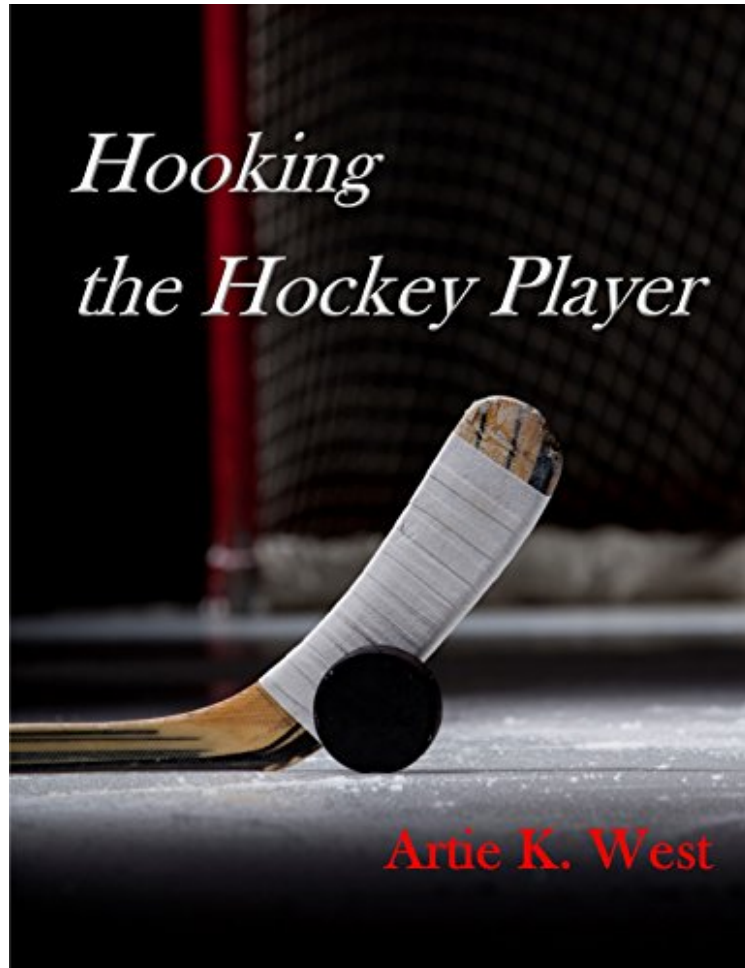


(Read now) Hooking the Hockey Player (English Edition)

## Hooking the Hockey Player (English Edition)

Von Artie K. West

\*Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks



 Download

 Read Online

Produktinformation Veröffentlicht am: 2016-01-08 Erscheinungsdatum: 2016-01-08 File Name: B01ACQNLMA | File size: 40.Mb

**Von Artie K. West : Hooking the Hockey Player (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hooking the Hockey Player (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. I loved the he story Von Customer It was really a nice Story and Jake is really such a good person although he was suffering he still thought about the consequences what will happen to the offender... And I liked their love for each other it was Sweet and although they were young they really conquered all the hardships in their relationship

Kurzbeschreibung Jake Summers is just trying to make it through high school; hes at his happiest when he is totally invisible. A frequent target to the wealthy and athletic, Jake tries to fit in as much as possible. Doing everything

possible to appear like everyone else, his bullies don't buy the act that he's straight. When he meets Owen Holt, a handsome and charming transfer student who has never been average a day in his life, Jake's life changes completely. Owen is on the precipice of going into the NHL and he wants all of it and a hot boyfriend as well, can he convince Jake to give him a shot? Book Excerpt: Because they think I'm gay, I reflexively blurted. He looked bewildered for a moment, So they're wrong? Why are you just letting yourself get beat up then? I'm not letting myself get beat up. They're bigger than me and there's more of them. And what does it matter if they're wrong or right? They think I'm a fag; so my agreeing would just make everything worse and if I deny it like I have well, that does nothing. So, what does it matter Owen? My frustration rose with the volume of my voice until I was almost shouting at him. Believe me, it matters. Owen's deep blue eyes were wide and guileless as he spoke. I was shocked by the genuine concern, so I said the words for the first time aloud, Yeah, I'm gay. A candid, encouraging smile broke across his face quickly replaced by sheer lust which shocked me down to my balls. Thank fuck, he breathed as his fingertips came up and framed my jaw. There was a brief moment where I could feel his breath and I closed my eyes willing it to happen and then it did: his lips brushed against mine. For a moment the pressure was measured, as if he expected me to back away, silly man. I leaned into the kiss and he took it from there. His lips were hot brands against mine, his tongue swiped lightly across my bottom lip and I gasped. He took full advantage and his tongue drove in tasting, exciting. I felt sorry for everyone else in the world in that moment, most people would have to remember their first kiss as a sloppy, quick event. I was being treated to a fantasy, damn did that boy know how to kiss. One of my hands reached up and fisted itself in his silken hair and the other came behind his neck pulling our bodies flush together. Our tongues wrestled and slid together as our bodies met. His hands abandoned my jaw to slide down my back over my ass. I arched into his touch and his lips left mine; he left open-mouthed kisses down my throat as I tilted my head back reveling in his hands kneading my ass through the silky texture of my running shorts. My hand left his neck and trailed its way down his chest memorizing the hard planes. I wished the cotton of his t-shirt was gone as my fingers discovered his nipple. His low groan as my fingers circled the nub, made me want to find out what other sounds he would make. His mouth reclaimed my attention as my fingers continued their trail down his body. I was lost in him; his smell covering me, all spice and man. With a weak chuckle, he lifted his lips from mine and took a small step back creating an unwelcome gap, Did I tell you I was a big fan of your uniform? I was breathing hard from his kiss. My cheeks flamed; my cock jutting out from my hips was made even more obvious by the tight shiny fabric. I lazily trailed my gaze down his body until I gazed at his crotch, though less distinct through the dark denim I could see he was also excited, Yeah, I can see you're a big, big fan. I wanted to spike a football and do a happy dance that he was in the same boat as me; I turned on Owen Holt. Kurzbeschreibung Jake Summers is just trying to make it through high school; he's at his happiest when he is totally invisible. A frequent target to the wealthy and athletic, Jake tries to fit in as much as possible. Doing everything possible to appear like everyone else, his bullies don't buy the act that he's straight. When he meets Owen Holt, a handsome and charming transfer student who has never been average a day in his life, Jake's life changes completely. Owen is on the precipice of going into the NHL and he wants all of it and a hot boyfriend as well, can he convince Jake to give him a shot? Book Excerpt: Because they think I'm gay, I reflexively blurted. He looked bewildered for a moment, So they're wrong? Why are you just letting yourself get beat up then? I'm not letting myself get beat up. They're bigger than me and there's more of them. And what does it matter if they're wrong or right? They think I'm a fag; so my agreeing would just make everything worse and if I deny it like I have well, that does nothing. So, what does it matter Owen? My frustration rose with the volume of my voice until I was almost shouting at him. Believe me, it matters. Owen's deep blue eyes were wide and guileless as he spoke. I was shocked by the genuine concern, so I said the words for the first time aloud, Yeah, I'm gay. A candid, encouraging smile broke across his face quickly replaced by sheer lust which shocked me down to my balls. Thank fuck, he breathed as his fingertips came up and framed my jaw. There was a brief moment where I could feel his breath and I closed my eyes willing it to happen and then it did: his lips brushed against mine. For a moment the pressure was measured, as if he expected me to back away, silly man. I leaned into the kiss and he took it from there. His lips were hot brands against mine, his tongue swiped lightly across my bottom lip and I gasped. He took full advantage and his tongue drove in tasting, exciting. I felt sorry for everyone else in the world in that moment, most people would have to remember their first kiss as a sloppy, quick event. I was being treated to a fantasy, damn did that boy know how to kiss. One of my hands reached up and fisted itself in his silken hair and the other came behind his neck pulling our bodies flush together. Our tongues wrestled and slid together as our bodies met. His hands abandoned my jaw to slide down my back over my ass. I arched into his touch and his lips left mine; he left open-mouthed kisses down my throat as I tilted my head back reveling in his hands kneading my ass through the silky texture of my running shorts. My hand left his neck and trailed its way down his chest memorizing the hard planes. I wished the cotton of his t-shirt was gone as my fingers discovered his nipple. His low groan as my fingers circled the nub, made me want to find out what other sounds he would make. His mouth reclaimed my attention as my fingers continued their trail down his body. I was lost in him; his smell covering me, all spice and man. With a weak chuckle, he lifted his lips from mine and took a small step back creating an unwelcome gap, Did I tell you I was a big fan of your uniform? I was breathing hard from his kiss. My cheeks flamed; my cock jutting out from my hips was made even more obvious by the tight shiny fabric. I lazily trailed my gaze down his body until I

gazed at his crotch, though less distinct through the dark denim I could see he was also excited, Yeah, I can see youre a big, big fan. I wanted to spike a football and do a happy dance that he was in the same boat as me; I turned on Owen Holt.