

## **The Boyfriend Comeback bonus scene**

Dear readers,

I initially envisioned this as Beck's first time topping Jason, and it would have gone a few chapters after Jason topping Beck for the first time. I got a little carried away because as soon as I wrote it, I knew it was wrong. It felt too advanced for Beck's first time ever topping with a man, and it also wasn't intimate enough for where their emotions were in the story. But I liked the scene, so I wanted to find a home for it. I imagine one night in the next season goes something like this . . .

LB

**The Best Way To Do It**

**Next Season, Week Ten . . .**

**Jason**

I watch the final seconds tick off on the scoreboard. Down, down, down they go. Then the epic annihilation is over.

The Hawks defeated the Wolves by an ostentatious forty-eight to fourteen and I feel fantastic.

I pump a fist, then smack palms with Nate, Devon, Orlando, and then Xavier when he trots off the field with the rest of the defense.

"Way to hold them down," I say to the feisty cornerback, who high-fives me back with some extra oomph.

"That's how we do it on the Hawks," Xavier retorts, fired up and then some.

He's been having a fantastic season. Hell, we all have. It's too early to start imagining playoff scenarios, but even so I'm imagining them.

So are the other guys. And maybe, just maybe, so is our new coach. He ambles down the field, patting shoulders. "Keep this up, men. This is what I like to see," he says to the guys. Then,

he stops, looks me in the eye and says, “Forty-eight points. I sure hope that gets you out of chore duty on *everything*,” he says, then winks.

My heart warms. “I didn’t know you listened to our show,” I say, and I am stoked to learn he’s a fan. He’s the opposite of Killfoyle in every way, including *this* one.

He laugh-scoffs. “Course I do. The wife and I adopted the chore list too. Can you believe she roots for the New York Leopards?” He rolls his eyes.

“Blasphemy. And yes, sir, I sure hope forty-eight points works its magic with chore duty.”

He smiles. “Me too.”

I head off the field and into the locker room to shower and get ready to see my man at home.

And to collect on our bet.

Tonight, I know just what I want.

\* \* \*

This is the best way to celebrate a win. I’m white-knuckling the edge of the kitchen counter, my balls sizzling, my dick throbbing, my guy slamming into me.

“Yes, fucking yes,” I grunt as Beck pounds me.

My guy is a beast. I texted him while he was on the team jet, flying home from his game in Los Angeles. I was polite. *I’ll be ready when you walk in. Get your dick out the second the door shuts. Please.*

He strode into the home, undoing his tie, unbuttoning his shirt, and following my every direction.

Now, I’m chasing a release that’s this close. Beck grips my shoulder, digging his strong fingers into my flesh. It’s electric the way he manhandles me. He gives as good as he gets. Hard, dirty, rough.

“Smack my ass,” I tell him.

He swats me so hard the smack of his hand on my flesh rings in my ears, and makes my dick jump.

“Like that?” His voice is a shred.

I fucking love that he still needs to check in, even when he’s nailing me.

*Yes, baby, you know how to fuck me. You’ve been doing it for a year.*

“Like that,” I moan. “Do it again.”

He smacks me hard, and I drop my head, the sharp ache ripping through me. Every thrust is a high-voltage charge, every smack scorches me as he fucks me deep.

“Give it to me,” I urge, grabbing my cock, and stroking ferociously.

I am so ready, but he bats my hand away, and I whimper. “What the fuck?”

His answer is to ease out of me. The fucker. I turn around, blue-balled. “Cock tease,” I say, but he shoves his pants down, kicks them off, then lines up at the counter.

“My turn, and I got myself ready.”

“On the team plane?” I ask.

Rolling his eyes, he shakes his head. “Dude. Seriously? No, in the fucking car when I pulled into the garage. Just shut up and fuck me.”

Like I’m saying no.

I move behind him, spread him open, and slide home. I shudder. The feel of him is incredible.

“Baby, I love fucking you,” I rumble in his ear, as I savor the tight feel of him.

“I know you do,” he moans, then reaches a hand back to smack my ass. “But move it along. We both wanna come.”

Yes we do.

I waste no time, gripping his hips and nailing him. In seconds his hand is on his dick, and we’re both racing toward bliss.

I wrap my hand around his, joining in, jerking him fast. He unleashes an animalistic groan, and I am done.

My brain short circuits.

My entire body shakes.

My orgasm charges down my spine.

Then with one last pump, I explode in him, and my world blurs into bliss as he finishes with me.

I bury my face in his neck, kissing his salty skin, murmuring sweet nothings. “Mmm. Love you.”

Beck sighs happily. “Love you too, Jay.”

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A little later, we're cleaned up and so's the kitchen, so we curl up on the couch, hunting for a new show to watch.

He's wrapped around me, absently stroking my hair, then kissing my neck. "Can we fuck every time I win?"

"Every time I win," I counter.

"But I had such a great game. I completed seventeen of twenty-four passes," he says. "We won twenty-five to seventeen."

I laugh. "Babe, I'm happy for you and all, but you're doing all the chores this week. I blew you out of the water."

He wiggles a brow. "I'll blow you. But that's no chore."

I smile and kiss him, then we find a new episode of *Unfinished Business*, and we settle in to watch that.

Just like how we started.

Only now, we just keep going.

Be sure to check out the rest of the football standalones in [The Boyfriend Zone!](#)