

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

MEGHAN
QUINN

JUST FOR
THE PLOT



About the Author

New York Times, #1 Amazon and *USA Today* bestselling author, wife, adoptive mother and peanut butter lover. Author of romantic comedies and contemporary romance, Meghan Quinn brings readers the perfect combination of heart, humour and heat in every book.

www.authormeghanquinn.com



: meghanquinnauthor



: @meghanquinnbooks

ALSO BY MEGHAN QUINN

BAY AREA PLAYERS SERIES

Just for the Cameras

BRIDESMAID FOR HIRE SERIES

Bridesmaid for Hire

Bridesmaid Undercover

Bridesmaid by Chance

STANDALONES

How My Neighbour Stole Christmas

Merry Christmas, You Filthy Animal

Till Summer Do Us Part

Rules for the Summer

JUST FOR THE PLOT

MEGHAN QUINN



www.hodder.co.uk

First published in Great Britain in 2026 by Hodder & Stoughton Limited
An Hachette UK company

Copyright © Meghan Quinn 2026

The right of Meghan Quinn to be identified as the Author of the Work has been asserted by her in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

Internal design © 2026 by Sourcebooks
Internal art © Gerard Soratorio 2026
Cover design by Gerard Sartorio

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

All characters in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

ebook ISBN 9781399759250
Paperback ISBN 9781399759243

Hodder & Stoughton Limited
Carmelite House
50 Victoria Embankment
London EC4Y 0DZ

www.hodder.co.uk

I'm lovingly dedicating this book to my walking pad. I would have been sedentary without you while writing this book. Thank you for helping me get my steps in while writing about Bennett diddling Bower. We got steamy together on so many levels.

Contents

[About the Author](#)

[Also by Meghan Quinn](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[PROLOGUE: BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 1 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 2 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 3 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 4 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 5 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 6 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 7 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 8 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 9 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 10 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 11 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 12 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 13 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 14 BOWER](#)

[CHAPTER 15 BENNETT](#)

[CHAPTER 16 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 17 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 18 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 19 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 20 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 21 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 22 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 23 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 24 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 25 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 26 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 27 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 28 GRAYDON](#)
[CHAPTER 29 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 30 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 31 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 32 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 33 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 34 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 35 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 36 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 37 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 38 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 39 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 40 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 41 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 42 BOWER](#)
[CHAPTER 43 BENNETT](#)
[CHAPTER 44 BOWER](#)

[*EPILOGUE: BENNETT*](#)

PROLOGUE

BENNETT

Bennett—Sixteen years old

“**BENNETT, HURRY UP.**” GABBY, MY big sister, bangs on the bathroom door. “Bower will be here any second and I don’t want you in the shower when she arrives.”

I open the door, startling her so much that her hand falls to her chest.

“What’s the big deal? She’s just your friend,” I reply, trying not to act like the annoyed sixteen-year-old that I am, because my sister takes care of me. She makes sure there’s a roof over our heads—even if it’s a one-bedroom apartment that we share—and despite the toll on her, she brought us closer to Almond Bay so I have a better chance of getting scouted for baseball. *Yes, I’m grateful. But she’s still annoying me right now.* Hence the rant.

“I know, but this is the first time she’s going to be at our place since we’ve moved, and well, I don’t need your scrawny body waltzing out in a towel.”

I glance down at my jeans and T-shirt and then back up at my sister. “Not naked.”

“I can see that, thank you.”

Bower has been friends with Gabby for almost a year now, but because of their schedules, including school, I’ve never met her, only heard about her.

I know she’s funny.

She cares for my sister.

And that her dad is the manager at the Olive Garden they both work at,

and if Gabby asks for it, she's always given overtime, because Bower's family understands our situation.

Foster kids growing up until Gabby turned eighteen, when she pulled me out of the system with her, begging our foster parents to let us, even swearing they could keep the government assistance, just not to bother us.

Still don't know how she was able to do that, but now we're out on our own. My job is to train while she works to pay our bills. And there are months when all we eat is leftover soup from Olive Garden that's going to be thrown out along with stale breadsticks, but we make the most of it.

Now that I'm sixteen and she's twenty-four, we have a system that works for us. A system that keeps us out of trouble, that keeps us together, and that will lift me into a position to make the most of our dreams.

Gabby glances around our small, five-hundred-square-foot apartment. "Should I vacuum again?"

"No." I groan as I move past her. "She's your friend. I don't think she's going to care that you vacuumed twice before she arrived."

"I know, you're right, but her family has been so supportive of us. I just want her to know that we're okay."

"She will know," I say as I flop back on the couch, the smell of Gabby's Crock-Pot chicken making my stomach ache. It's rare when she buys chicken because it's so expensive, but when she does, I devour it, especially since it's a far cry from the barely buttered noodles or soup we usually eat.

Knock. Knock.

Gabby's eyes fly to the door and then back to me. Whispering, she says, "That's her. Be nice."

"As if I wouldn't." I roll my eyes while she answers the door. If anything, if it's important to my sister, then it's important to me.

"Gabby," a sweet but excited voice sounds through the apartment. "Oh my God, this place is so cute."

"Thank you. It was a good find after, well, you know..."

After Gabby had to live in a car for a week while I stayed with a friend because her abusive boyfriend hit her in the head with a bottle, but you

know, we're not talking about that anymore.

My fingers curl into the cushion of the couch as I attempt to regulate the anger that's still simmering in the pit of my stomach from that situation. I can't think about it or I might just take retribution.

"Oh, you must be Bennett."

I glance up, my eyes focusing on the drop-dead gorgeous girl in front of me.

Holy.

Shit.

Long, golden blond hair, straight and tucked behind her ears, letting the insanely light green of her eyes take center stage, highlighted under thick, black lashes and black eyeliner. Her lips are coated in some sort of gloss, pouty and pink, while a beauty mark rests just above the right of her lip.

Jesus...

"Uh, yeah." I clear my throat and stand, trying not to be awkward as I hold my hand out to her. "Nice to, uh, nice to meet you."

"Ooo, the manners, good job, Gabby." Bower smiles brightly at me. "Nice to meet you too, Bennett. I've heard so much about you."

"Thank you. I mean, you're welcome...wait, no, thank you," I say stupidly. *Fucking smooth, bro.*

She smirks and drops my hand just as Gabby's alarm goes off. "Oh shoot, that's the laundry. I have to go switch it."

"Want me to grab it?" I ask, sticking my hands in my back pockets.

"No, I have some...well, some underwear I don't need my little brother fondling."

"Fondling." My voice cracks awkwardly. "I wouldn't...I'd never do that, Gabby."

She chuckles. "I know, but it's fine. I can handle it. I'll be right back. You good staying here?" she asks Bower.

"Of course," Bower says, waving her off, giving me a chance to take the rest of her in. She's wearing a pair of yoga pants with a waistband that folds over her hips, keeping them low cut and showing off a few inches of her

toned and tanned stomach. Her white V-neck shirt clings to her torso while the neckline dips just low enough to give me a view of her ample cleavage.

Shit, she's so hot.

"Great, be right back." Gabby takes off, and Bower turns to me, her eyes so freaking hypnotizing that I immediately get lost in them. Like a, uh... mossy field or something. I don't know, I'm no poet, but if I were one, I could spend hours just staring—

"Bennett?"

"Huh?" I ask.

"I asked if we could chat for a moment before Gabby gets back?"

"Oh, uh, sure." I lead her to the couch where we both take a seat, her sitting comfortably on one end, me having a near panic attack from the scent of her perfume swirling all around me.

"Okay, I'm glad I have a chance to speak with you, because after what happened with Gabby's ex and her need to blow it off as nothing, I felt this very protective instinct fall over me."

"Me too," I say.

"I'm sure. I couldn't imagine what you must have been feeling that day. And since she's my bestie, I want to make sure that she's not only taken care of, but that she's not, well...lying about anything. I love her, but she made it seem like everything was good with her ex, when clearly it wasn't."

"Yeah, he was a dick."

"Exactly. And I was thinking, she does such a wonderful job of making sure you have everything you need and caring for you, it's her top priority, but I don't think she ever pauses for a moment to take care of herself. Nor does she communicate with either of us about what she needs."

"Because she claims she doesn't need anything."

"I think we can both agree that's a lie."

I nod, because it is.

"Then, if it's okay with you, I would be grateful if you give me your phone number so if anything comes up, or if we see anything off about Gabby, we can communicate and help her out, even when she denies the need for help."

Wow...I can guarantee you that never in my life have I heard anyone want to take care of my sister the way that I want to take care of her. She spends countless hours working, paying for our shelter, or food, providing for us so that I can have a future. She has set aside so much of her life so I can chase my dream of becoming a professional baseball player that I've ingrained it in my mind that when it happens, the roles will be reversed and I'll be the one taking care of her. But to have someone else want to do that now, want to keep her safe and protected, it hits different.

Makes me feel like this weight that's sitting on my chest is a little less heavy.

Do I have hearts in my eyes?

Because that's what it feels like.

"Do you mind?" she asks. "If I get your phone number?"

"Oh, uh, sure. That's cool."

"Great." She sighs with relief. "I appreciate it. I know this is so heavy for you, but Gabby told me you've grown up faster than any other kid your age, so I thought you could handle helping out."

"I want to help out. I love my sister and just want the best for her."

"I know." Bower smiles softly. "If you're good with it, hand me your phone and I can text myself with it."

"Oh, it's, uh, it's not one of those fancy phones or anything," I say.

"Doesn't matter." She waves her hand at me. "I couldn't care less and you shouldn't either."

Shit, she's cool.

"Sure." I pull my flip phone from my pocket and hand it to her.

"Perfect." She enters her number into my phone and then hands it back to me. "I texted myself so I have your number too. I really appreciate this, Bennett. And feel free to text me if you ever need anything, okay? I love your sister so much. She's helped me through a lot and I want to be there for her just as much as she's there for me, but her stubborn pride tends to get in the way."

"Something I know a lot about."

“And let’s make a promise right now to be as transparent as possible. We don’t want another situation like she had with her ex.” She points at me. “Truth only.”

Oddly, I just met this girl and because she’s best friends with Gabby, I’m putting all my trust in her. I nod. “Truth only.”

Bennett—Seventeen years old

Bennett: Did Gabby go into work today?

Bower: No, why? Did she tell you she was?

Bennett: Fuck, she did. I knew she was lying.

Bower: Okay, no need to panic. I’m assuming she’s gone now. Do you have any idea where she is?

Bennett: No idea. She said she was going into work, but she left her work apron and cash.

Bower: Let me casually ask her where she is.

Bennett: Let me know as soon as you can.

A few minutes later...

Bower: I know where she is. She’s safe.

Bennett: Where is she?

Bower: Just worry about going to practice and she will be home in a bit.

Bennett: You promised transparency. If I’m not going to lie to you, you can’t lie to me.

Bower: Bennett, trust me on this.

Bennett: Bower, tell me.

Bower: Ugh, fine. She was going out to get you a present, found something on the marketplace and had to drive two hours to get it.

Bennett: And she didn’t bring you?! That’s not fucking safe.

Bower: Trust me, I already yelled at her about it. But she’s safe and driving back. For what it’s worth, you’re going to love the gift.

Bennett: I don’t care. I care that she could have gotten hurt.

Bower: Same, but let's just say she's good. Okay?

Bennett: Fine.

Bower: Hey, it's good. Now...how was baseball practice?

Bennett: Don't change the subject when I'm mad.

Bower: Can't be mad forever...especially when she gives you that present.

Bennett—Eighteen years old

Bower: Happy birthday, Mr. Eighteen! Any plans?

Bennett: Gabby has something planned. By the way, did she tell you about the guy she met at the bar? He tipped her two hundred dollars. Do I need to be worried?

Bower: The only thing you need to be worried about is the gift I have for you.

Bennett: Why?

Bower: Gabby might have given me access to some of your teenage pictures.

Bennett: Please...please don't.

Bower: Too late for that. By the way, thanks for the tip on the shoes I got for Gabby. You're right, she never would have taken them.

Bennett: She doesn't like to take anything from you.

Bower: I know, but I told her I got them for me and they were too tight and I couldn't return them. She took them, tried to pay me, so I told her I got them on super discount for fifteen dollars.

Bennett: She bought it?

Bower: Of course, I'm super convincing.

Bennett—Twenty years old

Bennett: Are you planning a party for Gabby?

Bower: I was. I was going to text you to see what your schedule was like. I know she said she didn't want a graduation party, but she

got her teaching degree, and we need to celebrate.

Bennett: I agree. I could probably sneak home this weekend, we have an off day.

Bower: Perfect. I'll put things in motion. So excited to see you, it's been a while. How have you been? Met any girls?

Bennett: Things are fine.

Bower: That doesn't answer the question. Did you finally lose that virginity of yours?

Bennett: I lost it when I was seventeen.

Bower: What?? To whom?

Bennett: Someone who was extremely disappointed with my performance.

Bower: LOL!! We can't all be perfect our first time. You'll get better.

Bennett: Already am.

Bower: Ooo, love the confidence, big man.

Bennett—Twenty-two years old

Bennett: Coach Rowley and Gabby? WHAT THE FUCK?? Did you know?

Bower: Of course I knew. I encouraged it. He's so hot.

Bennett: Bower! That's my former coach.

Bower: I know, and he's hot and apparently has an amazing penis from what your sister has told me. Don't blame her. She needed a good boning.

Bennett: Jesus Christ.

Bower: What do you expect from her? To close up shop? No way! You're getting laid every two seconds down there in the minor leagues, and she should get herself some as well.

Bennett: It's not every two seconds.

Bower: Actually, you're right. At least not when it comes to your crush. Whatever happened to that?

Bennett: Nothing. She's not interested.

Bower: Are you sure? Did you even try? You play the shy and innocent, but we both know that's far from the truth. That's how you score the ladies. Maybe she's different.

Bennett: She is different. Different from everyone I've ever met.

Bower: OH MY GOD! Then you need to go for it. What are you doing?

Bennett: Waiting.

Bower: Waiting for what?

Bennett: For the right moment.

CHAPTER 1

BENNETT

Bennett—Twenty-four years old

“**BREAKFAST BURRITO. CHORIZO, POTATOES, EGGS,** and refried beans,” Nolan says as he tosses me a wrapped burrito and then takes a seat next to me in the locker room. “Said to be the finest out of all the ballparks, but I’ll be the fucking judge of that.”

He kicks back his recliner, propping his legs up, and then starts unwrapping his breakfast burrito.

Nolan joined the team last year, during my first full year with the Bombers. He was traded from the Chicago Rebels after one year in the majors. A fast-as-fuck right fielder, he’s fast becoming a fan favorite among the Bombers fans for his gives-no-shits attitude on social media, prominent breakfast burrito reviews, along with his combination of crop tops and dirty mids during warm-ups.

And for those who might not know what a dirty mid is, it’s the styling of his baseball pants, tight as fuck, reaching just below his calf muscle, a capri length. There are very few, and I mean very few players who can pull off the look, but Nolan with his burst fade, curly mullet, sleeve tattoo, and friendship bracelets he tends to wear...well, he pulls it off.

With a giant bite in his mouth, he examines the burrito as he says, “Shit, this is pretty damn good.”

I chuckle and then start unwrapping mine as well. “Would you say the

best?”

“Can’t make that kind of assessment just yet.” He takes another bite and then moans. “Fuck, this shit is so good, though.”

I join him and have to admit it’s pretty fucking good.

“So how’s the zoo going?”

I sigh and tip my recliner back as well. The rest of the team is milling about. We have hours before the game, so we’re all just hanging out, doing our own thing.

“The whole thing is so dumb.”

“Yeah, having to do PR for a team that cheated when you weren’t around, that shit sucks.”

He’s right. It does suck.

When I was in the minors, the Bombers were caught cheating, stealing signs from other teams and relaying them. It was a huge fuckup, and the Bombers have paid the price dearly. And because I wasn’t on the team at the time, but one of the fresh, young faces of a brand-new era, I was chosen as the player to help the Bombers with their PR image. And can you imagine, the Bombers were not the only ones dealing with a PR problem in San Francisco?

Nope, the Foghorns, which is the football team, and the Rogue, San Francisco’s brand-new hockey expansion team, needed a lift in image as well. So they plucked me, Graydon St. John from the Foghorns, and Oden “OC” O’Connor from the Rogue to try to boost morale and improve San Fran’s besmirched sports teams’ reputations.

So far, not sure it’s helping. Although, Graydon started a social media presence with his zookeeper and that has taken off. So maybe it’s working for him, but for me, not so much.

“I think the zoo thing is not reaching the way they wanted it to, and I’m thinking about suggesting I do something else, because as much fun as it is hanging out with the lions, I don’t see the impact.”

“Sounds like a fucking bust.” Nolan takes another bite of his burrito and moans. “Fuck me. This is better than the blow job I got last night.”

I glance at him and he smirks.

“Nah, that’s a lie. The blow job was phenomenal.”

Shaking my head, I go to take another bite just as my phone buzzes in my pocket with a text. I wipe my fingers on one of the napkins Nolan gave me with the burrito and then grab my phone, where I see a text from Bower.

My stupid fucking heart trips all over itself from the sight of her name.

I live to see her name pop up on my phone, beg for it every single day because that’s how desperate of a motherfucker I am. And I wait for her to text, because if I allowed myself to text her, to start the conversation, then it would be every hour of the goddamn day.

And it would be texts like...

Can I take you out on a date?

Please tell me you’re not seeing anyone.

When will you see me as the man I am and not Gabby’s little brother?

See? Desperation.

Not hiding my excitement, I set my burrito on the coffee table in front of me and open her text.

Bower: Hey, Benny Boo Boo, what are you up to?

She’s the only one allowed to call me that, and it’s only because I don’t want to tell her not to. OC tried calling me that once and I shut it down really quick.

Bennett: Eating a breakfast burrito in the locker room. How about you?

Bower: Apartment hunting.

Bennett: What’s wrong with your apartment now?

“Why are you smiling like that?” Nolan asks while poking my face.

“Like what?” I ask, attempting to hide my smile, but it’s no use.

“Like you’re about to come in your pants.”

I raise a brow. “How do you know what I look like when I’m about to