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Presents:*



*Labor
of Love*

JEANIE
JOHNSON
&
JAYHA
LEIGH

OH

HOW THE

MIGHTY ARE BALLIN'

Red Rose Publishing

Oh, How the Mighty Are

Ballin'

By

Jeanie Johnson

and

Jayha Leigh

Dedication:

*To all the dreams we hold in
our hearts and hoping they come
true.*

Jeanie and Jayha



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Pre-Game Warm up

With a name like Bella-Sophia, it didn't come as a surprise that the woman who bore it was both beautiful and wise. Though one couldn't "see" the three graduate degrees that were conferred upon her, one couldn't miss her beauty. Bella-Sophia's face was the perfect canvas for the beauty she wore nonchalantly. She had piercing eyes, full lips, hair people wanted to touch, and a body that was a complex arrangement of muscle and softness, strength and vulnerability.

Other than her beauty and wisdom, Bella-Sophia was an interesting individual. Those who traveled in academic circles described her as eclectic; those who worked with her described her as driven; and those who set themselves up as her opponents described her as a fucking bitch who should burn in hell. The last was the description Bella-Sophia preferred. Yep, Bella-Sophia was a certified weirdo; but first and foremost, Bella-Sophia Forrester was a paradox.

Bella-Sophia had a tempting mouth; but instead of purring out her desires, she yelled out demands in between dropping million-dollar smiles that could start an epidemic of laughter. She had a woman's body; but most people only got to see the hard parts, such as her heavily muscled legs and well-defined arms. She had beautiful hair, ironically, thanks to her lack of patience. She kept her locks in

Senegalese twists because she really couldn't be bothered with doing more than pushing it back and twisting it up and out of her face.

Bella-Sophia was a beautiful woman, yet she concealed it from the world...and herself. With her dancer's legs, she should be wearing short, airy dresses and stilettos on her come-hither body. She should be wearing delicate jewelry on her throat and wrists. She should be wearing those kick-ass twists down and gloss on those let's-get-into-trouble-together lips. That was what a woman like Bella-Sophia should be wearing, but Bella-Sophia was nothing if not contrary. This was why her customary outfit consisted of cargo jeans, polo shirts, and cleats; and why she wore a stopwatch on her wrist and a whistle around her neck. This was also why her hair was relegated to an elastic rubber band and her lips were dressed in nothing but unscented lip balm. Even the visor of her baseball cap concealed her eyes.

It was a look that insulted her beauty; but alas, she was appropriately dressed for the gridiron's sidelines. One didn't wear her hair down, rock a dress, or don lip gloss unless one was a cheerleader; and while Bella-Sophia was many things, a cheerleader was not one of them. Bella-Sophia Forrester was one of the few women who coached collegiate football in America.

Back when she was fresh out of graduate school, she was known as Bella-Sophia. And while she worked in the corporate world, she was known as

Counselor Forrester. When she got her first coaching job, she was simply known as “Coach Belle”, since Bella-Sophia was a mouthful. But when she started winning, the full Bella-Sophia was dropped and replaced with one name: “Blitz.” She was known as “Blitz” because, well, she never met a quarterback who could get rid of the ball fast enough to scare her from attempting it. But more than that, she had a defense that disguised the blitz well and could cover the parts of the field left open.

Though she was proud of the name her parents had given her, she not only answered to the name “Blitz”, she introduced herself as such. She’d earned the moniker. She’d earned it through blood, sweat, and tears. She’d earned it in the classroom. She’d earned it on the field...and not just any field in America, but the high-school fields in Texas. The southern part of the U.S. might be football crazy, but nobody did high school football like the state of Texas; and few coached football (on any level) like Blitz Forrester.



When she was first trying to break through the artificial turf ceiling of the football world, she had delusions...not of grandeur, but of getting a job in her field. As a noob, she knew not to expect jack in the collegiate world because she hadn’t proven shit, so she applied for coaching positions in high schools instead. After a mess of interviews where administrators failed to ask her anything that had to do

with her coaching objectives and instead centered around how fast she could get emergency teaching credentials, she'd stopped looking for jobs at 4-A and 5-A schools and focused on the lower echelons (1-A and 2-A).

1-A and 2-A high schools were normally located in towns that were barely big enough to be classified thus. And if larger cities like Atlanta, Birmingham, and Charlotte could barely stomach having a female coaching a male sport, well, let's just say the smaller towns reacted to that thought as if they had the stomach flu. "Are you gay?" was a standard question at those interviews, although interviewers were careful to conceal that question within another. And while an answer in the affirmative might've been anathema if she were applying for a coaching position in girl's basketball, she suspected it might've been a golden ticket being that she was applying for a coaching position in boy's football. But since she wasn't gay, and she wasn't trying to coach a girl's team, she'd never know the answer to that.

Nevertheless, Bella-Sophia still had to present herself a certain way...just to get in the fucking door. School officials didn't care about her preference for Carol's Daughter candy paint. They didn't care about her mastery on the harp, or the fact she'd practiced ballet since she was five. Truth be told, for the most part they didn't give a shit about her B.S. in Psychology; her B.A. in Exercise and Sports Science; her M.A. in Exercise and Sports Science (with an emphasis on Sports Administration); or her J.D. from the prestigious University of North Carolina.

They didn't give a damn she'd interned and worked for a professional sports team in the Northeast. The fact she'd earned her MBA while she learned the business from the bottom up didn't mean diddly-squat. What mattered was virtually all of the lucrative positions in sports, and for that matter the shit positions, were reserved for men. There was an old boys' network, and if you didn't count her dildo, *Mr.-Give-Me-a-Screaming-Orgasm-without-the-Risk-of-an-STD-or-an-Unplanned-Pregnancy*, she didn't have a dick, which meant she wasn't getting a whole lot of callbacks. Sexist bastards.

The old boys' network had tried its best to cock-block Bella-Sophia out of every job; but it'd underestimated her perseverance, and thus she had waded through a whole lot of no's and hell no's until she found a yes. She'd gotten a lucrative job at a law firm; and though it paid well, it wasn't the job she wanted.

The job she wanted was coaching football at the collegiate level. And when she proved herself there, she hoped to land an A.D. (Athletic Director) position, and then run one of the big-time collegiate conferences right before retiring into a cushy G.M. (General Manager) position for a professional team.

Bella-Sophia had bided her time, practicing law by day and coaching anything with a "team" that would take her after hours. Over the years she'd coached boys soccer, the girls swim team, the chess team, the debate team, seniors bowling (and she wasn't talking high school seniors; she was talking, "I remember

when we couldn't keep score because writing hadn't been invented yet" seniors).

She'd kept taking coaching jobs, building rapport, and collecting rejections.

She'd almost despaired of getting a coaching position until a friend of a friend of a friend (twice removed) recommended her for a position about fifty miles past Where-in-the-Fuck-Am-I, Texas. And though the football program had been shit (and that was in its heyday), and the position vacant for a full year, officials had still balked at the fact she was sans dick. They were on the verge of adding to her collections of no's when she'd pulled out her trump card and told them she'd be willing to teach history...and German...and physical education...on top of the coaching job.

She'd gotten the job and a whole lot of work to go with it. There were days when she'd mowed the field; lined and numbered the field; filled the water containers; washed the jerseys (the ones she'd bought because there'd been no money in the budget for decent ones); and coached the game. There was even a stretch of time when she'd driven the bus to away games. But in the end, she'd done it. She'd filled the bleachers, compiled a winning record, and eventually won the state title. And to top it off, her End of Grade scores were through the fucking roof.

Eventually, she took a job outside of her beloved Atlanta at a 4-A high school and she won there too—both on the field and in the classroom. And two

years after taking that team to the state championship, she'd gotten *the call* from a university right there in her beloved Atlanta.

After completing the massive building program that had begun a decade earlier, Emory had tripled its student enrollment and moved up from Division III to Division I in sports. Both the Atlantic Coast Conference (ACC) and the Southeastern Conference (SEC) had wooed the university, but it was the ACC who'd won that battle. It wasn't long before Emory had started talking football; and after getting past the *we-should-totally-do-this* phase and submitting the paperwork, Emory University had finally received the go-ahead to add men's football to its sports smorgasbord.

That one move had given the university superstar status among the Atlanta Metro colleges and universities. It was one thing to have juggernaut academics, but having juggernaut academics and a football team in the football-crazy South pushed Emory further into the stratosphere. All it needed was to add a black college band and it'd be firmly entrenched in the hate-me-now status.

The university had selected the esteemed Coach Carver Hampton to be its head coach. A legend in the areas of basketball *and* football, Coach Hampton had a wall full of trophies and shelves full of accolades. Having coached and played under legends like Gaines and Robinson, and possessing all of their finer traits, Coach Hampton was *every* college's wet dream. An African-American man who'd

been best friends forever with Jim Crow and its ramifications, Coach Hampton now held the keys to one of the finest universities in the nation...and he had asked *Bella-Sophia* to be Emory Football's defensive coordinator.

First Quarter

Three years later

Blowing out a breath, Blitz absently swung her foot in front of her, pausing a moment to appreciate the dream-blue color of her Zurich-style Birkenstock sandals. It wasn't that she liked sandals so much, but rather she liked the color that was reminiscent of her alma mater—the University of North Carolina. She also had a pair just like them in darker blue to match the color of her current university. While North Carolina would always have her heart, there was a special place in it for Emory, which was why she sported the watch with the Emory seal decorating the face.

Speaking of watches, she looked down at it, noting the time. One hour to go. In less than two hours, she'd be *en route* to Indianapolis International. *Woo hoo!* It wasn't that the city of Indianapolis hadn't been treating them right. If there were things the state of Indiana knew how to do, it was win championships, host a Super Bowl, and welcome tourists. But Blitz wasn't here as a tourist. She was here

because the national office of the governing body was located here, and it had implemented a shit-load of new regulations that had to be followed. The NCAA was the emperor, and thus a pilgrimage to Indianapolis was a rite of passage. Because Emory University had the highest standards when it came to adherence, a group of coaches from the money-making sports programs (i.e. all of them) went to get clarification on a few points.

Being the only attorney-coach in the group meant Blitz sat up front with the coaches of the main revenue-producing sports (basketball and football). She'd gotten an aisle seat because Coach Hampton didn't like the way the young, handsome coach of the men's basketball team looked at her. So to keep the basketball coach breathing for a few more hours, he'd sat her on the end and seated himself between her and the young coach. She could do nothing but smile. Coach Hampton treated her just like her dad, meaning he refused to call her anything but her given name, saying it was a beautiful name for a beautiful woman. And just like her dad, anything with a dick got the stink eye from him. He didn't like anybody looking at her unless he was looking at her in awe, which people often did because well, she was she. She could've been put off by Coach Hampton's protectiveness, but she wasn't, especially after overhearing him address the team about the ramifications of acting the damn fool around her. As a result, not only did she have an entire coaching staff that was protective of her, she

had an entire football team that was protective of her...and also in awe of her. After all, she was a defensive mastermind.

Hearing the meeting draw to a close, Blitz perked up. Her shit was already packed and secured in her rental vehicle. Though she'd flown up with the rest of the university staff, she made sure to procure her own rental vehicle because, well, they seemed to have a thing about doing the speed limit and the like. Already having scoped out the layout of the place and timed how long it would take to exit the premises, she was already counting down the time before she was reclined in a cushy seat in first class. A few books, a glass of champagne, and seventeen hours later, she'd be in Geneva. And that was when her summer vacation would officially begin.

Her girlfriends and she had decided to do Europe this year. And while some of them would take that literally, she was going along for the ride to a) bail them out once they were arrested; b) gather stories to tell in her later years like how Mommy almost caused a rift in the European Union; and, c) because she really dug those chicks; and regardless of how many times she would have cause to yell, "hell no" to them, they'd no doubt spend the entire trip doing shit to make her laugh her ass off at them and herself.

Though it would've been cheaper to fly into Spain or Italy, they'd all decided to meet up in Switzerland and unwind in the tranquil and picturesque town that

Chandra, their partner in crime from undergrad days, called home. Chandra was a piece of work. An attorney by training and a banker by birthright, she had a Wall-Street exterior and an amusement-park interior. Having lived abroad for most of her adult life, she had the “in” to pretty much everywhere. One just couldn’t go wrong with having a jet-setting, Carolina-alum, certified genius in your posse.



Blitz could not believe this shit. She absolutely, categorically, could not believe this fucking shit. When she’d walked into the official-looking building, she still didn’t believe this shit. Tamping down her temper, she approached the secretary who, if she wasn’t mistaken, was a sister. There was no mistaking the fact she was black; but having non-accented speech, Blitz couldn’t be sure. So she kept her questions to herself and simply gave the beautiful full-figured woman her name, watching the woman break out into a grin that showed almost all thirty-two of her teeth.

“*You’re* the coach from Emory?” she asked in English.

“*Ja, frauline,*” Blitz automatically replied in fluent German.

“This is going to be fun,” the secretary mumbled around her toothpaste-ad smile.

Blitz attributed the secretary’s smile to her joy at discovering she spoke German, albeit not the Alemannic dialect spoken in Liechtenstein and the

German-speaking part of Switzerland. She didn't have time to give it more thought as the secretary started chattering away as if they'd been friends forever. Somewhere in the chatter the secretary gave her name. Blitz didn't catch the first, but the last name was Jenkins. *Yep, this was a sister*, she thought as she took the chair Ms. Jenkins pointed out.

Settling in, Blitz located the bookmark on her bitch-fest so that she could pick up where she'd left off. Where was she in her little bitch-fest? Oh, yeah, she couldn't believe she was here. It wasn't that she didn't like Liechtenstein. It was that a) it wasn't on her fucking itinerary, and b) there was no fucking b. This shit so wasn't on her to-do list. It would be one thing if she were in Liechtenstein because her posse had decided to see what Liechtenstein had to offer (and they would since they were already here), but that was not why she was here. She was here because injustice was...oops, wrong speech. She was here because of something to do with fucking soccer.

Dammit, she was on vacation. And if there was one thing Blitz hated more than having her vacation interrupted was anything and everything that had to do with soccer...unless one was talking about outlawing it. She didn't give two flying fucks soccer was the national pastime of pretty much everywhere. She wasn't from everywhere. She was from the American South where soccer was relegated to the status of bullshit sports, right there with hopscotch and jacks.

Being the mastermind she was, Blitz could've finagled her way out of it, but Coach Hampton had asked her to go, and that had been the end of her plotting. *Dammit*, he always found a way to use her soft spot for him against her. If his wife didn't feed her on a regular basis, she might've considered saying no. Who was she kidding? "No" wouldn't even cross her mind. On the field, Coach Hampton treated her fairly, yelling at her just as much as he did the other coaches—then again, he was a coach, so his normal speaking tone was a yell. Off the gridiron, he treated her just like her daddy treated her. That was, he spoiled her, pushed her to exceed her own expectations, and spoiled her some more. Feminists might cringe at that, but Blitz liked the way Coach Hampton looked after her. There was a big difference between looking after someone and oppressing her.

Blitz loved Coach Hampton and she made no apologies about doing so. So here she was, sitting in the office of one Mr. Wulf Altenöder—former player for the Liechtenstein National Team and the German National Team—and now the new men's soccer coach for Emory University. Wow, she hadn't realized they had a soccer team...anywhere in the South.

Not only did the South have soccer teams, Emory's soccer team kicked ass all over the conference. She only knew that because she'd read the dossier Coach Hampton had express mailed. Being Emory had such an outstanding soccer team, it should stand to reason Emory had a soccer coach. And it had, until his home

country came courting and asked him to coach its team in the Olympics. Though Blitz didn't like soccer, she understood this was an opportunity one just couldn't turn down. Emory had given him its blessings, and in turn, he'd given the university the name of Mr. Altenöder, who was apparently some kind of soccer guru. Whatever.

It wasn't that Mr. Altenöder was a bad guy. Maybe he was, but either way, Blitz didn't care. Well, that wasn't entirely true. If he turned out to be some kind of cult-leading serial killer she'd care, especially if he tried to recruit or kill her; but barring that, she didn't give two shits about Mr. Altenöder...who still hadn't made an appearance.



Wulf Altenöder hated being late. Even though it couldn't be helped, he still hated it. He certainly did not want his employer's first impression of him to be a negative one, even if this was a spur-of-the-moment meeting.

Emory University had sent him an employment package a week ago. Even though he'd signed it and sent it back, to show how much the school wanted him, a member of the staff was sent to welcome him. He was impressed with its commitment to him. Wulf didn't know much about the staffer except that he was a fellow coach who had an impressive C.V. Not only did Coach Blitz Forrester have impressive academic qualifications, he had an impressive win-loss record too.

Truth be told, he had no *real* interest in the actual game of American football. His real passion was European football, or *soccer* as they called it in America; however, he was very interested in meeting Blitz Forrester. He couldn't wait to meet the man...after all, they did both coach football, even though Coach Forrester's football was the poor relation to soccer in much the same way America was the poor relation to Europe when it came to style, grace, and charm.

Wulf was sure the man would be interesting to say the least, considering his name was *Blitz*. Then again, Wulf was growing accustomed to the American practice of naming children quite *interesting* names. Wulf had to admit he was intrigued; he wondered if the man fit the stereotype for American football coaches—an older man with a bad haircut, no sense of style, and a protruding belly. For all of their luxuries, Americans were notoriously out-of-shape and bad dressers. Thank goodness for Europe.



Blitz was already annoyed at having to visit the new soccer coach in the middle of her vacation. Mr. Altenöder having her waiting was not helping matters...at all. Tamping down her anger, she closed her eyes and started making a list of all of the reasons why she hated soccer.

Blitz was deep into her list of reasons why soccer should be outlawed when the door opened. The secretary poked her head in and informed her that Mr. Altenöder was walking down the hall. Smiling, she thanked the secretary, feeling a bit of sisterhood with her for giving her the heads up. It wasn't that she was doing anything wrong, but the heads up gave her time to get that "*fuck you*" look off her face. Blitz had just put on her "*I really care what the fuck you're saying*" look when the door opened again. Standing to greet Mr. Altenöder, who she'd pictured as a salty-haired, stocky man with a drill-sergeant persona, she froze in her tracks when she got her first glimpse of the new coach.

HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD!

Blitz kept her eyes in her head...barely. Biting her lower lip, she perused Mr. Altenöder, and dammit if Wulf Altenöder didn't command the full attention of both of her eyes. In fact, her eyes were completely FULL of this motherfucker! He was huge for a soccer player. *How rude was that?*

Wulf Altenöder looked like he should play football, not that sissy-ass soccer. He had a linebacker physique, all wide shoulders and what she guessed were ripped abs under his tailored shirt. *And how is his tackling technique?*, the defensive part of her mind asked. *Yeah, how is it?*, the woman in her chimed in. *He can tackle us anytime.*

Though he was fully dressed, her mind took the liberty of filling in the rest. From his thick neck and large hands, she'd bet the bank (and not just one bank, but the all of the banks in Europe) that Mr. Wulf Altenöder had a banging-ass body hidden under his suit pants and dress shirt. *Let's play Europe and claim it in the name of the current monarch. Do we have a flag?* her body asked.

After one got past his tempting physique, then there was his face. *Dammmmmnnn!* He had Steven Tyler lips (big lips on a white boy). Those lips made a woman wonder how good he ate pussy. She guessed Mr. Altenöder ate pussy like a mad man, and if he didn't, she could teach him.

Pulling her eyes away from those lips, Blitz finally looked into his eyes. Mercy! Mr. Altenöder eyes were the color of tropical oceans. Glimpsing such mesmerizing eyes, she had to call upon every bit of her will to stop herself from licking her lips. Damn, Mr. Altenöder eyes evoked scenarios that involved her lying beneath him whilst he wore coconut oil and a smile. For a moment, Blitz lost herself in that little fantasy.

"Miss Forrester."

Hearing her name being called, Blitz snapped out of that fantasy...and dove into a fresh fantasy upon hearing that voice. Oh, shit, the man had a voice that sounded like a wet dream. Dammit, now she was going to be daydreaming about his eyes, his body, and his *"let me fuck you...into a coma...every night"* voice.

Tearing her eyes away from the tropical eyes of Wulf Altenöder, she finally realized he was holding his hand out for her to shake. Taking his hand in hers, she felt like she'd been jabbed with a cattle prod. She'd never know how she managed not to jump back half a foot, but she felt gratified to see a similar look of shock in Wulf Altenöder's eyes.

"Thank you for coming. Please, take a seat," he said politely.

Blitz took a seat and watched as Mr. Altenöder took his seat...behind the desk again...a safe distance away. If Mr. Altenöder wanted to remain safe, he'd get on that phone and call in some Benedictine monks to protect his virtue like they used to protect the Pope in days of old. Then again, looking into his incredible eyes, he might need to call in some thugs, rogues, and the like because she was having a difficult time remembering she was there on university business, especially when her pussy kept wondering things, such as would he notice if she vaulted over the desk, threw him to the floor, and rode his beautiful mouth.



Wulf tried not to let his shock show as he sat across from Bella-Sophia "Blitz" Forrester. Although he sat calmly behind his desk, he was anything but calm. Bella-Sophia—Wulf refused to call her Blitz—was fucking beautiful! And fucking and beautiful were two words Wulf never thought he'd use when thinking

of American football. Yet, here he was staring at the only reason he'd ever think of the words "beautiful" and "American football" in the same sentence.

Oh, sure, Bella-Sophia was dressed to downplay her amazing looks, but it wasn't working...at all. Though she dressed in an oversized T-shirt and cargo jeans, he could still make out the curves of her ample bosom and lush behind. Even the baseball cap that was pulled down on her forehead didn't succeed in hiding her brilliant eyes.



Sitting across from one of the most gorgeous men she'd ever been blessed to meet in person, Blitz swallowed a groan. She hoped she'd pulled off looking nonchalant as she sat there thinking of all kinds of ways to get into trouble with the smoking hot Mr. Wulf Altenöder. She wasn't sure how long she'd sat there before she realized neither of them had spoken. Tugging her baseball cap lower, she tried to think of something to say that would break the tense silence that had developed between them. Finally, a thought that had nothing to do with getting Mr. Wulf Altenöder naked, rubbed down with coconut oil, and thrown on her person entered her mind. Remembering the slim packet tucked under her arm, she pulled it out and handed him the copy of the amended NCAA rules. She knew the packet also contained the signed copy of his contract because she'd looked. She

might miss a whole lot of Sundays in church, but she read enough to know she wasn't about to repeat the mistake of Bathsheba's husband Uriah.

"Mr. Altenöder, here's a copy of the amended rules. Being that you are scheduled to coach a contact sport where you can be exposed to fluids, and thus HIV/AIDS or hepatitis, the NCAA requires a blood test. Also, when you arrive, Emory will send you over to the hospital where you will be re-tested and trained in CPR, basic first-aid, and the handling of bio-hazardous materials."

She was sure he could hear her, but she was equally as sure he wasn't paying her a bit of attention. She was sure because Mr. Altenöder had yet to take the packet, even though she'd been holding it out for a hot minute. Realizing he was in his own little world, Blitz placed the packet on the edge of his desk and lowered her hand.

"Soooo..." Blitz said with the intention of gaining his attention and hurrying up the conversation. She had things to do, hell to raise, and some chicks to keep out of international prison. Liechtenstein might not have the Gulag, but unlike her friend Reign, she didn't have plans to test the European law system. The silence between them had already stretched to an uncomfortable length. She'd tried coughing to prod him into speech, but that hadn't worked. She'd tried humming and tapping her fingers against the arm of the chair, and that hadn't done shit.

Wulf Altenöder just sat there looking fine. He'd spent the past five minutes just staring at her.

Bella-Sophia sighed and looked around the office. It was nothing like any coach's office she'd ever been in. It was wayyyyyyyyyyy too neat. Nothing was out of place. Having taken in the room and its contents, there was nothing left to do except look at Mr. Fine-and-Starting-to-Piss-Her-Off. Dude really needed to stop staring because a) not only was it pissing her off, but b) it was fucking rude.

Not wanting to go off on him, she took a few deep breaths to calm herself.

"Look, Mr. Altenöder, perhaps you should take a day or two to look over the rules. If you have any questions, the contact information for the athletic director is included." Still no response. "Okay, I'll be going now," she said when he continued to sit there.

Bella-Sophia was incensed, but she'd managed to keep the anger out of her voice. She was in the midst of giving herself an internal high-five when he spoke.

"Call me Wulf," he quietly invited.

"Well, then please call me Blitz. It's easier on the tongue," she returned.

"My apologies, Bella-Sophia, but I cannot call you that," Wulf said with a look on his face that reminded her of a kid who'd eaten something he didn't like.

“Okay then. Look, I’ve done my part. If you don’t have any additional questions, I’m going to take my leave. I really want to get back to my vacation,” she said. She had to work at not gritting her teeth as her impatience began taking hold.

“Have dinner with me,” Wulf said instead of answering her question about the meeting.

Having heard enough, Blitz stood. This motherfucker was just like so many of the male coaches. He didn’t see her credentials, her title, or her win-loss record; he only saw her genitalia. Like the Himalayas, they saw her as something to be conquered. They rarely wanted to conquer her to be closer to God; they wanted to conquer her simply to prove they could.

It was a pity Mr. Altenöder turned out to be just like the overwhelming majority of men that she ran across—an asshole. So what if he was fucking gorgeous. That just meant there was a whole lot of fine going to waste. So what if he made her panties wet with just a glance from those aquamarine eyes. So what if it had been years since she’d had a man, and even more since one had given her an orgasm. Hell, her last crush had been a helicopter named Airwolf. So what if Mr. Altenöder made her want to break all of her own rules about fraternizing with her colleagues. *Yeah, so what?* She’d get over it. She always did.

Standing, she walked to the door. “Welcome to Emory University and good luck on your season, Mr. Altenöder.”

“What about dinner?”

“I’ll be having it without you.”

“But I guarantee you’d enjoy it so much more with me,” he purred.

“Mr. Altenöder, do me a favor: When you arrive in Atlanta, stay the fuck away from me.



Blitz loved being a coach. She loved the game of football. She loved being a teacher to young people, and she took her role as “role model” seriously. But when all was said and done, she was more than just a coach, a teacher, and a role model. She was a woman first and she loved doing women things. That was, she enjoyed filmy lingerie, clothes that made her feel beautiful, and men. And she especially enjoyed being held in the arms of a strong man who wanted her simply because he was drawn to her as a woman...not simply because he was excited about the prospect of fucking the only Division I female football coach in America and wanted to add her to his collection of conquests.

Sighing, she walked out into the warm Liechtenstein day. Her duty to the university done, she put on her sunshades and headed to the restaurant where her girlfriends were waiting. And when her mind asked her when she was going to see to herself and her own needs as a woman, she pretended not to hear it.

Second Quarter

Swallowing her fried chicken, Blitz washed it down with a mouthful of sweet iced tea. Oh, yeah, she loved some Southern food. If the food wasn't so good, she might've paid more attention to the goings on; and the goings on was the introduction of new staff. Most of the new coaches came from southern states, a few from California, but only Wulf Altenöder hailed from outside of the U.S.

If Blitz wasn't still pissed at him she might've felt sorry for him. Though he was a savvy traveler and had probably seen more of the U.S. than many U.S. citizens had seen, he didn't know how shit in the South worked. Oh, he was familiar with the party atmosphere of South Beach, Miami; the old world charm of New Orleans; the hustle of Dallas-Ft. Worth; and the corporate headquarters-laden Atlanta; but this was his first visit to 'Lanta.

See, Atlanta was like the fancy living room no one but company got to enter. That Atlanta put on airs and thus had all of the things that might make visitors feel welcome. That was, it had upscale sections that catered to visitors; five-star restaurants that served a wide variety of steamed vegetables; and sports bars that aired soccer and cricket games. Atlanta was where the good silverware and fancy

dishes were used. In Atlanta, good manners were the norm and people spoke standardized English.

And then there was 'Lanta. If Atlanta was the fancy living room, 'Lanta was the family room. In 'Lanta, people didn't give a damn about what you thought about them. Their motto was, "Hey, if you don't like it here, obviously you're a Fascist bastard and you should get the fuck out." Though there were upscale sections the natives flocked to, there, they served fried every-damn-thing—including the vegetables; and sports bars showed four sports in the fall: High school football, college football, pro football, and baseball playoffs. In 'Lanta, people sipped everything from sweet iced tea to moonshine from mason jars and the occasional jelly jar. "*Fuck yous*" were intermingled with "*hi, y'all*" and "*ooh, child*s."

This was the place where Altenöder had committed to live for the next few years. He looked perplexed and fine...but mainly perplexed. Though he was given proper respect as a coach at the prestigious Emory University, he would never get the adulation of even a 4-A high-school football coach with a .500 record. It didn't matter that the Emory soccer machine was pretty much expected to win the conference championship every year; it was still soccer in a football state. Altenöder looked so lost that she couldn't help but smile, especially when he met the other female coaches on staff. Women coached softball, volleyball, women's

soccer, and swimming, and none of those chicks fit the stereotype of female coaches. Generals on the field, they knew their shit; they had the records to back it up; and there was no doubt they were female.

Blitz wondered if he'd ask one of them to dinner. And then she laughed her ass off thinking of him approaching any of those coaches with his "let's go to dinner because I've got a dick and some good looks" line. You could bet your sweet ass those women would wear his nuts as a necklace that was tied together with the shreds of his dignity. Then there were their significant others. Yep, those men were fierce about their women and if Altenöder stepped over the line, he'd go missing.

He'd been thrown into the fire without warning. *Ha ha*, her inner kid taunted. It wasn't that she didn't like him; it was that she felt something for him other than hate in spite of him being an asshole. The woman in her wanted to like him. She wanted to respect him...and then she wanted to fuck him raw.

Though an asshole, he had some good points. She'd read over his C.V., but the fact he'd been part-owner of a European soccer machine; the fact he'd been a hella player; and the fact he had thighs that looked like he could smash small cars between them had impressed her. Okay, she was lying her fucking ass off about the thighs thing. Closing her eyes, she conjured up memories of the photos of him in uniform. Uttering *mmm, mmm, mmm's* and fanning herself, she reached for her tea

and hastily drained the glass. There was no doubt Wulf Altenöder put the F-sound in fine, but that was neither here nor there.

The items on his C.V. were undoubtedly impressive, but what had impressed Blitz most were the things omitted from it. Despite belonging to clubs populated by assholes, Wulf Altenöder was a generous man. He donated a lot of his time to various charities, and not simply the popular ones. She knew this because of her friends. Thanks to Chandra, she had the mad hookup about the jetsetters and those who hung with them; thanks to Karlo, who was to sports marketing what jelly was to peanut butter, Blitz had the hookup on anyone who'd ever done anything in the sports arena; and thanks to Reign, she had the mad hookup about things the attorney in her so didn't want to know how they were obtained. Not only did Blitz know how good Wulf Altenöder's ass looked in every kind of pant that could cover it, she knew how good his triplet brothers' asses looked in them too.

Though he might've called to the repressed woman in her, the black in her, the coach in her, and the fighter in her knew better than to let down her guard and unleash her passion. She couldn't afford allowing herself to be the plaything of any man. She couldn't afford allowing herself to become the brunt of jokes, the subject of speculation. Not in this position, not in any position. Too many people had given up too many things for her to get her where she was today. Coach, attorney,

graduate, free woman...all of those titles were bought and paid for by all of the women before her. She couldn't take that for granted. Whenever she was addressed as Counselor or Coach or Ms., she had to take a moment and give thanks knowing it hadn't always been like this. Just forty years ago, African-American women were rarely afforded the respect of being addressed as anything other than "girl", and the titles most of them held regardless of their credentials included "mistress" and "domestic."

She had too many people riding on her success and she couldn't let them down. She couldn't let *herself* down. And despite being a card-carrying womanist (black feminist) who embraced her sexuality, Blitz was old-fashioned when it came to sex. Oh, she enjoyed men, but she thought too much of herself to simply give herself to just anyone. Any man who got in her bed was worthy of being there. She knew what she would bring to any relationship, so any man who wanted to be with her better be bringing something other than the offer of a good fuck.

Pausing to cleanse her palate before biting into the moist lemon pound cake, Blitz's eyes located Mr. Altenöder. She couldn't help but smile at the picture he made as he stood with some of the senior coaches. Whereas everyone else had on T-shirts or polo shirts and khakis, Mr. Altenöder had on a dress shirt and tie. That might've been appropriate if it weren't Atlanta...in the last week of July at a

coaches-only luncheon on campus. It was a good thing the air-conditioner was on blast, else he'd be laid out from heat stroke.

Tugging down her cap, she watched as Coach Hampton cornered him. Though she couldn't hear what they were saying, she knew from the surprise that crossed Wulf's face that her name had come up in the conversation. When she saw Coach Hampton's visage, her suspicions were confirmed. Coach Hampton was wearing what she liked to call his ~~If-You-Mess-with-Bella,-I-Will-Hurt-You,-~~ Little-Boy expression. Smiling, she couldn't even be mad at Coach. Her smile faltered, noting that while Mr. Altenöder might have been listening to Coach Hampton, his gorgeous aquamarine eyes were fully focused on her. Asshole.



Wulf was overwhelmed. Nothing in his notes had prepared him for...any of this. First, it was fucking hot. The average temperature for July was only supposed to be 26°C (78.8°F), but since he'd arrived, the temperature hadn't dipped below the thirties (nineties). This was a hell of a change from Vaduz, where the temperature rarely topped 28°C (82°F) in the summer. Maybe wearing a shirt and tie hadn't been the best idea, he thought as he stuck his forefinger between his shirt and tie to loosen it just enough to let him breathe. Damn, it was hot—even with the air-conditioning on.

“Son, why don’t you just remove the damn tie?” Coach Hampton asked as he approached.

Wulf watched as the Athletic Director and the bevy of other coaches talking to him parted and gave Coach Hampton room. Though his colleagues all held high positions, there was only one head football coach...and there was only one Coach Carver Hampton. The man was a legend in the coaching world. From what Wulf had gathered, Americans loved their football; but that didn’t even begin to tell the entire story. In the South, football was more than a pastime; in the South, football was second only to Jesus. Being a football coach made one an A-lister, and being a winning football coach made one the whole fucking list.

“I didn’t want to be underdressed,” he admitted.

“This is the South, boy, where spring and fall are hotter than hell and summer in Atlanta is what the devil threatens his minions with.”

Wulf smiled and did as he was bid. He wasn’t sure how he did it; but soon, he not only found himself with his tie hanging loose around his shoulders, but he found himself alone at a table with Coach Hampton. The coach wasn’t giving him the usual welcome spiel; the coach was giving him the “*here’s how things are done here*” spiel. Instinctively knowing that Coach Hampton was a man of great wisdom, Wulf found himself listening.

It was at the mention of Bella-Sophia's name that he perked up. Suddenly, he found himself scanning the room looking for her. It didn't take him long to spot her. There weren't that many women in attendance and none like her. Bella-Sophia was dressed in much the same way she'd dressed the last time he'd seen her. That was, she had on a polo shirt with the university logo, jeans, and her ever-present cap. As if that cap stood a chance in hell at hiding her stunning heart-stopping face. Her eyes sparkled with their usual intelligence; but when their eyes met, he could see the anger ignite. Instead of serving as a warning, her anger only made him want her that much more. Bella-Sophia Forrester had been the star of his fantasies since he'd met her almost eight weeks ago.

"You listening, son?" Coach Hampton asked him quietly.

At the tone of Coach Hampton's voice, Wulf reluctantly dragged himself from the fantasies that featured a gloriously naked and writhing Bella-Sophia moaning his name. Pulling his eyes away from Bella-Sophia, he focused his attention back on Coach Hampton who was giving him a look he was quite familiar with, being that he was one of four sons who all tried their father's patience. The look was a mixture of weariness and warning.

"Yes, sir," Wulf answered.

"Mmm hmm, well, since I have your full attention, I'm going to go ahead and get this in now. Coach Bella-Sophia is off limits."

Wulf blinked in astonishment before answering. “Pardon?”

“Bella-Sophia is off limits. The last thing she needs is some suave European coming in and using his charm to mess with her head and heart. You got that, boy? In the absence of her daddy, I have taken it upon myself to keep all gigolos away from her; and so far, I’ve done a pretty decent job. So unless you plan on marrying Bella-Sophia, I suggest you keep your hands to yourself, and you’ll get to keep your fingers, your dignity, and your work visa. Understood?”

“Is she not an adult, sir? Does she not have a mind of her own?” Wulf knew the words he spoke were the wrong ones as Coach Hampton went from paternal to adversarial. Any congeniality in his eyes was extinguished, replaced with the look of cold, hard steel.

Though he didn’t get any closer, Wulf felt overwhelmed by Coach Hampton’s presence. “Look, boy, like I said, if you’re ready to get yourself married and settled down with Bella-Sophia—in Atlanta—then by all means pursue her. But if you’re looking for a temporary set-up, then you need to look elsewhere, or they’ll be looking elsewhere for your remains. You need to understand that, boy. Too many flighty-ass white men think black women exist for their personal pleasure, and nowhere is that more evident than here in the South. Bella-Sophia is a lady, and I ain’t about to stand by and let any man whore her out, much less a

white man, and I don't give a damn about how much money and clout you got. You understand me?"

Taken aback by the vehemence in Coach Hampton's voice, Wulf answered immediately. "Yes, sir."

Something in his demeanor must have pleased Coach Hampton because he patted Wulf's shoulder and sat back. Taking a sip of what was assuredly sweet iced tea, the smile came back to Coach Hampton's face.

"Well, fine and dandy then. Now act like you got some sense," he said a moment before he called said woman. "Bella-Sophia!"

Wulf watched as Bella-Sophia snapped to attention and hastily approached.

"Yes, Coach Hampton?" she answered.

Wulf could easily see the admiration she had for the ornery coach. He could also easily see that same look on Coach Hampton's face. And then it hit him; this was not simply admiration between colleagues. Coach Hampton loved Bella-Sophia...and Bella-Sophia loved him right back. Wulf didn't consider himself a bad guy, but in that moment, he knew there was only way he could approach the woman who'd starred in his nightly fantasies—with respect. And not just any kind of respect, but the same respect he reserved for his mother and grandmother.

Halftime

Again, Blitz could not fucking believe this. And just like the last scenario she couldn't fucking believe, it involved Mr. Altenöder. Though he'd been in America for a couple of weeks and had learned to dress appropriately and be less of an asshole, he was still an asshole. *And fine*, her pussy threw in. *Oh, shut up*, she hollered back internally.

Blitz couldn't believe Coach Hampton had "suggested" she show him around their fair city. Couldn't that motherfucker read a map? And a tourist guide? Fuck. She was *sooooooooooooo* close to telling Coach Hampton no, but then his wife had cornered her and guilt-tripped her into it. Coach Hampton might've ruled all of college football, but there was no doubt who ran things in the Hampton household.

There was a reason why Sudana Bailey Hampton was one of the best fundraisers probably in all of world history. She had a way of making people part with their money and time. If Mrs. Hampton didn't feed and take care of Blitz, Blitz would've said no to her, too, but Mrs. Hampton reminded her too much of her own momma for Blitz to consider that for long.

“It would look so bad for the university if we didn’t show him proper hospitality. Now, do you want that boy to accidentally wander some place where he shouldn’t?” And though Blitz was sure she could’ve found great reasons to refute Mrs. Hampton’s demands disguised as genteel questions, Momma Hampton had “asked” while feeding her old-fashioned chocolate cake. That had to be entrapment. Yeah, it had to be, because damn if Blitz hadn’t agreed to show Asshole around. Though it sucked having to baby-sit him, at least Momma Hampton had made her an entire chocolate cake...just for her; and being that school was fixing to start, Blitz only had to play babysitter for two weeks.



Despite his suspicion that Bella-Sophia might kill him and dump his body in the woods, Wulf found himself having a good time. They generally went out in the morning (after morning rush hour and before evening rush hour) when it was only almost as hot as the eighth layer of Dante’s Inferno, and had lunch during the hottest part of the day.

Though she clearly had been bribed into showing him around, he was damn glad she was. Bella-Sophia showed him an Atlanta he bet most natives hadn’t seen. There wasn’t one pretentious place on the tour. Instead, there was Gladys Knight’s and Ron Winan’s Chicken and Waffles on Peachtree St NW; the HBCU consortium, which consisted of Clark-Atlanta, Interdenominational Theological

Center, the now-unaccredited Morris Brown, Morehouse, Morehouse Medical, and Spelman; and landmarks that had a Civil Rights connection, including the Martin Luther King National Historic Site, the Auburn Avenue Landmark District, the Fox Theater, and the Shrine of the Black Madonna Cultural Center and Bookstore.

To his surprise, she had purchased a GPS system for him and programmed it. She had also bought him a calendar and penned in events he needed to attend if he planned on really becoming a part of the community. And there were a lot of events. Atlanta was a culturally diverse city that had a grandiose legacy.

She hadn't stopped with the GPS system and the calendar. She showed him shortcuts and marked off all of the *you-must-have-lost-your-damn-mind* places. She showed him the best place to grocery shop and the best time to go. She took him to get library cards so that he had access to the libraries of metro Atlanta and all of its colleges and universities. She even got him tickets to a few home games of every professional team in Atlanta because she had an in with the marketing directors.

All in all, things went relatively well; but of course, they hadn't proceeded without a hitch. He'd tried to apologize for pissing her off back in Liechtenstein by offering to take her to brunch. Wincing, he remembered how that argument went.

"Bella-Sophia, how about brunch?"

“Brunch? There is no such thing as brunch. In much the same way that race is an invented by-product of European imperialism, brunch is the invented by-product of people who don’t take their food seriously. Brunch is simply garnish for a proper Southern breakfast,” she huffed as she drove them to breakfast.

And then he learned what consisted of a proper Southern breakfast, which was pretty much everything. Fried fish and grits, waffles and pancakes, every kind of pork, eggs, and biscuits were there to be had. After seeing how seriously Southerners were about their biscuits, he was glad he hadn’t asked for a croissant. That might’ve gotten him run out of town.

Despite her fiery temper, he enjoyed every moment with Bella-Sophia because every moment with her was real. She always greeted him with the unedited truth, regardless of how ugly it was. There was nothing coy about her, whether it was her anger, her joy, or her single-minded way of pursuing...everything. She might not have wanted the assignment of showing him around, but she’d thrown herself whole-heartedly into it. And in showing him Atlanta, she’d unknowingly shown him the woman beneath the C.V. And he fell in love with that woman.

He was disappointed that the two seasons were approaching, meaning their leisure time was fast coming to an end since university was about to begin in a few weeks. The American football players had already started arriving for the dreaded

two-a-day practices. His players were due later this week. Right now, limited time meant limited devotion to Bella-Sophia, and he was pretty sure she didn't plan on devoting any time to anything other than her beloved football. That was okay, though, because he already had a game plan.

Though their individual seasons would demand the majority of their time, he wouldn't allow Bella-Sophia to push him into the corner of her mind marked "*miscellaneous*." He planned on bombarding her with constant reminders that there was a big, hard Liechtensteiner whose cock got even harder every time he saw her image, every time he said her name.

While everyone else might have wanted her solely for her mind, he wanted the whole woman. Not a week would go by that Bella-Sophia wouldn't have roses, chocolates, or a card letting her know he saw the woman; he appreciated the woman; and he wanted to unleash the woman in her.

He'd begin with the small things during their seasons; and when both seasons ended, it was game on. He'd execute every play in every playbook. There was no doubt in his mind that winning her would entail a lot of work, but he could do no less. Bella-Sophia was the type of woman that demanded the best a man had to give. He didn't doubt he'd achieve his goal of having her, especially since he planned to pursue her with the tenacity that had made him a millionaire many times over. Winning Bella-Sophia was the only acceptable end.

Third Quarter

By no means did Carver Hampton consider himself ancient; but at age sixty, he'd seen a lot. He might not look like he was paying attention, but he was always looking, listening, and feeling. Looking sharp and listening to that little voice inside of him had been a blessing. Men might say they were all logic all the time, but he wasn't about to say something so stupid and utterly false. He was always alert, but he listened to that voice within him because it had guided him safely through some of the worst events in life, including Jim Crow. It had also led him to some of the best things life had to offer, including Sudana.

He knew he was blessed. Not only had he survived living in segregated Alabama relatively unscathed, he's survived Vietnam intact. Back in those days, he didn't think any place in the world could be worse than Bull Conner's Birmingham; but that was until Uncle Sam had given him an all-expenses-paid trip to Vietnam. After he'd completed his one-year tour, he'd gone to Canada. Just as escaped slaves had fled to places like Amherstburg, he'd gone there to escape memories of Alabama dirt roads and Vietnam jungles. Ontario Province was beautiful, but he'd found himself trekking to colder, rougher terrain; and thus had

found himself holed up in Yukon Territory. He'd considered staying there forever, but then he'd gone home for Thanksgiving and had seen Sudana. Now that had been a romance. Still was in fact. He'd been a man in his prime, all muscle and brawn, not scared of a damn thing...and Sudana had taken him down with a single smile.

He'd packed up his home in Canada and enrolled in Howard University where he'd earned a B.S. in Biology, intending to attend medical school so he could provide for his woman. But instead of medical school, he'd gotten a teaching and coaching job in the one place where he'd said he'd never again live—Alabama. But he'd done it for Sudana who'd been a sophomore at Tuskegee, which was a mere two hours from Birmingham.

He hated the Deep South, but not even that hatred could compete with the love he had for Sudana. They'd moved out West, first going to Texas and then to California; but they'd eventually found their way back to the South. It was at Winston-Salem State University where he'd coached under the legendary Clarence Gaines, one of the winningest basketball coaches in NCAA history; and at Grambling State University where he'd coached under the legendary Eddie Robinson, one of the winningest football coaches in NCAA history.

It was at Grambling where he'd earned his M.S. in Sports Administration. He'd spent a total of ten years under the tutelage of Coach Gaines and Coach

Robinson; and in return, they'd opened up doors to him he hadn't known existed. The Gaines and Robinson names could get you into places money couldn't.

Carver Hampton had been blessed. The years had taught him to be closed-mouthed with everyone except Sudana, and to keep his head on a swivel. Doing those two things had taught him an awful lot that textbooks never could.

His eyes peeled and his gut churning, he'd kept an eye on that boy, Wulf, and he knew one thing for certain. Wulf Whatever-His-Last-Name-Was wanted Coach Bella-Sophia...bad. And of course Bella-Sophia wasn't paying him any attention. Unless Wulf could somehow make her defense stronger, then that boy didn't stand a chance in anybody's kind of hell of getting Bella-Sophia to give him the time of day during football season. And that was the way it needed to stay.

From all accounts Wulf was a fine boy, but he was one of them fancy European men...and he was white. He wasn't much on these interracial things, but that was because he was from a different time. At one point, he hadn't been into females on the field unless they were wearing cheerleading outfits. Having a traditional woman who enjoyed her traditional role and having five sons, he'd never had to consider the new world and women's places in it. But he'd had that talk with his wife—who'd been instrumental in him hiring Bella-Sophia.

Bella-Sophia had the kind of credentials every athletic director wanted to see. She had the experience; she had the drive; she had the reputation...but she also had a double-X. Even so, he couldn't, in all fairness, *not* interview her for the job.

He'd been prepared to find some kind of fault with Bella-Sophia, but it wasn't to be. Though he'd seen her qualifications and read the reports about her, none of that had prepared him for meeting the woman herself. Bella-Sophia was passionate. She didn't act nonchalant. She'd wanted this job and she'd let him know it, delineating how fine an asset she'd be to the team. She obviously knew the game of football. She might be female—a beautiful female at that—but she had fire and determination, and you couldn't coach that, which was what Carver had told Sudana.

"She has everything you could ever want in a coach," he said.

"Then hire her," Sudana answered.

"But she's a woman," he complained.

"And so am I," she returned.

"Yes, but you do proper jobs," he countered.

"Because I had no other options. Perhaps I would've liked to be an astronaut or a pilot, but those weren't open to me. My undergraduate degree meant that I simply had more qualifications than the other secretaries or domestics. Nothing more."

So he'd thought about it; and before he could change his mind, he'd called Bella-Sophia and offered her the job. They'd been working together for three years now and he'd never had a chance to regret his decision.

He remembered that call like it was yesterday. As soon as she'd picked up the phone, he'd told her he could either call her Coach Bella-Sophia or Coach Forrester, but not Blitz. Knowing she was overwhelmed, he'd told her to get her behind over to his house the next night for dinner because his wife had wanted to meet her. He could still hear her shout of joy. Of course that might be because his eardrums were still ringing.

His wife had taken one look at Bella-Sophia and had fallen in love. Taking the cake from Bella-Sophia's arms, she'd handed it to him and scooped Bella-Sophia to her, rocking her like a long-lost child. And he'd watched as Bella-Sophia smiled one of her famous smiles and let herself be embraced. They hadn't talked one word of football because Sudana had been busy getting to know Bella-Sophia.

Soon Bella-Sophia had started calling his wife Momma Hampton, so he'd invited her to call him by his first name. And then she'd laughed in his face. She had a beautiful laugh. Shaking her head, she'd nicely told him no.

He'd soon learned that although Bella-Sophia was a modern woman, she had some mighty traditional ideas about respecting elders. She still called him Coach, although she'd inserted the title "Uncle" between his title and last name. And as

Coach Uncle Hampton, he'd taken it upon himself to watch out for her, which was exactly why he was going to have to have another talk with Wulf. He needed to reiterate his earlier directives.



Turning out the lights throughout the offices, Carver bypassed Bella-Sophia's office knowing she wouldn't be there. She had the cleanest office in existence. Rarely was anything on her desk except for a calendar; but of course, that had been before the arrival of *him*. Him being that new soccer coach Wulf. Now, in addition to the calendar there was a fresh vase of flowers. Every Monday without fail it came. He smiled, recalling Bella-Sophia's face the first time the flowers were delivered. She'd looked at the delivery kid and plainly said that she'd ordered pizza, not roses.

It had taken the entire coaching staff and the secretary ten minutes to convince her that the flowers were for her. Tipping the driver, she'd set them on the file cabinet and headed right back to the film room, mumbling the whole way about her pizza and being interrupted. She might've complained, but later Carver had seen her gently caressing the delicate petals.

The young soccer coach hadn't stopped at roses. He'd also dropped by and taken her to lunch the week they had an open date. Since no game was scheduled, Bella-Sophia had no reason to decline the invitation. Plus, the soccer coach's

invitation had involved food. She'd come back with a Big Gulp-size cup of sweet iced tea and a box of champagne truffles from one of those high-end shops. She'd also come back with an invite to watch the upcoming soccer match.

The lunch and chocolates were clearly bribes to get her to attend the dreaded soccer game, and they must've worked because she hadn't put down the tea until there'd been naught but air in the cup. And though she had set the chocolates aside, she'd done so with a threat to de-hand anyone who thought to touch them.

Shaking his head, Carver headed back to the film room, knowing Bella-Sophia would be there pouring over film. That was her routine regardless if they won by one touchdown or by ten. Sure enough, she was there in front of the flat screen scribbling furiously with one hand and popping those chocolate truffles that were delivered every Monday along with her roses.

Wulf was slowly easing his way into Bella-Sophia's heart. No one else might have noticed, but Carver did. Having already talked with the young man again and seeing he was treating her like a gentleman, there wasn't much else Carver could do but keep his ninety-man team in peak physical condition...just in case.



Blitz was stoked. They were 11-1 and had a perfect 7-0 in the conference with only one game left. Ranked in the top ten, they would be sure to have a bowl

game. If they won their last game against number six-ranked Georgia Tech, they were pretty much guaranteed to get the Cotton, Sugar, or Orange Bowl. They had a high-powered offense that averaged fifty points a game. And then there was her kick-ass *Motherfucker, Please* defense that allowed less than a touchdown per game and boasted the top two sack leaders in the country. *Oh, yeah! Who's the man? Well, actually the woman? She was. That's who.*

Football was hands down the best sport in existence; and coming in a close second was the rib, chicken, and chili circuit that she kept tabs on. Another five weeks of college football and she could break and take in the final weeks of the pro season. And then she'd get down to prepping for next year. Her defense kicked ass as-is, but next year they'd kick even more ass. They gave up less than a touchdown now; next year, they wouldn't even give up a field goal.



Wulf was quite pleased. His team was undefeated in conference play. They'd wrapped up the conference championship and were headed for the playoffs. One more week and he could kick his pursuit of Bella-Sophia into overdrive...and it wasn't even Thanksgiving.

Fourth Quarter

Blitz had to admit the 2008 ACC Championship trophy for soccer looked okay. It wasn't as nice as the 2008 ACC Championship trophy for football, though.

Then again, both paled in comparison to the 2008–09 Nokia Sugar Bowl trophy. Emory had beaten University of Southern California (USC) 51-3. Their second string had been in before the end of the third quarter. Clearly, their offense had done a bang-up job.

Her defense had done her proud and had held USC (who was ranked top three in both passing and rushing offense) to five yards rushing and fifty yards passing. Yeah, they'd done good, but they'd do even better next year. That field goal USC had kicked was totally uncalled for, a rookie mistake (hers not her team's) that wouldn't happen again.

She walked up and down the corridor admiring the trophies...all of them, even the ones for soccer. The trophies looked good and it wasn't just because she liked bling. They represented hard work. All the coaches and athletes had put in countless hours just to make it to the field. The fans never saw the sacrifices; they only saw the win-loss records.

Sighing, Blitz looked past the beautiful glass cases and took a moment to admire the multi-storied foyer. She smiled when she spotted Coach Hampton's portrait in a place of honor. Universities normally didn't hang oil portraits of active coaches, but Coach Hampton was the exception to the rule being that this was his tenth Division I championship (seven in football, three in basketball, one in track-and-field).

She couldn't think of a more beautiful place for Coach Hampton's portrait to hang than in this facility. The cutting-edge athletic megaplex that housed all of the sports offices was a work of art. To her, only religious sanctuaries rivaled it for sheer beauty; and while Emory's athletic building wasn't the Googolplex, it was damn close.



Wulf wasn't surprised to find Bella-Sophia here. She'd live in this building if they let her. As it was, she already semi did.

Being sure to make some noise, he walked up next to her. "*Guten Abend*, Bella-Sophia."

"*Tag*, Wulf," she replied in German.

"I see you're admiring the *real* football team's championship trophy," he teased.

“Ha, you wish. I’m actually admiring the *only* football team’s championship trophy.”

“So you say. While you were admiring the trophies, did you notice that the real football team has more trophies than yours?”

“I notice that your little banana republic team has done well, yes,” she said.

Ah, that sharp sense of humor was simply one of the reasons why he was attracted to her. “Since I’ve been here in the South, I’ve heard many names for our sport—the overwhelming majority of them negative—but I do believe that is the first time I’ve ever heard our sport referred to as a puppet government controlled by wealthy foreign investors.”

“Well there’s a first time for everything,” she sassed.

“You’re right; so saying that, will you go out with me tomorrow night?”

“Are we going to have to watch soccer?”

“Do you want to?”

“I’m going to go with a categorical hell no,” she said.

“What would you like to do instead of watching soccer then?” he asked.

“Let’s see: I’d rather come up with a formula to see how long Germany can stay war-free.”

“That was just so wrong.”

“Really, why, are you German?”

“My mother is from Bavaria.”

“Oh, so she’s responsible for that piece of shit BMW.”

“Uh, no, she’s not responsible for the BMW, but what do you have against the BMW.”

“Other than that shitty-ass side-crash rating, well there’s also—”

Wulf decided it would be best to cut her off before she launched into some kind of dissertation about cars or governments. Bending down, he kissed her lightly on the lips. Pulling back before he was tempted to go further, he pulled the Teuscher milk-chocolate bar from his suit jacket and handed it to her.

“Ooh,” she gasped.

He smiled, watching her reaction to chocolate.

“Do I have to share this with you or is it all mine?” she asked.

He smiled wider, liking how possessive she was over her chocolate. Perhaps one day she’d be possessive over him like that. “No, Bella-Sophia. It is for you.”

“Cool, but don’t think you can bribe me with chocolate,” she mumbled as she bit into the bar.

“So if I said I might have a box of champagne truffles...”

“Give them.”

“Will you go out with me tomorrow?”

“Depends. Where are we going?”

“Dinner.”

“Okay, but you have to take me to see the new Samuel L. Jackson movie.”

“What’s it about?”

“No clue and don’t care. Samuel L. is in it and that’s all that matters.

Whatever role he plays you believe he’s done that. And then there’s the added benefit of learning a new way to use the word ‘motherfucker’.”

“You need so much help,” he said as he kissed the top of her head. “But it’s a deal. Now let me walk you to your car since it’s dark out.”

“I can fight though,” she informed him.

“But you won’t be,” Wulf said firmly.

Bella-Sophia pouted. “You’re not the boss of me.”

“No, but Coach Hampton is and I have no problem telling him that you’re out walking around in the dark,” he said as he took her keys, disengaged the alarm, and opened the door for her.

“You suck,” she grouched as she slid into the truck.

“Yes, Bella-Sophia, I do and you will enjoy it very much,” he said and kissed her once more before closing the door to her Tahoe, still amazed she needed such a big truck.



Blitz couldn't help the gasp that escaped. She was attracted to Wulf; and when he got close, her body reacted. The man smelled good, looked good, and tasted good. Though he'd only kissed her lightly, it was obvious he'd been eating Teuscher chocolate. To think she'd just been in Switzerland and hadn't had a taste of that goodness until she'd come back to Atlanta.

Though his kiss felt good, she was on the verge of hitting him with a right cross. Being the astute man he was, he backed off and gave her some Teuscher of her own. She wasn't sure why he'd backed off; but from the raging hard-on he hid behind his suit jacket, she bet it was to preserve her reputation. The kiss he'd given her caused her pussy to cream, but it hadn't been X-rated. Anyone seeing it would think he was simply congratulating her on her team's victory. Besides, he was European, and Europeans kissed everybody.

When he'd insisted on walking her out to her truck, she couldn't help but smile. Regardless of how badass she was, Wulf always treated her like a lady. That was why her Spartan office always had a vase of roses. It was a new experience for her, but she liked it.

She liked the way he put his arm around her and kept it there until they reached her truck. And she liked the way he took her keys and opened her door. And she really liked the way he kissed her and left her with that parting line about how she'd enjoy his sucking. Fine motherfucker.



Wulf was angry...sort of. He'd never in his thirty-seven years been stood up. Then again, he'd never dated Bella-Sophia Forrester. Something had told him to call her before he drove out to her home, and it was a good thing he had. He was already upset about being stood up, but he really would've been upset had he driven from his home in Buckhead out to Alpharetta, the suburb she called home.

Calling one of his players who lived on campus, Wulf had asked him to see if her truck was parked in its usual spot. It was. Climbing into his Lexus LS 460 L, he'd made the short drive to campus knowing exactly where she'd be.

Though he was angry, Wulf couldn't do anything but stop and stare at Bella-Sophia. She was wearing of all things...a dress—and not just any dress. Stopping just below her knees, the dress had a scalloped v-neck and lace sleeves. A deep merlot-colored lace decorated the black sheath. With it she wore black knee-high boots with three-inch heels. She was already beautiful; but in that outfit, she was devastating, and he was powerless to stop the zing in his blood.

He watched as she watched the flat screen and pressed a button to still the picture. She jotted notes down on a yellow legal pad then pressed play and began the process all over again. She was deadly with that remote. He'd been gazing at her for the past five minutes and she'd kept watching the television, pausing, rewinding and jotting down notes. He knew it was the game her team had just

won and he saw how concentrated she was as she studied the game—so concentrated in fact she had no idea he was standing in the doorway of the film room. He stepped over the threshold and closed then locked the door after him, and still she didn't look up.



“You stood me up,” were the first words out of Wulf’s mouth. Blitz turned her head and frowned as he slowly approached her.

“What? I’ve still got...”

She looked at her watch and discovered the time. They could still make dinner but that wasn’t the point. The point was that she’d stood him up...albeit accidentally. Biting her lip, she looked back at Wulf who had come to stand beside her.

“I wanted to look over the game,” she said unapologetically.

She watched Wulf nod. The only light in the room apart from the hi-def television cast shadows across his beautiful face. Wulf sat down next to her on the couch. She scooted over so they were barely touching.



Normally Wulf would be insulted by such a gesture, but not so this time. He could do nothing but smile. He knew that when he touched her, Bella-Sophia felt something, even if she gave the impression she didn't.

"Bella-Sophia." He drawled her name and watched her shiver in reaction. Apparently, she liked the sound of her name on his lips and in his mouth. When she began to shake her head, he frowned.

"Look, Wulf, you're a good guy—"

Wulf cut off whatever she'd been about to say. "No."

Bella-Sophia scowled at him. "What do you mean 'no'?"

"You're going to make an excuse not to see me. You're going to find a way to make it seem like it's a good idea for us to not be a couple," Wulf answered.

"That's ridiculous," she scoffed.

"Is it? Isn't this why you weren't home when you knew that I was coming to get you? Isn't that why I'm competing with a television and your notes for your attention?"

He watched Bella-Sophia's eyes become stormy with anger...and he got harder. "Wulf you have no idea—"

"Then explain it to me, Bella-Sophia. Tell me why it is that no matter what I do, you refuse to acknowledge our shared attraction? Tell me why it is you ignore your body's needs and wants."

Wulf spoke softly, but he might as well have screamed at her with the way she reacted. Her body jerked away from his and she stood stiffly, slapping him across the chest with her note pad.

“You have no idea what it’s like to be me, Wulf! Despite being the coach of a pussy-ass sport, you have what I never will! Hell, before you even came to Atlanta you were touted as a ‘sure thing’ to ensure the soccer team’s success! No one doubted your ability to do shit because you had pectoral muscles instead of tits! No one made you prove your prowess as a coach because you had a sweet ass! No one thought twice about hiring you, Wulf! Why? Because you’re a man! A fucking man! Every day I have to go out there and prove myself! Every fucking day!”

“I’m a better coach than any of those fuckers, bar Coach Hampton, and do you know why?! Because I work at it; I watch every game tape. Hell, I watch game tapes from twenty years ago to see if I can work something into my next practice! I study from dusk till dawn on how to improve my team’s playbook! Every fucking day, Wulf! You get to sit back and twiddle your fucking thumbs and get bored and get fucked off at me because I don’t pay attention to you? Well that’s just tough shit, ain’t it? Because you may get your jollies out of ‘pursuing’ our so-called shared attraction, but all I see is trouble—for me!”



Wulf watched Bella-Sophia struggle to tamp down her anger. Standing, he reached for her but she twisted away from his grip. His hand dropped to his side as they stared at each other.

“I...I apologize–” Wulf began but stopped when he saw Bella-Sophia make a cutting motion with her hand.

“Don’t,” was all she said as she moved further away from him and stood in front of the flat-screen television. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, all the while watching him warily.

He moved towards her, being careful to move slowly so not to agitate her any more than she already was. He stopped a whole foot away from her before speaking.

“You’re right.”

Bella-Sophia’s raised her eyes to his. Then he gasped as he saw something in her eyes that he’d never have expected to see: vulnerability. His heart wrenched in his chest at the sight. He closed the gap between them and raised his hands to cup her face. Taking a deep breath, he lowered his lips to hers and kissed her briefly. It was a whisper of a touch, yet still it was enough for the flame to flare into an inferno within them both.

Wulf continued to sip at Bella-Sophia’s wondrous lips as the inferno within him raged and battled within his hard body. He lifted his head and Bella-Sophia

moaned in protest. The ignorant Wulf would've grinned in triumph at the sound, but the learning Wulf merely watched as Bella-Sophia raised her long eyelashes and snared him with her captivating gaze. She held him still as she stared up at him for long moments before she sighed.

"I didn't mean to yell at you," she said softly.

Wulf simply smiled. Placing a finger under Bella-Sophia's chin he lowered his lips to hers and once again brushed her mouth with a whisper of a kiss. He felt, then tasted, Bella-Sophia softening as she molded her amazing body against his bigger and harder one. Her arms came up to link behind his neck and she leaned her head against his chest as she sighed some more. Wulf took his time feathering kisses all over her face. He felt like he'd won the lottery as the soft, beautiful, amazing, intelligent Bella-Sophia Forrester rubbed her cheek against his hard chest and mewled.

"Yes, you did, and it's fine. Even when we're surrounded by our grandchildren, there will probably be times when you'll have to yell at me just like that," Wulf said softly. "But I'll take it because I'll be so overwhelmed at how beautiful you are even fifty years from now."

Feeling Bella-Sophia laugh against his chest, he grinned more. Taking one of her arms from around his neck, he kissed her palm before threading their fingers together and holding their intertwined hands against his heart.

“Confident for a white boy, aren’t we?” she teased him.

“Confident? Yes. White? I prefer tanned. Boy? Oh, no, my darling Bella-Sophia. I am all man,” Wulf teased right back. His gentle laughter quickly turned into a hiss as Bella-Sophia’s free hand found its way to the front of his dress trousers. She stroked her fingers up and down the zipper, essentially stealing his breath and reasonable thought.

“Okay, I will give you that last part only because you definitely feel like a man and not a boy.”

Wulf leaned back a little so she could look into his eyes and see how serious he was as he spoke. “I am your man Bella-Sophia...your only man,” he vowed.

Bella-Sophia neither agreed nor disagreed as she lifted her hand and threaded her fingers in his thick caramel-colored hair. She tugged his head down so that their lips met properly this time. Their kiss was hot and grew hotter as they both moaned, getting a better taste of each other. Wulf’s hands drifted down so he could grip the globes of her amazing ass and lift her higher onto his body. In turn, Bella-Sophia took two handfuls of his hair and held herself up in his embrace. Wulf felt the sting of his hair being pulled, but it only added to the fiery need burning through his body, which he expressed with his tongue and lips as he kissed Bella-Sophia like he needed to—exquisitely, entirely, and totally.

“Tell me,” he gasped as he tore his mouth away from Bella-Sophia’s heady lips. They were both dragging in deep breaths and trying to steady their hearts that hammered against their ribcages.

“Tell you what?” Bella-Sophia gasped back.

“That I am yours.”

For a moment, Bella-Sophia said nothing; then, she smiled. “You’re all mine, babe

“Damn right.” Wulf lowered his head and resumed kissing the only woman for him.



Blitz remembered kissing Wulf. She remembered stroking his amazing cock. She remembered him lifting her in his arms and ravaging her mouth. What she didn’t remember was leaving the megaplex, dinner, the drive to his home, or how the fuck they’d gotten inside of his house. She’d lived in Atlanta for damn near twenty-five years; and yet under the threat of having to watch an entire season of soccer, she couldn’t tell you where the fuck she was right now.

Blitz felt as apprehensive as she had when it was her first time. In actuality, she felt even more apprehensive. When she’d first experienced sex, it had only been about the sex itself; but this was different. This time she was alone with a man, not a boy. This time she was being cared for by a man who wanted more than

just sex with her. Looking up she found him once again watching her with those intense and expressive aquamarine eyes that set her blood boiling through her veins with a mixture of anticipation and delicious excitement.

“Is there anything that I can get you, Bella-Sophia?” Wulf asked her calmly as he led the way through his home. Normally she would’ve commented on inane things like his décor or the softness of the carpet, but then normally she wasn’t with a man like this. Wulf’s eyes captured hers and all she could focus on was him. It wasn’t just his fineness; it was he.

“No, thank you,” she whispered after Wulf gave her a smile that made the butterflies in her stomach kick up a notch.

“Would you like to see the rest of the house?” Wulf offered easily.

Blitz’s eyes narrowed. She knew her expression was probably yelling what her mouth refused to: *Are you fucking kidding me, dude?*

“No, thank you,” was all she said.



Wulf saw the scowl that crossed Bella-Sophia’s face and smiled. He was sure she hadn’t yet figured out he was simply waiting for her to tell him what she wanted. He wanted her badly; but as much as he wanted her, he *needed* to know this wasn’t one-sided.

Wulf moved so he was standing directly in front of her. He noted that she held his gaze the entire time. Though she appeared to be in perfect command of her sensibilities, the slight flush on her face as well as the fluttering pulse at her throat gave her away. He smiled, realizing it was as erratic as his.

“Nothing else to say Bella-Sophia?” Wulf asked the woman of his dreams and fantasies as he gently trailed a finger over her silky skin until it came to rest just below her frantic heartbeat.

“No,” she answered breathlessly.

Understanding the quality of her response, Wulf simply nodded. “I want to kiss you Bella-Sophia.”



Though Blitz knew Wulf wanted to kiss her, his admission sparked something in her. Drawing in a quick shallow breath, she tossed her hair over her shoulder before she threw her challenge.

“More action, less talk,” she demanded before plunging her fingers into his thick hair and pulling his mouth down to hers. Though she was the one to initiate the kiss, Wulf quickly took it over. *Finally*, her mind cheered. Though she wanted to kiss this motherfucker like she’d been dreaming of, Wulf’s kiss was gentle. It consisted of feathery brushes of his lips upon hers; and while nice, the teasing was frustrating as all get out! She tried to deepen the kiss to no avail. No matter how

desperately she rubbed herself against his erection, no matter how hard she pulled on his hair, Wulf simply wouldn't capitulate. He wouldn't kiss her harder; he wouldn't deepen this kiss; he wouldn't do a fucking thing!

"Wulf!" Blitz moaned in aggravation. She knew she was getting to him because she heard him grunt and felt his need. Still, he didn't deepen the kiss. He simply continued his gentle and unhurried exploration. Wulf's hot mouth found its way to her neck; and though his touch felt good, she wanted, needed, the rough side of him to come out and play.

"Oh, c'mon dude," she hissed at the big, hard man against whom she was rubbing her sensitized body.

"Tell me what you want, Bella-Sophia," Wulf instructed softly.

"What?!" she asked, surprised by his request.

"Tell me what you want—every single detail," Wulf whispered hotly against her ear before sucking on her earlobe.

Finally, Blitz understood what he was about. Wulf wanted to know she wanted him just as badly. He wanted to know she was in as deep as he was. He wanted to know she was a ringleader in this interlude, not merely a half-hearted participant. She could live with that.

Smiling, she arched her breasts into Wulf's chest before responding. "Fuck me."

“How?”

“Oh, the normal way: Man has penis; woman has vagina; man puts penis in vagina,” Blitz answered, sarcasm lacing her words.

When Wulf reached down and smacked her ass none-too-gently, she uttered a squeak while her eyes flew to meet his. Wulf’s eyes swirled with need, want, and desire, yet he didn’t just demand submission from her. He was however, demanding she tell him exactly *how* to make love to her. Blitz was truly stunned at the realization that Wulf was confident enough to let her call the shots. Looking deeper into his eyes, she saw something else blazing in his gorgeous aquamarine eyes—love.

“Tell me properly. Tell me every little thing you want me to do for you, baby,” Wulf whispered.

Tossing her twists over her shoulder, she licked her plump lips before responding. “Take me to the bedroom,” was her first instruction.

She gasped when Wulf lifted her in his arms and proceeded to do just that. She noted that though she had a lush figure, Wulf wasn’t even straining as he climbed the sixteen stairs to his bedroom. He stopped as soon as he crossed the threshold, though he didn’t put her down. Blitz realized he was waiting for her next instruction.

“Put me down on the bed.”

Wulf did exactly that and then stepped back.

Blitz smiled, liking the power he'd given her. It was beginning to make her heady, but she knew she could handle it.

“Move two steps away from me and strip naked...slowly.”

Blitz leaned back against the headboard and made herself comfortable as she watched Wulf do as instructed. She crossed her legs and bit her lip in an effort to stop from moaning aloud as Wulf unbutton his crisp, white Chinese-collared shirt. While her eyes roamed up and down Wulf's amazing physique, she noted that his eyes never moved away from hers. The last button seen to, he pulled the shirt from his black trousers. Both halves of the shirt hung open, revealing his tanned, hard chest and cut abdominal muscles. Blitz was positive she could break wooden boards across his stomach without a Kung Fu master present.

He was about to pull the shirt off his body but she stopped him. There was just something so sexy about a man wearing dress pants and an unbuttoned dress shirt, and she'd never seen anyone do it better than Wulf was doing it right now. She wanted to savour this delicious sight just a little bit longer.

“Shoes and socks first, then your shirt, and then your pants.” Blitz bit her lip excitedly and watched as he did as she bid.



Wulf watched his Bella-Sophia lounge on his bed. She looked like she belonged there, as if the bed and the whole of the house had been built around her tastes. He noticed she kept biting her bottom lip while watching him strip for her.

He also saw her squeeze her thick thighs together the further he got into it. Part of him smirked at her reaction, but he had to swallow back the moan that was threatening to spill from his lips when he made the mistake of imagining his head between those glorious coffee-colored legs. Bella-Sophia had beautiful legs; and though he would pay them homage, what was between them was his desired destination.

He wanted to kiss, lick, and taste his way to the treasure trove he knew her pussy would be. He dropped the curtain on that fantasy lest he lose his control. Right now he wanted to excite his Bella some more. Just as her pussy was his first destination, his ultimate end was the organ that beat beneath her ribcage. He wanted all of her because the Lord knew Bella-Sophia had all of him and had had him since the very beginning.

After removing his shoes and socks and setting them aside, he stared straight into the eyes of his woman as he slid the white shirt down his arms then let it fall to the floor. He now stood shirtless for his Bella-Sophia. He watched her eyes brighten and she licked her plump lips in reaction. Giving her a half smile, his deft fingers quickly undid his belt and trouser button, reaching the zipper that

was doing a stellar job of holding his rigid cock beneath the material of his pants. He was about to unzip when Bella-Sophia practically vaulted off the bed and closed the separation between them. She stilled his hands before smacking them to the side and taking his zipper in her hands.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. “Let me,” she purred with a mischievous light in her eyes.

Wulf simply watched her with that half smile on his face as Bella-Sophia slowly lowered the zipper. She was still smiling up until the moment she realized he wore no underwear. His hard cock sprang out of his trousers and fell into her hand. Bella-Sophia gasped, but she didn’t let go. She simply uttered a soft exclamation and went back to caressing the rigid, satiny flesh of his big, hard cock. He briefly wondered if his skin was searing hers being that he blazed with need.

Wulf couldn’t help the hiss that escaped him. His trousers were around his feet; his stiff cock in his woman’s hands; and she was stroking him so damn good. He swallowed before reaching down and grasping his woman’s wrists just as she began all-out pumping him.

“Tell me what else you need me to do,” he rasped out, amazed he was still able to form thought or speech with Bella-Sophia’s hands on his flesh.

“Take it,” she said as she dropped to her knees. Using his lightning-quick reflexes, Wulf stepped out of trousers and reached down to pick her up at the same time, despite her protests. He walked her to their bed and set her down.

“Not like that Bella-Sophia,” he said harshly even though his fingers were gentle as they lifted the delicate dress over her head. He was careful with that dress because he wanted to see her in it again...after he had his ring on her finger, and even then probably only in the privacy of their home.

The dress had seemed harmless until Bella-Sophia had walked by some waiters who’d all stared at the way it molded to her body and the expanse of thigh that peeked through the slit on the right side of the dress. When Wulf had seen that, he quickly made sure to always stand at her right unless she was wrapped in her black cashmere swing jacket. No one was going to be checking out his woman’s legs unless that person was wondering just why they were wrapped around his hips or his head.

He shuddered remembering just how close they’d come to that in the restaurant, which was why he’d had to yell for the maître de and instruct him to make their order to go. It was all Bella-Sophia’s fault. She’d dropped her purse, and being the gentleman he was, he’d bent and picked it up. And then her purse had fallen open, spilling out its contents, which included lip-gloss, keys, and more condoms than he’d used in the last three years. He couldn’t help but smile.

Looking up at her and noting her embarrassment, he couldn't stop the comment that fell from his lips.

"Ah, you underestimate my prowess," he'd teased, thinking he now had the upper hand.

"No, Wulf. You underestimate mine," she'd purred. And before he could speak, she'd opened her legs, allowing him to smell her desire. He was sure his eyes had gone supernova, because the next thing he knew he'd had his hands on her thighs and would've had his head between her legs if he hadn't suddenly regained his hearing and realized they were in public. Gaining his feet and pulling her from the chair, he'd whispered in her ear.

"When we get home, Bella-Sophia, it won't matter how many condoms you have in that purse."

"One hundred eight," she'd answered.

"It won't matter if you had one or a million because we won't be using them. Since we've both tested negative for communicable diseases and neither of us has engaged in sex since those tests, when I enter you there will be nothing between us but this all-consuming passion."

Bella-Sophia's words pulled him back to the immediate present. "I understand what you're doing, Wulf," Bella-Sophia said conversationally as he finished folding her dress. Wulf's breathing increased at the picture she made

sitting on his bed wearing a black lace bra-and-panty set that barely covered anything and those badass black leather boots. He'd never been a boot man...until that moment. Raising his eyes back up to her impressive breasts, he noted he could see her taut nipples through the lace.

"Pardon?" Wulf asked even as his head was lowering to capture one of the chocolate-pebbled nipples in his watering mouth.

"I get that you're giving me all of the power and control in this whole thing we're doing right now, but..." Bella-Sophia broke off with a gasp as Wulf's mouth engulfed a nipple. When she arched up into his hot mouth, he smiled around it.

"But...?" Wulf moved his head so he could include the other delectable nipple in his taste test.

"Huh?"

"You said that you know I'm giving you all of the power and control in this whole thing we're doing, which by the way is making love, then you said but. What is that but?"



Blitz was peeved that Wulf had stopped her from tasting that tempting cock of his. Never before had she been into oral, but something about that man made her want to taste him. She'd started to protest his high-handedness when he placed her on the bed and removed her dress. Though she had a few insults on the

tip of her tongue, they faded into moans when she felt the tremble in his hands and saw the fire in his eyes.

Apparently, he was talking but she couldn't keep up with the verbal conversation when he was suckling her breasts so damn good. Who knew breasts were this sensitive outside of those pesky four days each month? Finally, her brain caught up with the last couple of words he spoke against her chest.

"Oh, yeah...but...*oh!*" Blitz once again broke off on a gasp as Wulf ripped her bra apart, baring her naked breasts to his ravenous mouth. The feeling of his teeth, tongue, and lips on her bare skin was too much.

"You were saying?" Wulf again insisted on talking! Fucking hell! Blitz was about to blast him when she remembered exactly what she wanted to say to him. Grabbing handfuls of his hair, she pulled his head up so she could look directly into his eyes.

"I need you to fuck me hard, deep, and like you fucking mean it."

There was a split second of shock before the arrogant grin that seemed to be an accessory of men of means suddenly appeared. Blitz was normally worried about that kind of look; but when she saw the love behind that arrogant expression, she cast her worry away. She knew Wulf would give her everything she needed with change to spare. And she also knew that even when fucking her like the whore she felt like, he would still treat her with the respect she was due as

a lady. When Wulf ripped the lingerie from her body and slung her boots across the room, she knew there was 99.9% chance she wouldn't be able to walk properly for a good week when he finished making love to her the way she wanted and needed.

The feeling of Wulf's bare skin sliding along her body made Blitz writhe beneath him. Wulf wasn't by any means a small man and by no means or measure was she a small woman, but damn she felt small and delicate under him. With three-quarters of his body mass on top of hers; his hips wedged between her spread legs; his hot, naked cock pressed between them; she felt more feminine than she ever had. Every time his cock slid against her engorged clit firecrackers exploded in her. The sensation felt good; however, it wasn't enough. She needed him deep inside of her...NOW!

Blitz lifted her legs and wrapped them around Wulf's hips as his mouth nipped at her breasts. His hips and cock were close to where she needed them but not close enough. Tilting her hips up she tried to entice Wulf to bury himself inside of her, but Wulf didn't take the hint. In fact, he just continued to lazily slide his cock up and down, abrading her clit with the most breathtaking sensation.

"Wulf," she whimpered as he again avoided her not-so-subtle insinuation.

"Yes, my Bella?" he whispered hotly into her ear.

"I need you."

“Soon,” he answered.

“Christmas is coming soon as well,” Blitz muttered frustratingly.



Wulf chuckled and whispered back as he stopped moving his hips altogether. “But you, my Bella, will come harder.” He unwrapped one of her legs from around his waist and pulled it up so that it was almost flat against her chest.

He watched her watch him. He knew he looked wild, untamed, but he sincerely hoped she could see the love that burned in his eyes. Telling her he loved her with his gaze, he plunged balls-deep inside of her with a single thrust of his hips. Bella-Sophia gasped, then groaned, then exhaled before her eyes rolled back into her head. Wulf knew she had to feel full to the point of bursting because he was almost suffocated by her tightness. Groaning low in his throat, his eyes closed for a second or two before he opened them and drank in the sight of her beauty.

“You’re so tight...and hot...oh, yes,” he growled. And when he felt Bella-Sophia’s pussy muscles clench harder around his turgid cock, he sank deeper and moaned. He’d never been buried so deep inside a woman, never wanted to be. The sensation that her fluttering muscles produced was almost his undoing.

“You’re trying to kill me, woman,” he groaned as he rested his forehead against hers and tried to drag breaths into his deflated lungs.

“You’re just too big. It’s your fault,” she whispered, arching higher into him.

Wulf bent down and took her lips in a gentle kiss before slowly withdrawing. When he withdrew, every ridge of his hard cock tantalized the sensitive walls of her silky, hot pussy. He pulled out torturously slow; and when only the head of his cock remained inside her, he took her mouth in a vigorous kiss and plunged back inside of her hot, tight, and silky pussy. As he kissed Bella-Sophia, he pistoned his hips backwards and forwards, in and out of her like he would never stop. He didn't pause even when he felt her internal muscles quiver, signaling her impending orgasm. And when he felt her ecstasy crash over her, he still didn't slow. Instead, he made his thrusts harder, making sure to grind against her clit on every re-entry.

Bella-Sophia gripped him tighter than a vice. On every stroke he felt his balls tighten; on every exit he felt them twitch. He knew he couldn't hold out for too much longer; and after her third orgasm, he finally let go of his control.

Releasing the leg he'd held up to her chest, he then rolled over so she could ride him. Holding her hips firmly, he watched her gorgeous breasts sway above him. She was almost delirious, and Wulf couldn't help the triumphant grin on his face as she braced her hands on his chest and rocked her hips back and forth on his cock. He reached up to palm and finger her nipples; and without, warning she grabbed his own nipples and practically slammed herself onto him, over and over, until orgasm seized them both. She threw back her head and screamed out her

pleasure while he sank into the pillows and roared out his. The two of them serenaded the entire neighborhood with the cries of their ecstasy. Most of all, they serenaded each other.

Bella-Sophia was still shivering from her multi-orgasms as she collapsed onto Wulf's chest. Her breathing as erratic as his, she made herself comfortable on his body. Wulf pulled the comforter over their sweat-sheened bodies before resuming his slow stroking.

"Your fault," Bella-Sophia whispered before closing her eyes. He knew she had more to say, but before she got the chance she was fast asleep. Wulf grinned to the ceiling as he held his Bella-Sophia against him. He could guarantee that his woman had no idea he was still as hard as he was when he'd first thrust into her hot, tight pussy. He was, in fact, still buried balls-deep inside her. Pressing a kiss to his woman's forehead, he poured out the contents of his heart.

"I love you," he said over and over before joining his woman in slumber.

The Fat Lady Blows the Roof off of the Mother...and Then Some

Four years later, 2012

Wulf Altenöder held his five-month-old daughter tight against his chest as he stood proudly watching his wife discuss another play with her team. His eyes roamed over her body, a body he knew almost better than his own. It was the body belonging to the woman who owned him in so many ways.

She was always beautiful to him, even when wearing her standard coaching outfit, which had undergone a change in recent years. Though she still wore the standard polo shirt that bore the emblem of the university and cargo pants, it wasn't out of the norm for her to wear a cargo skirt that fell a few inches above her knees on warm days. The biggest change was she'd gotten rid of that fucking hat and allowed her beautiful twists to cascade down her back. Though she didn't wear makeup, he'd talked her into wearing a light brown-colored lip-gloss. The

biggest change of course was the abolishment of the no-jewelry rule. She was never without her knuckle-sized, diamond-studded wedding band.

He was glad of the change. Bella-Sophia might work in a man's world, but she wasn't a man. Regardless of how hard she'd tried to fit in, she still had breasts, and hips, and that enticing ass. If assholes didn't want to accept her, that was their loss (and as long as they did not disrespect her, they would get to retain all their body parts). It had been a joy to watch Bella-Sophia embrace her femininity and view it as an asset rather than a liability.

He smiled thinking of the day the entire football team had come to his office demanding to know the date of the wedding that had better take place if he expected to see another day. And after he'd assured them there would indeed be a wedding, they'd bombarded him with questions ranging from how he planned to support their coach, to telling him she wasn't a woman to be kept barefoot and pregnant, but in cleats and on the sidelines.

He'd been impressed with the young men. The American male athlete did not have a good reputation when it came to his interaction with the female gender; but his Bella-Sophia had entrenched herself in their hearts, and they'd become quite protective of her, just as her current players were.

His little angel whimpered, pulling him from his memories. Leaning down to kiss the top of her head, Wulf wrapped his arms tighter around her little body,

keeping her even more sheltered from the noise and the slight chill. Though the central air in the Louisiana Superdome kept the temperature at a pleasant 20°C (68°F), he insured to shelter his baby angel from anything that caused her discomfort. Bella-Sophia assured him that the chill he felt was all in his head, but he wasn't taking any chances.

When his little angel snuggled her face deeper into his chest and sighed, he felt his chest expand with love. Though he wanted to be on the sideline with his wife, he couldn't take any chances, being that he held their daughter. But he couldn't complain. He had the best seat in the house: sitting between Bella-Sophia's parents. They sat in the first row on the fifty-yard line behind the Georgia Tech sideline, so they had a great view.

He turned his head left and smiled at Bella-Sophia's biological parents—the Forresters. He turned his head right and smiled at Bella-Sophia's adopted parents—the Hamptons. His parents and three brothers flanked them. Bella-Sophia's fathers each held one of his two-and-a-half-year-old sons; his own father held the third triplet. He smiled hearing each grandmother insist that their grandsons wanted to be held by them. Wulf's smile grew wider as all three grandfathers shushed their wives by handing their grandsons over, then wrapping their wives and grandsons in their arms.

It was the last play in the game. Wulf became still, though not because the game was close. Well, no one else would consider it close; but knowing Bella-Sophia, she'd think winning by two touchdowns was close. But it wasn't the score people were waiting for; they were waiting to see if her defense would allow perennial football powerhouse Notre Dame to score. Notre Dame had the nation's top-ranked offense while Georgia Tech had the top-ranked defense. While Notre Dame's quarterback had set all kinds of records en route to the National Championship Game, Georgia Tech had set records of its own. On average, Bella-Sophia's signature *MF Please* defense simply didn't allow its opponents to score. So far tonight, Notre Dame hadn't. If the defense held them on this last play, then Bella-Sophia would not only win the whole damn thing, she would have scored a flawless victory.

Wulf stilled as the play began. He still didn't know much about the imposter game of American football, but he knew enough to know a sack would be in order. The whistle blew and the play unfolded in slow motion. The quarterback took a two-step drop and...before he could finish the second step, Georgia Tech's sack-leading linebacker had plowed him into the turf.

Pandemonium ensued, but the game wasn't over. The defensive end had scooped up the fumble and was lumbering his 275 pounds towards Notre Dame's end zone. His teammates flanking him, they laid the business on anyone trying to

get between their man and the end zone, who scored just as time ran out.

Collapsing into the end zone after a sixty-yard sprint, he was covered by damn near every one of his teammates.

While every Georgia Tech fan in attendance jumped from his or her seat and rocked the stadium with his or her shouting, Bella-Sophia simply stood there with both fists raised in the air. This was a historic moment. Not only was Bella-Sophia the only female head coach in all of college football, she had won a national championship and had done so in unprecedented style.

She was beautiful in her victory. He knew just how long she'd worked for this. Though he was close enough to get to her, he held back, wanting her to have every moment of this triumph...complete with Gatorade shower. In deference to her having breasts, and the fact African-American women had a thing about their hair, the players made sure to get most of it down her back. He appreciated that. Now he wouldn't have to kill them. And neither would the handful of professional players she'd coached over the years who'd come to cheer on their former coach.

The stadium around him thundered with cheers of celebration. Wulf watched as her defensive coordinator and pretty much the whole of the state of Georgia swept up his wife into a bear hug. There was a moment when Wulf lost sight of Bella-Sophia, but she soon reappeared as she pulled away from the group of men who were still congratulating her, her gaze was concentrated on one

person—him. Handing their baby girl to her nearest grandfather, he made his way to the field.

Running to Wulf, Bella-Sophia wrapped her arms around his waist. Though the media was pressing to get her comments, her team held it at bay, forming a protective circle around them. Yeah, he loved those guys.

“Congratulations, my Bella. I’m so proud of you and as always, I love you,” Wulf said loud enough for Bella-Sophia to hear over the still loudly cheering crowd.

“Thank you,” she said as she buried her face in his chest.

“Don’t you want to go back to the press? They’re dying to talk to you,” he said.

“I’ll get to them later. Right now, I want to hold on to the number one priority in my life—our family. The media might love me now, but I know y’all would love me even if we’d lost this game.”

The circle opened and their parents came in offering congratulations. He watched Bella-Sophia kiss their children before hugging all of the parents and being swept up in bear hugs by his brothers. He noted that his brothers kept a fierce eye on their family and he appreciated that. The elder triplets, it seemed, could be responsible on occasion.

Bella-Sophia kissed their daughter before gently arranging the baby in his arms. After dropping another kiss on the top of the infant's head, she kissed his lips again—albeit quickly—before heading out into the fray. He chuckled, realizing that this time the Sugar Bowl was the National Championship Game. It seemed his Bella had a thing for sugar.

“Mommy’s team won, my angel,” Wulf spoke to his sleepy baby girl. She raised her head and looked around at all the commotion before reaching up with one chubby little hand and catching a lock of his hair in her fist. She smiled up at him, snuggled closer, and went right back to sleep with a smile on her face reminiscent of her beautiful mother. He wondered with which football she’d align herself—her mother’s or his.

The End

«J&J»

Thank you for reading. We hope you enjoyed the tale as much as we enjoyed writing it.

Jeanie & Jayha

Praises, compliments, adulation, and the like for Jeanie and Jayha can be left

at:

www.jeanieandjayha.com

Homepage URL: www.jeanieandjayha.com

SHORT AUTHOR BIO:

Besides being intelligent divas who pen kickass prose, Jeanie and her momma are dessert-eating, take-no-shit, tell-it-like-they-feel instead of tell-it-like-people-want-to-hear-it women. They are women who have brains and aren't afraid to use them; feelings and aren't afraid to express them; and, middle fingers which they'll happily use to salute out of line peeps. Independently, both are forces of nature that leave you begging for mercy or begging for more...depending on your level of tolerance. Even better, when they're in cahoots, they transform into the best tag team duo, bound together by the pen.

Jeanie is a shagalicious word slinger, who will be world ruling side-by-side with her momma. As long as her Polar Bear (shhh it's a secret) does not drink all of her Cokes, all will be well. After gifting her clan with a knee buckling narrative or two, Jeanie intends to relax by throwing on her favorite hoodie and jumping in

her chromed-out truck in search of the alpha that is the basis of the heroes in all of her stories.

Her momma, Jayha is a lot closer to the convent than Jeanie, which is ironic considering that she's been accused of being the catalyst for the fall of the Roman Empire and a cult leader with low aspirations. When not indulging her torrid affair with ESPN, she finds time to grace Mr. Me with her presence. Jayha constantly hones her skills, so that when she ascends to her position as world leader, stupid people will be punished and desserts will be easily acquired on every corner. Until that fan-freaking-tastic day arrives, she'll continue to walk among the people rocking her standard outfit of Crocs and a blue t-shirt, composing rapturous reads...all while straightening her crooked halo.

For your reading pleasure the following books are out:

Books by Jeanie Johnson:

lulu.com

VOLATILE: The Empress and the Executioner

V8: The Healer and the Alpha

Books by Jayha Leigh:

Loose-Id

The Wild, Wild Mess: Atlanta

The Wild, Wild Anybody's Guess: Aloha!

Books by Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh:

lulu.com

HOT LIKE FIRE: The Taming and Liberation of Mariana

SMOKIN': Carolina in the Storming

Veiled Passions

A Little Bit of Dis