



# Forbidden Dunk (F\*\*\* On The Court)

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**Category:** Sport

**Description:** "Who do you belong to, Marketa?" The hand holding my wrists above my head and against the door should have given me pause, but it didn't.

"I belong to no one, Shawn."

"Wrong. You belong to me. You're mine. Always," he growled before his lips crushed mine, forcing my body to be flushed with the door.

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Marketa Jones; strong, independent, curvy, tall, and completely off-limits due to her being the coach's daughter.

Shawn Colter; carefree, courageous, rule breaker, a no-touching zone with him being the star forward for the Goldmine, Tucson, Az NBA basketball team, led by Coach Jones.

But when the sparks fly, and everyone around you is getting zapped, you can't deny them. And though both Marketa and Shawn know better, they can't stay away from each other. Even when pushed to the limit by Coach Jones. And they are pushed.

Coach's threats are serious. Shawn might be kicked off the team; losing all he's worked so hard for. And Marketa could end up going back to the one place she hates, living with her mom. However, what they feel for each other is just too strong to ignore. Together, can they fight for what they both feel and change Marketa's dad's mind?

**Total Pages (Source):** 20

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

## Chapter 1

Shawn

“Y ou sure are a pretty thing,” I told the black hair, blue-eyed beauty before me. And it wasn’t just a line. The woman was stunning. Easily six feet, which was hardly seen in women. For once, I didn’t feel like I towered over her at my 6’6 height.

“Bet you say that to all the girls.

Sass, I liked that. So, beauty and humor; my dream gal.

“Sure, but none call me on it. Most just fawn over it.”

“I’m not most.”

“No, you are not.” I held my hand out to her, watching as she eyed it before placing her hand there. “I’m Shawn.”

“Marketa.”

“Unique name.”

“Thanks. My mom thought so too, before she split.” There was no malice in her voice, just a statement of truth and I liked that. “So, why did you seek me out?”

“Truth?”

“Only thing I’ll ever ask of you.”

“You captured my attention the moment you walked through the door. First of all, women are hardly as tall as you, unless they come from the WNBA. Second, your eyes. The way the light bounced off of them, I wasn’t sure I was in blue waters, deep blue depths, or staring into something that rivaled the sky. They’re unique. I had to come say hi.”

“Smooth talker, too!” She might be teasing, but the glint in her eye and the smile on her lips showed me far more than the tease. “Thank you. Most men just say how tall I am and let it go.”

“Well, Shorty, your legs are killer, they go on for miles for sure. But, for me, it was your eyes. However, I got to say that I love that smile just as much as your eyes, I think.”

“Huh.”

I cocked my head at that one word. I wasn’t lying when I said she had my focus the moment I saw her. And sure, the first thoughts running through my head were entirely PG. However, the next moment after that, all I could think about was that straight black hair, held up by my hand as her mouth bobbed on my dick. I thought about those fucking killer legs wrapped around me as I slammed into her against a wall. I pictured staring into those eyes as they blazed a brilliant ice blue while my tongue was buried in her cunt.

So, from PG straight to NC-17 and beyond in mere seconds.

I had no qualms about it.

Did I also mention that finding women who were close to my height was impossible.

So, for me, yes, she stuck out. And sorry but screwing a woman just as tall as I was, was even better. No rough mechanics to work. Which meant far more fun for pleasure.

“Huh?” I repeated and she nodded.

“Good answer.”

That was all the warning I had before her mouth was on mine.

Guess what?

Not only was she a stunner, but this woman could kiss. Her lips on mine had them heating up to a point I hadn't realized they could. And the way she was rubbing herself against my body? I was totally, completely, no-looking-back at her mercy.

And I. Fucking. Didn't. Care.

Being a pro basketball player had its perks, women tossing themselves at you left and right, was one of them. However, much to the complaint of a lot of my teammates, I was picky. Again, shorter women just didn't cut it for me.

Finally, I broke the kiss, needed a moment to regain the sanity that she just sucked out. Fuck, who was this woman? Where did she come from? Why hadn't I seen her before?

“We gonna give everyone a show?” I teased her, holding onto her hips tightly. Hell, if I was letting her escape.

“No, this is between us. But I don't know this club, do you?”

“Enough,” I said, turning us around and taking her hand, leading her to a back corner. I hadn’t been with anyone who was ever down for some public sex. Wasn’t sure I was even into it. But shit, I was turned on at the mere thought of sliding into her, her crying out, where anyone could see us and hear us. Then again, I probably hadn’t really gone soft with the previous thoughts in my head either.

“This works,” she said as I gently pushed her against the wall, her lips once more attacking mine. Damn it, I couldn’t think when she was doing that. How the fuck was I going to function? She was stealing everything, soul, sanity, brain cells.

Not that I was complaining!

I let my hands slip under her shirt and then move upward, cupping her tits, my fingers rolling her nipples as my tongue battled hers, swallowing the moans she was releasing.

Yup, add that to all the blood traveling south, making my dick rage.

I needed to be in her.

Needed to feel her tight, wet, pussy wrapping around me.

With that, I moved a hand downward, lifting her skirt up, glad she had the subtle foresight to think of something with easy access.

I slipped my finger over her slit, groaning myself at the wetness I felt there. She was so turned on.

“Shawn,” she moaned, this time breaking the kiss. Her head laid back and I kissed over her throat as I slid my finger inside. Damn, she was tight. “Fuck me, now. Don’t tease me. I’m wet enough for you.”

“Tell me what you mean,” I teased, nipping at her collarbone before pulling back to undo my pants and push them down slightly.

Then I froze.

“What is it?”

“I don’t have a condom. I didn’t put one in my pocket ‘cause this isn’t something I do, hook up with women in a dark corner.”

Her eyes searched mine before she smirked, pulling me close again.

“I’m on the pill. Every day. Don’t miss a beat. Now, please fuck me.”

Music to my ears. I pushed my pants down a little more than wrapped my arms around her and lifted her, grinning as her ankles locked around my ass.

“I’m clean,” I told her, giddy as she told me she was too. Without further thought, I slipped into her, nearly coming undone at the tightness that I knew I was going to be feeling. I was so fucking right. And feeling that, having the living delights being squeezed out of my cock by her amazing pussy, yeah, I knew I wasn’t going to last long.

“Jesus, Shawn, no one has filled me like that,” she moaned into my neck. Then she licked, nipped, and sucked and I was driving even faster into her. I hadn’t had a woman who thought kissing my neck was a good thing, so to feel her tingling lips on my skin where I knew I was beyond sensitive, was driving me out of what little mind I had left.

“Fuck, Marketa, I’m close.”

“So am I. Take us over the edge.” Before I could think, her legs locked me tighter, her heels were digging in my ass, and her muscles clenched me, squeezing me to the point of blacking out. And I loved every minute of it.

I pushed her even more against the wall, driving into her faster, harder, not giving a rat’s ass who heard our cries of passion because all that mattered was this stunning siren in my arms who was causing me to see stars that I never knew about. All that mattered was how this woman was making me feel, how she was pushing me to the edge.

How she made me come before her!

FUCK!

My eyes snapped open, not sure how the hell that happened, how I could ignore the signs. But she didn’t seem to mind. So, I reached between us, rubbing my thumb over her clit, cursing all over again as she came, squeezing me even tighter, and I felt another orgasm rake over me.

Who the fuck was this woman?

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 2

#### Marketa

A month ago, my dad had told me he had gotten an NBA coaching job. And I couldn't have been happier for him, even while my dream job of playing in the WNBA had come to a screeching halt. I had said I didn't need to move in with him, that I was fine where I was. Of course, at that time, I believed I could fully recover and be back on the team.

No such luck.

No amount of surgery was going to fix the problems I had when I crashed into another player and landed wrong on my leg. Sure, it was her fault, but no one cared about that.

I had seen three different specialists, and they all said the same thing. The odds were far too low for me to recover and play again to actually perform the surgery.

So, here I was, a month later, and I was moving the last of my boxes in with my dad. Thank goodness for the club break I had a few nights back. It was needed.

Okay, let's be honest.

Shawn was needed.

And like a dumbass, I had no way to get a hold of him.



Best damn guy I ever fucked, and he was gone.

Poof.

Smoke and thin air.

It's funny, because I wasn't a one-night stand type of woman. But at that moment, with him, I couldn't think of anything else. Though I regret not getting information, I'll stick to the amazing memory and pull it out late at night when I need the pleasure.

I wanted to think he was the same, recalling our brief interaction and how damn spicy it was. But I also knew my way around the NBA and the name Shawn Colter was well established. Though, not as a ladies' man. Sure, he was great eye candy, but from the rumor mill that I heard, there weren't a lot of ladies he went home with. He was just pretty damn great to look at.

"You okay?"

I glanced up at my dad as he poked his head into my room, and I smiled at him.

"Sure, as I can be. Swear, Dad, I didn't think I would be back living with you."

"Just think of it like old times, ya know," he teased, walking in and sitting on the bed.

"We've had great memories. We'll have some more."

"It's always been us," I replied, sitting next to him. When I was just shy of becoming a teenager, my mom split, never to be heard of again. It broke my dad's heart, but he stepped up to the plate and was the best dad, and mom, he could be. Though, given he had the job of both, he was sure overprotective. I couldn't even tell you how many times I snuck out while in high school. If he ever caught on, I wasn't sure. But I wasn't about to ask.

“It has been. And we’ve made it through with no major fires.” I chuckled at that, having to agree there. “Want to come with me to the court. Team should be just about to start practice, and I was going to go lay down my golden rules.”

“No, I’m good. Right now, I’m content to finish getting settled in. Maybe I’ll swing by later today or this week, see the office and the building. Maybe it won’t hurt so much.”

“I know your dream was the WNBA, Marketa, and I know this kills you. But you have some amazing talent elsewhere. Personally, I’d love for you to coach with me!”

“Uh, no,” I told him, giving him a look. Dad was a great man, looked after me pretty well, but as a coach, he and I had two different styles, and I couldn’t even count how many times we butted heads over what players should do. Whether it was my team, his team, or the basketball teams, we were watching on the TV.

“Guess we’ll never see eye to eye on that,” he said, patting my leg as he stood up. “I know it’s not where you want to be, but I am glad to have you here, Marketa. You being with the team kept you away for far too long and it’s lonely when it’s just been us.”

I offered him a smile, not sure what to say to that.

On the one hand, he was right. It was lonely. It was just the two of us, and then I was drafted right out of college and really didn’t look back. I had a good, solid four year run in the league, so I couldn’t be sad. But I also didn’t ever think I would be a twenty-eight-year-old living with her dad. And that was the sad part.

But if there was anything I learned from my dad over the years, it was to get up and dust yourself off when you fall off the bike, and then get back on. I might not be able to play ball with the WNBA again, but I was certain I could find another love

somewhere in the field.

Three hours later, tired of staring at the same four walls, I got off the couch and made my way to the courts and my dad's office downtown in the still hot fall.

Arizona was not the state to be in, but the house he had in the foothills of Tucson, was insanely gorgeous. It was also quite odd to see a pro basketball team come to Tucson when Phoenix already had one.

The city demanded it, so here we were.

I showed my ID to the security guard who let me in, telling me how to get to the office but letting me know that my dad was at the courts. I thanked him and made my way over here, wanting to surprise him.

Cautiously, I opened the door, glad to hear that he wasn't yelling, and peeked my head in. With a smile, I watched the group of guys for a bit then made my way to my dad.

"Hey sweetie," he mumbled, giving me a side hug.

"Team looks good," I told him, sweeping my gaze over them once more and then froze. Because right there, in the middle of the court, with his hands on his hips, was the one man I couldn't get out of my head.

Even more of a no-touching zone.

Fuck!

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 3

Shawn

O h hell, oh hell, my brain kept repeating.

There, in all of her freaking beautiful glory, stood the one woman I couldn't get out of my mind. She lived there rent free. As did the naughty time in a club corner.

And she stood there, with her arm around the coach. Which meant she was off limits.

I had fucked the coach's daughter.

Let me repeat that.

I. Fucked. The. Coaches. Daughter.

This was not good. That was also a fact that he didn't know about it.

Because the coach already had it out for me as I challenged a thing or two, he had told us.

I could only imagine the things he would say or do if he knew I had fucked his daughter. Or where I fucked her at. Or of all the images I had about fucking her again.

So not good.

“Isn’t that the chick from the club,” Hugh said, slapping me on the back. I didn’t want to acknowledge him, but the little grin she tossed my way, followed by the wink, told me, and the rest of the team, that it was. “Dude, you screwed the daughter. You’re in so much trouble.”

“It was a one-time deal, man. I wasn’t her first lover so it’s not like he can be mad at me.”

“Right, keep telling yourself that.”

“Listen up,” the coach yelled. “This is Marketa, my daughter.” He squeezed her to his side and some irrational part in my head urged me to march right over and yank his arm off. Talk about stupid. I mean, this was her dad, he had the right. And it’s not like I knew her well enough to stake some kind of claim. “She’s a good woman, but hands off.”

“Dad,” she said, rolling her eyes. But she offered a wave to the guys. “I won’t bother you, just wanted to check out the team. Looking good.” With that, she kissed her dad’s cheek and then walked out. I had to fight my feet to not run after her.

“Coulter,” he called, waving me over.

“Yes, coach?”

“You got some great skills, but don’t argue with me. You won’t win a lot of the time. Ask my daughter; she tries to tell me how to coach and your thoughts mirror hers a lot.”

I tilted my head as I thought about that. I would guess having a dad who was a coach meant you probably spent more time following him and watching what he did, so it shouldn’t surprise me if she knew the sport. Just like it wouldn’t surprise me if she

had played for the WNBA as well.

“Yes, sir,” I told him. He waved me back on the court and I grunted.

His style wasn’t bad. In fact, it was quite good. He took in the pros and cons of both defense and offense and was making sure we could read it just as well. He knew where the strengths were and what would work best for us and the team we were building.

But he had a few hang ups, and that’s all I was trying to help with. He was good, but he wasn’t the best. And if he wanted to be the best, then he might want to listen to a few other ideas.

Two weeks later, I swung down the street of the gym, grabbing my mom the pon dulces that she loved. It was my weekend ritual with her every Saturday morning to have a Danish and some coffee, something we’ve done since I was a kid and my dad walked out on us.

Even when I was in college, we held onto the tradition. Computers and phones were our go to thing. She was always one of the most important ladies in my life and I made sure she never forgot that. And now that I had moved back to the city she loved and had lived in for all these years, she was excited to have our tradition back. She made sure I was the one to grab the treats and only from the favorite place she had.

Which was here, Maria’s Carniceria . A little meat market with some of the best Mexican sweet breads my mom loved.

I grabbed the basket, along with the treats and then strolled the aisles, glancing up as the ding sounded from the door. My jaw just about fell out as I saw Marketa walk in. She scanned the area, zeroing in on the treats, and made her way over, stopping when she saw me. A grin overtook her face, one I returned.

“What are you doing here?” she questioned, arms folding over her chest.

“My mom loves the treats from here,” I told her, holding up the container. “It’s our weekly tradition to get together and share some coffee and these.”

“So, close with your mom, interesting tidbit.”

I rolled my eyes at her but couldn’t help my smile from getting bigger. Not too many people knew that, and those that did, certainly didn’t give me shit for it. I would openly admit, I was a big mama’s boy.

“I am close with her. And it seemed like you were close with your dad.”

This time, it was her turn to roll her eyes.

“He’s a little protective.”

“A little,” I countered. I leaned closer to her, again, loving that she wasn’t that much shorter than I was and whispered in her ear. “If daddy found out my dick was buried in your sweet cunt, Marketa, he would have me kicked off the team.”

Most women might balk at my words, or shy away from them, but the wink she gave me on the court a couple weeks back told me she didn’t mind. And that she was up for another round. Not that I could go there, not with her.

No joke, her dad would castrate me, and I was rather fond of that part of my body.

“He might. But what daddy doesn’t know, won’t kill him.”

Shit, this woman. How was it that she has been in my thought’s day in and day out and I want to say screw my mom and take this woman back to my place.

“You’re a little temptress, Shorty. I like that. I might have to take you up on the fun you’re throwing down.”

“It would be fun...” She trailed off, her eyes darting around before she covered her mouth and ran into the bathroom. I sat my stuff down and followed her, rather worried. She didn’t seem sick.

I pushed the door open and saw the bathroom stall door wide open, Marketa on her knees, right over the toilet.



## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 4

#### Marketa

I lifted my head, groaning as I wiped my face and mouth. That was so not like me. But then again, nothing the last few months have been like me.

“Are you okay?”

“Don’t come near me, Shawn. I don’t know what this is, and I can’t afford for you to get sick.” I closed my eyes as I leaned back against the wall and gave him a weak smile. “I’ll be okay. Go ahead and go with your mom. Thanks for checking up on me.”

I peeked an eye open, seeing the indecision on his face and waved my hand at him.

It’s not the first time I had a stomach bug, sure it won’t be the last.

After a few minutes of sitting on the floor, making sure nothing else was coming back up, I slowly stood. I rinsed my mouth out the best I could then headed back out, eyeing the treats once more.

Mentally, I shook my head. They looked good, but I didn’t need to cause any more issues.

“Do you have some Ginger Ale?” I asked the clerk who handed me a bag.

“The gentleman paid for it. Hope you feel better.”

“Thanks.” I took it, a smile on my face. Shawn didn’t have to do it, and I made a mental note to thank him for it when I could.

“I’m leaving, Marketa,” my dad hollered, pounding on the door. I couldn’t help but roll my eyes at him.

“Have fun,” I called back, switching from one side of the bed to the other, looking out the window. The sun was shining in all its brightness. In fact, I had watched the brilliant sunrise, thanks to once more, having an upset stomach.

“Stop being so lazy and go out and do something.”

I clenched my teeth, not wanting to say something I couldn’t take back. I loved my dad, but this was yet another reason I hated living under his roof. He thought just because I slept in one morning, I was a lazy ass who did nothing with her time. That I was someone living off the measly funds we got in the WNBA.

That was not the case.

“Open the door.” With a groan, I got out of the bed, yanking at the door to stare at him. “You look like shit.”

“Lovely pep talk, Dad. I’ll do something, don’t-” I slammed a hand over my mouth, effectively cutting him off as I ran to the bathroom, groaning as everything from yesterday came back out.

What the hell? All night I had no problem. Held things down with ease. Sure, my stomach got a little twisted this morning, and okay, a little last night, but it wasn’t like this.

I washed my mouth then my face before opening the door to the bathroom, my dad right there before me with his arms crossed.

“I’m not sure you’re okay. You don’t throw up, and this happens twice in two days?”

“Just go to work, dad. I’ll be okay. I’ll take an easy day, but still get some stuff done. There were things I was looking at earlier that might get me out of my funk and still allow me to be in basketball.”

“You’d make a great assistant,” he reminded me again.

I couldn’t help but lift my brow at him.

I did agree, I’d be great at a job like that. I didn’t have the tough exterior that was needed for a head coaching job, even with little kids, but I would be a great asset for anyone as a minor coach, no doubt.

However, just not his.

Ever.

We’d kill each other before the first practice was done.

“I didn’t say mine.”

“Didn’t think you meant yours.” But we both know he did. The thought was sweet, but he was a lot smarter than that. “Go, Dad. I’ll be okay. You can call and check up on me like I was a little girl again.”

“Okay.” He stepped over to kiss my cheek and I shook my head. Whatever this was, I didn’t need him or Shawn getting it.

Shawn.

How was I going to get his number to send a thank you?

I made my way back to my room and laid down on the bed again, listening to my dad's car pull away.

I could go to the court, but my dad would kill me. And if this was some type of nasty stomach bug, or flu, or whatever, I didn't need to pass it around.

But then why would it come only at certain times? I didn't feel anything else but nausea. Speaking of , I jumped out of bed once more and ran to the bathroom. Really, what the hell was going on?

I cleaned myself up and instead of heading to my room, I walked downstairs. I wasn't sure if another Ginger Ale would help like the last one, but I was willing to try.

I opened the fridge, grabbed a can, and then looked around for a string cheese. Not my go to breakfast, in fact, not something I really liked, but it sounded good. And hopefully it was light enough to not cause too many problems.

I popped the can and took a sip, before turning around and leaning on the counter. I needed to get stuff done, stuff I had to push off yesterday since I felt like shit. I looked around the house, wondering how much longer I could stay here when my eyes landed on the calendar.

I walked over, seeing the big red circle on the day I moved in, along with a happy face. I know we had moments, but I was glad my dad was happy about this.

Damn, hard to believe that was over a month ago. Such a crazy time in my life, with the job loss, the move, the crazy....one....night...stand...where.... my mind came to

a shuddering halt on those thoughts.

No, no, no. It couldn't be.

I ran back upstairs, ignoring the twisting motion, and looked over my menstrual app. I should have started about three weeks ago. With that, I checked my birth control pill container and realized there were days I missed.

A lot, in fact.

Holy fucking shit.

This could not be happening.

I swallowed hard then I quickly changed, threw my hair in a ponytail, and raced down to my car, hurrying to the nearest drug store. I couldn't be pregnant, I just couldn't. And even better yet, how the hell did I tell Shawn?

I mean, it wasn't like I slept around, and he's the only guy I've been with.

Within twenty-five minutes, I was back in my house, in the bathroom, staring at the test in my hand that had two bright, very distinctive, pink lines.

Two and pink , I repeated.

Fuck me, I was pregnant.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 5

Shawn

I ran past the coaches, only slowing as I heard something about Marketta. I bent down to tie my shoe, listening as he said that she wasn't feeling good again this morning and that he was worried, wondering if he should take her to the doctor.

I frowned at that.

She was sick again? That couldn't be good. I mean, it wasn't my concern, but I had this need to check in on her, to talk to her myself. Not that I didn't believe her dad, but there was just a feeling I had, a desperate yearning to make sure she was okay.

I glanced around the court, trying my best to figure out how to get out of this practice today. I know Coach would have my hide, but I didn't mind. Seeing Marketa was the top priority at this moment.

With that, I hauled ass back to the hallway, waited a few minutes, and then came back in, holding my stomach.

"What's wrong with you?" Coach Jones asked and I shook my head, feeling like a little kid. I was a grown ass man lying to my boss all because I wanted to check on his daughter.

"Stomach bug. I heard it's going around."

“Get out of here, Colter. I don’t want it. Bad enough dealing with my daughter.”

“I’m going home. I’ll let you know tomorrow how I’m feeling.”

“Sure,” he told me, waving me off. I turned, grinning to myself as I left the courts and headed to the locker room to grab my bag.

Thirty-five minutes later, I pulled up to the house in the Foothills, marveling at the sheer beauty of it. It was an older Adobe style house, made for the heat of this area, with huge windows to capture the beauty of both the desert and mountains surrounding it.

I climbed out of my car, taking a deep breath as I walked up to the front door. She would probably send me away again, not wanting to catch anything she had. But at least for right now, I was going to stand at her door and talk to her, see if I needed to take her somewhere. Because a need was bubbling up to care for this woman and I couldn’t begin to understand why.

With another deep breath, I knocked on the door, surprised when she answered it just a few short moments later. She didn’t look like she was sick, but with the grubby clothes and her hair pulled back, she didn’t look alright.

However, she was still gorgeous to me.

“Shorty,” I addressed her with a grin as I leaned against the doorframe.

“Shawn,” she muttered, crossing her arms. “What are you doing here?”

“Was in the neighborhood, thought I’d stop by.”

She narrowed her eyes at me briefly before letting out a breath.

“Huh, interesting that you would say that given that you should be working right about now.” I couldn’t help but laugh, glad she was still feisty enough to give me some sass. “Do you want to come in?”

“Sure.” She stepped aside and I walked past her, admiring the interior design just as much as the outside. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m better.”

“Really? Because I overheard your dad saying that you were sick again this morning.”

“Yeah. Have a seat, Shawn. Do you want anything?”

“A water, please.” I took a spot on the couch, pushing my long legs out, and waited for her. It was a surprise to find the house as homey as it was, given that Marketa hadn’t been living with her dad. So, either her dad had this place decorated, or he had a great eye.

“My dad.” I jumped at the noise behind me, causing her to laugh. She waved her hand around, encompassing the room. “My dad did it, designed it, I mean. He loves to do things like this, but don’t you dare tell him I said that. It’s his secret hobby. If he wasn’t coaching, he’s designing. Not too bad at it, actually.”

She sat down on the couch next to me and handed me the water.

“It’s very comfortable.”

“When I got my first job with the WNBA and had to move to a whole new place, he came to my little house and set it up for me as a surprise. I loved it. I hated leaving it.”



I watched as she frowned. That was not a look I liked. And I vowed to never have her frown again if I could help it. Which was a pretty big promise to keep when I knew nothing about this woman.

“I thought you were a player.”

A smile brightened her face, and I breathed a little easier.

“What gave it away?”

“The height, actually. You’re tall for a woman and it would be wasted on any other job than basketball.”

“Is that where the cute pet name comes from?”

I leaned closer to her, giving her the best bedroom eyes I could.

“Every woman I’ve been with has been over a foot and a half shorter than me. Do you know what it was like to fuck you when you’re just a few inches shorter? To have your legs wrapped around me and I’m not straining, and neither are you?”

“I do. Because I can’t date anyone shorter than me, let alone fuck anyone like that. But I’ve never been with someone as tall as you.”

I took her hand, rubbing my thumb over the back of it.

“I want another night, Shorty.”

“My dad said no.”

“I’m not talking about your dad,” I told her, poking her side and making her squeal.

“You’ve plagued my dreams, Marketa.”

“You’ve plagued mine too.” She opened her mouth to say something else and then jumped off the couch, running to the downstairs bathroom. I waited a beat or two before I followed, rubbing her back as she knelt before the toilet.

What the fuck was going on?

“I’m sorry,” she muttered, wiping her mouth with some toilet paper. She slowly stood and cleaned herself up.

“This isn’t a stomach bug, is it?”

“No,” she whispered. “I need to tell you something.”

A ball landed in my stomach at those words. Was she about to tell me she had some STD and I was going to have to get tested? I mean, it wasn’t like I had slept with anyone since her. Come to think of it, I had no urge to sleep with anyone but her.

“Am I going to be pissed?”

“You might be.” She crossed her arms over her stomach and leaned back against the bathroom counter, her eyes on me. “I’m pregnant, Shawn. And I haven’t been with anyone but you.”

The dread I was expecting never came, nor the anger. The shock was there, but I couldn’t tell if that’s because of the news or because I was subconsciously happy about what this could mean for us and a future I hadn’t pictured before.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 6

#### Marketa

I laid the test on the counter in case he wanted to see it. But he didn't move. Hell, he didn't even blink. Did I break him? I mean, he was at least breathing, so there was that.

"Shawn?" Still nothing.

I was starting to get worried. I mean, I at least had a few hours to wrap my head around what was happening and how my future had changed on a dime. He had nothing. And I didn't mean to blindside him. Not like that. Not when we were getting along.

But he also didn't have to follow me. He should have just stayed away, thinking it was a bug. Would have been more helpful than me thinking I broke him. How did words break him?

"Shawn?" I called once more, this time breaking through the haze he was encompassed in.

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay?"

"Sure, yeah, why wouldn't I be?"

I lifted a brow at the question, and he just shrugged, as if it wasn't anything big.

"I landed a bomb on your lap."

"This might sound totally strange, and I won't blame you if you happened to kick me out on my ass, Shorty, it's a bomb for sure, but not an unwanted bomb."

Okay, that was the last thing I was expecting. I read the articles on most ball players and though Shawn wasn't a player and didn't have a woman in every port, he still had quite the fan base to choose from. A baby might just destroy that image and what man wanted that?

"Huh?" Not the best line or question, but he had me thoroughly confused. And instead of answering it, he asked another question.

"Can we sit on the couch?" I numbly nodded as I followed him back to the living room and took the seat next to him. "Are you okay? Do you need anything?"

"For the moment I'm okay. It comes and goes though. Shawn, any man might be a little flabbergasted by having someone blurt out that they were pregnant after a one-night stand." I cocked a brow as he winced. "Not the words to use?"

"Marketa, it might have been a one-night stand, or at least started out that way. But I'm not lying when I say you haven't left my thoughts. I really do want to get to know you better. And, crazy as it may seem for not knowing me, I want to be part of the baby's life. I don't want to be an absentee father. I had one of those, that shit hurts."

"I mean, I was never going to deny you, Shawn. I'm just saying if you wanted to back away, I was fine with that too. I understood."

“But you don’t get to back away.”

“I...uh....no.”

“And last time I checked, it took two of us to make that baby, not just you, Marketa.”

“I’m pretty sure your dick in my pussy caused this.”

“I’m pretty sure too, Shorty. It’s not fair that I can pull the move to leave, and you can’t, not till the baby is born. I’ve always been the type of man to own up to my mistakes, to fix my faults, if I can. And this won’t be any different.”

“I don’t need a fucking babysitter.”

“And I’m not offering that. I’m not even staying out of obligation, so don’t throw that in my face.” I glanced down as he took my hand, and I had to swallow hard, feeling the zing from that touch race down my spine. “I honest, to God, want to be here, right by your side.”

“And my father, Shawn?”

I grinned as Shawn let out a breath before lifting a shoulder.

“I’m not sure. How long do you think you can hide being pregnant?”

I shoved his shoulder, making him laugh. I wasn’t scared of my dad finding out I had a bun in the oven. He wasn’t overly protective THAT WAY. He would be more pissed off at the fact that I slept with a ball player and then got pregnant by him than if I had just really slept with some random guy.

Fucked up mindset, I know, but what could I say to that?

Not to mention, dumb as it may seem, I looked forward to getting to have the joys that came along with a baby. First movements, kicks, turns, all of that. Wasn't thrilled with the morning sickness, but it wasn't the baby's fault.

I got to experience all the fun things my mom did. And I wouldn't be like her, having a baby grow up without a parent there. That's the worst thing to do to a kid. So, I was glad to see that Shawn was in. After all, he did know all about it too.

Given that both of this baby's parents were tall, I had no doubt I was going to be carrying a big one. This was going to be fun in about eight months.

"Do you mind if I go with you to everything I can?"

I couldn't phantom how a man this sweet was alone. It amazed me. He kinda amazed me.

"I don't mind. But don't be mad if I tell you to meet me there rather than you picking me up. I'm so not taking on the wrath of my dad yet!"

"You think I want to. I was going to say don't get all pissy if I tell you that."

We shared a laugh before I let out a deep exhale. This was comfortable and oddly right.

"I don't want you to get in trouble, either Shawn, if something happens and you have a game, or appearances. I get the job. I know what it's like."

He looked at me, his head tilted slightly, and I had to lift a brow. There were all kinds of explanations in that look, but I didn't know him well enough to figure out what they all meant.

“What?” I asked.

“I’m going to let that line pass because you don’t know me, Shorty, not like you should. But I’m going to let you in on a secret. I love playing ball, I’m good at it, but it’s a job, nothing more. And when something big happens in my life that I want, nothing comes before that.

“This baby will be front and center, because it’s already very important to me. I can get fined, benched, or kicked off the team, but if my baby needs me, I will be there. Understand?”

I nodded.

Honestly, what more could I say to that? This man hadn’t even known for half an hour about the baby and instead of running for the hills, he sat here and told me it was already an important piece of his life.

Who the fuck thought that way?

“Good. Now, with that out of the way, I need to rectify something?”

“That is?”

“This whole thing of not knowing me, Marketa. I’m not happy with that. It needs to change.”

“Okay, Mr. Demanding, what did you have in mind?”

I couldn’t help the smile that went along with the tease because this man was beyond cute. Sure, demanding he was, but still cute, and sexy, and good looking. Did I mention any part of that before?

“A date.”

“Excuse me?”

“Shorty, let me take you on a date, so we can start this road properly.”

“What road?”

“The road of us being a couple.”

His smirk spoke volumes, all of which I understood.

Well, shit.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 7

Shawn

Marketa had warned me that her dad was leaving for the weekend, some getaway or meeting the owners were having him, and the whole coaching staff, do. Personally, I didn't care. That means I had over forty-eight hours to see her, and that's all that mattered to me.

Sure, we were texting every night. And the late night facetimes were awesome. Being able to see her period had made me happy all week, and the guys picked up on it. So did my coach. He told me whatever was making me play better to keep it up.

Wasn't sure he would have the same sentiments if he knew it was his daughter making me happy. Well, her and the grandbaby that Marketa was carrying.

We hadn't discussed how we would tell our parents about this new adventure. I, for one, knew my mom was going to be thrilled. She had long wanted a grandbaby to spoil.

Marketa swore her dad would be happy too. Just couldn't mention who the father was. Which was going to cause a problem since I really didn't see myself stepping away. Which led to everything we were doing happening behind his back.

Not something I liked to do. But I could easily tell Coach was a man of his word and I knew my ass would be in trouble the moment he found out about me and his daughter. So, for the time being, I went along and kept things away from him.

It was nice to know that Marketa didn't want to either, but she wanted to explore whatever budding feeling we both seemed to be having.

I checked the time, glad to see that it was past time for her dad to have left and made my way to her house, unable to stop the butterflies from going crazy in my stomach.

Sure, the woman was gorgeous and our one night rocked my world and I was ready for another. But she was also so much more than that. She made me think and made me feel; something that I found honest and unique.

"Planned that just right, didn't you?" she questioned as she flung open the door, smiling at me.

"I had to make sure every moment counted. Are you ready?"

"You know, I've been on a few dates, but I can't recall ever having one when a man told me to dress casually and make sure I have a pair of sneakers."

"That's probably because most men don't know how to plan something you would like. Let's go."

Her brows wrinkled in confusion, but she followed me to my car and allowed me to help her in. I grinned at her before jogging around to my side.

"Believe it or not, Shorty, where we're going, it's not too far away."

"Huh." It was her only response, and I had to say, I liked it. I loved surprising people. It was something I certainly didn't get to do often enough.

Fifteen minutes later, I pulled up to a park at the base of a hill and killed the engine. The desert around us was gorgeous and serene, with the sun out but certainly not hot.

Our summer was gone, and the slight breeze gave us desert dwellers the hint of fall we longed for.

“Nature?”

“Why not? You like it.” With that, I reached behind her seat and grabbed the picnic basket, smirking as her eyes lit up. “I like thinking outside the box.”

“You sure do.” We climbed out of the car and made our way to a table where I laid everything out, enjoying the smile she kept tossing my way.

“Tell me Shorty, do you want a girl or a boy?”

She sipped on her juice, thinking over the question for a moment but shrugged.

“Honestly, I don’t know. I’ve gone back and forth on that. Really, I just want a healthy baby. But I love each for a different reason. I just don’t want any twins.”

“Well, good thing twins don’t run in my family.”

“Good thing they don’t run in my either,” she teased back, and I was transported back to our first night. The simplicity of her captured my interest all over again. I can’t say I was used to high maintenance ladies because my dating was slim, but that’s what was always around us. So, for me, Marketa was really a breath of fresh air that I didn’t know I needed, or even wanted.

But now that she was here, I was letting go. Even if she wanted me to let her go.

However, the look she was giving me, the small smile that played on her lips, the way her eyes still held that glow of happiness, told me that she might not want to let me go either. And that was saying something given the brief time we’ve spent together.

“What’s after this?” she questioned as we cleaned up our stuff.

I tilted my head, checking the sun before pointing to the hill behind her.

“That’s why you needed your shoes. It’s not steep enough for boots, but it would be nice to climb and check out the top.”

She swiveled around so fast to check out the hill behind her and once more I was lost in the smile she had. Had no one ever picked up on the simple things this woman liked to make her happy?

“It shouldn’t be too bad for me. I still need to be careful.”

“What happened? I gathered whatever did, ended your career.”

She helped me put the stuff back in the car and then she grabbed my hand as we made our way up.

“It did. I mean, I wasn’t some big hot shot in the WNBA, but I was making a name for myself. Someone collided with me and when I landed on the court, did damage that was going to be unreliable for me to play. I’m fine, but putting the pressure on it that’s required for jumping, running, pivoting, I can’t. Even when turning, I need to be careful.”

“You loved it?”

I watched as she tilted her head and then shrugged.

“Yes and no. I was good at it. My dad taught me everything I know. And I loved the game. But I didn’t love the pressure of having to be better, having to always outthink the other team, having to be one step ahead because they were out to get you.

“That’s not the sport I loved. The pros changed my view on a lot of things about it. I’m not sure I would go back even if I could. But if given the chance, I would love to coach a team. Or, well, help coach a team. Just not with my dad.”

We stopped at the top of the hill, and I couldn’t help but stare at her. She was breathtaking. It was hard to find a woman who shared my thoughts on a sport that I grew up loving, but she did.

“What?” she asked, glancing at me.

“You’re just so beautiful. Really. There’s not one thing, as of yet, Marketa, that I don’t like.”

She turned to me fully, her hands resting on my hips, and I liked having her there. Liked, again, that size wasn’t an issue. She beamed as she leaned toward me, her lips brushing over mine and I felt the surge of power race down my spine.

“Stay the weekend with me?”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 8

#### Marketa

I wasn't sure what led me to ask him to stay with me. I mean, I didn't regret it, but he was still a stranger. Just not as bad as the first night I slept with him and changed my life forever. Not that I was thinking anything like this.

I did want him to come over. I was also in need of a repeat of that night. But I was okay with some serious petting or making out. We just started dating, if you could call it that, and we couldn't rush right into sex again.

Was it just me, or did that shit just sound totally funny given our quick history?

“So, now that you have me here, what's the game plan?”

I rolled my eyes at him but couldn't stop the smile. Shawn was a great guy, not just a roll in the hay type. Oh, I had no doubt that he might not have slept with a lot of ladies, but he did have some. Which led me to question, all over again, why he was single.

Someone, over time, had to have caught his attention. Sure, being a pro b-ball player it was hard to find someone real, but still, it was possible. Many players found it while being on the court, not just before it.

“Chill,” I told him, pointing to where he could put his bag in my room.

Okay, we did have a couple of guest rooms in this big ass house, but I had to admit, there was something I wanted more than just another fucking. I wanted to be held. I wanted to feel his hands on my belly, even if the bump wasn't there, while we slept.

Was that cheesy? Probably.

Did I care? Not one bit.

That was something I didn't get in the past and I wanted now. Okay, well, let me rephrase that. I wanted to be held all night. That was something new to me.

Though I couldn't phantom why the thought of that only seemed to be with him. Nothing else felt right.

"Chill?" I watched as he tilted his head, a smile slowly lifting those gorgeous lips. "I'm down with that. In here?"

"Yup." I tossed him a wink as I shifted the pillows on the bed, then grabbed the controller. "I have a big enough TV here."

"Damn, you could live up here if you wanted to."

I couldn't help but laugh at that because it was true. Good thing I liked talking with my dad and leaving the house, or I would never set foot outside of my room.

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"What?" Shawn grumbled as I gently pushed him again. I didn't want to leave the bed because falling asleep in his arms and feeling his protective hands on my innocent belly was one of the best feelings.

However, this was the last morning we had in who knows how long and I wanted to share something I loved with him. The last thirty-six hours passed way too fast, and I wanted to spend every minute I could with him before my father got home and I was forced back into reality.

“Wake up?”

“The sun isn’t even up yet, Shorty. Why would you make me get up?”

“Because I want to share a view with you that is breathtaking. I don’t get to see it every day and I’m not sure when the next time we’ll be able to share it.”

That had him peeking an eye open and looking at me. I wasn’t above being sneaky to get the things I wanted. Nor was I above blackmailing, even with simple phrases and comments.

I gave him a cheesy grin and then jumped off the bed, pulling his leg to get him moving.

“Fine, fine, I’m up,” he muttered, yawning as he finally sat up. “Where are we going?”

“Hush,” I told him, grabbing his hoodie and tossing it at him before slipping my own on.

I took his hand, once he was ready, and then led him outside and carefully took him to my roof, sitting down in the well-worn area. No one knows how often I would come up here to watch the sunrise. It was the peaceful promise I got as much as I could that it would be a good day.

“Aren’t you worried that you could fall, or something?”



“Nope. I’ve never even slipped. As you can see, I come up here a lot. Now just enjoy this.”

And with that, he did. In silence, we watched as the black faded to the pale blue and then into a burst of color. My breath hitched as I saw the orange and the purple, making me long for a way to capture this each morning.

“Is it not jaw dropping?”

“It is, Shorty.”

I glanced at him, about ready to reprimand him for staring at me and giving me some cheesy line, but instead, he was watching the same magical sunrise that I was. And in all my life, I don’t think I ever felt as close with a human as I did know.

He understood my simplicity, my love of nature, and for so many others, they just didn’t grasp it. Not getting how something like this view could ground me, could make me long for peace and solitude and moments where I could only see this.

But Shawn got it. He got me.

And I would fight for that.

“How long do you stay up here?”

“Depends. Usually not passed the full rise. I just enjoy it for a few moments, the start of the day, the call of the animals, then I head back to my room.”

He took my hand, interlacing our fingers and I looked down at it.

There wasn’t a huge size difference there, and again, it was an awesome feeling to

have a basketball player who fit right with me.

“Want to go back to the room and snuggle? Or shall I make breakfast?”

“Oh, he can cook too? I hit the motherload huh?”

He lightly shoved me before helping me back to my room. We both changed and then headed to the kitchen.

“What do you feel like?”

“How about some omelets? I can start cutting some veggies,” I offered, and he nodded, grabbing some sausage, ham, and bacon.

“I’ll start here.”

I grabbed a knife, watching him for a moment as he got to work, and I couldn’t resist walking over to him and wrapping my arms around his waist from behind.

“I have to admit, I like this view,” I told him, kissing the side of his neck.

“Don’t start something, Shorty. I have no problem defiling you in the kitchen, but not in Coach’s kitchen, please.”

“Thank fucking god for that, Colter. Want to explain what the fuck is going on here, anyway? Seeing as I recall stating that my daughter was off limits.”

I turned to stare at my dad, wondering what the hell he was doing home so early. And wondering how the fuck I could lie and not get Shawn in trouble.

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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 9

Shawn

I looked at Marketa who looked just about as confused as I felt. Sure, we were dating, getting to know each other, but sex never happened this weekend, and I was okay with that. For some odd reason, having it happening here, behind the Coach's back, in his house, just didn't feel right.

"Dad," she said, stepping away, and I frowned at the loss of heat. I wanted her right beside me, not stepping away. "You're home early."

"I was going to surprise you, figured we could do something. I thought you'd be alone, not off fucking my team."

"Hey, sir, that's uncalled for."

"Get the fuck out of my house Colter. I can't even look at you right now. Given that, I can't even figure out what that will do for the team or practice."

"Coach Jones," I started again, but he crossed his arms over his chest and glared right at me. I wasn't a fool. I could read that look loud and clear.

"It's okay, Shawn," she said.

I nodded. There wasn't anything I could say. And the one thing I wanted to do, to give her a light kiss, to give her my strength, sure wasn't going to fly with her dad

glaring over us.

So, I turned the stove off, removed the meat, and then ran upstairs to grab my stuff. I opened the door, glanced behind me to offer Shorty a smile, then left.

Fuck, that was painful.

How dare he be a prick. He didn't have to be. Sure, he had said no fucking his daughter, that she was a no touching zone, but she was also an adult. She could freely talk to whoever she wanted. So, what if that person was on the team he was coaching for?

Alas, nothing I could do about it now.

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Four fucking days later, and I wanted to change that statement. There was a lot I could fucking do. Or at least wanted to do. None of which was legal.

I rested my hands on my knees and leaned over, trying to catch a damn breath. The man was a sadist, running me ragged out here.

And for what?

The roster went up for the first few games, and guess what? Prick that he was had me on the bench, much to the team's disappointment.

I lifted my head as the coach blew his whistle and called the end of practice.

Thank fuck.

I wasn't sure my legs could take much more.

I made my way into the locker room, ignoring the talk from everyone and got lost in my own world.

Forty-five minutes later, as the last one to leave, I walked down the hallway, passing the court, and frowned as the lights were left on. I popped my head in, surprised to see Marketa sitting on the bench.

"What are you doing here, Shorty?"

"Waiting on you."

"For what?" I sat my bag down then took the seat next to her.

The devilish glint in her eye had me wanting to pull her on my lap. What was this woman thinking?

"I want to apologize for my dad."

"You don't need to, Marketa. We both knew how he would be. So, we'll play it cool and let him think he won. I'm not giving up on you. You struck something in me, and I'll be damned if I let you go."

"Music to my ears."

I frowned at that, not sure what she was thinking. I mean, I was up for whatever game she wanted to play.

"Yeah, why is that?"

Without a sound, she climbed on my lap, wrapped her arms around my neck, then pressed her lips against mine. And I was lost in all the sensation that was Marketa and the things she did to me.

She giggled as she finally broke away, leaving me breathless. She stood and tossed her shirt, making my eyes open wide.

“Want to know something I’ve always wanted to do?” she asked.

“What’s that?”

“Screw someone on my dad’s court. A little secret tidbit for only me to know.”

With that, she quickly undid the rest of her clothing, making my mouth water. Thank goodness everyone else was gone.

I jumped up, tossing off my own clothes, the naughty thoughts of that playing in mind like crazy. She squealed a little as I chased her, wrapping my arms around her waist, and kissing her deeply.

Fuck, this woman was fun, crazy, naughty, talented, smart, and beautiful. She was the whole packaged wrapped up one nice, Shorty bow.

I let my lips trail over her neck, and then down her chest, flicking my tongue over her nipple. She groaned as she arched, her nails sliding through my hair.

“Your tongue.”

“What about it?” I asked, switching to her other nipple.

“It’s wicked.”

“Wait till you see the things it can do to your cunt.”

“That’s great,” she hissed, pushing her body against mine. “But I don’t need it now. Later you can do all the nasty things with it. Right now, just fuck me.”

I lifted my head as I trailed a finger over her slit, finding her to be wet already. Damn. I barely kissed her, so was it the thought of tainting her dad’s workplace that got her hot and bothered?

“Do you know, that’s the second time you demanded that of me.”

Her head lifted and she locked her gaze with mine, the heat there making me even harder. Not that my cock wasn’t crying out in pain.

“It won’t be the last, now fuck me.”

“No,” I told her, moving to kneel on the logo right in the middle of the court. I pulled her down with me, then laid down. “You fuck me.”

Her eyes dilated even more, and she took my hands, intertwining our fingers and lifting them over my head as she sunk down on me.

Sure, this was only my second time being buried in her, but fuck, it felt so right.

I pulled my knees up, my feet flat on the floor, and I couldn’t fight the crazy, sexy shivers that raced down my spine at doing this to the coach. As childish as it may seem, it was a small little payback.

“Damn it, Shawn, you fill me up like no one else has.”

“Fucking right,” I groaned, squeezing her hands while I looked over her body. She

was so damn perfect for me; it nearly killed me. “I’m the only one who will, too.”

She smirked as she looked down at me, her hips slowly twisting. Jesus, she was killing me at this pace.

“Shorty,” I growled, “I said fuck me, not tease me.”

I nearly died as she tightened around my dick before coating it with even more of her juices. Oh, she liked that.

“Was it the growl, or the dirty talk? I could talk about your cunt all day, how tight it is, how it feels around my cock, how I love being buried in you balls deep.”

She moved faster with every statement, and I lost my mind. This wasn’t working.

So, I let go of her hands, grabbed her hips, and fucked her from the bottom, thrusting up into her furiously. I reached between us, rubbing my thumb over her clit as she moved harder against me.

“Yes, fuck yes,” she cried out, her nails scraping down my chest as she went crazy, coming fast and hard. “Oh my god, yes...” she whimpered.

Her tightness pushed me over the edge, and I joined her, seeing stars dance behind my eyes.

That was beyond intense, and fuck me, I wanted to do it over and over again, never letting this woman out of my arms.



## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 10

#### Marketa

“What are you doing? Shouldn’t you be getting ready to hit the gym?” I questioned, pulling a shirt on.

“Probably. But the men in charge are being dicks and a few other guys are getting ready to cut out. I have a small gym in my place where I can work out if need be. What are you doing?”

“I’m getting ready to go. You know, doctors appointment and all that.”

“I thought it was tomorrow!”

“It was. But they called me this morning, said the doctor had something come up and was wondering if I could come in today.”

“You wait right there, Shorty, I’m on my way!”

I giggled at the giddiness that was evident in that one little statement. A week ago, after our little jaunt at the arena, I told him I had booked an appointment, and he was bummed he couldn’t make it because it was a practice day. Gym days could be skipped, practices could not.

So, I could see why he was giddy now. And honestly, it was precious to me. I didn’t think Shawn would be all in like he has, but he’s showing me the kind of man he is,

that he wants to be for me and this baby, and that's twisting something in my heart.

I really didn't do this to trap him. I wasn't even planning on telling him, but looking back, I know he would have been so upset and hurt. I don't think he wanted a kid yet either, but he wasn't flipping out over it.

Not like I've seen most men do. And that was refreshing.

Of course, we hadn't brought up the not too far off future of explaining this to my dad or how we plan on parenting. But I can admit, I'm not giving up my baby. And frankly, I'm not giving up Shawn.

I would love to say things are slow, and they have been, other than that one time a week ago in the arena. We've kissed, but there's been no other sex. Yet. He's kept to his word about getting to know me.

I peeked out the window as I heard a car in the driveway and quickly locked up. I jumped in his car, giving him a kiss on the cheek, causing him to grin.

"What's that for?" he questioned, taking my hand as we left.

"Just wanted to. You're a pretty great guy, Shawn, and I'm annoyed my dad won't give us the time of day."

"I know, Shorty. I know. But you know, maybe this is some unknown blessing."

I lifted a brow at him, waiting for him to explain to which he just shrugged, making me laugh.

"I can't explain everything, Marketa." As he pulled up to a red light, he reached over and tugged a lock of my hair. "I want her to have your dark hair."

“But I love your brown curls. Mine’s just black.”

“And glossy. And with those stunning blue eyes, everything about you just pops. And I want our baby girl to look just like you.”

Can we talk about uber sweet? Where did this man learn the dirty talk, and the pillow talk? Which seemed to do numbers to me.

“How’s your stomach this week?”

“Good! Having morning sickness hit while my dad is away during the day has been nice. I mean, it’s never nice. But it hasn’t been as bad. It’s been a couple days since I’ve had to throw up. However, I’m going through string cheese like crazy. Will have to go to the store soon to restock up. She must like it, because I don’t.”

“Well, she’s already got an interesting appetite for her.”

Two hours later, we’re stuck in a back corner, staring at the little baby in our first picture. Though it wasn’t the best image, we knew it was there, and that was enough for us to be excited over it.

“Isn’t she precious?” I whispered, running my fingernail over the little peanut there.

“She is. Even if we don’t know it’s a she.”

I turned my eyes from the picture to him, nudging him.

“Don’t be that way. I just know you’re going to have two girls on your hand, and you won’t know what to do with them.”

“Oh, Shorty, I know very well what to do with them.”

“Oh yeah, Superstar? And do share with the rest of us what you plan on doing?”

“Well, with her mother, I want to be all in.”

I couldn't help but swallow hard at that. Sure, we've danced around the topic of dating, and it's a slow road, again. But we never talked about putting a label on us, especially given what was going on with my dad.

However, I could agree with him. I wanted to be all in too. I didn't want to just co-parent with him, I wanted to be parents, in whatever form that looked like to him.

But being that his dad walked out, and my mom did too, I think we were both solid on the idea that no matter what, at the end of the day, this little one would have both parents.

“And what's all in? It's a little soon for marriage.”

He chuckled as he took the picture and set it aside, then took my hand and held it in his.

“I want you as my girlfriend. I want us to go out in public, and not worry. I don't want to be sneaking around. I'm proud of you, proud of us, and I don't like hiding it.”

“I know, Shawn, and believe me, I do too.” I glanced down at our hands, thinking of the way to word what I was feeling. “I've never thought about a family, about settling down. Sure, way later on in life, but not this soon.

“But I'm not turning it away. I want it all, with you and our baby. I also want my dad to be happy with his grandbaby. I just don't know what that looks like yet. Can you just give me some time to figure out how to break this all to him?”

“Don’t you know, Shorty, that waiting for the right time never works out?”

“I do. But I also know my dad. You will pay for everything and I’m not ready to do that to you, or your career. The team you have right now is strong and it can go far. I don’t want to be the cause of something happening.”

“Marketa, that’s not for you to worry about, baby. I told you, I’m fine if I have to leave the NBA and just focus on you.”

I knew he said that, and I did believe him. He loved the game, but it wasn’t his passion, it wasn’t his end goal. He could retire and not blink an eye.

“I also know this is important to you, Shorty, so I’ll give you the time you want, because it’s you and I will get what I can. But know, I don’t like betraying Coach like this, and I don’t want to keep sneaking around for too long.”

### Chapter 11

Shawn

“What is he having you do?”

I glanced up from the clipboard in my hand and smiled at Marketa.

“What makes you think he’s having us do anything?”

“Because I know my dad. So, what is it?”

“It’s some of the plays,” I told her, handing her the board. “I’m not sure, with the team we’re up against, this is the best course of action. I tried telling him earlier in the week that maybe we ought to try something else, but he was dead set that he knew what he was doing. That he was the coach for a reason.”

“I love that man, but when he’s set in his ways, he’ll never budge.” I watched her as she looked over the sheets, her head shaking as well. “I agree with your thoughts, Shawn.”

“Colter, get the fuck away from my daughter!” We both looked up and into the very red face of Coach Jones. “I told you to stay the hell away. Why didn’t you listen?”

“Dad,” Marketa started, ready to defend me, but he quickly shut her up with a glare.

“No Dad. Stay the hell away from him, Marketa. In fact, you can watch the game

from my office because I'm not even sure I can trust you not to make eyes at each other."

"Oh my god, Dad. It's not what you think. Shawn was talking about the plays--"

"Don't care," he nearly yelled, cutting her off again. "Go." She glared at him before tossing the board back at me and then stomped off. I couldn't help but watch her, feeling a bit of pride for how she stood up to him. "You, Colter."

"Yes, sir?"

"You can bench the game. I told you there would be consequences if you didn't listen. I changed the roster, but now I'm changing it again." With that, he stepped up to me, pushing his finger in my chest. "She's fucking off limits to you, do you understand?"

"Coach, we weren't doing anything, I swear. We were discussing your plays!"

"I know my daughter, and she's not the coach, just like you aren't! What I say goes. Same for the plays. Now, get your pants on and join the team, then sit your happy ass on the bench!"

With that, he stormed off to the court, leaving me with my mouth hung open.

If I was going to get punished, at least let me get punished for having my tongue down her throat, not for discussing basketball with her.

I shook my head, heading back to the locker room and getting my joggers back on. I knew the team had talent, but I led them. Who were they going to look to for answers? A coach who was having a pissing contest and didn't like losing?

“Dude, let’s go. Why aren’t you dressed?” Hugh asked, coming up behind me as we left the locker room.

“Coach is benching me for the game because I was talking to his daughter. We were discussing his plays!”

“That seems rather big for just talking.”

“Yeah, well, that came on the heels of him finding me in his house.”

“Funny, Shawn, you forget to mention that part, huh?”

I shrugged. It was no use discussing any of that now. It was what it was, and I had no choice but to sit on the sidelines like he said.

I just really hoped he wasn’t the type to hold a grudge and when the team needed me, he’d put me in.

I groaned, for I don’t know how many times now, as I sat back and crossed my arms. This game was a complete and total shit show, and Coach just didn’t seem to really fucking care. As if proving the point that I was so bad to be helping him!

All it was doing was pissing the guys off.

Multiple times, the guys have come up and asked about putting me in, but he kept giving them a hard no. And here we were, thirty-five minutes into the game, with a sixty-point difference.

The team wasn’t bad, but again, no direction. That’s why you had a powerhouse on the floor, leading them, directing them, guiding them. Letting them know when to be mindful and who to be mindful of.



But from the onset, they were upset. I know I had to be blamed as well, and I did feel bad, but again, we were just talking. If I was to have the team be mad at me, at least I should have gotten something more out of it.

I also wished I had my phone on me because I have no doubt that Marketa is fuming in her dad's office, watching this shitshow.

I stood up as I saw Hugh make a break for it down the court once the ball was in play, trying to get a layup, but the guy on the other side had too much height on him and ended up slapping the ball right out of his hands. Of course, it went into the opposing team's hands, who ran the ball right back down the other side, and easily made a three pointer.

"Hugh!" I called, waving my hands at him. He glanced my way and just shrugged.

"Sit your ass back down, Colter! You don't say a word."

"Coach, we're going to lose this game. It will be a shut out if you don't let me in."

"Well, you can have the guilt over that, because this is your fault. Your team needs you and instead, you put your needs before your team."

"We were talking!"

"I don't care. Sit your ass back down!"

I glared at him as I took my seat again, crossing my arms once more. This was ridiculous on so many levels.

I got it, got his point. And I imagine that when my daughter gets older, I'd probably be just as freaking protective of her, demanding that guys stay away. But I like to

think I'd be wise enough to also remember she'd be an adult and saying she was off limits wouldn't mean much. She'd be allowed to have her own good and bad choices.

I watched, in despair, as mistake after mistake was being called. The team had more fouls than it should have, and it had more missed shots. It kind of felt like they did that crap on purpose, but I know that wasn't the case. They weren't teaching the coach a lesson, they just didn't have proper leadership, and I refused to shoulder all of that.

When the final buzzer called the end of the game, I couldn't even stand to look at the score board, knowing it was a fucking shut out, and those were hard pressed in the NBA! I also didn't want to think about how this was our first game, and it was home court.

We were going to have a tough one to come back from on this one, if we ever did.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 12

Marketa

I was fuming!

I peeked out the door, watching my dad walk into the locker room to talk to the guys after that horrible loss.

When he set up his office, he had a TV installed that was hooked up to the court, so I watched the game in real time.

And I was well aware that there were sixteen guys on the team, five on the court at all times, and that Shawn was just one of many. But he was a vital part of the team and for my dad to bench him the whole game was stupid. Just for us talking.

That was my dad though. And sadly, the whole off-limits speech wasn't the first time I heard it. If he didn't get his way, he threw a hissy fit, and that's what this was. This was him saying he was the big man, and he had to be listened to.

What I would give, sometimes, to knock him down a peg or two. I slowly smirked as I glanced around the room. I loved tainting the court. But tainting his office?

Fucking epic!

I waited, watching everyone leave for the night, my dad included. So, I knew when Shawn passed, he was the last one.

As soon as he got to the door, I grabbed his arm and yanked him, causing him to almost trip.

“What gives, Shorty?”

“Just wanted a moment alone.”

“In your dad’s office?”

“Yup.” With that, I shoved him against the door and kissed him deeply. Slow was great, and there was still room to learn and grow, but hell if I didn’t want this man.

And again, tainting another area, having another way I could stick it to that man, wonderful.

He groaned, his hands digging into my hips as I flicked my tongue against his, my body molding with his. Shit, just a kiss and my poor mind was already losing all functioning capabilities.

He flipped us around, breaking the kiss to stare into my eyes. My chest heaved, not just from the pleasure running through my veins, but from all the emotions I saw swirling in his eyes, emotions that hadn’t been whispered, or named yet. Emotions I was starting to wonder if I was feeling back. Emotions that I was worried about might be a little too fast.

His hands captured my wrists and pushed them above my head as his nose ran along my neck and stopped by my ear.

“Who do you belong to, Marketa?”

I glanced up at the hand that was holding my wrists, knowing that it should have

given me pause, just like the look in his eyes, but it didn't. And because I loved to have the sass, I only grinned.

"I belong to no one, Shawn." That went for my father as well.

"Wrong. You belong to me. You're mine. Always," he growled before his lips crushed mine again, forcing my body to be flushed with the door and feeling him press against me.

He lifted me up and walked over to the desk, plopping me right down on my dad's papers, and I couldn't help but smirk.

"I can't wait to taste you."

With that, he quickly removed my shorts and panties, groaning at the wetness that was already gathering there.

Okay, being claimed and growled out did numbers to my body.

However, he didn't give me time to think as he pushed my legs wider, his tongue quickly sliding over my pussy before flicking against my clit.

"Oh shit," I whimpered, glancing down at the head between my thighs. Fuck, what a glorious sight.

I dug my fingers into his hair, pushing him further against me, as if I even needed to. His hands wrapped around my legs, holding me abnormally wide as his tongue flicked faster against my pleasure point before stopping and diving into my center, making me dizzy with desire.

"Shawn," I whimpered, locking eyes with him as his tongue roamed all over me

while his thumb pushed against my clit.

He moaned and I felt that roll through me, taking me over the edge in a blinding orgasm, one I hadn't felt before.

"Damn Shorty, talk about a feast, I could eat your sweet cunt and never tire of it."

I shivered, wanting to lower my jelly filled legs, but instead, he pulled me up, grabbed my top, tossing that and my bra over his shoulder before twisting me around, pushing me forward on my dad's desk.

"What?" I muttered, a little too dazed with pleasure to process anything.

"I'm going to fuck you like you asked me."

I glanced over my shoulder as he lost his own clothing. My mouth watered as his hand fisted his cock and he pumped once, then once more.

"Like that, Shorty?"

"Get the fuck inside me, Superstar."

"Don't boss me around," he ordered, slapping my ass.

I moaned, moving up to my tiptoes at the exquisite pleasure that was. That was a first for me.

"Someone liked that," he whispered, doing it again. His hand rubbed the spot before he reached below me, his fingers running over my dripping pussy. "See how wet you are?" he asked, holding his soaked fingers in front of me. I looked at them before sucking them clean. "Holy shit," he cried, losing his patience just as fast as I had and

slammed into me.

I held onto the edge of the desk, crying out at the intrusion, but not wanting it to end or push it away.

This was perfect, just fucking perfect. And him slamming into me repeatedly as we fucked on the very desk my dad would sit at tomorrow was the icing on the cake. Okay, no, it was just part of the cake.

Feeling Shawn balls deep in me, nothing between us, that was the icing on the cake.

This man was utterly delicious, and he screwed me like a dream.

I reached behind me, holding onto his ass and pushing him in harder. I was so close, and I needed him to take me there. To take us both over.

“Shawn, ugh, fuck, so..close.”

“I am too, baby.” He slid his hand up my back and wrapped his hand in my hair, tugging it back. I moaned at the pain that ripped through my scalp and realized that when he gave me pain, it was such pleasure.

“Yes, hurt me, mark me, show me I’m yours.”

I wasn’t aware that I wanted to be owned by a man, but I did. What he said not too long ago was true. I wanted to be his, I wanted the world to know it too. And I was over my dad dictating that.

“You are mine. Fuck Marketa, I wasn’t a possessive man, but you walked into my life and I’m sure as hell not letting anyone touch my woman. You’re fucking cunt is mine, that baby is mine, you’re mine.”

The sentiment behind those words pushed me over and I screamed his name, coming so hard on his dick.

He tugged my hair as I felt him come right after me. He slumped on my back as his thrusting eased and I rested my head on the cold wood, feeling more at ease.

Shawn was going to walk through hell with me, I knew it. He was already showing it. He wasn't backing away just because my dad was being a dick.

It was time to have a long talk with the only parent I had left.



## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 13

Shawn

I leaned against the desk as I watched this woman put her clothes back on, trying to look like she just hadn't been thoroughly ravished in twenty different ways. Okay, we didn't have twenty different sex positions, but I had taken her again, and again, then ate her out one last time while she enjoyed my cock.

She said she wanted to taint her dad's office, and we did. So, once we rested after the desk scene, I had her ride me in his chair. And shit, that was hot. Maybe it was all the little nips and sucks she was doing that sent me through the roof. After that, I had her back against the door, then the wall, and then against his trophy case. Finally, ended it all on his couch.

Needless to say, I enjoyed this big 'screw you' to him as much as she did.

I know it was wrong, and childish, but he was being the same way.

Besides, when my girl wanted it, my girl was going to get it.

And she was my girl. I wasn't just saying that.

Something clicked. Maybe it was the way Coach was. Maybe it was the way I just saw her and my palms got sweaty and my mind stuttered to a halt. Maybe it was just her. But she was mine and I sure had no plans of giving her up.

I also had no big plan yet to tell her how I feel, even if I was pretty sure she knew it.

“Shall we,” she told me, taking my hand.

We both looked around the room, seeing the many spots that we had taken each other, and it felt good.

Granted, if I had to come talk to this man in here, I wasn’t promising I could keep a straight face. And certainly, couldn’t sit there and not think of all the ways we had fun. All behind his back.

And though she wouldn’t have as many reasons to be in here as me, something told me she’d be in the same boat.

“Let’s go, Shorty. You don’t regret any part of this, do you?”

“You mean us? Or do you mean tainting everything?”

“Well, both I guess.”

“No, Shawn, I don’t. I know it might seem odd, but I’m not Daddy’s Princess. I love my dad; he was a great father, and I want to be as good a parent as he is. However, there are lines that I won’t cross. I can’t say my dad didn’t give me breathing room, because he did. But when it came to dating, it’s been the same speech. Stay away from the guys on my team.

“Do you know, he was the boys’ basketball coach when I was in high school. You can imagine how much smaller the dating pool became for a school that specializes in the basketball program. Not to mention, my dad helped with the coaching staff for football.

“So, yeah, my dating life sucked in high school.”

“I’m sorry,” I told her, wrapping my arm around her shoulder. And I was. I couldn’t imagine having someone like that around all the time. I could see why she pushed to jump into college and then the WNBA. And why she was so against having to come back home.

“What did your mom say about the baby? I really wish I could have been there to tell her with you.”

“No, Shorty, it’s a good thing you weren’t. I love my mom, but she blew a fuse on me. I got called quite a few names, and then she wanted to try and say you were some gold-digger, just trying to trap me. I actually had to yell at her to get her to listen.

“After two shots and a martini, she was good to talk to me again. The tune changed from being mad at you to being mad at me because I hadn’t brought you by to meet her. So, we’re having dinner with her this weekend.”

I grinned as Marketa laughed at that. These two ladies were going to get along so well. In certain aspects, Marketa reminded me of my mom, not that I was dumb enough to tell her that. But I could appreciate those a little bit more. And if I was ever stupid and walked away, I know that Marketa would have an amazing strength to take care of our baby.

We walked out of the building, my arm around her, and I walked her to her car, sharing a kiss with her before waving her off. I made her promise that she would text me as soon as she got home.

Thirty minutes later, I walked into my house, sat my keys on the table and grabbed a water. I didn’t want to jump online to see the comments about the game, but I needed to get a feel for the team right now.

It was bad enough my phone was blowing up from the guys asking what the fuck was going on, but I wasn't about to get into everything with them. Especially not over text.

I powered up my laptop and started browsing some of the sports sites, glad to see the talk wasn't all bad. More so about Coach. Which kind of bugged me.

He wasn't a bad man, just a few issues, and I didn't want to see his name drug through the mud because he couldn't pull his head out of his ass.

I did a quick scan of the article before scrolling down, frowning at the picture at the bottom of the site.

It was one of Marketa and I as we were leaving tonight.

“Fuck.”

I rubbed the spot on my neck where they talked about love bites that were on display and questioning who this lady was that I was with. They also mentioned that this was the second time I had been seen with her and followed it up with a picture of us at the restaurant. At least the baby picture wasn't photographed, that would be even worse.

Then it questioned if I was officially off the market and that only time would tell.

I know Coach Jones checked these sites too and I could only pray that he would be too damn pissed to go anywhere near them for the moment. Or at all.

Because learning about your daughter's boyfriend from a website and not from her would be an even uglier picture than the one we were painting.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 14

#### Marketa

S ix days later, after keeping my dad away from all sites, thanks to Shawn's warning, and trying to appease my dad, I told him we needed to go shopping.

My food cravings were becoming more intense, and I wasn't sure how much longer I could hold off on not telling my dad I was pregnant. But once I did, I knew that would only open the flood gates even more for his anger and I wasn't wanting that yet.

"Let's go," he told me, holding the door open for me.

"I got a list, and we need to stick to it."

"God, when you say it like that, you remind me of your mom."

I stuck my tongue out at him in response, making him laugh.

Fifteen minutes later, we walked into the store, and I frowned. I could have sworn I saw Shawn in the produce section.

"I'm going to go check out something, Dad, go ahead and get the bread." He nodded and I left him, walking into the cold area and grinned as I saw my man. I walked up behind him, pressing my body against his back as I reached around to grab a cucumber.

“Hey now,” he said, glancing over his shoulder and smirking. “Watch yourself.”

“Sorry, I needed this for my salad. I think it’s long enough.”

I fought the laugh as his eyes danced at the innuendo and he glanced down.

“No, baby girl, I don’t think it’s long enough at all. Nor thick enough.”

“You’re probably right. Won’t do the trick. Should grab two. Can’t go wrong with an extra, more than enough ways to have it.”

Once more, his eyes flared and I had to bite my lip.

“Dangerous game,” he muttered, and I only shrugged before bagging the vegetable.

“What else are you looking for? Maybe I can help you?”

“I was thinking of peaches, you know, to make a dessert after my salad.”

This time, he groaned as he passed by me, his hand squeezing my ass cheek.

“I don’t know, they seem kind of firm and I’m not sure you could use them right away. Though I’m sure they’re delicious.”

Fuck, he was just as good at this game as I was. Who said you couldn’t tease, flirt, and have very big innuendo PDA in a grocery store?

“Firm isn’t a bad thing. Lots of things are great when firm. I’m a licker and a sucker, so firm things are a plus for me.”

I watched as his eyes closed and had to bite back my own groan. Damn, I was freaking wet like no tomorrow.

“I still don’t think peaches are the way to go. Now, cherries,” he said, grabbing a bag of the sweet fruit, “those are delicious no matter what. Especially when you have it on your tongue for the first time.”

I had to clench my thighs together at that comment because I knew damn good and well what he was referring to.

“You don’t play fair,” I hissed, seeing my dad coming around the corner. I grabbed the fruit, making him laugh.

“Text me,” he whispered. “I have more naughty images in mind.”

I tossed him a look over my shoulder before my dad could see who I was talking to.

Home

I texted him, plopping down on my bed, grateful that my dad’s room was on the other side of the house.

Yay. So, you’re free?

Of course. I’m tucked in my room, snuggled up in my bed.

I hit send, waiting a few moments, and slowly frowning at the lapse of time.

I nearly jumped as the phone vibrated with an incoming Facetime call.

“What are you doing?” I asked him, easily seeing him lounging in his bed.

“Funny, I’m trying with all my might to get rid of this damn hard on I had that someone gave me.”

“Proof, or it didn’t happen.”

I bit my lip as he flipped the camera, showing him in nothing more than a pair of basketball shorts, with a tent for sure.

“You did that, Shorty.”

“Don’t be blaming me! I just...well I...”

“Oh, please do go on,” he told me, and I couldn’t fight the blush.

“I can tell you how I would help you,” I teased.

“Share, Shorty.”

I licked my lips then eyed him. “First, I’d slip my hands in those shorts then grab your length, slowly stroking you.”

“Like this?” he asked, slipping his own hand in and grabbing his dick. Fuck, that was just about the hottest thing I’ve seen.

“Lose the shorts,” I demanded.

“Lose the clothes,” he tossed back. I quickly chucked everything off and laid back down, letting my camera roll over me. My fingers followed along, and I stopped at my nipple rolling it between my fingers. “Fuck, they’re already hard. I want them in my mouth.”

“Yeah, what else do you want in your mouth?”

“Your cunt.” I had to rub my legs together to try and stop the wetness from leaking



out. “Let me see my pussy, baby.” I hesitated. Sure, the other night the lights were on, but there were still ways to distract him from the bump I now had. I could cover them with clothes, but not naked. “Show. Me. Your. Pussy,” he growled and instantly, I shifted.

That growl had me obeying. I tried my best to angle it in a flattering way, but there was no use.

“Holy shit, it’s weeping. How I’d love to have my tongue buried there. Rub your fingers over your center, show me what you like, Shorty.”

“Yes, Shawn,” I moaned, moving my fingers to my cunt, and pushing two in. “Ah,” I cried out, bucking my hips upward.

“Fuck, so hot, so gorgeous. Keep pumping. Let me hear those cries of passion. Let me see those fingers fuck that pussy that belongs to me.”

Once more, his dirty and possessive words had me losing my mind.

“Look at what you do to me, Marketa.”

I opened my eyes to look at him, seeing him fisting his angry cock and stroking it hard.

“That’s all for me?”

“All for you baby. I’m close.”

“Me too,” I whimpered, still pumping. “This cunt that’s yours, it’s begging for you, Shawn. My fingers aren’t enough.”

“Imagine their mine. Add another one, and rub your clit, now.”

Once more, I obeyed the command in his voice and heard him draw in a breath.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” I started chanting, listening to him join in and soon, my hips were off the bed, and I was coming all over my hand. I opened my eyes, seeing his dick spraying his come and I moaned. “I want to lick that.”

“As do I.”

I gave him a wicked smirk as I stuck my juice coated fingers in my mouth and stared at him.

“Fuck me, Marketa!” He leaned his head back and chuckled. “I think that might have been one of the most intimate acts I’ve ever done.”

“Same.” I closed my eyes, content for the moment, then turned on my side. “I want you to lay with me.”

“We need to tell him, Marketa.”

“I know. I’m working on it. Sleep well.”

“You too. Oh, and Shorty?”

“Yeah?” I lazily answered, close to letting sleep claim me.

“I know what you were doing when you were trying to hide the bump. But don’t ever do that. That bump, on you, it’s one of the sexiest things. You’re one of the sexiest things. It’s a way the universe lets me know you belong to me.”

### Chapter 15

Shawn

Three weeks later, I flung my arm around Marketa's shoulder, giving her a kiss on the cheek as we walked down the sidewalk on 4th Ave. She claimed that some of the shops down this way were her favorite and I loved the thought of taking her shopping.

"Is there anything in particular you want?"

"No, not really. I love browsing more than anything else sometimes."

"Window shopping," I groaned, making her laugh and hit my stomach. "Why the hell is my phone buzzing all of a sudden?" I reached for mine at the same time she grabbed hers.

We both opened our social apps, and my jaw nearly hit the ground. There were pictures of us from just a few moments ago, having a cozy lunch, walking hand in hand, and even just now, with my arms around her. There was no mistaking how happy we looked, and how together we were. Especially not with the kiss we shared in the back corner.

And there was no way to stop her dad from seeing anything like this.

"Shit," she muttered, and I had to agree with her. This had disaster written all over it and there was just no way to stop it.

We hurried to the arena and rushed down the halls, not caring who saw us together at this point. It was evident that someone was watching us closely and word was spreading pretty fast about us being together.

I watched as our social media coordinator walked into the Coach's office and had to stop. There was no doubt what she was showing the coach, and I glanced at Marketa.

"Shit," she mumbled again, and I couldn't help but chuckle.

"What the fuck is this!"

We both cringed as the yell rang down the hallway. His door slammed open, and he looked around, quickly spotting us, and stormed over.

"This is done! Do you hear me? I'm not sure what the fuck you're thinking Colter, but I will not have this shit happening. You will not disrespect me. You're benched for the game and you're fucking lucky I'm even letting you near the court!"

Before I could utter anything, he turned and stalked back to his office, slamming the door loud enough to rattle some of the pictures on the wall.

I ran my hand over my face, knowing this was not going to be a good game. Honestly, we couldn't afford another horrific loss like our first game.

"I'm sorry, I should have told him."

"No, Shorty, we should have. But it wouldn't have mattered anyway, he was never going to approve of me, and we both know that. We'll get through this game and then figure out our next step together."

I watched as Hugh threw the ball inbound to Josh, who quickly ran down the court,

easily doing a layup for Hugh to dunk it and I jumped with the crowd as we got the points. I can't admit that this game was leaps and bounds better than the first one, but at least the team looked like a unit, one that was stronger.

There are still weak points that I loved to look into, that I would even more if the coach looked into. But he sure didn't seem to be too inclined to my thoughts. So, I had to get the assistant coach and explain what I was seeing. When he glared at me before talking to Coach Jones, I had to chuckle to myself.

You shouldn't be scared of the man who was leading this team, but everyone on staff seemed to be.

"I don't want to hear his fucking thoughts. He needs to shut his mouth," he said. I narrowed my eyes at the Coach, trying so hard not to reply back.

We needed to clean our act up before halftime, or when we came back to play, we were going to be even sloppier. All of this was easy fixes if ego could just be pushed aside.

I dropped my head as another bad play happened and I could see the team losing their confidence. Not just in themselves but in our Coach.

"Hugh," he called, waving him over. "Get on the bench."

I quickly jumped out of my seat and stormed over.

"Coach Jones, you can't bench Hugh for that play."

"I'm benching him because he screwed up the play I had! Now get out of my face."

"No," I told him, standing firm in my decision. I was done with this. The team was

not going to pay for his mistakes. “I don’t know what you’re thinking, but it’s not his fault. He’s helping this team a lot more than you are!”

“What the hell does that mean? It’s my job to coach you all, not babysit and not allow fuck ups!”

“That’s what you’re calling this? Because coaching means also seeing where you’re failing and allowing others to help, to make suggestions! You have a coaching team and what are they here for if you won’t listen to them?”

“Because it’s coming from you! You’re telling them what to do.”

“I am not! Some of them are seeing that your ego is getting in the way of your job. Coach Jones, you’re a great coach, but it doesn’t hurt to listen.”

“What the hell would you know about that? It’s not like you listened to me when I said stay away. And because of that, you want to blame the loss of the games or the shitty run we have on me. When it’s your own damn fault.

“My daughter isn’t one of your little hoes to run along and do whatever you want with! She’s better than that!”

“I know that!” I was done caring who was around to listen to this. I was over if people saw. Coach Jones needed an ass chewing for his actions.

“You do? Because I see you running around with all the little hoop hoes, and I will not let you make my daughter one.”

I saw red at that statement. I never saw Marketa that way, and hell, I wasn’t that way.

“You know shit about your team if that’s what you think I do.”

“I know plenty. Now get out of my face and stay the hell away from my daughter for the last time. She can find way better than the likes of you.”

I know that looking back, I will probably tell you I never felt my hand move into a fist and will also say I never even knew I lifted my arm. All to say that I wasn't aware I punched the coach until my hand stung and I saw him clenching his nose.

“Get the hell out of my arena,” he shouted. “You're done for the season, and I'll make sure to fine your ass!”

“I love your daughter, sir. And I'm sorry that you will have to learn to deal with that, because I'm not going anywhere.”

“What do you mean?”

I felt a hand on my arm, and I glanced down, seeing Marketa there. It's also the moment I looked up and saw the audience we had drawn; something I didn't mean to do.

“I'm pregnant, Dad, and it's Shawn's baby.”

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 16

Marketa

Well, telling my dad in front of a crowd and on TV no less was not the best way. But I was done with him ordering Shawn the way he was. I was done with my dad being the bully he's become. I know my dad is protecting me, and I love him for it. But Shawn is not like the other guys, and I wish he could see that.

Instead, he's blinded by some hatred he has for the very players he coaches.

Help me make sense of that please!

So, it's not a surprise that right after the game, he dragged me home, as if I was some little girl who didn't have a clue versus an adult that wasn't too far away from raising her own child.

I seriously hoped that Shawn was nothing like my dad when it came to players and having our kids so against dating them. We might be going toe to toe if that were the case.

I huffed as we pulled into the garage and I made sure to slam the door as we got out, making my dad glare at me. But I didn't care. I was about to make this as childish as he was being. Maybe, just maybe, he might see how he was acting.

“Don't slam the door, Marketa.”



“Stop being a dick, Dad, and I might act like an adult.” I stormed into the house, crossing my arms. No point in going upstairs to avoid him. He would follow me into that sanctuary.

“Don’t you dare talk to me that way. I am still your father, and you are still living under my roof. Doing God knows what, though!”

“Believe me, David, I can easily fix that. Shawn has his own place, I’m sure he’d love for me to move in with him.”

“One, don’t you call me by my first name. You know how that irks me.” I rolled my eyes at that. As if it was okay for him to annoy and disrespect me. I get it, he’s my dad, but I’m still an adult. Respect is a two-way street in my mind.

“Whatever,” I mumbled.

“Two,” he started, choosing to ignore my comment, “you don’t know anything about Shawn. I’ve always told you to stay away from players because I know the assholes they can be when it comes to women. They have no respect for them and treat them like whores, going from one to the next.”

“Dad! Would you listen to yourself? Do you think I would allow myself to be treated like that?”

“No, I know that. But these guys, they’re smooth, they are good con artists.”

“If you have such a problem, why do you coach men like that?”

“Marketa do not veer off topic.”

“I’m not, Dad. All my life, you’ve told me to stay clear of them. And all I’m trying to

do is understand why. I would think if you hated men like that, you wouldn't work with them. No money is worth giving up your integrity, right? That's what you always told me."

"No man is worth giving up your self-respect over. No man is worth losing oneself over. No man is worth sneaking and lying over."

"And that is where you are wrong. I love Shawn. He's been such a great man to me. He respects me, cares for me, and wants what's best for me. I was the one keeping all of this from you, not him. He wanted to tell you because he respected you. Not just as his coach, but as my dad.

"Furthermore, he's not some hound dog like you think, either. If you learned a little more about your players, you'd see how humble they really are. Sure, some are after the hoop hoes, but there's a lot that's not. Shawn is one of those guys."

"And when you're stuck at home, caring for this kid, you think he's going to be there when he's in the limelight?"

"Yes! Because he had the perfect chance to walk away. Dad, I got pregnant off of a one-night stand, or well, it should have been a one-night stand. Shawn didn't need to be here; he didn't even know. Well, fuck, I didn't even know.

"But that's all beside the point. Shawn will be by my side."

"No, he won't! I know those types. They make good on their word for a bit, but when something better comes along, they'll leave. He won't think twice about dumping you. Mark my words, Marketa. Don't start thinking he's this great man when he will fuck you over. And don't you think you can come to me with your tears and sob story. I won't take you in again, not after this."

I opened my eyes wide, taking a step back from this man. I couldn't have been more shocked if he had slapped me. Well, he did, at least mentally. Maybe emotionally, too.

This was not the man I had grown up with. This was not the man I loved.

This was a man who had hate in his heart. More so for the men he saw day in and day out. And I could not understand why he worked with them. But I understood, now, why he didn't want to listen to them.

He was above them.

I'm surprised it took me so long to see that.

"Who hurt you, Dad?"

"Who do you think? Your mom left with a player. Thought they were going to have forever, she claimed. Two months after she left and got the quickie divorce so they could get married, or so she thought, he got kicked out of the league and dumped her ass. She came crawling back to me, talking about how she loved me and how she fucked up.

"The last I heard, she was still working through some various players, but most don't look at her."

I lied, I was shocked before, now I was just dumbfounded.

This was news I had never heard before. In all the years, in all the talks I had of my mom, this was nothing I knew of.

I looked at my dad, as if seeing him for the first time. Sure, it made sense, but that

was still a lot of generalization on his part about players. And again, not all women are like my mom, so not all players are assholes.

“I don’t know who you are, Dad. You kept this from me. I had the right to know what my mom did.”

“Marketa-”

“No,” I told him, cutting him off. “You don’t get to say anything to me. You controlled my life when I was younger in telling me whom I could date. Do you know the hell I went through in high school because of you? And this was your excuse.”

He reached out his hand to grab me and I stepped back, shaking in anger, hurt, and frustration.

“Don’t touch me!” I screamed, pulling my arm away. “Don’t ever touch me again. I can’t stand you, Dad.” I turned, wiping my eyes of the tears that were starting. That was all something so unforeseen to me. I started up the stairs, falling to my knees by the third one as sharp pains tore through my stomach.

“Marketa?”

“Call 911.”

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 10:32 am*

### Chapter 17

Shawn

I drove around aimlessly. I was waiting to hear from Marketa.

Watching them leave the arena killed me. There wasn't much I could do, I know that. But I would have stepped in. However, he was hell bent on taking her home.

I had to chuckle to myself because in all truth, this felt like a high school situation. He took her from a party she wasn't supposed to be at, yelled at her on the way home, or once they got home, then grounded her for life.

The only difference, she was an adult and had a say in how she wanted to handle things. And if he was going to pull the whole 'this is my house' card, she knew damn good and well she could move in with me. Okay, so maybe there had already been plans and talks about it. It was all true, though. I even had one of the guest rooms by the master being redone into a baby room.

I pulled up to a stop light, then glanced down as my phone dinged, seeing a text message pop up from Marketa.

"Huh," I muttered, picking it up while I waited for the light to change.

[Not sure what's going on, but got into it with my dad. On the way to Memorial Hospital right now.]

My eyes opened wide. No, this was not happening.

I didn't want to think he would abuse her, but maybe I didn't know the man as well as I thought I did.

I glanced around, seeing how dead traffic was, and making sure no cops were around, then flipped an illegal u-turn. Nothing was going to stop me from getting to this woman and being there when she needed me the most.

I already felt like I failed her thanks to not stepping in with her dad, no matter what she said. I wasn't sure if it would help, or if she would see it, but I had to reply.

On my way.

I gunned the car, only to slam on the brakes as I got to another red light.

"Come on," I cried, tapping my fingers on the steering wheel. I looked around, seeing no cops, or traffic. I hated the lights that were timed rather than detectors. But I already did an illegal move, I was about to try my luck at doing something stupid again.

Finally, the light turned green, and I slammed on the gas, taking off like a bat out of hell.

"I'm coming, Shorty," I muttered in the car. It felt better with me putting it out in the universe like that.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," I screamed, hitting yet another red light.

That's the way it went for every streetlight on the way to the hospital. What should have taken me only ten minutes, was taking me nearly twenty. At this point, they

were going to take her in and give me no information, seeing as I was nothing more than a boyfriend.

“Give me a fucking break,” I groaned, coming up to the last one. I looked around, shaking my head, and then took a breath, running through the intersection. And sure enough, I saw the lights flashing behind me. “Yup, just knew it.” I pulled off on the side of the road and rolled down my window.

No point in delaying anything longer than I had to. I wasn’t going to waste the cops’ time or mine. So, I grabbed the documents as well, already having it ready for him.

“In a hurry, sir?” he asked, looking over everything.

“Yes, actually. My girlfriend was rushed to the hospital, and I’m worried it’s my baby. I didn’t mean to run the light, I just hit everyone on the way here. This was my last one and I can’t wait anymore.” I didn’t mean to word vomit, but as the cop handed me back the stuff, I was kind of glad I did.

“I’m letting you off with a warning, Mr. Colter. Don’t make this a habit.”

“Thank you, Officer. Have a good night. And thank you for keeping our roads safe.” I started the car up, making a mental note to donate to the police department later on.

I pulled into the parking lot, right as my phone went off again.

Where are you?

I just parked, Shorty. I hit every red light on the way.

I knew you’d be here.

Always, Shorty. What's the room number?

702. It's the baby ward. I'm scared, please hurry.

I jumped out of my car and raced inside.

Going as fast as I can.

It's good to be a basketball player, because when you're in a hurry, and you're a tall man, people move out of the way for you. It's like they're afraid we're run over them. We aren't semi-trailers; we know how to stop.

"Where's the elevator to get to the 7th floor?" I asked the front desk cleric.

"To the left. But you won't get past the lobby if you aren't married."

"I don't care. I'll sleep out there and wait. Thank you."

I ran to the elevators, tapping my foot as it seemed to take forever. The anxiety was getting to me, and I was about ready to burst through the stairs. But luckily, the doors opened faster than I thought, and the ride was even faster.

I ran to the desk, smiling at the nurse that was sitting there.

"May I help you?"

"Hi, good evening, yes. I need to see Marketa Jones, please?"

"And you are?"

"Her fiancé." The words slipped out before I could stop them and the woman raised a



brow, as if questioning that statement.

“I’ll give you a temporary pass, Mr. Colter, but as her dad clearly stated not to let you in, I’m going to go out on a limb and say you aren’t.” She handed me the visitor sticker. “You can only be on the floor for a few minutes, but it’s enough to check in on her. Take the hallway on the left.”

“Thank you. I just need to make sure she’s okay.”

“Don’t tell anyone I did.” I gave her a smile, stuck the badge on, and then made my way down the hallway, already hearing the heated voices.

“Dad, he’s on his way. Would you please stop?”

“He’s only telling you that, Marketa. He won’t be here, he’s not that kind of man. He should have been here by now, if that was the case. He’s already living up to the expectations I told you about. Something better probably came along.”

### Chapter 18

#### Marketa

I watch my dad, seeing him stare at something and by the look on his face, I can clearly see how unhappy he is by whoever is there. However, the medicine is starting to kick in and I close my eyes.

“What are you doing there?” my dad demanded.

“Checking up on Marketa. I can’t stay long but wanted to see her.” I open my eyes briefly to see Shawn poke his head in and smile at him. He came after all; he proved my dad wrong.

But the thought leaves as I vanish into the void of darkness.

“Where is Shawn?” I asked my dad for the fourth time. I know I saw him last night. It wasn’t my imagination. Sure, the drugs were good and eased the pain that was still there now, but I know I wasn’t seeing things.

“He’s not here. How many times are you going to ask that? I told you that he would bail on you.”

I narrowed my eyes at my dad and frowned. I know Shawn wouldn’t bail on me. But I also have no clue why he wouldn’t be here. It can’t be because my dad is here.

“Ms. Jones?” the nurse asks, poking her head in. “I have a special delivery for you.”

She walks over with a cup in her hand and a smile on her face. “Enjoy.”

“Thank you.” I take it, then have a sip, smiling at the fruit punch, mango, and kiwi mix that Shawn and I had found at a local bistro. It was an uncommon mix that the owner had done for me, since coffee wasn’t happening, and the only person who knew about it was Shawn.

He might not be here for whatever reason, but he was thinking about me, and that was just as sweet. I reached for my phone, but my dad grabbed it, shaking his head.

“You have to leave soon for some more tests.”

“So? I can send a thank you to Shawn for the drink.”

“Are you sure it was him, Marketa?”

“Dad, he’s the only one who knows about this. Of course it was him.”

I watch as my dad just rolls his eyes and stuffs my phone in his pocket. I’d love nothing more than to get up and wrestle him for it, but right now, the doctor said no sudden movements and complete bed rest until they can figure out what’s going on.

They did a quick ultrasound after there was some blood loss on the way to the hospital, and they could catch the baby’s heartbeat, so I hadn’t lost her yet. But they were trying to figure out what was going on. Not that any of that eased the worry in my chest.

Two hours later, after we came back from the Cat Scan, there’s a large bouquet of flowers in my room, and I gushed. The bright, colorful bunch makes me happy, just like he knew they would.

After I got in bed, the nurse handed me the card and I quickly scanned it, smiling even more as Shawn told me he's here with me and can't wait to hold me again. And, of course, to think happy thoughts.

As I sat on the bed, I tried to reach for the vase to smell one but winced as a pain shot through my abdomen.

"Fuck me," I groan, holding onto the area.

"What the hell are you doing, Marketa?" my dad bellows as he storms into the room. "Lay down, right now."

He pushes me down slightly and I shake my head.

"I was trying to reach for a flower." He looks behind him, finally taking in the bright bunch and rolls his eyes.

"That man is going to do you more harm than good."

"He might not be here physically, but he's thinking about me."

"Some juice and some flowers aren't things that's going to help you, why can't you see that? Having him here, holding your hand, taking you to the places you need to go, that's what you need."

I stared up at him, twisting my lip. I want to fight him, want to retort something back, but in truth, I'm not sure what's keeping Shawn. I mean, I know he would be here if he could, so I'm not sure why he's not. But I won't deny that the things he did send were things I needed to help me.

They both made me smile, both made me feel good, and both got me out of this funk

that had settled, so he knew well enough.

“Ms. Jones,” my doctor said as she walked in. “Wow. It’s quite...colorfully bright and cheerful in here.”

Four days later, I glanced around the room, having to agree with her. There were all kinds of stuffed animals, flowers in various stages of life, posters, balloons, and pictures. Every time a new delivery came, my dad would blow up.

He would constantly say that Shawn needed to be here, not to be sending stuff. And on the first day, I did agree with him. I was a little upset with Shawn.

However, when I had managed to get my phone for a moment and shoot him a text to thank him for everything, I did ask where he was.

He said he couldn’t come up because we weren’t married, but that he was in the lobby every chance he could be, waiting for me to get out.

That warmed my heart because I knew he proved my dad wrong.

But then I told him I could ask the nurses to change it, I never heard anything back. So, I wanted to believe my heart more than anything that he was there, but then I knew life too. I didn’t believe my dad, that was for sure, but I was questioning it.

“My boyfriend sent me stuff. Making sure I was okay.”

“About that,” the doctor said, taking a seat next to the bed. “You and the baby are fine. However, I would very much advise that you take the remainder of your pregnancy very lightly. As little stress and anxiety as possible. You weren’t having contractions, exactly, but your body was protecting itself over everything going on in your life.”

“I caused this?”

“No, Marketa, but outside circumstances did. I’m not sure what’s all happening, but I can tell you that it’s triggering this. And if you keep on this path, you’re likely to lose your baby. Now, I want to keep you for a little while longer, just to make sure everything is okay. But I will get the release papers done. I also want you to come to my office for at least weekly checkups.”

“Yes, Doctor Maggie. My boyfriend, Shawn, is outside. Can he come in so I can talk to him about this? He’s the baby’s daddy.”

The door opened and I glanced over to see my dad walk in, his eyes bouncing from the doctor to me.

“Mr. Jones,” she said. “Marketa, we weren’t the ones not to allow him in. Your dad was and he said Shawn couldn’t be in your room.”

I snapped my eyes back to my dad, the anger sizzling, even though the doctor just told me to be mindful of things like this.

“What the hell, Dad?” I screamed, wanting to throw something at him. “You need to stop being so protective! I told you Shawn wasn’t the bad guy, but you sure as fuck are!”

### Chapter 19

Shawn

I couldn't say if I was a believer in God, or any god, honestly. My mom raised me in a Christian home. I did believe in a higher power, that was for sure. And whoever was up there listening, that's all I had been talking to for the last four days, making sure all was going to be okay.

I couldn't lose Marketa, and I couldn't lose my baby.

In that room, lying on a bed, was my future. I didn't want to tell her that because the last thing I wanted to do was scare her away.

But she was everything I wanted in a partner. And she would only ever showcase the best thing for our kids.

She was strong, smart, resilient, unafraid, courageous, and beautiful. Amongst that, she was also playful and charming. You would have to be dumb to not want someone like that. So, yes, I was going to do what I had to do to keep that woman right by my side. Her dad be damned.

I'm not even sure how he managed to block me from getting in. I'm sure he told the nurses something, but because he got to them before I did, or before Marketa could tell them, I'm sure they had no choice but to listen to him.

I also fully believe that she doesn't know that. So, I did the next best thing I could to

let her know I was here. I sent her stuff that would make her happy, that would cheer her up, that would let her know I wasn't leaving. I just wish she would answer her damn text.

I lifted my head from the back of the couch that I had used as my personal bed since I got here. Well, minus the times I had to rush home to shower, or they kicked me out for the end of visiting hours. Honestly, I had to laugh that they never allowed me back. They all talked to me, gave me some brief updates on her, but that was it.

“What are you doing here?”

“Coach,” I said, jumping out of my current bed.

“That won't be for long. I'm going to make sure you're traded far away from here. My daughter is in this mess because of you.”

“What mess? The hospital?”

“Yes. And being pregnant. It's all your damn fault. So do share why you're here.”

“Because that's my woman that's in that hospital room and I have every right to be here, just like you. You don't think you're the only one to care about her, do you?”

I watched him, watched his stance. I know I needed to step up, to make this man see what his daughter meant to me. I couldn't tell him that I loved Marketa before I told her, but I would lay it all out on the line, and maybe he could stop being a dick about everything.

Though, as that was his nature in a lot of ways, I wasn't holding out too much hope on that one.



“Sit down, Coach Jones.” I moved the blankets off the couch and sat down, waiting for him to do as well. This was the olive branch I was going to extend to him, but it was his job to pick it up. After a few moments, he sat down.

“I don’t have anywhere else to be, so this should be a good story.”

“You kept me out of that room, and I get why. But just because I wasn’t there doesn’t mean I didn’t know what was going on. The nurses made sure to pass along tidbits, but they followed your request quite well. However, I knew she was going through a rough time. So, I did the only thing I could, I brought her happiness.

“Your daughter has simple tastes, but there’s a lot of things she loves. The juices, the flowers, the stuffed animals; they’re things she adores. I didn’t have to be in the room to know they brought a smile to her face. And if for just a few moments I could ease her worry and take away her pain, I was going to.

“Look, sir, I went about this all wrong. I know that. I should have come to you right away to ask you to date your daughter, even if we’re adults. But you need to know, I’m not a player nor a womanizer. I don’t mess with the hoop hoes, because that’s not me. Sure, I’ve pulled one or two, but it’s not a feeling I like afterward.

“I wanted someone real, someone to last, not someone right now.” I paused, looking down at my hands. I know what he wanted me to say, it was on the tip of my tongue, but I wasn’t about to let him know without telling her. “I can’t say if I’m in love with Marketa yet, but I do know I care deeply about her, and she means the world to me. I know I want to do right for her and our baby.

“Coach, I’m not going to just abandon her, no matter how much you want me to. She doesn’t deserve someone that’s going to bail, someone that’s not going to take responsibility. So, I’m here, like it or not, to love and support my family. Because even if Marketa and I don’t work out, she’s the mother of my child, which means

she's family, and so is this baby."

That was it. That was my heart on the floor for him to witness. That was all things, or pretty much all things, that I had told her.

He cleared his throat, his eyes focused on the wall as he thought things over. Finally, his eyes landed back on me and he held out his hand.

"That confession, I felt how true it was. I'm sorry to have been a pain, son, but you have to understand that's my baby girl. No one will ever be good enough for her. But, you, Shawn Colter, might just be the man that's close enough to being good."

I took his hand, giving it a firm shake and taking the small blessing he was going to give me.

"That's my family in that room. I owe you both a huge apology because I know the stress I've laid on her. None of this is your fault. When you go in there, can you tell her to maybe forgive."

I jumped up, ready to go.

"She loves you, sir, she'll forgive you. She's just that amazing." I smiled at him before running down the hallway, ignoring the curious glances from the nurses. I believed he was going to fix that. "Knock, knock," I exclaimed as I walked into the room.

"You're here."

I walked over to the bed and sat down, taking her hand. "I'll never leave you, Shorty."

Marketa

“Give me one more big push, Marketa,” the doctor said, and I groaned. I wasn’t sure I had any more push in me. I was exhausted after fourteen hours of pushing and heaving this baby out of me.

“You’re doing so well, Shorty. Just a little bit more,” Shawn told me, holding tight to one hand and kissing the top of my sweaty head.

“Stop, you two,” my dad grumbled from the other side.

It might seem a bit unorthodox for my dad and Shawn to be in here, but after the rough pregnancy and all the bed rest, I wanted them both here in case anything happened. Not that I believed anything would, but I knew it would help ease their minds. I was also hoping it would help with the rough waters.

Not that it was still rocky, because it wasn’t. But a little more bonding time wouldn’t hurt, would it? After all, they liked to butt heads over everything, but I swear they did it just to tease each other.

“Okay, when I say go, Marketa, give me everything you got, and I promise that will be it.”

I looked down at the doctor and nodded before squeezing the shit out of both male hands as I pushed with all my might.

“That’s it, Shorty,” Shawn muttered.

I nearly laughed at the sweet cry that filled the air as the baby popped out.

“Marry me?”

I blinked a few times, a serene smile on my face, thinking those two words were nothing more than a figment of my imagination. After all, he wouldn't be asking at the same time that a baby came into this world, right?

“Yes, I did. And yes, I would.”

“Huh?”

“You just said I wouldn't ask you that very important question when you were done. But I did. And I mean it. Marketa Jones, you're the only woman for me. You have been. I love you with every beat of my heart and I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

I watched in total awe as he took my left hand and slipped on a plain gold band. I frowned. I mean, I wasn't a materialistic person by any means, but didn't I deserve at least a small diamond.

“I have your grandmother's ring sitting in the safe. When your fingers are done being swollen, it's yours,” my dad told me from the chair he was sitting on.

“You talked to my dad?” I cried, tears racing down my cheeks.

“I did this part at least right.”

He kissed my head again and I beamed at him. This was surreal to me.

“Yes,” I told him, taking his hand.

I never thought I'd be here, just months later, with my baby, the man I love, and my dad. I honestly thought my dad would disown me, and really, he had every right too. I betrayed him in ways that I didn't think a daughter should have.

I would also love to say that he's eased the reins up a bit, but he hasn't. I feel sorry for the baby girl they were placing in my arms, because I had no doubt that her grandfather was going to be super protective of her too.

"Well hello Ella Davis," I told her, kissing her tiny head. "You're the one causing so many problems in mommy's tummy. That wasn't very nice."

"She's perfect, Shorty."

"She's also very long. She didn't have a lot of room in there," the doctor told us. "We'll let you have a few minutes."

Everyone cleared out of the room, leaving just the four of us alone.

"Want to hold her, Dad?" I asked, looking up into his tear-filled eyes.

"Yes. You named her after my mom?" he asked, taking the little bundle.

"We did. We also wanted to give her your middle name, but David didn't work, so Davis it was.

"You didn't have to but thank you. I'm honored." He kissed my baby's head before kissing mine. "I'm so proud of you, Marketa," he whispered, making me get teary eyed again. "I shouldn't have forced you to date someone else, and I'm sorry about that. But I'm glad you went against my rules and found a man who will always stand beside you. He's proven his worth."

"He's a good man, Dad. I believe in him."

“Don’t tell him I said all that.” Her dad straightened, holding Ella still. “Can’t believe I’m a young grandfather. And now I’m going to have a basketball player as a son-in-law. What is the world coming to? My poor life.” He glared at Shawn over his shoulder before leaving the room to take the baby to Shawn’s mom in another room.

“You think your dad will ever stop poking me?”

“Never. And now you’re in it for life, buddy,” I told him, taking his hand as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“How are you, Shorty?”

“I’m okay. Pain is already fading. It’s one for the books. Can’t wait to tell Ella all about your proposal. You were only seconds old, baby girl, when your dad said to marry him. Yup, that’s going to be epic.”

“I think so.”

“I can’t believe you asked my dad.” I shook my head at that, even though I knew I shouldn’t have been surprised.

“I did it wrong to start off with. I had to gain some brownie points with him. Giving our daughter his name was going to help, but not fully cut it.”

“No, but it’s a good start.”

I watched as he playfully sighed, hanging his head, and I couldn’t help but laugh.

“He’ll come around; you know.” I wasn’t about to give away my dad’s secret. Watching them bicker, even knowing it was more jokes and playfulness than anything, was too fun.

“Oh, I know. I still like getting under his skin though, it’s great!”

“You two! Just like little boys, always having to steal the other toy. Poking at each other just for that rise.”

“You like it, so stop.” He leaned down, giving me the smallest of kisses that held so many feelings and I could feel the butterflies take off in my stomach. “He can tease me all he wants. He can glare at me all he wants. You were off limits, forbidden fruit, and we both know I will always enjoy going after the Forbidden Dunk.”