

Tobey Fine

Sacked & Tackled Series

Book 1

By
Palessa

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Tobey Fine

All rights reserved.

Copyright 2015 © Palessa

Cover by JRA Stevens

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book contains material protected under International and Federal Copyright Laws and Treaties. Any unauthorized reprint or use of this material is prohibited. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without express written permission from the author / publisher.

It's finally time for the player to get played.

Tobey Fine, the 'Blasian Sensation' is at the top of his game as the face of the Miami Medusas, a Steinger Football League team. When he's introduced to his teammate's best friend, the Blasian Sensation comes face-to-face with his reckoning.

Niveah Wallace is the founder of Carmicon Technologies, a software development company contracted to do a pilot game app featuring the Miami Medusas and team rivals, the Atlanta Mercury. If this project goes well, it will put CarmTech on the map.

Still smarting from Tobey's rejection years ago, Niveah is presented with her chance to get back at him—but forgets that revenge can be a double-edged sword.

Despite their initial fallout, Tobey and Niveah grow close in a way neither expected. But inside the SFL there's trouble brewing as a piece of Tobey's past threatens to upend his present and jeopardize his future. He'll do whatever it takes to keep his love no matter who he has to fight to do it.

About S&T

American Football has always fascinated me. I grew up watching live and televised games and hoped the Miami Dolphins would somehow find their way back to the Championships post-Dan Marino...but I digress.

I know that there are a lot of football romance series out there, so I wasn't surprised when Tobey Fine popped in my mind and just wouldn't leave me alone. But there was something else too. He wasn't a regular football player; he was a semi-pro player in the Steinger Football League (SFL). That was when I knew I had something interesting. If I was going to do some football-based series like this, I wanted to do something different. So, what I did was try to redefine the game using this league and really made it different with the help of a little research and imagination.

First off, the games don't start until March and end right before the regular professional football season starts, which is about July/August. There's a reason for that which will be revealed in the stories. The game rules and structure are roughly the same as the American football game but the roster of team/franchise matchups is different from what is considered the norm.

Over the course of the series, readers will hopefully get to know the SFL a little better, on many levels. There will be drama on and off the field as well as potential "interaction" with the professional league and the SFL, especially the legacy president of the league, Marge Steinger.

So stay tuned and hope you enjoy.

~Palessa~

The Game Begins

Tobey wiped his face with his towel as he emerged from the gym. In the off-season he typically modified his routine to something lighter until about six weeks before practice when he worked to get his body more accustomed to the heavier routines. He was one of the few players who rarely used a trainer unless he absolutely needed to because he knew his body well enough to know what he needed to do. So far, so good.

As Tobey approached the locker room, he saw her. One leg was bent, boot heel against the wall as she intensely focused on her phone. Her hair was a thick mane of natural curls. She wore a fitted maroon collared short-sleeved shirt and her jeans were just the right fit, enhancing her shapely legs. The heat his body felt when he worked out was a flicker compared to the lava that was flowing through his veins just watching her. Tobey had no idea who this woman was, but she definitely commanded his attention in ways not many others had.

As he soaked in his admiration of her, Blake, one of his teammates, emerged from the locker room, snuggling up to her. She carelessly shrugged him off, and he continued teasing her. As much as she tried to stifle a smile, she slowly turned to Blake and hugged him with her whole body. Her radiant smile turned to a hearty laugh as Blake lifted her up and twirled her around. Tobey spied her shapely bottom and let out a low whistle. This woman had all the right dimensions and Blake was nothing short of a lucky bastard.

Blake Allan always found himself the most beautiful women, many of whom Tobey definitely wouldn't mind adding to his friends list. Blake, being one of the more quiet players and a good friend, would always claim that

they were nothing more than friends.

Of course, no one believed him and Blake earned the reputation of being a ladies' man, even though he always shirked the description.

Feeling both the need to clean up as well as the desire to get a closer look at Blake's companion, Tobey walked up to the two of them, gripping both ends of the towel draped around his neck.

"Hate to interrupt you two love birds," he uttered, feigning annoyance.

She pulled away from Blake and turned to look at Tobey.

Blake and Tobey greeted each other with a shake.

"You're not interrupting. I'm just greeting my friend, Niveah. Niveah Wallace, this is Tobey Fine."

"I know," she replied, casually giving him a quick nod hello.

Picking up on her offhanded tone, he grimaced slightly. Seeing her up close, Tobey couldn't help but feel a slight familiarity. It was her voice. She definitely wasn't one of his weekend dates because he would have most definitely remembered her, but these days, he couldn't be a hundred percent.

Blake knew Niveah well and realized the tension in her voice. *What the hell was that about?* He wondered and made a mental note to ask her just that when they had some alone time.

"Niveah is in town for a bit, working on a project." Blake clarified. "We haven't seen each other in a while."

"In town? Where's home?" Tobey inquired.

"I'm actually from Miami originally, but I travel around a lot. I've been away for a bit on business and now I'm back and looking to hang out with my best friend." Niveah gently pushed her side against Blake.

"We've known each other since high school. Geek

helps jock with math homework and we've been friends ever since."

Her mouth pursed in annoyance as Niveah punched Blake's arm, causing him to yelp. "That's what you get for calling me a geek."

"Well, you are." He defended. "Granted, you're a cute geek...ow!" She punched him again.

"Am I going to have to separate you two?" Tobey looked from one to the other with mock authority and then turned to Niveah. "Please don't hit him in the arm. We need it. The face is a much better spot as we don't really need that."

Niveah smiled at Tobey. Much better, he thought.

"All right, I'll leave you two to fight each other. I definitely need to make myself smell better before I head out. Nice to meet you, Niveah. Maybe we'll see you more around here."

"I'm pretty sure you will," she responded confidently and cast a side glance at Blake, who shook his head.

Tobey looked at the two of them and envied the genuine affection he saw between them.

A truly, lucky bastard for real.

* * *

Tobey finished his shower and saw Blake putting on his workout clothes.

Greeting his friend, he stood in front of his locker, changing.

"I thought you'd be gone."

Blake shrugged. "She was on campus and wanted to drop by. We're going to meet up later."

A comfortable silence fell as Tobey donned his jeans.

"So she's your *friend*," he started as he shrugged on his shirt and sat down to put on his socks. "Who travels a lot."

Blake simply nodded, ignoring the teasing tone he

heard in Tobey's statements. "She used to do it for her job, but now she's got her own company and it's based here. We met when I was doing my last two years of high school here. I didn't really know anyone and hated math. She helped me out and we got to be friends."

"So you guys never..." Tobey let his voice carry the insinuation.

Blake turned to him. "God, no! She's like my little sister. I would never even...no way."

"Why not? She's a good-looking girl, got her own thing. Seriously, she seems like quite a catch."

Blake put on his shirt and narrowed his green eyes at Tobey. "Just like I thought. I know that look you have, the way you looked at her. Did take your sweet time, going around the subject, didn't you?"

Tobey balked and tried to deny it.

"She's not your type, Tobey," Blake declared, grabbing his gloves from the upper shelf.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Tobey asked pointedly, resting his elbows on his thighs.

Blake slammed his locker shut and turned to his friend.

"Look, you're Tobey Fine, the 'Blasian Sensation,' with women flocking to you from all directions, nations, colors, and creeds. Niveah?" Blake shook his head. "She doesn't flock. Man, she's way too much horse for you, right now."

"Says who?" Even though he knew the point Blake was making, Tobey had enough pride to challenge Blake's assumption.

"Tobey," Blake barked, as he put one leg on the bench and leaned on it, fixing his gaze on Tobey. His voice was low but sharp. "Niveah means the world to me. She's my best friend. We've been with each other through some of the roughest times...you don't even know. She's

special. Not your usual routine.”

Tobey leaned back slightly, putting his hands up. “B, I’m just curious about her, that’s—”

Blake straddled the bench. “Look, I know, I know. Niveah is a grown woman, she’s gorgeous, independent, she can do whatever she wants. If she knew I was even having this kind of conversation with you, speaking for her in some macho way, she’d probably kick my ass. What I’m telling you is you’re into playing around and that’s cool. But not with her. You’ve got plenty of women to play with up and down I-95. Not. Her. You feel me?”

“I hear you, man. No worries.” Tobey nodded. The point was made. “Wait a minute. Up and down I-95?”

Blake snickered. He knew that particular reference wouldn’t be missed. “Since I couldn’t make it the other night, Dutch called. He’s in the shit house with Jessica.”

“Idiot,” Tobey snapped.

“He told me what you told him and he’s just...did that girl tell you that about Jessica?”

Tobey nodded and broke out into contagious laughter. “Jessica was liquored up, letting everybody know that her man was hung like a donkey. *Dutchzilla*, she called him. When Madelyn told me the story, I lost it.”

They both dissolved into renewed fits of laughter. Just then, Dave Telleman, a defensive coach walked in. They tried to stop laughing but failed miserably.

“What the hell’s got you two with the giggles?” he asked sarcastically.

“Nothing,” Blake responded, his face beet red. “Just realizing that Vegas isn’t as safe as it used to be.”

Dave shook his head as they both laughed even harder this time with no signs of stopping.

Thanks for joining me on my journey. Please help other readers discover my book by writing a short

Palessa

review on [Amazon](#) and [Goodreads](#)

Excerpt from Book 2: Devereaux Cox

“I didn’t do it,” she screamed. “I would never do anything like that.”

The man was just as loud but harsher replied, “You were the only one who handled both of them. And one of the other physios told me specifically that you gave him the stuff with a wink and a nod.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? A wink and a nod.”

“I don’t know but until this investigation is done, you’re suspended without pay.”

“You can’t do that. I’m entitled to plead my case.”

The man’s voice was low, mostly inaudible to outsiders, but it was enough to draw out a mighty curse from the woman.

Devereaux slowly walked past the door. Suddenly it opened and a woman bumped into him and seemed to bounce back. Devereaux actually felt the impact of her, which caused him to wobble slightly, which was a feat unto itself.

“Sorry,” he apologized, partly for the eavesdropping. “I didn’t—Rebekka?”

When she heard her name, she tilted her head slightly to look at him and he saw the color drain from her face.

“It really was you,” he muttered and he saw her face move from shock to annoyance.

“And this day just keeps getting better, doesn’t it?” She chuckled mirthlessly as she put her hands on her hip and looked at the ground.

“How—”

“You’re seriously going to ask me how I’m doing right now, Chris?” Her voice crescendoed as she spoke, attracting stares from some of his teammates who were exiting the locker room. “I’ve just been suspended, probably fired or worse, for something I didn’t do or even have a clue how to do or whatever. Some asshat claims I gave him some stuff with a wink and a nod. Then I bump into you. So this day is just not...it’s going to shit really. Yeah. Total crap.”

She harshly pulled the rubber band that was holding her hair up and shook it out. It was longer than he remembered. Then she stepped past him and briskly walked away.

Stopping midstride, Rebekka turned on her heel and declared, “Give your mother my best.” Her sarcasm was biting. “Oh,” she exclaimed, putting her finger to her temple as if she were trying to remember something. “Wait a minute. She probably wouldn’t want to hear my name after she sandbagged me back at Kenton, would she? So, never mind, Chris. Been fun.”

Devereaux visibly flinched at the bitterness he heard. He watched the woman he once loved stalk away and shook his head. For the first time in his life he felt as if he had been run over by a tank.

And he didn’t like the feeling one damn bit...

Excerpt: Unchained Hearts

Baxter Family Saga Book 1

"May I come in?" Soraya asked.

Not waiting for Kyle's response, Soraya walked in, her face pasted with a sweet smile. "I just wanted to come by and apologize for the way I left yesterday."

"No need. It's understandable. Breakups can be hard."

"No excuses. I should have at least thanked you for your hospitality. So, I thought I would make up for it with these."

She pulled a pastry box from her bag and handed it to Kyle. She opened it and found a stack of brownies. "Soraya, you shouldn't have."

"I know you didn't get a chance to have some the day of the football game, so I thought I would whip up a quick batch just for you." Soraya handed Kyle the box. "This is a family recipe from my great-great-great-grandmother, passed down to the daughters. Each generation adds its own unique ingredient to make it her own. I added a touch of coconut extract. I hope you like them."

Seeing the expectant look on Soraya's face, Kyle opened the box and bit into one and was pleasantly shocked. She wasn't sure what she expected, but Soraya's brownies tasted amazing. "These are absolutely wonderful, Soraya, thank you."

"Well, like I said, I just wanted to apologize. I had no idea Randy would blind side me like he did, and well, it hurt."

They chatted for a bit and despite herself, she had sympathy for Soraya. She must have really liked him.

Soraya saw that Kyle had fought back a sudden yawn.

"I'm sorry about that," Kyle stated. That study session must have been more intense than she thought. She

unsuccessfully tried to stifle another.

"Looks like you've had a long day already," Soraya uttered sweetly. "Well, 'I'd better get going," she said, as she walked to the door. "Thanks again for letting me bend your ear. Enjoy the brownies."

"Thanks, I will," she said as Soraya waved good night.

Kyle took a step and her head spun like slow moving twister. Her vision became fuzzy and jumbled. "Whaaa—" She tried to walk to the couch, but it seemed farther than she remembered. Her legs were wobbly and her eyes felt like they were going to melt out of their sockets. Her body weaken and grow heavy. Shaking her head, she tried to fight the sudden dizziness overtaking her. Her living room looked dreamy and liquid as she tried to walk a steady path to her couch. What was happening to her? She lay down on the couch and tried to still herself. It wasn't working. With a trembling hand, she tried to reach for the phone next to her, but it seemed so far away. She was sweating and her mouth was dry. Fear filled her brain and she wondered if she was going to die.

Soraya walked to Brian's door and knocked. When Brian opened the door, he gave Soraya a knowing smile and reached for her. Soraya gently patted his hand away. "Uh-uh. Last night was just a one-time deal. Your true love is waiting for you, and I think you'll find her more than agreeable."

"You think so?"

"I know so. So you two have fun. I'm going to find my man and make him an offer he can't refuse."

As she walked away, Brian went back into his apartment. Humming, he took a quick shower, shaved, and got himself ready. He went into his bedroom and moved the dark curtains that covered the wall behind his headboard. On it were pictures of his love, Kyle. There

she was walking to class, there she was leaving her apartment, there she was eating ice cream with some other girls, oh and his favorite, working out in the gym. Her legs were so strong and her body just glowed. He'd first met her in the dining hall. They were going for the salad spoon, when their hands touched. He felt their instant chemistry and knew she was the one. All those others were just girls compared to her. She was his and he was hers—tonight it would be official...

Excerpt: Eyubea Girls

Growing Wild Book 1

With trembling hands, he closed the door, gripping the door knob hard until Patrick felt his knuckles would burst through the skin. His mouth was dry and there were jolts prickling the skin all around his neck and shoulders, which were tight. After watching them leave and finding enough strength to breathe through the trembling, Patrick turned his narrowed gaze to the top of the stairs. With a second wind fueled by adrenaline and fists curled into balls, his legs practically launched him up the stairs two steps at a time.

Before he knew it, he was in front of their door. He thrust door against the back wall and there it stayed. "Wake up!" he bellowed. When Vivian didn't stir, he strode to the bed and shook her awake a couple of times.

She wailed, fighting against hands that threatened what little peace she had. It took her a moment but she realized where she was and whose hands they were.

"What is it, Patrick?" her voice was thick as she licked her lips. "I'm trying to get some sleep."

"Get up," his voice was low and dangerous. Vivian gingerly raised herself from the bed and looked at her husband. Her blurred vision eventually focused enough for her to see darkness in Patrick's face. "Just when I thought you couldn't do anything to make me hate you, just when I thought I could find a way to..."

"What are you on about?" she muttered flatly.

"This," He held up the crumpled piece of paper between his curled fingers and for a moment Vivian stuttered, squinting and blinking. Her face changed from confusion to recognition as she looked at Patrick blankly. "You placed our daughter up as collateral in one of your

games. You practically sold her into slavery to a pair of blokes who would do whatever to her..."

Despite the shame she had the good sense to feel, Vivian was indignant. "She's practically a woman. It's time that she knew what the world was like." Vivian pressed the back of her hand against her mouth and grimaced.

Patrick's blood was like lava and he could feel his heart pounding in his chest. Letting out a wrathful growl, he curled his fingers into a white knuckled fist and raised it to her. He stopped suddenly seeing his wife shake with fright as she cowered behind her hands, murmuring unintelligibly. His chest heaved as he gathered his senses and slowly lowered his hand. What he was about to do, what he did, was not like him. Vivian had successfully drawn him into her degenerative madness that caused her own father to beat her mother into a bloody pulp day after day. He had vowed to love and cherish her all the days of his life in spite of her drunkenness, in spite of her gambling, in spite of everything that she had done to make him stop. He fought every test she administered until now. All it took was that one moment when he had raised his hands to his own wife for him to realize that he had already lost the fight. He didn't know when. He just knew that he was done.

Vivian was still mumbling and crying when Patrick threw the crumpled paper at her. She flinched.

"It is finished," he muttered, closing his eyes and breathing deeply. As brokenhearted as he was, he felt freer than he had in years. He turned from his wife, leaving her whimpering and cowering. Vivian was no longer his priority. His only thoughts were Lisbette. It wouldn't take long for those men to figure out that he had lied to them, steered them in a different direction with a few simple, well-placed lies. Even if they were getting their money

with interest, the indignity they would feel at falling for a yarn meant that they would want to satisfy their pride with his hide or with Lisbette.

He didn't know how he would do it but he had less than two weeks to find a way to protect his little girl no matter what...

Other books by Palessa

Full Book Listings:

<https://www.authorpalessa.com/where-to-buy-palessas-books>

Baxter Family Saga

Book 1: Unchained Hearts

Two love stories start the chain that is the Baxter family's chance to break the sad legacy that's haunted them for generations.

Book 2: Portrait of Gray

Forced to clean up his act and find his way, Grayson's life is touched by love, loss and tragedies as he learns how to survive his name.

Book 3: Story of Us

When Edward and Sadie meet, it's the kind of love no one can deny. But one well-placed lie brings everyone to their knees with painful consequences.

Growing Wild Series:

Book 1: Eyubea Girls

Set in the early 1900's Lisbette Caldwell married a man she barely knew and moved with him to a land she had never heard only to learn that even in the wilds of Africa, the truth won't hide.

Sacked & Tackled Series:

Book 1: Tobey Fine

Niveah Wallace remembers the night when Tobey

Fine was her prize. Meeting each other again means game on.

Book 2: Devereaux Cox

When Devereaux's former love crashes back into his life, he's forced to question everything he's ever trusted.

For a full listing of Palessa's books and where they are available, go to:
<https://www.authorpalessa.com>

About Palessa

Palessa started reading her first romance novel, at the age of 11. Then she got introduced to V.C. Andrews, Barbara Taylor Bradford, Anne Rice and many more notable contemporary authors as well as some of the classics. It was during her teenage years that she dabbled in writing. First, it was in her diaries, then she started creating characters, stories about romance, the supernatural and much more.

It would take almost 20 years, a radical move from the city she grew up in, Miami, FL back to her Caribbean birthplace, and a chance Facebook meeting with New York Times, USA Today bestselling author Sable Hunter to start the juices flowing again.

Unchained Hearts, Baxter Family Saga 1, was Palessa's first published fiction book with Beau Coup Publishing. She currently lives on a working farm in the mountains of Jamaica with her crazy, cracker-munching dogs, goats, chickens and more

Connect with Palessa – AuthorPalessa.com