



A Completion Novel

PLAY

U.S.A. Today Best-Selling Author

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Chapter One

My teeth ground together in frustration. I couldn't believe I let her talk me into coming to this party.

My sister, I mean really... my sister!

I watched as she physically entertained a professional football team—half-naked, drunk, behaving like a complete slut. I looked away, my eyes in need of disinfectant. No one should see their older sister having her nipples sucked. After a certain age, no one should see their sister's nipples period!

The party was in full swing, players at the end of downtime blowing off pre-season steam. This involved plenty of women, booze, and rowdy celebration. Everything but an all-out gang bang... so far.

I was hiding in the suite's small kitchen trying to think of a way out that included taking my sister with me. This wasn't the best spot, because it opened on both sides, but at the moment it was empty of partiers.

A noise made me turn.

"Heys, babes." The low, drunken voice slurred, casting obnoxious alcohol breath into my nostrils. At the same time, his ham-hock hand unexpectedly pushed down on my shoulder.

My knees thumped hard against the mosaic tile, forcing a grimace of pain from my lips.

What the hell?

Two inches in front of my face, his other hand—the one not keeping me on my knees—unzipped his pants. A large cock fell out, dangling pointedly at my mouth like a divining rod discovering a pool of saliva.

Shit!

I tried to scramble back, but he moved his hands to either side of my head, pulling me toward the biggest nasty nirvana I'd ever seen. I sputtered through

closed lips, afraid to open them or something might bounce inside.

Bile rose. I was going to vomit.

I jerked away hard, causing what felt like half my hair to tear out.

“Don’ch be thataway. You know uwant it. Comeson, bitsh.” He still had a chunk of hair in his fist and part of it was attached to me.

He tried pulling me back, but I’d created enough distance to attempt a scream without eating the large hunk of growing man-muscle in front of me. Before the shriek worked its way from my throat, more of my hair tore out by the roots as the unzipped jock staggered a few feet away.

“Leave the lady alone, Stump.” The unidentified voice was more gravelly than...my mind zeroed in on the name. Really? *Stump?*

Even at a time like this, my morbid sense of humor got the best of me and I fought a full-out laugh. Yes, part of that laugh was giddy with relief, but if the guy who put his dick in my face had a name like Stump, I wondered what qualified as big.

“Whas the fuck, Mac? She’s no slady.”

As the half-slurred conversation ensued, I crab-walked backward away from both men; totally undignified, but I was past caring.

“She looks to be over eighteen, so that makes her a lady, and she didn’t seem too willing to eat your ugly cock. Put the damn thing back in your pants or I’ll bruise my throwing arm planting my fist in your face.”

My rescuer never raised his voice, but the forceful, tightly controlled words revealed his anger.

“The scunt owes me a sblowjob.”

Stump literally went airborne. He landed with a thud against the tile. An “Oomph” followed when the other man landed on top of him.

How many football players can you get in a compact kitchen?

I found out when multiple legs, not caring that they trampled me, piled in from two directions. Even with numerous sets of bulging arms, they struggled to hold my irate savior back once they had him on his feet.

“He’s drunk, Mac. Let it go.”

“All’s good. She’s okay.”

At this point, a zillion sets of eyes turned my way then quickly went back to holding...I looked up...blinked twice...swallowed, and watched as the god of football glanced down at me. Killian MacGregor, The Mac, or Mac the Knife, as fans called him because of his throwing arm, was my savior.

Sudden lack of oxygen caused the room to whirl, but it didn’t keep me from gaping at six and a half feet of boiling testosterone. I took in every delectable inch from head to toe. Broad strokes made his face a work of art—heavy eyebrows, dark pools for eyes, high cheekbones, his jaw...almost too perfectly square with full lips displaying a not-so-pleased scowl. My eyes traveled down over his corded neck to his black t-shirt, which looked painted over each straining muscle. Jeans encased his long legs down to his black leather boots. My eyes, with a will of their own, traveled back up to see him shake off the guys like ants. Then, he elbowed his teammates aside and his long strides brought him...gulp...to me. I was scooped off the floor like I weighed nothing. Yes, I was thin, but at just under six foot, I wasn’t small. For the first time in my life, I felt like Tinker Bell.

My brain did a backflip.

Killian MacGregor saw me with a dick in my face. Oh, god, please just strike me dead.

He let my feet stabilize, but held on to me with a secure grip, making me feel safe. I couldn’t help leaning in while I tried to get my legs to support me. His head dipped and warm tequila breath feathered across my cheek.

“Are you okay?” He rearranged my skirt without taking his eyes from mine.

“Uhhh.” No words came out. His hand, running across my hip and ass, made me suck in air.

It wasn’t just the tequila I smelled.

Musky, salty, man spice was sinking my IQ level to my shoe size. I

couldn't get a word out of my suddenly closed-off lungs.

“Come on, let's check you out.”

And did I mention, when not angry, his voice was smooth velvet?

He didn't give me a chance to respond; his hand wrapped around mine, and I mean wrapped. There was nothing left of my fingers or palm. He used his body to block me from the other guys, and backed me up slightly before turning me around so I preceded him through a short hallway. His small touch to my shoulder guided me in the direction he wanted. He gave a gentle backward pull on my hand, so I stopped. Reaching in front of me, he opened the door, ushering me into a gargantuan bathroom.

The party suite was located in one of the most exclusive hotels in Phoenix, and if the incredible front room didn't give it away, this one did. Large gold fixtures and marble countertops made every detail luxurious. My tiny apartment bedroom would fit in here.

The door gave a soft thud and then he turned and locked us in. He followed my nervous gaze as I glanced at the bolted door. Yes, he saved me, but I'd just had a near-blow job experience and it might not be a good idea to be locked in a room with another drunk jock.

Reading my mind, his low voice assured me, “The lock is to keep them out. You can leave anytime you want. Now, up you go.”

He lifted me so my ass landed on the cold marble. Involuntarily, my hands went to his shoulders. I blinked in the stark light of the room, suddenly realizing my hair must be a scary mess. Cock in face, Medusa hair, the most gorgeous man on the planet...and me.

I turned toward the mirror and managed to fight back a hysterical scream.

Medusa had an ugly sister.

Before I could bring my hands up, his were there, smoothing down the messy tangles. Oh. My. God. I...the connoisseur of male arms, drizzled into a puddle of lust as his sculpted biceps took over my peripheral vision, causing me to wobble backward toward the mirror. At that moment, I had absolutely

no control over my body, and my panties flooded.

Slut, slut, slut. I was turning into my sister.

Those same powerful arms steadied me. “Did you hit your head?” Concern deepened his voice and his long fingers moved to my scalp, running over the contours, checking for knots.

I’d yet to utter more than a semi-coherent grunt. My shaking fingers reached for his forearms.

Pure, hot, steel.

I sucked in air, trying to speak. “I’m fi...fine...” Shit, if I could only articulate a single sentence.

My breathing stopped when his intense gaze returned to mine.

He released my head, lowering his hands to rest on the counter beside my hips, his nose an inch away. “Sorry about Stump.” His breath whispered across my lips. “He’s usually pretty tame, at least when not drinking. I’m Killian.” His eyes quickly dipped below my neck, but came immediately back up. “And you are?”

I wondered how badly my shirt gaped open. Not much to see, but his irises expanded. I tried to speak, realized my mouth was hanging open, and snapped it shut.

Damn, I bit my tongue.

“Owww.” My head involuntarily went forward and my forehead cracked against his nose.

“Whoa, it’s all right. I’m sorry.” He moved back, his hands coming up in a defensive motion.

He thought I was angry about him checking out my practically non-existent chest. My life couldn’t get worse—dick in face, Medusa hair, monosyllable communication, bloody tongue, and I’d banged the Scorpions’ star football player in the nose. It was time for me to melt into the floor. Someone throw water and get the process started.

“I, I bwit my tongue.”

He rubbed his nose and checked for blood. There was none, which was maybe the only thing I could be thankful for. The corners of his lips tilted upward.

“Let’s try this again.” He extended his hand. “I’m Killian.”

My fingers rose. “I’m Webecca...Re...becca.” Damn, no water splashed me. Where was Dorothy when I needed her?

He grasped my hand. The small tilt to his lips went into a full-blown grin and...fuck, I kid you not...dimples.

Channing who?

This guy was the sexiest man alive.

“Nice to meet you, Webecca.” His dimples hollowed farther.

I circled my tongue inside my mouth trying to get feeling back. His eyes followed the movement. I licked my lips like the complete slut I was turning into and god, he looked like he wanted to devour me. His gaze shifted—my neck, my chest, belly, and then slowly down my legs. With leisurely concentration, his gaze traveled back up. He hadn’t released my hand and he moved in close, using his hips to spread my knees.

Anxiety took over. “I ne...need to go.” I’d made a big enough fool of myself already. I couldn’t handle Killian MacGregor and I knew it.

My fingers slipped from his grasp while every rough callus on his hand caused shivers to trail up my arms.

He sighed roughly, giving me a slight look of disappointment, but backed away. “I’ll walk you out. Did you come with someone?”

“My...my sister.” Two semesters from graduating with a bachelor’s in medical laboratory science and I came across as a dunce.

“Then let’s go find your sister.” His fingers tightened on my hips, and I found myself standing again. It was hard not to check the counter to see if there were any telltale liquid signs of what this man did to my panties.

His dimples had disappeared, and for the first time, I managed a stable sentence, “Thank you for what you did.”

His eyes turned guarded. “Stump could get in a lot of fucking trouble. If you want to press charges, I’ll back you.”

I stood there in shock. Again. Stump—obviously his teammate, who Killian had already apologized for by giving the excuse that the guy was drunk.

But he’d testify against him.

Holy shit.

I shook my head slightly. “No, I’m fine. I’m sorry to have taken your time.” I couldn’t look at him anymore. I turned, making a grab for the door handle. He leaned around me and unsnapped the lock, then opened the door.

His lips practically touched my ear. “The pleasure was mine.”

I escaped the room—out of the enclosed space with Killian, in search of my traitorous sister. She probably had no idea I was assaulted and damn...she wouldn’t consider it assault. I needed to kill her after we got out of here.

Killian didn’t touch me, just stayed close enough that I felt the heat from his towering body. Curious eyes followed our movement—men...some football players, some obviously not, and women...most looked like prostitutes if you judged by their lack of clothing. No wonder Stump thought he had a freebie coming. I looked around searching for Candi. Yep, a name fit for a slut; given at birth by our parents and one she’d worked since the age of fourteen to live up to. Mine, Rebecca; good, plain, old-fashioned, Rebecca. The responsible one. The one with uncomfortable underwear that weren’t even a little dry.

She wasn’t in the front room, kitchen, or dining area. No Candi.

The bedrooms.

Damn. I couldn’t look there. No way.

“She’s not here.”

I turned and glanced up at my trailing sex god.

His eyes betrayed the fact that he knew exactly where my sister was.

“Did you drive?”

“I’m the DD. It’s my sister’s car and she has the keys.”

I’ll take you home.”

“No. I mean thank you, but I’ll call a cab.”

He ran his hand through his hair...not brown, not blonde, but soft, mouthwatering sable.

“I haven’t had a drink in over an hour and then it was only one shot. After what happened, I’m seeing you home.”

It was a statement...final, absolute, no arguing.

I exhaled slowly and gave in. “Thank you.”

Chapter Two

He took my hand.

Cripes, this man liked to touch.

He escorted me out of the suite and then the hotel. A valet brought his car around. Not what I expected. No flashy sports car, but a BMW. He opened the door for me and I sank into the blissful leather.

“Buckle up.” His hand was already pulling the strap across my chest and sliding it effortlessly into the clasp next to my hip.

I gulped and prayed the sound was silent. Killian MacGregor was taking me home to my semi-rundown apartment, a mile from the state college. I took another breath.

Him...the car smelled just like him. They could bottle this and make a fortune.

Would leather show stains? I so needed a towel under my ass.

“Where to?” One confident hand held the steering wheel.

“The university.”

Even though I couldn’t see them in the dark interior, I felt his eyes on me. His head dipped slightly. “Dancer?”

My thighs slammed together.

“Runner.”

He didn't comment, just pulled around the long circular drive and headed out to the main road. The campus was twenty minutes away without traffic, and for once I wished there was a mile-long pileup. I wanted to breathe in his scent for the rest of the night; hell...the rest of my life. Sable-haired babies; tall, coordinated athletes. We'd make the perfect children if they looked like their father. A laugh escaped my lips. Crazy. I was absolutely certifiable.

“Do you want to share the joke?” In the close confines of the car, his thick, molasses voice made me fidget.

My good-girl sense of honor got the best of me and I spilled part of the beans. “This is unreal. I'm sorry, I don't want to make you uncomfortable, but really. You...Killian MacGregor, driving me home.”

He gave a low, sexy chuckle. “My mother would be proud.”

“Oh gosh...you even have a mother.”

This time he laughed and every nerve ending I possessed went on high alert. My nipples tightened, my breathing grew shallow, and I clenched my thighs tighter.

“Yes, and I was even created the old-fashioned way.”

He. Did. Not. Just. Say. That.

His next words drew me out of my fantasy.

“How old are you?”

I turned and looked at his profile—the line of his jaw, the curve of his nose...still perfect even in shadow.

I took a long a breath. “Twenty-one and old enough to know better than to let my sister drag me to a party like the one we just left. Sorry, no disrespect, but that's not my scene.”

I had completely blown it now. Given away the fact that “slutty college girl” wasn't my thing even if, for the first time in my life, I wanted to qualify for the slut Olympics. I couldn't help thinking about what he saw...my

favorite skirt, a tad too short, but it accented my legs, which were my best feature. Unfortunately, when it came to my chest, there was nothing much to show. I'd worn a peach-colored, button-up blouse with just a touch of lace on the shoulders for sleeves; more clothes than any two girls at the party wore, including my sister. My nothing-special brown hair had been curled, but was now in complete disarray. I was tall and gangly looking, though he had no idea I was usually quite coordinated and lithe. Well, maybe he did. He asked if I was a dancer.

He glanced at me and the headlights from an oncoming car showed that sexy tilt to his lips.

"Do you run for the college team?" He turned his head back to the road.

"Yes. Scholarship." I wasn't ashamed.

"So you're good?"

Well, maybe I was ashamed. "Middle of the pack."

He didn't say anything after that. I gave directions when we got closer. He pulled in front of the dilapidated college-like dorm apartments and my hand went to the door handle.

"Do not touch that." There it was again, his "don't mess with me" voice.

Funny, because I didn't even consider going against his order.

"I'm sorry as fuck about tonight." He turned his head my way, remaining completely in shadow, but I could picture every gorgeous line on his face.

My heart thumped so loud I knew he could hear it. "I'm okay. No harm, no foul."

His deep, throaty chuckle was back. "You a baseball fan?"

"Not really." I ran track, but wasn't much for any sport, and didn't they have fouls in football?

"Football?"

"No."

"But you came to a football party?"

I would dream of his voice tonight. "My mistake, but thank you for your

help.”

“You made the party...interesting. I watched you all night. I don’t suppose you’ll be at any others?”

He watched me!

“You suppose right.” I would give anything to stop the chit-chat and let him fuck me silly. Why was I pushing him away?

“You attached?”

“Attached?” Did I really need to repeat everything he said?

“Significant other?” I heard the laughter in his voice and knew his dimples flashed. “Boyfriend?”

“Uh, no.”

“I’ll walk you inside.” He stepped out before I could protest.

My door opened and his hand took ahold of my forearm and then slid down to my hand. I couldn’t remember the last time I held hands with a guy; grade school maybe. I entered the security code at the lobby entrance and turned to say goodnight.

“To your door.” Again, no room for argument, and I scurried along like a trained puppy straight to my apartment door.

“Key.” The hand not holding mine came out.

I dutifully placed the key in his palm and watched his large, deft fingers unlock my door.

He looked up.

I failed to breathe.

His incredibly full, sensuous lips leaned in and he kissed my forehead. I mean really...my forehead.

“Goodnight, Webecca.”

I couldn’t get any words out and just turned to walk inside.

“And, Legs...”

I peered over my shoulder.

“If you do come to any more parties, say hello.”

I nodded then shut and locked the door behind me.

Holy fucking shit. The dream father of my future children just walked away and I knew I'd never see him again. But I would fantasize and my vibrator would get more use than it had this past year.

Killian MacGregor's warm lips had touched my forehead and I was a goner.