smiles softly as he intertwines our fingers, pulling me to the altar. Standing in front of me, he encases my hands in his and speaks. “When I was twelve years old, I made a promise to you. I may not have been the smartest kid, but in that moment, I knew exactly what I was doing. Even at such a young age, I didn’t have a single doubt in my mind that I hated the thought of you marrying anyone but me. So I decided right then and there that, when the time came, it had to be us. We may have lost each other for thirteen years, but I still feel the same as I did that day. It’s always been you for me.

“So, Bailey Hart, I take you as my not-technically-legal-yet wife. I promise to hold your hand in the dark and find the smoothest rocks for you to rub. To carry you home when you get hurt, and to kiss you whenever you want. To care for you and give you everything you could ever dream of, until my very last breath, if you’ll let me. What do you say?”

Tears stream down my face and I give him a watery smile, nodding my head rapidly

because of fucking course I want him . But my silence isn't enough. He raises his brows, waiting for the words.

"I do," I say, crashing my lips to his. I don't even realize we've drawn a crowd until our friends start cheering loudly from the back of the room. The girls run over and wrap me in a hug, as the guys give Jett congratulatory high-fives and fist bumps. Even though it isn't a legally binding marriage and we haven't discussed what things will look like going forward as we navigate a new relationship, I know everything has changed. A week ago, we were strangers. Tonight, I'm fully confident that he's it for me. I've belonged to Jett James Kingsley since I was twelve years old, and now he's mine forever.

"What a day!" Mads says, practically blinding me with her giant engagement ring. "I'm so happy for you!"

"I'm so happy for all of us!" I reply as we grab our guys and continue celebrating the overabundance of love we've been given.

FOURTEEN

JETT

“Fuck, I want you so bad,” I say against Bailey’s lips, shoving her against the hotel room wall and kissing her while she moans into my mouth. We stayed at the chapel and danced until we couldn’t take it anymore. Then, I threw her over my shoulder and brought her back here, where I plan on making her scream for me until they kick us out.

“Then have me,” she replies, pushing herself into my hardening cock. I’m throbbing for her. I have been all night. Maybe it was the three days away, or maybe it was the way our relationship shifted at the chapel while we stood at the altar. Either way, I’m desperate to get inside her.

I reach around, lifting under her ass and carrying her to the bed without breaking our connection, swallowing her sweet sounds like they’re my lifeline. My heart pounds a heavy cadence behind my rib cage as I slowly lower her to the mattress and stand, looking down at the most perfect human being I’ve ever seen. Her lips are swollen, and her chest is heaving, showing me that she’s just as desperate as I am.

“You’re too fucking beautiful,” I say, shaking my head in disbelief as I reach down and pull her tight black dress over her head. I toss it to the floor, returning my gaze to where Bailey lies on the bed, wearing nothing but an ice blue lace thong and bra. Seeing her in my jersey tonight was unreal, but knowing that she probably had this on underneath makes me wish I hadn’t waited so long to get her here. She obviously put a lot of thought into her choice of lingerie, considering it’s my team colors hugging

her curves.

“This for me?” I say, dragging the backs of my knuckles across the fabric covering her nipple.

“Mhmm,” she hums, smiling at my reaction. “The girls and I thought it would be fun to match your uniforms under our outfits. Do you like it?” She brings her hands up to her tits, squeezing them together.

I bite my fist to keep from groaning out loud. “Like it?” I reply. “Baby, I love it. I’m so fucking hard just looking at you.”

She smirks. “Well, what are you waiting for, Kingsley? Fuck me.”

I huff a laugh, a devious grin pulling at the corners of my mouth. “Oh, I plan to. Over and over...and over again, until you can’t take the pleasure anymore and beg me to stop.” Sliding my hand under her back, I carefully unclasp the bra, pulling it away. Her nipples are hard and desperate, begging to be taken into my mouth. But I don’t—not yet. I want this night to last, so I’m moving as slowly as I can bear. I press a soft kiss between her breasts, reaching down and wrapping my fingers around the sides of her panties before pulling them down her smooth legs. I can smell her arousal from here, and I know it’s only a matter of time before I give in and give us what we both want more than our next breaths.

“Look at you,” I praise, making her squirm against the soft sheets with anticipation as I ghost my hand across her stomach. “So fucking perfect. You were made to be mine, Bailey. Made to be fucked and loved by me.”

She sucks in a needy gasp. “Jett, please.”

“I know, pretty girl,” I reply. “I’m going to. I promise. I just need to taste you first.

I'll take the edge off for now, because I'm going to go nice and slow when I give you my cock."

"Okay," she whines, and I show mercy by lowering down and pressing my tongue to her clit. It's hard and swollen, and I know she's probably aching to come. I apply pressure to it, flicking and sucking in soft pulses until her back bows from the bed. Her fists grip the sheets as she whimpers out loud, telling me that she's already nearing the fringe.

"You're empty, huh baby?" I coo. "Poor girl needs to be filled up to come. Here you go." I sink a finger inside her tight pussy, and she clamps down on me so hard that I struggle to pull back before thrusting deeper. I curl it forward and a guttural moan leaves her body as I push against her g-spot.

"There she is," I say. "There's that spot. Why don't you come for me so I can feed my hard, throbbing cock into this tiny little cunt? I need you so bad, Bay. Need to feel you wrapped around me."

I lean forward again, massaging her tight bundle of nerves with my tongue while I finger fuck her at a steady pace. Her legs begin to shake, and her muscles draw tight as she finally screams out her release into the quiet room. Wetness gushes around my finger and drips down my hand as her pussy contracts, and I lap up as much as I can before her body goes limp and she pushes my head away.

I kiss the insides of her thighs, slowly working my way upward, dragging my lips and tongue over her sweet skin and savoring every satisfied moan that fills the air as I do. I stop to pull one hard nipple into my mouth, swirling around it before moving to the other and showering it with the same attention. My hands roam her curves, and I thank the universe for letting me be the man who gets to touch her like this.

"How's my girl?" I ask, settling myself between her spread legs and reaching behind

my head to peel off my shirt. I remove my wallet from my dress pants, taking out a condom before pulling them off and dropping them to the floor. My boxers and socks follow, leaving us both completely bared to one another. The feel of our chests pressed together, hearts pounding wildly as I lean down and kiss her, has every nerve ending in my body buzzing in anticipation for everything that's about to happen...not just physically, but emotionally too. This won't be just sex. This is going to be unlike anything either of us has ever experienced before.

"So good," she replies. "But I want all of you now, Jett. You told me I had to wait until the end of the week to be sure, but I didn't even need that long. I knew days ago that I wanted you to keep me forever. It was the easiest decision I've ever made. So, can I please finally feel you inside me?"

I nod, smiling softly before dropping my forehead to hers. "I can't believe I got you back. I'm going to make you so happy, baby. I promise."

I unwrap the condom, rolling it down my shaft before lining up at her entrance and pausing. Our eyes connect and I swear time stops as I slowly push forward, sinking inside her tight heat. She gasps as I feed her my entire length, only stopping when I'm sure I'm buried as deep as her body will take me.

I cup her face, smiling. "Hi," I say, wiping the lone tear that rolls down her cheek.

"Hi," she chokes out, and just like I knew it would, my world spins upside down, and everything that was important to me before pales in comparison to her.

"I love you," I whisper, sighing in relief at how good it feels to finally let the words out. I wondered if they'd be hard to say since everything moved so fast this week, but truth be told, I fell in love with Bailey Hart thirteen years ago under that birch tree. We were just kids and it was a different kind of love, but it was no less meaningful than it is right now. Losing her back then only made me realize how important it is to

tell her how I feel in this moment.

“I love you too,” she replies softly as I drop my lips to hers and begin moving my hips. Her pussy feels like heaven wrapped around me, and I know without a doubt that we were made for one another. We’re soulmates, and finding our way back home to each other was inevitable. Our paths were always meant to cross again. This time, it’s for the rest of our lives.

Her small whines turn to needy moans as I pick up my pace, moving in and out of her as she begins to tighten around me. Fucking her is every bit as life-altering as I thought it would be, and I do everything in my power to draw it out as long as I can. I continue to alternate between fast snaps of my hips to slow, languid thrusts so she can never quite grasp onto her climax. My goal is to build her up so that when she finally does fall over the edge, it’s the most mind-blowing thing she’s ever experienced. I want to be able to give her even half of what she’s giving me right now.

“Jett, please,” she begs, her words coming out breathy and broken as I continue to deny her what she needs.

“You ready to come on my cock, Bay?” I ask. “I can’t fucking wait to feel this sweet pussy suffocate me.”

“I need to,” she replies, trying to lift her body to meet mine. She’s so desperate and I can’t bear to put her through this misery any longer.

Sitting back on my heels, I pound into her, making sure the angle is just right to make her explode. This may be the first time we’re having sex, but I’ve been paying attention all week in preparation for it. Every time I sunk my fingers inside her. When I watched her fuck her vibrator. I listened to every moan and hitch in her breath. I saw every shift of her hips and clench of her fists. It’s my job to make sure she feels earth-shattering pleasure every day from here on out, and that’s not something I take

lightly.

“Come on, baby,” I grit out, giving her all of me as her walls begin to clamp down. I look to where we’re joined, reveling in her wetness that glistens along my shaft every time I retreat, and pushing it all back into her with long, hard strokes. “Give me what I earned. Come for me.”

Seconds later, she sucks in a gasp and her eyes slam shut as her orgasm courses through her. She grips me so hard that I can’t hold back enough to slow down again. I see stars as white-hot pleasure shoots through me, and I fill the condom inside her as she contracts around my cock, claiming every last drop like she owns it.

It seems like it goes on forever, the unexplainable bliss of my release ebbing and flowing as Bailey’s body begins to relax beneath me. When the waves of pleasure have finally melted away, leaving me more satisfied than I’ve ever felt in my life, I lean down, pressing gentle kisses to her face and neck before inhaling the scent of her skin.

“I love you so fucking much, Bay. I promise to never go another day without telling you that.”

“I love you too,” she replies with a contented sigh.

“I have to take care of this condom before it leaks,” I say. “Although watching my cum drip out of that gorgeous cunt as you get pregnant with my baby is at the very top of my wish list.”

Her mouth falls open in surprise. “Just when I think your mouth can’t possibly get dirtier, it does.”

“So, no to the baby, then?” I ask, making her roll her eyes as she playfully slaps my

shoulder. I laugh, gripping the base of my dick and carefully pulling out of her. “Fine. We’ll circle back to that later.”

“How about we figure out this whole relationship thing before we add another human being to the equation?”

“You’re so smart, baby,” I say with a charming wink as I reluctantly leave her, making my way to the bathroom to take care of the condom and get some warm washcloths to clean us. Returning to the bed, I gently take one of her ankles, spreading her legs and wiping away the remnants of her orgasm. I toss the cloth to the floor, sliding back in beside her and pulling her warm body into mine. We lie in silence, the only sounds in the room coming from the busy city below as we drift off, knowing that whatever comes next, we’re in it together.

FIFTEEN

BAILEY

“You got some dick last night, didn’t you?” Dia asks as I sit down beside her. The whole group decided to meet up for brunch before we see Tanner and Grace off on their honeymoon later today. Blaze and Mads already left for Disney World early this morning. We’re definitely missing their presence, but it’s tradition for the Super Bowl MVP, and it’ll be a fun little engagement trip for them.

“I did,” I reply quietly, smirking.

She turns her body in her chair so she’s facing me. “Was it good?” She pauses. “What am I saying? Of course it was good. I’ve got him pegged as”—she looks over to Jett while he stands at the buffet, making my plate—“one of those guys who gets hard just from servicing you.”

My eyes go wide.

“How the fuck do you do that?” Grace says, sitting across from us. She looks at me. “She knew Tanner’s dick was pierced without even seeing it. She’s like some kind of kink philosopher. Like Socrates.” She snaps her fingers, pointing at Dia. “Cockrates . That’s what I’m calling you from now on.”

“More like Hostradamus ,” I suggest with a laugh, making her reach over the table for a high-five.

“I take that as a compliment,” Dia replies as her husband sets her food down in front of her. He sits, followed by Maverick, who looks absolutely exhausted as he drags his hands down his face.

“Where’s Bella?” Grace asks.

He groans. “In bed. She was up puking all night. I asked her if she wanted to come down, but she said that if she even had to look at a piece of bacon, she’d blow chunks all over the table and ruin brunch. She insisted I come down to eat, but I’m too tired.”

“That’s so weird,” I say. “I didn’t even see her drink at the wedding.”

Dia shoves a forkful of eggs into her mouth. “She’s not hungover. She’s pregnant.”

Maverick shoots up in his seat, eyes as round as saucers. “What? Did she tell you that?”

She rolls her eyes. “No, but it’s not rocket science. She’s been moody, tired and she cried for two hours last night after Elvis made his toast using nothing but song titles. Add in the barfing—congrats, Mav. You’re going to be a daddy.”

“Fuck me,” he says, realization hitting him before he smiles and stands. “I need to go back to the room.” He takes off, pushing out the door in a hurry as Dia chuckles quietly. She really does know everything about this group .

“Here you go, baby,” Jett says, sitting down beside me and setting both of our plates on the table. Tanner follows, serving breakfast to his new wife as we all dig in. I listen to them talk about the past and the future, happy to be included in some of their offseason plans. It’s hard to believe it’s only been eight days since I met them. It feels like I belong, the way they welcomed me with open arms.

“Thank you,” I reply, stretching over to kiss his cheek.

“You feeling better after our talk this morning?” he asks as I cut into my Belgian waffle.

I take a bite, chewing before I answer. “Yeah, kind of.” I shrug. “It’s going to be hard during the season, but at least for now you can spend some time in Florida so I can make sure you’re nice and sick of me before training camp starts.”

He scoffs. “Not possible. I’ll never get enough of you.”

I woke up this morning with a heavy heart, not knowing how any of this would work. But Jett promised me that he’s committed to doing whatever I need to feel secure with him. He’ll travel between Tampa and Boston during the offseason, staying with me when he doesn’t have workouts or organized team activities. It’ll be harder when July rolls around and he’s working six days a week, but we’ll get through it. I’m not against moving to Massachusetts if we decide that’s the best option. I just want to be sure we’re ready before I make such a life-altering change.

“No matter what happens, I love you, and I’ll do whatever I need to do to remind you of that every day. If that means catching a red-eye just to give you a hug, so be it. Okay?”

I nod, smiling softly. “Okay.”

“Good,” he says, pointing to my plate with his fork. “Eat your breakfast, then we’ll go have some fun. We have four whole days before we have to even think about the real world.”

We finish our food, saying our goodbyes to Tanner and Grace as they head off to Bora Bora for their two-week honeymoon. Dalton and Dia have to go back to Boston

today to do some interviews, and I'm guessing Bella and Maverick will be spending time celebrating when she's feeling better. So, it's just me and Jett, spending the rest of my vacation in Vegas before we return to Tampa on Friday.

It's been a crazy week, but I'm feeling hopeful for the future. I imagine us years from now, married with our own kids, bringing them to that same beach town where we met and making lifelong memories. Who knows? Maybe they'll be lucky enough to find the same thing we did, hiding behind a birch tree, completely unknowing of the happiness that awaits them when they're ready.

I loved that boy then, and I love him now, even with all the time we missed out on. We have the rest of our lives to make up for it, and a million more kisses to share.

EPILOGUE

BAILEY - SEPTEMBER

My phone rings from somewhere in my bag, the sound muffled by the mess of junk it's buried under. I dive my hand in, frantically rummaging around until I feel the vibration against my palm. Pulling it out, I see Jett's name and a photo of us from the Super Bowl flashing across the screen. Butterfly wings tickle the inside of my stomach at the thought of finally talking to him after two busy days where our schedules didn't match up. This happens a lot, especially now that the regular season is here. It's been over two months since we've seen each other, so every one of these phone calls is precious time together.

"Hello," I say, out of breath from lugging my work stuff in from the car. Ever since my gig with Dia earlier this year, my calendar has been booked solid. She made sure to tell her friends from all over about my services, and they've come out in droves to get on my schedule. I've even started to consider opening my own spa, or even just freelancing so I'd have more flexibility .

"There's my pretty girl," he says, and my heart squeezes in my chest. I miss him so damn much. "How was your day, baby?" I can tell by the tone of his voice that something is off, but I know he won't tell me until he hears that I'm good.

"It was busy. I got to use my new microdermabrasion machine. It was amazing. Thank you again, by the way. You know I never would've bought that for myself."

"I know," he replies. "That's why I didn't give you a choice."

“You sound upset,” I say, not wasting any more time. “What’s wrong?”

He sighs. “I got called into the General Manager’s office today.”

Well, that can’t be good. At least not with the somber tone he’s using right now.

“And?” I coax.

“And I’m being traded. They thanked me for my hard work and said they were proud to have me, but their salary cap didn’t allow for a contract extension. My agent told me it might be coming, but I was holding out hope. Unfortunately, they couldn’t make it work.”

“Aww, baby,” I say softly. “I’m sorry. I know how much you love playing for the Blizzard. Where do you have to go now?”

“Cleveland. The Rock City Renegades just lost their best tight end to an ACL tear last week, so they’re offering a pretty sweet deal. I talked to a realtor on my way back from the stadium, and they’ve got a few apartments for me to look at. In the meantime, I’ll be living in a hotel room. I have to start practice with them the day after tomorrow.”

Wow. That’s really fast. I feel terrible for him. He’s made so many amazing connections with his teammates in Boston. Not only does he have to leave, but he doesn’t even have time to say goodbye or let things sink in. He just has to pack his bags and get on the first plane to Ohio. Alone.

Fuck that.

“I want to go with you,” I blurt, shocking even myself.

“What?” he replies.

I swallow thickly. “I can’t do this anymore. I’m not happy in Tampa. I won’t be happy anywhere without you. I have two months left on my lease. I’ll just pay to get out of it early and do freelance work in Cleveland. I’m tired of going home to an empty bed every night, Jett. I want to be where you are.”

He huffs a laugh. “Holy shit, Bay. Are you serious?” He already sounds like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders, and I’m glad I could do that for him.

“I’ll finish out the week at the spa and pass all my clients on to someone else. I’ll be there for your first game.”

“Fuck,” he says on a relieved breath. “I love you so much. This day really sucked, but you just made it the best one I’ve had since that first night in Vegas.”

I laugh. “That seems like forever ago, even though I know it wasn’t. We’ve spent way too much time apart, Jett James. I want to wake up to you every morning and fall asleep with you every night. Even if I end up fantasizing about smothering you with a pillow when you snore.”

He scoffs. “Maybe you should try smothering me with your pussy instead. I bet that would shut me up.”

“Oh my God, do you ever stop thinking about eating me out?” I joke.

“Ummmm, no. Now get here quick because I’m dying for a taste.”

I roll my eyes, not that he can see. Which is good, because that means he can’t see the smile I’m holding back either. “I’ll see you Saturday, naughty boy.”

“Can’t wait, baby.”

We end the call, and I rush to my room, tearing my suitcases from under the bed and

tossing in my belongings as if I'm leaving in the next five minutes, instead of five days from now. I can't help it though—I'm excited to finally be with him for good.

As impulsive as this decision may seem, it's not. I've done a lot of thinking since we've been apart, and if there's anything I've learned from our past, it's that we shouldn't waste time not doing what makes us happy. You never know when one moment could change everything. That's exactly what happened to us when we were kids, and then again in that elevator.

I'll never stop being grateful that fate brought me and Jett back together. And from now on, I'm soaking in every precious minute of the second chance we've been given. I'm ready to see what our future holds, feeling blessed beyond my wildest dreams that I get to do it all with him by my side.

Curious about Jett's new team?

The Rock City Renegades are coming!

(Fall 2025)