

# My Hockey Alpha

## Chapter 11: Team Doctor - Read My Hockey Alpha

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The next morning was my first day at my new internship. I woke up feeling both nervous and excited for what was to come. Hopefully I wouldn't have to interact with the hockey team too much.

It was raining and chilly, so I wore something warm. I put on my usual skinny jeans, a knit sweater that I thought would be appropriate for work, comfortable boots to keep my feet and ankles dry and my leather jacket. I pulled my hair into my two long braids and was ready to go.

I was supposed to meet Tiffany in her office, but when I arrived, she wasn't there. There was a note on the desk.

"Sorry to say this, but there was indeed an injury on the hockey team already. Meet me at the arena - Tiffany"

I groaned and made my way to the hockey arena. Why did it feel like the universe just wanted me to be miserable lately? Why couldn't I have just stayed in Tiffany's office today and dealt with paperwork?

When I entered the arena, the whole team was already there in their full gear. They were circled around someone on the floor — two people, actually. Tiffany and one of the team members.

The team member was on the floor, groaning and holding his ankle while Tiffany prodded at it.

"Yep, looks like you rolled your ankle nice and good," I could hear her say as I approached.

Several heads jerked up when they heard me coming. Enzo and Justin both looked at me; Justin seemed confused, while Enzo seemed somewhat pleased.

Tiffany looked up and smiled. "Oh, Nina!" she said, pointing to her medical bag on the bench. "Can you grab the ace bandages?"

I nervously walked over to her bag and rifled through it until I found the ace bandages, trying my best to ignore Justin and Enzo's eyes on me, then handed the roll to Tiffany.

"Everyone, if you don't know already, this is Nina," she said as she wrapped the hockey player's ankle. "She's my intern this semester."

When Tiffany was finished, she stood and helped the hockey player stand. He couldn't put weight on his ankle and had to stand on one foot.

"Ooh, you're gonna be out of commission for a bit," she said, cringing at the sight of his ankle. "Tony, will you help me bring Matt to the infirmary? Nina, I'll be back soon so we can do physicals."

I felt sick when Tiffany told me that not only would she be leaving me alone here, but that we would also be spending more time with the hockey team. Was this a plan of hers to get me to face my fears? I felt almost betrayed.

Tiffany and the other two hockey players left the arena, leaving me alone with the rest of the team.

"Alright," Enzo said nonchalantly, clearly not wanting to draw attention, "let's get back to practice."

The team went to get back on the ice, with Enzo leading, but Justin stayed. His eyes were fixed on me as he clenched and unclenched his fists.

"Justin, c'mon," Enzo called, stepping out onto the ice and skating in a backwards circle. "What're you doing?"

"You know, Nina," Justin said loudly Chapter It Team Doctor enough for the whole team to hear, "I tried apologizing to you. I know what I did was fucked up, but you have to understand that it was a mistake."

I felt my heart catch in my throat as the entire team stopped and gathered near us.

"Justin, now is not the time," I said. "And I told you, I'm not interested."

“I loved you, Nina,” Justin said. He was still raising his voice. It almost felt like he wanted to make a scene. “I’m sorry I messed up. Please take me back.”

I bit my lip as I felt the entire team’s eyes on me, waiting for my response.

“You guys are dating?” one teammate said.

“We broke up,” I replied, but no one seemed to be listening as the team erupted into a chorus of gossip. I heard snippets of “I told you so” and “She Chapter Team Doctor should feel lucky” coming from the din.

I looked away from Justin and over to the group. At the back stood Enzo. He looked at me sternly, his eyebrows knit. I could see the pain on his face, but he hid it from the other players.

“That’s enough!” Enzo said loudly. The entire group went silent and turned to look at their captain, but he was only glaring at me. Without breaking eye contact, he said: “Let’s train.”

The day went by far too slowly. While the team practiced, Tiffany and I pulled out the players one by one for their physicals in the locker rooms. Justin gave me puppy dog eyes throughout his whole physical, practically begging for me to forgive him.

Finally, the last person to examine was none other than Enzo.

He sat down on the bench in front of me, removing his shirt for the examination. His muscles were tight and pronounced from how hard he was practicing, and as I stood nearby while Tiffany examined him, I could smell the sweet odors of his sweat emanating from his body. It felt a lot like the night we hooked up — like his scent was a pheromone.

Enzo avoided eye contact the whole time. I could tell he was upset by what Justin said.

Halfway through the examination, while the team was practicing, there was the sound of people colliding on the ice and someone yelling out in pain out in the arena.

Tiffany groaned and handed me her stethoscope. “Finish this,” she said. “I’ll go make sure no one is dying. These boys have a death wish, I swear.”

Enzo and I were completely alone in the locker room. Chapter II: Team Doctor

I sheepishly put the stethoscope in my ears and walked up to Enzo. I put it on his chest and started listening to his heartbeat, which was strong and steady.

“So he’s the reason why you rejected me, huh?” Enzo said quietly.

I pulled the stethoscope away and looked at Enzo. I was speechless.

“We broke up Friday night and I have no intention of getting back together,” I replied finally.

Enzo scoffed. “So I was just a tool for you to piss him off, is that it? Is that why you went to the bar on Friday night? To find some meat to make your ex jealous?”

I sighed and stood, crossing over to the row of lockers as I exasperatedly rubbed my forehead with my hand. “When will we stop talking about that night?” I said, turning to face him. “It’s not like one night stands are Chapter It Team Doctor anything new to you.’ ”

Just then, Enzo’s eyes flashed red like the night we slept together. He suddenly stood and stormed over to me, blocking me against the wall with his huge body and placing his hand on the wall above me as he leaned over me. I was afraid at first, but the smell of his sweat and the feeling of his warmth emanating out to me made me feel unintentionally aroused.

My heart was racing, but not from fear.

Enzo leaned down to kiss me...

The lights went out and cast us in complete darkness.

Chapter 12 Love Potion

The locker room was pitch black. Had we lost power?

I didn’t dare to move in case I would accidentally bump into Enzo and give him the wrong idea. He was still hovering over me, his hand on the locker above me and his muscular body shielding me. I would be lying if I said that I didn’t fantasize about taking advantage of the dark and kiss him, letting him run his calloused hands all over my body and fuck me up against the locker...

But before any of that could happen, a light flicked on at the end of the row of lockers. Just a single light, beaming down like a spotlight from the ceiling. Enzo quickly moved away from me.

There was the sound of shuffling in the darkness, then someone stepped into the light.

It was Justin. He was holding his guitar.

Everything in my whole body cringed when he started playing his guitar and singing. It was a song that we had listened to the first night we hung out, and it was the song that we had our first kiss to.

Under any other circumstance, I would have found this gesture sweet. But now, it just made me even more embarrassed.

When he finished singing, the lights turned on and the rest of the team flooded in while Justin gazed at me with sorrow in his eyes.

“Please take me back,” Justin said. “I’m so sorry, Nina. I’ll make it up to you.”

I stood there biting my lip, unsure what to say. My face felt hot, and grew even hotter when the rest of the team – excluding Enzo, who was sitting on the bench next to the medical tools as if he had never gotten up from his seat — started chanting.

“Forgive him!” they chanted. “Forgive him!”

I squirmed uncomfortably in my spot, avoiding Justin’s gaze. The chanting grew louder as the team closed in on us, urging us to get back together.

“Alright,” Enzo said, standing. No one listened at first until he raised his voice. “That’s enough!” he shouted.

The team went silent. Justin’s eyes flickered back and forth between Enzo and I. I could tell that he was starting to put two and two together. It didn’t seem like anyone heard my conversation with Enzo or saw him leaning over me at the locker, but Chapter 12 Love Practice maybe something about our body language was giving it away.

“This is hockey practice, not a lovemaking session,” Enzo said. “Enough with the high school antics.” One of the team members scoffed. “You’re so boring, Enzo,” he said.

Enzo folded his arms. “I was gonna make everyone do 25 laps after this shit show, but now I’m thinking that you in particular should do 50, Jared.”

Jared’s shoulders dropped and he hung his head, embarrassed.

“Go on,” Enzo said to the team. “25 laps. Now. All of you.” He gestured to the door, and as the team filed out, grumbling to themselves, he followed them. He cast one last look over his shoulder at me before leaving me alone in the locker room.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I looked at the clock and realized that my shift was over. I packed up Tiffany’s supplies and lugged the heavy medical bag out of the locker room, just happy that I could go home and not have to see Enzo or Justin for the time being.

When I left the locker room, the hockey players were running laps around the outside of the rink and complaining. I didn’t see Enzo among them; when I looked around, I realized that he was standing off to the side and talking to someone.

That someone was Lisa.

She seemed aggravated and was gesturing frantically, although I couldn’t hear what she was saying. As I approached the exit where Tiffany stood waiting for me, Lisa glanced over. When she saw me, her eyes shot daggers and her face twisted into even more of a scowl.

“What is she doing here?” I heard her say as I walked past, trying my best to just ignore her. I didn’t hear Enzo’s response.

“Interesting first day, huh?” Tiffany said as I approached. She held the door open for me and we stepped out into the rain. It was more of a drizzle now, and there was a bit of a fog on the campus. The chill in the air felt nice after being cooped up in the smelly locker room all morning.

“Yeah, I guess so,” I said as I followed

Tiffany back to her office.

“No one even got hurt in the arena earlier,” she said with a chuckle. “It was all a setup. I take it that Justin boy is the ex you were talking about?”

I nodded. Tiffany stopped in front of her office door and took the medical bag from me, which she carried with a lot more ease than I did. The woman Chapter 12 Love Practice was stronger than she looked.

“If you want me to have a talk with him, I will,” she said with a smile. “I know those boys pretty well at this point.”

I shook my head. “No,” I replied. “It’s alright. I’ll deal with it on my own.”

Tiffany reached out and squeezed my shoulder reassuringly. “Tomorrow will be better,” she said. “No hockey team. Although, you might find that the football players can be just as obnoxious.”

Tiffany was right. The next morning, we did the physicals for the entire football team. Granted, it was a lot easier than the hockey team without the drama between myself, Justin, and Enzo, but the football players still acted like high school jocks.

During their practice, Tiffany and I would pull out players individually to Chapter 12 Love Practice perform their physicals. It was all going well until two players collided into one another, then both held their ankles in pain.

Tiffany and I ran over to the field to check on them. My first instinct was that they were being a bit dramatic, but maybe I was just too inexperienced with sports injuries to fully understand what happened.

While Tiffany started checking the ankle of one player, I took the other.

“Um, can Nina bandage me, actually?” the player that Tiffany was helping said. Tiffany looked up and threw me an amused glance.

“No, Nina’s bandaging me! Buzz off!” the football player that I was helping said.

Just then, the other player stood as if the “pain” in his ankle had suddenly disappeared.

“C’mon, man, you always steal the cute girls!” he shouted. The player who I was helping stood up, too, nearly knocking me over in the process. “I don’t steal the cute girls. You’re just ugly!”

The two players suddenly started fighting, tackling each other and rolling around on the ground.

“Stop!” I shouted, but they weren’t listening. Fists were flying, and suddenly, a rogue helmet that got knocked off by a punch flew directly toward my face.

Right before it hit me, a hand shot out of nowhere and caught it.

I looked up to see none other than Enzo standing beside me, holding the helmet. What was he doing here?

Enzo threw the helmet to the ground and angrily stormed over to the boys, grabbing each one by the backs of their shirts and dragging them to their feet.

“I knew the football team was immature, but not this immature,” he growled. “You almost hit your doctor!”

The football players looked at me, then at the ground with embarrassed expressions on their dirty faces. Enzo let go of their jerseys and picked up the stray helmet, shoving it into the arms of the player who lost it.

“You should consider yourselves lucky if I don’t talk to your captain,” Tiffany suddenly chimed in. “Go on, get back to practice. And next time you just happen to collide, maybe I won’t be so quick to think you actually got hurt.”

As the football players walked off sullenly, Tiffany cleaned up her supplies and started walking back to the sidelines to continue physicals.

I went to follow her, but Enzo stopped me ca we talk ? He said.

Chapter 13 Melt the ice

Enzo

“Why did you run away like that yesterday?” I asked.

Nina and I were standing in the middle of the football field. I knew she was supposed to be working, but I didn’t care. After what I discovered yesterday, I couldn’t sleep all night from thinking about her. I had to talk to her.

Nina's face turned a little red. She looked cute when she was embarrassed; the red on her cheeks reminded me of what she looked like when she orgasmed.

"My shift was over," she said. "And besides, you were talking to Lisa."

My mind flickered back to my conversation with Lisa yesterday afternoon.

"Enzo, I need to talk to you about the party," she said.

I sighed and turned toward her as I was watching my team run laps for being buffoons. "Can it wait?"

Lisa folded her arms across her chest, pushing her breasts together, and pouted until I finally gave in and walked over to her by the bleachers.

"What is it?"

"As your ex, and the captain of the cheerleading team, I don't want the party after your match this weekend to have any drama."

"Oh, so does that mean you're not going?" I asked, to which Lisa punched me in the arm.

"Of course I'm going, idiot," she said. "But I don't want that Nina girl there. She's weird. She gives me the heebie- jeebies."

I rolled my eyes and laughed. "You're being ridiculous. Nina never did anything to you."

"Well, I think fucking my ex counts as something," she replied, pouting again.

"Lisa, if you avoided every girl I've slept with since our breakup, which was six months ago, mind you, you wouldn't be able to be in the same room as half the girls in the school."

Lisa scoffed and stamped her foot angrily. She was clearly not amused by my words.

Just then, she peered around me at something and frowned even deeper. "What is she doing here?" she said, pointing at someone behind me. I looked over my shoulder to see Nina emerging from the locker room. She was

lugging that heavy medical bag; the way she waddled with it was surprisingly cute. I liked how her braids swayed back and forth with each step.

I looked back at Lisa. "She's Tiffany's intern," I said, shrugging. "What do you expect me to do, get her expelled?"

"That was nothing," I said to Nina. Just petty bullshit. Besides, why would you care? Are you jealous?"

Nina rolled her eyes and folded her arms. I tried not to look at her breasts as they pushed together, her cleavage sticking out from her sweater.

"You're just trying to provoke me," she said. "And no, even though Lisa is gorgeous, I'm not jealous. I could honestly care less if you two got back together. Clearly she wants that."

Her words didn't hurt, because I knew they weren't true. I could tell that she was jealous deep down.

"Lisa and I dated for a very short amount of time and broke up months ago. I'm not interested in getting back together with her. You, of all people, should understand how that feels because of your situation with Justin."

Nina scoffed and turned on her heel to walk back to Tiffany. I caught up in two strides; even though she was walking quickly, I was a lot taller.

"Nina, if you would just give me a chance to prove myself-"

Just then, Nina stopped in her tracks and whirled around to face me, her fists clenched at her sides. "Have you ever even been in a serious relationship?" she snarled. "Or has your whole life been one hookup after the other to fill the void?"

I froze. I didn't know what to say.

"I guess that's my answer, then," she said, straightening up. "We would be terrible for each other. If I'm going to Chapter 13 Melt the ice waste my precious time on love, then it has to be with the right person... not some jock who only sees women as playthings."

Now that hurt.

It hurt because it was true.

As I speechlessly stood and watched Nina walk away, I was inwardly kicking myself for everything. She was right; we would be horrible for each other because of my past.

Nina returned to her work with Tiffany. I walked away from the football field dejectedly, although I was reluctant to leave in the hopes that she would suddenly change her mind and come running to me.

How had an ordinary human girl made me so interested in her? I'd never felt this way before about anyone, not even the werewolf girls that I used to sleep with in high school. All of that felt like nothing compared to how I felt about this girl with two braids who I had just met.

There was no way she could be my mate, either! She was a human!

As I walked away, all I could think

about was kissing Nina, holding her beneath my sheets that night we slept together. The feeling of her soft, slightly tanned skin on my fingertips. It wasn't tan from the tanning booths and the spray tans like Lisa's was; it was natural because of her heritage, and made her dark hair and dark eyes all the more beautiful.

Her skills in bed had been green, but it

didn't matter. The way she passionately moved her hips beneath me, wrapping her legs around me and kissing my neck while I thrust into her, made me feel like I would explode.

Even now, although it had been nearly

a week since we'd slept together, I could still feel her warmth wrapped around my cock.

I had to have her again.

But it seemed like there was no way she would give me another chance if I didn't clean up my act.

If I wanted her to be with me, I would have to stop all of the one night stands. I'd have to show that I was passionate about the right things, and not using women like meat to relieve my stress and placate my werewolf urges.

I still didn't fully understand why I was so interested in her, though. Maybe I would get some answers eventually, but for right now, I needed to focus on having her in my bed again.

She would certainly be at my hockey game on Friday night now that she was the doctor's intern. I had made sure of it by bribing the dean of the medical school to assign her specifically to that internship,

and to keep it secret from my father, of course.

I would play so hard at the game that it would make Nina swoon. When I won, my eyes would be on her, seducing her to come to the party afterwards.

And at the party, I would offer her a drink. I would dance with her and make her feel like the sexiest woman on the planet. She wouldn't be able to resist me after that, because I knew she wanted me deep down.

Chapter 14: Qualifying Round

Nina

My encounter on the football field with Enzo left me both confused and upset.

First of all, how had he shown up like that just in time to catch the football helmet before it hit me in the face? Second, why did he continue following me around campus like a lost puppy? For someone who was supposedly the campus playboy, it felt odd that he was so obsessed with me of all people.

After seeing Enzo and Lisa talking so dramatically, I felt for certain that this was all some sort of huge prank. Surely Justin was in on it, too. They wanted me to be humiliated for getting involved with the hockey team.

Just a little more and I could walk away from this internship and not have to deal with it any longer...

The next day, Friday, was the day of Enzo's game. Jessica used her VIP ticket to go and sit in one of the VIP box seats. I let her use my ticket to bring Lori, who really only ever liked going to hockey games to see the fights. I

didn't want to go at all, but it was my job now to attend sports games in case anyone got injured.

I wore a lowkey outfit that day in the hopes that Enzo and Justin wouldn't notice me as much. It was chilly out, even in the arena, so I wore a university hoodie, jeans that weren't too tight, and a beanie. I even wore my glasses, even though I had been wearing contacts since I left high school. I usually only wore my glasses at home because I thought they looked dumb on me, but I figured that maybe they would get Justin and Enzo to leave me alone.

Tiffany and I stood on the sidelines

while the game took place. She bought me a hot cocoa and a soft pretzel while we watched.

"You know, he clearly really likes you," Tiffany said, leaning closer to me so I could hear her over the roaring of the crowd.

"I know," I replied, taking a bite of my pretzel. I didn't bother saying that Enzo was the person I slept with because I figured she already knew.

"I totally understand if he's not your type, but let me just say this..." Tiffany paused to take a sip of her hot cocoa. Her red lipstick stained the white paper cup. "I've known these boys for two years now. They're obnoxious and full of themselves, but most of them are good kids. Enzo especially."

My heart leaped a bit at Tiffany's words. I looked out at the rink, where Enzo was taking the lead over the

opposing team. He moved fluidly on the ice, easily flicking his hockey stick this way and that to control the puck as he flew toward the goal.

As I watched Enzo play and pondered what Tiffany said, I thought back to the night that Enzo and I had sex. He had been so gentle and understanding with me, not bothered at all that I was a virgin. He took care of me and made sure that I felt good, too, and didn't just use me to get off like most guys did at this age.

Were his actions genuine that night?

I wasn't sure, but even though I enjoyed the night I spent with him, I knew I wouldn't do it again. I didn't want to be tangled up in this mess.

Just then, my thoughts were broken by the sound of splitting wood and a collective gasp from the crowd as a player from the other team slammed full-force into Enzo, knocking him onto the ice. I watched as his helmet came off and slid across the rink while his broken stick went in the other direction.

People screamed as the other player climbed on top of Enzo and began punching him deliberately in the face, repeatedly. The referee blew his whistle several times and skated over, but he couldn't get the other player off of Enzo by himself.

Enzo didn't fight back. He seemed like he hit his head on the ice when his helmet came off and it knocked him unconscious.

Finally, with the help of two other players from our team, the referee managed to get the angry player off of Enzo and drag him away.

Tiffany and I shot a look at each other and dropped our hot cocoa and pretzels running over to the rink Chapter 14 Qualifying Round

entrance as Enzo was lifted and carried to us by a couple of his teammates. He was conscious now, but his face was bruised and bloody and there was some blood coming out of his mouth from all the punches.

"Bring him to the locker room," Tiffany said. I stepped out of the way to let them through, my heart pounding as I watched them carry him away. My chest ached to see Enzo injured so badly, and I just wanted to hold him.

We followed them to the locker room, where they sat Enzo down on a bench. He was fully conscious now and able to sit up on his own. Tiffany threw her medical bag down and started examining his face.

"Doctor!" someone shouted from the doorway. "The other guy is having a seizure. I think he was on something-"

Tiffany looked at me questioningly. I Chapter 14. Qualifying Round

nodded, affirming that I could handle Enzo on my own, then she stood up and ran out of the locker room.

I crouched down, rifling through

Tiffany's bag for supplies. I grabbed

some alcohol and gauze to clean the worst wounds and an ice pack. "I'm fine," Enzo said. "I don't need any of that."

I frowned and looked up at him. "Yes you do," I replied angrily. "You'll get an infection."

As I went to clean his wounds, he pushed me away and grumbled under his breath. I figured that maybe he was just a bit out of it from hitting his head and tried again, but again he pushed me away, which made me angry.

"I'm the doctor here!" I shouted, grabbing his hand and yanking it away from his face so he couldn't push me away again. He turned to me with a surprised look on his face, but when I went to clean his wounds, he finally let me do it.

Enzo winced but didn't pull away as I dabbed at his wounds with the alcohol.

Something strange happened while I cleaned his face, though; as I cleaned it, I realized that the cuts almost seemed to be closing up on their own...

Were my eyes deceiving me, or were Enzo's wounds healing right in front of me?

Before I had the chance to say anything, Tiffany came into the room with her sleeves rolled up and vomit crusted on her shirt from helping the other player. As the door swung open for a moment, I could

see two EMTs carrying him out on a stretcher.

Another EMT followed Tiffany into the room to come and look at Enzo. I stood and stepped out of the way while he crouched down and inspected Enzo's face.

"Hm," the EMT muttered, turning Enzo's head this way and that. He stood and shrugged. "You're perfectly fine. Just some very minor bruising. I'm surprised it's not worse from what your doctor here told me about the fight."

As the EMT left, Enzo shot me a wary look. What was he hiding?

Whatever it was, I would discover it on Monday during the second round of physical fitness tests.

## Chapter 15: The Accident

Nina

The hockey game ended early after the fight. As it turned out, the player who attacked Enzo was on steroids to be bigger and stronger, and he took too many of them. When Enzo scored a goal, the other player flew into a fit of rage. He had a seizure while I was tending to Enzo, but I heard from Tiffany that he turned out okay — but he would be disqualified from participating in hockey for the rest of his time in university and was on probation at his school.

Even though the game ended early, our team still won since we had several more points than the other team by the time Enzo was attacked, which meant two things: the hockey team would be moving onto the next round of the tournament, and the party would still be held.

I didn't want to go to the party. I was planning on going home, but before I could get away, Jessica and Lori cornered me and talked me into it.

"C'mon!" Jessica whined, pressing her hands together in a prayerlike gesture and pushing out her lower lip like she usually did when she wanted something. "All of the hot guys are gonna be there."

I finally caved and agreed to go, but went home and changed into something more appropriate for a party. Just like the last party, I couldn't help but want to look good... it felt like my feminine instincts were coming out and making me want to impress Enzo, even though I wanted no part of that romance. I put on a tight-fitting top and skinny jeans, along with my usual leather jacket and a bit of eye makeup.

We arrived at the party a while after it had already begun. Of course, Justin and Enzo were there. They seemed to be avoiding each other.

Lisa was there, too. I didn't dare to go anywhere near any of the hockey players after I saw the evil look she gave me.

"Here," Lori said, grabbing me a beer from the cooler. The party was in one of the frat houses since it was still raining and chilly outside, although some people hung out on the porch.

I gratefully took the beer. We clinked our bottles together and drank.

After everything that had happened lately, I just wanted to forget about all of it... so I drank more. And more.

The alcohol soon took over me and let me loosen up, so I felt comfortable dancing. I could feel both Enzo's and Justin's eyes on me as I danced, but I didn't care. I decided that tonight, I would just ignore them and have fun.

At one point, Lori, Jessica and I stumbled out of the living room onto the back porch for some fresh air. We were laughing, our cheeks rosy from the alcohol.

"That Matt guy from the hockey team always looks at me at these parties," Jessica said as she pulled a cigarette out of her purse and lit it up. "I kinda feel like hooking up with him tonight."

Lori didn't say anything. I knew that she never really cared for guys too much, and preferred girls. One night, after smoking weed together last semester, she told me her biggest secret: she had feelings for Jessica. But Jessica was straight, so it was never happening. I promised never to reveal Lori's secret, but it did always make my heart ache for her when things like this happened.

After smoking for a bit, Jessica primped her hair and pushed her breasts together. "How do I look?" she said. "Hot enough for a hockey player?"

Lori and I both nodded — I could see Lori's face turn even redder, but I pretended not to notice.

"Yeah," I said. "Go get em, tiger."

With a grin, Jessica pranced back inside, leaving Lori and I alone.

Lori sighed and leaned on the railing, letting the ash from her joint fall onto the ground. Her black hair, with purple streaks in it, fell in her face.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, rubbing her back. "I know it sucks."

She simply shrugged. "It's alright. It happens. I'm just feeling extra lonely tonight, that's all."

I bit my lip, hurting to see my friend feel this way.

Just then, a drunk girl stumbled out onto the porch. She was short and curvy with brown hair that was cut in a boyish way and a nose ring.

“Oh, sorry,” she said when she saw Lori and I. She turned around to leave, but not before Lori looked up and caught her eye. They stared at each other for several seconds. The girl’s face turned red and her eyes practically glowed with attraction, but then she turned around and went back inside.

Lori stood and brushed herself off, putting out her joint on the railing before looking at me with a smirk on her face.

“Go get em, tiger,” I said, grabbing her shoulders and pushing her inside.

I was alone now on the porch. I walked over to the steps and sat down with a sigh. While my friends were having fun, I admittedly felt lonely, too. For a moment, I wondered if I should risk Chapter 5 The Accident talking to Enzo. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad hooking up again... but no, that was just the alcohol talking. That was a really bad idea.

I heard the door open behind me.

“That was quick,” I said, assuming it was Jessica or Lori. But when I turned around, it wasn’t either of them; it was Justin.

He was extremely drunk, swaying back and forth with tears in his eyes and a bottle in his hand. He took a step toward me and stumbled, and out of instinct I jumped up and caught him.

“I love you, Nina,” he said with a hiccup as he leaned on my shoulder. ” Why won’t you take me back?”

I didn’t know what to say. He was clearly too drunk to understand what he was doing.

I should’ve said something, though.

Anything to get him to go away... but I didn’t and he took it the wrong way.

He kissed me.

I pushed him away quickly, but it was too late. He had already kissed me deeply, and when I looked over his shoulder as he stumbled backward against the door, I saw Enzo’s glowing eyes looking at me from inside.

Before I had the chance to explain what happened, Enzo was gone. I heard the front door slam and the sound of a motorcycle starting up, all while Justin continued to sway in front of me and mumble drunken nonsense..

Justin lurched toward me and tried to kiss me again, but I quickly stepped out of the way, which caused him to lose his balance in his drunken state and stumble forward. I didn't have the chance to catch him before he fell down the porch stairs. Chapter The Apodent

It was only a few stairs, and he fell directly onto the grass, but he fell hard. Someone shouted from inside and a few people on the hockey team came running out to see what happened.

"Oh my god!" one of the hockey players said, running down the steps and helping Justin up. "Nina pushed him!"

"I didn't-"

No one was listening.

I heard a woman scream, and out rushed Lisa.

"My poor Justin!" she shouted dramatically, running down the steps and cupping Justin's face in her hands. "Are you alright?"

He nodded drunkenly, but that wasn't enough. Lisa pulled him into a hug and glared at me over his shoulder.

"You're a psycho!" she screamed in her shrill voice. "Get out of here, you freak!"

Tears welled up in my eyes, and I didn't bother to defend myself against Lisa. I just wanted to go home. I stormed through the house and out the front door, and started walking back to campus.

When I finally arrived at home, I threw myself down into my pillow and sobbed. Why couldn't these boys just leave me alone?

After this, I had had enough. I didn't want anything to do with these people anymore.

All I had to do was get through my shift with Tiffany on Monday, and then I would go to the dean and demand a reassignment.