



Dubious Secrets

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, New Adult

Description: I crawled into my sister's bed and her boyfriend unknowingly knocked me up.
One night's mistake has left us with a lifetime of consequences.
It wasn't a secret we were able to keep for long...

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Chapter 1

Stassie

“How fucking dare you.” I glare at Archibald II. He’s named after the cat we got when we were little because my sister lacked the originality to come up with another.

Meow.

I scoff, crossing my arms. “Don’t talk back to me. I thought we were friends. And you betray me like this? Not cool.”

My eyes roam over my broken diffuser and prickles of discomfort scatter over my skin. I have the same routine every night. Lights turned to low blue, my sleep blend of oil drops in my diffuser, thunderstorm playlist on my white noise machine. I’d spent the majority of the afternoon unpacking my essentials to ensure I didn’t disrupt this routine because I need sleep. I’m barely a pleasant person to deal with on a normal day; adding sleep deprivation would be cruel to others.

I blow out a breath and pick up the pieces, grimacing when I see the base is cracked and there’s no way to use it tonight.

It’s okay. It’s fine.

I can sleep without it for one night.

It’s okay, I got this.

I flip off the cat sitting on my dresser, who I swear glares back, and toss my diffuser in the small trash can under my desk. Pulling my long dark hair into a ponytail, I try to remember what box I packed my favorite candles in. It's a limited edition scent that I rarely light because I'm not spending thirty dollars to buy up extras on the internet, but I could light one of the three I have for a bit, just to get a little aroma going in the room.

Archibald hops off my dresser, jumping across to land on my bed before heading to the nightstand. I scramble to stop him just as he bumps into my white noise machine. Diving, I land on the padded carpet in a giant hmph, but grin when I catch my little speaker. I hold it up, taunting the big orange fluff ball.

"I win. Now fuck off, you spawn of Satan."

He meows back, but I swear it's cat forfuck you. He jumps off, trotting out of my room while I watch with a scowl. My sister adopted him right before she moved out with her boyfriend, Ryker. Actually, he was a large part of why Mary was kicked out since he peed in our mom's work shoes. I thought it was hilarious, but now he seems to have targeted me as his next victim, and I'm no longer amused.

Shutting the door, I change into my oversized band t-shirt and tight bike shorts, because they're the best to sleep in. I don't care what anyone says, but I flip and flop too much, and anything loose catches. Catching a twisted seam up my ass is not how I like to be woken up.

I grab the box I'd shoved under the bed earlier before my sister could see because I would rather die than explain what half of it is. If I know one thing about my sister, she's not adventurous in any sense. My ex-boyfriend may have sucked in the romance department, but he sure made up for it in bed. And he opened my eyes to the wonderful world of toys.

Shuffling through the pile of sex toys, I grab my favorite one. A mid-size vibrator with thrusting action and clit stimulator. This baby gets me off like a rocket. I turn off the lights, and turn on my white noise machine before settling under the sheets. If I can't have my diffuser, an orgasm should be enough to relax me. Scrolling through my favorite Reddit pages, I struggle to find something I haven't already watched, my mood diminishing by the second.

After an unsuccessful hunt to find anything that gets me going, I stuff my vibrator under my pillow and roll on my side, tucking the comforter into my arms and pulling it against my chest. Usually, I'd have a large weighted elephant, but I packed her somewhere and I didn't manage to find her tonight. I resort to my second go-to, imagining fake scenarios in my mind where I get absolutely railed into oblivion.

I pick up my phone and groan when I see it's only been twenty minutes since I last checked, and I give in and text my sister, who surprisingly answers back immediately.

Me

Heyyyyyyy. I have a question.

Mary

No, Archibald doesn't sleep outside.

I'm not sure what it says about me that my own flesh and blood assumes I'd banish her pet, but then I remember who the menace really is. And it's not a cute fluffy cat, that's for sure.

Me

hadn't even thought about it until you mentioned it. But now that you did...

Mary

I promise you his revenge will be worse. What's your real question, Stassie? I only have a few minutes left of my break.

Me

Your demon spawn broke my diffuser and I'm trying to sleep without it, but I can't. Do you still have the one I gifted you for christmas?

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Mary

:(Sorry. I'll buy you a new one. And yeah, I only use it when one of us is sick. It's on my nightstand. I sleep on the right side and the plug is hard to reach because of where the outlet is. Best way is reaching between the mattress and wall from above, lined up right under my pillow. Call me if you can't find it.

Me

you're the best. Thx! LYLAS

Mary

I am your sister. Love you too.

Opening Mary's bedroom, I feel along the wall for the light switch and give up when I can't find it. My dumb ass left my phone in my room, or I could have used that instead. When we moved my stuff into her and her boyfriend's apartment this morning, I only briefly glanced inside so I have a hazy memory of where things are.

I leave the door cracked, letting a small amount of the hallway's light into the dark room and walk behind the door. I know my sister's bed is on the far right, and I carefully put out my hand until I find the edge of the mattress. I bump into the soft, quilted comforter and smile. Almost there. She said she sleeps on the right side and I just have to fish out the plug from beneath the headboard, right under her pillow.

I glide my hand along until I find the corner of the bed, then crawl up the mattress. My eyes are starting to adjust to the darkness and I can kind of make out the shape of a fluffy square. At the same time, the lump of darkness I hadn't bothered to acknowledge turns to face me with a groan.

"Mary?" a groggy voice says.

Oh my god. Ryker is home? Since when?

Fuck it, it doesn't matter. I just need to get out before he realizes it's me.

I stay still, my muscles locking, and hope he goes back to sleep, instead of wondering why his girlfriend's little sister is crawling into bed with him. I grimace at that conversationoh sorry for waking you I can't sleep unless I'm hotboxing my room with an oil blend. Yeah, I'm sure he'll be thrilled to hear that.

After a few moments, his breathing evens out and I scoot up the rest of the way to the headboard on my stomach.

Reaching down, I follow the cord to the plug and yank it out of the socket. At the same time a hand slides down my back and squeezes my ass. I freeze in shock.

"It's been a while and I need you," Ryker says as he moves closer. He tugs on my hip, turns me onto my side, and fits his body along my back. His thick erection presses against my ass as his hand skims down my stomach and starts to peel my shorts off. My heart is in my throat, beating wildly as I try to comprehend what's happening. My body won't move, unsure how to voice I'm not who he thinks I am just as his fingers sweep through my folds, and I gasp at how wet I am. Jesus, am I turned on by the thought of being fucked by my sister's boyfriend? What's wrong with me?

“Shh. You know the neighbors can hear us,” he whispers as his arm works its way under my neck and his hand covers my mouth. My eyes widen in shock because I never took him as someone who would cover your mouth while fucking you. Kind of guy, but here we are.

Ryker kicks my shorts away and pulls my leg over his thigh, his fingers opening me up as I feel his hot, hard cock sliding between my cheeks and the tip of him pressing against my entrance.

Oh god, oh god. This is happening. I need to stop it before he?—

Ryker thrusts into me, shoving his cock a few inches inside, and my cry is muffled under his palm.

Fuck he’s big and thick. He’s stretching me open like I’ve never felt before.

He groans into my neck. “Fuck, you’ve never felt so tight and wet.”

A normal person would probably be disgusted to be compared to their sister, but I preen with pride and then hate myself for it. I hate to admit that the first time I met Ryker, I was jealous that my sister got such a hot boyfriend. He’s the epitome of all man crushes with his bright green eyes and dark hair. A sharp jaw covered in a neatly trimmed beard, and dimples that form when he smiles. While he’s not tattooed like my typical fantasies, it’s probably for the best because a man shouldn’t be allowed to be so hot.

“You gotta relax a bit. You’re strangling my cock,” Ryker whispers as he starts pumping in and out of me. He pulls my leg tighter into the crook of his arm as his hand slides up to cup my breast under my shirt. I’ve never been handled like this, perfectly placed and trapped so he can use me however he wants.

His fingers twist my taut nipple and my pussy flutters. If he turns me onto my back and sucks it into his mouth, I'll probably come on the spot. There's nothing I love more than my nipples being played with.

I push my ass into him and he takes the hint, picking up the pace and pounding his cock into me harder.

He lets go of my breasts, moving his hand down until it's spread wide on my lower belly, holding me against his body as he thrusts, filling me repeatedly. I arch a tiny bit away, moving my hips, and we both gasp when I feel the protruding tip of his cock meeting his palm through my skin. I groan, my nails digging into his arm as he does it over and over again.

"Fuck. Fuck. I'm going to—" He cuts off, his fingers sliding to rub at my clit as his cock swells larger.

The truth is that he doesn't need to bother because the thought of him coming inside me has me exploding. Waves of pleasure crash into me, the scream building in my throat stopping short as I struggle to breath.

"Fuck, yes," Ryker grunts, his panting rasps fanning over my neck as he pounds into my pussy through my release. Then he stills, and my eyes roll back as he starts coming with a long, drawn-out groan. His cock throbs and pulsates, dumping his cum inside me. It spills over and over and leaks onto my thigh.

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The hand holding my face drops onto the bed as we lie there unmoving, catching our breath. Ryker's thumb rubs circles on my stomach and my eyes feel heavy. It may not have been a marathon session, but god it took a lot out of me. Blinking becomes harder as I continue to lie in his arms, enjoying the soft kisses on my shoulders. I need to get up and...I need to get up. I don't remember when I fall asleep, but I remember that when I do, Ryker's cock is still stuffed inside me.

Chapter 2

Ryker

Flipping the pancakes, I whistle low and grab my cup of coffee. A pitter patter of footsteps has me grinning, thinking of last night. Mary hasn't wanted sex in months, which I understand for the most part. Her job is mentally and physically exhausting, so I'd been surprised when she was up for it.

"I'm making your favorite. How many do you want?" I ask, looking over my shoulder and stiffening. The lanky teenager in my kitchen is not who I expected to see, and then I nod slowly, just barely remembering Mary's younger sister moving in with us. Something about their mother kicking her out and getting fired from her job. I thought it was happening this weekend. Then I want to hit myself, remembering it's already Saturday. "Sorry, I thought you were Mary."

Her cheeks flush and I know how ridiculous that sounds. Mary is shorter with a head full of golden, silky hair, and she's a bit curvier. Stassie is a whole foot taller with dark curls draping down her long torso. The leggings and band t-shirt are tight on her body, and personally I'm a little worried she's not eating as much as she should be.

But I keep the opinion to myself, knowing their parents aren't the best. I clear my throat, waving the spatula toward the stove. "Do you like pancakes? Mary likes them with cinnamon and nutmeg."

She shifts on her feet, her arm slung around her stomach and she holds onto her elbow. "Sure, thanks."

I nod toward the table. "Take a seat. I'm almost done. You want anything to drink?"

Stassie shakes her head, moving silently to the chair at the small kitchen table. We need to get another since it's usually only Mary and me.

Archibald comes pouncing in the next second, circling around her foot while meowing. Grabbing a can of his food, I chuckle. "He's probably hungry. Mary usually feeds him when she gets home from work, but she got off a little early last night."

She frowns, her eyebrows knitting together. "Mary's home?"

Turning back to the stove after setting down Archibald's bowl, I move the last few pancakes to a plate and carry the mound of them to the table.

"Yeah, they must have had a slow night or something," I say, glancing at my bedroom in a weird state of confusion. It's quiet. Usually Mary has a soft snore while she sleeps, and I try to recall the shape of her body when I left the bed. But I barely paid attention as I got up and showered before coming to cook.

I grab the syrup, another set of plates, and forks for both of us, and sit across from Stassie.

She gives me a small smile. "Thanks for this. I don't usually have food first thing in

the morning, so this is nice.”

“Of course, this is your home now too. Whatever I can do to make you feel relaxed in the space, at home. Let me know.”

She chokes on the bite she just shoved in her mouth as she struggles to clear her throat. I get up and grab a water, handing it to her as she wipes away a stray tear under her eyes.

“You okay?”

Stassie nods. “Just peachy. I’m fine.”

I sit back down, and we eat in silence for a few moments.

Mary comes through the front door, stripping out of her scrubs and bundling them in the hamper next to it. I watch in horror as she pads over to us, barefoot in her sports bra and undies. She smiles at her sister.

“You look well rested. Find my diffuser okay?” Mary asks, opening the fridge and grabbing the coconut water she usually downs after coming home from work.

Stassie’s cheeks are bright red as she glances at me and then nods. “Yup. It was exactly where you said it was.”

Mary tosses the empty bottle in the trash and then kisses me on the cheek as she passes by. “Smells good. Thanks for cooking for her. I’m going to try to grab some sleep after I shower. I’m exhausted. I’ll catch you two later.”

The silence in the kitchen is tangible as I piece together that my girlfriend never came home early from her shift. That my girlfriend never crawled into bed. That I didn’t

have one of the best fucks of my life with my girlfriend, but with her nineteen-year-old little sister.

“Just so there’s no mistake...it was you last night?” I ask, my voice low even though I know Mary can’t hear us over the running water in the shower.

Stassie nods once, her dark hair hanging forward and shielding me from seeing her face. She stuffs another bite into her mouth, her eyes on the plate as I stare at her. My appetite is gone, and I struggle to think or even breathe as I lean back in my chair.

“Why didn’t you...say something? Stop me?” I finally ask.

Stassie swallows down her food and grabs my coffee, taking a large gulp before setting it back down. Her blue eyes rise to meet mine and she shrugs. “I just...froze.”

“You froze?” I can’t hold back the anger in my voice. It’s not her fault, and a part of me is worried I hurt her, but I also thought I was fucking my girlfriend.

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Stassie scowls, narrowing her gaze at me. “Well you didn’t give me much time. Have you ever heard of foreplay?”

I rear back, a different type of indignation roaring inside me. “You were plenty wet enough.”

She rolls her eyes. “Thank god for biology. My vagina did all the work for you.”

Licking my lips, I shake my head and squeeze my eyes shut for a second. I’m not going to attest to my skills in bed with someone who shouldn’t even have a clue about the size of my dick. “I—whatever. That doesn’t matter. Did I...hurt you?”

Before I think not to, I study her body, looking for any signs of discomfort. But I’m hit with the memory of the way her breasts molded perfectly in my palms, how soft her stomach was when I held onto her and pushed my cock in. I drag my gaze away, focusing on the fridge, the same fridge that has photos of Mary and me pinned under magnets. Overwhelmed with shame, I can’t stand to look at them and redirect my focus to the floor.

Stassie clears her throat, pulling her shirt away from her stomach and shrugs again. “I’m a little sore, but that has more to do with your...” Her hand waves toward me and my big cock twitches at the praise. I stand suddenly, needing to get away from her and the way I react around her.

“Just give me a minute.”

She stands and grabs my arm. “Wait, Ryker. I think—look, it was an accident. And

obviously a one-time thing. I won't tell her. Please don't tell my sister, I have nowhere else to go if she kicks me out."

I soften at the pleading in her eyes. Without thinking, I turn and pull her into my chest. Her arms wrap around my waist, and I try not to focus on how perfect she feels here. She's only four years younger than Mary and me, but nineteen is still young in my mind. We've had a life of differences between those years. "She wouldn't kick you out. Honestly, I think she expected you to move with her last year."

Stassie sighs. "I wanted to, but I also didn't want to burden her. She deserves to have her life without taking care of me." She pulls away and looks up at me. "That's why I think we should just forget last night ever happened, and keep it a secret between the two of us. If anything it's more my fault. I should have spoken up because why would you think anyone else is in your bed but your girlfriend?"

I swallow past the lump in my throat at the nonchalant brokenness in her voice. Mary doesn't speak a lot about her parents, but I know even two years later, her first reaction to anything is to apologize and place blame upon herself. I squeeze Stassie's arm affectionately. "A secret then. It won't happen again."

Her bright blue eyes blink once and widen as they stare up at me. "Right, never again."

Chapter 3

Stassie

It's been easy enough to avoid him. After a week, I memorized his schedule and stayed locked in my room until he went to work. I got a job at the local coffee shop, making sure to sign up for the long weekend shifts when he's off. My sister works four ten to twelve-hour shifts over the end of the week and into the weekend, so it

works out because I get to spend some time with her during the weekdays before Ryker gets home. A month passes with ease, and I start to relax, hoping with more time it will just be a blip in the past and we'll eventually forget about it. No matter the ache between my legs when I wake from dreams of what it felt like to have him between them.

Brushing up the hairs stuck to my forehead, I fan my face and glance at the clock. I still have half my shift left, and I'm not sure I can make it. Anna comes around from the stockroom and stops short at my face.

"Girl, no offense. But you look like a shit."

A dry laugh escapes me. "I feel like it."

Her shoulders slump and she groans. "Just go home. I'm sure you'll gross out some customers. I'll text Jared to see if he can get some coverage."

I blow out a breath in relief. "Thank you so much. When I'm feeling better, I'll cover some hours for you."

She rolls her eyes and waves me off. I don't waste any time and head to my sister's apartment. It's only a ten-minute walk, and the cool night air feels like bliss on my damp skin. I don't even care about seeing Ryker when I unlock the door, ready to fall into my bed and sleep.

Our eyes meet as soon as I step through the door, and he mutters a quick hey as I lock it behind me. I don't bother replying, scooping up the furry demon circling my legs. I'm halfway to my room when the smell of whatever he's cooking hits me, and I move to cover my nose and mouth.

"Oh god," I cry out at the same time Archibald hisses at me for dropping him. My

stomach lurches and I run to the bathroom, tears gathering in my eyes as my late dinner is forcibly removed from my stomach. I vomit with such aggression that I'm sure I'm dying. Asphyxiation by puke is going to be engraved on my tombstone.

Hands gather up my hair and stroke down my back. I don't even care who it is because it's calming. I'm curled over the toilet, my whole body convulsing with each heave. When I don't think another drop of liquid exists in my body and the toilet has been flushed multiple times, I collapse in the arms that have been holding me up.

"Water, Stassie. Take a few sips, please," Ryker says softly and presses a cold glass to my lips. I don't fight him as he pours some in my mouth. I spit it out to rinse out the taste and then take as much as I can with greedy gulps. He sets it down and brushes my hair away from my face as I roll my head to the side, staring up at him.

"You okay?"

His question makes me grimace, rubbing at my unsettled stomach.

"I think I have the flu or something."

Ryker makes an uncertain noise from the back of his throat and I sit up straighter.

"What?"

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He scratches the back of his neck, then moves to open the cabinets under the sink. “What if you’re pregnant?”

“What? No. I’m just—” I cut off when he holds up the unopened box of tampons.

Ryker sighs. “Mary had me get your specific brand three weeks ago. I don’t know much about all that, but I’m pretty sure you should have had it by now, right?”

He’s right, but damn if I’m ever gonna validate someone by admitting it, especially this man. When I don’t answer, he shifts for another box in the cabinets and holds out a pregnancy test.

“Do you have a mini-pharmacy stocked in there or what?” I force out, grabbing the box from him with disdain. I’m not fucking pregnant. There’s no way. My ex-boyfriend and I weren’t exactly careful for years and not once did I miss my period. I try to think of the last time I had it, and it was a week before I moved in here.

“Mary and I had a scare last year. She took one and it was enough to convince her to not waste the rest,” he says, scratching the back of his neck again, clearly uncomfortable with this conversation.

“Awesome. That’s cool. You almost knocked up both sisters, what a record,” I ramble as I push off the floor and tear open the test. He scowls at me, not appreciating my humor. His eyes widen when I pull down my pants and sit on the toilet, sticking the test between my legs and pushing out as much pee as I can.

Ryker scrambles to his feet. “Fuck, Stassie. You could have waited until I left.”

I roll my eyes. “I had your cum leaking out of my pussy weeks ago, and you just watched me recreate *The Exorcist*—extreme edition. Please, calm down.”

He shakes his head, pinching the bridge of his nose, but he doesn’t leave the bathroom as I recap the test and set it on the counter before flushing and washing my hands.

“We have to wait a few minutes?—”

“Thanks for the explanation I didn’t ask for, but I’m aware of how tests work,” I say, not glancing at him, but I can see his scowl again in the mirror. Guilt eats at my heart so I sigh. “Sorry, I get rude when I’m nervous.”

“It’s okay. I get it.” Ryker moves a step closer, and after a second of hesitation, places his hand on my hip, squeezing gently. “I didn’t think to ask about getting you...something after that night. I should have thought about birth control.”

I swallow down as I watch the blinking dots in the small window of the test. “I didn’t think about it either. Uhm. My ex and I, we never used anything. I’ve never really...you know.”

He nods, his fingers digging into my side. “I don’t know how to ask this without sounding like an asshole, but if you are pregnant, is it....”

I raise my eyebrows. “Is it yours?”

His shoulders slump. “Yeah. Look, I’m not trying to say—I just want to know.”

Turning to face him, I cover his mouth with my hand. “I think you’re a nervous rambler, and to answer your question, yes. It’d be yours. My ex and I broke up months before I moved in here, and I haven’t been with anyone since the night we

don't acknowledge."

Ryker wraps his fingers around my wrist, pulling it away from his mouth and revealing an amused smile. "I didn't want to offend you. You have a sharp tongue, and I wasn't looking to get cut."

I can't stop my answering grin, and I realize he's still holding on to me, his thumb rubbing against my skin. We don't look away from each other, our chests rising and falling in equal rhythm. My lips tingle and as if he's feeling the same, his eyes flicker to my mouth and back up.

A beep startles us both and he lets go as I spin to grab the test, holding it up for the both of us. My heart plummets into my stomach.

"Fuck me."

"That's what got us in this situation," Ryker answers drily.

Chapter 4

Ryker

After she showers and changes into something more comfy, I make her some soup while she cuddles Archibald on the couch, and then sit down next to her.

"We don't have to make a decision tonight. We have some time to think about what you want to do, but we should get you to see a doctor just to confirm and make sure everything is okay."

Stassie continues to stare at the painting on the wall, absentmindedly petting the cat on her lap. I grab my phone, looking up places as I wait for her to work out whatever

she's thinking. My wallpaper of Mary and me has my stomach bottoming out, guilt tearing up my insides at the fact that I not only cheated, but also knocked up her little sister. I swap to another background of Archibald and open up the browser.

“Do you want kids?” she asks after a few minutes.

I glance up at her, but she's not looking back. “It doesn't matter what I want.”

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Her nose crinkles a bit. “I still want to know.”

Reaching out, I wrap my hand around her ankle and squeeze it until her eyes meet mine. “I do want kids, but don’t factor that into your decision, okay?”

“Because you want kids with Mary instead?”

I frown, thrown off by the question and how I genuinely feel about it. “No, Stassie. If you keep my kid, I’ll love it just as much.”

Her eyes roam over my face looking for deceit, before she swallows and nods. “Can I tell you a secret?”

“What?”

She bites down on her lip and glances back at the painting. I turn to look with her, having never fully paid attention to it before. It looks handmade, a mish mash of yellows in almost flower patterns with little red specks on some of the blobs. I assume her or Mary must have made it.

“All I’ve ever wanted to be is a mother. Everyone else around me had their whole life figured out, where they wanted to go to school, what they wanted to do when they grew up...and I just wanted a family. A good family.”

My throat aches with emotion, and I squeeze her ankle again as her face tilts back to me and she continues, “As I got older, my mom made sure to remind me any chance she got how bad of a mother I would be. I can’t cook for shit, I ruin more clothes than

I wash properly, and I'm not very smart."

"Stassie—"

She laughs, shaking her head. "I don't know why I cared what she thought. She wasn't a great mom herself. There were days where she forgot to feed Mary and me. That's how she got so good at it by the way. Out of survival for herself and me, Mary learned how to cook us food to keep us alive. She's the one who taught me how to shower, how to put in my tampon. And then she grew up and all she could talk about was how much she wanted to be a nurse, and I felt like such a failure because even after all that, I still wanted to take care of someone the way she always took care of me."

I desperately want to pull her into my arms and hug her tight, but I resist the urge. Reaching out, I tug on the end of her hair so she looks up at me.

"First of all, you're not dumb, okay? If you believe anything, believe that. And I don't think it's dumb to want a family, it's brave and selfless. Given how you two grew up, no one would have thought twice about you and Mary never having kids."

Her eyes fill with tears, and she wipes them with the bunched sleeve of her hoodie.

"Can you hold me?" she asks softly, sniffing.

I blow out a breath, knowing I should say no because I've already thought about her more than what's appropriate, but a measly yes slips out. Moving my arm to rest on the back of the couch, I expect her to cuddle into my side but tense up when she crawls over my lap and straddles me, her head resting on my shoulder. After a few seconds, I gingerly wrap my arms around her, rubbing down her back and side.

It's innocent, strictly platonic, except I know how tight her pussy feels. And I can't

stop thinking about how it would feel if we stripped down and she bounced on my cock while I held on to her breasts. I squeeze my eyes shut as I harden in my sweats and when she stiffens in my arms, I know she feels it.

When her fingers caress along my jaw, I finally open my eyes to find her already watching me. Her bright blue stare roams over my face and her fingers trace my mouth. A faint smile pulls on her lips.

“What?” I ask.

Stassie shakes her head. “It’s dumb.”

I squeeze her waist. “Tell me.”

Our gazes lock again and her tongue rolls over her bottom lip.

“You didn’t kiss me that night. I was just thinking how I’m probably carrying your baby and you never kissed me.”

My head spins, and I want nothing more than to kiss her. My hand tangles into her hair, pulling her face closer. “You’re right. That’s a little ridiculous.”

Her breath fans over my mouth. “We shouldn’t, though.”

“No, we shouldn’t.” I agree, but neither of us move. And I tilt my chin up, brushing my lips against hers. She inhales sharply and then leans down, kissing me fully. A moan echoes in her throat and I pull her harder against me, her pussy rubbing against my hard cock. Fuck me, it’s just supposed to be a simple kiss, and now I want more.

Stassie plasters herself against me more thoroughly, her arms wrapping around my neck as her breasts press against my chest. I want to peel her shirt off and hold them

in my hands. I want to remove her pants and taste her between her legs. And then I think about how in a few months, or maybe in a few weeks, her flat stomach will start to round with my baby, and my cock gets uncomfortably hard, throbbing with the need to release. She rocks her hips with a long stroke of her heated center against my sensitive shaft, and I explode before I can stop it. I groan, my head thrown back against the couch and I thrust against her cunt, not caring how hard I am coming in my pants.

Stassie gasps, not saying anything else as I hold her down in my lap with my hands locked around her waist and guide her to rock a couple more times for the last few waves of my release.

“Did you just?—”

“Shh,” I say, breathless.

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Her giggle twists my heart and I stare up at the ceiling. I can't believe that just happened and I'm not sure how I feel about it. After the night I accidentally fucked Stassie, I chalked it up to an honest mistake and less as cheating with each passing day. An honest mistake that I replayed in my mind every time I fucked my fist, and deluded myself that it still wasn't cheating. Now I've kissed her on purpose, and come in my pants from the mere thought of her pregnant. What the fuck is wrong with me?

Chapter 5

Stassie

When Mary leaves for work, I shower and get dressed. Ryker is in the kitchen when I come out, and he nods at me.

“Want a salad? I'll cook extra chicken.”

I scrunch my nose, patting my belly. “I'm too nervous to eat.”

He sets the bowl down, facing me and crossing his arms over his chest. “Why are you nervous?”

“Oh I don't know, maybe because I'm about to confirm for real if I'm carrying your baby.”

His eyebrows raise. “And confirming it at the doctor's is different than last night?”

I shrug. “Feels like it, no?”

A smile pulls at his lips. “I was thinking about how I hope it’s a boy so then Archibald and I have one up on you girls.”

Rolling my eyes, I grab a banana from the counter and hope it settles my queasy stomach. “I had nightmares of my belly growing so large that my shirts can’t fit over it.”

His eyes drop to my belly and he swallows harshly before turning away from me, but I catch him adjusting himself in his jeans. A flutter of excitement shoots through me. We awkwardly untangled ourselves from each other on the couch last night, and when he went to shower, I locked myself in my room.

“You know if you’re pregnant, I’ll take care of you, right?” he says.

I shrug and Ryker grabs my hand, waiting until I look up at him.

“Whatever you need, Stassie. I’ll get it for you and the baby.”

I give him a half-smile. “Thanks. I don’t want to burden you too much. I’m going to try to pick up some more hours at the coffee shop in the meantime.”

Ryker’s fingers curl tighter, squeezing my hand. “I—I’d prefer it if you quit, actually. If you’re pregnant, I mean. That’s just a lot of hours on your feet.”

My eyes widen and I stare at him incredulously. “And take care of the baby with what money?”

He blows out a breath. “Maybe we’re getting ahead of ourselves until we know for sure, but you know I invested in my brother’s company, right? And it’s doing really

well?”

I raise an eyebrow. “Are you saying you’re rich?”

“I’m saying I don’t have to worry about money, and neither would you,” he says with a chuckle.

Shaking my head, I swallow down the unease that’s growing inside me. “You say that now, but what if Mary makes you choose between her or the baby?”

Ryker’s expression falls. “She wouldn’t do that.”

“You don’t know that. I wouldn’t want anything to do with the baby my boyfriend had with someone else,” I say honestly. I’ve always had a problem with sharing, and I’m prone to jealousy. My ex spent nearly every day with me, but any day he didn’t, my mind always jumped to illogical conclusions of him cheating on me. As far as I know he never did, but I couldn’t banish the thoughts.

“You’re not your sister...” Ryker says, trailing off as if to find words that won’t offend me. “I just know that Mary wouldn’t do that. And if by some chance she does, I’ll always choose my kid, okay? If you trust anything, trust that I’m not your parents and I will always put that child above my own needs.”

My eyes sting with the need to cry and I glance away from him, pushing away the ache in my chest.

He clears his throat. “I’m gonna wrap this up for later. You ready to go?”

I nod, squatting down to scratch under Archibald’s chin. “Where have you been all day? You miss me?”

He meows and turns sharply, swinging his tail straight into my face. I scowl as he walks over to Ryker, rubbing against his legs for a few seconds before trotting off toward the bedroom. I think I just got snubbed by a cat again.

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“He’s definitely more active at night, unless you’re up early enough to feed him breakfast. Then you’re his best friend.”

“I try not to be up before noon unless I have to be,” I say gingerly.

Ryker smirks and grabs his wallet and keys from the bowl on top of the shoe stand. “Let’s go. We don’t want to be late.”

I walk behind silently and try to hold my surprise when he opens the passenger door for me before I climb in. When he gets in the car and starts it up, he nods at the large touchscreen on the center console.

“Play whatever you want.”

My eyebrows raise. “Whatever I want?”

“Whatever.”

A smile plays on my lips. “Even if it’s alternative rock bands who cover pop songs?”

Ryker stills for a second, and looks both ways on the road as we exit the parking lot before he glances at me. “If that’s what you like.”

“You brave, brave soul,” I say with a laugh. “I’m actually cool with whatever you want. I was just messing with you.”

“I really don’t mind, Stassie. I’m very flexible.”

That's what she said is on the tip of my tongue but I swallow it down, not wanting to come off childish. Considering my age still ends in -teen and he's in his twenties, there's no need to remind him of our age difference.

Instead, I pick a random song and let it fill the silence of the car. I watch out the window as we head to whatever doctor Ryker picked out.

"I spoke to my brother last night about possibly getting you a job off your feet. Then we can also get you under our company's insurance," Ryker says.

My heart twists, partly in shame and partly in hope. No insurance, just another thing in life that I'm failing at. But he shrugs it off like it's not an incredibly generous offer. I only work part time at the coffee shop, not that they offer benefits even if I picked up more hours.

"You already found me a job? Without even knowing if I want to quit the coffee house first?"

He nods, his knuckles tightening over the steering wheel. "It's like a virtual assistant thing. I'd still want you to stay home."

I snort. "Shielding your mistake from the world."

His head snaps to me before returning to the road. "No, Stassie. It's not like that. Mary said that you have anxiety leaving the house sometimes. That you struggled with school and even now with the coffee shop and its customers."

My nose tingles and I can't stop the tears that blur my visions. I wipe them away and nod. "Yeah, yeah I do. Uhm, thanks. That would mean a lot to me."

I don't know how this keeps happening, how Ryker keeps being the exact opposite of

what I expect. God damn it, and god damn my sister for being the saint that she is.

Ryker clears his throat. “Of course. Whatever I can do to help, Stassie.”

We don’t talk the rest of the way and when he pulls into the parking spot, I make sure to climb out before he can walk around and open the door for me again. It reminds me too much of how a boyfriend should be, but he beats me to the door of the office and waves me in with a raised eyebrow, challenging me to object.

I greet the receptionist and check in for my appointment before moving back to sit next to Ryker. His hand comes down to squeeze my knee and I breathe a little easier. My gaze meets a woman sitting across from us, and she grins, leaning forward.

“You two are such a cute couple,” she says.

Ryker’s fingers grip me harder, and he grins back at her. “Thanks, but I bet our kid will be even cuter.”

My mouth drops open as the woman settles back into her chair, her lips pressed thin as she looks between us again. And I can practically hear her thoughts about how young we look, too young to be parents.

“Congratulations. I bet you’re excited,” she finally says.

Ryker gives her a meek thanks before we’re called up for my appointment. The nurse guides us into an exam room, then hands me a specimen cup. “Make sure to initial and set it in the small box in the wall, okay? Don’t leave it in the bathroom.”

I nod and follow her instructions in the bathroom right next door, before returning to find a horrified Ryker staring at the posters on the wall. A laugh escapes my throat when I see he’s looking at the dilation chart.

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“Wild, right? That it stretches like that and you push out a whole ass baby.”

He shakes his head, watching me as I climb up on the chair-bed thingy. I actually wonder what they’re called, that’s a question to google later.

“What?” I ask after a few moments of him just looking at me.

Ryker’s eyebrows raise. “I can’t look at you?”

My fingers twist in my lap. “It’s just weird. Why are you looking at me? What are you thinking about?”

He sits back in the chair, crossing his arms over his chest. “I was looking at you, wondering what features our kid will get from you. Then I started thinking about... other things.”

“Other things?”

His lips quirk. “Things not appropriate for this office. Things I shouldn’t be thinking about.”

My breath catches slightly. “Like the kiss?”

He nods, his jaw tightening. “Yeah, Stassie. Like the kiss, like the reason we’re here.”

A knock interrupts us from continuing the conversation and the OBGYN introduces herself before asking us what we’re in for. When I explain it all, she goes through her

list of questions about my and my family's medical history before asking Ryker for his.

“So your urine sample did confirm your pregnancy. Do you have an estimated conception date? It may be too soon for an ultrasound.” The OBGYN smiles at us.

Ryker squeezes my hand and I look up at him. Will he think I'm a freak if I say it's been exactly 5 weeks and 4 days since he fucked me?

“Almost 6 weeks. There was...uh a slip-up,” he says, his cheeks turning pink.

She laughs gently. “No worries. We can reschedule for a couple weeks out and we'll do an ultrasound to get a more accurate estimate of the gestation age.”

Ryker clears his throat. “What, uhm. What are our other options?”

Her mouth opens in a slight O, and then she nods. “Of course. You're early enough that you have a few options...”

I listen as she explains what we can do if I decide I don't want to become a mother so young, but I think in my heart I already know my decision. I can feel Ryker's eyes on me, so when I look up, he gives me a soft smile as if telling me he understands and it's my choice.

The OBGYN pats my knee. “You have time to think about it, okay? It's a difficult decision, but I'm here for any questions. We can always schedule a virtual visit if you feel more comfortable that way.”

“Thank you,” I mutter, squeezing Ryker's hand harder.

Chapter 6

Ryker

“Why are there somany different kinds?” Stassie asks, staring at the two shelves of prenats in the pharmacy we stopped at after we ate.

I grimace, wondering the same thing myself. “I assume they have different things in them. Just google the best prenats and see if any of the brands pop.”

She bites her lip while nodding and pulling out her phone. Seconds later, her eyes are squinting in concentration while she deliberates between options. I scratch the back of my neck, watching her discreetly while trying to think of how to approach the subject in the gentlest of manners. “If you’re keeping it, we should probably tell Mary sooner rather than later.”

Stassie’s fingers pause their scrolling, and she looks up at me. “Like tonight?”

“No,” I say a little too quickly, but then I shrug. “I mean, if you want. I’m here for you if you’re sure you’re keeping the baby.”

“I was browsing one of the pamphlets and it says miscarriage is more common before the twelfth week, and that’s why people usually hold off on telling others until then.”

“You want to wait until you’re twelve weeks pregnant to tell your sister?”

She shrugs slowly. “I-I don’t know, maybe? I know I’m not ready to tell her just yet. I’m not ready for my life to blow up and my sister to hate me.”

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“She won’t hate you. She loves you.”

Stassie stares at me deadpan. “I’m knocked up by her boyfriend.”

“An accident that can be explained,” I say with a stern look. “We didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“If she even believes us. She could think we’re lying. My mother always thought I was.”

I frown. “What? Lying?”

She nods, glancing between her phone and grabbing a bottle off the shelf. “Yeah, whenever she asked me about something. She’d already made up her mind on the answer, and if I said something different, then obviously I was lying.”

I grab her arm to turn her toward me. “Mary isn’t your mom. She grew up with her too. I think she knows the type of person you are.”

Stassie’s nostrils flare and a sheen forms over her eyes. “Does she? Because I don’t even know who I am at this point.”

My heart twists and I pull her into my arms. She hugs me back, sniffing into my chest. My hand strokes down her back, spiraling the ends of her curls with my fingers.

“It’s going to be okay. Whatever happens, you and the baby are going to be okay.”

Stassie shrugs and pushes away from me as she wipes her tears. “I want to believe that. I do, but the more I think about it, the more I don’t see the possibility of her ever forgiving me.”

“While I don’t believe that, you have to decide if it’s worth it. Are you okay with raising a baby with just me and my family?” I ask her.

She scowls a bit. “Do you think I can’t?”

“Hey, woah,” I say, pulling her back into my arms and holding her tight. “Don’t go there. That’s not what I was saying and you know that. I’ve already told you I think you’ll be a good mother, and I’m going to be there every step of the way.”

Stassie shakes her head. “Do you think I’m dumb for not even considering the alternative? It would solve all our problems, we can act like nothing ever happened and Mary would never know.”

My heart twists, and I lick my lips before looking down at her. “Can I tell you a secret?”

Her eyes sparkle with amusement. “What?”

“I don’t think there’s anything at this point that can make me forget what happened.”

The smile drops off her face and we stare at each other. I clear my throat, letting go and stepping back. “That the one you want?”

She lifts the bottle in her hand. “Sure, it will work for now.”

“Let’s head home then.”

Stassie sits on the couch, flipping through the TV channels as I cook us dinner. I can't help but keep looking over at her. The morning sickness comes and goes; it seems to be worse at night if she doesn't eat enough. So I've been tracking her food for the past few days, making sure to give her at least something small to keep her stomach settled.

The rattling of keys and the door unlocking startles me as Mary comes in. Stassie's mouth drops open as we both stare at her. Mary groans, taking off her shoes and smiles at her sister as she walks toward the kitchen.

"Guess what," she says, standing next to me at the counter.

I swallow my nerves, my heart pounding in my chest. We hadn't been doing anything, so why do I feel like we got caught? I turn back to the pasta, stirring it gently. "Tell me."

"You know that traveling contract I wanted in Washington? And it fell through?"

I pause, glancing back at her. "Yeah."

She grins, jumping excitedly. "The nurse that snatched it up had to drop out, so they offered it to me again!"

"And you accepted?" I say, briefly studying Stassie still on the couch. Mary follows my attention and sighs, moving to sit next to her.

"I know we haven't spent much time together since you moved in, and this is horrible timing, but this contract could get mesome great networking opportunities. This is the hospital I want to train in."

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Stassie frowns. “Wait, what’s going on?”

“I may have to go away for a few weeks, maybe months. Before you asked to move in, I’d been applying for traveling contracts. One I really wanted just opened...and I’m going to take it,” Mary explains, glancing back at me for support. I give her a small smile and nod.

Stassie stares at her sister and then grins, though I can see the fakeness of it. “That’s amazing, Mary! Don’t worry about me. We’ll have all the time in the world when you come back.”

Mary hugs her and then stands up. “God, I was so nervous to tell you. I figured you’d be upset about me leaving you so soon after you moved in.”

Stassie’s face pales and she blinks at her sister, her smile slipping a bit. “I could never be mad at you.”

I clear my throat. “Dinner is about ready. If you want to shower and join us.”

Mary nods, walking back over to me and hugging me too. “Thank you for being so great. I know my sister is in capable hands with you.”

It’s like a punch to my gut but I smile down at her, reluctantly hugging her back. Mary skips off to the bedroom to shower, and I watch Stassie as she pushes off the couch, walking toward me. If she’s feeling as shitty as I am, it’s going to be painful to eat a bite of anything.

I pour the pasta in a bowl and grab two slices of bread, then hand it over to Stassie. She takes it from me, but doesn't move away.

"I think we should wait until she gets back."

My stomach twists, even though I agree with her. When her bright eyes look up at me, I can see the desperation to hold on to some sense of normalcy a little longer.

I sigh, leaning against the counter. "Or if we tell her now, she'll have weeks to process with some distance between us all."

Stassie shakes her head. "No. It could mess with her performance at work, and then everything would be twice as worse."

My jaw clenches but I nod. "Alright, we'll wait then."

Her eyes study my face. "And we should probably try not to have a repeat of that...kiss."

A flush works over my cheeks and I glance away from her. "Right, of course."

It doesn't help that it's all I've thought about over the past few days. But Stassie is right, we should try to limit interaction between each other. Obviously, we both feel a pull we can't control.

Chapter 7

Stassie

Mary doesn't leave for her traveling contract for another six weeks. The first couple of weeks I still go in and work at the coffee shop before Ryker brings me a new laptop

to begin working for his brother at their company. I'd been resistant at first, but after a couple of days, I can't lie about how nice it is to not have to be on my feet all day. I started small walks in the evening for exercise.

I glance at the clock on the dashboard of Ryker's car. We're cutting it pretty close, but he's the dummy who scheduled our first ultrasound the day we drop Mary off at the airport.

Climbing out of the backseat, I watch them hug and ignore the slight jealousy I always feel when I see them interact. I've been thankful I haven't seen or heard anything past a brief kiss in the weeks since we confirmed my pregnancy. Not that I have a right to feel jealous, but I don't know if Ryker is just being considerate of my feelings.

Mary turns to me and pulls me into her arms. "Text me whenever you want, okay? Thanks for being so cool about this."

I shrug. "Why wouldn't I be? It's your career. I understand."

She smiles. "I know, but I feel bad. We haven't spent much time together. Now I'm leaving you with Ryker."

My eyes catch his and I look away, waving off my sister. "I'm fine, Mary. Don't worry about me."

"Don't want to miss your flight," Ryker says gently and Mary sighs, pulling her suitcase closer to her as she takes a step back.

"You're right. Miss you. Love you. Give my cat cuddles!"

I scowl. "That demon would suffocate me in my sleep."

She laughs, waving me off as if I'm joking and heads into the airport.

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Ryker moves closer to me, wrapping his arm around my shoulders. I rest my head in the crook of his arm. I want to comment about how this feels like the beginning of the end, but I keep it to myself. We stand like that until Mary disappears, and he turns me to face the car.

“We still have a little time before the appointment. Do you want anything to eat?”

I roll my eyes as I settle into the passenger seat. “Ryker, I don’t need to eat constantly. Plus, we’re cutting it close already.”

He frowns, looking at me briefly before watching the traffic so he can pull away from the curb. “We’re not, and you barely eat as it is. I just want to make sure you get enough every day, and we have enough time to hit a drive thru.”

My chest warms at his consideration, but I sigh. “Thanks, I don’t mean to be rude. I just—I’m not starving myself or our baby.”

He reaches over and squeezes my thigh. “Stassie, I promise I don’t think that.”

I nod, watching out the window as we head to the doctors. The entire time he doesn’t move his hand off me, his thumb rubbing and forth, only letting go when we park and head into the lobby to wait to be called up for our appointment.

When I lie on the exam table waiting for the tech to come back in, I fidget with my hands on my stomach.

“Nervous?”

I look over at him. “Yeah, a little. I just hope everything is okay.”

He moves closer to me. “You’ve been worried about it?”

Blowing out a breath, I try to think about everything I’ve been reading the past few weeks. “Yes, no. I don’t know. It’s just a lot of waiting with nothing to confirm your fears, you know? Probably be easier when I can feel them moving or something, I hope.”

Ryker nods, his smile gentle and calming. “I should have guessed with the way you’ve been powering through those oils.”

I laugh. “Sorry, it helps me a lot.”

He shrugs. “I don’t mind it. Let me know if you need me to buy you more.”

Smiling, I nod. “Thanks. That means a lot. My parents always thought I was weird for using them, and maybe they’re right and it’s a whole placebo thing. But it helps me for now.”

“We all have our things. Things that make sense to us, and not others. Don’t feel bad about it, Stassie,” he says.

My eyebrows raise. “Oh yeah, what’s yours?” I mean to be teasing, but my voice comes out a little more sultry than I intended.

His cheeks flush pink, and the tech walks in before he can answer.

“Sorry about the wait. How are you doing today?” she asks, coming to sit down beside me.

“I’m good,” I say, relaxing as much as I can as she pushes up my shirt and squirts a bunch of cold gel on my skin.

“Awesome. Okay so we’re checking gestation age today. Do you have an estimated conception date?”

Ryker clears his throat and tells her.

She nods, watching her machine as she moves the doppler over my stomach.

Ryker stands near me, his fingers entwined with mine as we watch the large TV screen in front of us mirroring the ultrasound tech’s movements.

“There we go, mama,” she says with a smile. “There’s baby’s belly and...here’s their heartbeat.”

The fast thumps sound through the room and Ryker’s fingers tighten on mine. I look up to see tears shining in his eyes, and a smile pulls at my lips.

“I’m just going to grab a few more measurements, and then I’ll print out some photos for you guys, okay?”

I nod, watching on the screen as she moves the doppler over my stomach and clicks away on her machine every few seconds.

“Everything looking good?” Ryker asks after a few minutes of silence.

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The tech smiles and nods. “Yup, measuring perfectly. Baby just shy of thirteen weeks, which matches up with your date.”

I breathe out a sigh of relief and smile up at Ryker. I wouldn’t have had the courage to ask, so I was just waiting to see if they said anything.

The tech stands, handing me a towel. “Go ahead and clean up, mama. Let me print these out and you two are good to go. We’ll see you back at twenty weeks or so for the anatomy scan. If you decide you want to know the gender, let us know.”

“Thank you,” I mutter as she leaves us so I can get dressed. Ryker waits patiently, and then we walk out to the car, holding hands.

After we stop by a sandwich shop to eat, we go home. Ryker had asked if I wanted to go shopping for anything, and I know we probably should. But I don’t want to just yet. It feels like we should keep her a secret for a little while. I don’t want to explain how I’m convinced we’re having a girl. He seems a little disappointed so when we walk into the apartment, I hold up the photo.

“Want to put it on the fridge?” I ask, biting my lip.

He swallows. “Yeah.”

Ryker takes the sonogram from me and tucks it under a large sea turtle magnet. It also covers two photos of him and Mary. I don’t know if it’s intentional or not, so I don’t say anything because I don’t want to make it awkward.

He steps back, staring at the image in awe.

“We made that,” he says.

I snort. “I mean, sure. But like, mostly me.”

Ryker turns to me with a soft smile, his eyes roaming over my body and settling on my face. “Yeah, mostly you.”

I don’t look away as we watch each other, and he reaches forward cupping my face, his thumb rubbing against my cheek. My heart pounds in my chest, my breathing is shallow, and right as I go to speak, he kisses me. My fingers twist in his shirt, moaning into his mouth as he deepens our kiss. I’m backed against the wall as his hand slides into my hair and his other one grabs my leg, lifting it to wrap around his waist.

I can feel his hard cock pressing against me, and I gasp when he rocks into me. I want him to strip me bare and fuck me against the wall, so before I beg him to do just that, I push against his chest.

“Ryker, we should...” my voice is hoarse with desperation and he squeezes his eyes shut, stepping away from me.

He runs a hand through his hair and then walks out of the kitchen without a word.

I’m horny. I’m so horny that it’s not funny and down right frustrating.

My eyes squeeze shut as I push the dildo inside me. I desperately want my vibrator, but I’m afraid of making too much noise. My sister’s boyfriend may have knocked me up, but the thought of him hearing me get off after our shared kiss is mortifying.

The way he walked off without a word has my imagination running wild because maybe he'd been as worked up as I am. Especially from that one time where he came in his pants, but I don't want to get my hopes up. Every passing week, the more time I spend with Ryker, the more I want him for myself, and I hate that. Because he'll never be mine. He's never been mine, even if I'm carrying his baby.

"Stassie. I wanted to—" Ryker opens my door without knocking, choking on his words when he sees me on the bed with the dildo stuffed in my pussy.

I squeeze my eye shuts, hoping this isn't happening before I look back up at his stunned expression. A whimper falls from my lips. "Get out," I croak, tears gathering on my waterline.

Ryker frowns, shutting the door with him inside and walks slowly to the bed. "Stassie? Are you okay? You look like you're in pain?"

I groan, pulling the fake cock out to close my legs and turn onto my side, giving him my back. "I'm fine. Just leave me alone."

He sits on the bed instead, his hand reaching out to grip my hip. "Don't be embarrassed. Maybe I can help."

My responding laugh is hollow and humorless. "You ran from a kiss. I doubt you'll help me get off."

His fingers dig into my skin, and he pushes me onto my back. Ryker's hand slides between my legs, grabbing my thigh and prying it open. My breath catches when his fingers tease at my wet, puffy pussy lips, rubbing between them before circling my clit softly.

"I walked away because I thought you were going to stop me and I didn't want to

hear it. Baby, if you're aching for more, I want to give it to you."

I shudder at the deep arousal in his voice. Ryker reaches over my body and my attention catches on the dildo as he grabs it.

His fingers push into me, pumping a few times as I arch into his hand. He pulls out, rubbing my wetness down it and lining the tip up to my hole.

Groaning, I grab on to his shirt, loving the stretch as Ryker forces me to take the whole thing.

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“Look at you, so wet and ready. You’re fucking drenched, baby.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, enjoying the feel of him operating the fake cock.

“No, look at me, Stassie. I want you to watch because this is as close to fucking as we can get right now.”

My eyes snap open and I look up at him; he juts his chin toward me. “Take off your shirt. Lemme see the pretty, perky nipples I know you’re hiding.”

Without hesitation I follow his command, lying back down and kneading my flesh as he stares. His cock is hard, pressing in a large bulge against his pants.

His breathing is shallow, coming in quick pants as he pumps the dildo in and out of me. He’s kneeling between my open legs now, his thumb circling my clit as I twist my nipples.

“More. Faster,” I beg.

Ryker grunts, doing what I ask. Fire coils tighter in my core with each plunge of the silicone shaft. I’m so close, finally.

The next thrust forward, it slips out and the tip slides down before pressing hard against my asshole. I let out a gasp, arching into it and he swears, pulling back.

“Sorry. Hold on.”

“No!” I cry out, sitting up on my elbows a bit. “I—I want it there.”

His eyes widen and he swallows, glancing back down. I reach into the nightstand, pulling out a small bottle of lube and holding it out for him to take.

Ryler stares at it, and then at my face as he grabs the bottle. “You want me to put this in your ass?”

I nod, laying back down and lifting my knees closer to my chest. “Please, Ryker. I think that’s what I’m missing.”

He pinches his eyes shut briefly before pouring the lube onto his fingers and spreading it on my back entrance. I whimper when he presses two fingers into me and he groans.

“Jesus, Stassie. I just watched your pussy get wetter. You really like this? I’ve never...”

A small smile pulls at my lips. “You’ve never done anal?”

He shakes his head, pumping his fingers in and out of me before removing his hand and replacing it with the dildo.

“I’ve never really done much of anything,” he admits.

I hum. “That’s a shame. It’s fun to explore.”

Ryker places the tip at the tight ring before pouring more lube where they meet, and holds the shaft with both hands as he pushes in. I hold my breath as my ass stretches to accommodatethe fake cock. It’s not the first time it’s gone there, and my pussy clenches at the reminder of what my ex and I used to do.

“Relax, baby,” Ryker coos and I do, pushing the images out of my mind. “You explored a lot with your ex?”

I can only manage a nod as he slides a few more inches into me.

“Like what?”

Groaning, I spare him a glance. “Ryker I really don’t want to think about my ex when all I want to think about is what if it was you and not the dildo slipping in my ass right now.”

His eyes widen at my candor and he laughs before shaking his head. “Fair enough. I’m more focused on your pleasure than your ex anyway.”

I bite my tongue, noticing he doesn’t mention the part that I so desperately want. My hand skims down, circling my clit as my pussy clenches at nothing. He watches with dark desire before he presses two fingers into me.

Ryker lets out a grunt, struggling to work out a rhythm pumping his fingers and the dildo.

“I need you inside me,” I cry out, tears streaming down my face, and his eyes track them with a pained expression.

“Stassie...”

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“Please, please,” I beg and he nods reluctantly. I let out a sigh of relief and then catch his wrist when he moves to pull the dildo out. “No, it stays. I need you inside here.” I slide my fingers through my wet folds again and Ryker’s mouth drops open. I move down and hold the base of the dildo inside me as he shoves off his pants and shirt. He wraps his hand around his thick cock, stroking it harder as he moves back between my legs.

“I got it. Let go,” he says and I do, relaxing back on my pillow.

He lines up his tip to my aching pussy and we both groan, the immense pressure of being filled soothing something inside me. My eyes roll back as Ryker thrusts forward.

“Fuck. You’re so tight, I’ve never felt anything like this.”

I rock my hips against him, wanting him to move. He buries himself to the hilt and stills, staring down at me. I blink up at him, loving every second of feeling stuffed with both cocks. Ryker’s is thicker than the dildo, and I wonder if I can get a cast made of his cock, so then technically it would be like I’m getting fucked by two Rykers.

“Flip over.” The hoarse demand sends a shudder through me as I turn, and Ryker tugs at my hips as I raise onto my knees. His hand keeps the dildo firmly in place just as he thrusts back into me and my fingers claw at the sheets.

“Fuck, you’re so fucking hot like this. Stuffed with two cocks and wanting more. You’re a dirty girl, aren’t you, Stassie?”

My nipples harden at his words, and my pussy gushes around him. I moan, pushing my ass closer to him without answering. All I know is that when I lost my virginity to my ex when we were sixteen, the floodgates opened. We tried anything and everything under the sun, and I always wanted more. My ex had been more than accommodating, eager to try whatever, and anything we both didn't like, we never tried again.

I raise up on my palms, tossing my hair over one shoulder as I look back at Ryker. "I'm filthy, Ryker. I don't know if you can handle it. Prim and proper golden boy."

His cock throbs, and he thrusts deeper. His fingers dig into the globes of my ass.

"We'll see, Stassie. Now touch yourself and come on my cock like the night I fucked my baby into you."

My eyes roll back and I fall down on my elbow, reaching between my legs and rubbing at the swollen bud of my messy pussy.

He starts thrusting, snapping his hips harder with each punch forward. Each long stroke of his thick dick inside me has me struggling to breathe. It's everything I wanted and more. Pleasure zips through me, settling in my lower belly and tightening in a ball before exploding.

I cry out, and I'd collapse if Ryker wasn't already holding me up by my stomach. My pussy flutters over and over, squeezing his cock as I come. He rides me through my release, thrusting with deep grunts. When it starts to calm, he sets me on my stomach and pulls the dildo out of my ass. I whimper at the loss before gasping when I feel his cock pressing in. My fingers twist in the sheets, and I push my ass back as Ryker's cock slips deeper inside.

"Fuck. You're still so tight." His voice sounds pained and his hands grip my hips,

pounding into me. His thrusts are frantic, jerky as if he's afraid it's going to be over too soon. "Am I hurting you?"

I shake my head. "Feels so good. Love it."

I can barely talk as Ryker fills my ass over and over. His pelvis slaps against my cheeks, the echoing of skin smacking getting louder. I run my hand underneath me, playing with my clit again as he pummels my ass with his thick cock. The thought of being his first has me coiling tight, another release already close.

"I'm not going to last long," Ryker says in a pained rasp.

"Me either," I pant, rubbing myself faster as he picks up his pace. His cock swells impossibly larger and then starts to throb as a choked gargle catches in his throat, his fingers gripping me so hard I know I'll bruise. I cry out next, coming at the feeling of his hot cum filling my ass.

He turns us onto our sides, our panting breaths in sync as we lie there in an exhausted heap. I let out a small whimper as he pulls out of me and then his hands pull me closer, rubbing down my body and kissing my shoulder.

"You okay?"

I nod, my throat a little parched. "You?"

Ryker rests his forehead on my back. "Fuck, Stassie. That was...fuck. You're everything I've ever wanted."

His words give me butterflies and I try not to cling to them desperately. Instead, I clear my throat and glance at him over my shoulder. "I fear you may have taken away my ability to walk properly. Mind helping me clean up?"

Ryker laughs while gathering me in his arms and carrying me to the bathroom. He lingers in the doorway for a few seconds before leaving me there with a kiss on my forehead. I blow out a breath, knowing we're on a collision course to disaster.

Chapter 8

Ryker

“Why are you ruining my life?!”

Startling awake, I sit up and scramble out of my sheets when I register Stassie's scream.

Archibald runs out of her room just as I open my door, and she's wiping tears off her face.

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“Hey, what’s going on?”

She looks up at me with wide, sad eyes. “He knocked over my noise machine and I’m already struggling to sleep comfortably.”

I pick up the discarded speaker on the floor and set it on the dresser. “Why are you struggling to sleep?”

Stassie shrugs. “I don’t know. Just restless.”

“Want me to lie down with you for a bit? I know you said you like sleeping next to someone.”

I probably shouldn’t offer, given what happened last week, that we brushed under the rug without a comment. We seem to do that a lot, neither of us wanting to confront the other.

“You’d do that?” she asks shyly.

I close her bedroom door to keep the cat out and dim the lights, crawling into her bed and patting the space beside me. “Come on.”

She settles down next to me.

“That okay?” I ask, and she nods.

I move behind her, rubbing at her arms and then wrap my arm around her waist.

“Mind if I hold you?”

My hand drifts over her belly and my eyebrows furrow, unsure if I’m feeling what I think. Stassie stiffens in my arms as I rub back and forth.

“Did you pop out?” I ask. It’s the best way I can think to phrase it without using the word ‘bigger.’

“Yeah, it just happened out of nowhere.”

I swallow, my heart picking up. “Can I see?”

She doesn’t answer, then sighs and moves to get off the bed. “Yeah, it’s better when I’m standing up.”

Following her off the mattress, I turn on the room’s light as she lifts her shirt in front of the standing mirror in the corner. Her hand rubs over the small curve of her belly, and a shiver rolls over my body.

The sight of her growing my baby changes something inside me, I can’t help but walk over slowly and then kneel before her.

“I know we have the sonogram, but this makes it feel so much more real. Like the proof that she’s growing in there.”

Stassie smiles. “You believe me that we’re having a girl?”

I shrug. “I don’t care either way, as long as they are healthy. But if you believe it, then I’ll trust you, mama.”

Her eyes fill with tears, and she wipes them quickly. “Sorry, I don’t mean to get

emotional. It's just nice to have someone who feels like they're truly in my corner, you know?"

I'm about to remind her about Mary, but I bite my tongue because I don't want to ruin the moment. Her sister does love her, and I believe she still will even after all of this. Something deep inside me wants to claim her even further; I want her entirely to myself forever, and to never share her with anyone else. So I don't acknowledge her fucked up family and the insecurities they've planted in her. Instead I'm determined to show her how I care another way.

I kiss her belly, then kiss it again, my hands cradling her sides. She inhales sharply, her stomach flexing as I drag my lips down to her belly button and below. My eyes flick up to hers as I tug at the waistband of her shorts. I want her unlike anyone else I've ever wanted before.

Her shorts fall to the floor and I lift her thigh, resting it on my shoulder as I press my mouth to her soft curls right above her pussy. My fingers slide to her slick folds, gathering her wetness and opening her up for my tongue as I lean down to lap at her swollen clit.

"Ryker," she moans, her hand clawing at my shoulder.

I pause and look up at her. "Want to move to the bed? Would it be more comfortable for you?"

"Bed."

As I stand I pull her shirt off, kneading her breasts with my palms before picking her up and carrying her to the bed. She's so petite, my cock hardens further at the thought of her filling out with pregnancy curves.

I lay her on her back with her ass on the edge as I kneel between her legs. Pushing her thighs farther open, I lick up her slit as she moans, arching into my face.

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“I should have done this much sooner,” I say with a desperate groan. The taste of her is the sweetest thing I’ve ever had. I eat her pussy, Stassie’s cries and gasps washing over me, and my cock aches for relief. I suck, lick and nip at every inch of her soaking, sweet flesh until she comes, thighs shaking, drenching me in her wetness.

Pushing my boxer briefs down, I kneel between her open legs. I stroke my length, squeezing my tip because I could come just at the sight of her. But I want so much more. “I need...please, baby. I need to come inside you.”

Her eyes pinch shut briefly before she nods. “I want it. I want your cum inside.”

I groan, rubbing my head along her gushing pussy. “God, we’re sick.”

“I don’t care,” she says with a gasp as I push into her.

My eyes roll back as I bury my entire cock in her tight, warm heat until my balls rest against her ass. My hands flex on her hips, my thumb pressing down into her skin as my cock throbs with the need to release already. I blow out a breath, and then look down at where we’re connected. She’s taken me so well, not a word of complaint for stretching around my entire length.

Her belly isn’t so pronounced when she’s lying on her back, but her breasts are larger and I can’t wait to squeeze them. I pull out a few inches before thrusting forward and groan when they bounce with the movement. A flush spreads over her face and neck, and Stassie cups her mounds in her hands.

I shake my head. “Don’t hide yourself. I want to see everything.”

“They’ve gotten bigger and a little sore,” she says. I reach forward, rubbing a hard nipple with my thumb. Her pussy clamps down on me and I rock into the spasm. “So sensitive.”

“Please, Ryker. More, harder.”

I struggle to hold back my release, but give her what she wants. Grabbing her knee, I drag her leg over my waist and press my cock deeper with each thrust, snapping my hips faster.

“Fuck, your cunt is so fucking good. I can’t get enough of it,” I say through clenched teeth.

She swats my hand away when I move to circle her clit again. “Too sensitive.”

“I want you to come on my cock. Please,” I beg her.

Stassie shakes her head, her nails digging into my shoulders. “Too much....because I’m pregnant with your baby...because you filled me with your cum?—”

“Ah fuck,” I cry out. My cock swells inside her, throbbing as I drain my balls into her tight channel.

Stassie sighs. “Yes, fuck. It’s so warm.”

I keep myself buried to the hilt until the last spasm of my release and then roll to my side, panting as Stassie turns to face me. We stare at each other and she smiles, tracing my lips with her fingers.

“You good?”

She nods.

“Come on. Let’s clean up,” I say, climbing off the bed and dragging her by her ankle to the edge before picking her up. She wraps her arms and legs around me while resting her head on my shoulder as I carry her to the bathroom. Setting her on the counter, I warm up the water and then look at her, tucking some tousled hair behind her ear.

“You’re so beautiful.”

Her cheeks turn a bright red. “Stop.”

“I’m serious.” I say, moving closer to her and grabbing the edge of the counter on either side of her thighs. “It’s insane how attracted I am to you.”

Stassie studies my face, frowning a bit. “I look nothing like my sister.”

I blow out a breath, pushing away and nodding once. “Yeah, I know. Mary and I—we, uh. We bonded over having the same stride in life. Working hard and what not.”

She climbs off the counter, walking past me into the shower. Her breasts jut out as she tilts her head back, letting the water soak her hair. I move in front of her, grabbing her hips.

“That wasn’t a dig at you. I tend to forget you’re only nineteen. It’s okay to not have it all figured out yet,” I tell her and lean down, brushing a soft kiss on her lips.

I slide my hands up, kneading at her breasts, and she rests her head on my shoulder.

“They do seem bigger.”

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She hums. “They definitely are.”

“My sister-in-law texted me the other day asking if there’s anything we need and mentioned getting a pump through insurance, but if it’s not the one you want I’ll buy whatever.”

Frowning, she steps away and faces me. “Your sister-in-law? You told your brother?”

I wince, then nod. “I needed to speak to someone about all of this. He won’t tell Mary.”

“How can you be so sure of that? It’s a fucked-up situation.”

I pull her back to me. “I didn’t tell him everything. Just about the first time and how it was an accident. I needed advice on how to approach Mary about it. His wife overheard and basically said I need to break up with her regardless. It’s not fair to expect Mary to linger around our oopsie baby.”

“You’re breaking up with her?” Her eyes are wide with hope and fear.

I study her face, my heart pounding, a little stunned she’s surprised. “Yeah, Stassie... I thought—don’t you want to see where this goes with us and the baby?”

“I guess, I don’t know,” she sighs and shakes her head. “Let’s talk about it tomorrow. I’m tired.”

“Okay. Let’s get you to bed after we wash,” I say, grabbing the washcloth and body

soap before kneeling in front of her.

Her hand catches my wrist. “Wait, I can do it. You don’t have to wash me.”

“I want to,” I say, staring up at her.

She blushes. “I have to pee, Ryker. Like really bad, I was hoping to go real fast and that you wouldn’t notice.”

A laugh barks out of me. “Now who is the shy one? Go ahead.”

When I don’t move, she scowls at me. “Get off the floor.”

I swallow, glancing at her and then putting my hand between her thighs and forcing her legs to open wider. “How about I stay right here?”

My heart is beating erratically. Ever since the day she peed on the pregnancy test in front of me, there’s been a curiosity inside me. One I’ve had before, but never acted upon and only watched a few times when I was incredibly horny.

“Ryker?” her tiny voice says.

“I’ll move if you want me to,” I tell her softly. “But if you’re okay, I’d like to stay right here.”

Stassie blows out a breath and her hand moves into my hair, steadying herself before squeezing her eyes shut. My attention falls to her pussy, and my hand slides up her thigh, nearly touching her. Her fingers tighten on my scalp and the first trickle of pee starts flowing from her onto my hand and down to the shower floor. In the next second, it’s a steadier stream and my breath catches as I watch, transfixed. It’s hot, scalding almost, but my cock hardens watching it run down both of us. I can’t

understand why it's so arousing, but I wrap my hand around myself, stroking hard with the last few seconds as her pee slows to a few drips.

I switch hands, jacking off with the hand drenched in her piss as Stassie gasps and opens her eyes. We're silent, staring at each other as I keep pumping my fist.

She licks her lips. "Come on me."

My balls draw up, my cock jerking in my hand. "Yeah?"

She nods. "Come on my belly and tits."

I stand, increasing my pace as she cups her breasts, pushing them together. I think about the cum I've already filled her with, the seed that I planted months ago, and how it's growing our baby now. I explode, groaning as my cock throbs, spurting my cum over her breasts. Some ropes of it land on her bump, and Stassie rubs it all over her skin as I catch myself on the tiled wall.

Our eyes meet and her cheeks flush while I grin. "God, every time with you...it just gets better."

She scrunches her nose, as if not believing me. I laugh and pull her into my chest. "Now let's get you washed for real and go to bed."

STASSIE

I groan, and push the heavy arm off me and hurry out of bed.

"What's wrong?" Ryker's groggy voice calls out as I shoot into the bathroom, and barely manage to make it on the toilet before sighing in relief as I pee.

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My eyes catch him leaning against the doorframe with crossed arms and a goofy smile. “That bad already?”

I shake my head. “Not always, but first thing in the morning, yeah.”

When he continues to watch me as I finish up, I look up at him incredulously. “Why are you just staring at me?”

Ryker shrugs and pulls me into his arms. “I think I like it.”

“Like what?” I ask, confused.

His hand sprawls down my back, cupping my ass before lifting me. I wrap my legs around his waist as he carries me out to the kitchen and sets me on the counter.

“I like watching how your body changes to carry my kid. I can’t explain it. It’s the most beautiful thing and it makes me want to fuck you all day.”

I laugh. “If it helps, I already want to fuck you all day.”

Ryker groans, adjusting himself and moving to the fridge. “Don’t tempt me. I need to keep you two fed. What does my baby want to eat?”

“Hmmm. French toast please,” I say as he hands me a prenatal and a cup of orange juice.

He leans down and kisses my bump. “Whatever baby wants.”

I laugh, shaking my head at him. It's like last night finally eased away the remaining awkward tension, and I try to ignore the guilt while avoiding any thoughts of the missing person between us.

"How come you've barely left for work lately?" I ask, settling on the counter to watch him as he pulls out the ingredients to make us breakfast.

Little paws pitter patter in and Archibald lets out a big meow as he stretches. Ryker snorts, reaching into the cabinet and pulling out a can of his food. He holds it up and looks at me. "You going to be okay if I open this?"

I grimace and plug my nose. "Tell me when it's okay to look."

Squeezing my eyes shut, I hear Ryker open the can before clicking his tongue. After a moment, he comes back into the kitchen and squeezes my thigh. "I put him in the bathroom."

"Thank you," I say, and he smiles at me before it drops and he scratches the back of his neck.

"We need to talk about what happened last night. We can't keep ignoring what's happening between us," he says softly. His eyes plead with me not to get upset as he turns back to the stove to finish cooking me breakfast.

I shift uncomfortably on the counter. "What did you want to talk about? I think it's pretty simple. We're caught up in the hormones of the pregnancy."

Ryker's eyebrows furrow. "You think that's all it is?"

Yes. No. I'm not sure what he wants me to say because I want it to be so much more but that's a secret I'll never be the first to admit out loud.

He sighs. “I know this is going to make me seem like a shitty person, but I think it’s more than that. I mean, it could be the pregnancy, but I’m drawn to you in a way I can’t explain. Everything in my being craves being around you.”

I bite my lip, watching him as he makes my french toast. “I’m drawn to you too.”

Ryker’s lips quirk and he glances at me with eyes full of warmth before finishing up the cooking. He picks me up, and sets me down before handing me plates to carry to the table.

“Feel like shopping today?” he asks after we sit and I take my first bite of the delicious sweetness.

I give him an amused look. “You just can’t wait, can you?”

He groans. “No, I can’t. I’d build a whole nursery if I could.”

My heart clenches at the reminder that I’m currently taking up the spare bedroom while he’s staying in the main bedroom...with my sister. My eyes shift down to the plate, and I force a few more bites.

“We could always find a new house,” he muses to himself after a few minutes.

My mouth drops open. “Why don’t we just wait and see? I can’t believe I’m talking you out of being impulsive.”

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He scowls, but in a teasing way. “It’s not impulsive when I just want to provide for you and the baby.”

I reach over, grabbing his hand. “You are, Ryker. The food, the new job, it’s more than enough.”

“You’ll think about it? I know my parents would love to have me closer to them.”

My eyebrows raise. “You’re serious about the house?”

He nods. “I didn’t think I’d be having kids so soon, but since I can afford it, then yeah. I want a house and a yard, maybe think about getting a dog.”

A laugh bursts out of me. “Archibald would bully the hell out of a dog.”

He smiles. “Probably, but I think he’d also love the hell out of the baby. I saw him curled up on your belly the other day.”

Rolling my eyes, I take a bite of my food and moan. “God, it’s perfect. I could probably eat the whole plate.”

Ryker grins wider, and I point my fork at him. “That was an exaggeration. I’m pretty sure if I ate the whole plate, it would make me sick.”

He waves me off. “I’d still prefer you to eat as much as you can.”

I ignore his mother henning and finish the rest of my breakfast, listening as he

explains an upcoming work project and how he'll need my help organizing some of the files. I've only been working with him and his brother for a couple of weeks, and I'm really enjoying it.

Ryker stands, grabbing my empty plate and carrying it to the sink before turning around to stare at me.

I frown at his hesitant expression. "What?"

He scratches the back of his neck. "Want to take a shower together?"

I giggle and hold out my hand for him to grab. "Yeah, yeah I do."

Ryker blows out a breath of relief, and I step into his arms when he gets close. His eyebrows raise as he stares down at me. I poke his chest and drag my nail down his stomach, then cup his growing cock over his pants.

"I also really, really, need to pee."

He groans, lifting me by my waist as I wrap around him, and carries me to the bathroom. I'll never understand it, but seeing him so turned on by the act turns me on.

Chapter 9

Ryker

"God, this is so good," Stassie moans, stabbing her fork into the bowl of pasta and shoving another bite in her mouth.

I adjust my hard dick in my pants. I don't know if it's a pregnancy thing or what, but the noises she makes while eating the food I make her is turning me on beyond belief.

“Well, there’s plenty more if you want it.”

Stassie rolls her eyes and I bite back the laugh. I know she hates how much I push her to eat, but with reactions like this, I’m not stopping anytime soon. And as much as she mumbles and grumbles about my consistent hovering, I think she likes it more than she lets on.

My phone rings and I glance down at Mary’s caller ID with dread as Stassie’s face falls.

I debate answering it, but Stassie pushes it toward me.

“Hey.”

Mary sighs. “Hey. I don’t have much time, and sorry we keep missing each other at night, but I wanted to call and check in.”

Stassie pushes her food around her plate, and I lean back in my chair.

“No worries. I know you’ve been busy,” I say, leaving off the like always. This is nothing new. Mary and I could go days without speaking or seeing each other. It never really bothered me until recently, but now it’s Stassie’s presence that I can’t seem to get enough of.

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“So busy. It’s different out here. I like it,” she says whimsically.

“Yeah, that’s good.”

Stassie stands, cleaning her plate off and placing her dish in the sink.

“Yeah, anyway. That’s kind of why I’m calling. I have my return date. The contract ends next month and I’ll probably have a flight back the next day.”

I clear my throat. “Oh wow. Time has just flown by. Send me all the details when you have a chance.”

Mary hums. “Oh, break ending. I got to go. Love you, tell Stassie the same!”

She hangs up before I can respond and I’m thankful for once because I didn’t necessarily want to say it back to her, at least not in front of Stassie.

“She’s coming home soon?”

I nod. “Next month.”

She nods, biting down on her lip. I stand from the table and walk over to her, cradling her hips.

“Want to cuddle on the couch or bed?” I ask with a grin, seeing the needy expression on her face. It also gives us both the opportunity to not address the elephant in the room.

Her cheeks blush. “Actually, I was wondering if we could try something new. It might help with my clinginess.”

“I don’t mind it.”

She rolls her eyes. “I’m sure, but it doesn’t allow you to get much done.”

I chuckle. “Okay, what do you want to try?”

“Naked cuddling. Just hold me naked.”

My eyebrows raise. “Stassie, not to state the obvious, but we already do that.”

Her bottom lip pouts out. “No, this is different. That’s after we’ve fucked, and it’s just all different, okay?”

Holding up my hands in surrender, I wave to the couch. “Here or the bed?”

“Here, then we can watch some TV.”

Our eyes don’t leave each other as we strip out of our clothes, a strange intimacy at watching in the middle of the day in the open inside of the apartment. I move to the couch and sit down in the center. Stassie moves over me, and I startle in surprise when she straddles my lap.

She snuggles into my chest, and I sigh, wrapping my arms around her. Maybe she’s onto something because the feel of her warm skin on mine is soothing—if we ignore my hard cock that her hot pussy is resting against.

“Thank you for doing this. I was reading somewhere that sometimes pregnant women are attracted to the scent of their partner. Probably to promote bonding. Lately, I’ve

been wishing I could crawl into your skin,” she says.

I laugh, rubbing at her sides. “I guess it makes sense. You’re growing a piece of both of us. And if I’m going to be honest, I don’t mind. I like holding you.” It’s a reluctant confession, but she relaxes further in my arms. She’s more comfortable with the sex stuff, but anything to do with emotions or our relationship, she pulls away.

Stassie hums. “I like you holding me too.”

We rest like this for a while, my head resting against the back of the couch as I stare up at the ceiling. My cock is so hard, it’s nearly painful. Stassie falls asleep and every so often she wiggles, rubbing her tight ass and wet pussy against me. It’s driving me wild, making me desperate to come.

I battle with the urge to adjust her, slip my cock inside her, and just gently fuck her while she sleeps. But it’s a little too close to what happened that got us in this situation, and I don’t want to open old wounds. I doubt Stassie would mind, considering she jumps on me any chance she gets. With a groan, I try to think about anything but the beautiful pregnant woman in my arms.

She wiggles after a while, rubbing her pussy against me even more. But I can feel her wet flesh on my skin, and I blow out a breath.

“Don’t move,” I grit out, my fingers flexing on her hips.

I know she can feel my hard dick poking her.

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She whimpers. “I need to pee though.”

Shaking my head, I keep her in place. “I’m two seconds from coming all over both of us, just wait real fast.”

“I’m not joking, Ryker. I’m going to pee myself!”

“Do it then. I don’t give a fuck, just?—”

Stassie rocks her hips against my cock, my sensitive tip bumping into her clit. She gasps and then I grunt at the gush of hot liquid pouring over my lap. I come without another thought, my cum spraying all over her pussy as she drenches me. My vision dots with black and my lungs struggle to maintain air as I come harder than I’ve ever come before. It’s like my balls are being squeezed tight, and I’m erupting all over her like a volcano.

“Oh my god, oh my god,” Stassie pants.

Our gazes catch as my breathing starts to mellow and I laugh, carefully lifting her and setting her on her feet in front of me. I glance around the soaked cushions with a grimace.

“Let’s get cleaned up,” I tell her.

Her eyes are wide, taking in the mess we made in the middle of the living room, but she nods.

We shower separately and I cover the couch in towels, banishing Archibald to my room so he doesn't step in it.

“What are we going to do?” she asks.

I sigh, scratching the back of my neck. “Clean it? Or just buy a new one.”

“We probably should have thought that one through.”

Rolling my eyes, I pull her into my side. “I wasn't really thinking about much other than I wanted it. Don't worry, it will be fine.”

She looks up at me. “Was it different this time than in the shower?”

I kiss her mouth, plunging my tongue in as I explore her back with my hands and down to her ass. “Yeah, I loved it. I don't know why, but something about it made me come so hard my cock aches a bit.”

Stassie laughs. “Next time we'll keep it in the shower.”

A smile stretches on my lips. “Next time already, huh? So you didn't mind it either?”

She shrugs, a teasing smirk on her face. “I like how much you like it. I pissed on you, now you're mine.”

My heart swells, and I know there isn't going to be a time where I don't want the woman standing in front of me in my arms.

Chapter 10

Stassie

He grabs my hands, pulling them away so I can't continue to scratch myself. "It will be okay. Please stop worrying, it can't be good for the baby."

She's the size of a mango this week, so my app says. And we'll find out next week for sure if we're having a daughter or not. We've been living in blissful ignorance, living life as if we're a real couple. My sister is coming home today and I could barely sleep last night. Ryker ended up fucking me into exhaustion. My belly has grown even more, my sweaters and t-shirts catching on it every so often.

"What do you want? Diffuser? White noise? What would help calm you, Stassie?"

I blink, my expression turning to one of awe. "Both."

He lets go of me to stand, ensuring I'm not going to scratch. "Do you want me to bring them out here, or do you want to wait in your room?"

Looking over the table, I almost tell him to bring them out before Archibald jumps on the surface, stretching out in what can only be called a taunt. And I'm reminded that everything happening is technically his fault. I glare at the little demon.

"You want to know a secret? You're named Archibald the second, not because it's an honor, but because you're a cheap imitation of the original."

The cat bristles, his tail fluffing up as his slitted gaze turns to me.

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“Okay, now you’re insulting our pet. Get up, we’re moving to your room.” He pulls me up by my armpits, and I yelp when Archibald swipes his paw at me as we pass him. Ryker chuckles under his breath and sets me on my bed as he turns on my machines.

“He started it,” I groan, grabbing my pillow and hugging it to my chest.

“The cat insulted you first?” Ryker asks, amused.

I nod, lying on my side to face him as he waits for my answer.

“He broke my diffuser that night. That’s why I was in your room. Mary said I could borrow hers.”

Ryker’s jaw opens and he glances out at the living room. “Huh. So really the cat should be our child’s godparent.”

I gasp, sitting up straight. “Under no circumstances is Archibald II our child’s godparent. I’m not even sure he won’t try to get rid of the child if it annoys him enough.”

He laughs loudly. I bask in the warmth of it, letting it settle over my skin like a cozy blanket. With a smile on my face, I kneel and swing my pillow at him.

“Don’t laugh at me. You can’t tell me that cat couldn’t manage it. I swear he’s a human shifter or something.”

Ryker laughs harder, grabbing the pillow out of my hand on my next swing and tackling me onto the mattress. I let out a squeal when he starts hitting me with my own pillow.

“Stop, stop. You can’t attack me with my own stuff,” I say between laughs. I put my arms up, trying to dodge him as I turn on my back, and he straddles my thighs.

“Beg for mercy, and perhaps I’ll concede the battle.” He holds the pillow above his head with a prideful smirk.

I tilt my chin up, unable to stifle my grin. “Never.”

He tosses the pillow, balancing his weight above me as he leans down and kisses me. I groan into his mouth, wrapping my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. I cling to him like I’m afraid if I let go, he’ll disappear. He rocks into me, moaning as he flips us over so I’m straddling him.

“You’re fucking insatiable. You’re going to ride my cock raw.”

I raise an eyebrow. “Are you complaining?”

“Never,” he sputters out and laughs. “In fact, I think you could up the ante.”

A giggle bubbles out of me, and I shake my head. “My poor pussy. It’s going to be sore.”

His phone rings and both our moods darken. We stare at each other before he slowly climbs off the bed and walks into the living room. I lie there, my heart beating wildly and my stomach turning as I hear him answer.

“Hey, you land already? Yeah, yeah. Okay. We’ll start heading over there.”

I turn onto my side, curl into a ball, and stare at nothing. Our bubble has burst, and I'm not sure I'll be okay.

Ryker clears his throat. "Mary's plane landed. She said they're a little backed up at luggage. We should start heading over."

Squeezing my eyes shut, I shake my head. "I don't want to go."

My bed shifts as he climbs on and his hand rests on my hip. "Why not?"

"I'm not ready to face her yet."

He sighs. "So you're just going to stay in your room? For how long?"

"I don't know, Ryker," I snap, glaring at him over my shoulder. "I just don't want to go to the damn airport."

He watches me for a second, pushing me to turn until I'm facing him. He cups my cheek and pushes my hair out of my face. "Hey, it's okay. Don't forget what we discussed. No matter what happens, it's me, you, and the baby."

My stomach twists again. "At the expense of my sister. I know it's too late, but I don't want to hurt her."

Ryker lays down, pulling me into his arms. "We're all going to hurt, but I need you to be a little selfish, okay? I need you to not worry about anything but you and the baby. Can you do that for me?"

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I frown, and he kisses the tip of my nose.

“Please try to control your stress for our baby, okay?”

Blowing out a breath, I know he’s right, but it’s not as easy as just turning it off. He kisses my mouth once before pulling away.

“It’s been a minute since you ate. I’ll make you some food and then leave. Why don’t you do some work? At least then Mary won’t find it suspicious you didn’t come with me.”

I smile. “Look at us, professional liars.”

“Secret keepers.” He winks and gets off the bed.

“What are these?”

I look up from my laptop, eyeing the pink bottle in my sister’s hand as dread explodes in my chest. Without a thought, I tug down my sweatshirt and it draws her attention. She yanks me out of bed, sending my snack and laptop to the floor, and I let out a cry as I stumble to my feet. Mary drops the prenats and bares my stomach to the room before staggering back with her hand over her mouth.

Ryker crashes into the doorway, his eyes bouncing all over and taking in the scene. I rub at where she grabbed me, and his eyebrows furrow when he catches the movement.

“What’s going on?” he asks. The hesitation and concern for me in his tone does not bode well.

Mary slowly turns her head to him, tears forming in her eyes as she picks up the bottle of vitamins again. “Is it yours? Is my sister carrying your fucking baby?”

“Wait. If you’d just let us explain?—”

She throws it at him with a screech, and he blocks it with his arm as she turns to me. I stumble back a step, my arms covering my stomach. Her eyes drop to it before she squeezes them shut and shakes her head. I don’t think my sister would seriously hurt me, but I’m not going to chance it. Ryker walks closer, pushing me to climb onto the bed as he stands before Mary.

She shakes her head again and blows out a breath. “Explain then. I’d love to hear this.”

Ryker and I exchange a glance and he clears his throat. “It was an accident. The first night she needed something from our room, and I thought she was you... and it just happened.”

Mary’s lips press tight and she stares at him with a blank expression before her eyes drift to me. “And you didn’t think to correct him? You just laid there and took it?”

My cheeks flush with heat. “His hand was covering my mouth.”

She barks out a hollow laugh and nods. “Yeah, he does enjoy that. Okay, so say I believe this bullshit story. Why not just tell me the next day?” Her fists are curled at her sides and tears spring up in her eyes.

“I begged him not to. I was afraid you’d kick me out, and I’d just got you back,” I

say.

Mary's eyes shut briefly and her throat bobs with a swallow. "And when you found out you were pregnant?"

"We found out a couple of days before you got the traveling contract...we didn't want to ruin that experience for you," Ryker interjects.

Her chin tilts up and she levels us with an exasperated stare. "Ruin that experience? And you didn't think coming home to my sister's belly blown up like a balloon wouldn't do that?" Mary's eyes narrow as she looks at me. "And you, really? You decided to keep it? I know Ryker would let you do whatever you want, he's a good guy like that. Loaded enough to pay child support too. So what? You decided 'hey no big deal, I'll just have a kid with my sister's boyfriend' even though you barely graduated high school, have no job experience, no money. Hell, you'd be on the streets if you didn't move in?—"

"That's enough," Ryker's stern voice has Mary standing taller, but he continues anyway. "We understand you're upset, but we feel bad enough. Stress isn't good for Stassie, and?—"

"I don't give a fuck what's good or not for her. How dare?—"

"I do!" Ryker shouts, interrupting my sister again. His hand swings to me, pointing out my stomach. "That's my child, and I fucking care. And you know what, I care about Stassie, too. So I think we should take some time?—"

"Oh my god. It wasn't a one-time thing. You guys kept fucking," Mary blurts out, her hand covering her mouth.

How could she possibly know that? My heart beats an uneven rhythm in my chest

and I'm frozen, unsure what to say or if we should lie.

Ryker's breathing is a little ragged as he stands still in front of me.

Mary nods once, looking between us. "You can't deny it, can you?"

When her eyes meet mine, I drop them to the bedding. What is there to say? The proof of what we've done is growing in my belly.

“Nothing to say?”

My body tenses and I look up at her. “I don’t think there’s anything to say that will help.”

Mary rolls her eyes. “An apology to start? Are you even sorry?”

My attention slides to Ryker as he glances at me over his shoulder. Am I sorry? Kind of.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” I say meekly, because that’s true. I never want to hurt her, my sister is everything. But...I want this baby, and I want this baby with Ryker. And I think he wants us too, which will hurt her even more.

“Let’s take a moment to breathe. Can we talk?” Ryker says, waving Mary toward the room.

My sister stares at me for a moment longer and moves to walk out before pausing.

“You know the worst part, Stassie?”

“Mary,” Ryker says hesitantly.

My shoulders stiffen, knowing whatever she’s going to say is going to tear me to shreds.

“Mom warned me that you would do this. That there hasn’t been anything of mine

you haven't wanted for yourself."

Chapter 11

Ryker

I follow Mary into our bedroom, and she storms to the closet, pulling out her second suitcase. The one she has packed from her traveling contracts sits at the end of the bed, still zipped up.

"Can you just wait a second? And give us time to talk."

Mary turns to stare at me, a resigned deadness in her eyes that has my stomach clenching. "Talk about what? Obviously you two are keeping the baby."

I nod. "Yes, but we'd still like?—"

"And what? It would just stay in Stassie's room, and you just trade off which one you're sleeping in when you feel like it? How was this going to work in your head?"

I bite back my annoyance at her condescending tone and shrug. "We haven't thought that far yet."

"Of course not because you're too busy fucking each other," Mary spits out. She huffs out an unamused laugh and goes back to pulling out some of her clothes before facing me again. "Seriously, what the fuck do you guys want from me? How long were you two going to keep having an affair and just let me keep living without a clue about it?"

"We were going to tell you when you got back. Stassie is afraid to lose you and she needs you, especially now?—"

Mary groans, rubbing her hands down her face. “I don’t fucking care what Stassie wants or needs.”

My mouth snaps shut as we stare at each other. Tears prickle in her eyes and her shoulders rise before falling.

“That’s it? Nothing else to say? What about you, Ryker? Are you afraid of losing me? Do you need me?”

The crack in her voice hurts because I know she's in pain, and there’s nothing I can say to make her feel better, so I stay silent. After a few moments, Mary nods and sits down on the corner of the bed.

“You’re in love with her, aren’t you? In a way you never were with me?” Mary asks, the sadness in her voice causing a shudder down my spine.

I move to sit next to her, but keep space between us.

“I love you both differently,” I admit in a whisper, my throat aching with emotion. It’s not the answer she wants, but I barely understand it myself. I do love Mary, and I love the time we’ve spent together. But after being with Stassie, I think my relationship with Mary became more about not starting over. A contentment that I didn’t want to disrupt because it was easy. With Stassie, I like that she needs me. I like that she brings out parts of me I hadn’t dared to explore before.

“But if I made you choose?”

“I’d choose them.” There’s no doubt in my tone, and she shudders before standing. Mary wipes at her nose and looks around the room sadly. Her eyes meet mine and she shrugs.

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“I can’t be here right now.”

I nod. “Let me at least get you a hotel.”

She shakes her head. “No, I’m going to go to a friend’s...and I just need some space, okay? Please tell Stassie to give me some space.”

“I will, but Mary?—”

She holds up her hand. “Please, I don’t want to hear it.”

Giving her the space she wants, I walk back into Stassie’s room, finding her curled into a fetal position in her bed, her face pressed into a pillow as her shoulders rack with sobs. I shut the door and climb into bed with her, wrapping my arm around her.

“Shhh. It’s going to be okay. Try to calm down, baby,” I whisper into her hair, pulling the pillow away from her face.

She sniffs and hiccups, wiping at her eyes and nose with her blanket. “She hates me.”

I hold her tighter. “We knew it was going to be difficult at first, but she’ll come around.”

Stassie shakes her head, trembling in my arms. “No, I don’t think she will. She’s never been cruel like that before.”

I rest my forehead on her shoulder. “We can only wait and see. I know it hurts, baby,

but you gotta try to calm down a bit. I'm going to turn on your noise machine and put some oils in the diffuser. Let's see if we can get some sleep."

She snuffles louder. "Is she leaving?"

"Yeah, she is."

A choked noise gurgles at the back of her throat. "I don't want to go back in that room."

My heart twists, but I nod. "Then we won't. We'll stay here, okay?"

Stassie doesn't say anything, so I gingerly climb off the bed and finish her night routine before cuddling back into her. After twenty minutes of quiet weeping, her breathing evens out and I know she's sleeping. Ten minutes after that, I listen as something heavy is dragged across the floor, and then I hear the click of the apartment door closing. The tension drains from my body and I shut my eyes, resting my face in the crook of Stassie's neck and hoping for the future we both clearly want.

Stassie's tits are so large my hands struggle to contain them. Her nails dig into my chest as I pump into her wet, dripping pussy from below. My heels sink into the mattress so I thrust my hips, filling her over and over, pounding her with my cock. At first, I'd been worried about being too rough, but the doctor assured me it's fine, which is a relief because my girl is insatiable. Her eyes drift to the nightstand, and I know she wants me to stuff her with her dildo, but we don't have time. My parents are throwing us a small baby shower and we're going to be late, but her anxiety was too much to let her go without wringing out some orgasms.

She whimpers. "Please?—"

"When we get back, I promise. I need you to come on my cock, baby." I let go of her

tits to slide down and cradle her large belly. We're about eight weeks away from birth, and Stassie has never looked so beautiful. "Seeing you like this, swollen with my baby, still desperate for my cock, I fucking can't get enough. Give me your juices, pretty girl. I need you to drench me."

She cries out, her pussy clamping down and squeezing me. I grunt, trying to fuck her through it but god damn, her channel is like heaven.

"Where do you want my cum, baby? Inside or on you?"

"Inside, please," she begs.

I thrust a few more times and then let go, feeling my cock swell and sputter as I paint her walls with my cum. I rub her sides as we come down from our highs before climbing off the bed and carrying her to the bathroom. She moves to the shower and turns on the water before opening her legs so I can watch my cum drip out, and then she pees.

I shudder and my cock twitches but I will myself not to react. My mom will be upset if we're later than we already are.

"I wish I had the time to wash your body and hair like usual, but we got to go," I tell her, frowning with genuine disappointment. I love exploring every inch of her, touching all I can.

She smiles. "It's okay. Later? After the thing you promised?"

I shake my head with a grin. "Of course."

We go through the motions, washing off quickly before I get dressed and leave her to do her hair and makeup while I head into the kitchen. Wrapping up a few of her

snacks, I pack them in the backpack we've started to carry around.

I grab her flavored water in her oversized steel cup, glad it at least has a handle, and head back to our room.

"Almost ready?" I ask, leaning on the doorframe. I catch a flicker of a sad expression in the mirror before it's wiped clean and she nods, putting on some lipgloss and then standing from the vanity.

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She moves to me with a smile and I catch her waist.

“You good?”

Stassie swallows. “Yeah, yeah I’m fine. I was just...it’s fine.”

I study her face and sigh, pulling her into my arms. “I wish she was here too.”

She stiffens and then relaxes into my hold. “I gave her a few weeks before texting, but she hasn’t responded at all.”

“I know, baby. I’m sure she’s thrown herself into work, but it’s still only been a few months. We have no right to get impatient with her timeline.”

Stassie sniffs and steps back, grabbing her cup from me. “Lemon?”

“Pear. You said last night the lemon was too lemony.”

She wrinkles her nose. “Oh yeah. Thank you.”

After she takes a drink, I lean down and kiss her and rub her belly. “I love you, and I love our daughter.”

She kisses me back. “We love you too.”

When we get to my parents’ house and settle in, I take a photo of Stassie from the side, showing off her large pregnant belly and the banner of the shower’s theme in the

background, and send it to the one person I know Stassie wanted here. When the messages go through, just like the rest, I breathe out a sigh of relief. If there's one thing I know about Mary, it's when she's done with someone, she's done. She has her own parents blocked on her phone, so I know whenever she's ready, she'll be open to speaking to us again.

Chapter 12

Stassie

Ryker carries the baby carrier in front of me, looking like the hottest dad on the planet as the nurses push me in the wheelchair behind him. Once he's got our girl locked in the car seat base, he comes back and helps me into the seat next to her.

I smile down at her sleeping face. She's worth the nearly two days of labor and stitches in my hooah. I'd do it all over again because she's perfect.

"You want to grab food or anything? My mom brought over some frozen meals, but if you're craving anything on the way home, just let me know," Ryker says as he gets into the car.

I shake my head. "I just want to get home and rest with our girl."

He grins. "Me too. You did so good, baby. I'm so proud of you."

I'm too tired to blush at his compliment, and I stare down at our daughter. When my water broke, I started having a panic attack that Ryker brought me down from. All of a sudden, I'd been terrified to give birth, and my mind went to every horrible scenario that could happen. I'd cried and told Ryker I didn't want to give birth anymore, that she'll just have to stay. He laughed, but then he realized how serious my panic was when I begged the doctor to just put me under and cut her out. Thankfully, the team

had assured me it was still an option if needed, but they wanted me to give birth vaginally if possible.

The nurses were a godsend, and Ryker's patience was unmatched, trying as much as he could to calm me. It was the exact opposite of how I expected my birth to go, but in the end, I don't care because she's here and she's healthy, and we're both okay.

"I can't wait to lie in our bed," I say, sleepily.

Ryker nods. "I locked Archibald out of the room so when we go in, the baby's bassinet should be next to your side and the sheets are fresh."

I hum in acknowledgement. Archibald prefers to sleep in the living room in his tower, but sometimes he'll end up in the room with us. He often follows me back from the bathroom in the middle of the night.

"And my mom said to let her know when you want her to come by, she'll wait patiently until you're ready."

My nose tingles, and I blink away the tears. Ryker's mom is everything I could have wished for, and while it's embarrassing that everyone knows we technically cheated into a relationship, they've been more than welcoming.

"Maybe tomorrow if I'm up for it. I'd love to see your mom," I say, grinning when our daughter's tiny hand tries to wrap around my finger. "Did you send her some photos at least?"

"Oh yeah, they're in the family group chat. Your phone is in the hospital backpack if you want it," he tells me, glancing at me through the rearview mirror.

I don't move for it, not needing the reminder that no one on my side of the family

will be checking in on us. “I’ll catch up later.”

He doesn’t respond, probably knowing exactly where my mind went. We’re only twenty minutes from the hospital, but it feels like an eternity. My nerves fray with every bump and tap of the brakes, afraid of the absolute worst. When he finally parks in the apartment complex, I let out a sigh of relief.

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“I’m going to bring her and you up, then come back for the bag, okay?” he says, and I nod. The heaviness of the past two days is finally hitting my body.

He grabs the baby and then comes around the other side, opening it for me and holding out his hand. I grab it and when I stand, he leans forward and brushes a kiss against my lips.

I smile. “What was that for?”

“Just because. I love you, and I love the baby you made us.”

Emotions warm my chest. “I love you too.”

We make our way around the building, and stop short at the presence blocking the rest of the way.

Mary is at the door, holding a large stuffed elephant and balloons. A small smile tips up on the corner of her lips. “Hi.”

My heart twists at the sight of her. “Hey.”

I feel Ryker at my back, and he tenses. “Mary? What are you doing here?” he asks.

“I heard from your brother that you were coming home today. I wanted to see if Stassie needs any help, and I wanted to meet my niece.”

Glancing at him over my shoulder, I nod and he walks past me and opens the front

door. “You didn’t want to wait inside?”

Mary shrugs. “I should probably return your key. I didn’t want to come in uninvited.”

I grip the railing, moving one slow step at a time to the door. It’s not too bad with my underwear concoction of witch hazel pads and an ice pack, but it still feels like I birthed a whole baby. Mary hands the stuff to Ryker and lets the door close so the cat doesn’t run out and walks over to me.

“You want to hold on to me?”

I raise an eyebrow. “Are you sure? I just mean—I’m surprised you’re here.”

Mary nods, moving closer so I can grab her elbow. “I’m still hurt, believe me. I don’t know if I can ever fully get over it, but you’re my sister and I want to be in your life. And I especially want to spoil my niece rotten.”

My throat aches with emotion. “I am sorry.”

“I know. I’ve read every one of your texts, even if I didn’t reply.”

“You did? I was sure you blocked me,” I say with a smile.

Ryker opens the door just as we approach it.

Mary looks up at him. “I didn’t block either of you. I think...deep down I knew I’d eventually grow to accept it.”

My eyebrows furrow. “Really? Why?”

“I think I clung to Ryker because he was the first good thing I had to myself,

something our parents had no control over,” she says with a small smile. “But the more I thought about it, and talked to a therapist, it was more the idea of him if I’d put more into the relationship.” Her eyes narrow at him. “Not that I’m accepting blame for any of this mess, but I can admit that I probably wasn’t the most attentive girlfriend.”

Mary holds the door open for me as Ryker holds out his arm for me to take instead. My sister follows us in, glancing around and seeing how we’ve rearranged the place without her.

She clears her throat. “It took me weeks to recognize the look on his face, it was the look someone has when they’re in love. We may have loved each other, but we weren’t in love.”

My heart clenches in sadness and I look up at her.

She shakes her head. “I’m just trying to explain why I want to try to mend this bridge, and I’m not saying it will be perfect. Honestly, standing here feels weird, and I’m kind of glad it looks different because I don’t know how I would have felt if it looked the same.”

A small laugh escapes and my smile falls a bit. I let Ryker walk me to the couch, and I slump in the cushions before staring up at her. “I’ll always want my sister, and I’m sorry for the hurt I caused you.”

She sits next to me. “I know, Stassie.”

Ryker settles on the arm of the couch, entwining his fingers with mine. “She’s sleeping right now, so if you’re hungry, I was going to make Stassie some food. Then after you can meet our daughter?”

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The small jingle of a bell has all of us watching the ball of fluff rub himself on Mary's leg. She sighs contentedly and reaches down to pet Archibald. "I'd love that."

Epilogue

Ryker

Tears hit my skin as I pound harder into her, my hand covering her mouth and her muffled screams. My fingers clutch onto her thigh, holding it straight up as I pump my cock into her tight pussy from behind. She's been ovulating for three days and it's the only position I've been fucking her in. It worked the first time, and I need to see her belly round with another baby. We celebrated our daughter's first birthday a few months ago and I desperately want another.

Stassie's hand wraps around my wrist, her nails digging in as she tightens around me. I know my girl, and she's seconds away from coming.

"There we go, Stassie. Come for me so I can give you another baby," I whisper into her hair. "You want that, don't you? Pump you full my kids. We'll have a whole soccer team."

Her legs shake as she comes, her pussy squeezes my cock like a vice, and I don't even try to fight my own release. I bite down on the flesh of her shoulder, spilling my cum inside her fertile womb. My cock jerks and throbs, splashing my seed in thick waves all over her cervix.

"God, I feel it," she says as my hand falls away. Her voice is soft between her panting

breaths. I roll more onto my back, pulling her with me. We lie like that, my softening cock slipping out of her as she rests on my chest. My fingertips caress her side as our breathing starts to calm. I shift us so my head is next to her breasts, rubbing the taut nipple along my cheek before popping it into my mouth.

Stassie gasps, her fingers tangling in my hair as I suck and suck until I get the splash of her sweet milk. I moan into her flesh, my hand skimming down to stuff her leaking pussy with my fingers. I want to drink down every drop of her juice while plugging her with mine.

“Ryker, god,” she sighs, rocking her hips into my palm as I press it against her swollen clit.

I never thought I’d be so obsessed with every inch of a woman's body, but I love hers. I can’t get enough, and I’ll take anything that comes out of her. I pop off her nipple and look up at her flushed face.

“I love you so much.”

Her eyes widen before softening with warmth. “I love you too.”

“Can I tell you a secret?”

Her mouth quirks. “Of course.”

“I don’t regret anything we did to bring us to this point,” I tell her honestly.

Stassie bites her lip, staring at me in earnest. “I don’t regret our baby or the love I have for you.” But she regrets hurting her sister. It’s been a rough few months since we brought our daughter home. Mary has come around a few times, mainly only engaging with the baby and Stassie while completely ignoring me. Their relationship isn’t the same, and it may never return to normal, but I’m glad for

Stassie's sake that it's not completely broken. Honestly, I can't see any other way it could have gone. Even if I broke up with Mary and pursued Stassie after the fact, I doubt she'd have given me the time for fear of hurting her sister. And if I'm really honest with myself, I probably would have been tempted even without Stassie getting pregnant. A part of me realized something was off that night. I kept going because it was the best thing I'd ever felt, but I'll never tell her that. If it helps alleviate her guilt by thinking I didn't know, then I'll take that secret to the grave.