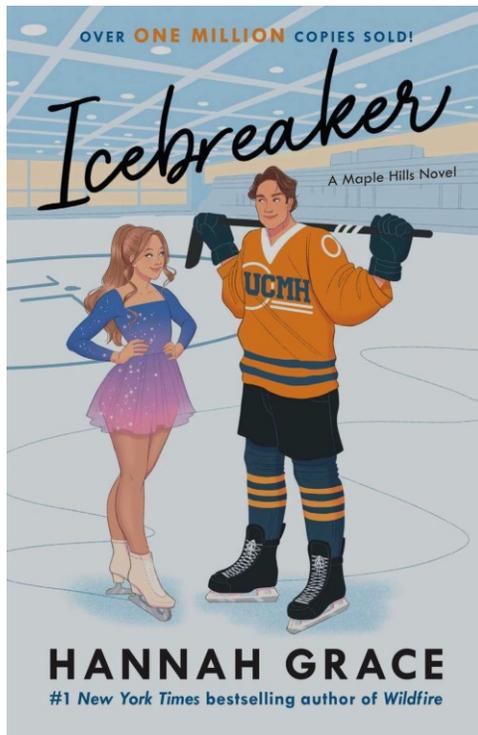


ICEBREAKER: A NOVEL (THE MAPEL HILLS SERIES BOOK 1)



Adult

By Hannah Grace

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Book Summary:

A figure skater and a hockey player fall in love at college.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; alcohol use; excessive/frequent profanity; and controversial cultural commentary.

4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	I've been on the edge since I woke up this morning with a hangover sent directly from the pits of hell, so the last thing I need right now is more grief from Coach Aubrey Brady.
4	<p>My best friend's twenty-first birthday yesterday was the perfect opportunity to let loose a little, even if it did mean braving Brady with a hangover.</p> <p>...“What does the planner say you're doing tonight?”</p> <p>I roll my eyes, ignoring his teasing tone. “Getting laid.”</p> <p>“Ew,” he says, the tip of his nose wrinkling as he grimaces. “It's bad enough you plan what time you sleep and eat, but do you need to plan having sex?”</p> <p>...Ryan Rothwell is six feet six inches of pure athletic perfection. UCMH point guard and team captain, he's as serious about his sport as I am, which makes for a perfect no-strings-attached situation. The added benefit is Ry is the sweetest guy, so we've become great friends through our mutually beneficial arrangement.</p> <p>“I can't believe you're still fucking around with him. He's, like, double your size, how does he not crush you? No, wait. I don't want to know.”</p>
5	<p>“I'm just saying, whose dick is Olivia Abbott sucking to get the lead role for the third year in a row?”</p> <p>...She was already feeling delicate this morning after the copious amounts of alcohol we consumed last night for her birthday, so today wasn't the best day to find out she didn't get the part she wanted.</p> <p>...“Can she not just be very talented? And not be sucking someone's dick?”</p>
8	<p>“We heard about the party, and I didn't think you'd wanna get railed with drunk freshmen making out on the other side of the door. We're going to walk there.”</p> <p>...Our home is one of Aaron's dad's better forgive me presents. It was either after his affair with his secretary or before he decided to have sex with the interior designer.</p>
9	<p>His head dips to mine, and his lips press against my cheek lightly. “Hello, beautiful.”</p> <p>...“Since my bedroom is next to Stassie's and I'm going to be listening to your grunting and balls slapping all night”—my eyes widen as far as they can go from behind him—“can I have the code for your room, so I don't have to fight for the shared bathroom at the party at your place?”</p> <p>...Ryan's room has a private bathroom, so Lo's request is a good idea since the bathroom line gets ridiculous the drunker people get.</p> <p>...“Scout's honor. Enjoy all the sex.”</p>
10	<p>He chuckles, taking my face between his hands and tilting my head up so he can kiss me. It's soft at first, then more urgent as his tongue moves against mine. His hands travel down my body gently until they reach my thighs, scooping me up in one quick motion. My legs automatically wrap around his waist, my body familiar with his after doing this so many times.</p> <p>There's banging outside of my room, which I think is my roommates leaving, but every hot kiss Ryan places on my neck steals my attention away. I should check if it is them going, but it suddenly plummets to the bottom of things on my mind when Ryan lowers me to the bed and climbs on top of me.</p> <p>“How was your day?” he mumbles beneath my ear.</p> <p>He always does this. He kisses me perfectly, positions his body between my legs, applies enough pressure to have me squirm, scrambles the thoughts in my head, and then asks me something mundane like how my day was.</p> <p>The second I try to formulate a response, his fingers journey beneath my T-shirt, and he</p>

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	<p>traces the curve of my jaw with his nose. Every inch of my skin feels like it's buzzing, and he hasn't even done anything yet. "It was, uh, uhm, fine, I, mhmm, skated..."</p> <p>His body rocks as he laughs. "You mhmm skated? Sounds interesting. Why don't you tell me more, Allen?"</p> <p>I hate him. I really, really hate him.</p> <p>I incoherently mumble something about ice and Russians as he strips us of our clothes until we're both in our underwear. Ryan's body would make a Greek god weep; tanned skin from his summer home in Miami, and a torso with more abs than I can count.</p> <p>Forget a Greek god, it makes me want to weep.</p> <p>Gripping my panties on each hip, he waits until I nod before slowly pulling them down my legs, throwing them behind him, and spreading my legs wide.</p> <p>"Stas."</p> <p>"Yeah?"</p> <p>His forehead creases. "Can Lola really hear my balls?"</p>
12	<p>THERE'S A HAND NEAR MY dick that isn't mine.</p> <p>She's fast asleep, snoring loudly with her hand wrapped around my waist and tucked into the band of my boxers. I gently untuck and examine it—long fake nails, Cartier rings, and a Rolex strapped to her slender wrist.</p> <p>Who the fuck is it?</p> <p>Even after a night of God knows what, she still smells expensive, and there are strands of long golden-blond hair draped over my shoulder from where she's lying behind me.</p> <p>...The kind where there's a woman in your bed, and you can't remember who the hell it is.</p> <p>...I slowly roll over so I can confirm my own worst fear: that I did have sex with Kitty Vincent last night.</p>
13	<p>Expertise I've gained from having sex with practically all of them.</p> <p>..."I need you to stop staring at me like you've never seen a naked woman in your bed before," she snipes back, pushing her body to lean against the headboard. "We both know you have, and you're creeping me out."</p> <p>...I also remember playing beer pong with Danny Adeleke and losing, which I'd rather not remember, but I still don't remember how this happened.</p>
14	<p>She gives me the fakest smile I've ever seen, swings her legs off the bed, and struts butt-ass naked toward my bathroom. It's hard to concentrate on how good she looks because, with one last disinterested look over her shoulder, she scowls at me.</p>
15	<p>"Why did you have sex with Kitty Vincent?"</p>
16	<p>"You said she smelled nice and her ass felt good. Who am I to stand between you and true love?"</p> <p>...His parents always visit in June so they can join the rest of us at LA Pride with JJ, proudly wearing their pansexual flag ally pins.</p>
18	<p>"You ready to get your hungover ass kicked?"</p> <p>"Nothing a rainbow sprinkle ring can't solve. Sweating out alcohol is good anyway. Will get me fresh for tonight."</p> <p>...ROBBIE HAMLET</p> <p>Drinks at ours tonight?</p> <p>...JOE CARTER</p> <p>I'll bring the tequila roulette board.</p>

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22	But according to the very passive-aggressive email I received, David Skinner, Maple Hills Director of Sport, doesn't give a flying fuck about my planner or my training schedule, and he certainly doesn't give a fuck about my sex life.
23	Ryan and I started hooking up last year when we met at a party and were beer pong partners. ...The next day he slid into my DMs, joking he wasn't expecting to find someone who plays drinking games so aggressively preaching about positive vibes only on their social media pages.
24	"I'll take you home and let you take out any remaining stress on my body?" "With a bat?" His fingers sink into my tense muscles, rhythmically working out every knot as I roll my head side to side. "Kinky. Will you dress up as Harley Quinn, too?"
25	"Don't look at me like that. Regionals are right around the corner; I can't gain weight." Ryan slouches in his seat so our heads are level, and he leans in to give us more privacy. His breath dances across my skin as his lips hover beneath my ear, sending a wave of goose bumps across my entire body. "As someone who throws you around quite a lot, I feel like I'm qualified to say this: if that jackass isn't able to cope if your weight fluctuates a few pounds, which is perfectly normal, by the way, he shouldn't be your partner."
30	"People will show up regardless, even if I tried to stop it. Look, come over, bring friends or whatever. It'd be good if we could all get along, and I swear, we have good tequila. Do you have a name?"
31	THE ENTIRE HOCKEY TEAM POURS through the front door and immediately heads toward the liquor cabinet. ...I tighten my grip when he attempts to walk off toward the rest of our team members, who are passing around beers in the living room.
34	Briar's so engrossed in the random liquor she's mixing, she doesn't even notice me as I lean against the counter beside her. ..."It's a good job I'm not drinking alone then, isn't it," she slurs, her accent an unusual mix of British and American.
35	I throw back the drink and fuck does it sting. "Jesus Christ." I choke as the fluid burns its way down my throat. "Who the fuck taught you to mix drinks?" "My uncle James. He calls it a magic cocktail. You looking for Summer?" She rolls her eyes at me when I nod. "She's playing beer pong with Cami in the den." ... "She knows you fucked Kitty last night!"
37	"I have a password-protected door and a private bathroom. You can join the line if you want," I say, pointing toward the people drunkenly draping over the staircase. ...She walks around me to go first, and I immediately realize letting her go in front of me is a mistake, because as soon as she gets a few steps ahead, I've got her ass in my direct vision, swaying side to side as she takes each step. ...At least she's clothed. Wait, why am I saying it like it's a good thing?
42	So now I'm irritated and hungry, a bit drunk, and once again watching Aaron be an ass and embarrass me.

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43	"I do. Rookie couldn't keep it in his pants. Knocked up someone's little sister. Ghosted her."
44	"I promise, he only hooked up with her. She's got a boyfriend and he didn't know. Nothing about a pregnancy." ..."No offense, but your promises don't mean shit. You have zero idea the pressure I'm under, the sacrifices I've had to make. You don't understand how it feels, knowing it all hangs in the balance because some kid doesn't know how to wrap up his dick."
46	I know it might be weird to think about the guy you have casual sex with and your best friend's fake archnemesis together, but an Abbott + Rothwell relationship would be the type teenage girls cry over because of how perfect it is.
48	"Why date when we're already best friends? Dating is scary. Mind-blowing sex and someone who doesn't get pissy with my schedule? Sign me up, I'll put a ring on it right now. Will you accept an onion ring instead of a diamond?" ..."Saw me coming downstairs with Nate Hawkins and assumed I'd fucked him."
53	He won't tell me what happened, claiming he's a gentleman, but it's hard not to draw your own conclusions when she left on Saturday afternoon wearing one of his T-shirts. I haven't seen her since, so I thought it was a one-night thing but judging by the nervous look on his face, maybe not. ...Robbie has no problems with women, but I can't pretend he doesn't rotate them when he gets bored. The fact he's talking to her and not only hooking up with her is a good sign.
56	"They were making out and he was grabbing her ass," Henry adds. ...I gave him the benefit of the doubt at the party because he was clearly wasted, but because of their class schedules, a lot of the time their session is pre or post ours. ..."She's not going to fuck you. You're wasting your time."
68	Now, when he's hungover, he lies on the couch in the living room and watches his favorite show.
69	The house is full of people crowding around various game tables, drinking, laughing.
73	"The only time I ever want to see a grown man on his knees in front of me, Nate, is when his face is between my legs. So no, I don't want you to beg me." ..."You don't hate me like you pretend you do, do you? If you want me on my knees, Anastasia, we can make that happen." ..."I could give you a map to my G-spot, and you still wouldn't be able to get me off, Hawkins."
76	I don't know whether it's the proximity, the sheer adrenaline, or the tequila, but every rational thought disappears, and I crush my mouth against his. He wastes no time sinking his hand into the hair at the nape of my neck, gripping tightly. His free hand slips around my body and palms my ass, making me moan into his mouth. Nate is everywhere at once; all I can do is hold on to him and take it, and when his mouth travels down my neck, sucking and nipping, I'm practically panting. I didn't think this would happen when I followed him up here, I swear. He just looks so good in his tux and watching him nervously check the party is going well all night has been sort of endearing. And he's hot as fuck, have I said that before? All dark hair, dark eyes, and muscles upon muscles, upon muscles. He sinks to his knees in front of me, tugging at his bow tie and undoing the top button of his shirt. With messy hair from where I've held on to it and flushed cheeks, he looks up at

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	<p>me. His hands run from my ankle to my knee, then back down again, and yep, still close to melting territory. “You sure?”</p> <p>“Do you have a pen and paper for me to draw you a map?”</p> <p>I’m making jokes. Why am I making jokes? Why do I find how unimpressed with me he looks right now so funny? And hot?</p> <p>“I don’t joke about consent, Anastasia,” he says softly, leaning forward to kiss the inside of my knee.</p> <p>“I’m sure.” I don’t know why I’m sure. I’m sure I shouldn’t be sure. I shouldn’t like how he looks hooking my leg over his shoulder. I’m definitely sure I shouldn’t be enjoying his tongue running up the inside of my thigh.</p> <p>He pulls the material of the dress to the side, and when I put on this dress earlier, this is not how I saw the evening turning out. I hear a groan of approval when his mouth gets closer to the apex of my thighs, and he realizes I’m not wearing any panties.</p> <p>The anticipation is killing me. I know he’s doing it on purpose, getting closer and closer, but not doing anything meaningful.</p> <p>I’m about to open my mouth to tell him to hurry up when his tongue runs between my folds, circling my clit slowly. A loud, desperate moan echoes around the room. I don’t even realize the noise came from me until I feel his shoulders move because the jackass laughs. Fingers tickle up the back of my thighs until they can’t go any farther. His huge hands sink into my ass, squeezing at the same time he sucks my clit into his mouth in a way that makes me feel like I’m floating.</p> <p>I’m a wreck. A writhing, moaning, shaking wreck. Shit. I don’t even need to be looking at his face to realize how arrogant he is right now, not that I could—it’s buried pretty deep between my thighs.</p> <p>Sinking my hands into his hair for something to hold on to, a satisfied groan rumbles in his throat and the butterflies in my stomach freaking multiply.</p> <p>I want to say something smart, sass him in some way. Not give him the satisfaction of knowing he’s turned me into a whimpering mess in a matter of minutes.</p> <p>One of his hands moves from my ass cheeks, and when I look down, a pair of brown eyes are staring back at me. They stay burning into me, watching me closely as two of his fingers slide into me, finding my G-spot in 2.5 seconds.</p> <p>It’s game over.</p> <p>His pace increases as he pumps his fingers in and out of me, perfectly coordinated with his tongue, and if he wasn’t holding up my entire body with his mouth, I’d have toppled over by now.</p> <p>The feeling keeps building, hands tug harder at his hair as I cry out, stiletto heel digging into the hard muscles of his back as I desperately try to move my hips to ride his fingers.</p> <p>“Nathan...” I whimper. I’m wound so impossibly tight I can’t breathe. “Nathan, I’m going to co—”</p> <p>I don’t even get the words out as every part of me spasms and I scream, everything tingling and throbbing as I tighten around him, bucking and thrashing, pleasure and heat flooding my entire body.</p> <p>Removing his fingers and mouth, he leans back so he can look up at me properly, wearing the smuggest expression I’ve ever seen as he sucks his fingers into his mouth, not once breaking eye contact.</p> <p>Oh fuck.</p>

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79	<p>“Are you two fucking or can I come in?”</p> <p>Ryan and I didn’t even hook up last night, we watched a movie and fell asleep. We agreed the benefits aspect of our friendship was over now that he’s looking to ask Olivia to be exclusive with him.</p> <p>...Ryan untangles our bodies and rolls onto his back with a huff. “If we were fucking, you just killed the mood.”</p> <p>“Okay, I’m coming in! Put your dick away, Rothwell.”</p> <p>...Hooking up or not, I’d have a picture of Ryan’s body as my bedroom wallpaper if I could.</p>
80	<p>“She’s got an audience,” I grumble before the phone sex starts.</p>
81	<p>“HewentdownonmeatRobbie’sbirthdaypartyandIranoff.”</p> <p>...“He went down on me at Robbie’s birthday party, blah blah blah.” I ignore their gasps, Lola’s genuine and Ryan’s pretend one, to play along with her dramatics. “It was an accident, a moment of weakness, and I’ve been avoiding him.”</p> <p>...“I’m interested to know how people accidentally have oral sex, though, Stas. Share with the group.”</p> <p>...“Well, when he asked if he needed to get on his knees, I was honest. I said the only time I want to see a man on his knees is if his head is between my legs.”</p> <p>...“Anyway, he took it as an invitation. Said ask me nicely, and was all ‘I don’t joke about consent, Anastasia,’ super sexy and brooding and yeah, practically ruined my vocal cords screaming.”</p> <p>“Took it as an invitation?” Ryan repeats back, jaw slack. “Stas, you practically told him you wanted to ride his face.”</p> <p>...“If a woman is telling me the only time she wants me on my knees is when my face is in between her legs, respectfully, I’m making a move. I’d have kissed you, too.”</p> <p>“Well, technically,” I mumble, shaking my face free, “if you want to get into the specifics, I kissed him.”</p> <p>“You little slut,” Lola says in delight.</p> <p>...“Stas, you know I love you, but you’ve got to stop being so fucking stubborn. Hawkins is a good guy, fuck him, don’t fuck him, but since when do you avoid people you hook up with?”</p> <p>“You should definitely fuck him,” Lo says, far more enthusiastically than I’d like.</p> <p>“I agree. You probably should at least once, Stas. For science.”</p>
84	<p>I hadn’t even gotten off my knees before Anastasia’s hand was straightening her dress and reaching for the door handle. She gave me one last look, post-orgasm glow warming her cheeks, then she got the fuck out of there like Road Runner.</p> <p>...All I could do was let her leave, otherwise, I’d have been stepping out with a throbbing boner into a house full to the brim with people.</p> <p>...Did I think there was a chance that she’d end up crying my name, and I’d be sucking the taste of her off my fingers?</p> <p>...Is that memory on repeat in my head every time I jerk off? Obviously.</p>
87	<p>She definitely has sex with Ryan Rothwell.</p> <p>...Not to tip you over the edge, Cap... But Rothwell has definitely fucked Summer too.</p>
88	<p>I make the strategic but easy decision to put my phone back in my pocket and try to concentrate on learning something, or at least learning something not about Ryan Rothwell and where he’s sticking his d—anyway.</p>

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98	I'M HALF READY BY THE time Lola bulldozes her way into my bedroom, hopped up on beer and Jolly Ranchers.
100	We're both adults. Sometimes adults let other adults prove they don't need navigation tools to find a G-spot. It's normal. ... "Sure you do. Just like you hated Hawkins when you came all over his face."
102	"You shouldn't be drinking. You have a head injury." ...My body is buzzing from the proximity. No, it's the alcohol. Definitely the alcohol. I'm unbothered by the proximity.
103	That's the bit I usually hate, especially after a win when I want to celebrate with a beer or ten.
104	Then we head to The Honey Pot, which is, in my humble opinion, the best club in West Hollywood. B, Summer's roommate, and the worst drink mixer ever, works there and arranges tables for us. ...Within minutes of our arrival, the booth was covered in bottles and unsurprisingly, several drinks in, half the team is wasted. ...They keep tapping their drinks together to cheers, although I have no idea what they're celebrating.
105	It plunges between her breasts, and that's where my ability to describe what she's wearing ends, because as soon as my eyes travel over the strained material covering her tits, all the blood in my body rushes straight to my dick. Her light brown hair is wavy, flowing down her back to just above the curve of her ass, an ass I know feels fucking amazing. ...Lola bursts into the booth first, cheeks flushed and a drunk, sappy smile on her face. She looks at Robbie like he's the best thing she's ever seen in her life, lunging forward to press her mouth against him, dropping herself into his lap.
106	I throw back the rest of my drink, letting the cold liquor soothe the burning in my chest. I'm on my feet and brushing past the legs of my teammates before I even have time to consider this reckless, drunken display of envy. ...I'm sure they're the heels that left red marks on my back, and when my dick twitches, I realize now isn't the right time to remember that. ...We reach the middle of the dance floor, where the lights are flashing, but she keeps going, dragging me through the drunk, sloppy clubgoers to an area of the dance floor the lights don't quite reach. ...Despite all the alcohol flowing through my bloodstream right now, I'm painfully aware of the feel of her body pressed against mine. ...Her head falls back to my shoulder, and she drags my hands down her body until my fingers are digging into her hips. Rocking us side to side to the music, her ass rolls and grinds until I'm so painfully hard there's no fucking way she can't feel it. My head falls to her shoulder, immediately inhaling her sweet scent. "You're fucking killing me, Stas," I groan into her neck. Her hands reach behind until they're linked behind my head, and when I look down her body, I can see the stiff peaks of her nipples protruding through the flimsy material of her dress. I wish we weren't in a crowded nightclub. I wish we were at home so I could roll her nipples between my fingers or dip my hand between her thighs, hopefully finding her wearing no underwear again. I'm practically panting, heart hammering, body on fire. I didn't think I could feel better

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	<p>after today's win, but hearing Stas's satisfied sighs as I run my hands over her waist, whispering how fucking good her body feels against mine into her ear, it's definitely better. I'm acting like I've never had a woman rub up against me before, like I haven't been the guy in the dark corner of the club with the beautiful girl in his arms.</p> <p>...If feeling Anastasia's body grinding against mine in a nightclub was my reward, having her sitting in my lap in the Uber on the way home is my punishment.</p> <p>...So now, she's wiggling about, leaning forward to talk to Lola in the row in front of us, and I'm stuck looking at the way her waist slopes in from her ass, trying not to think about how well my hands would fit there if I was p—never mind.</p>
109	<p>She nudges me again with her nose. "You're not touching me..." Her hands grip my forearms and travel down to where my fingers are digging into the seat, pulling them away and wrapping them around her body instead. An evil giggle slips from her lips. "You're hard."</p> <p>I can't even stop the embarrassing groan that seeps out. "Yeah, my dick's having a hard time realizing the wriggling around you're doing isn't for our benefit."</p> <p>..."If it makes you feel any less embarrassed," she whispers, moving our right hands along her inner thigh until I can feel the heat radiating from between her legs, "I'm so fucking wet." Widening her knees, she moves our joined hands closer. "And I'm not wearing any panties."</p>
110	<p>Maybe it's the alcohol, maybe it's the post-qualifying high, maybe it's the way Nathan's body responds to mine, and how he's practically dicking down my ego by telling me I'm the hottest thing he's ever seen in his life.</p> <p>His hand is about an inch away from making this journey home more interesting, but I tried to avoid this, in my defense.</p> <p>...But now, I find myself dealing with the consequences of my actions, with no one to blame for my aching, wet vagina but myself.</p> <p>My traitorous hips are moving of their own accord, a desperate whimper slipping from my parted lips as Nate slowly and deliberately rolls his hips forward, hand still interlocked with mine between my legs.</p> <p>His other hand leaves my thigh, and my arm instinctively raises to sink my fingers into his thick, dark hair. My breathing slows as he presses his palm flat to my body and travels across my stomach, over the curve of my breast, circling my nipple but not quite adding enough pressure for me to be satisfied.</p> <p>"Nathan..." I whimper impatiently. His chuckle is dark and devious, telling me with no words that he does not give one fuck about doing what I want. His hand moves across to my other breast, the same frustrating light touch that has me arching into his hand just to feel more. "Nathan, please..."</p> <p>I tug with the hand still gripping his hair, trying to ignore the goose bumps spreading across my skin every time his hot breath dances across my neck.</p> <p>His fingers finally pinch my taut nipples, nose nudging my head to the side, the stubble covering his jaw scraping over my hammering pulse, teeth nipping the lobe of my ear. "You only like me when you're drunk and horny," he whispers.</p> <p>"Not true." I finally let go of the hand settled between my legs, leaving his there as he strokes against the inside of my thigh gently. I twist to watch him over my shoulder, his eyes dark and heavy as they meet mine. "I don't like you at any time."</p> <p>Lips crash into mine and his hand moves to grip the front of my throat. It's rough and</p>

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	<p>passionate, overwhelming and heated, and a whole host of other words my brain can't even process right now. He squeezes my throat as his tongue explores my mouth, moaning when my teeth sink into his lip.</p> <p>It's not enough; I want him closer, need him closer. He loosens his grip, trailing his mouth across my jaw, kissing and sucking my neck, voice rough as I roll my hips against him. "Don't tell me you don't like me when I can feel how wet you are all over your thighs, Anastasia."</p> <p>"It'd be all over your hand instead if you did something."</p> <p>I'm incredibly close to taking matters into my own hands, although I'm unsure where masturbating in his lap would put us on the frenemy-ship scale. A normal person would be worried about their audience, but I could scream until the windows shattered and our exceptionally drunk friends wouldn't notice.</p> <p>...His knees nudge mine farther apart, mouth descending on mine again, more possessive, more dominant. His nose brushes mine. "Can you be a good girl and be quiet?"</p> <p>I nod, prepared to finally feel his long, thick fingers easing the throbbing between my legs. Instead, he drags one finger gently over my swollen clit, and I can't help the huff of frustration that escapes me. "I'm so close to doing it myself. Tell me if you don't know what you're doing, Nathan."</p> <p>The last time I goaded him about not being able to pleasure a woman, he proved me very, very wrong.</p> <p>His free hand sinks into the hair at the bottom of my neck, tugging so I look up at him. He increases the pressure on my clit and a satisfied moan grumbles in my throat, jaw slacking as the pleasure rolls through my very tense and sexually frustrated body.</p> <p>Swapping to the heel of his palm, his other hand tightens in my hair. "One day, I'm going to fuck your pretty little mouth, and you're not going to be able to be such a bossy, impatient little brat."</p> <p>He covers my mouth with his, absorbing my satisfied moan as two fingers slide into me, deliciously stretching me.</p> <p>I shouldn't have promised to be quiet.</p> <p>The slick, wet noise of Nate's fingers pumping in and out of me would be enough for everyone to know without me even saying a word. The music is still blasting, our friends paying attention to anything but us, and the familiar red-hot pleasure shoots up my spine. "Your pussy is so perfect," he rasps into my ear. "So wet and tight."</p> <p>My hips are bucking against his hand, incoherent pleas and moans slipping from my lips. My knees try to close, my body trying to shy away from the building feeling in my core. He pins my legs open with his, and I'm about to fall headfirst into oblivion. "You gonna come for me? Come all over my fingers, Anastasia, show me what it's gonna feel like when I've got my dick buried inside of you."</p> <p>Releasing my hair, his hand clamps over my mouth to smother my cries as the orgasm rips through me, and I give being so loud the windows shatter my best attempt.</p> <p>Every bit of me is physically shaking, pleasure spreading through my entire body until my eyes roll back in my head and my back arches off him. He keeps pumping his fingers until the spasming stops, and I slump into a sticky, satisfied mess on his chest.</p> <p>He gently pulls out his fingers and presses his lips against my damp forehead. "Open your mouth," he tells me, a curious glint in his eyes as I look up at him, confused.</p> <p>I do as I'm told, too content to argue, and wait with an open mouth. He presses his two wet fingers against my tongue, and I immediately taste the heady, salty-sweet taste. "Suck.</p>

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	<p>See how fucking good you taste," he whispers. "Na—" The music cuts off abruptly, and my entire body freezes, eyes widening as Nathan quickly pulls his fingers from my mouth and unpins my legs so I can close them.</p>
113	<p>Looking up at Nathan, feeling a mixture of drunk, sleepy, sated, I wait until he looks down at me before whispering, "Does it smell like sex?" He snorts and presses his lips to my nose affectionately. "All I can smell is your shampoo. I'm going to be getting hard over honey and strawberry because it'll remind me of this. Very impractical, Allen." ..."Did you have sex in the Uber?" ...Large arms wrap around my waist from behind, and I feel his mouth kiss my shoulder. ...He pushes my hair behind my ears. "Do you want to go to bed?" "So badly." Grabbing a couple of water bottles from the fridge, he threads his fingers through mine, navigating us toward the staircase through his drunk teammates littering the living area. He lets me go first, his hand gripping my waist tightly to ensure I don't lose my balance in these ridiculously tall heels. "Stop looking at my ass, Hawkins." "Stop having an ass that looks like that."</p>
115	<p>"Ryan, yeah, I forgot about Ryan somehow. The guy you're fucking." ..."You told Henry you're fucking him. I even got to see him in your bed." ..."We've had a friends-with-benefits thing for a while. He wants to date Olivia, so we've stopped." ...The relief of pressing my feet against the flat, hard floor after hours of torture is arguably better than the orgasm Nate gave me earlier, but I don't feel like now is the right time to bring that up.</p>
116	<p>He grips the back of my thighs and pulls them forward so my knees fall on either side of his hips, straddling him. I'm painfully aware of the no-panty situation when my dress begins to ride up, stopping only when his large hands squeeze my ass, and he uses his grip to grind my pussy against him. ..."Stop overthinking and fuck me. It's not that serious." Rolling me onto my back, Nate climbs between my legs, applying pressure exactly where I want it. My fingers sink into his back to pull his body on top of mine so I can feel every breath. I need more friction, more pressure, more him. "Do you have a condom?" His nose brushes against mine, once, twice. A garbled moan rumbles in his throat when I roll my hips against where he's straining against his boxers. "I fucking hate myself right now, but we're not having sex." Of all the things I was expecting him to say, that was somewhere right near the bottom. "What?" "I don't want to have sex with you. No. Shit, I do, but not right now." He presses his forehead against mine, lowering his voice. "I want you to want me when you're sober, Anastasia. I can't do another week of you avoiding me. I fucking hate it." ..."Stassie, please don't cry, fuck. I want you so badly; I just don't want the first time we have sex to be something you regret."</p>
119	<p>What kind of person has a woman under them, a woman they've been dreaming about for weeks, and tells them that they don't want to fuck them when she's asking for a condom?</p>

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	...I wanted to show her I don't only want her when I'm drunk, I want her all the time. I like her spark, and I want to get to know her, but I well and truly fumbled the bag.
120	The last thing I fucking need is her thinking I'm calling her a slut.
121	"I wasn't going to let her get into an Uber drunk and sad wearing just a T-shirt. She slept in Henry's room."
122	"I thought if we had sex, you'd wake up this morning and disappear. I hate you being mad at me, and every time I seem to break into the icy fucking fortress you put up, something happens, and I'm back to square one." ... "I've never been any good at it, even as a little kid. I felt rejected and overwhelmed last night. I only wanted to hook up, and you started talking about not sharing me."
123	She couldn't be more direct and clear. I don't like any of it, other than the bit where she said she wanted to ride my dick because I'd like that, but I can't fault her for not communicating. "I hear you, Allen, loud and clear. Commitmentphobe, gotcha. For the record, now we're on the same page, you can ride my dick anytime you want." ... "I'm not drunk anymore. You're back on my shit list, buddy. I'll consider taking you off it when you give me my rink back."
125	I'm trying to concentrate on her anger, not her tits, but it's hard.
126	Don't think I do. Are you going to a party? Meeting some bikers. Big ones. Full of sperm. ...Tell you what, Hawkins. You find me before midnight, and you can finally fuck this "pretty little mouth" of mine. That way I won't be able to be such an "impatient, bossy, little brat." Deal? You're going to look so good with my cock in your mouth.
130	It's a miracle they managed to keep the party a secret. Mattie appears, holding a bottle of champagne. "Three minutes!" Robbie passes out the plastic cups while Mattie pops the bottle.
131	I down the rest of my drink.
132	Rejoining her group to carry on drinking, she doesn't look like she just hooked up with someone. ...I'm fueled by alcohol, jealousy, and perhaps some disbelief. What's the worst that could happen? ... "You fucked another girl upstairs at a party I'm at!"
133	Our mouths smash into each other in a crazed, drunk, and desperate display of built-up sexual frustration. Gripping the back of my thighs, he lifts me, letting my legs wind around his waist. My hands sink into his hair as our bodies work in unison to get as close to each other as possible. There's nothing romantic about what's happening. My body is sandwiched between his and the door, our tongues fight for dominance, and his hands sink into my ass cheeks. A tortured whimper escapes me when he grinds his pelvis into me, and I feel how hard he is. Trailing his mouth along my jawline, he nibbles at the spot beneath my ear, making my whole body quiver. "Tell me you want me to fuck you, Anastasia." "You tell me." My hard words lose their impact when he sucks on my neck, and I literally moan them. Before I know what's happening, he sets me down on the edge of the bed and

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	<p>crouches to my feet, taking off my shoes.</p> <p>It amazes me how he can switch from rough to gentle in seconds. When my shoes are off, I tuck my feet beneath my ass and watch him stand. There's a small moment of quiet where we just look at each other. My heart is still hammering, blood burning beneath my skin, everything hypersensitive.</p> <p>His eyes are pouring into mine, so I don't miss the flash of surprise when my hands reach for his belt. "Can I?"</p> <p>"Fuck yes."</p> <p>He helps me strip him down until he's standing in front of me in only his boxers, which is the moment I realize there is absolutely no way it will fit in my mouth, or anywhere else for that matter.</p> <p>Nate is smirking as I sit gobsmacked. I shake it off because I'm not a quitter, and I'm certainly not giving him the satisfaction of telling him how big it is.</p> <p>"I've been tested recently and there's nothing to report, but I can put on a condom if you want me to?" he asks as I run my hands up the front of his thighs.</p> <p>I shake my head and watch as he takes himself out, tightening his fist around the base and pumping a few times. He bends down and kisses me on the forehead. "Tell me to stop if I'm too rough, okay?"</p> <p>One hand holds the back of my neck, and the other guides his hard dick toward me. "Stick your tongue out, baby." I do as I'm told, much to his immediate delight, swirling it against the head, tasting the heady-salty taste on my tongue. "That's a good girl."</p> <p>I wrap my lips around the tip and suck gently. His hand leaves my neck and immediately sinks into my hair. "Fuuuck, Stas."</p> <p>He moans loudly, and just like that, I lose my ability to wait for orders.</p> <p>Placing my hands on the front of his thighs, I lean forward, taking him until he hits the back of my throat, and I splutter.</p> <p>A series of expletives echo around the room. His other hand sinks into my hair on the other side as I take control. I wrap my hand around the base and move it in rhythm with my mouth, moaning and gagging, looking up at him with watery eyes.</p> <p>His head falls back, stomach muscles flexing, deep, satisfied grunts as his hips drive forward, nudging deeper. "So fucking good, baby. You are so fucking good."</p> <p>His thrusts get harder and sloppy, telling me how close he is, and when I cup his balls gently with my free hand, he's a goner.</p> <p>"Oh, shitting fuck, Stassie." His hands tighten in my hair as he spasms, and I swallow everything he gives me, eyes still watering and throat raw.</p> <p>I clean up the corner of my mouth with my thumb, licking it clean. "I still feel bratty," I tease. "And impatient."</p> <p>His laugh is deep, spearing me in a way I'm not used to. A content, post-orgasm glow has flushed his cheeks, his eyes are glossy and wild, and he looks beautiful. "You're unbelievable."</p> <p>Nathan lifts under my arms to pull me to my feet, tugging at the strap of my dress. "This needs to come off."</p> <p>"Who's the bossy one now?" I spin on the spot so he can pull down the zip. His lips drop to my shoulder, kissing me all over while he pulls down the straps, and the material falls to my feet.</p> <p>My entire body feels like it's filled with frantic, untamed energy. He's being so controlled and slow, purposely torturing me, dragging out the inevitable pleasure. When his hand</p>

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	<p>palms my breasts from behind and his fingers roll my nipples, my ass instinctively rubs against him.</p> <p>“Ask me nicely,” he whispers into my ear. “I’ll fuck you so good.”</p> <p>The more Nate tells me to ask nicely, the closer I get to telling him to fuck himself. I brush his hands off from where they’re exploring my body and crawl into the middle of the bed, propping myself up on the cushions. His knee drops onto the bed to follow, but I press against his chest with my foot to stop him from getting any farther. “Stand at the end of the bed.”</p> <p>He looks confused but curious, eyes narrowing as he walks to the end of the bed. My fingers slip below the material of my panties, shimmying them down my legs.</p> <p>His eyes widen when he realizes what I’m doing, and he leans forward to grip the bed frame. I spread my legs as wide as they’ll go, giving him the perfect view of how dripping wet my pussy is—that way, he’ll have no problem watching me plunge two fingers into myself. “Mhmm, Nathan...”</p> <p>The slick, wet sound is the only noise in the room, other than my cries and moans and the occasional “Jesus Christ” from him.</p> <p>His dick is already hard again, protruding proudly from his pelvis with cum glistening on the end. I take turns circling my fingers against my swollen clit and pumping them in and out of me while Nate looks like he’s combusting.</p> <p>I think it’s the moaning of his name that’s doing it and how my back arches and I grind into my hand. “Ask nicely,” I tease. “And I’ll let you fuck me.”</p> <p>“You’re an evil woman,” he grumbles, hand rubbing over his face. “Let me make you feel good, Stas.”</p> <p>He moves to the drawer and pulls out a condom, tearing the packet and rolling it onto himself. Crawling slowly toward me, he settles between my thighs and reaches for a spare pillow, instructing me to lift my hips so he can put it under the bottom of my back.</p> <p>I can’t concentrate on what I’m supposed to be doing to myself because he’s on his knees between my legs, body looking like it’s been sculpted by the actual gods and a thick, long, hard dick. “Do you want me to fuck you, Anastasia?”</p> <p>“Yes.” Yes, I do.</p> <p>Nathan leans his body over mine, one arm supporting his weight and the other gently cradling my head. I reach between us, rub the head over my clit, making us both shudder, and line him up.</p> <p>“I’ll be gentle,” he murmurs, affectionately nudging his nose against mine.</p> <p>I sink my teeth into his bottom lip, immediately running my tongue over the same spot.</p> <p>“Don’t be gentle. Fuck me like you hate me.”</p>
137	<p>I’ve been thinking about how it’d feel to have Stassie naked beneath me for weeks. I thought about what it’d be like to fuck her when she called me “rich-kid hockey star” and proceeded to tell me how much she didn’t give a shit about hockey.</p> <p>I should have known the trouble that was coming my way then.</p> <p>I have no idea how I will make it out of this alive because my imagination hasn’t done her justice, not even a little bit. I’d say she’s going to ruin all other women</p>
138	<p>Now I can keep her up here all night and fuck the jealousy out of her. I affectionately nudge my nose against hers. “I’ll be gentle.”</p> <p>Her teeth sink into my bottom lip, catching me off guard, her tongue sweeping over the same area. “Don’t be gentle. Fuck me like you hate me.”</p>

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	<p>Jesus Christ. "I'm not going to act like I hate you, Anastasia."</p> <p>...I hold the back of her head to keep her mouth next to mine, absorbing her loud, satisfied cry when I slide into her, stretching her slowly. "I'm going to fuck you like this tight little pussy is mine. You'll take it like a good girl, won't you?"</p> <p>I've stunned us both to silence, except for our matched pants and her soft moan when I roll my hips. She's soaking wet and is gripping me so fucking good, it's hard to believe I'm expected to do anything else ever again.</p> <p>It's taking every shred of self-control to stay still and let her adjust, knowing her bossy ass will let me know when she's ready. It's not until I'm hovering over her that I realize how much bigger than her I am.</p> <p>"You just had to give me all of it, didn't you? Fucking show-off." Her fingertips travel across the planes of my back as her hips begin to wriggle, the sign I need to pull back and thrust forward again.</p> <p>"I'm only giving you half." Her hooded eyes snap wide open, and she sits up to look down at where our bodies join. "But I think you can take more."</p> <p>Pulling back, I thrust forward as far as I can until I meet resistance. Her nails sink into my shoulders, her arching back pushing her stomach into mine. "Oh my God."</p> <p>"You feel so fucking good, Anastasia, such a perfect pussy." Her legs wrap around my hips, ankles crossing at the bottom of my back, tightening to keep me there when I'm deep inside her.</p> <p>"Nate," she whispers like a prayer, "it's so big. Full. Ah."</p> <p>She's trying to finish me just with her words, and fuck, she might manage it if she carries on. My head falls to her shoulder; I press my lips against her collarbone, then up her neck until our mouths are crushed together, a desperate thrashing of tongues and lips.</p> <p>One hand tugs my hair, and the other claws at my back. She's close; I can tell by the way she's writhing below me, by the way her breath hitches when the end of my cock brushes against her G-spot, by the way her face twists with ecstasy when I get deeper.</p> <p>I remove the hand cradling her head and slip it between us, thumb rubbing against her swollen bundle of nerves until her whole body is arching and her jaw drops. "Come all over my cock, Stas. Give it to me."</p> <p>Her entire body tightens as she cries my name into my shoulder, nails sinking so deep I'd be surprised if she hasn't drawn blood. With her pussy pulsing around me as I slow down, I press my lips against her forehead and roll us over so I'm on my back, her body soft and limp on my chest, my cock still buried inside her.</p> <p>"That was..., " she pants. "You are... Did you come?"</p> <p>"Not yet. I wanna watch you ride me."</p> <p>Stassie on top of me has been the star thought of every shower I've had for the past week. Ever since she said it out loud, it's all I've thought about. The way her eyes glimmer as she looks at my face, a coy smirk on her lips, I know I'm fucking in for it.</p> <p>She sits up straight, sliding down on my dick slowly until she's taken every inch. I look at the space between her legs where we're joining, and there isn't a slither of space.</p> <p>Jeeeeeeez.</p> <p>"Like this?" she asks gently, brushing her hair from her face. I nod, hands sinking into her hips, unable to formulate any actual words. Her hips swirl and grind down, and my breath catches in my throat. "Or like this?"</p> <p>"Yeah, baby, just like that," I tell her, voice strained.</p> <p>I know Stassie is flexible from watching her skate. So I don't know why I'm so surprised</p>

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	<p>when she stretches her legs out to each side, doing the splits. “What about like this?” Can’t talk or think. I go deeper; I don’t fucking know how or where it’s coming from or where it’s going. She places her hands on my stomach, lifting herself up and down. The bolt of pleasure crashes into me hard, and I’m gripping her hips so tight she’ll have marks for days. “You’re incredible, fucking incredible.”</p> <p>Every rock of her hips is the perfect rhythm, and I’m losing my mind. I snap my hips up as she comes down, and her head falls back. “Right there, yeah, right there...”</p> <p>Collapsing onto my chest, her fingers reach up to grip my hair. Still rocking back against my thrust, the satisfying sound of slapping skin echoes around the room, and I’m suddenly glad there’s a loud party on the other side of my door.</p> <p>Stassie’s body is perfect; strong and flexible, with a round, fleshy ass and full tits. None of that even matters when it comes to how fucking good it is feeling an orgasm rip through her.</p> <p>“You gonna come for me again, Anastasia?” I tease as her legs tremble and her fingers dig into my skin.</p> <p>She mumbles something incoherent under her breath, her tanned skin shimmering under my bedroom light, baby hairs stuck to her forehead, an exhausted, satiated look on her face while she takes every inch like a fucking champion.</p> <p>I wrap my arm around her waist to keep my hold on her and slip my other between our joined bodies. I apply light pressure to her clit and she shatters.</p> <p>I deserve a medal for not busting right now because her entire body tightens, which seconds ago I would have said was impossible. She’s trembling, hips bucking as she rides out her orgasm, crying my name.</p> <p>“You’re a demon.” She reaches up, pressing her lips to mine, our bodies still stuck together in the best way. “Real-life freaking demon.”</p> <p>“I never had you down as a quitter, Allen.” I tuck the hair hanging over her face behind her ears, cupping her face in my hand. I take a second to look at her. Flushed cheeks and a lazy smile as she turns her head to kiss the palm of my hand. “You are so goddamn beautiful, y’know?”</p> <p>“You’re already fucking me, Hawkins. You don’t have to blow my ego, too.”</p> <p>There she is.</p> <p>My post-coming docile, affectionate girl is gone, her typical bratty attitude restored. I slap my hand against her ass cheek, rolling her onto her back again. Pulling out of her, I chuckle at her whimper of disappointment and her squeak of surprise when I flip her onto her stomach. “I can’t go again.” She moans. “I can’t.”</p> <p>I tug her hips until her ass is in the air and this view is what I’m going to dream about every night. “You wanna stop?” She looks at me over her shoulder and shakes her head. “Good, hold on to the bed.”</p> <p>Her hands reach out and grip the bars of my bed frame, head resting against a pillow trying to watch me as I position myself behind her.</p> <p>I genuinely don’t think I’ve ever been this hard.</p> <p>I rub my cock up and down, taking extra time to circle her oversensitive clit, making her body shudder. When she’s impatiently whimpering, I finally line myself up and sink into her again.</p> <p>She meets every thrust forward by pushing back onto me, her ass bouncing off me and letting me go even harder. My hands fit perfectly in the curve of her waist, and the noises she’s making aren’t going to let me last long like this. “I told you I was going to fuck this</p>

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	<p>pussy like it's mine, Anastasia, 'cause it is fucking mine.”</p> <p>“Nathan...” She’s moaning but still manages to sass me. “In your dreams.”</p> <p>“Let go of the bed.” Satisfaction bubbles under my skin when she immediately listens to me, doing what she’s told for once. Pulling her back to my front—I want her closer, need her closer—I run my tongue along her shoulder to her neck, tasting the salty sheen on her skin.</p> <p>One of my hands snakes up her body to her tits, and the other cups between her legs, feeling my dick move in and out as she bounces on it in a fervent rhythm. Her entire body is trembling, chest heaving, pussy throbbing around me. “It’s too much, Nate. It’s too good, I can’t.”</p> <p>“Don’t be a quitter, Anastasia.” My fingers slowly tease her clit, deliberate and controlled, and she’s almost there. Her mouth tilts toward me, hips bucking and grinding, eyes rolling back. I crash my mouth into hers as she screams, squeezing me so fucking tight I can’t hold back, spilling into the condom.</p> <p>It’s like fire spreading across my entire body, consuming and engulfing me, suffocating me in the flames. I’m twitching and spasming inside her well after we’ve stopped moving, the pleasure flooding through me.</p> <p>“Was that better than hate sex?” I grumble, forehead falling to her shoulder.</p> <p>She starts laughing, her body wiggling in my arms. “Oh. My. God. Shut up, Nathan.”</p>
142	<p>After finally convincing myself to slip out of her, I dispose of the condom and pull on some sweatpants.</p>
143	<p>She’s naked on my bed, her stomach flexing as she takes controlled breaths. She looks incredible. Unbelievably, after all that, my dick twitches, but if I suggest going again right now, she’ll murder me.</p> <p>...“I’m about to open this door. Do you want to risk whoever might be standing outside of it seeing you butt-ass naked?”</p> <p>...I punch in all the zeros and stroll through, getting the shock of my life when Henry is in his boxers making out with a half-naked girl on his bed.</p>
145	<p>IT’S HARD TO BE HAPPY about having the best sex of your life when the guy you did it with is impossibly annoying.</p> <p>...I didn’t even think to look last night, but the hickeys are incredibly bold and angry-looking this morning, standing out against my neck. “I look like leeches have attacked me! Who are you? Fucking Dracula?”</p> <p>...“You are so full of rage for someone so small and cute,” he teases, kissing the ugly marks on my neck.</p> <p>...The towel hanging on his hips does nothing to hide how eager he is for me not to go to work. His voice is low and dark as he whispers into my ear. “I want you again.”</p> <p>“Mhmm. I can tell.”</p> <p>“Quit your job so we can go back to bed.”</p> <p>Why am I getting wet from four words?</p> <p>...Is this what being dicknotized feels like?</p>
146	<p>Last night was something else. I don’t know whether it was all the built-up sexual frustration or the excitement of the game, but the man knows how to use his dick for the greater good.</p> <p>I don’t think I slept. I might have passed out from the exhaustion of being railed so well.</p> <p>This morning when I mentioned the dull ache between my legs as we climbed into the</p>

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	<p>shower together, he asked me could he kiss it better. And he did. Twice.</p>
148	<p>You make no sense. Only because you fucked my brains out. ...He leans over and cups my face with his hand, greeting me with a toe-curling kiss that sends a shiver through my entire body. ...I wouldn't think anything if Ryan kissed me, and this man did filthy things to my body last night... and this morning. I probably shouldn't be concerned about a little kiss.</p>
149	<p>The thigh-holding I can deal with. I can't deal with the patterns and the occasional squeeze. That shit is making my vagina scream and I'm not sure she's ready for the consequences of being a horny little slut... again. ...His fingers dig into my thigh playfully and I squirm in my seat. ...He squeezes my thigh again, looking over as we roll to a stop sign. He nods, encouraging me. "I'm good with deep." His eyes press shut.</p>
152	<p>Nate doesn't let me leave; instead, he leans over and kisses the life out of me. Which I let him do. For twenty minutes. ..."Don't be a little bitch because you're not getting laid and Stassie finally gets the hockey hype."</p>
154	<p>In exchange for a hot chocolate with marshmallows, yesterday Henry gave me a very detailed account of how he would make me fall in love with him if Nate were to ever ruin the chances of him getting laid again.</p>
156	<p>"You presumed you'd be able to convince another person to sleep with you?" I tease, instantly feeling lighter. ...I close the gap, pressing my lips to his. It's hard to remember we're in public when his tongue rolls against mine. He breaks us apart.</p>
158	<p>"I would have guessed with your status on campus that you'd have fucked half of Maple Hills by now. A captain title guarantees getting laid, right?" "I have, and yeah, it kinda does." ..."Are you slut-shaming me, Anastasia Allen? The queen of noncommitment?" ..."Hooking up with people and liking people is very different. If I like someone, I want to be around them and get to know them. It's not often I want something more with someone, so when I do, I make them a priority"</p>
159	<p>Her entire body is wrapped around me. Face buried in my neck, hair repeatedly tickling my nose, legs straddling my waist, leaving me no choice but to balance my laptop on her ass, one hand scrolling through a costume website and the other tickling up and down her back.</p>
160	<p>My T-shirt is drowning her, which is another thing I love. Weird, I know. It makes me wonder if there's a psychological reason why her wearing my clothes makes me horny. "I'm sorry the body I work so hard for doesn't make a good mattress for you." I run my thumb across her bottom lip, and when she nips her teeth against the pad, a devilish look on her face, all the blood in my body rushes straight to my dick. "I'm pretty sure you like my body for other reasons, though." Her hips roll against the erection fighting to get out of my boxers and I swear to God, one tiny movement and this girl has me ready to lose my damn mind.</p>

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163	<p>The second I close my bedroom door, she pushes my body against it and wraps her arms around my neck, dragging my face down to hers.</p> <p>Stassie’s soft body molds itself against mine and her fingers sink into my hair. “What’s the rush?” I ask, tugging down my sweatpants anyway because I’m not foolish enough to ask too many questions when she’s kissing me like that.</p> <p>“Henry told me I’m loud when I come, so now I want to do it before he goes to bed.”</p> <p>Jesus Christ.</p> <p>All the reasons I thought she’d give me, that one wasn’t even on the list.</p> <p>My hand slips beneath the flimsy material of my T-shirt she’s still wearing, dipping between her legs, and dragging my finger across the outside of her panties. She grinds into my hand, looking for pressure, fingers gripping my biceps as her tongue moves against mine.</p> <p>Her little noises and movements are driving me wild. Moaning and squirming, her breathing heavy when I move my mouth down her neck and grip under her thighs to pull her up around my hips, pushing her farther against the door.</p> <p>I’m fucking desperate to be inside of her. It’s all I’ve thought about since Saturday night. Her hips wiggle against mine, and goose bumps spread across my whole body. “What if I like it when you’re loud?”</p> <p>“Do something to make me scream, then, Hawkins.”</p> <p>I drop her to her feet and grip each side of her panties, pulling them to her ankles when she gives me a nod. The T-shirt goes next, leaving her naked, thighs rubbing together, rosy cheeked and glossy eyed. She’s the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen, and I don’t even think she realizes it. I leave her standing there, throwing myself down on my bed and lying back.</p> <p>“What are you doing?” Her hands settle on her hips, and she tilts her head to the side, equal parts confused and unimpressed.</p> <p>“I’m waiting for you to move your ass over here and sit on my face, Anastasia. What does it look like I’m doing?”</p> <p>I love playing house.</p>
165	<p>“I’m sorry if I made you feel embarrassed about your sexual endeavors and how you eat Kenny’s. Volume is relative, I suppose, and you’re much quieter than Kitt—”</p> <p>...Nate looked unbothered and climbed back into the bed, his colossal frame covering mine as he settled between my legs. I was still thinking about how annoyed I was with him when he started to roll himself against me and kiss my neck.</p> <p>“How can you be thinking about sex when you’ve just embarrassed me in front of your best friend?”</p> <p>His body stopped straightaway, head moving so I could see his puzzled face. “First, I’m always thinking about sex with you—ow,” he whines.</p>
167	<p>“Good, thanks. Not that I don’t like seeing your peachy tush, but why are you naked in my room?”</p>
168	<p>Nathan’s eyes are glued to me as we cover the final few feet to the booth, stopping right outside the entrance. His eyes start at my feet, running up my black thigh-high boots. I know he’s reached the exposed section of skin by the way his Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows, and his tongue flicks out to wet his lips.</p> <p>His eyes keep going beyond my thighs, past the hem of the Titans jersey and the belt sinching it in at my waist, over my breasts until his eyes lock with mine. He blows out a breath, running his hand down his face.</p>

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169	<p>Even in his anger, his grip on my wrist is still tender, and he's using his body as a human shield as he pushes through the sea of drunken Jokers and Playboy Bunnies, making it a lot easier to follow.</p>
170	<p>Nathan stalks toward me and with every step he takes forward, I take one back until my back hits the wall. The excitement begins to build as I concentrate on his furious face and for some masochistic reason, there is nowhere more excited than the spot between my legs that's freaking pulsing.</p> <p>...“I'm so fucking angry with you,” he rasps, capturing my mouth with his. He picks me up, pressing me harshly into the wall, and if I wasn't dripping wet before, I am now.</p> <p>I don't know what to concentrate on as his hands roam my body and his hips press into me. He's finding this as hot as I am. He's solid, straining against the zipper of his pants, and when I roll my hips, a groan rumbles in his throat.</p> <p>I'm supposed to have the upper hand in this situation. I don't, not even a little bit. I'm needy and desperate, whimpering when his teeth scrape across my hammering pulse.</p> <p>“Last chance, baby. Which one of us is taking it off?”</p> <p>“But JJ is my favorite hockey pla—”</p> <p>I don't get to finish my sentence before he's snapped the clasp of my belt, letting it fall to the floor. He pulls the jersey over my head with one swift movement, throwing it across the room away from us.</p> <p>Every single inch of my body feels blistering; it's suffocating, maddening. I'm not even drunk, but I feel intoxicated by him, his touch, his smell. It's unbelievable; the man is dressed as Gru, for fuck's sake, but I swear one touch, and I'm going to combust.</p> <p>He looks down at my body and scoffs. The tiny Titans cheerleader outfit I'm wearing is now visible since he's abruptly stripped me of outfit number one. He pinches my chin between his thumb and finger, tilting my head back. “How much do you like being able to walk straight?”</p> <p>I tighten my legs around his waist, the anticipation near boiling point. “Never been a fan.”</p> <p>“Good.”</p> <p>The sounds that follow are a mixture of moaning and rustling, belt clanging and foil ripping until he's protected and teasing me with the head of his dick.</p> <p>I know what he's doing; he wants me to beg him for it, but the joke's on him because I don't beg for anything. “Let me put the jersey back on so you can look at JJ's name while you fuc—”</p> <p>I don't get to finish my goading because he sticks the whole fucking thing in with one hard thrust, robbing every single slither of oxygen from my lungs when I gasp.</p> <p>Nate's fingers sink into my ass cheeks, using his grip to fuck me even harder, and all I can do is cling on for dear life.</p> <p>Every thrust is as delicious and as punishing as the last. The sound of slapping skin echoes around us, and his teeth sink into my lip as he grunts and moans, driving me harder into the wall.</p> <p>The orgasm comes out of nowhere and hits me like a freight train, but he doesn't pause; he doesn't even slow down.</p> <p>He lets me cry into his chest and claw at his shoulders, and when I finally stop spasming, his arm hooks under one leg and navigates it up to his shoulder, then repeats on the other side.</p> <p>He's folded me, supporting my entire weight in his two hands. Where did this man come from? The only thing I can think of right now is, Thank God I'm flexible, and he is strong.</p>

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	<p>“Such a tight little pussy, Anastasia. All for me.” He pants against my mouth. “You think you can get under my skin, mhmm? Do you think I don’t see the little game you’re playing? It’s my cock you come all over. Even when you wanna put another guy’s name on your back... It’s my name you fucking scream.”</p> <p>Every word makes me grip him tighter, the angle, the frustration, the control, he’s destroying me. I’m bucking and wiggling against him. Every single cell in my body is wound tight and is ready for him to make me disintegrate.</p> <p>I’m trying to hold off, not give him the satisfaction of thinking his little speech has any impact on me, but then he groans my name into my neck, and it’s so fucking erotic that my entire body betrays me.</p> <p>I swear I’m seeing stars. My body tenses and melts and fucking bursts into flames because it feels so goddamn good; I don’t even know what I’m feeling.</p> <p>His thrusts get sloppier, moans louder, and when his mouth crashes into mine, he slows, shuddering and cursing as he throbs inside of me, spilling into the condom.</p> <p>His forehead falls to mine, and he releases my legs, lowering me back to my very, very wobbly feet. Our breathing is labored, his lips press to my forehead, and he inhales. “I like your cheerleader outfit.”</p> <p>“Mhm.” It’s not even a response. It’s just a vague noise that sounds a bit like acknowledgment. He wasn’t joking when he asked about not being able to walk straight, but he didn’t say anything about not being able to formulate words.</p> <p>Nathan’s arm is wrapped tightly around my waist, and when I look up at him, he’s got an annoyingly smug smirk on his face.</p> <p>...I smell like sex and I have sex hair, but I don’t have it in me to care.</p>
173	<p>Nathan tugs me into his lap, pushing a drink into my hand, kissing my shoulder affectionately.</p>
200	<p>Her cheek presses against mine, and her breathing deepens. Then she presses her nose to my nose, and her hands settle at each side of my face, where they stay until she presses her lips against mine.</p> <p>Everything is so much slower than usual. There isn’t the usual urgent, sexually frustrated rush or the drunken, horny haze. It’s just me and her, sober, her soft body underneath my hands and her tongue gently moving against mine.</p> <p>She breaks us apart, hand brushing across my stubble affectionately as I watch a thousand questions swirl around her pretty blue eyes. “Nathan, will you play house with me?”</p> <p>“Always.”</p> <p>...I tried not to gasp or stare when she pulled her T-shirt off and stepped under the running water.</p>
202	<p>Lifting her as gently as I can, she winds her legs around my waist. I keep my hands under her to keep her supported; well, it’s actually to keep her away from my boner. My dick doesn’t understand the naked, wet woman wrapped around us giggling doesn’t want to sit on him.</p>
204	<p>I’m surprised I didn’t crush him; my legs were so tight around him that he probably has an indent. He didn’t seem to care. I think he was concentrating on not accidentally poking me with his penis.</p>
205	<p>He rubbed himself against my ass, groaning next to the shell of my hair. He’s a vocal guy and it does something to me. It’s like he flicks a switch somewhere and suddenly it’s Niagara Falls between my legs. “If I say it’s a hockey stick, will you play with it?”</p>

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	<p>...Trailing a line of kisses down my neck, his hand traveled below the band of my panties, lightly brushing his finger across the material between my thighs.</p> <p>I wanted to pant like a dog. Embarrassing but totally justified. In the back of my head, I knew I needed to get out of bed and not roll around it with him. "I'm a very hands-on learner... but I'm afraid we don't have the time to practice, Captain."</p> <p>"Oh fuck." His hand tilted my head back, immediately capturing my mouth with his. "Call me Captain again."</p> <p>Breaking away from him, my eyes narrowed. "I think that might be something we need to explore."</p> <p>"I'm one hundred percent for exploring it."</p> <p>"I mean in a psychological way."</p> <p>He grinned. "Kinky. I like it."</p> <p>That's the moment I should have canceled Monday and stayed in bed. I could have let Nathan climb on top of me, show how much we've missed each other, and hide from the day together.</p>
206	<p>"COULD I GET ANOTHER VODKA and diet coke, please?"</p> <p>When you're not allowed to cry to deal with your issues, alcohol is the next best thing. I never thought I'd be a person who wanted to get drunk alone but having no skating partner for eight weeks will do that to a girl.</p> <p>The bartender puts a new coaster in front of me and places my drink on top of it.</p> <p>Muttering a quiet "Thank you," I bring the straw to my lips, eyes shutting tight when I get a mouthful of unmixed vodka.</p>
207	<p>Smelling their desperation, I throw back the rest of my drink and request my bill.</p>
209	<p>"I don't often drink. A few sips of beer now and then, but my d—"</p>
210	<p>"You're drunk." He grins, brushing my hair from my face. "Why did you get drunk on your own, baby?"</p>
214	<p>I manage to catch the arm that flings in my direction and give it a gentle tug until Stas is climbing over the console to straddle my lap. "When you get out of this car, we're partners, and I'm not going to be able to touch you until January," I explain, "if I'd known this morning would be the last time I could kiss you, I'd have done it better. One last kiss?"</p> <p>"You can't be serious."</p> <p>"Of course I'm serious. If you hadn't been drinking, I'd be asking to fuck you in the backseat. So, a kiss is mild."</p> <p>...Sinking my hands into her hair, I kiss her with everything I've got. It's a weird moment, where it feels like both the start and end of something, and when her hips roll against me, I don't know whether to cry or rejoice.</p> <p>"I'm still allowed to think about you when I jerk off, right?" I ask quickly as she moves back to climb out of the car. "Or is that against the rules?" Please don't be against the rules.</p> <p>She actually snorts. Like a little piglet. "I'm fair game if you're fair game. You're my go-to. Deal?"</p>
217	<p>"Just because you can't fuck me doesn't mean you can't fuck anyone."</p> <p>..."Oh, okay, well, uh," she splutters. "I do mean it, by the way. Like, I don't expect you to be celibate for two months."</p> <p>Snorting, I watch her eyes widen, uncertain. "We're going to be spending so much time together, Anastasia. I'm about to cockblock you at every available opportunity. You can do what you want, obviously. But good luck trying to fuck someone that's not me."</p>

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221	<p>His head pops out, body shielded by the door. "I'm being serious. They're, uh... You can see everything."</p> <p>"Yes, we all get it. You've got a big dick. Blahblahblah, ego fed? We're late. Come on, let's get started." Brady approaches as Nate pulls back the door, wearing what are quite possibly the most revealing leggings I've ever seen. They look like they've been painted on, and you can see outlines. Very, very detailed outlines.</p>
223	<p>She kisses her teeth. "Like a drunk deer, misguidedly stepping onto a frozen lake."</p> <p>"Do they have a lot of drunk deer in Montana, Coach?"</p>
228	<p>"You suck his dick a couple of times and suddenly he knows what you need better than I do?"</p>
230	<p>I might have even dropped out of college to stay home and find out exactly how many ways there are to make her scream my name...</p>
240	<p>"I'd risk her wrath if he looked at me like that. Did you hear he had to put on shorts because of how big his d—?"</p>
242	<p>Throwing a party the week before finals start is my version of irresponsible, as is playing drinking games with a man a foot taller and a hundred pounds heavier than me. To even our odds, Nate's drink is twice as strong as mine, not that he's noticed.</p>
243	<p>Not bothering to answer my question, I feel him nibble my ear. "I can't remember why I'm not allowed to kiss you anymore, but I really, really want to." He's so drunk his words are slurring, but I can't remember, either.</p> <p>...Spinning in his lap to face him, his groan lets me know that wasn't the best decision. He places his hand on my face and pouts. "We do sex so well. Come on, I'll remind you."</p>
244	<p>"Wanna do the no-pants dance with me?"</p> <p>..."Nathan's drunk and heavy."</p>
247	<p>They'll all be of me, strolling through my living room drunk and practically naked, trying to drag Anastasia upstairs with me like a needy, inebriated baby.</p>
252	<p>She was genuinely wearing more than this the last time we had sex.</p>
254	<p>She splashes her hands against the water, looking anywhere⁵⁹ but at me. "It's not only that. Uh, I'm kind of concerned you're going to get an eyeful of what's between my legs. I have to spread my legs wide while I'm above your head."</p> <p>I've seen her do this one; I'd say her concerns are valid, given the size of her piece of string. "You can't show me anything I haven't already seen. You've used my face as a seat, Anastasia. I'm a big fan of your work—arguably your biggest fan."</p>
257	<p>"Stop eye-fucking me, Allen."</p>
259	<p>When I hold my arms up in the air, he sits up and pulls the T-shirt over my head. His brown eyes darken and the heat of his gaze travels over me, sending a jolt of anticipation up my spine. My bra goes next, his tongue immediately flicking over my already taut nipple. Traveling up my chest, he kisses his way to my mouth, grasping my face between his hands.</p> <p>"We breaking all the rules?" he asks against my mouth. There's hardly any room between us and I swear this is the most content I've felt in weeks.</p> <p>"Definitely."</p> <p>Finally, his mouth meets mine, tongue exploring fervently as my hips develop a mind of their own and grind against him. Each swirl of my hips sends the most addictive wave of</p>

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	<p>pleasure through me.</p> <p>“God, I’ve missed you.” His teeth nip at my bottom lip, voice low and strained. “I’m not going to last if you keep doing that to me.”</p> <p>“Tell me what you want for Christmas or I won’t let you come at all,” I tease, reaching between us to grip him through his boxers. His shocked chuckle is instantly replaced with a low, throaty moan as I rub up and down. “Come on, Hawkins, just one little Christmas present.”</p> <p>“I don’t know!” My back hits the mattress as he flips us over, his hard body hovering over mine. He works his way down my body, stopping to lick and kiss every spot until his mouth is hovering right over the damp spot on my panties. He frowns as he looks up from the spot between my thighs, tugging at the lace. “These are in the way.”</p> <p>The second his mouth is on me I’m climbing, back arching from the bed, grinding into his face. Desperate, needy cries that he doesn’t seem to give a shit about ring out as he takes his time, sucking my throbbing clit into his mouth. I can’t take it. The pleasure rolls through me; a pleased grumble vibrates in his throat as his tongue pierces me, sending me tumbling over the edge, crying his name.</p> <p>You’d think that’d be enough for him to relent, but it’s not. He locks his arms around my legs, pinning me in position, gripping me tighter when the oversensitive and overstimulated aching has me trying to squirm away. The sensation is too much, and if my back arches off the bed any more, I swear I will snap. It’s been weeks of just me and the showerhead, so watching him bury his head between my legs and devour me, moaning happily, is more than I can handle.</p> <p>“One more, baby.”</p> <p>And of course my body does whatever he says.</p> <p>“Clever girl,” he coos, climbing back up my body, brushing the hair from my damp forehead. I push his boxers down, letting his dick spring free, and move my hand up and down it, watching his eyes roll back in his head.</p> <p>“Tell me what you want for Christmas, Nathan.”</p> <p>He thrusts into my hand slowly. “How can you still think about Christmas when I just made you come twice?”</p> <p>“Because it’s important to me to do something nice for you.”</p> <p>“I only want you, Anastasia. Nothing you can buy me is better than the past four weeks with you. Give me more of that, and I’ll be happy.”</p> <p>I pull his mouth to mine, tasting myself on his tongue. I’m lost for words. How could I not be? This man blows every negative thought I’ve ever had about exclusivity away. Why would I ever want to share myself, share him?</p> <p>He kisses me, cradles my face, and gives me every sliver of his care and attention. His arm reaches toward the bedside drawer, and the words spill out of my mouth. “We don’t have to use a condom... unless you want to. I’m on birth control, and I’m not having sex with anyone else. I trust you,” I take a deep breath, “and I hope you trust me.”</p> <p>I don’t think I’ve ever seen him speechless. He finally clears his throat after staring at me with a slack jaw for thirty seconds. “You’re serious?”</p> <p>“Yeah. I’ve never done it without before but don’t feel pressured.”</p> <p>“Neither have I. Oh my—fuck.” He lines himself up and the anticipation is killing me.</p> <p>“You’re sure?”</p> <p>“Please, we’ve waited long enough.”</p> <p>Nate sinking into me bare is like nothing I’ve ever experienced; everything is ten times</p>

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	<p>more intense, and I can feel every bit of him. He’s panting into my shoulder, letting me adjust after filling me.</p> <p>“Oh my God. So fucking good, Anastasia. Jesus Christ, you’re so wet and ready for me.” He pulls back his hips and snaps them forward, skin slapping echoing around the room. My skin feels ready to burst into flames and every nerve is on edge. I want more.</p> <p>“Hard and fast,” I whisper, wrapping my legs around him and crossing my feet at the bottom of his back.</p> <p>“I won’t last.” He groans. “You feel too good. It’s taking every ounce of self-control not to go right now.”</p> <p>Using my feet to lift my hips and slide up and down him, rolling my hips when I get back to the tip. I want him to pound me into the bed and see him lose his mind, but Mr. Generous is too concerned about turning me into a quivering wreck. Again.</p> <p>“I don’t care,” I tell him honestly. “Give me everything you’ve got.”</p> <p>Sliding his hands under me, his fingers wrap around to cling to my shoulders. I’m trying to hide the giddy expression on my face, but he spots it, and his lips tug into a smirk. “Wrap your arms around me and remember you asked for it.”</p> <p>Nobody can ever say Nathan Hawkins doesn’t know how to take instructions. His hands pull me down as he drives forward, every thrust has me crying into his mouth, and digging my nails into his shoulders. My legs are shaking, and every time he goes deep, my back arches, and my legs tighten around him.</p> <p>“Nathan...”</p> <p>“I know, baby. I know.” His forehead falls to mine, noses brushing against each other, and our mouths crash together desperately. “Look at you taking it all like a good fucking girl.”</p> <p>“I’m so close,” I cry, gripping the back of his neck tightly with one hand and rubbing frantically between my legs with the other.</p> <p>“Whose pussy is this, Anastasia?” he gasps, his thrusts getting rougher and sloppier.</p> <p>“Oh my God. Yours. It’s yours.”</p> <p>“Come for me. Let me feel you.”</p> <p>“Nathan, oh fuck—”</p> <p>My entire body thrashes, tightens, stills, and melts simultaneously. I don’t know which sensation to run with, so I settle for disintegrating. His body collapses on top of mine, chest heaving, body shaking as I feel him throb and jerk inside of me. “Fuuuuuuck.”</p>
262	<p>When I eventually get my breath back, and the post-orgasm fogginess begins to clear, I rake my fingers through his hair. “I didn’t make you tell me what you want as a Christmas present,” I grumble, disappointed in myself for getting dicknotized and forgetting.</p>
263	<p>“Don’t call her a fuck buddy. That isn’t what she is.”</p> <p>...“You can’t call her his fuck buddy when she hasn’t let him anywhere near her in a month. She’s his buddy at this point.”</p>
266	<p>I think Lola extra spiked the eggnog because Stassie is extra bouncy as she dances around the den in her elf outfit.</p>
267	<p>Taking a sip of my beer, I kind of love watching him in his element of being the center of attention. “Welcome to the first official drunk Twister game. The rules of the game are very simple: you touch it, you drink.”</p> <p>Bobby digs me in the ribs and shouts, “Name of your sex tape,” earning a middle finger from Rob.</p>

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268	<p>Her ass is definitely in his face. To make it worse, her dress is only just covering her ass; if it rises any more, the whole hockey team, plus anyone else watching, is going to see all the hickeys I've left on the inside of her thighs.</p> <p>...“Between my legs is aching, but I want you so badly.”</p>
269	<p>If I had been there when they cockblocked him taking Gen upstairs and I now couldn't find Stas, the first place I'd be checking is Henry's room.</p>
270	<p>I can't hear because of the music but I can see that he's drunk as hell, touching her at every chance he can get.</p>
280	<p>I expect her to run over here and jump on me, pin me down and demand the information. Maybe kiss it out of me? I don't know. A guy can wish.</p>
281	<p>Her hands land on her waist and her hip snaps to the side. “Stop staring at my breasts and show me your hands.”</p> <p>...“Kiss me.”</p> <p>I don't need to be told twice, and when my lips meet hers, things don't feel so bad. There's something different about us, something deeper, something real.</p>
282	<p>Her head is buried in my chest, legs intertwined with mine, and I'm not sure how I'm ever expected to wake up alone again.</p> <p>“Whatcha thinking about?”</p> <p>“The showerhead in your bathroom.”</p> <p>My eyebrow raises. “Why?”</p> <p>“High pressure. It's my favorite.”</p> <p>Finally realizing what she's talking about, I climb out of bed, dragging her with me. Laughing loudly, I slap my hand down on her ass as she giggles away. She didn't bother putting on clothes last night, so I dump her straight in the shower, under the warm spray, while I take off my boxers, stepping in beside her.</p> <p>“Leg,” I say, tapping below my chest. She leans against the wall and looks up at me, a mischievous glint in her eyes, effortlessly lifting her leg. I grab the showerhead from the wall and turn it on, making sure the stream is on the most powerful setting. “Ready?”</p> <p>She nods, teeth sinking into her bottom lip, hands running down my chest. I point the spray between her thighs, my own chest heaving with anticipation as her eyes roll back.</p> <p>“Oh.” She moans, her fingers sinking into my skin. It doesn't take long because the pressure is so intense. Her back begins to arch and she grips me tighter; I know she's there, so I move the showerhead away and watch her face drop as her orgasm dwindles away. She doesn't say anything after a whine leaves her lips, which I'm pretty sure was involuntary, so I put the showerhead back, a bit farther away this time, and move it in tiny circles. “Nathan...”</p> <p>“Yes, baby?”</p> <p>Her nails scrape below my belly button, sending a shudder up my spine. Her head is tilted back, mouth searching for mine. I grip her throat with my free hand and tug at her bottom lip with my teeth. She's almost there again, her leg is shaking against my chest, voice desperate. “Please let me come.”</p> <p>“Uh.” I move the showerhead away again. “No.”</p> <p>“You're torturing me,” she whines as I once again point the stream of water toward her clit and let her orgasm build. Finally tired of the anticipation, I let her leg drop to the floor and she whimpers. “Nate, please fuck me.”</p> <p>“But I thought it was your favorite?”</p>

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	<p>Her arms link around my neck as she creeps onto her tiptoes. “I don’t like anything more than I like you. You’re my favorite.”</p> <p>I scoop her up and turn off the shower, reaching for a towel to wrap around her as I step out. The second I lower her onto the bed, she rolls onto her front and sticks her ass in the air, cheek resting against the bed, head turned to watch me. How did I get so fucking lucky?</p> <p>“I’m about ten seconds from getting back in the shower, Hawkins. Alone.” She hums, ass swaying side to side impatiently.</p> <p>I slowly crawl toward her on the bed, taking my time, ignoring the arm that reaches out to make me move quicker.</p> <p>“Such a pretty pussy, Anastasia,” I praise, running my cock between her folds, watching the goose bumps spread across her back when the tip nudges her.</p> <p>“Hurry up and fuck it, then.” She sighs when I line myself up. “Please.”</p> <p>“So impatient,” I coo, holding on to her hips tightly as I plunge into her, gasping at how wet she is.</p> <p>My eyes roll to the back of my head as she grips me so fucking tight. She starts backing up on me, her plump ass slapping off my hips as she fucks herself, breathy moans as she cries out.</p> <p>“Shit, you’re perfect.” I groan, head falling back.</p> <p>I sit back onto the heels of my feet and pull her body flush against mine, letting her sink down onto every inch.</p> <p>“You’re too big.”</p> <p>“You can take it, though.”</p> <p>I’m close. I’m so fucking close. The sound of her skin slapping against mine is second only to hearing her moan my name and seeing her play with her tits. I slip my hand between her legs and rub her swollen clit, using my other hand to tilt her head toward me. “Are you going to come for me?”</p> <p>“Ahh.”</p> <p>“Whose girl are you?”</p> <p>Her eyes lock with mine, taking my breath away. “Yours.”</p> <p>“That’s right, baby,” I coo proudly. “I’m almost there...”</p> <p>She must see it as a challenge, because her movements become sloppy and rough as she slams herself down hard over and over. Her body is shaking, arms reaching behind her to sink into my hair and tug tightly. Then every inch of her tightens and she practically screams, “Nathan, oh my, oh fuck—”</p> <p>That’s all I needed for her to tip me over the edge; my balls tighten and I fucking explode inside her, sweaty forehead falling to her shoulder.</p> <p>I don’t want to let her go, but I have to because, as unbelievable as coming inside of her is, it’s messy and kind of ruins the moment.</p> <p>“You gonna get me a warm cloth like they do in romance novels?” she teases.</p> <p>“I can offer you some toilet paper and maybe a wet wipe if I have any.”</p> <p>Tutting playfully, she awkwardly stands from the bed and waddles toward the bathroom as my cum runs down the inside of her thigh. “I’m going to start making you wear condoms again. You’re getting too big for your boots.”</p> <p>“Stop telling me I have a big dick if you don’t want me to have a big ego!” I shout after her, smiling at the laughter that comes out of the bathroom. After she’d cleaned herself up, Stassie wanted to get back into bed and cuddle. Who am I to say no to that?</p>

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287	<p>His face twists as he looks between me and Nate. "It smells like sex in here." ..."You'd think sex would chill you out but apparently not, grumpy," he mutters, spooning in another mouthful of Lucky Charms. ..."I hope it's not for a threesome because you're not my type."</p>
290	<p>"Last night, he said he was coming to take you home where you belonged. I said you weren't going anywhere, and he said, 'So you're fucking her, too?' I told him to get out, but he carried on."</p>
295	<p>In bed when she takes control, Jesus, I'm a lucky man.</p>
299	<p>Every now and then, she leans toward the mirror and the light catches her tanned skin; I can't help but let my eyes travel across the slope of her waist, the curve of her hips... "You're so hot." ..."Can we spend the next week like this? Naked, though." I add, "Well, you naked. I like this onesie, my balls are super toasty." "As long as your balls are toasty, obviously." "Can we fool around for ten minutes? Then I'll get ready," I ask, wrapping one of her curls around my finger. "No." "Five minutes?" Huffing, she rolls her eyes. "Second base for three minutes, but then you have to get ready." "Deal."</p>
301	<p>Its only redeeming quality is the fact Anastasia is looking at me like she's picturing more than second base in her head. "Stop looking at me like you want me to fuck you," I mutter as her parents walk ahead of us, following the host to our table. "But I want you to. I think it's the rolled-up sleeves. You look so hot."</p>
313	<p>Stas climbs off me and throws herself back onto the mattress. "Oh my God." She moans and my dick twitches in my pants. "This bed is divine. It's warm! How the hell is it warm?" ...She stops trying to remove her sweatshirt, which is also tangled in her hair and stuck on her watch. Her eyes peer at me over her arm. "I was trying to get undressed to seduce you, but God getting undressed in this climate is tiring. I should have pulled my pants down a little and bent over." Her thrashing continues until she's free, but it only reveals another layer. I kick off my own boots and tug at my zipper, unwilling to be left behind. The main downside of being in the mountains is how long it takes to get naked. I made Anastasia layer up this morning before our flight, thinking the first thing she'd want to do when we got here would be to check out the lake, but I don't think it's even crossed her mind. "Done!" she shouts, breathless but sporting a smug grin. "I beat you." Only Anastasia Allen could turn getting naked before sex into a competition, then declare herself the winner. Climbing up the bed, propping herself against the headboard, she watches me watching her with a mischievous smirk on her face. Finally kicking off my boxers, I crawl toward her, stopping when her foot presses against the center of my chest. Sitting back onto the heels of my feet, I grip her foot, pressing my mouth against her ankle as she giggles. "What's your prize for winning?" Jumping when my teeth graze her skin, her lips pinch together as she pretends to think. "Hmm. Can you be my prize?" she hums, eyes shining when I nod. "I want to watch you</p>

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	<p>touch yourself.”</p> <p>I almost choke.</p> <p>Pulling her foot from my grip, she plants it on the bed, giving me the perfect view of her pink, wet pussy. I could spend hours trying to predict what Anastasia is going to say and do next, but I’d never be right.</p> <p>“Don’t look at me like that,” I say, leaning forward to hover over her body. “Staring at me with those big doe eyes like you didn’t just say you want to watch me jerk off.”</p> <p>Her chin tilts up, mouth searching for mine. She smells so good. How the hell does she smell so fucking good all the time? Sweet and delicious and maddening. Pulling her body to mine, I roll us over so I’m on my back, and position her so she’s straddling my thighs. I’m already rock hard; how could I not be after what she just said? She immediately reaches for it, but I grip her wrist. “Hands behind your back, Allen.”</p> <p>She doesn’t know where to focus as her eyes bounce between my face, my flexing stomach, and the hand fisting my cock. I groan her name, enjoying the surprising flicker across her face, quickly morphing into something darker.</p> <p>Her hips squirm, looking for friction she isn’t going to find with her legs spread wide by my thighs, and she fidgets as her eyes follow my fist up and down.</p> <p>“You’re so fucking hot,” she rasps, eyes dark. “Let me touch you, please.”</p> <p>“But I’m giving you what you wanted.” Reaching up with my free hand, I tweak her nipple between my fingers, and the moan she lets out is a mix of satisfaction and frustration. As I pump my hand faster, the pleasure begins to lick up my spine, tingling and building.</p> <p>My eyebrow quirks with curiosity as she wiggles farther away from me. Placing a tentative hand on the bed beside my hips, she leans down, eyes locked with mine. She leans forward, hovering so she’s not touching me.</p> <p>“What’re you doing?” I ask, reducing my hand to an agonizingly slow pace.</p> <p>“What about if I don’t use my hands? Can I touch you then?”</p> <p>“Open your mouth, baby.”</p> <p>You’d think I’m the one in control of this situation, but you’d be wrong. I watch her, fucking mesmerized, as she licks and kisses from the base to just before the tip, pausing to watch me hold my breath, desperately wanting her to slip me into her hot, wet mouth.</p> <p>She doesn’t. I feel her hot breath on the tip, she’s that fucking close, but she kisses and licks her way down to my balls, sucking on them softly.</p> <p>Letting the breath I’m holding go, I drag my hand through my hair when her tongue swirls around me. “Fuck, you look so good.”</p> <p>She carries on teasing me, touching everywhere but the tip that’s throbbing and glistening with precum. I know she’s going to keep going until I’m at the point where I’m ready to fucking beg her.</p> <p>I’m ready to beg now.</p> <p>One final look at my tortured expression and she smiles, looking genuinely pleased with herself, and I’m ready to fuck the smugness off her face.</p> <p>She slowly—and I mean slowly—lowers her mouth onto me, and I can’t help but lift my hips to speed up the process. A satisfied mmmm vibrates against my dick, and she hollows out her cheeks and tries to suck the soul from my body.</p> <p>Holy fucking shit.</p> <p>Scooping her hair, I wrap it around my fist in a makeshift ponytail, holding it tight, moving with the controlled motion of her head as she bobs up and down.</p> <p>Her nails scrape down the inside of my thigh, causing me to flinch forward, hitting the back</p>

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	<p>of her throat. For a split second I worry it might be too much for her, until her watery eyes watch me through thick, dark lashes, and even when she's noisily gagging on my dick, she looks smug. So I keep thrusting, deep and precise, as she hums happily, meeting every movement perfectly.</p> <p>Don't tell her you love her during a blow job, you fucking loser.</p> <p>My entire body trembles. "Baby, I'm going to come."</p> <p>Her moan of approval sends a jolt through my body and she speeds up, sloppy, crazed movements, until an intense fire ignites in my blood, disintegrating my entire body.</p> <p>"Fuckkkkk," is the only word left in my vocabulary when I spill myself down her throat.</p> <p>Dazed and slightly light-headed, I watch her sit up and clean up the corner of her mouth with her thumb, sucking it into her mouth. My stomach heaves as I struggle to come back down to earth. We have a lot of sex, but I'm always too desperate to be inside of her, but that... That was—</p> <p>God. I might have to propose to her.</p> <p>Tugging her body to mine, she lands on my chest with a squeak, before moving to my side with her leg draped across my stomach. I press my lips to her forehead, holding her close, then slap my hand down on her butt, eliciting another squeak.</p> <p>"What was that for?"</p> <p>"How many times did you ask 'Are we there yet?' Hmm? Actions have consequences, Anastasia."</p> <p>"Is that so?"</p> <p>"Yup," I chirp, bringing my hand down again.</p> <p>She maneuvers herself to be on her stomach and sticks her ass in the air a little, the shape of my hand glowing lightly. Her head twists to watch me, the same light pink flushing her cheeks. "Are we there yet, Nathan?"</p>
320	<p>He grumbled something about fucking the patriarchy and went back to whatever he was doing at the time.</p> <p>...Nathan's dick deserves an honorable mention in the list of his positive attributes. His mouth, too, and his fingers. Have I mentioned his body yet?</p>
321	<p>"It's not the getting dressed bit. It's knowing I have to get undressed later."</p> <p>"If I promise to undress you later, will you put your clothes on and come somewhere with me?"</p>
322	<p>NATE INSISTED ON COOKING DINNER, which gave me nothing to do other than sit in front of the fire in my snowman onesie, drinking a fancy wine from the wine cellar.</p> <p>...When I reach drunk, that's when we're going to have a problem, because I'm feeling exceptionally mushy, and there is a real risk that drunk Stassie is going to confess all her feelings.</p>
323	<p>This feels like a sneak peek at my future, cuddling in front of a hockey game, drinking wine in a house surrounded by snow.</p>
338	<p>"I forgot about this, so I haven't had time to wrap it, so close your eyes and hold out both hands." "If it's your dick, Na—"</p>
340	<p>My girlfriend is a creative visionary—she claims—so when she told me to drop my boxers and lie on the counter, I did it with zero hesitation.</p> <p>What can I say? I'm a weak man.</p> <p>I doubt there's a guy out there who would've stopped to question what was happening if their girl was wearing their jersey with no panties on. I'm basically putty in her very</p>

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	<p>talented but very bossy hands. ...Her feet patter softly against the tiles. Placing whatever she's selected beside me out of my view, she climbs up onto the counter, then on top of me, straddling my hips. She hasn't even done anything and I'm hard, resting against the warmth of the apex of her thighs. Wiggling against it, she moans quietly, eyes fucking sparkling as she looks down at me. Her eyes rake down my body. "You're so fucking hot."</p>
341	<p>Reaching out of my line of sight, I hear the signature sound of a lid pop. The excitement is practically buzzing in my blood when I spot the can of whipped cream in her hand. Bringing the nozzle to her mouth, her eyes roll back, and she squirts it onto her tongue. "Mhmm." My hips flex forward, nudging against her wetness. Her mouth lowers to mine, the sweet residue of the cream on her tongue. She sits back up, hand reaching back for the cream, immediately squirting it along the indent of my abs. Before I can even complain about how cold it is, her mouth descends and she licks her way up my body, smirking up at me when she feels my dick twitch. Her hips move back and forth, sliding me between her folds. My hands strain against the ribbon and my body wiggles underneath her impatiently. "I need to be inside of you." She tsks and picks up a new jar. "Not until you beg me, Hawkins." As I'm about to snipe back, the alarm rings, telling me the front door was opened. "Nate?" Sasha shouts, her voice ringing out loudly across the house. Anastasia's eyes widen, all the blood draining from her face instantly. "What the fuck?" Tugging at my hands until they're free, the pair of us scramble off to the floor, and I put my boxers back on. "Wait a minute, Sash!" I shout, moving Stassie in front of me. The kitchen door flies open, and Sasha looks between me and Stassie frantically.</p>
356	<p>"You're reading porn in public? You're disgraceful!" ..."It's not porn. It's a romance book that happens to have a little bit of sex in it."</p>
360	<p>"I'm just saying, flowers would be nice, y'know? The people I date always expect me to buy them flowers. It's always, 'JJ, wow, your dick is so big,' or 'you're so smart,' or 'JJ, that was the best sex of my life.' It's never, 'JJ, I bought you some flowers.' Whatever, it doesn't matter."</p>
370	<p>"You're a work of art, bub, truly you are. Absolute ten-out-of-ten sex god. But watching you move that quickly is making me wanna hurl," I mumble through tight lips. "Ten-out-of-ten sex god? I think someone might still be a little drunk."</p>
379	<p>"I'm trying very hard to be patient with you because I love you, and I know deep down you're worried for me. But if you can't talk to me with the same respect I talk to you, don't talk to me at all. I have the most important competition of my skating career in one week, and I can't be preoccupied with protecting your ego, because you think Aaron fucking Carlisle is capable of undermining how much I love you."</p>
380	<p>"Do you think the attitude comes with the dick or it's something they develop over time?"</p>
393	<p>"I need to get out or I'm going to end up letting you fuck me in a parking garage."</p>
397	<p>I climb into his lap, resting my legs on either side of his. "Hold your arms up," I tell him, fiddling with the hem of the T-shirt he's wearing. He does as I ask, sitting forward slightly and holding his arms above his head so I can pull the T-shirt off. He leans back against the pillows, letting me trail my fingers across the smooth, warm planes of his stomach, all the way down to his sweatpants.</p>

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	<p>Gray, obviously, because Nathan Hawkins is a man who was most definitely written by a woman.</p> <p>His hands move quickly to grip my wrists, pulling them up into the air. "Your turn, Allen." I keep my arms in the air as he bunches the bottom of the T-shirt and pulls it off my body. My nipples pebble under the heat of his glare, and when he licks his lips and runs his hands up the front of my thighs, goose bumps spread across every inch of me.</p> <p>The anticipation is suffocating; his hands travel over my hips, past my waist, settling just below my breasts. Nathan has seen me naked countless times, but right now, I've never felt more exposed.</p> <p>"You are perfect," he whispers, sitting up to kiss the valley between my breasts. I'm practically panting when his tongue flicks against my hard nipple and he hums happily, sucking it into his mouth. My hands grip his shoulders, and my head falls back as he swaps to my other breast, paying it an equal amount of attention. He licks and kisses his way up my neck, groaning when I grind against him, and when he reaches my mouth, I'm about ready to combust.</p> <p>"I want you so badly," I whisper.</p> <p>His laugh is dark, and his eyes are gleaming. "Ask me nicely."</p> <p>"Nathan..." I moan impatiently.</p> <p>"That's a good start; what else? Tell me what you want, baby."</p> <p>My body is rocking against his in a desperate search for friction, just something that will soothe the ache between my legs, so it's pretty freaking clear what I want. His arm wraps around the bottom of my back, holding me close to him as he flips us over so I'm on my back. If I could only have one memory for the rest of my life, it'd be Nate kneeling between my open legs. His body is strong and hard, but his skin is soft and smooth. He doesn't even blink as he looks down at me, drunk on lust.</p> <p>"I want your mouth."</p> <p>"Where do you want my mouth?"</p> <p>I trail my finger down the front of my panties, feeling the warmth and how wet they are already. His eyes follow my hand, lips tugging into a smug smirk.</p> <p>"You've gotta say the words."</p> <p>All the blood in my body rushes to my face. I chew on the inside of my cheek, watching him watch me. His hands are massaging my calves, so he's clearly in no rush to give me what I want. My chest is heaving, needy and impatient. "I want your mouth on my pussy."</p> <p>He takes each side of my underwear in his hands and shimmies them off, pushing my legs wide and settling between them. Apparently, the time for teasing is over because he doesn't hesitate to bury his head and devour me. He's got me squirming within seconds, desperate for more but overwhelmed by how fucking good it feels.</p> <p>"You like that?" he coos, knowing full well the answer is yes. My hands sink into his hair, tugging him closer, pushing him away, holding him in place, using him as an anchor to keep me on this bed.</p> <p>"Nate," I cry, not quite sure what I'm crying for.</p> <p>"I know, baby, I know it's good." He slips a finger inside of me, then another, curling them around, and I'm almost there. "You gonna come for me?"</p> <p>My legs are shaking, and I'm floating as my entire body starts to spasm. "Nathan... Oh fuck..."</p> <p>He leaves me dazed and breathless on the bed, while he climbs off and lets his boxers and sweatpants drop to the floor. Nathan's hands wrap around my naked thighs and tug me to</p>

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	<p>the edge of the bed, navigating my ankles to rest on his shoulders. He takes the base of his dick in a tight grip, running the tip between my folds.</p> <p>“Such a good girl,” he says proudly, pushing the tip inside. “Jesus Christ, stop squeezing or this is going to be over in thirty seconds.”</p> <p>Digging his fingers into the front of my thighs to keep me in place, he sinks himself fully inside me.</p> <p>“Stop calling me a good girl and I’ll stop squeezing,” I shoot back. This relationship works so well because Nathan fucking loves praising me, and I love being praised. He’s gentle with me at first, slow, deep strokes that have my toes curling, but then his hand moves from my thigh, and he pairs harder thrusts with his thumb on my clit. “You’re too good at this.” I gasp, reaching out to try to touch him, but he’s too far out of my reach.</p> <p>He guides my legs from his shoulders to his hips and tugs me up, carrying me over to my bedroom door, pressing me into it. “That better? You can reach me now.” He smiles, kissing and nibbling along my jawline.</p> <p>I cling to him, using every last shred of energy as my body takes him over and over. The building starts in my stomach, intensifying as Nate moans and whispers praise after praise next to my ear, and my nails sink into the strained muscles of his back. His thrusts get rougher and his hands tighten on the back of my thighs. And when it can’t get any tighter, the coil in my stomach bursts, sending every nerve in my body into chaos. A few more powerful thrusts and he’s right there with me, grunting a string of undecipherable curse words into the base of my throat. “God, I love you.”</p> <p>I brush the hair sticking to my damp forehead away and cup his face between my hands. “Uh-huh,” I say with a shaky breath. “I love you, too.”</p>
405	<p>“Aaron got hurt playing football with us. We were drinking and dicking about at the beach, having a bonfire. Davey tackled him and landed on his arm... I didn’t know he’d blamed you for that. What the fuck! He hasn’t told us any of thi—”</p>
408	<p>Nathan is at home watching it right now. Watching us kissing.</p>
415	<p>“STOP TRYING TO SEDUCE ME. I’ve got a meeting with Skinner in thirty minutes, and I need to shower.”</p> <p>Anastasia stops kissing her way down my torso, looking up at me from just above my belly button with those big blue eyes I fucking love. How can someone look so innocent but be so much goddamn trouble at the same time? She sits up a little, the most mischievous smile on her lips as she crawls back up my body and presses a chaste kiss against my lips before rolling off and lying beside me.</p> <p>“What do you think he wants?” she asks, pulling the covers over her body so I can formulate a response, and not get distracted by the fact her tits are directly in my eye line.</p> <p>“Dunno,” I mumble, shuffling toward her and running my hand across her soft skin.</p> <p>“Probably wants to use me as a human sacrifice or something.”</p> <p>She nods in agreement, curling back into my body. “I can see that. Do you think your dad will let me stay here when you’re gone? We can’t move into our new place until the end of the school year, and I don’t feel like the streets of Maple Hills are for me.”</p> <p>“I think he’d probably prefer to throw you out on the street, but there’s a chance he won’t notice I’m dead for at least six months, so you’ll probably be fine.”</p>
416	<p>She squeals, laughing as I drag her from the bed, throw her over my shoulder, and march us to the shower.</p>

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424	When he bought me my Range Rover, otherwise known as the sorry I accidentally knocked you up mom-wagon, he filled all available compartments with snacks.
425	I'm all bump and boobs. Gigantic boobs that make everyone stare at my chest. I visited Lola in New York with my mom, and she spent the entire trip checking me out and debating whether she wanted a boob job.
429	He snorts, pressing his lips against mine one more time.

Profanity	Count
Ass	101
Bitch	9
Cock	12
Dick	70
Fuck	385
Goddamn	8
Piss	13
Prick	5
Pussy	13
Shit	145
Tit	6