

One ~ Love

By
Lynn Ames

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CHAPTER ONE

Trystan Lightfoot's heart stuttered once and stopped beating. She swallowed hard, gulping air. The green eyes that smiled at her rooted her to the spot, instantly making her mouth go dry and her palms sweat. It couldn't be. For sixteen years, she'd managed to avoid crossing paths with Jay. Now here Trystan was, standing in the middle of a bookstore, face-to-face with a life-sized cardboard standup of her. She felt lightheaded.

"Can I help you?" the woman behind the counter asked. "Do you want a wristband? Right now we're estimating the wait to have your book signed would be about an hour and a half. Don't let that stop you, though. I've read the book, it's phenomenal—her best yet, and that's saying something." The woman held out a wristband to Trystan as she prattled on, oblivious to Trystan's distress. Jamison Parker, fourteen-time *New York Times* best-selling author, was the woman who'd unwittingly shattered Trystan's heart into a billion pieces. "I can't see her again," Trystan mumbled to herself. "I just can't."

"What'd you say?" the clerk asked. "Here." She tried to give Trystan the object in her hand.

Trystan jumped back as if the proffered wristband was poisoned. She ran without looking back, not stopping until she'd gone several blocks. Bending over a garbage can, she vomited. She sank to the pavement, her body shaking uncontrollably; the shock of remembered loss was almost more than she could bear. It wasn't Jay's fault, Trystan reminded herself. She bent her head as tears flowed.



"I never should have gone back there," Trystan said, raking her fingers roughly through her thick black hair. She continued to pace around the hotel room as she talked on a cell phone. "I told you I didn't want to go."

“Get real, Trys. You and I both know you couldn’t turn down a two-week gig with the Arizona Cardinals. It’s what every sports physical therapist dreams of—to work with the pros.”

Trystan’s shoulders instantly relaxed a fraction. Becca Hamilton, her best friend, had always been the only person she could talk to about anything. “I’ve *been* working with the pros, Bec. The WNBA last month—do you have any idea how many lesbians play professional basketball, by the way? I mean, I knew there were some, but...”

“There’s a shocker,” Becca deadpanned.

“The men’s tennis tour the month before that. Major League Baseball during spring training...”

“Well, aren’t you just the hotshot physical therapist to the stars?”

Trystan paused in her pacing. “You know what I’m saying.”

“Actually, Trys? I have no idea.”

“I’m saying I never should have gone to Phoenix. It’s too close to home.” Trystan resumed her tour of the room. “Sixteen years, Bec. For sixteen years, I’ve done my best to forget Jay—to forget how she looked, how it felt to be near her, how she smelled...”

“You smelled her cardboard standup? That’s a little far out there, Trys, even for you.” Becca laughed easily.

“Very funny. You didn’t know me back then. I was an emotional wreck after Jay left.”

“I know it’s pointless to remind you that Jay was never really yours—that you were never physically involved with her or that she belonged to someone else at the time.”

“Don’t,” Trystan choked out a warning. “You don’t know what happened.”

“I know what you’ve told me. I know what Jay wrote in her memoirs of the time she spent with you and your mother.”

“You can’t understand what I felt!” Trystan shouted.

“No, I can’t,” Becca answered quietly. “What I can do is point out that all that happened a long time ago. You’ve got to let it go.” After a long pause, she added, “I just worry about you, Trys.”

Trystan took a calming breath, consciously pushing her temper aside. Becca was her one anchor in the world. She hated when the two of them were at odds. “I know you do. I’m fine, really.”

“Where are you, anyway?”

“Los Angeles. ESPN and Disney hired me to take care of the athletes in town for the ESPY Awards.”

“What a life,” Becca said.

“Tell me about it. They set me up in a private center to provide PT treatments and massages to the biggest names in sports. It’s a tough job, but somebody’s got to do it.”

“And it might as well be you, right?”

“They’ve asked me to make the sacrifice, who am I to say no?” Trystan looked at her watch. “In fact, I’ve got an appointment in less than half an hour.”

“You’d better get going. Traffic out there is horrendous.”

“No kidding.”

“I love you, Trys.”

“Love you, too, Bec. Bye.”



“Mmm. You have the most marvelous hands. But I bet all the girls tell you that.” Sherinda Nathan, the fastest woman in the world, turned her head and smiled brilliantly at the astonishingly beautiful woman who was massaging her lower back at that moment.

“Not lately,” Trystan said.

“I find that hard to believe,” Sherinda said, seemingly intent on seducing Trystan.

Trystan backed away.

“Why are you stopping?” Sherinda pushed herself up from the table, her back muscles shifting and bunching with the effort. If she was aware of the view she was affording Trystan, she didn’t seem to care.

“You’re done.” Trystan made no effort to look away. Instead, she raised an eyebrow.

“Baby, I’m just getting started.” Sherinda beckoned with her finger. “I want you, sugar.”

“I’m sorry, I never mix business with pleasure. Not only would it be unethical, but it’s illegal.”

“I see.” Sherinda narrowed her eyes, never taking them from Trystan’s mouth. “What if I met you somewhere else? I wouldn’t be your client then, right?”

“True.”

“Good. 2:30 this afternoon, the Beverly Hilton. Room 143. I’ll be waiting for you.”

Trystan considered. Her soul ached, yet her body yearned for physical contact. Sherinda was a beautiful woman. “I’ll see you there.”



Trystan flipped the lock on the door to the hotel room in a practiced motion.

Sherinda, standing naked in the middle of the room, merely laughed.

Trystan circled Sherinda, devouring her with her eyes, memorizing muscles and curves. Skin that glistened with sweat erupted into gooseflesh under her scrutiny. Trystan ran her index finger over the well-developed deltoid muscle, watching as her quarry twitched in anticipation and reached out for her.

“Don’t move. I’m not done admiring you,” Trystan cooed. But as she came around in front of Sherinda, it was Jay’s face she saw. Trystan gasped, her legs weakening. She blinked hard to clear the image, standing stone still until all she could see was the flesh and blood woman shivering in anticipation just out of her reach. Trystan ran her tongue over her lips, pausing to make sure Sherinda could see nothing but desire in her eyes.

“I’m not used to waiting, you know.”

“I promise to make it worth your while.” Trystan circled behind Sherinda once more, this time reaching around her to cup small, firm breasts. She brushed her palms briefly over the dimpling nipples before pinching them roughly between her thumbs and forefingers. She was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath and Sherinda surging forward into her hands.

“More, baby.”

“I love a woman who’s willing to beg,” Trystan laughed. “All in due time.” Trystan smoothed her hands over straining pectoral muscles, traced sinewy trapezoids and bulging biceps. Her questing mouth blazed a path over quivering lats before feasting on a succulent neck.

Sherinda arched her back, giving Trystan easy access to her throat, an opportunity that was not squandered.

At the same time, Trystan caressed Sherinda’s pelvis and thighs with her fingertips, the motion resulting in a new wave of gooseflesh. When her fingers were no more than a hair’s breath away from Sherinda’s center, Trystan whispered huskily, “Do you want me, baby?”

“G-God yes,” Sherinda hissed out between clenched teeth. “Now, sugar. Now.”

Trystan backed Sherinda up to the bed and pushed down on her shoulders until she was lying on her back. Trystan straddled her, licking along her strong jawline as she plunged her fingers into the heat, the slickness drawing her in deeper and deeper until her hand had virtually disappeared. “Is this what you want, baby?”

“Oh, yes,” Sherinda cried, her hips riding Trystan’s hand hard. “Just like that.” Her hand closed like a vise over Trystan’s, holding her in place. She arched back as if her spine was being strung like a bow, suddenly went very still, and finally let out a tremendous shriek as she came on a violent exhalation.

Trystan remained inside her as Sherinda panted, working to recover her breath.

“Good Lord, woman. Nobody’s made me come that hard since...forever.” Sherinda shook her head, sweat dripping into her eyes. “Woo, you are something else.” She focused on the face before her, regarding Trystan shrewdly. “Your reputation is well deserved, I see.”

Trystan withdrew her hand, feeling Sherinda’s body shudder as she did so. “I’m glad I didn’t disappoint.” There was a hint of bitterness to her tone, but Sherinda didn’t seem to notice.

“Hardly, baby.” Sherinda grabbed Trystan’s hand, trying to draw her down next to her. Trystan resisted.

“Why don’t you come with me to the ESPYs tonight?” Sherinda asked impulsively. “I need an escort, and having you on my arm will make me the envy of every man and woman there.”

“You sure you want that kind of attention?”

“Hell yeah.”

Trystan wasn’t surprised. Sherinda was known for creating controversy wherever and whenever possible.

“C’mon, sugar.” Sherinda tried unsuccessfully again to pull Trystan closer. “I’m begging you here. I thought you said you liked that.”

Trystan considered. “No strings. We arrive together, pose for pictures together, but for the rest of the time, I’m a free agent.”

Sherinda narrowed her eyes. “As long as you’re discreet and don’t make me look like a fool.”

“Agreed.”

“I’ll pick you up at six,” Sherinda said to Trystan’s retreating back.



Outside the Kodak Theatre, a continuous stream of limousines pulled up, disgorging famous athletes, movie stars, television sports commentators, and hangers-on. A red carpet lined the sidewalk leading to the entrance of the famed venue, best known for hosting the Oscars. On either side, behind sawhorse barricades, the paparazzi and fans surged toward the glitterati. A phalanx of police officers kept them at a distance.

Sherinda and Trystan's limo was third in line.

"You look dashing as hell in that tux, you know," Sherinda purred. "Good enough to eat."

Trystan laughed and stilled Sherinda's wandering hands. "You're the one who's going to steal the show tonight, Sherinda. You look positively radiant. Coral is definitely your color." Trystan took the opportunity to survey the sexy, low-cut dress yet again. She could feel moisture pool between her legs.

Sherinda slid closer on the seat, running her newly freed hand up Trystan's leg. "How about an encore, sugar?"

Although her body was screaming "yes," Trystan had no intention of making love to Sherinda again. Never bedding the same woman twice was one of only two ironclad rules Trystan lived by. The other was never sleeping with somebody else's wife or partner.

Trystan knew people talked about her and her supposedly prolific sex life—she heard the whispers about her character. She also knew that women wanted—no, expected—her to come on to them, perhaps even to make love to them, knowing all the while from her reputation that she would remain emotionally unavailable to them. She tried not to be bothered by the hypocrisy.

"Show time," Trystan said, as their limo arrived at the front of the line. "Ready?"

"Oh, yeah."

Trystan slid toward the door nearest the sidewalk, waiting while the driver came around and opened it. As she emerged, dozens of flashes erupted from the crowd. She leaned back into the car and extended a hand to Sherinda.

"Sure you won't reconsider, sugar?"

Trystan merely shook her head ruefully as she helped Sherinda out of the backseat. She wrapped the sprinter's hand around her elbow as they made their way through the crowd and up the carpet to the door,

pausing along the route so Sherinda could wave, sign autographs, and pose for pictures.

Inside, the ballroom was beginning to fill up. Men and women dressed in formalwear milled around laughing and chatting amiably. Wine and champagne flowed freely. Trystan lifted two glasses of bubbly off a passing tray, handing one to Sherinda as they crossed the threshold. She watched as a woman dressed in a strapless pale lavender cocktail dress approached them.

“Who’s the hottie in the tux, Sheri? She’s yummy.”

“Trystan Lightfoot, meet Kenyatta Morgan. Kenyatta is my biggest pain in the ass on the track and my best friend off it.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Kenyatta openly surveyed Trystan. “What nationality are you? You’re not a sister, although you look like you could be...”

“I’m Native American—Navajo.”

Kenyatta narrowed her eyes appraisingly. “I’m thinking it ain’t that simple. You don’t look like any Indian I’ve ever seen.”

Trystan returned the stare and shrugged, saying, “Will you excuse me?” She pivoted and walked toward one of the food stations set up in a corner, Kenyatta and Sherinda’s voices following her.



“Doesn’t like to talk about herself, does she?” Kenyatta asked after Trystan had moved away.

“Does it matter when she looks like that?” Sherinda asked, gesturing in Trystan’s direction.

“I suppose not. She any good?”

“You are such a pig, Kennie.”

“Well?”

“Fabulous,” Sherinda sighed dreamily.

“Aren’t you the lucky girl.”

“It’s a funny thing—even while she was inside me this afternoon, I had a feeling I’d already lost her.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, please find your seats,” a disembodied voice intoned over the speaker system, forestalling any further conversation.

Trystan slipped away from a rather insistent female sportscaster she’d been fighting off and was standing behind Sherinda’s chair, ready to pull it out for her in a gallant gesture when she arrived at their assigned table.

Sherinda looked at her, dumbstruck. “I didn’t expect to see you again.”

Trystan raised an eyebrow.

“You said you’d be a free agent,” Sherinda pointed out.

“I suppose you thought that meant I’d be a complete heel.” Trystan shoved the chair in behind Sherinda’s legs, ignoring the tender hamstring that had brought them together in the first place.

Sherinda grimaced as her legs buckled under her and she found herself sitting. “I’m...” She started to apologize.

“Don’t,” Trystan warned. “Leave it alone.” She walked away, hands stuffed into her pockets. Within seconds, she was standing outside, hailing a cab back to her hotel.



Trystan paced around the room talking to herself. “Damn it, Trys. You set it up that way—you wanted to be a free agent—don’t be mad at her for calling you on it.” She flicked on the television and flipped through the channels. When she hit ESPN and the live telecast of the ESPY Awards, she threw the remote at a pillow. “Damn it all to hell.” She unbuttoned her tuxedo jacket, started to take it off, then thought better of it. She snatched up her room key and headed for the lobby, intent on salvaging the evening.

The nightclub was crowded. It was a trendy West Hollywood hotspot where on any given night, one might see some of the most famous female faces. Trystan stood with her back to the bar, surveying the scene. The music was loud, the beat pulsing through her body. Everywhere she looked, there were beautiful women.

“Want to dance? You’re dressed too fine to stand around brooding.”

Trystan looked up into the face of a woman she recognized as a top model. She appeared to be higher than a kite. “No, thanks. I like brooding.”

“Suit yourself.” The woman shrugged and melted back into the crowd.

“That wasn’t nice, you just broke that poor young woman’s heart.” The voice belonged to a lanky brunette who Trystan judged to be closer to her own age.

“She’ll get over it. They recover so quickly at that age,” Trystan said, knowing from her own experience how false that statement was.

“Oh, that’s cold. Somebody piss in your cornflakes today, love?”

“What makes you say that?” Trystan asked.

“You’ve got that ‘keep away’ sign tattooed on your forehead.” The woman tapped the body part in question.

“Didn’t seem to work on you.”

“I like a good challenge.”

“Yeah, well, go challenge someone else. I don’t feel like being psychoanalyzed tonight.” Trystan turned around and put her elbows on the bar.

Several moments later, an attractive redhead with a sultry voice pressed against Trystan’s side. “Can I get you something?”

“I’m all set, thanks.”

“You look too dressed up for this joint, so I’m going to take a wild guess that this isn’t where you expected to be.”

“No, it isn’t,” Trystan admitted.

“Can I just tell you I’m glad you’re here?” The woman reached between them, smoothing her hand over Trystan’s side underneath the tuxedo jacket.

Trystan turned to face her. This is what she wanted—simple and uncomplicated. No expectations, no emotional baggage, no chance of a broken heart, nothing but pure physical satisfaction. She shifted so that her thigh pressed between the woman’s legs. “I’d say the night is definitely looking up.”

A palm boldly caressed Trystan’s breast through the fabric of her shirt. She moaned as warmth spread through her body, igniting a burning ache.

“Mmm, responsive. I like that.” The woman arched an eyebrow. She turned so that she was standing between Trystan and the rest of the room. “Let’s see just how responsive, shall we?” She reached her other hand between them and ran her long fingers lightly over Trystan’s crotch.

Trystan gasped.

“Oh, yeah,” the woman purred, reaching for Trystan’s zipper.

At the last second, Trystan’s fingers closed over the woman’s wrist like a vice. “I-I’m sorry. I can’t,” she choked, and ran from the bar.



C.J. Winslow sat in a darkened room, the only light emanating from the flickering images on the large-screen plasma television hanging on the wall. She turned up the volume.

“C.J. Winslow is clearly not up to the task of defeating Natasha Meritsa today.”

“No, James, she’s definitely not the great champion we’ve been accustomed to seeing dominate matches over the past sixteen years on tour. She’s just being outclassed on the court right now.”

“By a woman who wasn’t even old enough to wear braces when C.J. won her first Wimbledon. I guess the question here, and I’ve heard others start to ask it, as well: Is C.J. done? Should she retire from tennis? Nancy, you won four grand slam titles and spent some time ranked number one in the world, what do you think?”

“I think it’s something she’s certainly got to consider at this point. She’s thirty-four years old, she’s been injured most of the season, younger players are hitting harder, moving quicker, lasting longer in matches than she is. I just don’t know if she can win anymore.”

C.J. hit the mute button and watched in silence as she and Meritsa shook hands at the net following her elimination from Wimbledon in the quarterfinals two weeks earlier. It was her worst finish in a grand slam tournament in fifteen years. A single tear slid down her cheek.

“*I can win,*” she whispered. “I can be number one again. I know I can.” She rose abruptly and began pacing. Several times, she paused by the phone and reached out as if to pick it up, only to pull her hand back. She paused on her fourth pass in front of the floor-to-ceiling picture windows, looking out at the majestic sight of the Sedona, Arizona, red rocks looming in the darkness.

This place was her haven. When everything else in the world was going wrong, C.J. would hop on a plane and come home to the splendid solitude and power of the rocks. She had designed the five million-dollar, three-bedroom, three-bathroom hideaway herself. It was tucked into the side of a mountain facing Cathedral Rock and afforded her breathtaking views on three sides. She had added a state-of-the-art gym and training facility in one wing. At Enchantment, the beautiful vacation resort nestled in the red rocks just a short distance from the house, an Olympic-sized swimming pool and tennis court were reserved for her so she could keep to the rest of her training routine.

Sedona was where she had retreated after her humiliating Wimbledon loss. Her coach and her business manager both had urged her to play the next stop on the tour—to prove she still had what it takes. But C.J. had resisted. She needed time to think, to regroup, to re-evaluate. Tennis was all she had ever known. From the time she’d been old enough to hold a racquet, it had been her life. Some, like

former champion-turned-television-analyst Nancy Davidson, were saying she was finished.

If she wanted to prove them wrong, she would have to change her game. She couldn't win the way she played in England, no, but she could—and would—get back on top.

This time when she reached for the phone, she picked it up and dialed.

"Roberts."

"Grant?" C.J.'s heart pounded in her chest.

"Who is this?"

"C.J. Winslow."

"C.J.? What're you doing calling me at this hour?"

"I've been thinking about what you said—about changing the style of my game. I've decided you're right." She closed her eyes and swallowed hard. When Grant Roberts had intimated before Wimbledon that if she didn't update her game she was going to get left in the dust by the younger players, she'd scoffed at him. She was eating a big piece of humble pie.

"Well, I'll be. I thought you said you'd never mess with success."

"That's just it. I'm not successful anymore, am I?" she admitted.

"That was just one tournament."

"It was *Wimbledon*, Grant. If you're willing and available, I want to hire you as my new coach."

"What about Jonas? You guys have been a team for forever."

"I know. Jonas can't take me where I need to go. You can," C.J. finished quietly, hating the idea of telling her longtime coach they were through.

"You're serious?"

"Completely."

"You've got to do things my way."

"I understand that. Yes or no, Grant?"

There was a momentary pause on the line before he said, "Done."



"You're doing what?" Daniel Fitzpatrick boomed.

"I've hired Grant Roberts to be my new coach," C.J. said.

"That's insane."

"Why? Because he's younger than me? You and I both know that he would've been the best player the game's ever known if he hadn't messed up his back in that car wreck."

“We don’t know any such thing. Look, C.J., I know he’s young and good-looking. But we don’t even know if he has what it takes to be a good coach. Jonas is a good coach.”

“Dan, Jonas was a great coach—ten years ago. I need something different now. My game is floundering and you know it. As my business manager, I should think you’d be thrilled that I’m taking steps to get back to the top of my game.”

“Honey, nobody wants you to succeed more than I do, but...”

“How long do you think the sponsors are going to hang around waiting for me to be a champion again, Dan? Huh? The U.S. Open is less than two months away. I’ve got to do something *now*.”

“Have you told Jonas?” Fitzpatrick asked.

“I’m meeting him at Enchantment this afternoon.”

“Do you need reinforcements?”

“No,” C.J. said. “I can’t ask anyone else to do this. It’s my game, my decision, and I’ll handle it.”

“Are you really sure, honey?”

“I’m positive. I don’t have that much time left, Dan. What time I do have, I intend to be at the top of the game.”

“Okay, C.J. Let me know if you need anything.”

“I need you to negotiate the details with Grant and get his signature on a contract today, if possible. It won’t take long for word to get out. The media’ll be all over this.”

“Yes, they will. So will Trudy and the tour spin machine. Are you ready for that?”

C.J. thought about Trudy Skylar, president of the Women’s Tennis Federation, and her blood boiled. The woman was like a vulture, feeding off C.J.’s popularity to boost the tour’s image. C.J. tolerated it because she loved the game and everything it stood for and because she revered those who had come before her and made so many opportunities available to her and today’s other stars. She would never turn her back on the storied history of the tour and the women’s tennis movement, no matter the price.

“I’ll deal with it,” she said resolutely.



C.J. watched with trepidation as Jonas Svennsen walked into the player’s lounge at Enchantment, a tennis bag slung over his shoulder. He looked for all the world exactly what he was, the coach of the most beloved woman on the women’s tennis tour. She noted that his

face registered surprise when he realized that she was in street clothes.

“Everything all right, Ceeg? Your knee bothering you again?”

C.J. smiled at Jonas, even as her heart pounded nervously in her chest. He’d been her first and only coach—the man who’d nurtured her career from the juniors right to the pinnacle of the game. Her hands shook minutely, so she clasped them together. She’d never imagined she’d be having this conversation.

Jonas’s face was worn, and he looked tired, she thought. Years of traveling, training, and instructing had taken a toll on him. Perhaps he’d welcome a chance to get off the hamster wheel. She knew even as she thought it that she was just trying to make herself feel better about what she had to do. She sat up a little straighter and indicated the chair across from her.

“Sit down, Jonas. We need to talk.”

“Okay,” he drew the word out. “What’s up?”

“Do you remember when I was just starting out? You used to tell me that if I didn’t want to be the very best, I should go home and take up a hobby. ‘Tennis is ten percent physical ability and ninety percent desire,’ you said.”

Jonas smiled. “Yep. Still feel that way.”

“The game is different today, though, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I suppose it is.” He sat back in his chair, his shrewd eyes regarding his star pupil inquisitively.

“You taught me so much, Jonas. You taught me how to win, how to believe in myself, how to work hard, and never accept failure.” Tears formed in her eyes and she paused, struggling to contain a wave of sadness. An icicle of fear tickled her spine as she wondered if she really could succeed without him.

“I can’t teach you anymore, Ceeg, can I.” It was a statement, not a question, and it was said without rancor. “I’ve given you everything I’ve got. It’s not enough anymore.” His voice was soft, wistful.

C.J. shook her head sadly, wishing for all the world that it could be enough.

“Well, that’s that then.”

This time when her eyes welled with tears, C.J. was powerless to stop them. “I love you, Jonas. You’ve been such a huge part of my life for as long as I can remember. I would never have succeeded without you.”

“Aw, Ceeg, you were always destined for greatness. I just gave you a push in the right direction.”

She shook her head again, and the words caught in her throat. “I’ll miss you,” she choked out.

He stood and gathered her in his arms, rubbing her back. “I’ll miss you, too, sweetheart. If you ever need anything, you know where to find me.”

“Mmm-hmm,” she sobbed.

“Who’s it going to be?”

“Grant Roberts.”

Jonas pulled back and looked her in the eye, surprise written all over his features. “Roberts, eh?”

“Yeah,” C.J. sniffed. “If I’m going to get back to number one, I’m going to have to play the game the way the new crop plays it.”

“C.J., that style of play puts a tremendous amount of strain on the core muscles, not to mention wrists and ankles. The way they play out there isn’t tennis—it’s war.”

“I know.” She looked at him wild-eyed. Her pulse skyrocketed and she knew a moment of pure panic. “You don’t think I can make the adjustment.”

“It’s not that,” he said, looking away. “I’m not sure you should.”

She shrugged. “I’m going to be number one again. To get there, I’m going to need to have the same weapons the other girls do.”

“I’ll be rooting for you.”

“Thanks, my friend.” C.J. watched Jonas’s retreating back, knowing that for the first time, she was truly on her own. She would miss his steady guidance—his stoic, workman-like approach to the game. She would miss looking up into the stands, seeing that fire in his eyes that told her he believed in her.

She shuddered as a chill passed through her, then did her best to shake it off. The future was waiting.

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