

BREAKING TESSA

A College Sports Romance

T. Christensen

BREAKING TESSA
T. CHRISTENSEN

Copyright © 2020 by T. Christensen
All rights reserved.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the Author except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction. Names of characters and events are the product of the author's imagination and do not represent any persons, living or dead. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

The following story contains mature themes, strong language and sexual situations. It is intended for mature readers.

For other T. Christensen titles



TChristensenAuthor

Or



t-christensen

ISBN 9798694645003

Pinterest Board Message

When I start a manuscript, I create a Pinterest board and pin various items (outfits, cars, rooms, etc...) that I use for inspiration. What follows is my Pinterest page information with the Breaking Tessa Board, if you are interested in seeing some of the pins I used.



[tchristensenauthor/breaking-tessa](https://www.pinterest.com/tchristensenauthor/breaking-tessa)

Thank you for reading Breaking Tessa!

Chapter One

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this, Lindy.” Tessa narrowed her eyes at the driver and slumped farther down into the tattered passenger seat of the twelve-year-old rusting Honda Civic.

Lindy swiveled her head away from the road long enough to exclaim, “I know—me either!”

Tessa groaned as she took in Lindy’s caramel eyes swirling with excitement. She couldn’t take back her decision to go to the fraternity party without disappointing her. Tessa ignored the rock in her gut growing and churning as they got closer to their destination. Lindy rarely asked her to be social or be a *normal* college girl. For one night, she would suck it up and be an actual best friend.

Growing up in a not-so-good part of San Jose, Tessa had learned to keep her head down and blend into the background. That meant no makeup and wearing a hat or putting her hair up in a ponytail. Tonight Lindy had convinced her to wear her long toffee-brown hair down. Tessa even went as far as flat ironing it, and then she let Lindy put makeup on her “flawless ivory skin.”

When Tessa peered into the mirror after Lindy was done, she had to admit she looked good. Her gray eyes didn’t blend into her face—they actually popped and looked like they had specs of blue in them.

Lindy also declared that Tessa was not going to wear her usual outfit of jeans and a ratty t-shirt. Tessa was fond of her graphic tees, but she didn’t argue with Lindy’s determination. Her slim 5’6" body would not fit into Lindy’s

clothes, so that limited what Tessa could wear. After fifteen minutes of Lindy grumbling in Tessa's closet, she came out with an acceptable outfit.

Tessa got to keep her skinny jeans on, but Lindy instructed her to wear a navy-blue tank with a flannel shirt tied around her waist. And instead of tennis shoes, she had to wear ankle boots. The boots had a slight heel that Tessa eyed warily, but she knew better than to complain.

After a final inspection, Lindy declared they were ready to go. It was a half-hour drive to the party, and Lindy had been bouncing in the driver's seat for the last fifteen minutes. Tessa marveled at how they could be such good friends. Their personalities were as different as their looks.

When Lindy walked into a room, everyone's eyes were on her. Her vivacious, fiery Latina personality lit up a room. And she worked every outfit she put on her short, curvaceous frame. Tonight Lindy had on a simple black fitted t-shirt that stopped right above her belly button. Her maroon pleated skirt skimmed the top of her knees and matched her Converse shoes. It was the perfect party outfit—eye-catching but not too revealing.

"Have you been to this fraternity before?"

Tessa wasn't sure which answer she preferred. If Lindy had already been there, she would blend into a group and be chitchatting as soon as they got there.

If she hadn't, then all eyes would be on them as soon as they walked through the door. Tessa's skin crawled just thinking about being the center of attention. The upside was that she would have a little time with Lindy before she was sucked into a group of people.

"No, but word on campus is this is the party all of the jocks go to. There will be lots of eye candy to ogle!"

Tessa laughed as Lindy wiggled her eyebrows up and down in anticipation.

The two were more like sisters than best friends. Both of their moms had gotten pregnant when they were sixteen years old. Neither teenager had any support from her family or the baby's dad, so they decided to move in together. Tessa, Lindy, and their moms had lived together their whole lives.

Jessica Parker, Tessa's mom, and Sophia Garcia, Lindy's mom, were hardworking and overprotective. Tonight they thought their daughters were at the library doing homework and then staying over in the dorms with their girlfriends.

"We'll be in so much trouble if the moms find out we're going to a party, Lindy."

The moms never hit them, but their punishments were not to be taken lightly. One time, Lindy had had to wax all of the woodwork in the apartment for lying. She'd told her mom that her report card must have been lost in the mail. After all, Tessa's had come, so what else could have happened to it? What Lindy hadn't thought of was Sophia going to the school and asking for a copy.

It doesn't sound like much of a punishment until you think about all the mopboards, doors, furniture, and cabinets in an apartment. Lindy still complained about it.

Lindy rolled her eyes and groaned.

"Tessa, this is normal college girl behavior. If we could afford to live in the dorms, our moms would be none the wiser. Stop worrying! There is no way they will find out. They don't even know Lori, only that she lives in a dorm on campus."

Tessa knew Lindy was right, but it still didn't stop the lingering guilt.

The block with the fraternity house had cars lined up on both sides of the street. Lindy pulled up behind a car then shut off the engine and turned to her.

“Tessa,” she started in a stern voice. Tessa wasn’t sure she wanted to hear the rest, but Lindy drilled her with her eyes as she continued.

“We will stay for at least an hour.”

Yep, Tessa didn’t like this. To most people an hour at a party was nothing, but it was an eternity for her. Lindy must have sensed her apprehension because she softened her tone.

“We can go any time after that. I want you to be twenty and have some fun.”

“Okay,” Tessa agreed with little enthusiasm. She knew Lindy was right, but a lifetime of the moms’ dire warnings combined with her introverted personality were hard to shake. On the other hand, Lindy lived to be social. Tessa didn’t want to ruin her night, so she tried to inject some pep into her response.

“Let’s go party!”

Lindy’s concern vanished, and she reached across the console to give Tessa a quick hug. Throwing open her door, she exclaimed, “Woo-hoo! Look out—here we come!”

Chapter Two

Tessa wasn't a complete nerd. She had been to a few parties in the last couple years, but this one was different. It was louder and rowdier. And holy hotness—these people were the best-looking group Tessa had ever seen together. She stopped just inside the front door and gawked while Lindy waved at various groups and yelled greetings.

There were the usual party activities. Guys and girls drinking from red SOLO cups were gathered in small, tight circles in order to talk over the music vibrating throughout the house. Every piece of furniture in the open floor plan lined the wall, and Tessa saw drinking games everywhere she looked. Hooking up in every nook and cranny were couples who didn't seem to notice or care that they had observers.

Lindy started walking into the fray, and Tessa grabbed her arm.

"Where are you going?" She heard the panic in her voice, but holy hell, she didn't know where to look or what to do.

Her face must have looked as uneasy as she felt. Lindy faced her and leaned over to whisper-yell in her ear. "What's wrong?"

Tessa gaped at the ridiculous question and waved her hand around. "Do you see what's going on here?"

Lindy's eyebrows came together. "A party?"

"This isn't a party, Lindy," Tessa hissed. "It's more like an orgy. I've never seen so many people in various stages of undress at a party. There is a girl in only her bra and

underwear and two shirtless guys taking turns making out with her over there.”

“Relax, Tessa. It’s the athletes letting off some steam. The football and soccer seasons are over, and the basketball season is getting ready to start. Do you see anything that isn’t consensual?”

Tessa looked over Lindy’s shoulder and noticed the look of bliss on the face of the girl getting the attention from the two well-built, shirtless guys. She scanned the rest of the room, and it didn’t look like anyone felt uncomfortable except for her.

“Lindy! Lindy, over here!”

They both turned to see Lexi, a friend with the same major as Lindy, hailing them from a group congregating in the middle of the room. Thankfully they were all dressed. Lindy waved and turned her concerned gaze back to Tessa.

“Are we good?”

She knew Lindy would leave if she wanted to, but she had promised to try. Tessa ignored her testy nerves and forced her lips into a smile.

“Let’s do this!”

Lindy grabbed her hand and raised it in the air. “Woo-hoo! The dynamic duo is in the house!”

Luckily the music was loud enough that only a few people turned to give them strange looks. Lindy ignored them and pulled Tessa across the room toward Lexi.

Soon they were engulfed by the group. Lindy acknowledged everyone’s greetings and yelled out introductions for Tessa. Tessa swallowed the little lump forming in her throat. She and Lindy would always be close like sisters, but for the first time, she realized they were slowly developing separate lives.

From the time they were infants, they had known the same people and been each other's best friend. So many of those they'd grown up with had ended up going down the same path as their families before them—getting pregnant in their teens, dropping out of school, struggling to make ends meet, or selling drugs. Tessa looked at Lindy's spirited light shining through. Everyone seemed to flock to her welcoming smile and glowing face.

Tessa recognized a few faces, but no one she felt comfortable going up to and starting a conversation with. Lindy was in her element. She took no crap, but she genuinely cared about and would do anything for someone she considered a friend. It was apparent from the group of people around her that they got that. It was weird for Tessa to see people with Lindy that she didn't know. She didn't want to think about what would happen next year when their career paths took them in different directions. Pushing the disturbing thought away, she signaled to Lindy that she was going to find a drink.

Lindy gave her an *are you okay?* look. Tessa smiled and nodded as she turned to what she hoped was the kitchen and a drink. She didn't drink often, but this party called for something to help relax her.

Tessa couldn't see past all the people, but she figured she would eventually reach the kitchen if she went farther in. Keeping her eyes firmly in front of her so she didn't see anything unexpected, she weaved between bodies. She would hopefully feel more at ease after she had a drink.

Tessa could see cabinets lining the wall up ahead and knew she had to be close. Pushing through the crowd, she sucked in a harsh breath and froze at the sight before her.

A girl sat on the island counter while a guy stood between her legs. He caressed her thighs as he focused

solely on her. It was like they were in a bubble amongst all of the chaos. She was absorbing every touch and straining for more.

Tessa knew she shouldn't stare, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from the couple. The girl with bleached blonde beach curls down to her mid-back had her back to Tessa. The guy towered above her, his shoulders broad and his face what she imagined a Greek god would look like. He had a square jaw, chiseled cheekbones, and dark stubble that she had never seen on a guy except on a magazine cover. He concentrated on the girl in front of him as he murmured something to her. It was like they were in his bedroom instead of in the middle of a college party.

As Tessa watched, mesmerized, he reached under her shirt and anchored his hands on the indentation of her waist. The girl shuddered. At the same time, he lowered his head and caught her lips.

He didn't attack them—he savored them. Tessa bit her lip and held her breath in anticipation of what he would do next. Gradually the kiss intensified, and he molded his hands up her sides and to her face, where he cupped her neck and tilted her head to fit him better.

Tessa was so engrossed in the kiss that she had missed his hands moving back down to grip her hips. When he yanked her toward him, Tessa gasped with the girl at the unexpected movement. Her core tightened and her whole body warmed. As she imagined his hardness relieving her ache, she wanted it to be her on that counter.

He flipped open his ice-blue eyes in the middle of the kiss, trapping her fog-gray ones. Tessa stopped breathing and her knees started to shake. She felt heat flood her face at being caught as a voyeur, but she couldn't look away.

The guy lowered his mouth to the delicate space between the girl's neck and shoulder. Tessa shivered, her breath hitching. Still holding Tessa's gaze captive, he pulled the girl's hair to the side and trailed his tongue up her neck. When he raised his head, he lifted one side of his mouth in a cocky grin and winked at Tessa.

Reality crashed around her, and the blood that had been pounding through her stopped moving. Turning her head, she frantically looked for a place to escape. To Tessa's horror, she realized some people in the kitchen were bouncing their avid gazes between her and the couple. Mortified that she had become part of the entertainment, Tessa turned and blindly made her way toward the thick mob of people. Her skin prickled as she wove through them, and she stumbled into the first empty corner she found to hide.

Tessa closed her eyes and tried to catch her breath. She managed to resist banging her head against the wall to knock some common sense into her brain. What the hell? How could she have been so riveted? He was obviously a major asshole. Who made out with one girl while staring at another?

And what was up with her reaction? It's not like it was the first time she had seen couples making out. For God's sake, there were couples all around her doing the same thing, but no one had captured her attention like that guy had. Holy hell, she was still trying to calm down after witnessing that. Why hadn't she been able to tear her eyes away from them? Okay, him. She couldn't even remember what the girl had looked like, but him . . .

Her blood still thrummed through her body as she recalled the intensity she had witnessed. What had

enthralled her most were his hands. The way he had known exactly where to touch that girl without hesitation.

Most of her experience with guys, which admittedly was limited, had either been sloppy or full of misplaced confidence. Both had been a major turnoff. When the guy had been touching the girl, it was apparent she was all in. Tessa had allowed herself to imagine it was her, at least until that stupid wink. Then she'd wanted to die of embarrassment.

Movement on the stairs caught her eye and she gave a cursory glance. She tensed as she watched the guy and the girl go up the stairs. He was leading the way, and despite Tessa's irritation with herself, she was unable to look away from him. He was scanning the area below him as he climbed. Was he looking for someone? Was it her? Her stomach clenched, and she backed farther into the corner as she gave herself a stern lecture.

She was being ridiculous. Why would he be looking for her? He probably knew half of the people here. It didn't matter if he was or wasn't looking for Tessa anyway. She was staying put until he was out of sight, but it didn't stop her from checking him out.

His glossy black hair appeared to be haphazardly styled, but she bet there had been some thought put into it. It was cut short except for the front, which came down over his forehead and framed his piercing eyes.

He was tall, over six foot, but that didn't seem unusual at this party. He was toned but not huge. Tessa could see every delineation of his leg muscles with each step he took thanks to his gray fleece shorts. His loose red t-shirt hid his chest, but she could appreciate the width of his shoulders and his defined arm muscles. Her gaze landed on his large

hand resting on the small of the girl's back, and she shivered as she imagined it wandering over her body.

"You got good taste, girl."

Tessa swallowed a scream and twisted around to see the girl standing beside her. "What?"

She wore jeans with a cutoff San Jose sweatshirt that showed off her midriff and had an engaging grin. She gestured with her red SOLO cup up the stairs. "Jordan Davis."

The name rang a bell, but she couldn't place it. "Should I know him?"

The girl's mouth unhinged, and she stared wide-eyed at Tessa. Apparently, she should. After a few uncomfortable moments of looking at her like she was from Mars, the girl finally said something.

"You're serious. You don't know who he is. Are you a freshman?"

Tessa didn't want the girl to go into apoplectic shock, so she watched her closely as she answered honestly, "No, I'm a senior."

"Do you live under a rock?"

"Nooo. The name sounds familiar," Tessa replied slowly, "but I don't know where from."

"Jordan Davis is the number one college basketball player in the country. Last year he almost single-handedly brought our team to the Sweet Sixteen, and he has almost every scoring record for the University of San Jose. This year he's a senior, and the team has some freshman talent, so they are expected to go to the finals. Recruiters are at all of the games. The news is constantly speculating about what team he will play professionally for."

"Oh." Tessa wasn't sure what else to say.

She must not have seemed suitably impressed because the girl went on.

“Besides his obvious good looks,” she said, raising her eyebrows upward a couple times as a reminder of how Tessa had been gawking, “his family comes from money. Girls throw themselves at him.”

With her hand cupped to the side of her mouth like she was imparting a great secret, the girl added, “Between you and me, I’ve heard he rarely turns down the invitations.”

Remembering Jordan’s cocky grin when she had been caught staring, Tessa murmured, “That’s easy to believe.”

The girl’s attention wavered from Tessa, and she took off. Tessa returned her gaze to the stairs where Jordan had disappeared. She had the unusual urge to sneak upstairs to see if she could be a fly on the wall. Guys had never been a distraction for her, so it was a little unnerving that after a brief interaction—if it could even be called that—she couldn’t get the scene out of her head.

The idea of standing in the corner to see how long Jordan stayed up there frustrated her enough to move. Tessa maneuvered through the growing crowd back to the kitchen. Despite the desire to keep looking over her shoulder and up the stairs, she kept her eyes forward. The counter was packed with red SOLO cups filled to the rim with beer. Tessa grabbed two and made her way back to Lindy.

Taking a cup, Lindy asked, “Where have you been?”

Tessa shrugged. “Talking.”

Lindy eyed her sharply. She knew Tessa wasn’t a talker, but before Lindy could question her further, someone grabbed her attention. As Lindy drifted around the room talking with what seemed like everyone, she dragged her with her. Occasionally Tessa would join the conversation.

Mostly she just smiled, pretending she was having a good time and discreetly checking her phone.

Tessa had never understood the appeal of parties. The music was so loud you had to scream to be heard over it. It was true that you could meet guys, but it seemed to be only for hookups. Apparently she was stodgy since she didn't understand the appeal of drunk sex.

Out of the corner of her eye, Tessa spotted Jordan coming down the stairs. As her heart sped up, she gradually maneuvered herself out of Lindy's group and into a shadowy corner. Jordan strode confidently down the stairs, looking the same as when he went up except for his hair being even more disheveled.

On the other hand, the girl had a dreamy look on her face. She was a few steps behind Jordan, her makeup not as perfect and her clothes not as pristine as before. When they got to the bottom of the staircase, he turned and gave the girl a devastating smile before they went their own ways.

Tessa was a little jealous of her, which was ridiculous. She didn't want to have a hookup at a party and then go separate ways. That wasn't in her nature, but how good would the sex have had to be to put that dreamy, contented look on her face? Tessa hadn't even had a kiss that she was reluctant to end, let alone mind-blowing sex.

The party was getting more chaotic. Most of the dancing was dirty, the hookups were getting lewd, and there were more sloppy drunks. Tessa had been there for three hours and was more than ready to go.

She scanned the crowd for Lindy. When she spotted her, Lindy was thankfully deeply involved in chatting up a hottie. Now Tessa had a reason to escape without having to argue with her about it.

Tessa caught Lindy's eye and held up her phone. She knew that meant to look for a text. After Lindy nodded, Tessa quickly made her way through the crowd.

She relaxed as soon as she touched the front door. When the refreshing night breeze hit her cheek, Tessa stopped and inhaled as she closed the door. Seconds later, the door opened again and she stumbled forward when someone collided with her.

As she got ready to brace herself for the hit to the ground, strong hands gripped Tessa's shoulders and pulled her back against a broad, warm chest. Prickles of awareness simmered along her backside.

She spoke as she turned around. "Sorry, I wasn't mov--"

It was Jordan. She drifted off, and they stared at each other. His eyes were framed with long, dark eyelashes that any girl would be jealous of.

When he raised his eyebrows, Tessa snapped out of her stupor. It was as if he had pulled her into some alien vortex and she'd been unable to break out. He glanced at her hands braced on his shoulders.

Tessa quickly dropped them and looked to the ground as she started taking a step back. Jordan's hands flew to her arms, preventing her from moving.

"Careful, or you'll fall off the porch."

Shit! She just needed to get out of there and quit embarrassing herself.

"I'm leaving." She sounded mad and she was, but only at herself for acting so stupid.

Jordan broadened his smile, and she saw dimples. Dimples! It took all of her effort to make sure her slack jaw didn't actually unhinge all the way.

"I'm not stopping you."

Tessa was so busy fixating on his dimples that it took her a second to process his words. As they filtered through her brain, Tessa looked down to where Jordan's hands were on her arms. He *was* preventing her from leaving.

Crap. His hands weren't there anymore! Why were her arms still tingly warm then? Double crap! Why was she still standing there? It was time to leave!

Tessa mumbled, "Sorry." She quickly stepped around Jordan.

As she scurried down the street, Tessa resisted the urge to look back. She could have sworn she felt Jordan's eyes boring into her back. The feeling dissipated as soon as Tessa turned the corner, out of sight. She slowed her pace and let go of the breath she had been holding.

When she got to the car, Tessa texted Lindy. To her relief, she was okay meeting her in the car and didn't give her any grief about leaving the party.

For the next hour, Tessa relived what had happened at the party. She couldn't remember ever acting so stupid. It was like she was a starstruck teenage girl meeting her popstar idol. And just like the teenager, Tessa would probably never see Jordan again.

With that realization, she let go of her embarrassment and played with her phone. After she had looked at all of her social media and played several games, she texted Lindy. She was tired of waiting for her.

T: Are you coming to the car soon, or are you leaving with someone?

L: Yes

T: FOCUS LINDY! Should I wait for you?

L: Yes

Finally, a real answer! Tessa had just relaxed back into the seat when another text came through.

L: Where is car?

Tessa huffed out her frustration and then reigned it in. It wasn't Lindy's fault she had bailed on the party. She texted her the name of the corner. If Lindy didn't appear soon, Tessa would go looking for her. Maybe she should do that anyway.

Tessa chewed on her lip. She'd been a bad friend. There was no reason she couldn't have stuck it out at the party and kept an eye on Lindy. Just as Tessa got out of the car, Lindy came around the corner with a guy's arm around her waist. It soon became apparent that he was directing her steps and not just walking with her.

It was entertaining watching them. Lindy would stop and flail her arms about. The guy would dutifully nod in agreement before putting his arm back around her to guide her to the car. A few steps later, the whole process would start again.

As they got closer, Tessa realized it was the same guy Lindy was with when she'd left. She pushed herself away from the car and walked toward them.

"Tessa!" Lindy screeched and then stumbled. The guy grabbed her, saving her from falling flat on her face.

Tessa hurried forward and Lindy engulfed her in a bear hug. She could smell her beer breath as she started rambling.

"Tessa is good to see you. I missssed you. You shouldda stay and taken care of me, but Deion did." Lindy threw herself over to a grinning Deion, who put his hand back around Lindy's waist.

"Isne he sweet?"

As entertaining as drunk Lindy was, it made Tessa's guilt come roaring back. "Yes, he is."

She turned her attention to Deion. “Hi, I’m Tessa. Thank you so much for walking her to the car. I can get her from here.”

“Let me get her into the car for you.”

Tessa didn’t argue. Lindy was draped all over him. She opened the door and watched as Deion helped Lindy’s uncoordinated limbs into the passenger seat. As he started to straighten up, Lindy grabbed his head with surprising quickness and smacked a kiss on his cheek.

“Thaaank youuuu, Deion.”

Deion untangled himself, still grinning as he replied. “You are welcome, Lindy. Remember you have my number—use it.”

“Okey dokey.”

Tessa rolled her eyes and turned to Deion. “Thanks again. Do you want a ride somewhere?”

“No, I’m heading back to the party.”

Tessa climbed into the driver’s seat. As soon as she turned the engine on, Lindy was powering down her window and sing-singing to a laughing Deion who waved as they drove off.

Tessa listened with half an ear while Lindy explained all the happenings at the party. Every once in a while, she would ask a question that was hopefully on topic to keep Lindy talking. If she fell asleep before their half-hour drive was over, there would be no waking her up to get her into bed.

