

My Hockey Alpha

Chapter 3: One Night Stand

It was almost four o'clock in the morning by the time I finally returned to my dorm. Jessica and Lori were already asleep in their rooms judging from how dark and quiet everything was. The suite was a mess from the party and we would no doubt be spending the next day cleaning, but I was too hungover and tired to care at the moment. It appeared as though Lori and Jessica must have changed my sheets for me though, which I would have to thank them for in the morning. I wouldn't have been able to sleep on the same sheets that Justin and Lisa had sex on.

As I laid in bed trying to sleep, I was kept awake by my regrets. Had I just given my virginity to a near- stranger? A playboy? All to get revenge against Justin and Lisa? I had never been so impulsive like this, especially when it came to love. Right now, I felt embarrassed and ashamed of this blunder. Enzo was incredibly attractive and the sex was wonderful, but right now, I just wanted to forget about it.

When I woke the next morning, my head pounded and my stomach hurt from all of the alcohol from the night before. I groaned and rolled out of bed, ignoring my appearance as I stumbled into the kitchen in my oversized t-shirt and shorts. I just needed some coffee.

"You know, you could've at least told us where you went last night," Lori said from her usual spot at the kitchen island. She had a cup of coffee in front of her and was reading *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

"I'm sorry," I replied, my face turning red as I remembered what happened after the party. "I just needed to get out."

"Why didn't you tell us that you and Justin were a thing?" Jessica suddenly said, emerging from her room with a towel around her hair while she wore a fluffy pink robe and bunny slippers. She folded her arms and glared at me, pushing out her lower lip in a pout.

I hung my head low as I poured myself a cup of coffee. I tried to hide it as the tears started to well up, but it was no use. Jessica rushed over to me and wrapped her arms around me while Lori watched with

a sorry expression on her face.

“I’m sorry,” I said between sobs. “H-He told me he just wanted to wait until the right time to make our relationship public. I t-thought he was just being a gentleman.”

“Men are trash,” Lori replied. “Most of them, anyway. Don’t beat yourself up over it. You can do way better than Justin Thurlow.”

Jessica nodded and rubbed my back, agreeing with Lori. “Yeah,” she said. “Screw boys. You’re smart and hot and you’re gonna be a doctor! Who needs boys? C’mon, let’s go get some breakfast.”

Jessica and Lori were right. Boys were just a waste of time, and I had more important things to think about. I changed into my usual jeans and hoodie, brushed and braided my hair, and went with my roommates to the dining hall.

“Oh my god!” Jessica exclaimed as we approached the dining hall. She squealed and pointed at none other than Enzo coming out the door.

Jessica’s excitement garnered the attention of other nearby girls, who also squealed and waved as Enzo approached. I grabbed my hair and used it to shield my face. I just wanted to shrink down into myself. Why did I have to run into Enzo right now, the morning after we had a one night stand?

To make matters worse, he approached us and stood in front of us. Even Lori seemed a bit excited at his presence.

Did he even remember our night together, or was he confused by how strangely I was acting?

“Hi, Enzo!” Jessica said, twirling a bit of her blonde hair around her finger. “Are you excited for the homecoming game today?”

I kept my gaze fixed on the ground, letting my bangs fall into my face, but I could feel Enzo’s stern gaze on me.

“Yeah,” he replied. “Although, it’s not as exciting when we always know we’re gonna crush the other team. I hope they put up a good fight.”

Jessica giggled like a giddy schoolgirl. I took a chance and glanced up, hoping to see Enzo walking away, but was met instead by his strong gaze fixed on

me. He looked far less animalistic now; maybe his appearance last night was just a trick of the light, or a result of the alcohol.

Enzo had his arms folded across his muscular chest as he looked at me. He looked almost disapproving. Was he upset that I walked out on him last night? It hardly seemed likely, given his reputation, but my heart still ached a bit.

“You ready for practice, Enzo?” another guy said, striding up to us. He looked Jessica up and down hungrily, then glanced at me before looking at Enzo.

Enzo nodded and stuck his hands in his pockets, his brown eyes still on me.

“Yeah. Let’s go.”

Later that afternoon, after we had cleaned up the dorm, I was in my room studying for an upcoming biology exam when Jessica came into my room. She was wearing a pleated pink mini skirt, a fuzzy white sweater, and white sneakers with leg warmers. She had a full face of makeup on and her hair was curled perfectly.

“Oh my god, you’re not ready yet?” she said, storming over to me and snapping my book shut unceremoniously.

“Hey!” I said, throwing my pen down on my desk. “I was studying.”

“Studying can wait,” Jessica replied. “Come on, let’s go to the hockey game! I heard some rumors that Enzo is planning on using some new moves.”

My heart leapt up into my throat. “I’m not going,” I said, opening my book up to the page I was on. Jessica clearly didn’t like my response, because she stamped her foot on the ground angrily.

“Aw, come on!” she whined. “You’re not really gonna make me go alone, are you?”

I didn’t have the heart to tell my friend the truth about where I was last night. If she knew that I slept with Enzo, she would be heartbroken. Jessica had been pining away for Enzo since our first semester. He had never given her too much attention, but still she went to all of his games, cheered him on, and even watched all the livestreams of his tournaments online. She always talked about how he was a genius, how his physical abilities were godlike, how he easily won every game he competed in.

“Come on,” Jessica whined again. “Please? For me?” She batted her eyelashes and stuck her lower lip out.

I sighed and closed my book again, rubbing my tired eyes. “Alright,” I replied, although I really just wanted to hide in my room and never see the star hockey player again. “I’ll go. But you owe me.”

Jessica grinned and pranced out of the room while I got ready. I wanted to blend in, so I just wore a hoodie with the university logo on it and jeans. Jessica seemed a bit disappointed in my outfit choice, but didn’t say anything as we made our way to the hockey arena. The whole way there, Jessica prattled on about Enzo.

“His body is just so perfect,” she said. “All of those muscles just make me wanna bite him!”

I hated to admit it, but hearing Jessica talk about Enzo made the memories of last night come flooding back; his muscular body, the way he touched and kissed me, how he felt inside of me... It made my body tingle.

I tried to shake the thoughts out of my mind the best I could as we got in line to enter the arena, but I just couldn’t. The feeling of Enzo’s strong eyes on me as we laid in bed together, our limbs intertwined, was burned into my memory.

I only hoped that I could leave this game without being seen by Enzo or Justin.