



# Strike Out (The San Jose Coyotes #1)

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**Category:** Sport

**Description:** #7 Malakai Vaughn

3B B/T: R/R 62 Age: 21

I've been in love with Isla since I was fourteen years old. From the moment I set my eyes on her, I just knew.

The problem is, she's my stepsister and closed the door on any chance for us three years ago.

Now she needs a place to stay until her new apartment is ready, and I'm more than happy to help out.

Will having my stepsister live with me cloud my head now that the seasons starting?

Or will this finally give us the push we need to say screw everyone else and finally be together?

I guess only time will tell if I strike out or not.

**Total Pages (Source):** 20

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

“ M alakai, it’s only for a few months. Just until your sister can move into the apartment she leased.”

My mother pleads on the other end of the line, and all I can do at this point is say yes.

Isla and I have our issues, like any set of step siblings, but I’m pretty sure most of them aren’t because one is interested in fucking the other.

But I don’t want to just fuck Isla. I want her.

I’ve wanted her since I was the fourteen-year-old boy who stood on the porch with my mom, moving into a new house. With a new family.

Isla was everything to me from that moment on.

I remember it vividly, the way she just smiled at me and blushed when I told her I liked her Giants shirt.

She stared at the ground and said that my mom told her that I play ball and that the Giants were my favorite team.

For the next three years, she was my biggest fan, coming to almost every practice and tryout, working out with me, or simply just playing catch to keep my arm loose.

She would even beg her mother to drive her to my games, even though it was

supposed to be time spent with just them.

Isla made me feel special.

Loved .

Wanted.

But when I told her how I felt, how I was in love with her, she shot me down.

“Kai, we can’t! Think about what our parents would think.”

I tried so hard to not want her, to not feel hurt that she didn’t want me too.

Until I realized it wasn’t because she thought it was wrong.

Not that she didn’t want me, because the longing looks never stopped, we spent every moment we could together until I moved to San Jose State.

She just thought she couldn’t have me because our parents were married.

Even when she dated, she still came home to me instead of staying the night with them.

My goody-two-shoes sister just didn’t want to disappoint her daddy. And I’m sure her telling him that she wants to date her stepbrother would probably be just that. A disappointment.

Her living here will be the perfect opportunity for us to rekindle that flame.

Even if it’s been three years since I moved away.

I know I still want her. My love for her never stopped.

“Sure, Ma, it’s not a problem. Isla can stay as long as she likes.

” I smirk, and I can practically hear my mother’s sigh of relief.

The sound of her feet thumping up the stairs tells me she’s going to talk to Isla’s father or Isla herself.

I count the steps she takes once she stops climbing and I know it’s to her and Gene’s room rather than my sister’s.

“Gene... Gene, wake up! Kai says Isla can stay with him as long as she needs. Isn’t that wonderful!”

My stepfather grumbles, and I hear my mother smack him.

“What... oh, thanks, bud.” He says it through a yawn and my mother whispers something to him.

“You’re really taking one for the team, letting her stay with you.

Just FYI, she’s a mess right now, what with that asshole Steve breaking up with her. ”

There it is .

Mom didn’t mention that the longtime boyfriend dumped her.

“Don’t worry, G. I’ve got this. I’ll have all the girly movies and junk food I know chicks like after situations like this.

” I mean I will, but only because some aftercare will be necessary after what I have planned for us.

I’ll have my sweet stepsister forgetting whatever the fuck his name is in no time.

“Thanks, son. We owe you one. The first game is coming up, isn’t it?”

“Next Tuesday. You guys want me to leave some tickets for you?” What they don’t know is I will always have tickets at Will Call for them. Sue me, I’m a family man.

“Absolutely, Sweetie!” My mother chimes in. “We wouldn’t miss it. Leave one for Isla, too. We can bring her stuff to your apartment and then go to the game afterwards.”

I stretch my arm above my head and look around my bedroom and grin like a fool.

“Sounds perfect, Mom. I’ll see you guys on Tuesday. I’ll text her after I hang up with you.”

“She’s out in SJ now with some friends for a bachelorette party.” A door closes on her side and she whispers. “Could you keep your ringer on, you know, in case she calls and is too drunk to get herself an Uber?”

“You got it, Mom. Get some sleep. I’ll talk to you later.”

I hang up and pull up my conversation with Isla.

Kai

Have fun tonight, Sis. I told Mom that it’s cool that you live with me for however long you need.

I pause and think about it for a second on how I want to approach this next part. I think I'll choose violence.

Kai

Better not let anyone fuck you tonight, princess. I'd hate to break someone's nose before my first game.

I don't wait for her response and set my phone on the charging dock, pick my book back up and keep reading.

It's only nine and I expect she and the groups she's out with are probably already drunk.

I just hope she has enough sense to call or text me if need be.

My phone pings and I let out a sigh. She'll call if it's an emergency.

I keep reading and my phone pings again. And again. Ping. Ping. Ping.

She's definitely drunk.

Don't do it, Kai.

Fuck it.

I grab my phone and slide up.

Isla

Omg, Kai, THANK YOU SO MUCH. YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY. THIS IS

A NO-GUY PARTAY.

FUCK

Stupid cap button thingy.

Voice Message

I click the voice message, and I can hear the thump of a bass line in the background. “Kaiiii, I’ve missed you. I’m so happy you said yes. We’re gonna have such a fun time living together. Like when we were kids.”

Totally drunk, and I hate that she’s already putting herself at risk this early in the night. I tap on the cover of my book, annoyed, as I raise my phone to my mouth and hit the record button.

Kai

Where are you at right now, princess? Do you know what bar or club you guys are at?

Isla

Continental on 12th St.

That’s not San Jose.

Kai

Mom said you were in SJ.

Isla

I didn't want them to know we were going to Oakland and SF for the night. They would have worried.

No fucking shit.

Now I won't be sleeping tonight.

I was supposed to get up early and meet with a trainer to work on a new routine to help me bulk up and work on my endurance. Guess I'm going to be tired as shit. I throw the covers off and head to my closet to grab some slacks and a nice shirt because I'm heading out to Oakland.

Isla is more important than sleep.

But she's gonna owe me for this, and I know exactly what I want.

Every inch of her.

I pull up the group chat with a few of the guys from the team and type out a message.

Kai

So I've got to head into Oakland to get my stepsister. She's at a bachelorette party at Continental. Anyone want to come with?

Gael

I'm down

Andres



For sure.

Jackson

Well, if Dre is going, I guess I am too.

Kai

I'll be downstairs in ten.

Isla, I'm coming for you and you better be ready for me.

An hour later, we're parking my SUV in a lot a block away from the club.

We get to the doors, pay the cover, and head inside.

I scan the dance floor for Isla and lo and behold, she's sandwiched between two pricks who have their hands all over her.

So much for this being a "guy-free party." I feel a set of hands grip my shoulders, holding me back.

"You do not want to make a scene, Kai." Jackson shouts over my shoulder. "I know you feel some type of way about her, but... You've got to use your head, man."

He means the one with a brain that's telling me that she can do what she wants because she is a grown woman. Not the one in my pants telling me she looks fucking delicious and I need to have her under my tongue immediately.

Part of me wants to run over there and bash their stupid fucking faces in for touching what's mine.

Because Isla is mine, always has been mine.

The other part of me wants her to realize she's fucked up, to see me watching her.

Then take her down the dark back hallway and take it out on her pussy or her pretty little mouth as punishment.

“Just have a good time, bro. Find a chick, or, fuck, find a dude to hook up with and let it go.”

Negative. If it's not Isla, I don't want them.

I head towards the bar, purposefully crossing her path and as I push past the bodies grinding against each other on the floor, my eyes find hers. Even drunk, it only takes her half a second to recognize me. Her eyes trail down my body and slowly back up to my eyes.

That's right, princess. I'm here for you and only you.

I give her a once-over, then look at the men she's between and sneer, shaking my head I turn and make my way towards the bar to get a drink. My skin prickles on the back of my neck and I know Isla's following me.

“Kai, what are you doing here?”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

“ Kai, what are you doing here?”

Why is my stepbrother here? My stupidly hot, overprotective stepbrother, who I’ve been in love with since the moment our parents decided it was a great idea for all of us to live together.

I was fourteen years old, and I knew then that Malakai was it for me.

Except, when he let all his feelings out about how he loved me and wanted us to be together, I freaked out and shut any possibility of it down.

What would our parents say? What would they think? At eighteen, I was terrified of disappointing my dad.

Shit, I still am.

But when I look at Kai, all I can think about is what we could’ve been.

If only I had been brave enough to say I loved him too, that I wanted to be with him.

Yet here we are, three years later. I’m a single, twenty-one-year-old third-year college student whose boyfriend just dumped her because she didn’t want to marry him.

Steve’s great, sort of. He’s on his way to law school, has a great head on his

shoulders, and would have probably made a good husband .

Except every time I closed my eyes, it was Kai's face I saw. His voice I craved.

Not Steve's.

“Hey, Princess. You sounded pretty wasted already, so being the good big brother I am, I thought I'd come and make sure you stayed safe. Don't worry, I'll watch from over here.” Kai puts down a couple of bills and grabs the two drinks from the bar, handing one to me.

I smile and take a sip. It's water with lime. I purse my lips at him and the asshole just smiles as he takes a drink of something nearly identical.

“You know this is missing something.”

“Is it?” He reaches for the glass and takes a drink, probably thinking I got alcohol too. When the water hits his tongue, he narrows his eyes and I make my move to steal his glass and shoot the rest of it.

Instant regret.

The tequila burns the whole way down, and I have no chaser. My glass of water had a lime in it, so I snatch the glass from him as my mouth salivates, and the lime is gone. “What the fuc—” I look up at Kai and he has the wedge of lime between his teeth. “Malakai,” I growl, trying not to heave.

He stands there, silent, but his eyes do all the talking. As if they are saying, “Come and take it. You know you want it, need it.”

My hand trembles as I hold it out, waiting for him to drop it into my open palm.

Kai shakes his head, and I let out a sigh, tilting my chin up, exposing my throat as I open my mouth and wait.

My eyes go wide, Kai takes the wedge, sucks the juice from it, grabs me by my throat and spits it into my open mouth.

“Swallow it, Princess. Don’t let it go to waste.”

The heat that’s burning in my core is unreal right now.

I don’t know if it’s all the alcohol or the combination of years of sexual repression when it comes to him, but I’m seconds away from dragging him into the alley and letting him have his way with me.

I swallow and open my mouth back up, just to show him.

Kai leans down and his lips ghost over my ear, and my skin tingles, leaving goosebumps all over my arms. “Come dance with me, little sister.”

“Don’t call me that, Kai. You’re only two months older than me.” I roll my eyes and he grabs my hand, dragging me to the dance floor.

“Never stopped you from calling me your big brother when we were kids.” He spins me around and pulls my ass into his groin. “What’s changed?”

My brain short circuits and my eyes lock on his hands, caressing the bare skin of my thighs. “Umm, I... dunno. Us. We’ve changed.” His fingers inch under the skirt of my dress and they get dangerously close to the apex of my thighs. I close my eyes and get lost in the feeling of his touch.

Something I’ve only ever dreamed of.

I never want this to end.

I shift and push my ass harder into his hard cock and sway my hips with the beat of the music.

The vibration from his groan in my ear has me panting, waiting for him to make his move.

I know he wants to touch me and even though I know that it's wrong, nothing has ever felt as right as his hands on me.

“Touch me, Kai. I want you to.”

“Tsk ts k ts k, my slutty little sister. All hot and bothered and wanting her big brother's cock.”

Why lie at this point? He knows I want him and I know he wants me.

“Yes.” I press into him as the song changes and I reach my arm up and wrap it around his neck, tugging him down more. “Fuck me, Kai. ”

“If I say yes, I want to do it my way and you don't get to have a say in how I fuck you.

” I don't know how to take that and for a moment I hesitate.

What does that even mean? Would he hurt me?

Share me with someone else? Does Malakai resent me for saying no all those years ago and now he wants to use this to get back at me?

“Kai.” I caress the back of his neck. “You’re not going to hurt me, are you?”

“Not like you’re thinking, Princess.” His right hand comes up my stomach and wraps around my throat, turning my head to the side so that I can look into his eyes.

“You’re mine, Isla. My girl. My sister. My little whore.

I’ve got years of fucking you I missed out on, and now that I’ve got you,” he licks my lower lip, then bites down just hard enough to make me wince.

“I’ve got some catching up to do. So I want you to give yourself to me. Let me have complete control.”

Kai’s lips press against mine, soft but assertive, leading me down to the very pits of Hell, where I’m sure we’re both headed after I give in to this. Because I know I’m going to say yes. “ Okay,” I whimper against his lips. “Complete control. I’m all yours.”

He presses a firm kiss to my mouth and pulls back with a smile on his face.

“My good little whore. Now, go to the bathroom and take your panties off. Then you’re going to put them in my pocket when you come out.

If you do this, that’s my green light. I’ll be waiting outside.

” With his hand on my lower back, we leave the dance floor and head toward the bathrooms.

Inside a stall, I quickly take my thong off, and it’s soaked. Well, it’s not like he didn’t know what he was doing getting me all wound up.

Do I want this?

I don't even know what giving him complete control means.

Who am I kidding? If Kai would have hiked my dress up and bent me over a table out there, called me his dirty little whore sister, smacked my ass and fucked me, I would have said I was and begged him to fuck me harder.

I unlock the stall door, and standing near the sinks are Adriana and Mallory. "What the hell, Isla! We thought we lost you to those two guys." They both are way too drunk and I should make sure they get back to the group before I let Malakai take me home.

"Actually, Kai showed up, and he's gonna take me home." Adriana gives me a scrunched-up look and then her eyes widen.

"Kai, as in Malakai? Like your stepbrother, Malakai." She then giggles. "The one you had that sex dream about and Steve thought it was him you were moaning for in your sleep. Hot, professional baseball player, Malakai?"

Jesus Christ, could she spill any more beans?

"Yeah, that's the one." Is all I can get out, my face beet red from embarrassment.

Adriana throws her arm around me and pulls me close. "Are you gonna finally fuck him?"

"I think so." I fucking know so.

Mallory holds up her hand for a high five, and to appease her, I give her one. "But first I'm going to get you guys back to Charlene and the group. Okay?"



“Sounds like a plan! I think some shots are in order. To ce-celebrate you finally fucking your brother.”

“Stepbrother.” I correct and I wash my hands, then grab Adriana and Mallory, pushing the door open with my foot.

Kai’s leaned against the wall facing the door and as soon as he sees my situation, he rolls his eyes. He grabs ahold of Mallory’s arm, leading her to the main area of the club. I spot the bachelorette group and we head over. I help Adriana into a chair and Kai does the same with Mallory.

“Sorry, ladies, but I’m stealing Isla for the rest of the night. So,” Kai pulls a couple of hundred-dollar bills from his wallet and hands them to Charlene, the designated driver of the group. “Drinks are on me.”

The girls cheer and Kai wastes no time in leading me toward the door. I take the opportunity to shove my thong in his pocket and once we’re outside, he pulls out his phone and sends a text.

A few minutes later, a group of three guys comes out of the main entrance and Kai nods at them. I look them over, all handsome as fuck, but none compare to Kai. That’s when the nerves hit. I swallow hard and look at the men walking toward us and then up at my stepbrother.

“Kai,” my voice laced with hesitation. “You’re not gonna let them...”

He grabs me by my chin and presses his lips to mine; the men stop in front of us and watch as he kisses me. This isn’t a soft kiss like in the club, no. This kiss is showing that he’s claimed me.

That I’m his.

Kai breaks our kiss and swipes his thumb over my bottom lip. “They can watch, but they can’t touch.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

The feeling of her lips on mine has me feral for her, and the near hour we're about to be in the car is going to be torture.

I have to have her. One hand around her throat as I keep her mouth on mine, the other fishes around in my pocket for the keys to my SUV.

Breaking the kiss, Isla looks like she's in a drunken haze, even though I know the alcohol is fading.

I toss my keys to Gael. "Are you good to drive?"

"For sure." Gael says and walks ahead toward the parking lot. "You guys wait here and I'll bring the car."

Isla shivers and that's when I notice she doesn't have a jacket on. "You know you're not great at this adulting thing, Princess. I know it's summer, but it still gets chilly out here by the bay."

Her teeth chatter for a moment and then she sticks her tongue out at me.

"You know, if you're gonna act like a brat, I can treat you like a brat." I push the stray hairs from her face and run my thumb from her cheek to her bottom lip. Her face flushes and her breathing picks up. I lean into her and whisper. "Does that turn my little sister on? "

“N-n-no.” Isla shifts her gaze and her right eyebrow twitches.

Her tell that she’s lying.

“You were never a good liar, Princess.”

My SUV pulls up and Gael honks. I pull open the back passenger door and help Isla in.

“Get in the third row.” I climb in after her, Jackson and Andres following me.

Gael has a playlist going on the stereo, and he winks at me from the rearview.

Isla reaches for her seatbelt, and I grab it before she clicks it in place. “You’re gonna come sit on my lap.”

“Kai.” She gives me a hard stare. “That’s not safe.”

“Who’s in charge, Princess?” I grab her hand, lacing her fingers between mine, and tug her toward me. She doesn’t even try to fight it. “I’ll keep you safe.”

Isla straddles my legs, facing me, her cleavage in my face and as much as I want to pull her dress down and suck on her nipples, this is more about me showing her I’m the one who holds the power right now.

“Face away from me.” My hands firmly on her hips, I turn her around and she faces the two captain’s chairs where Jackson and Andres sit. I pull her back so she leans against my chest, bring my hands to her thighs, and slowly pull them apart.

“Kai,” she pants. “I’m not wearing?—”

“I know, Princess.” I kiss her neck and look over at the guys who are staring at my face.

Waiting for permission to look at her.

To watch me get my girl off.

“Be good, little sister. Spread your legs and let them watch while I make you come all over my fingers.”

Isla moans softly when my right hand hikes the skirt of her dress up, bunching it up on her stomach. I smirk when I hear Jackson mutter under his breath. “Fucking shit, bro.”

“She’s got a pretty cunt, doesn’t she?” My fingers glide through her dripping entrance and my cock hardens against her ass. “I’ve been waiting years to touch this pussy and now I finally can. You want me to, right, Isla? You want your big brother to make you come?”

Her head falls back on my shoulder and her thighs twitch as the tip of my middle finger slides inside her. “Yes.”

“Say it. I want to hear you say it, Isla.” I bite her neck and soothe the sting with a kiss.

“Please, big brother. Make me come while your friends watch.”

Fuck, I need her to come fast so I can bury my cock inside her.

“Good whores get rewarded, Isla. Come for me so I can reward you.”

My fingers play with her clit in slow, lazy circles. Almost too soft to give any type of friction that she probably needs to get off. She thrusts her hips, her pussy pressing into my palm. "I need more, Kai."

A sharp smack echoes in the car as I come in contact with her clit, her hips jutting forward, pressing her further into my palm. "You'll come however I want you to. If I want to edge you to the point of overstimulation, I will. Or if I want you to come repeatedly until you cry, I can do that too."

"I'm yours." She whimpers as my fingers circle her clit with more pressure now. "Use me. Oh, fuck, like that. Just like that."

Breathy pants and her pushing her ass back into my cock have me on the brink of losing my fucking mind. Andres' eyes are glued to Isla's pussy while Jackson goes back and forth between Isla and Andres. "You might need to give him a hand, Jack, it looks like Dre needs a little attention."

Jackson unbuckles and drops to his knees in the aisle space. "You want my mouth or hands?"

"Mouth. Can't have your hand cramping up before our first game." Andres unbuckles his belt and lifts his hips, undoing his pants. Jackson smacks his hands away, pulling his boxers down, and immediately swallows him down.

I look past them at Gael, completely focused on the road. "You good up there?"

"You know it." Gael gives me a thumbs-up.

I turn my attention back to Isla and now that Jackson and Andres are busy, I'm done fucking around. "I wonder." I whisper in her ear. "Can my pretty little whore squirt? Can you soak my lap, little sister?"

“I’ve never... I don’t think so.” I push my middle and ring finger into her pussy, finding her G-spot, and with light pressure, I start stroking.

“Well, we’re about to find out.” My thumb plays with her clit in tandem with my fingers inside her. I know I’m doing something right because of Isla’s hip rocking back and forth. “That’s it, don’t run from it. Come for me.”

“K—Kai, oh fuck... more.” Isla begs and I’m more than happy to give her more.

More pressure has her thighs shaking and as the bass hits, so does her orgasm.

She reaches for my face, turning it toward her, and presses her mouth to mine, moaning as she soaks my fingers, my slacks, and the seat underneath us.

“So fucking perfect.” I say into her mouth through hard kisses. “All mine too. You’re never getting away from me now, Princess. Now lift.”

Isla raises her ass so I can undo my pants and tug them down to the floor. “Wait, Kai.”

“What?” I’m lost in a haze and all I can think about is coming inside of her. “What’s wrong?”

“Do you have a condom?” She keeps herself hovering over my cock, and I fight the urge to grab her hips and slam home.

“Nope, but my last test was good.”

“I’m more worried about getting pregnant.” She scoffs. “I’m good too. I’ve never had sex without one.”

Knowing I'll be the first to fuck her raw flips a switch in my head. If she gets pregnant with my baby, our parents will have to accept it. I quickly do some mental math and if she got pregnant, we'd have the kid in December. Merry Christmas, here's your grandchild.

Oh, it's on now.

Batter up, Vaughn.

"Would that be so terrible?" I grab her chin, pulling her mouth back to mine. "A little piece of me and you." The tip of my cock teases at her entrance, tempting her but not taking what I know we both want. "You know I'd be such a good dad. Come on, Princess. Be mine forever."

"Our parents..."

"I love them too, but I love you more, Isla. They'll get over it when they have a grand baby to play with." I wait patiently as she trembles above me. I won't force this part on her.

Isla lets out a shaky breath and lowers her hips, my cock pushing inside her. "Kai... holy shit." I slouch so I can thrust into her slowly.

"Mine." Thrust. "This pussy is all mine." Thrust. "Say it, Isla." Thrust.

"It's your pussy, Kai." Moving her hand from my chest, she grips the back of the seat for some stability while I slam into her from the bottom.

Andres is lost in Jackson's head bobbing in his lap and his grunts get loud as he thrusts a few more times before he comes.



Jackson smiles up at him and Andres shakes his head and gives him a smack on the cheek.

Both turn their attention back to us, and I feel her clench around me and her pussy gets wetter .

“You’re soaking my cock, sis. Is it because your stepbrother is fucking you raw?” I pull her back against my chest and whisper in her ear. “Or is it because my teammates are watching you get fucked like a whore?”

With the way she’s moaning, I’ll bet it’s both.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

This is not how I expected tonight to go.

Kai's thrusts are hard and deep, hitting it harder than my ex ever could.

God, how big is his dick? I'd give anything to be underneath him right now just so I could get lost in his eyes while he takes from me what should have been his from the beginning.

I can feel those feelings for him resurfacing, the ones I buried deep inside, and they're only getting stronger.

"Come on, Princess. I need you to come one more time. I'm dying here." His hips clap against my ass, filling the car with the sound of his moans. My calf cramps and I let out a curse, the muscle tensing and completely throwing off my rhythm.

"Fuck, Kai, I've got a cramp!" And without missing a beat, he wraps his arm around my waist and bucks me forward, dropping to his knees and putting me on my stomach in the aisle.

I look up at his teammates and then behind me to Kai, who continues thrusting.

He looks at them and the look on his face says it all.

"Don't fucking touch her." He growls and pulls out, flipping me over, and then drops on top of me. "I want to look at your face when I fill you up with our baby."

He's serious about this baby thing and the chances of it happening are pretty good because I ovulate in a few days.

Sorry, Dad, your stepson is also going to be the father of your grandkids.

Oops.

"Kai." I reach up and caress his face, pushing his hair out of his eyes so I can look at him.

"Something else cramping?" He slows down, and he scrunches up his forehead.

"No." I tug him down by his collar and whisper in his ear. "Fuck me hard, big brother. I want to feel your cum drip out of me when I'm in bed at our parents' house later."

"That's gonna be hard to do, seeing as you're going to be in my bed." He thrust hard, making me bite the inside of my cheek. "But I'll happily fuck you as hard as you want, Princess."

"I'm not your princess right now, Kai." He cocks his brow and smirks.

"You're not, huh? Then what are you?"

"I'm your whore."

Kai drops, putting his weight on my chest. "You're just mine.

" Thrust. "You were always supposed to be mine, beautiful girl. It just took a little longer for you to be okay with it." His lips press against mine in the most tender of kisses.

It makes me forget that we're on the floor of his car with his teammates watching, if they're even still watching us.

"But if you want to be my whore right now... come for me so I can finish and fill this pretty cunt before we get home."

I hook my ankles around his waist and pull him into me.

My hands slide up the back of his shirt and I run my nails down his back, I watch him crumble.

Eyes roll back and he smirks, thrusting harder.

Being his stepsister, I have an upper hand over most women because I know certain things he likes and I can use them to my advantage.

Like how I know he likes his back being touched, so it doesn't surprise me that scratching does something for him.

"Do it again," he whimpers. "Harder this time."

"Choke me," I beg, meeting his thrusts.

No questions asked, he shifts, bringing his hand to my throat, and with a firm grip, he squeezes both arteries.

The blood pumps in my ears and I claw at his back, probably hard enough to make him bleed.

My orgasm builds quickly, making me wetter, and Kai must be able to tell as he pounds into me faster.

I gasp, my lips tingling, my orgasm right there as I tap his back a few times and he lets go. I come, my pussy tightening around him, thighs shaking as Kai grunts, his cum filling me up.

“Fuuuck...” He pants, laying his head down on my chest. “If I had known you enjoyed being choked like that, I would have done it sooner.”

“Well, now you know.”

He laughs, bringing his head up and kisses me on the lips. “Yeah, I guess I do.”

“Hey, sorry to break up the fuckfest back there, but we’re about ten minutes from the apartment. Might want to buckle up. You know how the cops are out here.” Gael says, clearing his throat.

“Come on, Princess.” Kai holds out his hand to help me up, then situates me in the seat next to him. He reaches over and buckles me up, winking at me after. “Safety first.”

I just had unprotected sex with my stepbrother in a moving vehicle. Safety is the least of our concerns.

We pull into the parking garage of the apartment complex and Gael tosses the keys back to Kai. “Well, that was fun. I’m going to go wash the sex off of me now.”

“It was nice to meet you.” I smile and wave awkwardly, tugging my dress down.

“It was nice to meet you too, Isla.” Gael gets out and the driver’s side door slams shut. Everyone in the car bursts into a fit of laughter.

“He’s not a prude,” Jackson chuckles. “Gael’s just getting over a bad breakup. We

were trying to hook him up with this girl from the club but then you wanted to leave.”

Kai winces. “Fuck, I cockblocked him. I’ll have to make it up to him.”

“He’ll get over it once the season starts. There will be plenty of girls begging to suck his dick once they see him on the field.”

I look over at Kai and raise my eyebrow at him.

“Don’t look at me like that, Princess. The moment you give me the green light to go public, I’ll blast it all over social media that I’m a taken man.”

Jackson and Andres get out of the car and head to the elevators. I watch as they get in and catch them giving each other a kiss.

“So, are they like a couple?” I ask as Kai helps me out of the car. He closes the door and hits the lock and alarm on the key fob.

“It’s complicated, but not complicated with them.

” Kai slips his hand in mine and we walk leisurely to the elevators.

“They aren’t like boyfriends, but they basically are.

They sleep together most nights; they fuck.

” Kai hits the garage button on the panel.

“But they also like to sleep with other people... mostly together.”

“Complicated but not complicated. Got it.” The doors open and we step inside, and

he hits the number six .

“All you need to worry about is that you’re it for me, Isla. I’m not giving you up now. I’ll tell Mom and Dad tomorrow if you say I can.” I back into the wall of the elevator and scrunch up my face.

“Let’s wait a little. To be sure.” The frigid air conditioning in the elevator hits me and I shiver. Kai pulls me away from the wall and spins me into his chest. His arms wrap around me, his chin resting on top of my head.

“Whatever you want, sis.” I feel his lips press on top of my head. “I’m yours, Isla. I’ve been yours since we were fourteen years old. I’m patient and will wait however long it takes.”

Kai has always been patient. When I was learning how to drive, he had the patience of a saint in working with me in the empty parking lot on the weekends.

Or when we would fight about stupid teenage shit, he would never push me to forgive him or to apologize if I was in the wrong.

He would just wait for me to come to him in the middle of the night and cuddle.

Malakai Vaughn is the poster boy for patience.

I don’t doubt that he would wait forever for me to be comfortable. Only now, I don’t want to wait forever. I just need a plan on how to talk to my dad about us.

The doors open, and we walk down the hallway.

We stop at the door with an eighteen on it.

“Welcome home, Princess.” Kai pushes the door open and I’m immediately hit with the warm, familiar scent of him.

Spicy bergamot and pine, and the scent of his skin.

When I moved back home after Steve and I broke up, that very first night I slept in Kai’s old room, just so I could smell it.

“I’m not gonna want to leave, Kai.” I give him a small smile. “I’m supposed to move into that apartment close to campus on the first of May.”

Kai drops his keys on the kitchen island, walks around to the fridge and grabs two bottles of water. “Come on, we can talk about it in bed. I’ve got to be up in a few hours to work out with the trainer.”

“In your bed?” I question following him down the dark hallway.

Kai stops at an open door at the end. “No, Princess. In our bed.”



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

My watch vibrates on the charger, my alarm for five a.m. going off.

I blink a few times to get the sleep and blurriness to go away.

Reaching over, I hit the silence button and take it off the dock, wrapping it around my wrist. Isla's arm is draped across my stomach, her leg thrown over mine, her ass cheek peeking out from under one of my team shirts.

This is how I want to wake up every morning for the rest of forever.

I kiss the top of her head and start untangling myself from her, then get up and head to the closet to get dressed for conditioning.

After finishing up in the bathroom, I quietly leave the room, leaving the door open, and head to the kitchen.

Grabbing water from the fridge, I set it on the island, then start a pot of coffee.

"Do you really have to leave so early?" Isla yawns, stretching her arms over her head, her shirt riding up, showing me her bare pussy.

I need to get to my workout. I do not need to take my sister back to our bed and fuck her back to sleep.

I do not .

“Unfortunately, I do, Princess. I’ll be back in a few hours, though.

” I grab two glasses from the cabinet and the creamer from the fridge.

Pouring myself 8 ounces of coffee and pouring the rest in a glass for her, adding in the almond milk creamer to her glass until the color is right.

“I know it’s not oat milk. I’ll have some later today when I do my grocery order.

” Adding in some ice, I set it in front of her.

“I can buy my own groceries, Kai.”

Brat. Let me take care of you.

“I know you can but you gave me control, remember?” Picking up the glass with my black coffee, I down it.

“That was for last night.” Isla sits down at the island on a stool, pulling the coffee towards her. She takes a sip, her eyes rolling back, moaning.

That moan triggered the memories of the ride home and my dick twitches in my joggers. Down, boy, we’ve got shit to do today. “That was for forever, Princess. I told you, I’m not giving you up now.”

“ Kai. ”

I don’t have time to argue with her about this.

I rinse my glass out and stick it in the dishwasher, round the island, and grab her by the throat, pulling her mouth to mine.

“We can fight about this later.” I kiss her lips.

“Call our parents and let them know you’re here and safe.

If you’re feeling brave, tell them about us.

Otherwise, help yourself to whatever you need. ”

I grab a second set of keys, the ones that have my motorcycle key on them. Sliding the keys to the SUV toward her. “Take the Ascent. That way, you can bring some stuff over before you officially move in.”

“Can I at least have my panties back? It’s not like I can wear yours.” She purses her lips at me.

“Not a chance, Princess. Those are mine now.” I smirk, grab my helmet from the closet and head towards the door. “Oh, and when you go snooping around, the password to my laptop is 03222018. Go crazy, baby.” I blow her a kiss and close the door behind me, locking up.

The weight room at the stadium is busy with other players getting their training sessions in. Set four of deadlifts after a strenuous lower body day has me hitting fatigue quicker than usual.

“Come on, Vaughn. Push through two more.” Says the guy who isn’t lifting four hundred fucking pounds off the ground.

Gripping the bar, I get in position and lift, blowing out my breath, hold for a second and drop it.

“Great form! One more and then you can stretch.”

Fuck you, dude.

One more and then a good stretching session and I can go home.

I wonder if Isla will still be there. I don't have my phone on me because it's a trainer session, so I can't see if she's texted me.

All I know is if she is, my breakfast is going to consist of her pussy and then whatever I have prepped in the fridge. Mostly her pussy.

With my last rep done, I hit a cooldown run and a stretching session, focusing on my quads. Hitting the locker room, I take a quick shower and at my locker, I grab my phone from my bag.

Isla

Is that the day we met? It is, isn't it?

It is.

Isla

You're perfect, Kai. How on earth have you been single all this time ?

Silly girl.

Kai

I've never been single, Isla. I've always been yours. I've just been waiting for you to come to your senses and realize it.

Isla

But you've slept with other people.

I shake my head and type out my response and hit send.

Kai

Your face was the only one I saw. None of them ever slept in my bed. I'm getting dressed to head home. Are you still there?

Isla

Yes. I texted my dad to let him know I was here and that I'd be leaving soon to head to the house to grab some things.

With my gym bag on my back and helmet in my hand, I head to the parking lot. I send her one more text before I take off.

Kai

Be naked in bed. I'm hungry and you sound delicious right now.

Helmet on and Posty blasting, I start the bike and head home to the love of my life.

Keys and helmet on the island, my shirt comes over my head.

I practically run down the hallway to our room, stopping before I push the door open.

Please be naked. My hand reaches out and turns the knob, pushing it open, and in the center of our bed is Isla, buck naked and spread wide.

She has a fat-ass grin on her face, her dark brown hair is a tousled mess and she looks like a whole fucking meal, ready to be eaten.

Bon appétit.

Isla is perfect for me in every way. I mean, I knew it before I saw her completely naked, but now it's a fucking fact. I groan, my hand going straight to my cock and adjusting it.

“Is this what you meant when you said you wanted me naked, big brother?” Isla takes her hand and cups her tit, giving it a squeeze before running it down her stomach.

“I figured you'd want me nice and warmed up, waiting for you.

But you got home too fast.” Her fingers slide between her pussy, two of them diving inside her, pumping a few times before she withdraws them.

Fingers coated with her arousal, she reaches toward me and motions for me to come here.

“Be a good boy and come here and eat your breakfast.”

And like a fucking good boy, I come to the foot of the bed and stand frozen. Typically, I'm the take-charge type of guy, especially with Isla, but something flipped in my head just now. I kick my shoes off, rip my socks off and tug my joggers down.

“Underwear stays on, Kai.” Isla raises her eyebrow, a cocky look on her pretty face.

“Fuck th?—”

Her thighs begin to close, and immediately the words come out. “Okay, okay.” I snap the waistband. “They stay on.”

“Crawl to me, Kai. I need to feel your tongue on me.” Her fingers circle her clit and my mouth salivates. I need to feel my tongue on her, too.

“You’ve been reading too many books, Princess.” I chuckle, plant my hands on the comforter and pull myself onto the bed. Crawling towards the woman who holds my heart in her hands. My entire world .

“Last I checked.” Moan. “You read a lot of books too, big brother.” Gasp.

Between her thighs, I lower my mouth to her cunt and look up at her, waiting for permission. My warm breath fanning over her clit, making her wriggle and her hips raise.

“Say it, Princess.”

“Eat your sister’s pussy, Kai.” She pants.

“Nope, that’s not what I want to hear.” I’ve got to take some power in the dynamic, even though I am living for bossy Isla right now. “What’s that magic word we’re taught to use when we want something?” I blow directly on her clit and watch her tense up.

“Please, Kai. Please. ” She begs, and it’s music to my ears.

“That’s a good girl. Beg for your brother’s tongue.”

Leaning in and with my eyes locked on hers, I take my very first, slow lick of Isla’s pussy.

I let out a low groan, wrapping my arms under her thighs and sliding her down the bed, anchoring her to my face.

Obsessed is an understatement when it comes to the taste of Isla.

Maniacal? Seems fitting, as I'm about to have an extremely unhealthy need to have my face buried between these thighs for the foreseeable future.

"Kai," she arches her back as I dip inside of her, dragging my arousal-covered tongue up to her clit. Flicking and sucking until she begs me to stop. I pull back, not even bothering to wipe my face.

"You told me to eat my breakfast. I always finish my meal." I dive back in and close my mouth over her clit and suck. My hips grinding my cock into the mattress, the tip leaking precum. Fuck, I don't want to come dry humping the bed.

Isla's legs shake, and she cries out as her orgasm hits.

I keep the pressure of my tongue consistent until I watch her body sag a little.

I pull back, tugging her body to lie flat, and straddle her.

Yanking down my underwear, fisting my cock, stroking hard, moaning and cursing, I come.

Pulse after pulse of cum coats her tits and her neck, and I rest on my haunches, out of breath.

"Looks like you have some breakfast to eat now, Princess." I run my fingers through the cum and bring them to her mouth. Isla's lips part and I push my cum-covered fingers in, her tongue licking every drop off.



I let out a breath and smile. “I think we both need a shower before we head to the house and see our parents.”

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

“Did you have a good time last night, sweetheart?” My dad pulls me into a bear hug when I step into the house. Kissing my head, then pulling me back, giving me a hard stare. “Why do you smell like your brother?”

Quick, act normal.

Think, Isla!

“She slept in my bed last night,” Kai says from behind me, closing the front door.

“I wanted to make sure that she didn’t throw up in her sleep.

Then she showered and borrowed some clothes.

” He says this all so nonchalantly, like it’s the most normal thing.

Expect he omits the part about fucking me in his car, us sleeping practically naked together, him eating my pussy for breakfast and then coming all over me.

“Thanks, bud!” My dad claps his hand on Kai’s shoulder, pulling him in for a hug. “I knew I could count on you to make sure she’s taken care of.”

Kai looks at me from over my dad’s shoulder, smirking at me. “Don’t worry, Gene. I’ll always take care of Isla.”

“Don’t.” I mouth to him. I’m not ready for the shitshow that would go down if Kai were to tell my dad that we’re together.

Are we even together?

Or are we just fucking around?

“I’m going to grab a bag of stuff to take back to the apartment and my school stuff until we can move the rest of my things in.” I start up the stairs and Kai breaks from my dad’s hug.

“I’m going to say hi to Mom. Yell for me if you need my help with anything,” he winks and takes off toward the kitchen.

“He’s in a good mood.” Dad chuckles, motioning in the direction Kai went.

Could be that he ate me out before coming here and came all over me.

I probably should keep that to myself, though.

“He got up early and had a training session, then came back to the apartment and I had breakfast waiting for him.” It takes everything in me to keep a straight face. “So maybe that’s why.” I shrug and run up the stairs before he can say anything else.

Twenty minutes later, I have my essentials packed in my duffle bag and a few reusable grocery totes. I’m bent over and, reaching under my desk, unplugging all my electronics—laptop, phone charger, and the cord to my vibrator—when I hear a creak in the floor.

“Fuck, Princess.” Kai whispers and I jerk up, hitting my head on the underside of my desk. I hear the door lock and Kai’s shoes as he crosses the room.

“Ow.” I rub the top of my head and look behind me just as Kai is dropping to a knee behind me.

“Here, hand me the cords.” He holds out his hand and I pass them back to him. I scoot back and he holds up the cord to my vibrator. “And what does this go to?” Raised eyebrow and a smirk on his face. My cheeks flush with heat.

“It’s, uh... for my ... uh.” Shit.

“Show me.” Kai makes a move toward me. “I gotta know what I’m competing with.”

There’s no competition. I would take Kai’s cock any day over my vibrator.

But the vibrator has the clit sucker.

I sit there and ponder that for a second.

Kai stares at my face and cocks his brow. “What?”

“Nothing. Just a sec.” On my feet, I dig through one bag and pull out a smaller bag and toss it to him.

I climb on the bed and watch him open the bag and tilt his head to the side; I catch the little curve on the right side of his mouth. It’s just enough to make the dimple show. “Well, at least I think I’m bigger than this.”

“You know it’s not about the size.” His gaze drifts up to mine and he bites his lower lip.

“No? What is it then?” He holds up the vibrator. “I’m pretty sure I’m thicker than this, too.”

“You definitely are. But it does two things at once.”

“I can multitask, Princess.” He gets up and crawls onto the bed. “Just tell me what you want and I’ll make it happen.”

Reaching out and caressing his face, I laugh. “You can’t fuck me and suck my clit at the same time, Kai. That’s physically impossible.”

He nods his head to the side and must get that it won’t work. “Okay. So teamwork then. We’ll have to get something that I can use on you while I fuck you.”

“Shush,” pressing my hand over his mouth. “Our parents’.”

“Isla, don’t make me bend you over and fuck you so hard you scream my name for your daddy to hear.” He drags my hand from his mouth and puts it on his hard cock. “Because I will.”

“Let’s go home, big brother.” I give his dick a firm squeeze. “Then you can bend me over our bed and fuck me.” My lips press against his and his hand circles my throat and I moan.

“Keep moaning like a little whore and I’ll treat you like one.”

I moan again as his tongue caresses mine, then I pull back and run to unlock the door. “Come on, take me home.”

Kai, the asshole he is, said he had to make a few stops before we go home.

So now I’m sitting in the car while he runs into some sporting store to grab something he needs for his next training session.

Then we have to go to the grocery store because, since we're out, why have them delivered?

I mean, it makes sense, but part of me thinks he's just making me suffer.

He knows how keen I am for him to take me home and fuck me.

I take my phone out and send the group chat a text.

Isla

Okay, I need someone to slap some reality at me.

Adriana

Happy to.

Mallory

Is this about the smokin' hot stepbrother? Because if it's talking you out of being with him, I'm not gonna be any help.

Mila

Ah, is this the brother that stole you away from my bachelorette party?

Isla

@Adriana, you're the only one who has some sense, it seems.

Isla

@Mallory @Mila– You guys suck.

Mila

Did you fuck him?

Isla

More like he fucked me.

Consensually, of course.

Mallory

Was it bad?

I pause and bite my lip, and I look up and see Kai walking to the car. Black running shorts, a white tank top that makes his tanned skin with black ink pop even more. His messy light brown hair under a backwards Coyotes hat.

Isla

Not even a little bit.

Mila

So what's the problem?

Isla

Oh, I dunno, just the fact that he's my stepbrother. His mom and my dad being

married. Nothing serious.

Adriana

Okay, I change my stance, the only sense I'll be slapping into you is locking that shit down.

Kai opens the trunk and tosses the bag in the back and hits the automatic close button before heading to the driver's side. Climbing in, he leans over the center console and kisses me. "You good?"

"Yep. Just checking in with the girls from last night." I take his hat and flip it around, then kiss the tip of his nose.

"Did they make it home okay? They seemed pretty tossed when we left them." Kai pulls out of the spot and heads out of the parking lot. "Costco next."

"Wait, why are we going to Costco? There are two of us. Do we really need to buy in bulk? I don't even think they carry some of the stuff I need." I set my phone down without responding to the group chat.

"I guess we'll just have to make another stop after Costco, then." With a smirk on his face, he keeps his eyes on the road.

"You're killing me." I whisper.

"You made me wait, Princess. Almost four years." Kai takes a deep breath, hitting his signal to turn into the parking lot. "I waited, hoping you'd change your mind. I saved myself for you. Did you know that? Throughout high school and even my first year at SJSU."



I didn't know that.

He pulls the SUV into a spot near the back of the lot and kills the engine. Facing me, he grabs my chin and pulls me towards him. "You can wait a few hours, Isla. My cock isn't going anywhere."

"It's not?" My lower lip quivers, even though I know he's said it a bunch of times. Something about him saying it this time really makes me believe it.

Kai presses a soft kiss to my lips. My eyes close and I lose myself in the feeling of his mouth taking control of mine. "Let's tell them, Isla. I wanna tell the world I'm yours. That you're mine. Take my last name, be my wife, and have my babies."

I pull back, eyes wide. "Kai, are you proposing to me? "

"Not really. I don't have a ring right now. It's more me just begging you to be mine. Not in secret. Be mine out in the open."

"Okay, Kai." I swallow, kissing him back. "Let's tell them when they help me move in on Tuesday. After your game?"

Oh my God, I can't believe we are going to do this.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

O ur cart's filled to the brim with stuff, most of it for my meal prepping, but Isla didn't shy away from tossing in things she wanted.

It could have also been that she would pick something up, look at it, and put it back, and then I would toss it in the cart.

But she got the idea of how it was going to go and just started putting things in herself.

Now with the SUV getting pretty packed, we've got the regular grocery store, then home to veg out for the rest of the day.

I think a takeout night is in order after all this shopping.

Don't judge me. You know you do it too.

All I want now is to finish up this outing, get home, strip my sister and me down to nothing, fuck her in the kitchen, eat something, fuck her on the couch and then maybe watch a movie before we eat dinner and go to sleep. Sounds like the perfect way to spend the day.

I'm over here telling her to be patient while I'm plotting all the ways I'm going to fuck her around the apartment.

I never said I wasn't a hypocrite.

We pull up to the grocery store that's ten minutes from the apartment and when we get out and grab a cart, I pull Isla to me and whisper in her ear. "Let's make this quick, Princess. It's two twenty, and I'd very much like to have you bent over the island taking every inch of me by three o'clock."

"Say less." She grabs the cart from me and takes off, hitting the outskirts of the store first. I've never seen her move so fast in my life. Isla tosses in a couple of containers of almond milk yogurt, grabs her oat milk creamer and cold foam and other things.

They definitely didn't have some of this at Costco.

When Mom and I moved in with Gene and Isla, I learned she has a dairy allergy amongst a variety of other serious allergies, mostly dealing with medications, but quite a few of them are food related.

Her dad said we didn't have to restrict what we ate but just be careful with labeling food and keeping it separate.

So naturally, I cut out all her allergies from my diet and even after I moved out, I stuck to it. I was her safe person. I always have been and always will be. "Do you have hypoallergenic laundry soap?" She hauls ass through the deli, avoiding the display case like it's the plague.

"Yeah, of course I do, baby. I wouldn't have had you in my bed, wearing my clothes, if I didn't." I grab hold of the cart, stopping her.

"Hey!" Facing me, she sees the look on my face and pauses.

"Nothing has changed since we were kids. Our home is allergen-free. I'm allergen-free, Princess." I step behind her and box her in with my hands now on the cart. "Clock's ticking, Isla. I might just have to fuck this pretty pussy in the backseat again

if we don't make it home in time."

"You say that like you'd be against it." Stepping up on the undercarriage, she presses her back into my chest and lets me steer the cart.

"I mean, I'd rather have you in our apartment." I kiss her neck. "Where we don't risk you screaming my name and people thinking I'm hurting you." Kiss. "How awkward would that be?"

"Speaking of screaming during sex," Isla whispers. "How close do your teammates live to us in the building?"

"Why? Worried they might hear you beg for my cock?" I push into her a little and she giggles. "I'm pretty sure the guys from the other night didn't care, and they saw pretty much everything there is to see."

Not that I'd be down with the whole team watching me fuck her. Or even them hearing her. I trust Gael, Jackson, and Andres. We've been really tight since training camp and Gael and I went to school together at SJSU.

"You don't have to worry. It's just Gael on our floor. Jackson and Andres live on five and a few other players live on eight and two. Most of the team lives in a more expensive building or they have houses because they have families."

"Is that what your goal is?" she asks as I round the corner to head towards the checkout. "To be in a house with a family."

I stop the cart, and she hops down and starts putting everything on the conveyor belt.

Is that really my goal? To be married and living in a house with a bunch of kids?

Honestly, I never thought about the logistics because all I wanted was Isla, and as far as I knew, she wasn't going to let us happen.

And baseball, of course, I knew I wanted that.

My dream of playing pro ball came true and now it looks like getting her is too.

So I think it's safe to say that, yes, being married to her and having children with her is my goal in life.

Now whether we're in a house or an apartment makes no difference to me.

"What do you want, Princess?" The cashier scans all the items and Isla bags them while I pay for everything. "Do you want kids?" I thank the cashier and push the cart towards the doors and out to the car.

We stop at the back and Isla stares at me. "Yeah. I want kids, Kai. Marriage scares me a little bit because of what happened to my parents, but your mom and my dad make me think it can still work out."

She hands me bags and once we're loaded up, I put the cart in the return next to us and run to beat her to her door, opening it for her.

Once I'm in the car and I turn on the car, I look over at her.

"Before my dad died, he wrote me a bunch of letters. You know, life lesson-type things, and on my birthday this year, his letter was about being a good husband when the time came."

Isla reaches for my hand and I lace my fingers with hers. "I knew when I first saw you I wanted to marry you. That if I was going to have kids, you would be their

mother.”

“You couldn’t have known that, Kai. We were only fourteen.”

“Trust me, I fucking knew.” I laugh. “Anyway, his letter said when I find the right one, I’ll just know.

That no matter what, whatever they want, I’m going to end up wanting to.

All this time, I’ve just been living the one dream I had, playing baseball, waiting for you to come and help me with the rest. You’re my other half, Isla, and I’m ready to start the rest of our life together. ”

Isla sits there with her lips parted but says nothing.

I huff a laugh and buckle up, pulling out of the parking spot and heading home.

Her silence is a little unnerving, so much so that my head plays through scenarios of her leaving because I’ve scared her off.

My fingers strum on the steering wheel to the beat of the music.

I make the left turn and then the right into the parking garage.

I pull the SUV into my spot next to my motorcycle and cut the engine.

“Please say something, Isla. You being so quiet is kind of freaking me out right now.” Looking straight ahead, I swallow hard and take a deep breath. “Are you gonna run?”

“What?” She grabs my arm and turns me to face her. “No, Kai. I’ve been trying to come up with a way to break it to my dad that you’re gonna be his son-in-law and

stepson.”

“So... You want to get married then?” I kiss her hand and look at her left ring finger. “Do you want an engagement ring? Or do you wanna skip straight to the wedding band?”

“Can I have both?”

“Princess, you can have whatever you want. I know I was just going to have mine tattooed on, so even when I take the physical one off to play, I’ll still have one on.” I hold up my left hand and wiggle my fingers. “Just another tattoo dedicated to you.”

We get out of the car and start grabbing bags out of the back and head towards the elevator.

“Wait,” she says as the doors close and the lift starts upwards. “Another tattoo? You have tattoos for me.”

“Yep.” I pop the p and smirk, staring at the doors. “I’ll show them to you later.” Turning to give her a playful wink.

Once inside the apartment, I put the mountain of bags I carried in on the counter. “You put stuff away and I’ll grab the stuff and bring it up.”

“You sure you don’t want me to help?” She follows me to the door, leaning against the frame.

“Nah. I’d rather you start on this... naked, preferably... That way, when it’s done, I can have my way with you, wife-to-be.” I kiss the tip of her nose and head toward the elevator and step inside, waving as the doors close.

After two trips to the car, I finally have everything. The elevator dings and the doors slide open. I step into the hallway and see that our door is no longer propped open. Oh... hopefully a naughty little sister is waiting for me, naked. I turn the knob and drop the last bag to the floor.

Isla isn't completely naked.

Honestly, this might be even better.

Isla's bent over the edge of the counter. No panties, but wearing my Coyotes jersey, unbuttoned and sans bra.

Pull yourself together, Kai. Wipe the drool from your face.

"Whatcha doin', Princess?" Crossing the space between us and moving behind her. I grab the hem of my tank top and pull it over my head, tossing it on the island in front of her.

"I know you said you wanted me naked, but—" She leans forward and the jersey rides up, putting her bare ass on display. "Since I'm guessing you've never gotten to experience fucking a girl while she wears your name across her back, I figured why not check that off the list?"

She's not wrong. Nobody has ever worn my jersey while I fucked them. I've reserved that honor for her and only her.

And now it's happening.

My hand caresses the soft skin of her ass cheek before giving it a firm smack.

Isla lets out a sultry moan as I pull her hair away from the embroidered "Vaughn"



across her shoulders and groan.

My free hand goes to the waistband of my shorts and tugs them down.

“Vaughn looks good on you, baby.” I notch the head of my cock at her entrance and push in a little.

“Yeah, you like it?” Isla moans again as I thrust in the rest of the way, jutting her forward. “You wanna look up in the stands and see me wearing your name?”

“Fuck,” I grunt, my hips smacking against her ass.

She raises up on her toes to give me the perfect angle to hit her G-spot.

Wrapping her hair around my fist from the base and tugging backwards, I force her to look at me.

“I want to look in the stands and see you with our name on your back, knowing that you’re mine.

You’re gonna be standing there with my baby in your belly, Isla. ”

“Yes.” She holds onto the counter for dear life as I pound into her. I grab hold of her thigh, spreading her leg wider and getting the perfect view of my cock sliding in and out of her.

“I know you want it, Isla. You want to be the mother of my babies, my wife. And since I’m such.” Thrust “A.” Thrust. “Good.” Thrust. “Fucking.” Thrust. “Brother.” Thrust. “I’m gonna give you what you want.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

Soft kisses and the scruff from Kai's chin grace the insides of my thighs as the early morning light passes through the curtains. A soft moan escapes my lips as the kisses inch closer to my pussy.

"Aren't you tired yet?"

A legitimate question, because after last night and early this morning, I'm questioning my physical fitness. Exhausted doesn't even cover the way my body feels right now.

"I'll never be tired of tasting you, Isla. I need to get my fill of you now. The season starts on Tuesday and then I'll be traveling all the time." Lick. "Your classes are gonna start and we'll only have the nights when I'm playing home games." Kiss.

I didn't think about when the season starts, how we're going to be basically living two separate lives. Kai's the hot professional baseball player and I'm just the college junior trying to get her life together. Why does the thought of being away from him hurt so much?

"Can we just cuddle for a little?" I ask, leaning my head back against the pillows. I'm sure the gods are shunning me for stopping Kai's efforts .

His kisses stop and his head emerges from under the covers. "Of course." Kai crawls up and flops on his side and pulls me into him. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm fine." Lie.

My heart hurts.

“Liar. You still do that eyebrow thing when you lie.” He brushes the hair away from my forehead and smirks. “It’s cute that you’d think I’d forget.”

Perceptive asshole.

“Okay, maybe I’m a little sad.” I caress his face, brushing the long strands of his bangs back. “I wanted more time with just us.”

“Yeah, I know.” He leans in and kisses my forehead, then flings himself back against the pillows. “It’s shitty timing, but we’ll get through it.”

“Maybe I can take the time off from school? You know, and just travel with you for the season.” I want to take the words back immediately after I say them. Putting off school is not the solution, especially since I’ve worked so hard to be on track to graduate early.

“That’s not happening. I know you’ve wanted to be a child life specialist since you were sixteen. I won’t have you giving up your career for me.”

Kai used to listen to me drone on and on when we were younger about how I wanted to be a CLS and do my part in helping kids like me that had to be in the hospital.

It was a terrifying experience and if I could make it easier for even one child, it would be worth it.

He was so supportive, even then. Once he was in my life, he took their place when I had to be hospitalized.

“You remember that time when I had to stay at CHO for a few nights after I ate the

sloppy joes from the cafeteria and they had soy in them. How the nurse came in and you were asleep in the bed with me and she said we were a cute couple?" I chuckle and scoot as close as I can to him, burying my face in his chest.

"Oh yeah, and then you told her I was your stepbrother and you said she looked at you funny."

"That look she gave me was priceless." It really was.

But what Kai doesn't know is when he left to meet my dad downstairs to grab a bag of clothes for me, I told that nurse that I was in love with him.

And I was so scared because I knew my dad would hate me and then hate Kai.

She told me to listen to my heart and maybe just sit and talk with my dad, that he would understand.

I never did because I was too chicken.

Now I wish I had, because then Kai and I would have had all those years together.

"You don't want to go for the nursing degree? I'd bet you'd make a kick-ass nurse." It's like he knows everything about me. Unless my dad told him I was considering switching my major, and this year I added some extra classes to my schedule to see if I liked it.

"Did my dad tell you?" I peek up at him with a narrowed gaze.

"Mom might have let it slip that you were considering nursing." He chuckles. "Do it, baby. You'll be amazing at whatever you decide to do, but I think you should go where your heart is leading you."

My heart is leading me to him.

“If I get pregnant, that would slow things down.” That’s a fact. “And what if I fall in love with being a mom and never want to leave them?”

Kai’s infectious laughter fills our bedroom, and he rolls over on top of me. “Is this like a money thing, Princess? Are you worried about not contributing and us not having enough money? ”

Possibly.

I know it was a constant argument between my parents when they were married.

“It’s part of it. I want to contribute. Not everything should be on one spouse, especially because we live in California.” Kai hovers above me with a goofy smile on his face. “Stop looking at me like that.”

“Like what?” Licking his lips, he lowers himself and presses them to mine. “Like you’re the most beautiful woman in the world? Or that you think even for a second that I would have us in a bad spot financially if we started having kids?”

“I don’t think that. But speaking of finances, I need to call and break the lease I signed. I can probably kiss the security deposit goodbye now.” I let out a deep sigh. There goes twenty-three hundred dollars.

“You should do that because you’re here for good, baby.” He kisses me again, then lifts himself back up and climbs off the bed. “Seriously, don’t worry about the money. My contract is really good and we aren’t hurting. I’ll be able to cover whatever life throws at us.”

“Where are you going?” I sit up, letting the comforter drop and the cold morning air

hits my bare breasts.

Kai slides to a stop. “I was going to go make us coffee but...”

“No, no.” I grab the comforter and hold it around my chest. “Coffee...” I shoo him toward the door. “Go make the coffee.”

“See now, I’m conflicted.”

“Malakai!” I chuckle. “Don’t tease me with coffee.”

“Don’t tempt me with your gorgeous body, Princess. You’ll win every time.” He grabs his sweats off the floor and pulls them up. The sound of his bare feet padding down the hallway has me missing him already.

I throw the covers off and grab a t-shirt from my duffel and a thong.

I never got around to unpacking last night, so in true Isla fashion, I’m living out of my luggage.

After getting dressed, I make my way down the hall to the kitchen, where the smell of coffee and the sound of Kai opening and shutting cabinets fill the space.

Pulling out a stool, I watch as he makes oatmeal, puts toast in the toaster, and sets two bowls out.

Kai making me breakfast isn’t anything new. When we were in high school, both our parents worked early and it left us to get ourselves to school. He was the one who made sure that we ate breakfast, and I was in charge of lunch and our water bottles.

He’s been the dream boyfriend/husband since then.

I feel like such an idiot for fighting it all these years.

His naked back is to me and I look at all the tattoos covering his skin. All of them are just black and white ink, no color. I'm not complaining because the contrast is perfect with his skin tone. "So, about these tattoos that are for me? Does Mom know?"

Kai turns around, slowly pulling his thumb out of his mouth. It's stained slightly with the juice from the berries he was putting in the oatmeal. Now I want to lick it off of him.

"Mmm. Right. I've never explained them to Mom, but I wouldn't put it past her to have figured it out." The coffee machine beeps, and he grabs everything to make our drinks. "You'll have to come over here to see them, Princess."

I give him a playful look but slide off the stool and round the island, standing behind him.

"Mixed in with all the other tattoos are daisies."

Sure enough, among the skulls and other lines are methodically placed daisies of different sizes.

"Kai, why?" My fingers trace the tiniest ones on his back, feeling the tears creep into the corners of my eyes.

"They're your favorite flower. You know how there was always a vase of daisies on the table after I moved out?" Kai stops what he's doing and his palms flatten against the counter.

"Yeah. I thought it was Dad."

He spins around. “I made sure that there were always some in the house, because if I wasn’t there to make you smile, at least they would.”

“You never stopped loving me, not even for a second?” Tears slide down my cheeks, and he reaches out to wipe them away with his thumbs.

“Never. I may have stupidly found people to fill the void, but I never stopped loving you.” He tugs at the waistband of his sweats. “See.”

In bold black lines on his left hip is “IIIXXIIMMXVIII,” and underneath are four words.

“ You are the reason. ” He whispers, leaning in. His hands frame my face, pulling me towards him.

“The reason for what?” My voice tight and body shaking with soft sobs as I wrap my arms around his neck.

“You are the reason for everything, Isla.”

Kai’s love for me makes me want to be brave.

I’m ready to face our parents.



## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

Tuesday came quickly, what with Isla having to go to classes on Monday and go to the apartment she leased to break the contract, then back to our parents to pack the rest of her stuff.

I had a team meeting and a midday practice.

We barely saw each other, and when our heads hit the pillows, we passed the fuck out from being exhausted.

Now it's game day, moving day for Isla and dinner with our parents.

Gods, give me strength.

It's early, and Isla is still asleep next to me in bed.

I've got to get up and head to the stadium for morning warm-ups, batting practice, and team practice.

The game doesn't start until seven p.m. but it's a full day beforehand.

I don't want to leave without saying goodbye.

"Princess." I kiss her bare shoulder. "Wake up, baby."

"Mmm, what time is it?"

I look over at my watch. “It’s five thirty but I’ve got to get going to warm-ups.

I wanted to tell you to have a great day at class and that I’ll see you after the game.

My spare jersey is in the closet. You better be wearing it tonight.

” I pull the covers away from her body and give her ass a smack while I give her a kiss.

“Have a good practice, baby.” She kisses me back and this warm feeling spreads through my body.

She called me baby.

I’ve always been her big brother, brother, or my name.

Never, baby.

“I love you, Isla.” Her lips curl into a small smile against mine.

“I love you too, Kai.”

The dressing room is loud, with all the guys chattering about the game tonight.

Season-opening games are always nerve-wracking and this is my first in the MLB.

I let out a breath and all I can think about is hoping to catch a glimpse of Isla and my parents in their seats.

I haven’t checked my phone all day so I don’t know how the moving has been or what the plan is for after the game.

I know I told Isla I wasn't nervous about telling our parents, but for some reason, the nerves are hitting me now.

"You good, Kai?" Gael sits down next to me, hitting me in the shoulder with his glove.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm good. First game jitters." I do some deep breathing exercises to help relax.

"You've got this, bro. The coaches have you as a starter for a reason.

Your reaction time is killer and your throw is on point.

Don't worry too much." Gael hypes me up.

The guy really is such a positive vibe for the team.

Even in college, he was always uplifting everyone.

It was rare that he would ever be negative.

"Alright, guys!" Coach Johnson yells from the main doors, "Game time! "

We run out onto the field together, and the crowd is wild!

The stadium looks completely full as we take our spots on the field.

I get to third base and let out a breath, looking in the stands, hoping to see her face.

The tickets I got for them are right at the third base line, so I should be able to see her and our parents easily.

I hope they aren't running late.

My attention is pulled back to the field when Knight takes the pitcher's mound, and rolling my neck to loosen the muscles, I hear my name being called.

"Kai!"

I look over to my left and none of the guys seem to be trying to get my attention.

"Malakai!"

"Third Base!"

"Number Seven!"

I turn to the stands and there she is, front and center, looking so fucking pretty with her long hair pulled into a ponytail, a Coyotes hat on her head and my jersey.

I almost blow her a kiss, but with Gene standing next to her, I opt not to.

Okay, I can relax now. I give my family a wave and focus back on the game.

Bottom of the eighth and I'm next at bat.

We're down by two runs and their pitcher's finally throwing some heat.

Gael struck out and so did O'Malley; that's two outs in the inning.

I'm taking a few practice swings when I hear the bat crack and the crowd goes wild!

Jackson sent the ball high and long, and he made it all the way to third base before

the ball went back to the pitcher.

Fuck, no pressure.

None at all.

“You’re up, Vaughn!”

My walk-up song starts. “ Code Red ” plays for the fifteen seconds as I run out to home plate and set up. I raise my bat and close my eyes for a second, centering myself. The music stops and my eyes fly open, zeroed in on the pitcher’s arm.

“You’ve got this, Kai!” Jackson yells from third.

I’ve got this.

The pitcher winds back and launches the ball straight over my head.

“Ball.”

Come on. Give me something I can hit.

I step back and set up again as the ball gets thrown to the pitcher.

Let me show my girl what I can do.

Not that Isla doesn’t already know I’m a decent player. She probably knows my stats better than I do. Better than my mom and her dad, for sure.

The pitcher winds back again, and this one has some heat, perfectly centered, and I let it rip.

The bat meets the ball with a loud crack, sending it sailing to right field, hitting the wall, and rolling in the dirt.

I take off like a bat out of hell, my cleat hitting the corner of first base as I round it.

Jackson makes it home and if the crowd's shouting, I can't hear it.

My heartbeat is thumping in my ears as I hit second base, then head straight for third.

I see Isla screaming, motioning for me to keep going, and I do.

Hitting the base, I pivot and head for home plate.

The catcher is yelling for the ball and I drop to a slide, my shin crossing right as the ball hits his glove and he brings it down to tap my thigh.

“Safe!”

The stadium goes crazy. My first game in the majors and I hit a home run to tie the game. What is this life? The best part about all of it was my girl sitting in the stands watching me do it. I'm on a high like nothing I've ever felt before, and this is only the beginning.

Bradshaw walks, Sanford hits a single, and Ward walks, which makes bases loaded; my home run must have shaken their pitcher.

Kennedy goes up to bat and strikes out, ending the inning.

Top of the ninth, tie game, and it's almost over.

If we keep our shit tight and Knight keeps throwing fire, we're going to be okay.

“Keep it up, Kai!” Her voice cuts through the noise of the crowd, clear as day.

My girl.

She’s my girl.

I can’t wait to get over the hurdle of our parents and start living our lives in public.

Will the media have a shit show with it?

Probably. But I don’t give a fuck. As soon as we’re done telling them at dinner, I’ll talk to whoever I’ve got to for the team and go public.

All I know is that I’m not giving her up.

Knight strikes out their first three batters without even breaking a sweat and we hit the plate again.

Heading into the bottom of the ninth, Monroe is up to bat.

He strikes out but Gael hits a single on his first pitch.

The Mets change up their pitcher; Emiliano Guerrero hits the mound and their fans in the stands go wild.

“Fuck this asshole.” O’Malley scoffs as he grabs his helmet and gets ready to hit the plate.

“Friend of yours?” I ask, chuckling at his response to Guerrero pitching.

“If you call being the biggest douche in the history of baseball and then stealing

someone's shit during training camp friends, then yeah... totally."

Okay, not a friend.

The team watches the tension between O'Malley and Guerrero and it's so fucking thick in the air that you can taste it. "This will not go well."

"No, the fuck it won't." Jackson chimes in at my side.

"They just need to fuck and get over it." Andres chimes in .

Jackson's and my heads whip around. "What?"

Andres chuckles. "Seriously, you can't see it? Ellos están locos uno por el otro."

"No mames !" I scoff. "There is no way O'Malley is into him."

"Okay," Andres laughs. "Just you wait."

I turn back and watch O'Malley stare Guerrero down, mouthing, "Fuck you." Guerrero just smiles at him as he winds up to pitch. Strike after strike, he throws the heat. O'Malley enters the dugout pissed off, dropping onto the bench.

Fuck.

It's Jackson, then me, if we get that far.

Two balls and a nice solid hit to left field get Jackson onto second base and Gael makes it to third. Now it's all up to me. I've got this. I walk out and set myself up, taking a deep breath, and I zero in on Guerrero. His first pitch soars across home plate.



“Strike.”

Fuck.

Setting up, I watch him wind back. As it releases, it’s perfect, just the ball I’m looking for, so I let it rip and send the ball up and out of the stadium.

“Wooo!” I scream as I hit the bases, bringing Gael and Jackson home and then myself.

We win eight to five, and me hitting a walk-off home run was the icing on the perfect first game.

Heading into the dressing room, the only thing on my mind is to get changed and go find Isla. What I didn’t expect was to be bombarded by the press, with cameras in my face asking about the game and how I felt about my performance.

I am so not prepared for this.

I know I’m supposed to be professional and talk with the media, like a good athlete. But I could give two shits right now, so I give short answers and thank them politely, pushing through the crowd. My phone in my hand, I send her a text.

Kai

Where are you?

Isla

We’re heading toward the front of the stadium. I didn’t think we could meet you outside the dressing room.

Don't freak out, but I'm pretty sure our parents know something is going on with us.

Well, dinner is going to be awesome.

I can just tell.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

Kai

How do you figure?

Isla

My dad was snooping around the apartment and saw my underwear on the floor in the bedroom. Next to the bed.

All my clothes are in there, too. Not the spare room.

Kai

Fuck.

Do they seem upset?

I look over at our parents, who are walking hand in hand, like nothing is out of the ordinary. Maybe they're ignoring the signs that their children are in a relationship?

Isla

No. If anything, it's like they aren't acknowledging it.

Kai

Maybe they're waiting for us to come out with it. This could be a good thing, Princess.

I'm still waiting for everything to implode.

We wait by the car in an awkward silence until Kai comes running toward us in a pair of slacks and a dress shirt, with his helmet under his arm.

His mom runs over to him and gives him a hug and kisses him on the cheek.

They are a few feet away from my dad and me, and she keeps him for a second, whispering to him.

Fuck, they know.

"How long, Isla?" My dad asks, and I freeze.

"Huh? How long what?" Shit. Shit. Shit!

"We're not stupid, sweetheart." I turn to face him, my stomach rolling and the stadium hot dog threatening to come up.

"I figured it out, oh, about a year after they moved in, that you had feelings for him. Then when the flowers started showing up after he moved out, I put two and two together that he felt the same way for you."

I look over at Kai, and he is smiling with his mom.

"Are you disappointed in me? Please don't hate him. He's really good to me, Dad." My eyes close and I turn back to my dad. Please don't be mad.

“How long?” he asks again.

“Like I said, how long what? How long have I been in love with Malakai? How long since we started having se?—”

“Okay, pump the brakes, kid.” My dad holds up his hands. “It wasn’t going on when you were both living at home, right? You weren’t having... uh... doing... Not in the house, right? ”

“No. Not until a couple of days ago.” I chuckle at my father turning red in the face. “But he wants to marry me and I’d really like it if you’d be okay with that.”

“Let’s eat something first and then we can talk about all this. Okay? Maybe a stiff drink, too?”

“Okay, sounds like a good plan.” I could probably do with a drink. It might be a necessity to get through the night.

Kai and his mom head towards us and they both are smiling. He catches the indifferent look on my face, and his smile drops slightly. Stopping in front of us, he pans from me over to my dad, taking a deep breath. “I love her, Gene. I always have, nothing’s gonna change that?—”

“Kai.” His mother interjects.

“—No, I need to say this.” Kai reaches for my hand, and I’m just standing there like a deer in headlights, frozen.

“Malakai,” my dad pats his shoulder, then pulls him into a hug. “I know you do, bud. I’ve known for a long time.”

“You have?”

“Son, you don’t send flowers to someone religiously every week without having feelings.

You don’t completely alter your diet and way of living for just anyone.

I’m pretty sure it wasn’t normal that you and Isla were everything to each other almost immediately.

” My dad chuckles and pulls Kai’s mom to his side.

“Nadia and I have been waiting for one of you to come out with it.”

“We thought it would not happen when Isla started getting serious with Steve. But then when she moved back home, I had a hope that might change.” She takes my hand and kisses it. “Looks like my hoping worked.”

“So I have your blessing?” Kai’s face cracks a smile. “I can ask her to marry me?”

My dad sighs. “Can we please eat something? We can talk about marriage when I have a steak in front of me and a beer in my hand.”

Kai laughs and nods. “Yeah, let’s get Dad a beer before he loses his shit. Where are we headed?”

“Just follow us, honey. We made a reservation at Morty’s Steakhouse.” Mom kisses his cheek one more time. “Please be safe on that thing.”

“I will, Mom. I’ll go to the speed limit. Scout’s honor.” He holds up three fingers.

“You were never a Boy Scout.” I snort.

“I don’t need to be a Boy Scout to know how to tie some knots, Princess.” He wiggles his eyebrows at me and I giggle nervously.

Dad spins around and heads back to the car, muttering to himself about how he’s going to need two beers. Nadia heads to the car, leaving Kai and me standing there. “Seriously, ride safe, baby.”

“I always do. Especially now that I’m coming home to you.” Kai leans in to kiss me and I put my hand on his chest.

“Let’s feed him first, then maybe you can attempt to kiss me in front of him.” I raise my brow and push him back.

“Mmm, I don’t like that idea. I’ve gone all day without your lips on mine.

And I hit two home runs in my very first major league game.

I think that warrants a kiss. Wouldn’t you say?

” He inhales deeply and shrugs his shoulders.

“I think there is a rule somewhere that says that it guarantees a kiss from the wife.”

“I’m not your wife, Kai.”

“Not yet.” He steps into me and I tense, my eyes shift back over to the car. But instead of kissing me, he nudges my nose with his and wraps his arms around me. With his lips on my ear, he whispers. “When we get home tonight, I’m gonna be fucking my fiancé.”

“Isn’t it supposed to be a surprise when you propose?” I pull back and start walking toward the passenger door.

“Like you don’t know I’m going to.” He smirks and puts his helmet on, flipping the visor up. “See you soon, Princess.”

It should be illegal for him to look that good in a pair of slacks, a dress shirt, classic Vans, and a helmet. Criminal.

The window rolls down and my dad clears his throat. “Food, sweetheart?”

I’d rather have Kai.

But I need to keep it together.

“Yep. Let’s go.” I pull the door open and get in, buckling up.

Dad pulls out of the spot and heads toward the exit.

Kai rides up behind us, following at a safe stopping distance.

We merge onto the freeway, and the car stays uncomfortably silent.

Somebody say something before the verbal diarrhea starts happening and I can’t shut up.

“Do you have your EpiPen and medication, Isla?” My dad asks, glancing at me in the rearview. I roll my eyes.

No, Dad. I just have six of the nine major food allergies and don’t carry one with me.



“Yes. I do. I never leave home without one.” No attitude.

I know he asks because he cares. But I’m not a child. I’ve been dealing with my diagnoses independently for years now. I know how to navigate in a world where so many things could kill me. And not just food. Medications, environmental allergens, and who knows what else.

Pulling into the parking lot of Morty’s, we all get out and Kai backs his bike into the spot right next to us. Taking his helmet off, he looks at Dad. “Can I leave my helmet in the trunk?”

The trunk pops and Kai puts it inside. His hand flattening on the small of my back, he motions for our parents to lead the way. As we walk, he leans and whispers just low enough to where only I can hear him. “Our name looks so good on you, baby. Are you aching for me as much as I am for you?”

Well, if I wasn’t, I am now.

I nod.

“Mmmm, just how I like you. Needy for my?—”

“Table for four, under the name Donahue.” My dad tells the hostess when we walk through the doors of the steakhouse.

“Absolutely.” She grabs four menus and her eyes snap to Kai, blushing. “Follow me.”

We follow, and I look over at him. “Do you know her?”

“Do I know who?” He asks, sliding his palm against mine, lacing our fingers together. “I don’t see anyone but you, Princess.”

My stomach fills with flutters. Geez, he really knows how to make a girl feel like she's the only one in the room. "Don't play dumb, Kai. I know you saw her look at you."

We stop at a table, and he pulls my chair out, motioning for me to sit. He leans in. "She can look, Isla, but you know where my cock's going to be tonight." A peck on my cheek, and he pushes my chair in and takes the menu she holds out to him.

"Thanks."

"I don't mean to fangirl but do you play for the Coyotes?"

Here we fucking go.

"Yeah, I do." Kai replies politely. "And this is my mother, my stepfather, and my wife. Here, Princess," Kai hands me the menu. "Hand that to your dad for me."

KAI

“Malakai James!” My mother hisses.

The smug look on my face doesn't disappear as I look the hostess in the eye. “Can I get the others?” Motioning to the two remaining menus in her hands.

She silently hands them to me and walks away, her face red with embarrassment.

“Was that necessary?”

“Yes, Mom, it was. If I didn't say something, she was going to hit on me in front of the woman I love. I figured it would just be easier to draw that line now.” I look at the menu and look over at my future father-in-law. “Oh, look, Gene,” pointing to the paper. “They have your favorite beer.”

“Shit.” Isla mutters under her breath, flipping the menu over in her hands.

“What's the matter, Princess?”

“They changed the menu, and these don't have allergen warnings. I'm just going to have to get a salad.” She lets out a frustrated sigh.

This could go bad if she eats something that's contaminated, or if I eat something and I have it on me and touch her.

I rarely eat out randomly, and I know she doesn't either.

It's just easier to cook food at home. Even eating at places that are strictly vegan can be an issue, because while she can tolerate almonds and oats, peanuts, walnuts, and a variety of other nuts are issues.

Soy is a huge issue and that shit's in everything.

"What meds did you bring with you? I think you should take the antihistamine now." Isla digs through her bag and pulls out a pill bottle and two small cases on the table.

One is the medication that can help prevent anaphylaxis, and the other is an EpiPen.

I swear nothing gives me more anxiety than her potentially eating something that could land her in the hospital or, worse, take her from me.

"We should just go," her dad interjects.

"No. I will not ruin this because of my allergies." Isla struggles with the pill bottle, so I gently take it from her and open it, handing her two pills. "You shouldn't have to change your plans for me."

A server shows up just in time for me to ask for a glass of water for her. "Can we get two waters, please?" The server nods and turns to our parents.

"Bring the water first and then we'll order the rest. My daughter needs to take some medication." Gene tells them sternly. Then his eyes are back on Isla.

"Stop staring at me like I'm going to blow up, Dad. I'll get nervous hives." She chuckles.

Goddammit, this woman is going to make her father have a heart attack before he's fifty.

“That’s not funny, Isla.” Gene narrows his eyes at her. The server drops off the waters and I slide one to her and she takes the pills.

“I think I’m hilarious.” Smiling at her father, then turning to the waiter. “Can I order the Southwest Chicken Salad as my entrée? And can the chicken be cooked in a pan that’s not had any of the top nine allergens in it?”

The guy stares at her like she’s got two heads. “I’ll have the same thing.”

“I’ll have to check because I think the chicken is cooked on the grill. But I think they have a separate section for allergy people.” They write the order down and turn to our parents, who order steaks, side salads, and steamed veggies with no butter.

“You could have gotten a steak, Kai.” Isla says quietly.

“I will not risk eating something that could hurt you. I very much like touching you, Princess. And if I went off-diet, that would mean I couldn’t touch you for at least twenty-four hours.” I grin and Isla blushes. “Twenty-four hours is a long time.”

“Good fucking Christ, where is that beer?” Gene mutters, turning around and looking for our server.

I’m not gonna lie. It’s kind of fun messing with him.

Is it immature?

Yes.

Will I keep doing it?

Absolutely. The transition from stepson to son-in-law is going to be a wild one.

Once Gene has his beer and food comes out, the tension dissipates a little. Isla takes a bite of her food and I wait, staring at her. Our parents start eating within a few seconds of her taking her bite, but I don't.

I wait.

Because if it goes bad, I can react.

I'm pretty sure I still have PTSD from the incident in high school. I have never been more terrified in my entire life than in that moment when her airway closed.

"I'm fine, Kai." She pats my hand. "I feel fine, no tingling, not itchy." And for good measure, just to appease me. She picks up her glass of water, takes a sip, and swallows.

"Okay." I smile, pick up my fork and begin eating and quickly regret it. My face scrunches up and I have to force myself to swallow the bite.

"I never said it was good." She laughs.

"I'll make you food when we get home, baby." This is disgusting and I can make her a better chicken salad at home. Bland, overcooked chicken and a strange-tasting dressing. "So, now that we're eating, can we talk about this like adults?"

"What is it you want us to say, honey? Gene and I had our suspicions. We made our peace with it years ago if you two were to happen." My mom reaches across to pat my hand. "I knew you loved her a long time ago. Maybe even before you realized it."

"I knew from that first day, Mom. When Gene opened the door and she stood there smiling," I looked over at Isla, who was trying not to cry. "I knew."

“Dad,” Isla looks at her father, and he sets his glass down. “Are you going to be okay with this?”

“I’ll be honest. It’s going to take some getting used to. The day you called me to tell me that Steve proposed and you said you told him no, I thought you were going to tell me it was because of Malakai.” He grabs her hand. “That you were going to tell me you had feelings for him.”

“You’re not wrong.” Isla’s gaze shifts to mine and she says, “He is the reason I told Steve no.”

I didn’t know he actually asked her to marry him.

Or that I was the reason she said no.

“I knew that if I had said yes, I would have been miserable for however long that marriage lasted.” Her eyes burn into mine, and it’s getting to where I’m ready to say, Fuck the dinner, and tell our parents we need to leave .

I need us in bed, giving her all of me, thanking her for not marrying him and choosing to be with me.

“I would have still been waiting for you.”

“So, are we doing this the old-fashioned way, with a big wedding that’s gonna cost a fortune? Or shotgun style?” Gene chuckles, motioning to the server that he needs a refill.

“If Isla is okay with it, I’d like to get married now and then after the season’s over, we can have a big wedding.”

“What do you think about that, sweetheart?” Gene asks her, and she keeps her eyes on me.

Tell me what you want, Princess.

I’ll give you the world. All you need to do is tell me.

“I just want to be his wife. I don’t even need the big wedding.” Fuck, I love her.

We can just go on a really nice honeymoon, not that I wouldn’t mind spending the money to give her the wedding of her dreams. I’d spend every penny I had to make her happy. Isla deserves the world and I intend to give it to her.

She’s my world.

All I need is her, a kid, and baseball.

I’ll be a happy man.

“Will you be our witnesses?” I ask my mother and Gene. “We can do it tomorrow morning before I go to training.”

“Do you have rings already?” Gene asks.

Shit.

“He does.” My mother cuts in. “I have your father’s and my rings at home if you’d like them. Even if they’re temporary ones.”

Emotions choke me and I hold back the tears as I nod my head. “I’d like that. Is that okay with you for now, princess?”



“I would be honored to wear the ring your dad gave your mom.” She reaches for me and wipes the tear that runs down my cheek. “Let’s do this, baby. ”

She called me baby in front of our parents.

Can we fast-forward to tomorrow morning so she can be my wife already?

We finish dinner and after a fight with Gene over the bill, to which I had to concede and let him pay, we head to the parking lot.

I get my helmet out of the trunk and I help Isla into the car as Gene helps my mom.

“See you at home, baby.” I kiss her on the mouth and I hear my mother whisper to Isla’s father.

“Awww, isn’t it sweet, honey? When do you think we’ll have a grand baby?” My mother asks, and I can feel the smiling pulling at my cheeks.

“For the love of God, Nadia, don’t give them any ideas.”

Too late.

If I get my way, they’ll be grandparents by Christmas.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

The whole car ride back to the apartment, Mom talks about how great this all is and how she's so excited for Kai and me to start building our life together.

Even Dad would chime in about little things, like if we wanted to buy a house, it would be a good time to do it, and if we decided to have kids, allergies could be genetic so we would need to watch out for that.

So many things are going to happen so quickly now and even though I was terrified of it all with Steve, doing it all with Kai feels so right.

What do they call that in books?

Fated mates?

Something like that. I'll have to ask Kai. He reads more of those fantasy books than I do.

Kai shoots ahead of us and goes into the parking garage and Dad stops in front of the complex and puts the car in park. "Okay, we'll meet here in the morning then, yes?"

"Yes." I hug him around his neck and kiss his cheek. "Thank you for loving me and Kai, Dad. Thank you for accepting us."

"You're my daughter, Isla. Of course, I'm going to always love you. Kai too. If he makes you happy, that's what matters most to me."

“He does.” I kiss him again and then lean over to kiss Mom on the cheek. “See you guys tomorrow.”

Kai appears with his helmet in his hand, opening the passenger door for me with the other, and helping me out. “Missed you.” He says, pulling me up and into his arms.

“It was a twenty-minute drive.” I roll my eyes.

“Still missed you. We’ll have to have you ride with me before you’re pregnant. You’re gonna love it.” Am I scared of motorcycles? Absolutely. But I’m sure he would keep me safe.

“Bye, mom,” Kai opens the front passenger door and leans in to kiss his mom goodbye and reaches over with an extended hand to my dad. “Gene.”

“You can still call me Dad, Kai. This doesn’t change anything,” he pauses for a moment. “Well, it does, but... never mind. It’s your choice, bud.”

“See you guys in the morning.” Kai pulls back and stands back on the curb with me, closing the door. We watch them take off, and with his hand on my hip, he pulls me toward him. He has a mischievous glint in his eye and a grin on his face.

“What?” I ask, pulling back slightly.

“Oh, Princess. I’m about to show you all the ways I’m thankful for you choosing me.”

Rolling my eyes and turning toward the complex, I shake my head. “It wasn’t a competition, Kai. Steve just wasn’t the one.”

“Like hell it wasn’t. Did he buy you flowers?”

“A few times.” Both times were for Valentine’s Day.

“How about eating the same way you do to ensure that there wasn’t a chance he could cause a reaction?

Did he use hypoallergenic detergent and get rid of fragrances that could cause your asthma to flare?

” He hits the button on the elevator and when it opens, he hits the six, then crowds me into a corner.

“I’ll bet he didn’t. I’d even guess he didn’t even pay attention to your needs .

Did he fuck you as good as I do, Princess? ”

My breath hitches as his hand slides under the jersey, finding that I’m only in a spaghetti strap tank top. He leans into me, groaning as he cups my breasts over the thin material.

“Nobody has ever fucked me as good as you, Kai.” His thumbs graze over my hardened nipples. I arch into him, my clit aching, and it needs his mouth or fingers to make it go away.

“That’s right, baby. I’m the only one who knows what your pretty cunt needs.” The elevator dings and the doors open. Kai pulls away, and I stay frozen in the corner so turned on that I’m afraid if I move, I’ll come. “Come on, Princess, unless you want me to fuck you right here?”

I consider it.

“I’m so close, Kai.” I whisper, almost embarrassed because all it took was him dirty

talking to me and groping my boobs to get me to this point.

“Does my needy little whore need to come?”

Yes. Just fucking touch me.

I nod slowly.

Kai lunges for me and scoops me into his arms, practically sprinting down the hall to our apartment. With one hand holding me, he unlocks the door with the other. Holy fuck, his strength is hot. He sets me down and locks the door behind us. “You wanna come, Princess? Show me how much you want it.”

I drop to my knees, undoing his belt button and zipper and tugging at the waistband of his slacks.

Pulling down his boxer briefs, his cock springs free and fuck, it looks fucking delicious.

If there was an award for “Best in Show” for cocks—Kai’s would win hands down.

He’s got the length and girth that could cloud a woman’s better judgment.

“Stop staring at it, Princess. My cock isn’t gonna suck it—” He gasps and his abs flex under my open palms as I take him in my mouth, the tip of his cock hitting the back of my throat. “Fuck me, you are too fucking good at this. I don’t even wanna know why you’re so good at this.”

I caress his abdomen, my thumbs grazing the thin line of hair that starts just under his navel. My eyes trail up to see his expression and I’m met with his heated gaze. “Gag on it for me, Princess. Show your big brother what a good girl you are.”

Kai whimpers as I take him to the back of my throat again, saliva dripping down his exposed thighs, and the sound of me gagging on the size of him has his muscles twitching.

“Fuck, fuck , Isla.” He pulls out of my mouth, stumbling backwards, his back hitting the front door.

I raise my eyebrows at him playfully, watching as he pants.

I lower my hands to the floor and crawl to him.

“Fucking hell, Princess. You’re so fucking sexy. ”

I stop in front of him, look up into his eyes, and open my mouth. Sticking my tongue out, I wait for him, rubbing my thighs together to help ease the throbbing of my clit. Kai smirks and pulls himself off the door, dominance flaring in his eyes.

There’s my big brother.

“Look at you. My greedy little slut on her knees, mouth open, ready to take my cock like the fucking good girl she is.”

“Yes,” I beg, inching closer. “I want you to use me, baby. Fuck me, come on me, smack me, and call me your dirty little whore sister. But please make me come, I need to so bad.” Desperation dripping from every word, I wait for him to make a move.

Kai reaches down and grips my cheeks firmly, a smirk playing on his lips. “Oh, my slutty little sister,” he tsks, tilting my face up to his. “I’m going to have so much fun showing you how Steve was nothing compared to me.”

“You don’t have to prove anything. I’ve always known you were better than him. Now fuck me like I’m yours. ”

Kai pulls my mouth open and shoves his cock back into my mouth, thrusting. “You’ve always been mine, Isla.” Grunt. He slows his pace and pulls back out. A sharp sting blooms on my cheek as his hand comes across my face. It wasn’t too hard, not even enough to leave a red mark, but it felt so good.

I smile up at him and bite my lip, silently begging him to do it again.

Fuck, I love him.

“We can play like that after we get married. I don’t want any bruises on you, Princess. The last thing I need is for your dad to think I actually hurt you.” Kai grabs me by the throat, pulling me to my feet and then scooping me up in his arms.

“Hey, I wanted you to come in my mouth.” I push out my lips in a pout. “I want more of what I’ve been missing.”

“There’s plenty, baby. Let me fill your pussy up and then I’ll come wherever you want me to. Your mouth,” He pushes our door open and once at the bed, he drops me on the comforter. “This pretty face, your perfect tits. Fuck, I’ll even come in your ass if you want me to.”

“You don’t want to?” I raise my brow.

“Just because I want something doesn’t mean you do.”

I crawl to the edge of the bed and turn around, leaning forward, sticking my ass out. “Fuck me, big brother. Or do you want me to call you husband?” I tease.

His fingers find the button and zipper of my jeans and he undoes them, tugging them down, leaving my thong on.

Kai's breath fans over my entrance and ass.

"Call me whatever turns you on the most, Princess. I'll be your big brother and your husband.

I'll fuck you like the desperate little whore you are.

All the while, you know I love and cherish you over everyone else. "

Kai's tongue glides over my pussy, groaning as he tastes me. He pulls my thong to the side and keeping it aside, he grips my ass, spreading me apart for him. "Such a pretty cunt. Mmm, my favorite."

A firm stroke gliding over my clit has me whining. "Kai. Please, I need you inside me, baby."

His fingers dig into my skin, and I smirk, knowing the pressure will leave little bruises.

Little marks of our love just for him and me to see.

I'd give anything to see his face right now, buried between my thighs.

"I crave the way you taste, Princess. The whole game tonight I kept missing you on my tongue." He kisses over my entrance and then his tongue laps at my clit.

Pressure builds low in my belly and I need more. I reach behind me and grab a fistful of his hair, keeping him anchored to my pussy. "Less talking. I need to come, Kai."



Then his tongue is gone.

“You need to come, princess?”

“Yes,” on the verge of tears from being toyed with. “Do I need to get the vibrator and?—”

His hand comes down on my ass cheek once, then again. “The only way we are going to play with that right now is if it’s in your ass while I fuck your cunt. Do you want that, princess? You want to be stuffed?”

“Please. Fuck yes.”

“Head down and keep this gorgeous ass in the air for me.” I drop my head to the mattress and keep myself up.

Kai’s shoes echo on the hardwood of the bedroom and I can tell that he’s in the ensuite bathroom. A few moments later, he’s back at the edge of the bed. “Has anyone ever fucked you here, Isla?” I can hear the restraint in his voice even in asking the question.

“No... Steve never—” The audible release of breath has me smiling. He’s relieved.

“Good. Something that’s just ours. ”

“Everything is all ours, Kai.” And it’s the truth. We may not be each other’s first, but it’s always been him.

“From now on. Just us.” The click of the cap and the cold liquid hitting my exposed ass, dripping between my pussy and onto the comforter. “I’m going to stretch you a little first while I fuck you, Isla. Is that okay? Or do you only want one thing inside

you at a time?”

The way he asks before he does things makes my heart melt.

“Use me, Kai. I want you to.” I don’t even care if he makes it hurt, even though I know he never would.

“Deep breath, Princess. Then when I tell you to bear down, do it.” The head of his cock pushes into my pussy, his finger makes light circles on my ass. This is really happening. With his slow thrusting, I lose myself in feeling him inside of me.

“Bear down.” And I do, feeling the burning pressure as a single finger pushes inside of me.

I whimper and clench around his cock. “I don’t think it’s happening tonight, Kai.

” This hurts way too much and I don’t want to be in pain around our parents tomorrow.

I don’t say anything else and he removes his finger, grabbing a towel to clean his hands off.

I feel guilty telling him it’s not going to happen. “I’m sorry.”

Kai crowds my back, holding me to his chest as he thrusts hard and deep. “Never apologize to me for giving me a boundary. I love you, Isla. If you are ever uncomfortable, you tell me and I stop.”

“Okay.” He jerks me forward, leaning in and kissing my neck.

“Good, now be a good girl and come on my cock so I can fill you up with our baby.”

Pinning me on the bed, he pounds into me, his hand sliding between my body and the bed.

Slow, firm circles on my clit as he tries to get me to come.

“Softer, baby.” I whimper when his touch changes and he slows down to match the pace.

What started out as us being hot and heavy is now more sensual, more about needing each other on a deeper level.

Kai moves his hand from underneath me and pulls us both onto our side, where he continues slowly making love to me.

“I love you, Isla. God, do I love you. I’m going to be such a good husband.

” He draws in a breath. “Such a good father. I promise, baby.” It’s like with every thrust he’s promising to be everything that I need.

His fingers play with my clit again and I let my head fall back against his shoulder, letting the feeling build. “I love you too, Kai. I always have. I hope I’ll be a good wife and a good mother.”

My thighs begin to tremble with my orgasm and I can feel the smirk on my ear. “You don’t have to hope, Isla. I already know you are. You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.” My orgasm comes full force as his thrusts still, his whimpering in my ear taking it to a whole other level.

I could listen to him whimper as he comes and that alone would get me there. Kai sounds so fucking sexy when he falls apart.

“You know,” I pant, craning my neck to look him in the eyes. “I might need you to record yourself coming just so I have it when you’re away.”

“You got it, baby. Personalized masturbation audio just for you. I’m gonna need some video of you getting off, you know, for the same reason.”

“Pictures, videos, voice notes. It’s all yours, Kai.” Whatever he wants.

Kai looks down at where we’re still joined and laughs. “Well, let’s wait a few more minutes like this. Then how about we eat something because dinner sucked, and then we can record for each other? Might be better audio if I have your titties in my face while I stroke myself.”

“Deal.”

KAI

The alarm blares from the nightstand and, sleepily, I roll over and hit the button to turn it off. It's my five a.m. alarm for conditioning.

I already called Coach last night and let him know I was getting married this morning so I would be in a little later than usual.

No issues whatsoever. Just congratulations and his wishes for a happy marriage.

Isla is still saying she doesn't want to do the whole big wedding thing, but I think it would be fun to see her in the big dress with all her friends and me in a tux with my guys.

Maybe she'll change her mind in the future.

Isla's back is to me, so I snuggle into her, wrapping my arms around her waist and breathing her in.

My woman.

Today she'll be my wife.

Soon, Isla will be the mother of our babies.

"I can feel you thinking." She mumbles, arching her back into a stretch. "You okay?"

“I’m better than okay, Princess. Today is the best day of my life. I get to marry you.”  
I kiss her bare shoulder and up her neck to her cheek. “Thank you. ”

“You don’t have to thank me, Kai. I love you. I’ve always loved you. It’s finally just all falling into place. Maybe I should be the one saying thank you.” She shifts, turning to face me.

“Why’s that, baby?” I push the hair from her face, leaning in for a kiss.

“Because you waited for me.” A tear runs down her nose and I wipe it away with my thumb, waiting to kiss her.

“You kept loving me even when you could’ve found someone better than me.

Someone you could eat normal food with and not worry about them having a reaction.

Someone who wouldn’t complicate your life with doctor’s appointments. ”

I press my lips to hers and pull her into me, my hands tangling in her hair, kissing her like she’s the very reason I’m alive.

“You.” Kiss. “Are.” Kiss. “The reason.” Maneuvering to where Isla is underneath me, I kiss her forehead, her cheeks, her lips, and down her naked body.

“Your medical conditions don’t define your worth to me.

I would gladly give it all up again, in every lifetime... just so I could have you.”

The alarm beeps again. Five-thirty.

“How about we take a shower and then have some breakfast before we promise to spend the rest of our lives together?” Isla strokes my face, her soft hand brushes my rough stubble, and I lean into her touch.

“Sounds like a plan to me, Mrs. Vaughn.”

The four of us sit in the crowded vital records office waiting for our number to be called.

Isla and I pre-filled out the online form last night, so all we have to do now is wait our turn for the little ceremony room and the officiant.

In my hand is a small black velvet box that holds my father’s and mother’s wedding bands.

My mother’s ring fits Isla perfectly, while my dad’s is slightly big on me.

Which is fine because after this I’m headed straight to get one tattooed on.

“Vaughn and Donahue,” our names get called over a speaker and we head to the little room at the back.

“That’s us.” I grab Isla’s hand. “Let’s do this, Princess.”

We stop in front of the podium and I take her hands in mine.

This is happening.

Isla is going to be my wife.

I get to be her husband.

Holy fucking shit, I get to marry the love of my life. Am I dreaming?

“Baby, pinch me.” I whisper as the officiant gets set up behind the podium.

“Why?”

“Just... please.” I stare at her. She laughs silently and pinches my ass.

“Ow. Okay, not a dream.” I’m not dreaming. I really am marrying Isla, with our parents okay with everything.

Life is so fucking good right now.

I’m so busy staring at Isla in her white linen summer dress that I completely miss the officiant asking me to repeat after them.

“Malakai.” My mother whispers, pulling my attention to her.

“Hmm?”

“You need to repeat after them.” Isla snickers, trying so hard to hold in her laughter.

“Right. Sorry. I just have the most beautiful woman standing in front of me and I think my brain just short-circuited.” My throat gets tight. “Go ahead.”

I repeat the regurgitated lines about Isla being my lawful, wedded spouse, and it just seems so plain. “Can I say my own vows?”

“Of course,” they nod, and I turn to Isla.

“Isla Mae, there’s no doubt in my heart that you’re my person, and I can’t wait to



spend the rest of my life with you.

I look forward to falling in love with you over and over and over again each day.

I vow to risk everything for you—to give over my life for you—to be the man you love.

” I slide my mother’s ring on her finger.

Isla repeats the vows from the officiant and turns to me.

Fuck, I’m gonna cry.

“Malakai James. The first time I saw you, my heart whispered, “He’s the one.” My heart was so right, even if I was only fourteen years old.

You are the reason I believe in love. I look forward to all our firsts—our first home, our first child, our first time hosting holidays—all the firsts that come with being together.

To me, you are first above all things—my husband, my best friend, and my only love.

” My father’s ring slides up my finger and I really let the tears go.

I sniffle and Mom hands me a tissue, and I dry my eyes and tuck it in my pocket. We look at the officiant and they say a few more things about marriage, then we all get ready for the big moment.

“Congratulations, by the power vested in me by the state of California, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss your bride.”

My bride.

My beautiful Isla.

My wife.

I frame her face and lean my forehead on hers. “You are my reason, Isla. Someday soon, our children will be our reason. But you will always be mine.” I press my lips to hers and I drown out the sound of our parents and focus solely on her.

Unfortunately, I don’t get the luxury of taking the day off because I have an away game and we have to practice before we leave. Leaving the building, we stop at our parents’ car, giving them hugs and setting up a night where we can come by for a family dinner.

Gene pulls me aside and hugs me again. “Take care of my baby, Malakai.”

I squeeze him a little tighter and nod. “You know I will. She’s everything to me. She has been since that first day.” He pulls back and wipes his eyes, then pats me on the back.

“Good. Love you, kid.”

“Love you too, Dad.” I catch Isla watching us, so I give her a wink and she smiles. “Okay, I’ve got to get to practice. I’m going to get her home so she can get ready for classes. We’ll see you guys after I get home.”

We walk back to Isla and my mom, giving my mother a hug and a kiss before we leave. My wife and I walk to the SUV hand in hand.

Wife.

She's my fucking wife.

"So, Princess, how do you feel now that you're Mrs. Vaughn?" I help her into the passenger seat and buckle her.

"Like life is finally falling into place and I can't wait to see what happens next." She grabs me by the collar and pulls my mouth to hers.

"Hopefully a baby." I press my hand to her belly. "Who knows, maybe they're already in there."

"Could be." She smirks, kissing my nose. "Okay, we need to hurry. I've got class in an hour."

Next up on the life to-do list: Get her pregnant and buy a house.

Half an hour in traffic gets us home and hustling out the door to practice and class. In the parking garage, I help her into the SUV and kiss her goodbye, situating myself on the motorcycle. The photo on my screensaver is our first kiss as husband and wife.

I pull up my Instagram profile and post the photo with the caption: Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn coming in hot. #justmarried #youarethereason

Our social media manager is going to love me today. Then I send Isla a quick text before I take off.

Kai

Have a great day today, wife. I'll be home first, so I'll take care of dinner.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

I pull into a parking spot at the college campus and haul ass to my therapeutic recreation class, making it inside just as the professor comes in. I take out my laptop and my messages pop up and I see what Kai texted before he left for practice.

Isla

Okay, baby. I only have two classes today, so I should be home before five. Have a good practice.

Lecture starts and as I take notes on activities that pediatric cancer patients can do before procedures to help with nervousness, my messages blow up. Luckily, I have the volume off on my laptop or I would have been disrupting the professor. The first message is from Adriana.

Adriana

You couldn't call me to tell me you got MARRIED.

Isla

How did you know? We did it this morning before class and his practice.

Adriana

LINK

I open the Instagram link and sure enough, my lovely husband posted the photo his mom took of us kissing at the courthouse.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Kai.” I mumble, scrolling through the comments of people congratulating him and us and then the negative comments.

“He can do way better than her.”

“Talk about average.”

“Why is he settling for that? Come on, #7, slide into my DMs.”

Now, I knew being in a public relationship with Kai as a professional baseball player was going to bring some challenges, other women wanting him being one of them. Was I ready for it to hit full force the day we got married?

No, I wasn't.

I text Adriana back.

Isla

So he is trying to give me a heart attack and we haven't even been married for twenty-four hours yet.

Adriana

He's your husband. That man would crawl on his hands and knees for you, Isla. Fuck the thirsty putas.

I exit out of our conversation and freeze.

Steve Jacobse n

Don't do this to yourself, Isla.

Sighing, I click on his message and immediately I want to go back in time and not click it.

Steve

You're fucking married.

We broke up a few weeks ago, Isla. And you're fucking married.

Miss "I'm not ready for marriage."

Okay, he's mad. I can understand that. He's allowed to be mad.

Steve

Wait, Malakai? As in your stepbrother, Malakai.

You fucking slut, were you fucking your brother while we were together?

I know I shouldn't message him, but I don't tolerate being called a slut.

Isla

First things first. Don't you ever call me a slut. I was completely devoted to you while we were together. I never cheated and I don't owe you any kind of explanation about anything.

Steve

You don't want to explain anything because you're a fucking whore who was going behind my back to fuck her brother. You're disgusting. I can't believe I spent two years with you.

Now I don't feel so guilty about cheating on you at the lacrosse team party.

Then I came home and fucked you.

Oh, my god. His messages keep coming in and I exit out of the messages app because I'm already on the verge of tears.

I was completely loyal to him and he fucked someone else at least once while we were together. He called me the whore and the slut, and in actuality, he's the cheating whore.

I feel sick.

The clock says it's only eleven forty-five and I still have one more class to get through after this and it doesn't start until two thirty.

I can do this.

Just mute him.

I shoot Kai a text and while I know he won't get it until his practice is out, at least it will be there when he's done.

Isla

So not only does the whole Coyotes fanbase know we're married now—and people are being super nice about it. \*Sarcasm\* But Steve is now harassing me about being married. I still have one more class after this, and all I want to do is go home and cry under the covers.

What I don't expect is for him to text back so quickly.

Kai

What did he say to you?

Isla

It's not important. He's just angry.

Kai

What. Did. He. Say. To. You?

I know he won't leave it alone until I send them. I take a screenshot of all the messages and the new ones that keep rolling in and send it to Kai.

Three dots appear for a few moments, then disappear, then come back again and I can just imagine him struggling to find words for everything he just read.

I've completely missed this lecture and I hope I can talk Amanda, the PA, into giving me the PowerPoint so I won't be completely fucked.

I put my laptop into sleep mode and put my stuff in my bag and head to the bathroom before hitting the cafe to eat my lunch.



My phone pings as I'm drying my hands and I pull it out as I leave the bathroom.

Kai

What's his number, Princess?

Yeah, no. We aren't doing that.

Kai

I just wanna talk to him.

We just wanna talk to him.

A picture comes in of Kai, Jackson, Andres, and Gael, all holding baseball bats. Definitely not giving them the number. I get sidetracked staring at Kai, shirtless in a pair of baseball pants, and for a second, I lose my train of thought.

Don't objectify your husband, Isla.

Isla

It's not fair sending me near nudes when I'm on campus away and from you for hours.

Kai

Don't change the subject.

His number.

Isla

Yeah, sorry, baby. Not doing that.

Kai

What are you doing right now? Is he on campus?

Steve would be in the library studying and I'm across the campus heading to the cafe so there isn't a risk of running into him. And it's not like we have classes that overlap, so Kai has nothing to worry about.

Isla

He is on campus, but he's far away from me. I'm heading to the cafe to eat my lunch before my last class.

I'll be fine. I promise.

Kai

Don't make me promises like that, Princess.

I'm almost done here and I'll be heading home. If you need me, I'll be there.

I still wanna talk to him.

My overprotective husband.

My last and longest class of the day is my child psychology class and I need to pass in order to get my degree.

So I turn off all my notifications and silence my phone and actually put it in my bag so I don't get distracted.

The first half of the class is a lecture and then we get hit with a pop quiz.

Thank God I studied on Friday. I'm ready for this.

An hour and a half later, I'm walking to the car and getting ready to head home.

I fish my phone out of my bag and check the messages.

Instagram is a hot mess and one I don't even want to attempt before getting home.

More messages from Steve and when I say more, try thirty-two of them.

Some messages from Adriana, Kai, and even our parents.

I just want to get home.

I'm starving and trying my damndest to not let my emotions get the best of me. After a day like today, I think a nice hot bath, an alcoholic beverage, and then my husband fucking my brains out is the way to go.

Isla

I'm out of class and heading home. I need food, a hot bath, some kind of alcohol and your cock.

In that order would be nice.

Kai

On it.

He sends me a picture of him in a pair of black shorts, nothing else, and cooking dinner.

How the fuck did I get so lucky?

Well, that would be because his mom married my dad.

I don't care how we got to this point. All that matters is that we have each other and if I were Steve, I'd lose my number before Kai does something like beating the shit out of him.

I can see Kai doing something stupid like that. It doesn't help that his group of friends seems to be down for it as well. The four of them together means trouble. Let's just nip this in the bud right now. I pull up Steve's message thread, opting to just skip over all of the messages and type out.

Isla

Look, I'm telling you now it would just be a good idea to stop messaging me. We're over; I'm married and that's the end of it. If you don't, Kai's going to end up getting involved, and you really don't want that.

Straightforward and to the point, if he chooses to keep this up, he can't say that I didn't warn him.

I pull into the parking garage and next to the motorcycle, grabbing my bag out of the passenger seat.

I lock up and head upstairs and the moment my key slides into the door, it unlocks

from the other side.

“Welcome home, wife.” He takes my bags and puts them on the island, then hands me a glass. I take a sip and my eyes roll.

“Is this coconut rum and pineapple juice?” I take another long sip.

God, this is good.

“Mmhmm, and I made some grilled lemon chicken with lentil pasta and asparagus.”

“You are amazing.” I pull out one of the bar stools as he rounds the island to start plating the food. “What did I do to deserve you?”

“You are you. I fell in love with the girl who wore my favorite baseball team’s shirt just to find some common ground with her new stepbrother to make him feel welcome.

The girl who did everything with me. Who would come crawling into my bed at night because she missed me.

If anything, I should ask what I did to deserve you. ”

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

We lost to the Rockies tonight, four to six, and everyone's in a pretty shitty mood.

We had dinner as a team and then we all just turned in for the night.

Better to be well rested for the early flight home in the morning.

I'm not in the mood for going out, anyway.

I miss Isla and I know she's still in her last class for the night with the time difference.

So I've got an hour to kill before I can video call her.

It's a good thing I have her little special video to keep me occupied.

I toss my jacket on the couch and launch myself onto the bed, scooting myself up to the pillows and pulling my phone from my pocket.

I open the hidden photo album and pictures of my wife fill the screen.

I scroll down to the video and click on it.

Pressing play, the sound of her giggle fills the room.

"Kai, you're not supposed to be touching yourself while I do this."

“Shhh, Princess. Pretend I’m not here. Touch my pretty pussy so when I need you, I can hear you moan like a little slut for me.”

Isla looks directly into the phone’s camera, and fuck, it feels like she’s looking into my eyes right now.

Her hand trails from her neck, down the top of her tit and grazes her nipple.

Fuck, I’m so hard right now. Isla smirks and her fingers stop right on her clit.

I let out a sigh, reaching down to adjust my cock, knowing I’d much rather be inside her right now.

“Do you miss me, big brother? Because I miss you so much.”

Fuck, yes, I miss her.

Her fingers slide down and press inside, pumping a few times. Back arching off the bed, she pulls out her glistening fingers and I want them in my mouth right now. Fuck, I wanted to wait for her to call me so I could come with her on the call with me. I don’t know, though.

I pause the video and pull up our messages.

Kai

I need you, Princess.

Have you watched or listened to what I made for you?

Isla

After I woke up this morning. I listened to the audio.

If you ever decide to quit playing ball, you definitely have a career in the audio erotica industry.

I came so hard hearing you moan and call me your little whore.

Kai

My wife is such a dirty fucking girl. I love it.

Just for me.

Isla

All for you, baby. I'll be home in forty-five-ish minutes. Be ready for me.

How is it possible that the woman who I am now married to can say four very simple words, Be ready for me , and it makes my stomach somersault, and makes me feel like doing a stupid little dance?

What the fuck kind of sorcery is this?

I look up from my phone and stare at my reflection in the mirror, realizing I've never done this. I've never had phone sex, or video call, whatever... The point is, what if I say something stupid?

"Shit." I get up and stand in front of the mirror. "You will not fuck this up. Isla deserves the best from you, even if it's just you dirty talking her to orgasm."

I'm literally giving myself a pep talk about phone sex.



And the award for the biggest loser goes to... Malakai Vaughn.

My phone pings, and there's another text from Isla.

Isla

You know what would be really sexy... if you were just in your jersey, unbuttoned, and your underwear.

I'm wet just imagining it.

To toy with my wife or not?

Absolutely.

I grab my jersey, pulling my white t-shirt over my head and chucking it onto the bed. My chinos are slung low on my hips and the waistband of my boxer briefs is showing. Just like she likes. Grabbing my Coyotes hat, I flip it backwards, putting it on my head, and slip into my jersey.

With my phone pointed at the mirror, I take a few pictures and send her one.

Kai

I like when you're wet for me, Princess. Be a good girl and finish class.

Isla

Class was let out early. I'm on the way to the car.

I send her another picture.

Isla

Kai, please, baby. If you send any more, I'm gonna have to take care of myself in the car. You don't want anyone in the parking lot able to see your wife getting off, now do you?

Kai

You know I don't mind if people watch, Princess. They just can't touch you.

Isla

Give me ten minutes. Then I can be naked in our bed.

Kai

Nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds and counting.

My balls ache and I would give anything to be with her right now. My stupid love of baseball is really fucking with my need to keep her full of my cum. I can't get her pregnant if I'm constantly away.

If she isn't already pregnant.

We wouldn't know for a few more weeks, and to say I'm anxious is an understatement.

I've already contacted a realtor about looking at some houses in the area because I don't want to have a baby in the apartments.

Not that we don't have the space. I worry about the noise and people getting pissed

off.

Isla and I have already had a neighbor give us a dirty look, probably because I had her screaming my name from overstimulation.

A notification pops up on my phone and it's our doorbell camera.

Isla's home. I hop onto the bed, a little too excited.

Waiting for her to call me, I tell myself that I need to make this good for her.

Don't come too fast. Five minutes of waiting and her picture appears on the screen.

I hit accept, and the screen is dark for a moment, then it flips around, her perfect tits making their appearance.

"God, Princess, you are perfect. The way I need those perfect fucking titties in my face, in my mouth, with my cock between them." I groan, palming my cock over my underwear. "Show me the rest."

Her phone's camera trails over the rest of her, completely naked, like she said she would be. "Do you miss me, husband?" Her thighs part and my mouth salivates. "Do you miss your wife's pussy?"

"Fuck," the word coming out tight, my restraint on the verge of breaking. "You don't know the power you have over me, baby."

"Let me see you, Kai." Her thighs clench, making my dick twitch.

"You want to see your cock, Princess? The one that should be buried so deep in your pretty little cunt, making you feel good."

Isla moans and her hand moves down her stomach, so in double time I'm yanking my boxer briefs down and start stroking. "I want you to touch your clit, baby. Wanna see those gorgeous thighs of yours shake and hear you moan my name like the desperate little whore you are. "

"Yes." Her fingers circle her clit and I stroke myself at the same pace.

You cannot come yet, Kai.

"Talk to me, Princess. Tell me what you want." I pant, trying to steady my breathing. The phone angled at my cock, pumping slowly, my thumb grazing the tip and smearing the bead of precum.

"I wish you would sneak into the apartment, and while I'm sleeping, climb into bed and fuck me. Rough and making me scream as you use your cock to make me come."

Does my little wife have a somno, consensual non-consent kink?

"You want me to fuck you while you're sleeping," I groan as I pick up speed to match hers. "To fucking just take what I want from you."

"Kai," she whispers. "Oh, God... yes. Make me... I want you to call me your dirty little whore, grab my throat, and fuck me from behind so hard that I cry."

Done.

She doesn't have to tell me twice.

"Come for me, Isla. Let me hear my name on those lips of yours. Moan for me, princess, let your husband know just how much of a slut you are for him. Tell me how much watching me stroke my cock to your tight, wet cunt gets you off." My

balls get tight and draw up, and the base of my spine tingles with warmth.

“Fuck, tell me, Isla. I’m so fucking close. ”

“Fuck, I’m your slut. Your whore, baby. Your cock is the only one that makes me come.” Isla’s legs convulse and she cries out. “Kai... Kai, fuck, fuck ... come for me.”

Whimpering, my orgasm crashes into me and with each stroke, cum drips down my hand and shaft. “Goddamn, baby. You’re so fucking hot. Look at you coming for me like the good fucking girl you are. Too bad all of this is gonna get washed down the drain. It should be inside you.”

“What time do you guys get in tomorrow?” She asks, dragging the comforter up and cocooning herself with it, snuggling with my pillow.

“Early. Hopefully, you’ll still be in bed when I get home.” That way I can surprise her.

“Okay, baby. I love you and I can’t wait for you to come home.” Isla yawns, her eyes fighting to stay open.

I lie back and just stare at her, loving how peaceful she looks now that she’s home and in our bed. “I love you too, Princess. Just leave the phone on so I can watch you until I fall asleep.”

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

The bedroom's still dark when I feel his breath, hot and ragged, against my ear as he whispers, "Look at this." His voice is a low growl, causing goosebumps to prickle on my skin. "Going to bed naked, ready to take my cock. Just like a whore."

My eyes fly open, but the blackout curtains ensure that the room remains a dark abyss.

I'm disoriented, my heart pounding in my chest as I feel his hard body press against mine.

His erection is an insistent pressure against my ass, still confined within his pants.

"Kai?" I murmur, trying to turn around, but a strong hand tangles in my hair, jerking my head forward and down into the pillows.

Pain explodes across my scalp, and I cry out, more from surprise than from the sting.

"What do you want?" I gasp, my mind racing. This isn't how our usual play starts, but I trust him. He took the hint from our video chat last night and I guess he is all for a bit of rough play.

"I want this cunt," he groans, his hand running down my bare back, over the curve of my ass.

He thrusts his fingers into my pussy, and I can't help the moan that escapes me.

Even as my body gives in to him, I still try to buck him off, but he's too strong.

"Good whores just take it, Isla," his voice a dark promise.

"Now you're gonna shut up and fucking take it. "

I scream, the sound muffled by his hand as it clamps over my mouth.

Soft material brushes against my ear, and I realize it's a mask of some kind.

His lips press against my neck through the fabric, and I can feel his smirk.

"Shhh, we wouldn't want the neighbors to hear you," he murmurs, his voice a low rumble.

He lifts his hips, and when he presses against me again, it's his bare cock, hot and hard.

I can feel my body responding, my pussy growing wetter despite the fear and the adrenaline coursing through my veins.

The bedroom light flickers on, and I blink rapidly to adjust. In the mirror, I see him: grey joggers, a black hoodie, and a black balaclava.

His eyes are wild, burning into mine, and I swear I can see a smirk underneath the mask.

"You're so fucking pretty," he purrs, tilting my head back. "And I'll bet you look even more beautiful when you cry."

I can feel my breath hitching, my body torn between fear and desire. Holding eye

contact with him in the mirror isn't helping the situation.

Or is it?

I look harder at our reflection, and I see the telltale brown dot in his right eye, right next to his pupil.

The freckle.

Kai's freckle.

A wave of relief washes over me, but I hold in the smile, pushing back against him. "I said get off me!" I shout, my voice echoing in the room.

"And I said shut up," he growls, his hand tangling in my hair again, pulling my head back.

"So fucking listen like the good little whore I know you are." His cock teases at my entrance, and I try to pull away, but he's relentless.

He groans as he pushes the tip inside me, and I can feel my body giving in to him, my hips lifting slightly to meet his.

"Don't fight it, baby," he whispers, his voice a dark caress. "You and I both know you want it."

I want it.

I want him so badly.

But the game isn't over yet. "No, I don't," I say, my voice barely a whisper. I'm not



sure if I sound convincing or not, but Kai laughs, a low, wicked sound. He thrusts all the way inside me, and I let out a low moan.

“Your pussy says otherwise,” he growls, thrusting harder, his hips slapping against my ass. “This cunt’s soaking my cock.”

I can feel my body responding, my hips meeting his thrusts. But I can’t give in yet. Not until he makes me. “No,” I whisper, my voice hoarse. “Please, Kai.”

He laughs, a low, wicked sound. “Make me,” he says, his voice a dark challenge. And I know, in that moment, that I’m his.

Completely and utterly his.

And I wouldn’t have it any other way.

His laughter echoes in the room, a dark and seductive sound that sends shivers down my spine. “Come on, make me stop,” he repeats, his voice laced with challenge and dominance. His grip tightening in my hair, his thrusts becoming more insistent and demanding.

I struggle beneath him, not to escape, but to heighten the sensation of being overpowered. My breath comes in ragged gasps as I try to push back against him, but his strength is overwhelming. “You can’t just take what you want,” I pant, my voice trembling with a mix of fear and excitement.

Kai’s response is a low chuckle, his breath hot against my ear.

“Watch me,” he growls, his hand slipping from my hair to wrap around my throat.

He doesn’t squeeze, but the threat is clear, and it sends a jolt of adrenaline through

my veins.

“You’re mine, Isla. Every inch of you belongs to me.

And I’ll take what I want, when I want it. ”

I can feel my body responding to his words, my pussy clenching around his cock as he continues to thrust into me.

My mind is a whirlwind of conflicting emotions—fear, desire, submission, and power.

I know all I have to say is stop, but I also know that using it would end the game. And right now, I don’t want it to end.

I try to buck him off again, but he’s relentless, his hips slamming against my ass with each powerful thrust. “You’re so fucking tight,” he grunts, his voice strained with effort. “Your cunt was made for my cock, wasn’t it, Princess?”

I bite my lip, holding back a moan. Kai’s slipping, calling me princess. “No,” I lie, my voice barely a whisper. “It’s not yours.”

Kai’s response is a low, menacing chuckle.

He releases my throat and brings his hand down hard on my ass, the sting of the slap echoing through the room.

“Liar,” he hisses, his fingers digging into my hip as he pulls me back against him.

“Your body betrays you, Isla. You love this. You love being my little whore.”

It's true. I do love being his whore.

"Oh god, it hurts." I cry out, the pain from the slap mixing with the pleasure of his cock inside me. I can feel my body betraying me, my hips lifting to meet his thrusts, my pussy growing wetter with each slap and each dirty word he whispers in my ear.

"But you like the way it hurts, don't you, baby?"

"Uh huh," is the only thing I can coherently come up with in response.

"You're so beautiful when you struggle," he murmurs, his voice a low purr. "But you know you can't win. You're mine, Isla. Completely and utterly mine."

I can feel tears stinging my eyes, a mix of frustration and arousal. I want to fight him, to resist, but my body is traitorous, responding to his every touch, his every word. "Please," I whisper, my voice hoarse with emotion.

He laughs, a low, wicked sound, his eyes meeting mine in the mirror. "That's it, baby," he says, his voice a dark caress. "Cry for me."

His thrusts become more urgent, more demanding, his hips slamming against my ass with a force that sends shockwaves through my body.

I can feel my orgasm building, my body tensing as I try to hold it back, but it's no use.

"Fuck, Princess," the moan leaves his lips as I take every inch of his cock.

"I've missed your pussy, baby. I missed the way you gasp a little every time I slide inside of you."

I moan, “Kai.”

“The way you moan my name.” Thrust . “How your body responds to my touch.” Thrust . “The way you are so fucking mine. Tell me you’re mine.”

“I’m yours, Kai. And you’re mine.” I whimper as he flips me to my back, bringing my legs over his shoulders, pounding into me.

“I’ve never not been yours, Isla. You own me.” With a final, powerful thrust, he sends me over the edge, my pussy clenching around his cock as waves of pleasure wash over me.

Kai groans, his body tensing as he comes, his cock pulsing inside me. He collapses on top of me, his breath ragged and hot against my neck. For a moment, we lie there, my body slick with sweat, our hearts pounding in sync.

Slowly, he rolls off me, his arm draped over my waist as he pulls me close. He tugs at the balaclava, revealing his face, and I can see the tenderness in his eyes, a stark contrast to the dominance he displayed just moments ago.

“Isla,” he whispers, his voice soft and gentle. “Are you okay, Princess? ”

I nod, a small smile playing on my lips. “I’m okay,” I whisper. “I’m more than okay.”

He kisses my shoulder, his lips soft and gentle. “Good,” he murmurs. “Because I love you, Isla. More than anything in this world.”

I turn to face him, my eyes meeting his. “I love you too, Kai,” I say, my voice filled with emotion, a tear sneaking from the crease. “And I trust you. Completely.”

He smiles, his thumb brushing away a tear that had escaped down my cheek. “I know

you do, baby,” he says softly. “And I promise, no matter how rough we fuck, whatever scenario we’re in, I’ll always keep you safe.”

Three Weeks Later

The past three weeks have been a whirlwind of passion, laughter, and deepening love.

Kai and I have been inseparable. When he’s home, that is.

The team has had more away games than home games lately and I’ve been missing him.

So in between my studying, I’ve been soaking in as much time as I can with him.

For the past few days, something has felt different.

My body has been changing, subtly at first, but now it’s becoming harder to ignore.

Nausea, fatigue, and a heightened sensitivity to certain smells and foods have become my constant companions.

At first, I brushed it off as stress or a minor bug, but as the symptoms got more intense, I couldn’t help but hope for a different explanation.

I sit on the couch, my child psychology book spread out in my lap, but my mind is elsewhere. Kai notices my pale complexion and the way I keep pressing a hand to my stomach. He sits down next to me, his brow furrowed in concern. “Princess, are you okay? You don’t look so good.”

I force a smile, trying to downplay my discomfort. “I’m fine,” I say, my voice barely convincing. “My stomach’s just upset. I think something I ate didn’t agree with me.”

Lie.

You know it isn't food-related.

It's baby-related.

Kai's expression doesn't change, his eyes searching mine. "Are you sure?" he presses, his hand reaching out to brush a strand of hair from my forehead. "You've been feeling off for a few days now. Maybe you should take a test."

Why the fuck is he so perceptive?

Of course, he would put it together.

He wants this so badly.

I shrug, looking down at the textbook in my lap. "It's probably nothing," I say, but even as the words leave my mouth, I can feel a spark of hope igniting in my chest.

Kai's hand cups my cheek, tilting my face up to meet his gaze. "Isla," he says softly, "if there's a chance you're pregnant, we should know. I want this as much as you do."

I nod, tears welling up in my eyes. "I know," I whisper. "I just... I want to be sure."

He pulls me into his arms, holding me tightly against his chest. "Whatever happens, we'll face it together," he murmurs, his voice a soothing balm to my frayed nerves. "I promise."

A wave of nausea hits and I rush to the bathroom, my head hanging over the toilet as I retch, my body wracked with convulsions. Kai, hearing the commotion, hurries to

the door. “Isla? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” I say between heaves, my voice weak and shaky. “I think you’re right... I think I need to take that test. ”

There’s a pause, and then I hear him sigh, his voice soft and gentle. “I’ll get one from the bedroom.”

I nod, even though he can’t see me, and take a deep breath, trying to steady my racing heart.

This is it.

The moment we knew was coming.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

KAI

She's pregnant.

I know she is. All the signs have been there and I have just been waiting for her to come to terms with it.

Okay, so maybe I have been reading some pregnancy and baby books when she's at school or when I'm on the long flights to away games, so what?

Call me excited and really wanting this to happen.

I know Isla knows a lot about kids, what with her career choice, but I think she gets so hung up on her medical conditions she always tries to see things from that angle.

Not this time, Princess.

This time it's all about your body growing our precious little baby.

I grab a test from our en suite bathroom and head back toward the bathroom down the hall.

Deep breaths, Kai. Even if it is negative, we have forever to keep trying.

I knock on the door before pushing it open.

"Hey, baby, here's the test." I say, handing her the test. Isla's fingers brush against



mine as they wrap around the test.

“Do you want to wait outside while I?—”

I chuckle. “Baby. A little pee isn’t gonna scare me off. ”

I’ve tasted every inch of her, like a little bodily fluid is gonna make me run.

I lean against the doorframe, watching her carefully.

She looks up at me, her eyes filled with so many emotions—anxiety, a little fear, excitement—I can see the slight tremor in her hands as she unwraps the test, and I want nothing more than to take it from her and do it myself, just to spare her this moment of uncertainty.

But I know this is something she needs to do on her own.

She takes a deep breath, and I can see the resolve in her eyes as she finally gets up and goes to the toilet. The seconds tick by like hours, and I can feel my heart pounding in my chest. I want to scream at the world to hurry up, to give us an answer already.

Finally, she flushes and washes her hands. She picks the test back up from the counter, her eyes glued to it. I step closer, my heart in my throat, and look down at the little window.

Two lines.

Two fucking lines.

I let out a breath and a grin spread across my face. I look up at her, and she’s staring

at me, her eyes wide with shock and joy. “Kai,” she whispers, her voice choked with emotion. “We’re having a baby. You’re gonna be a daddy.”

I’m gonna be a fucking daddy!

I pull her into a tight embrace, lifting her off the ground and spinning her around.

Laughter bubbles out of both of us, and I can feel the tears pricking at the corners of my eyes.

I set her down gently, cupping her face in my hands.

“I love you, Isla,” I say, my voice thick with emotion.

“And I love our baby. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me, and I can’t wait to do this with you. ”

She smiles up at me, her eyes shining with happiness. “I love you too, Kai. More than words can express.”

I press a soft kiss to her lips, sealing the moment.

This is just the beginning, and I can’t wait to see where this journey of parenthood takes us.

I know it won’t be easy, especially with my career and her being a full-time student.

But we can do it as long as we have each other and communicate.

I take her hand, entwining our fingers, and lead her out of the bathroom.

Our life is about to change in the most incredible way, and I am ready for it.

Now to get an ultrasound so we can show our parents.

I pull back the comforter, and we slide into bed together, the soft glow of the bedside lamp casting a warm light over us.

Isla snuggles into my side, her head resting on my chest, and I can feel the steady rhythm of her heartbeat syncing with mine.

The room is peaceful—the peace that only comes with the anticipation of a new life when you’ve desperately wanted it.

“You know, I’ve been thinking about names,” Isla says softly, tracing idle patterns on my chest with her fingertip. “Have you ever given thought to what you’d want to name your kids?”

I smile, running my hand gently over her belly. The one that is now the home to our son or daughter. “I trust your judgment, Princess. Whatever you pick, I know it will be perfect.”

She looks up at me, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “Come on, do you have any names in mind?”

I think for a moment, considering the possibilities. “I like the name Liam or Declan for a boy. And for a girl, maybe something like Alexandra or Rowan. But honestly, as long as the baby is healthy and happy, I don’t mind what we call them.”

Isla grins, her fingers playing with the hairs on my chest. “I like those names. We’ll have to see what feels right when the time comes.”

We lie in comfortable silence for a while, just enjoying each other's presence.

Then Isla speaks up again, her voice filled with dreams. "I've also been thinking maybe we should start looking into finding a house.

Somewhere with a big backyard where the kids can play.

A place where we can watch them grow up. "

She said kids, as in multiple children.

Isla is a dream come true.

I nod, my mind already racing with ideas. "I've already been talking with a realtor and I have a down payment ready to go for when we find the right place. Maybe something close to Mom and Dad?"

Isla laughs softly, her eyes shining with happiness. "That sounds perfect. I just know they are going to be just as much in love with them as we are."

I pull her closer, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. "We'll find it, Princess."

Isla looks up at me, her expression turning serious. "How many kids do you want, Kai? Really?"

I smile, my heart swelling with love. "As many as you'll give me, baby. I want a house full of laughter and chaos. I want to see you round with our babies, over and over again."

She blinks back tears. "I want that too. I want a big family, Kai. I want us to be happy."

I wrap my arms around her, holding her close. “We will be, Isla. We already are. And it’s only going to get better from here.”

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 5:00 am*

ISLA

Today is the day we find out for sure. I wasn't able to get in with the doctor the very next day, so it has been a week of daily tests, me throwing up, and Kai being cool as a fucking cucumber while I freak out.

Kai holds my hand tightly as we sit in the waiting room of the OB/GYN office.

I can feel my heart pounding in my chest, the feelings of excitement and nerves churning in my stomach.

Or maybe that's the morning sickness that seems to get worse with each day.

Kai squeezes my hand, offering a reassuring smile, but I can see the same anxiety reflected in his eyes. "Everything is going to be fine, baby. I've read that if you're this sick in the beginning, it means that there is a lot of the pregnancy hormone and it's a strong pregnancy."

Sounds like bullshit to me.

But he's probably right.

Finally, the nurse calls my name, and we're led back to an exam room.

After what feels like an eternity of waiting, Dr. Martinez enters the room, her warm smile putting us both at ease.

“So you’ve been testing positive at home.

You did the blood draw downstairs, and that is positive.

Let’s see what’s going on in there,” she says, gesturing to the ultrasound machine with a smile on her face.

The blood test was positive.

I am pregnant.

I lie back on the exam table, holding my breath as she applies the cool gel to my stomach.

The wand presses against my skin, and suddenly, there it is—the faint but unmistakable image of our baby on the screen.

My eyes well up with tears as I hear the steady beat of the heartbeat filling the room.

Kai’s grip on my hand tightens, and I can see the emotion in his eyes.

“This is amazing,” Kai whispers, his voice choked with happiness. “That’s our baby, Isla. We—we created them. Us.”

Dr. Martinez smiles, confirming what we already know. “Congratulations, you two. You’re officially pregnant.”

Leaving the office, hand in hand, I can’t stop the grin from spreading across my face. We’re having a baby. It’s real, and it’s happening. Kai suggests we keep it to ourselves for a little while longer, just to savor the moment before sharing the news with the world.

We decide the perfect time to tell our parents will be at Kai's baseball game against the Rangers tonight. It's a big game, and we know they will be there with me, cheering him on from the stands. Plus, what better way to announce our news than during a moment of victory?

Well, hopefully a moment of victory.

The energy in the stadium is electric and Kai is on fire, playing his heart out on the field. He makes a diving catch in the third inning, and the crowd goes wild. In the seventh inning, he hits a home run, tying the game. The tension is palpable as we head into another inning.

Finally, at the bottom of the eighth, Gael steps up to the plate. The pitcher throws a fastball, and Gael swings with all his might, sending the ball soaring over the outfield fence. The crowd erupts as he rounds the bases, scoring the winning run. The Coyotes win and the stadium is in a frenzy!

The coach gives Kai the game ball, and he turns to the stands, his eyes scanning the crowd until he finds us.

With a big smile, he writes something on the ball with a Sharpie, jogs over to where we're sitting and tosses it up to his mom.

She catches it, her eyes widening as she reads the message aloud: "You're going to be grandparents."

"Isla," both my dad and his mom turn to me, surprise written all over their faces.

"Yeah, I know." I laugh, then cry. "We're so happy." I add in as my dad's face shifts from surprise to concern over the tears. Pulling out the ultrasound picture and handing it to them. "We confirmed it this morning. I'm due December thirteenth."



We head home, the adrenaline from the game and the excitement of our announcement still coursing through our veins.

Our parents follow us back to our apartment.

We tell them we can talk for a little, but I have to get to sleep early because I have a test in the morning and Kai has practice.

As we settle into the living room, the reality of our news sinks in for all of us.

Kai's mom is the first to speak, her voice trembling with emotion. "I can't believe it," she says, looking at the ultrasound picture in her hands. "A grand baby. We're going to be grandparents. "

My dad chimes in, a wide grin spreading across his face. "This is incredible, kids. I'm so happy for you both." He pulls me into a hug, and I can feel the tears welling up in my eyes again. "I'm going to be a grandpa," he whispers, his voice thick with emotion.

Nadia hands the ultrasound picture to my dad, who looks at it with a mixture of awe and disbelief. "You two have really outdone yourselves this time," he says, his voice filled with pride. "There is something called taking things slow, ya know?"

"Yeah, hi, have you met me? I don't think I know what taking things slow means." Kai chuckles, his hand resting on my thigh as my dad sighs and nods, knowing that it's one hundred percent the truth.

Kai has never done anything slowly in his life.

If he wants it, he goes after it.

We spend the evening reminiscing about our own childhoods, laughing at old stories, and dreaming about the future.

I excuse myself to change out of my tight jeans that are getting really uncomfortable.

I swear the hormones are going to be the death of me.

This early first-trimester bloating is awful and I am ready for it to pass.

Not even two minutes later, Kai comes into the bedroom. With a look in his eyes that I know is only going to mean one thing: trouble. He makes his move toward me, his mouth on mine, kissing me to where I forget our parents are in the living room. That is until I hear his mom laugh.

“Kai, no. Our parents are here.” He flips me around and bends me over the edge of the bed. His hand slips beneath the waistband of my sweats and into my panties. Two fingers tease my now soaked pussy before moving to circle my clit.

“Then you’d better be quiet. Wouldn’t want Daddy to know his daughter begs her stepbrother like a slut for his cock.” That’s all it takes for me to moan and I am praying to the gods that it wasn’t loud enough for them to hear.

I flip my hair over my shoulder to look back at him. “Make me come, big brother. Better be quick, before we get caught.”

Kai smirks, undoing his pants and pulling his cock out. “Such a dirty fucking sister. I should make you scream so your daddy knows what a little slut you are.” He thrusts inside me, giving me all of him. “Be my good little whore and take it.”

I grab onto the comforter while he pounds into me, his grip bruising my hips, then leaning in and crowding my back with his chest. One of his hands tugs my shirt up

and his lips kiss my shoulder and neck, murmuring.

“Fuck, you’re so perfect, Isla. So beautiful. I’m so lucky that you’re my wife and having our baby.”

I love how quickly he goes from dominant to soft.

Kai whimpers in my ear with every thrust as he gets closer to coming.

My hand slides between my body and the bed, feeling between my legs for him.

I give his balls a gentle squeeze, and the noise that leaves his mouth is enough to send me near the edge.

I swirl my fingers around my clit and ride out my orgasm as he thrusts one more time and then stills, groaning a little too loud as he releases himself inside me.

Out of breath, he pulls back, and I feel our combined release start to drip down my thighs. “Mmmm, I love watching your pussy drip with my cum, Princess. So fucking sexy.”

“Come on, we need to get back out there before they suspect what we’ve been doing.” Kai pulls me up and plants a kiss on my cheek.

“Isla, our parents aren’t stupid. They knew as soon as I followed you back here what was happening.” Kai chuckles and kisses me again. “Poor Gene, it’s been a rough month for him.”

“Not funny, Husband .” I smack his chest as I pull my underwear and sweatpants back up .

“Might want to change those panties, Wife .” He swats my ass and whispers. “Pretty sure my cum is making a mess of them right now.”

Yeah, it is.

Once I’ve changed and we’re back in the living room with our parents, it’s hard to even look my dad in the eyes.

Kai, on the other hand, carries on like it’s not a big deal.

Our parents eventually say their goodbyes, promising to offer any help we need as things progress with the pregnancy.

We close the door behind them, and Kai pulls me into a tight embrace, his lips finding mine in a soft, gentle kiss.

“Thank you for this,” he whispers, his forehead resting against mine and his hand flattening against my lower abdomen. “For everything. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, Kai,” I reply, feeling the tears creep in as I wrap my arms around his neck. “And I can’t wait to see what the future holds for us.”

KAI

We start looking for our forever home today. Isla and I have been talking about it for months, and now that we know for sure we're having a baby, it feels even more real. We've got our realtor, Linda, meeting us at the first open house, and I can feel the excitement building as we drive there.

The first few houses are nice, but they just don't feel right. The layout is off, or the neighborhood isn't quite what we're looking for. Isla is patient, but I can see the disappointment in her eyes each time we walk away from another place that isn't "the one."

Just as we're about to leave the third open house, Linda pulls out her phone and shows us a listing. "This one is a bit of a drive from here, but it's in a great neighborhood," she says. "It's on Parkside Avenue, a street over from your parents'."

I look at Isla, and her eyes light up. We both love the idea of being close to family, and Parkside is one of those classic, tree-lined streets that always feels like home. "Let's go see it," Isla says, and I can hear the enthusiasm in her voice.

We follow Linda to the house, and as soon as we pull up, I know this is the place.

It's a beautiful craftsman home, built in 1955, with a huge front porch and a welcoming aura.

The four bedrooms and three bathrooms are perfect for our growing family, and the hardwood floors and original details give it so much character.

I can see it now: Thanksgiving and Christmas with the family here, kids' birthday parties, everything.

This is definitely it.

But it's the backyard that really seals the deal for me.

It's massive, with plenty of room for the kids to play, a garden for Isla to grow all the vegetables her heart desires, and even a big tree with a perfect spot for a future treehouse.

I can already picture our kids running around, laughing, and playing with their friends. It's everything we've been dreaming of.

Isla walks through the house, her eyes wide with wonder. She runs her hands over the vintage details, her face lighting up with each room we enter. When we step out into the backyard, she turns to me, her eyes shining with tears of joy. "Kai, this is it," she says. "This is our home."

I pull her into a hug, feeling the same overwhelming sense of happiness and relief. "I know, Princess," I whisper. "I can feel it too."

We spend the rest of the afternoon exploring every nook and cranny of the house, imagining where our furniture will go and what colors we'll paint the walls. Linda gives us all the details about the house and the neighborhood, but honestly, none of it matters. We've already made up our minds.

"We want to submit an offer. This is the one." I turn to Isla and put my hand on her stomach. "This is where we want our baby and future kids to call home."

ISLA

T wenty Weeks Pregnant

We have the whole stadium to ourselves for our gender reveal party. Management was kind enough to let us use the field once I told them how I planned the reveal for Kai. Okay, maybe I begged a little bit. But hey, they couldn't say no to their starting third baseman's pregnant wife.

Well, I mean they probably could have.

His whole team's here, plus our family and friends. My dad is talking with him and his buddies while I am with his mom and a few of my girlfriends, waiting for Adriana to get here with the special baseball with the colored powder inside. We have no idea what we're having.

As I look around the field, I feel so lucky to have all of these people supporting us.

This is the moment we've all been waiting for, and I can't believe it's finally here.

I see Kai chatting with his teammates, his eyes scanning the crowd occasionally, looking for any sign of Adriana.

He's trying to act casual, but I know he's just as eager as I am.

We can't wait to find out if we are having a son or daughter.

Finally, I see Adriana walking towards us, holding a small, carefully wrapped box.

My heart races as she approaches. Kai notices her too, and he makes his way over to us, his eyes never leaving the box.

Adriana hands it to him, and he looks at me, a smile spreading across his face.

“You ready for this, Princess?” he asks, his voice filled with anticipation.

I nod, my eyes welling up with tears of joy. “As ready as I’ll ever be,” I reply. Kai carefully unwraps the box, revealing the special baseball. He looks at me one last time and then turns around and whistles, getting Brooks’ attention.

“You ready?” Holding up the ball. Brooks smirks and nods.

Everybody moves toward the home plate but stands off to the side. I stand near Kai and before he steps up to the plate, he gives me a quick kiss and when he pulls back, I say, “Let’s do this. Knock it out of the park, baby.”

“I got this, baby.” He steps up to the plate, setting himself up, and raises the bat. “Let it rip, Brooks.”

At the pitcher’s mound, Brooks winds back and lets a perfect curveball go.

It doesn’t trip up Kai, and the bat connects with the ball, releasing a cloud of bright pink smoke.

I can’t help but laugh and cry at the same time as Kai wraps his arms around me, lifting me off the ground.

“We’re having a daughter,” he whispers, and he pulls back, looking at me with tears in his eyes.



“I’m gonna be a girl dad.” I nod, my heart swelling with so much love and happiness.

I love that he’s already so in love with his daughter. Kai is a dream husband, and I know he’s going to be the best father in the entire world.

We go through the motions of cutting the cake and chatting with everyone and when I finally make my way over to Adriana to thank her for helping me to get everything together, she’s off on her own with tears in her eyes.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Pulling her into my arms, hugging her tightly .

She sniffles and lets out a breath. “I did something stupid, Isla.” Adriana breaks into a fit of sobs, clinging to me.

I try to think of what she could have done that would cause her to cry like this.

I’m coming up with nothing. I turn around and look for Kai, finding him talking with his close-knit group of guys across the field.

Somehow he looks up right when I need him to, and I motion to Adriana.

He turns to the guys, says something, and starts jogging over.

“What’s wrong?” He takes one look at Adriana and his face scrunches and he shrugs his shoulders.

“I—I,” Adriana can’t get the words out.

“Adri —” Gael says from behind Kai, moving around him and coming to my side to grab ahold of her.

Adriana’s eyes go wide as she trails from his arms around her to his face filled with

concern. “I’m sorry, I need to go.” She pulls herself away from Gael and runs off towards the exit.

“Shit,” Gael mutters and runs after her, yelling for her to stop.

Kai wraps his arms around me from behind and kisses my cheek. “So, what is that about?”

“No idea, but whatever it is, it isn’t good. Adriana never cries. If Gael is the reason she’s crying, I’ll kick his ass. I just want you to know that.” I narrow my eyes at him.

“Baby, if he made your best friend cry, I wouldn’t expect anything less from you,” Kai chuckles. “Hopefully it’s nothing.”

To Be Continued.