A shirtless, muscular man is shown from the chest up, holding a large bouquet of red roses. The background is dark, and the lighting highlights his physique. The text 'BIRTHDAY BOY' is overlaid in white, with a small flame icon above the 'i' in 'BIRTHDAY'.

**BIRTHDAY  
BOY**

B.SOBJAKKEN

# Birthday Boy

B.Sobjakken

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If any typos or mistakes are found within, please do not hesitate to contact me directly via social media or email. Thank you so much.

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# Author Note

Hello my lovely friends,

This is where I would typically inform you about all the deliciousness I packed in here.... but I am asking you to go in blind. Enjoy the sweet ride of Cole and Olivia.

I can promise you there is no darker content(on-page), within this book, even the sex is on the tamer side (*in relation to kinks*). Besides the obvious blaring age-gap.

If you absolutely can not go in blind, then I shall link the content warnings at the back of the book which you can see [HERE](#). But only clicky-click if you must.

I hope you love these two as much as I did. They were so sweet it made my teeth hurt at times. And it's probably why my next one will be a whole bunch of red flags.

xoxo,

Brooke

P.S. Maria if you're seeing this. I didn't use the word taut once because it will forever haunt me now. Thank you kindly.  
LOL

*To anyone who had friends with hot parents...*

*Like my friend B and her good-looking dad...*

*who told me that I had a powerful presence that no one  
could look away from when I walked into a room.*

*I wasn't sure how to take that at fourteen, but I never forgot  
it.*

*Thanks.. I think?*





## Cole



I can't remember a day I wasn't obsessed with Olivia Matthews. As I got older, my adoration for my best friend's mom turned into something darker. Four years ago, I was only fourteen, and I watched her climb out of the pool, hardening the prick in my pants till I almost came. The water glided over her breasts in the black bikini, drawing my attention to her nipples poking through the top. When she turned, the bottoms had ridden between her cheeks, giving me a full view of her plump ass. That was the day I was ruined for any other girl; no one compared to Olivia Matthews. I have never been interested in anyone since.

When Jensen and I were just kids, I always wanted to be at his house more than my own. At least his mom cooked for us, tucked us in at night, and took us to fun places. His mom got me presents for my birthday and holidays, while mine never even bothered to check if I was home. His mom was the one in the stands for all our games.

“Dude, your mom’s fucking banging,” Joey sniggers, watching as Olivia moves about the backyard as she grills. Her denim shorts and red tank top aren’t hiding her smoking figure. I half-hate that she’s showing off in front of other men, but the other half is burning that image in my mind for later.

I grind my teeth, resisting the urge to gouge his eyes out for staring at her. I know it makes me a hypocrite, but every day I spend in her presence makes me more possessive.

I have no one to share this uncontrollable fascination with. I have to keep it buried deep so my best friend never finds out. It’s easy to forget that the outside world can admire her too, when it’s usually just the three of us.

Jensen snaps his head to Joey, glowering. “Shut the fuck up.”

“No, Joey’s right. She’s a fucking MILF.” Dylan agrees. He throws up his hands to his chest, emphasizing how large Olivia’s breasts are. This time, I smack Dylan across the back of the head.

Jensen’s jaw tics. He hates when anyone mentions how hot his mom is, and that’s why I’m consciously aware to avoid doing so. I even keep my long looks for when Jensen isn’t in the room. Dylan and Joey are guys on the team that we hang out with at school, but I realize this is the first time he’s ever brought them to his house.

“Yo, dickwads. If you can’t respect his mom, get the fuck out,” I seethe.

Jensen blows out a breath and slicks back his wet hair, splashing the other two guys. “She’s cooking us food, and you’re gawking at her like a couple of horny virgins. It’s pathetic.”

I withhold my grimace at his phrasing. If he only knew I’m a pathetic horny virgin right along with them. That I desperately want to know the color of her nipples right before I suck them, how I want to see her pussy glistening right before I sink my cock in it. I’ve scoured hours worth of video at night to find the closest likeness I could to her.

“Chill, I’m just saying. I wouldn’t hit on her or anything. I’m not into fucking cougars,” Joey says, and I shake my head. He’s just digging his hole deeper.

Jensen’s face darkens, the angry flush moving down his neck. “Well, say a little less.”

He hops out of the pool and grabs a towel before moving to stand near his mom as if to shield her from their leering glances.

“He’s really protective of his mom. It’s just them two, so I would stop with comments.” I offer, wanting to get out of this pool myself.

Dylan rolls his eyes. “We’re just playing, man.”

I raise an eyebrow. “Kind of like how Tyler was just playing when he said he was going to bend your sister over the bleachers and fuck her before you broke his nose.”

He blows out a breath and shakes the water out of his hair.  
“Alright, I get it. Sorry.”

Joey scoffs. “I’ll keep my mouth shut, but I swear I didn’t mean anything.”

Shrugging, I get out of the pool and grab my towel as I head toward my best friend. “Need any help, Mrs. Matthews?”

Olivia turns to me, her gaze roaming over my body quickly before flickering back towards the grill. “Go ahead and grab all the essentials from the fridge. I cut up the lettuce and tomatoes already. Jensen, grab the plates and move the cooler closer to the bar.”

The brief seconds her eyes are on me have my cock hardening, so I quickly head toward the house without a word. I hear Jensen following behind me and try to think of anything unpleasant to will my erection away.

“Joey and Dylan are dicks,” he grumbles.

As he passes, I clap a hand on his shoulder and angle myself between the fridge door. “Yeah, but now we know not to invite them again.”

“Yeah, but I wish for once I had more friends who weren’t drooling after my mom. Like you.”

My heart drops into my stomach, the guilty shame of my obsession deflating my cock. I’m probably the worst offender out of everyone. At least the other guys who mock how much Olivia Matthews is a MILF have girlfriends, random hooks up, or even other fantasies. I have no desire for anyone but the

woman who has treated me like a second son. And I'm sure as hell not going to back down from my plan in a few weeks.

I half-laugh, attempting to cover up my discomfort at Jensen's confession.

"What are best friends for?" I lie, already accepting that he would never forgive me if he knew a fraction of what runs through my mind when it comes to his mom.



## Olivia



Wiping a rogue tear, I focus on scraping the cooked eggs out of the pan. I've been trying to hold back the waterworks all morning, but it's hard not to fixate on my baby starting his senior year of high school.

That the last summer of his childhood has already come and gone in the blink of an eye. That in less than a year, he'll be leaving to venture out into the world. That I won't hear him moving about the house at different times of the day and night or be pulled into a random conversation passing in the hallway or sitting at the dinner table inspired by whatever is going on in his life.

A hiccuped sob escapes my throat, and I clear it before I can start crying again.

"You okay, Mrs. Matthews?"

I glance over my shoulder at Cole, my son's best friend, and give him a small smile. "Of course. Breakfast is done. You and Jensen ready?"

He grins, strolling over to the cabinets and pulling out cups and plates for us all. He's a good kid, someone I appreciate over and over that my son befriended.

"Morning, Mom," Jensen grumbles, shaking out his shaggy, wet hair as he walks over to the fridge for his morning orange juice.

"Morning, baby. Senior year, you ready?" I try to ask happily, but my voice cracks.

He stops and glances over at me, his calculating blue eyes roaming over me the same way his father used to. Another tear escapes at that thought, and he stalks over, pulling me into his arms.

"Mom..."

I wipe my face. "I'm fine, I promise. As long as I'm still allowed to drive you to school?"

Jensen rolls his eyes and heads to the table where Cole is already sitting, drink in hand. "Duh, it's our tradition."

Bringing over the bowls of eggs and sausage, something in my heart cracks that I only have a few more months of feeding these boys breakfast on a regular basis. I set the food down and grab the box on top of the fridge.

"Speaking of tradition... Happy Birthday, Cole." I grin, handing him the wrapped present. Jensen's eyes brighten, knowing what's inside.

Cole clears his throat, gripping the box tightly. "You guys know you don't have to get me anything. Allowing me to live

with you the majority of the week is enough as it is.”

My son grunts, rolling his eyes again. “Bro, we told you to move in long ago.”

I smile tightly. It’s something Jensen offers all the time, as if it would be easy to just adopt someone else’s child. I know Cole doesn’t have a great home life, and his parents have never even bothered to hold a conversation with me or show up to a game. I couldn’t fathom not knowing where my son spent 80% of his time. There were days I contemplated downloading a location app, but I know that is a little far since he’s almost an adult.

Cole tears open the box, smiling when he pulls out a utility keychain. “Dude, this is so cool.”

“You’ll have to keep it in your car while you’re at school. It technically counts as a weapon.”

Jensen barks out a laugh at my warning before focusing back on his best friend. “I had to convince her to buy it in the first place, saying the knife wasn’t to stab people.”

Cole’s eyes flicker to mine, and he chuckles softly. “Yeah, I don’t plan on offing anyone any time soon. Maybe a few fish the next time we go camping.”

My nose wrinkles, settling into my chair. “I’m glad you boys are getting old enough to go on those trips yourself. Me and nature were just not meant to be.”

My son shakes his head. “We could tell that with your oversized tent and inflatable mattress. I’m honestly surprised



you refrained from buying a luxury RV.”

Cole agrees, snapping his fingers and pointing at Jensen as he starts to recount the time I failed miserably at setting up my tent.

I suck a small part of my bottom lip into my mouth, a familiar pang ricocheting within me. He never knew his father was days away from getting one, and I could never bring myself to complete the purchase. I only continued the annual summer camping trips to give him some sense of normal after our lives were so devastatingly disrupted.

Clearing my throat, I stand and tug my long sweatshirt over where it has raised above my hips. The leggings I wear are over a decade old and damn near see-through. “If you boys hurry, we can run and get some coffee.”

They don’t need any more prompting as they scramble to gather their stuff, and we all head out the door. My knuckles are white as I grip the steering wheel, and my lips are tight as the boys chat in the backseat. They are excited for their final year, while my chest aches that this is the last *first* day. I’m grateful my son is even allowing me to drive him. I’m sure other teenager’s parents are not being given that gift.

After driving through the long line at the coffee hotspot, the high school comes up too soon, and I’m not prepared to say goodbye. As I pull up to the curb, Cole climbs out with a wave, but Jensen lingers.

“You okay?” He asks. I catch his gaze in the rearview mirror, scared if I turn around, I’ll start crying again.

“I will be,” I tell him truthfully.

Half of his face pulls into a smirk. “Love you.”

“I love you, sweet boy.” I blow him a kiss through the mirror and then cover my mouth to hold in the sob as he shuts the door. God, I know I’m ridiculous. As I head back to the house, I’m proud of myself for holding in my tears. It’s been over a decade of first days of school. You’d think it would get easier.

After parking, I climb out and make a note to call the gardener to trim the lawn as I head up to my front door. I look around the quiet house, and the loneliness comes back in a roaring ache.

It’s been nearly ten years since my husband passed away, but the hole he left in our lives hasn’t grown smaller. The insane amount of money we received from his work accident allowed us to live comfortably, I didn’t even have to get a job. But it didn’t replace the empty side of my bed, it didn’t replace the sorrowful look on my son’s face when he watched other kids playing with their dads at the park.

Stripping off the sweatshirt, I move into the kitchen and start to clean up the mess from breakfast. I usually keep the house tidy; it became easier as my son grew older. Less toys were scattered around, instead it was stinky football clothes and equipment.

I’m just finishing loading the last of the plates into the dishwasher when I hear the knocking. I shut off the water and pause, making sure it isn’t a figment of my imagination. The

doorbell goes off a second later, and I peel off the gloves and head to answer it.

Opening the door, my eyebrows furrow in bewilderment at Cole standing on the other side, his hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans. I just dropped him off at school less than an hour ago. “Did you forget something? I could have brought it to you.”

He shakes his head. “I’m eighteen today.”

“I know,” I say, still confused.

His tongue glides across the back of his teeth. “I’m eighteen, and the only thing I want for my birthday is *you*.”

I blink, words failing to escape my mind as I try to comprehend what he’s saying.

Cole exhales loudly. “There’s only been one woman I’ve fantasized about, and before I leave for college, I want to have her at least once. Please.”

My breath catches. “Are you—what are you saying?”

“I’m asking you to fuck me for my birthday,” he rasps, the husky tone sending shivers up my arms.



## Cole



Her mouth hangs open, her beautiful brown eyes are wide as she stands frozen. I move closer, pushing us both through the open door and shutting it softly.

“Olivia?”

She flinches, and she stumbles away from me. “This is.. this is inappropriate. You’re a child.”

“I’m eighteen,” I state, giving her a pointed stare.

“You weren’t yesterday. And I’m almost two decades older than you!” she snaps angrily.

With a huff, she turns and walks towards the kitchen, her hips swaying and long dark hair swinging as she mutters under her breath animatedly. The tight tank top and leggings she has on display her full figure.

I follow her, determined for her to hear me out. “It only has to be one time. No one will know.”

“I will know, Cole! I will know, and no matter what you may think you are, I’m the adult here. It’s not happening.”

Her furious eyes turn to me, and my cock hardens further. I haven’t ever had her full attention like this. It’s usually in addition to whatever she is doing for Jensen.

“Just once. I’m not above begging,” I say, moving forward slightly as if to not startle her. “It’s only ever been you. Every time I wrap my hand around my cock and close my eyes, it’s you that I imagine.”

My chest aches with how hard my heart is pounding, I know I’m taking a risk talking to her so crudely. But I can’t stop the words as they tumble out of my mouth.

Her face flushes. “Cole.. we can’t. You’re my son’s *best friend*.”

I control the smile that threatens to break across my face. She didn’t mention my age again, but instead, the main consequence if we were ever found out. I’m not sure exactly how Jensen would react. A hopeful part of me thought he would be happy it was me instead of anyone else, but I knew that was a delusion.

“I know. And I never want to hurt him, but I have to have you.” I plead, uncaring how desperate I sound.

She huffs out a laugh. “Hurt him? This would devastate him.”

Scratching the back of my neck, I stare up at the ceiling for a few moments before turning back to her. “Are you attracted to

me?”

Olivia’s mouth opens and closes before she shakes her head. “You’re a very handsome man. I’m sure the ladies are vying for your attention.”

“I don’t care about anyone’s attention but yours. I’ve seen the appreciation in your eyes when you’ve watched us swim this summer.”

She holds up her hand when I step toward her. “Cole, you have a nice body. Football has kept you in shape, I’m sure. But that’s...what you’re suggesting—”

“What if I was a random guy off the street, not your son’s best friend? You would fuck me, wouldn’t you?” I interrupt, determination hardening my voice.

Her throat bobs as she swallows. “But you’re not.”

“I can be. For one afternoon that no one has to know about. For my birthday.”

She watches me with a skeptical gleam. I’m sure her mind is made up that someone would find out, that someone being her son.

“I promise I will never tell anyone about anything that happens between us,” I say, trying to comfort her.

Olivia’s body is trembling as she stays frozen in her spot, and I walk closer. My hand curls around her elbow, and I tug her into my chest.

I lean into her ear. “No one will ever know.” My gaze drops down the thin tank top, her nipples pebbling after my promising whisper.

She drops to her knees, her brown eyes blinking up at me as I watch back in shock. Her hands are shaky as she unbuttons my jeans and drags the zipper down. I stop breathing as she pulls it open and tugs my boxers down with them. Olivia lets out a small gasp as my thick cock bounces out, nearly smacking her across her face.

“My god,” she whispers so softly I almost miss it.

Her hand wraps around my shaft, and my stomach flexes as I grunt. I’ve only known the feel of my own touch, and this is a million times better. I’m still in awe that this is really happening, I half expected her to turn me down.

“How...how do you like it? Slow? Fast?” she asks, gripping my cock tighter as she starts to pump her fist. Her thumb smears the pre-cum already leaking out.

I shake my head, biting down on my lip to stop myself from coming already.

“Cole?” she prompts and scoots on her knees closer. I can feel her breath across my thighs. She’s so close.

“Your mouth,” I grit out, fire gathering at the base of my spine.

Olivia hesitates for a few seconds before her tongue peeks out between her pink lips and licks at my cock. My balls draw up, and I know I’m losing my battle to hold back. She licks

around the thick ridge of my head before suckling the entire mushroom tip into the incredibly hot wetness of her mouth.

“Fuck!” I exclaim, coming hard as my cock throbs in her fingers. Olivia’s eyes widen as I erupt, but the woman of my dreams doesn’t pull away. Our gazes are locked as she swallows down each wave of my cum.

“Nghhh. God,” I moan out when she sucks at my sensitive tip and pulls a few more drops from me.

Olivia lets go and haunches back on her feet, wiping at the corner of her mouth and then sucking on her fingers. My cock twitches at the action, trying to get ready for round two. My chest is falling and rising fast, and I reach out, cupping her cheek.

“Sorry, I didn’t warn you. I—” I lick my lips, unsure how to explain I had no control over it.

She stands slowly, tucking some hair behind her ear. “Have you ever been with anyone else?”

My cheeks burn, and I can feel the flush all the way down my neck. Olivia steps into me, resting her hands on my chest.

“Don’t be embarrassed. I was just wondering,” She whispers.

I rest my hands on her waist, my fingers digging into her flesh. “I’ve only ever wanted you.”

Her eyes close briefly before she blows out a long breath.



“Okay. Come on.” She clasps her hand into mine and tries to pull me out of the kitchen. I stumble, reaching down to pull up my pants and boxers so I can walk easier.

Olivia giggles as she watches, amused. “Sorry.”

“Just making sure... we’re heading to your bedroom, right?”  
I ask sheepishly.



## Olivia



I'm going to hell. There's no question about it. Not after I drained every drop of cum from the cock of my son's best friend. The thick, long gorgeous cock on the eighteen-year-old Adonis. Not after I dragged him into my bedroom like a desperate old hag because I needed to know what that cock felt like stretching my severely underused pussy.

Pulling my tank top over my head, Cole's gaze drops to my breasts. I'm proud of them, even at thirty-six years old, they sit in heavy but perky teardrops.

"Holy shit," he rasps. I have the urge to cover myself at his awestruck expression.

He runs his palm over his mouth and then steps forward. "Can I touch them?"

"Uh.. yeah I hope you do," I jokingly say, trying to ease my slight discomfort.

Cole doesn't break his focus as he cups my heavy mounds. I shudder at his first touch, my nipples hardening as his thumbs

stroke them.

“Squeeze a bit. You can even pinch or twist my nipples,” I tell him, a blush heating my cheeks. There’s a small thrill in guiding him exactly to do what I want.

He briefly glances at me before following through with what I suggested. I arch into his hands as he kneads my flesh, wanting his touch to be a little rougher.

Curling my fingers into the waistband of the jeans he shouldn’t have bothered to pull up, I tug him closer to me. “How do you feel about returning the favor?”

His tongue peeks out from his mouth, caressing his bottom lip slowly. “You want me to eat you out? Please... I’ve been dying for a taste.”

I startle back, not expecting that type of response to come from him. I gather myself quickly and step away from him, backing up until I’m on the bed.

Cole slowly follows me, matching my movements as I fall onto the mattress and rise up on my elbows. He leans over me, his palms right above my shoulders and one knee between my legs.

“Can I kiss you?” he asks, his breath fanning across my face from how close he is.

I nod, and his mouth crashes to mine. The force pushes me onto my back, and Cole drapes himself over me, his knee sliding under my thigh and opening me further to settle his

hips between them. I rest my hands on his chest, unable to hold back a small smile as I feel his pounding heart.

His kiss is a little sloppy and frantic, so I cup his face and push his head back.

“Slow down, like this,” I whisper and gently press my lips back on his. He follows my lead, one of his hands drifting to cup my breast, and I moan in approval. I show him how to move our mouths together, our tongues teasing and dancing around one another.

I roll my hips, feeling his thick erection hot and hard through the thin leggings. Cole kisses down my jaw, panting into my skin as he grinds against me. He thrusts a few more times before pushing away.

“Shit, I’m ready to come again.” He shakes his head, not sparing me a glance, and he grabs my waistband and pulls my pants down halfway.

“Cole!” I snap, hearing the ripping of my seams.

He ignores me, lifting my feet to pull them off completely and tossing the leggings on the ground. His hands grip my thighs as he pushes them apart and lets out a guttural groan as he focuses on my pussy. He moves down the bed till his head rests on the crook of where my hip and thigh meet. My stomach flexes, unfamiliar with someone so close to that part of me again.

His fingers brush against my warm center, a little uncoordinated, as he pushes my vaginal lips open and inserts a

finger. I gasp and catch his wrist.

“Wait, play a little first.”

His questioning eyes look up at me, and I place my hand over his. I pull his finger out and guide him up to my already swelling clit.

“Actually, it’s good you got a little wet, but rub here a bit before pushing inside me,” I tell him with a hoarse command as he starts circling the bundle of nerves. His breath fans across my pussy, causing my nipples to harden to the point of pain, and I shudder.

He shifts closer. “Olivia, I want to eat you out.”

Exhaling loudly, I nod and swallow down the saliva gathering in my throat, enjoying the small hints of his saltiness lingering. “Yeah, I got that.”

Cole smirks, kissing the soft skin above my vagina. “You going to teach me how?”

“I– it’s different for every woman. I prefer penetration. Suck and lick my clit, but also push your tongue inside me. Or focus on my clit and use your fingers.”

“I only care about what you like,” he mutters before spreading me, flattening this tongue against my hole, and licking up my entire center. He sucks my clit into his mouth once he reaches it, and I cry out, my hands tangling in his hair.

Cole pauses, and I drop my hips that I didn’t realize I raised back onto the mattress.

“S-sorry. It’s been a while,” I admit, the heaviness of the statement lowering my voice.

He hums and dives back in without mercy. His other hand pushes down my lower stomach to keep me in place as he eats my pussy like it’s his last meal on earth.

“O-oooh god,” I moan, clamping down on the tongue speared inside me before it drags back up to my clit. “Fuck, I don’t think you need any more lessons.”

Cole’s chuckle can barely be heard as he lets go of my stomach and pushes two fingers into me. He suckles my sensitive bud while pumping his fingers slowly. I bite down on my bottom lip, my body trembling as he brings me to my release faster than I anticipated.

His head tilts back, and he takes a deep breath, his heated, filled eyes locking on mine. “You need to come on my face, Olivia. I need to taste your pleasure.”

He doesn’t wait before returning to his task, and I tumble over the edge at his words. I would never tell Cole that his dirty talk is my biggest weakness. The knowledge would be dangerous in his hands, considering he followed through with instructions without hesitation.

I cry out as he fingers me through my orgasm, licking at my clit to prolong it. I push his head away when it becomes too much, and he watches as my vision returns, and I blink down at him. My breasts jiggle with how hard I’m trying to catch my breath.

He licks his lips with a grin, rising up onto his knees.

“Stop,” I hold up a shaky hand. “Take off your shirt and lay down. I want to be on top.”

Surprise flashes across his face, but he does what I ask. I admire his bare chest before glancing down at the unbuttoned jeans at his waist. The bulge reminds me of the monster underneath. He lifts his hips up as I pull off his pants and boxers, tossing them near my clothes.

Turning back to the gorgeous naked man on my bed, I shake my head at the perfection of his cock. The thickness and length is so perfect that it should be molded and sold so every woman has the pleasure of feeling it inside of them.

“Olivia?”

I smile at Cole and move closer to him. I trail a finger along the hard plains of his stomach as the muscles flex, and the hard cock near my elbow twitches. My mouth waters at the thought of tasting it again, but I know what he wants more, so I move my hand down and wrap it around him.

Pumping his shaft, I climb over his lap and line him up at my entrance. Cole fists the sheets on either side of his hips, his jaw tight as he watches. I slowly sink down on him, my eyes squeezing shut as I push through the ache of his thick cock stretching me.

“Fuck, I don’t– uhh, god it’s so warm,” Cole groans. As my thighs touch down onto his pelvis, I open my eyes and drop

my hands onto his chest, leaning slightly forward. He's panting, his cock throbbing as I pause.

My lips twitch at the strain on his face. "Let me know when you're okay for me to move."

Cole shakes his head. "I don't know if I'll ever be ready."

I shift, balancing on my knees, and he grunts. His hand clamps down on my hips, his fingers kneading the flesh. I lift only a few inches and then slide back down his hard cock. Cole's head falls back against the mattress as I ignore the warning of his tight grip and ride him. It isn't about me, I'm not even trying to get off, though with the size and length of his cock, it would be easy to achieve without trying.

I alternate between grinding against him and dropping down, unable to stop the moans escaping my mouth every time he's buried deep within. He nudges against my cervix with each thrust, and I know if he were ever to fuck me rough, I would walk with a limp the next day.

When I think about how I could teach him a bunch of different positions, even some that aren't possible unless you're blessed to fuck a man as well-endowed as Cole, heat courses through my belly. My pussy clenches, and Cole's body jerks.

"*Fuckkkk*," he draws out, biting down on his lip as he tries to buck up into me. "Shit. It feels so good."

I smirk and push off his chest. Leaning back, I grip onto his thighs and spread my legs further open. "Watch me fuck you."



Cole's gaze zeroes in on where we're connected. I lift, moving till I can feel the tip of his cock almost at my entrance, and then drop back down. I thank god for the random neighbor who suggested I take the pilates class that allows me the strength to do this. Cole's mouth falls open, and I pick up my pace, struggling to catch my breath, and I impale myself on his dick over and over.

"Olivia—" he grunts, and then the hard length buried deep swells, the warmth of his cum spilling inside me.

My eyes widen as I pause, savoring the feel of it. I can feel every pulse of his cock as he empties, coating my walls. He's shaking by the time he starts to soften, and I sit forward, grimacing as it pushes some of his cum out, leaking all over him.

His cheeks are red as he stares up at me. "I'm sorry. I didn't have time to warn you."

Shrugging, I smile and wave off his concern. "It's fine. We don't have to worry about all that." I push away the sadness of where the train of thought could take me and climb off him.

He grabs my arm and pushes me to his side. "Wait, I've seen enough romance movies to know this next part is my job."

I raise my eyebrow. "What?"

Cole scratches the back of his neck and stands. "Let me clean you up, Olivia."

He hurries to my bathroom, and I take in the perfect globes of his ass before noticing the tree trunk swinging between his

legs with every step. I cover my eyes with a groan and turn away. Life is incredibly unfair to give an eighteen-year-old that kind of body and cock.

Cole comes back with a damp washcloth. I watch him silently as he gently cleans the cum leaking from my pussy and our combined mess all around it. The tenderness of his touch and focus twists at my heart.

“Just toss it in the shower and come lay down,” I tell him when he’s done. He flashes me his bright smile, taking a few minutes to clean himself and then moving to lie next to me.

I sigh, moving to rest my head on his chest. “Now, you tell me why this is what you wanted for your birthday.”



## Olivia



“Morning, Mom,” Jensen greets me like he always does. My knuckles are white as I grip the mug, glancing behind him. The coffee is bitter in my mouth as anxiety riddles my mind and body. I know Jensen will notice any awkward tension between Cole and me.

“Uh. Good morning. I woke up late, so I didn’t have time to cook.”

Jensen shrugs, stretching out before making himself his own cup. “That’s cool. Can we grab something on the way?”

“Yeah, of course. Is Cole almost ready?” I ask, grateful my voice didn’t waver.

“Oh, he didn’t spend the night, but we should probably grab some food for him too,” Jensen says, blowing at the steaming coffee before leaving me in the kitchen alone again.

I want to smack myself for the slight disappointment. This is perfect, and I should be thankful Cole decided to spend the night away from me. After I fucked him in my room, we laid

there comfortably for awhile before getting up and grabbing some takeout. Once we ate, Cole went back to school to make it back in time for practice. I expected to see them both afterward, so I hid in my bedroom like a coward.

Now a flicker of annoyance courses through me that it was all for nothing because Cole had avoided the house entirely. After our time together, I've felt unsettled, uncertain how to feel or continue as if I didn't have the most amazing sex in almost a decade.

I change into a soft sweater and jeans and meet Jensen in the car. I'm lost in my thoughts as I drive through our usual breakfast spot, and I don't spare a glance out the window as I drop him off. If Cole wants to avoid me, I'm going to extend the same small courtesy out of respect.

When I pull out of the parking lot, I decide to focus on the errands I need to complete to get my mind out of its spiral. These are the times I debate getting a job, but after years of staying home it's hard to give up my free time when I don't need to be there for a paycheck. I manage our money well enough to know I never need one if I don't want one.

I could call one of my friends, but since the majority still have young children, our lives are not always in sync. My husband and I accidentally got pregnant at 18, and while we never regretted keeping Jensen, it definitely put us on a social hiatus from partying with all our friends in college.

Climbing out of the car, I make a mental list of what I need from the grocery store, but my mind goes right back to Cole. I

always make sure to add extra amounts to accommodate him, and even pick up some snacks I know he likes. Shaking my head, I scold myself for even thinking about not grabbing them. It would be obvious if I didn't act normal; the whole point is to act like nothing happened. As soon as I'm in the store, I'm reminded why I started to shop on Saturdays evenings only.

“Olivia! Hey, long time no see!” Greg jogs over from the customer service desk. His long, dark hair is thrown up in a bun. Shadows of days-old scruff are peppered along his jaw. He isn't a bad-looking man, but he's pushy and doesn't get the hint that I'm not interested. The constant need to come up with rejections of his advances makes me uneasy, and I try to avoid him as much as possible.

“Hey,” I give him a tiny wave and try to pull the cart between us and walk toward the other side of the store. Unfortunately, he follows alongside me.

“How are you? I'm glad you stopped by. Trevor said he's seen you shopping on Saturdays, and I was going to switch shifts next week so we could talk.”

Note to self, I really needed to find a completely different place to shop. Even if I have to drive twice as long to get away from these stalkers.

“Yeah, it's easier with Jensen in school.” I tell him grimly.

He nods. “He's eighteen, right? He's an adult, probably doesn't like his mom hanging around so much.”

I press my lips together tightly to prevent the snarky comment that almost escapes. He doesn't notice I haven't replied when he keeps going.

“So, I was wondering if you were ready for that date,” he chuckles, as if he's telling some inside joke between us.

I pause. “It's just been really crazy busy with Jensen's football and school. You understand, right?”

Greg nods quickly. “Right, right. Of course. Maybe when things settle down.”

I paint a fake smile and then tilt my head towards the entrance. “I think you have a waiting customer.”

His eyes glance over my shoulder and widen. “Shoot. I'll find you after and we can talk some more.”

Walking away briskly, I grab my items as quickly as possible and hope he doesn't catch a break so I can check out without the hassle of his presence. It's not till I'm safely back in my car that I realize I grabbed all my normal items without a second thought of Cole. It gives me a small hope that I can get over my recent infatuation.



## Cole



*“You like that? You like this big cock in your tight–”*

I cringe, pressing the volume down as the guy keeps talking as he pummels into her. My hand slows on my hard cock, trying to focus on the ass of the brunette in the video. She was my favorite because the color of her hair reminded me of Olivia, even the slight pinkish undertone of her pale skin was similar. I preferred the shots that didn't show her face because it was easier to think of someone else. But this particular video was getting on my nerves. Or maybe it's the fact I've had the real thing, and the fantasy doesn't come close.

Pumping my cock a few times, it finally deflates when I catch the smell leaking in from the kitchen. Exiting out of the porn, I put myself away in my boxers and kneel to reach the window above my bed. I shove it open, using my math textbook to wave out the stench. I know they don't care if the smell of their vice cooking seeps into my clothes or school supplies, but I sure do. It's embarrassing to see the uncertain

glances as I pass, wondering if they recognize the smell and worrying they think I'm high.

This is why I try never to come home. Not that my mom ever notices if I am here or not. Flopping down onto my bed, I debate heading over to Jensen's house. It's been a week since my birthday, and I've had excuses not to come over every day. I know he will start to get suspicious soon, but I needed to give Olivia some time to herself.

If it were up to me, I would never leave her house. In fact, I would crawl into her bed and sleep next to her every single night. But she was spooked, and I knew I had to ease her into the idea of us. A giggle and then a moan pierces through my wall, and I grimace. Rolling off my bed, I change into shorts and T-shirt. I plan to make my run long enough to outlast any of her clients tonight. I make sure to grab my phone in case I decide not to come back at all.

Jogging down the stairs, I barely miss the old man standing at the bottom. His thin white t-shirt has yellow stains on his armpits, and dark spots litter the stretched material over his bulging belly. He scratches his side and then pulls up the ragged shorts, slipping over his greasy skin. Mr. Rodgers is the epitome of a slumlord. I'm sure he gets away with everything because once he washes off all the gunk and grime to don a suit for court, he looks like any other average white man.

"Boy! Where's ya momma at?" he grunts, removing the lit cigarette from his mouth.

I shrug. "Haven't seen her."



His beady eyes narrow and glance down my body, his tongue dragging across his chapped lips. “She’s late givin’ me my money.”

Stepping back, I shrug again. “I don’t know what to tell you, Mr.Rodgers. I barely see her.”

“Well someone gotta pay. Either you or your momma. And if you ain’t got cash, I’m sure we can work somethin’ else out.” His gaze moves pointedly to my crotch.

Bile rises up my throat, and I back away further. I could easily overtake him if he tried something, but I honestly don’t want to touch him at all. “I’m sure the police would love to hear about you asking for sexual favors from a minor.”

I doubt he knows I turned eighteen last week, but he knows I’m still in high school, at least. His dirty face blanches, and he shoves the cigarette back into his mouth as he moves away from the stairs.

“Ain’t doin’ nothin’ like that,” he grumbles as he turns and walks away from where I’m still standing.

My teeth grind as I watch him knock on someone else’s door. An apartment that I’m sure has a young girl and her single mom. My fists clenched, unsure what to do.

“Leave it. Getting you and your mom kicked out won’t change a thing.”

I glance at the deep voice to my right. My body relaxes as I take in Wyatt smoking on his porch. He holds out his joint, and I shake my head.

“Can’t. I’m in season.”

He smiles, his teeth bright in the darkness of the shadows.  
“How’s that going? I never see you around much.”

Sitting next to him, I sigh as my chest aches. Without Wyatt, I’m sure there were a few times when I was younger that I would have died. He always seemed to know when my mom would go on days-long benders and would sneak into our home to bring me back into his. As I got older, I could tell he could barely afford to feed himself, let alone a small child he never asked for. That was when I started spending more nights at Jensen’s as I recognized the signs so I wouldn’t be left to fend for myself.

“It’s good. The team is solid this year. I think we have a good chance for championships.”

Wyatt bumps his shoulder against mine. “I’m sure those college scouts are swarming around you.”

“Yeah, maybe. So the coach says,” I mumble. I haven’t given much thought to college yet.

He exhales the smoke slowly, then stamps the lit end out against the concrete before tucking the roach behind his ear. “Get out of here, Cole. Do what you gotta do, but don’t think about your momma or even me for a second.”

My jaw tightens, and I glance over at him. His dark eyes are watching me with their usual warmth. “You understand me, son?”

I nod, turning away as my vision blurs a bit. “Yeah, I got you.”

He pats my back and then stands. “It’s Friday night. Go have fun or whatever you kids do. Don’t linger around this dump.”



## Olivia



The steering wheel jerks in my hand as a rattling sound startles me. I pull to the side of the road, thankful I'm on a usually empty residential street. Clutching the keys in my hand, I climb out, walk around my Jeep, and groan when I see the flat tire.

I open my trunk, move the floor mat, and grab the kit and spare tire out before calling Jensen to come meet me. While I've learned how to do a lot of things for myself being a widow, changing a tire is not one of them.

After three unanswered calls, I dig through my purse until I find the old roadside assistance card, only to be left twice as aggravated when I find out the coverage has expired and they want over five hundred dollars to reactivate and come out for an emergency service.

“Olivia?”

I scream, turning around from where I was resting against the door to face Cole. Butterflies flutter in my stomach, and

my cheeks flush as flashes of our night filter through my mind.

“Cole?” I question back, glancing down the deserted street. I wasn’t that close to either of our houses.

His chest is rising and falling fast as he steps closer. He lifts the bottom of his shirt, showing off his muscular stomach as he wipes the sweat off his face. “You need help?” He waves his hand towards my flat tire.

I bite my lip, unsure if I should accept his offer or eat the cost of the roadside assistance. The longer I’m in his presence, the more my body tingles. I’ve been grateful he’s avoided the house, or at least me, the past week since school began.

Cole’s eyebrows furrow. “Are you really contemplating saying no?”

With a sigh, I shake my head. “Sorry, thanks for asking. I grabbed the kit out of the trunk.”

He nods, grabbing it and rolling the spare closer to the flat tire. He squats down to get to work, and I glance away, shaming myself for admiring his body once again. Then I remember what my son had texted me an hour ago when I had left for my errands.

“So, where’s Jensen? He told me he was with you and didn’t answer when I called.”

Cole freezes, his face flushing as he sneaks a peek at me before focusing back on the tire.

“Uhh. He was with me, but I decided to go for a run, and he left. I’m not sure where he went.”

I fold my arms across my chest as I lean against the car.  
“And you wouldn’t lie to me, would you?”

“Of course not, Mrs. Mathews,” he mumbles, and the car shakes as he continues to change out the ruined tire. My lips thin as I watch him through narrowed eyes. I am positive he is lying to me.

“What are you doing running around here?” I ask instead.

Cole shrugs. “I just run wherever. Don’t really have a place in mind. I know the town well enough to make it to a main road if I get lost.”

“It’s still dangerous.”

He looks over his shoulder with a mischievous smirk.  
“Worried about me, Olivia?”

I narrow my eyes. “Of course... I still care about you. Like a second son.”

“Really? That kind of feeling and what we did would be technically illegal then,” Cole snickers.

My cheeks burn, and I glare harder, hoping he can feel my withering stare. “That’s inappropriate.”

“Not as inappropriate as when you were on your knees and—”

“Cole! Stop talking about that night,” I exclaim, then sigh.  
“Sorry. We agreed, didn’t we? We would go on like normal.”

He’s silent as he works through my tire. Worry courses through me that I upset him, but at the same time, I need him

to stop acknowledging the obvious sexual tension that has been thick in the air since he appeared before me.

After a few minutes, I clear my throat. “Thanks for doing this.”

Cole shrugs again. “Pretty much learned how to do it with my eyes closed sophomore year in auto shop.”

I’m impressed till the stark reminder that sophomore year was less than two years sours my mood. I grind my teeth, hating the constant shame of the gap between our ages.

As he stands, he peels his shirt off and uses it to wipe off the grease and grime on his fingers from my tire. I bite down on my tongue to stop it from falling out of my mouth at the sweat-slicked skin of his abs. When he lifts the old tire and swings it into the trunk, I fan myself for two seconds to cool off my ridiculously horny body. I walk to my driver door, determined to get away from this man and his tempting ways.

He slams the back shut, and I can hear the shift of the gravel as he walks towards me. His hands are empty, and I frown, wondering if he threw his shirt in my car too. I don’t care to ask because Cole without a shirt is something I’m having a problem tearing my eyes from.

“So...uhh thanks again.” I give him a half-smile. His intense stare is a bit unnerving for someone so young.

Cole smirks, a darkness stretching across his face. “That’s all I get. A thanks?”

My heart pounds faster. “What else do you want?”

He steps closer, and I place my hand on his bare, warm chest to try to stop him. It doesn't as he continues, pressing his body against mine and leans forward, his lips touching my ear. "Bend over, hands on your seat."

I jerk my head back. "W-what?"

Cole grips my waist and flips me. My hands catch on the seat of my car as he pulls my hips out, his foot tapping against my ankle to open my legs wider.

"Cole!" I try to shout, but it comes out as a strangled rasp.

His fingers knead the flesh of my cheeks before they curl on the waistband of my leggings and pull them down. He lets out a groan when he sees my pussy and ass are bared to the world since I had gone without underwear.

"I've dreamed about this all week," He whispers. His touch searing me as he caresses my embarrassingly soaked folds. "Have you thought about me?"

I close my eyes as he pushes a finger into me, and I clench around him. The material of my tank top rubs against my hard nipples as I lean forward more to support myself on the seat. I rock my hips back into his hands, silently demanding more.

He adds another, stretching me around his thick fingers. He pumps them slowly in and out. "Have you missed me, Mrs. Matthews?"

"Yes," I admit, a moan escaping as his thumb swipes between my ass cheeks, the smallest brush against the sensitive hole sending shivers down my spine.



Cole leans forward, pressing a kiss on the small divot above my butt before I feel his breath on the back of my thighs. His fingers pull out, and his hands squeeze right under my ass cheeks, his thumbs spreading me open. His tongue spears me in the next second, both of us groan as he buries his face further into my pussy. For someone who has only done this once before, it is sinfully wrong how good he is at it.

“S-suck on my clit,” I remind him as his mouth shifts down and does exactly what I asked. Cole pushes a thumb inside me as he keeps the focus of his tongue flicking at my sensitive nub. My fingers claw into my seat as I push back, already so close to coming. How someone so inexperienced can get me off so fast is mortifying. I thought the thrill of the forbiddenness of the first time was a fluke last time.

“Come on my face,” Cole’s muffled groan comes through between my legs. I clench down on his thumb as he slowly pumps it out of me, and then he sucks my clit into his mouth one more time, and I succumb to my release. My legs shake as he continues to eat my pussy through my orgasm.

He stands, and I look over my shoulder as he shoves his shorts down. Cole’s eyes don’t leave mine as he strokes his thick cock before lining it up at my entrance. The heat of his tip bumps my clit for a second, and then he thrusts forward. His hands grab onto my hips, pulling me back onto his cock.

“Nghh.. Oh fuck!” I moan, facing forward and dropping my head onto my clasped hands.

His chuckle washes over me as he starts to pound into me. The pain is delicious and pleasurable as he reaches the end inside my pussy before pulling out and slamming forward again. The slap of our skin is loud on the quiet road. This shouldn't feel as good as it does, it's wrong to fuck my son's best friend for a second time. I didn't even argue with him when he pulled my pants down. Instead, I practically begged for it.

Cole's pace picks up, grunting with each thrust as if he's trying to punish me by fucking me so roughly. I clench down on him, wishing we were at the house and I could show him a different form of punishment.

"Tell me you love my cock," Cole groans.

I bite my lip, a familiar build starting inside my belly again. I'm a goddamn whore for dirty talk, and I need to tell him to stop watching whatever he's learning that from because he's already a walking sex-god. I don't even register his hand leaving my side before it's twisting into my hair, and he's pulling me back into his chest as he leans forward.

"Tell me how fucking desperate you've been for me to fill this pussy again," His husky voice whispers into my ear.

"Cole..." I plead.

He impales me harder on his cock, pausing to grind against my ass. "I know, baby. You want my cum, don't you? Empty everything I have inside you?" Cole's grip tightens, and he starts to swell, and I know he's close.

“Please. Please, come inside me,” I beg. He curses, and his cock throbs, his warm cum spilling into me. I groan, pushing back against him to keep his pulsating shaft buried deep. We stay like that before he pulls out. I hurry to pull up my leggings as I hear him fix his own clothes. I’ll clean up the mess between my legs at home. I turn to face Cole, and his jaw tightens as he stares back.

“Don’t—”

I shake my head. “We promised it was one time.”

Cole’s head falls back with a groan, and he rubs his hands down his face. I swallow, my throat aching as I feel my own frustration. My phone rings, and I grab it from the console, grimacing when I see Jensen’s name. I hold it up for Cole to see.

“This is why we agreed to one time. What if he checked my location and showed up instead? We could have been caught.”

Cole doesn’t look at my phone. Instead, he pleads silently with his eyes as he stands there. I lick my lips, my heart twisting for the young man in front of me.

“I’m sorry, Cole. You understand, right?”

He crosses his arms across his chest. “Can you give me a lift back to your house? I’m supposed to be meeting Jensen there.”

I blink, irritated by the way he ignored everything I just said. “I’m sorry?”

“I’ll tell Jensen I fixed your tire, and you won’t mention anything about him lying to you.”

My mouth drops open. “No. I will definitely be asking him why he lied about where he was.”

Cole shakes his head, pulling out his own phone. His gaze returns to me with a wicked gleam. “Hey man. I’m on my way over with your mom. I caught her with a flat tire on my run.”

My cheeks heat in anger at the audacity of him. Cole smirks, clearly seeing my annoyed state.

“Yeah, sorry dude. Should have told me. I would have covered you, but I didn’t know. Next time just let me know.”

*Next time* I mouth and Cole lifts an eyebrow.

“Yup, we’re just down by the library. Be like fifteen minutes. Yeah, see you.”

He hangs up and walks around my Jeep, hopping into the passenger side. I climb in and throw my phone back in the console.

“I’m still going to ask him.”

He shrugs as I start the car and pull onto the road.

“Yeah, I know. That’s why I gave you an out. Now, that’s another favor you owe me.”

“Owe you?!” I screech, tightening my hold on the steering wheel. “I don’t owe you anything.”

He leans back into his seat, his foot coming to rest on his knee. It pulls his shorts tighter across his lap, and I can see the outline of his dick as it starts to harden again. I tear my gaze

away and focus on the road. Cole's deep laugh echoes in the car.

“You do, baby. You owe me a lot because I'm not giving up on us. And one day, you'll thank me.”

Determination hardens within me at his taunting words, and I don't say anything in reply as we make our way home.



## Cole



“Dude. I need you to skip practice with me,” Jensen demands, slamming my locker shut. He tugs on his letterman jacket, his chest heaving.

I glance down the hallway and look up at him. “Did you run across campus? Isn’t your English class near the field?”

He holds up his phone. “Look at *this*.”

Snatching it from his hand, I re-read the text multiple times before shoving the phone back at him.

“What about it?” I say through clenched teeth, hoping the absolute fury coursing through my veins isn’t obvious. It’s been a few days since our little roadside adventure, and she has adamantly ignored me.

“We gotta stop it,” he says incredulously.

I blow out a breath, trying to calm my pounding heart. I’m so pissed I can’t even think straight.

“You knew your mom was going to date eventually. She didn’t even have to tell you.” I nod towards the text that Olivia had sent that she wasn’t going to be home when we got back from school. I wanted to storm over there myself, but I had to play the best friend card and not act like a jealous boyfriend.

Jensen pulls at his hair as he paces in front of my locker. “Yeah, I know. But I’m fucking positive it’s this creep from the grocery store. He hits on her every single time. He gives me *roofie in your drink* vibes.”

“Who?” I demand, standing up straighter.

“The assistant manager guy. The one always hovering around self-checkout.”

I grimace. “Okay, forget about who. What’s the plan?”

“I don’t know. Go ruin their date,” Jensen says, leaning against the lockers beside me.

Smirking, I shake my head at him. “Find out where they’re going. Tell her you want to know for safety reasons, and we can scope out the place at lunch.”

Jensen brightens, nodding as he starts texting vehemently.

I shift, tucking the books to my side as I clear my throat. “Just curious. Who would you accept for your mom?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, your mom’s gonna get back out there. Who would you want her with?”

His face twists. “I don’t know. There’s not really a person I have in mind, just not that guy.”

“But you would want her with someone who cares about her a lot? Someone who would do everything to treat her right.” I press.

Jensen’s brows furrow. “Yeah, I guess. I don’t know, it’s weird to think about.”

I slump back, slightly defeated. I don’t want to poke at it anymore, or he might get suspicious. Jensen is observant to the point of paranoia sometimes. His phone pings, and he focuses back on it.

“She doesn’t know, but I like your idea. I’m going to have her find out,” he says, clapping my shoulder as he runs off again.

I’m tempted to text Olivia myself, but I’m not certain that she didn’t block my number.





## Olivia



My cheeks hurt from how many times I've forced a smile on my face for the past hour. I feel like an absolute idiot for agreeing to this date. The urgency to debunk my feelings for Cole made me accept without thinking when he had asked earlier this morning.

Pulling my hand away, I grip the stem of the wineglass and bring it closer to my chest as I slouch in the chair. Greg has kept finding any excuse to touch me, and while they aren't entirely inappropriate, they make me uncomfortable. His clammy palms didn't let go of my elbow for the entire walk from his car to our seats, and I had to fight the urge to wipe at my skin with the napkin.

"I still can't believe you agreed," he grins, trying to set his hand between us on the table.

I smile again, not commenting since this is the fifth time he's said it. I sip at the wine, tempted to glance at my phone and have my son fake an emergency. My only hesitation would be

that he would drag his best friend along and I don't want Cole to know anything about my disastrous date.

“Ready to order?” The waitress comes by for a second time, and I want to groan. Greg hasn't even bothered to check the menu since the last time the young girl had stopped by our table.

“Yes!” I interrupt him from sending her away again.

“Chicken Alfredo for me.” I snap the heavy plastic flaps together and hand it back to her. She nods and turns to a flustered Greg.

“Oh... Uh. I guess I'll have the same,” he mutters.

I frown. “I thought you were a vegetarian.” The constant complaints about the deli department came to mind during the times he would follow me around the store.

“Sometimes a bit of a flexitarian,” he shrugs.

The waitress lingers for a second, waiting to see if Greg will change his mind before moving away to her next table.

“Flexitarian?” I ask.

Greg chuckles. “It's a real thing. It means I tend to have a more plant-based diet, but sometimes I will have small amounts of meat.”

My eyebrows scrunch. I was definitely going to look that up later because it sounded like something he just made up to get out of an awkward situation.

“That's—”

“Mom? Weird seeing you here.”

I focus on my son, who is beaming as he comes up to the table, but then my gaze drifts to the furious stare of the man behind him. Shivers run up my spine, and I lick my suddenly dry lips as I turn back to Jensen.

“What are you doing here? I told you where I was going.”

Jensen grins wider, grabs a chair from the neighboring table as, placing it at the end, and straddles it. “Yeah, I just wanted to check out the man who asked you out. I mean, he’s gotta be something special, right?”

I glimpse at Greg’s stunned face and groan. “Two minutes, Jensen.”

I stand, fixing my snug dress on my hips, and give Greg a wry smile. “I need to use the restroom, I’ll be right back.”

His eyes widen, and he starts to make an objection, but I hurry away from the booth. My skin is on fire as I walk, feeling Cole’s eyes on me the entire way. I don’t have to look to know he is following me back. I’m sure he made some excuse to my son about why he is abandoning the interrogation of my date.

Ducking into the women’s restroom, I twirl as Cole slams into the door behind me. I fold my arms across my chest.

“Crashing my date? Really?”

He prowls forward, and I tilt my chin up, unwilling to show that every step is causing my heart rate to increase. His shirt brushes against my arms, and his hands grip onto my waist.

“This wasn’t my idea... considering I didn’t know you had a date.”

I scoff. “I know it wasn’t your idea. Jensen is the only one I told. You could have talked him out of it.”

“Why would I do that?” Cole’s jaw tics. He pushes into me, causing me to step back.

I grab onto his arms as he does it again, and then I gasp when the cold tile of the wall meets the bare skin of my back.

“Because... because you know why I’m on this date!”

I can hear the sharp grind of his teeth and his fingers digging into my side’s flesh. “Say it.”

“Say what?”

“Say that you only went on this date because you have feelings for me. Say this is an attempt to distract you from what’s growing between us.” The deep hoarseness of his voice hardens my nipples, and they are clearly visible through the thin dark purple material of my dress. His gaze drops to them, and he smirks.

“I should fuck you right here. Send you back out to your date full of my cum.”

I press against his chest, pointing a finger up into his face. “No! That is not happening.”

Cole hums. “Have your pussy dripping and making a mess of the seat. Perhaps I’ll turn your ass red so you can’t sit still

because every movement will be a reminder of how the man you truly want wrecked you.”

My breathing is ragged. I blink up at him, shocked and incredibly horny. I’ve never experienced this level of filthiness spoken to me. My late husband had whispered some dirty things in my ear in the middle of the act. But never out in the open like this, never wicked promises I wanted him to follow through.

“Whatever porn you’ve been watching. You need to s-stop it. You can’t talk to me like that,” I rasp out.

Cole chuckles. His hand wraps under my jaw, tilting my head up further, and he presses his lips against mine in a harsh kiss.

“Why? You seem to really like it,” he whispers into my mouth.

His body grinds against me, his scent overwhelming me with the familiarity of it. I can feel the hard length of his cock, the heat of his arousal burning on my stomach.

“Cole…”

He kisses me again, devouring any coherent thoughts with it. I groan, giving into what I’ve been trying to avoid this whole time. After a moment, he lets go and steps away.

“Go on a date with me.”

I frown. “What?”

“Go on a date with me. If you can agree to go out with that loser, then you can agree to go out with me,” he demands tensely. The passionate man from a few seconds ago is gone.

Shaking my head, I walk to the mirror and fix my smeared lipstick and tousled hair. “It’s not the same thing, Cole. We can’t be seen in public.”

“Then we’ll go to a different town. You went out to try to fool yourself about how you feel about me. It’s only fair that I get a chance to enter myself into that competition.”

I sigh. “Life isn’t fair, Cole. Otherwise, my husband wouldn’t have died, and I wouldn’t have fucked the eighteen-year-old friend of my son.”

With a heavy heart, I walk around him and head back to the table. Greg is gone, and I pause at Jensen, eating the pasta Greg had ordered.

“Where did he go?”

He looks up at me with a smirk. “The little pussy ran with his tail tucked before I even got to the serious questions.”

Jensen’s gaze flickers to something behind, and something flashes in them before he turns back to me with a forced smile. “Can’t let this food go to waste. You don’t mind us crashing your date, right?”

I clench my jaw as I sit back into the booth, and Cole takes the chair next to me. “Of course not.”

Jensen nods. “Good. Oh, I ordered you some spaghetti,” he tells Cole.

Keeping my gaze on my food, I didn't contribute to their conversation as I ate silently. Tonight was an absolute failure, and I wasn't even sure I wanted to try again. I shouldn't have agreed to the date with Greg to begin with, it was never good to encourage men like that. And I had a small inkling of worry about whatever was exchanged between him and Jensen.



## Cole



I waited till Jensen's breathing was a steady rhythm before I rolled off the cot he had permanently set in his room for me. I quietly stalked down the hall and glanced through Olivia's open door. Frowning when I saw her room empty, I ventured downstairs toward the small light on into the kitchen.

Her toned legs are visible under the large t-shirt that stops right under her ass. She's leaning on the counter, her arms braced against it as her head is hung.

"You okay?"

Olivia tilts her face towards me, not surprised in the least to see me.

"What are we doing, Cole?" Her broken whisper pulls at something in my chest, and I wrap my arms around her waist. I press my lips against the neck.

"I don't know. All I know is that I want you to be mine."

She turns, resting her hands on my chest. "I don't think I can ever be yours without hurting Jensen."



The longing in her eyes makes me want to be reckless, to throw away my childhood friendship for the woman I'm holding. She's everything I've ever wanted, and I don't see that ever changing.

Instead of answering her, I lean forward and capture her mouth. If all I get is stolen kisses in the middle of the night, then I'll take them as often as I can.

She moans against my lips, and I bend down, lifting her onto the counter. I step between her legs as her fingers tangle in my hair, and we continue to devour each other's taste. Olivia pulls back, panting as her hands reach into the waistband of my boxers and wrap around my hard cock. My head tilts back as her tight fist begins to pump me.

"I need you," she demands.

I push her legs apart further, skimming her thighs with my hands and groaning when I touch her bare pussy. Olivia huffs out a laugh before her hands leave me to pull her shirt off. I lick my lips as her full breasts bounce before her dainty fingers knead at the flesh.

"Put your mouth on them. Nipples are just as sensitive as anything else," she commands, cupping her mound to pull it up for me. I suck the pointed bud into my mouth as her soft whimper fans across my face. Pushing a finger into her wet pussy, she scoots her hips forward to meet the pumps of my hand.

The slick noise of her leaking all over me as I finger fuck her has me groaning against her soft skin. I suck her nipple harder

before turning my attention to the other one. She clenches around my fingers, a quiet moan escaping her throat. I curl my fingers, caressing the bumps she instructed me to find the last time I was buried knuckles deep.

“Shit,” she gasps, her rocking hips picking up speed.

I pull my mouth away, resting my forehead against her as I twist my hand to rub her clit with my thumb.

“Come for me, baby,” I say.

Olivia grunts. “You’re getting too good at that.”

Smirking, I fuck her faster. “Be a good girl and come all over my fingers, and I’ll give you my cock.”

Her pussy clamps down, her legs trembling as her release washes through her. I swallow down her moans, saddened that I can’t hear them to their full extent. I slow my hand movements, riding her through her orgasm till her cunt finally relaxes its hold on me. Shoving my shorts down, I stroke myself with her juices and then pull her close to the edge of the counter before plunging my full length inside her.

“Cole! Holy—”

I shove my fingers into her mouth with a smirk. “Shut up and lick me clean.”

Olivia’s pussy flutters around my thick cock, and I exhale sharply. I acted without thinking, and I was thankful she didn’t slap me for it. I think another part of it was the fact she was being entirely too loud for someone who didn’t want to get caught.

Her tongue swirling around my fingers has my eyes rolling back as I still, buried deep. She gives me a few more licks before pulling off my hand with a ‘pop’.

“Should I be concerned how much your dirty talk and overall dominance has improved?” The small smile on her lips tells me she’s joking, but I still give her an unamused stare.

I lean forward and kiss her. “It’s only ever been you.”

Olivia’s eyes squeeze shut, and her arms wrap around my neck. I slide my cock out before inching it back in. My pace is slow, wanting to draw out our time together. Each time before has been frantic, animalistic in nature, and I want to savor her.

“Let me take you to bed,” I whisper against her lips.

She nods, and I lift her. Her legs squeeze tight around my waist, and I laugh when my dick doesn’t slip out of her.

“No wonder you can’t stay away,” I joke as I carry her out of the kitchen.

Olivia rolls her eyes. “You have a beautiful cock, Cole. Is that what you want to hear?”

“Yeah, actually. I–”

The squeak of a floorboard has me spinning us to the living room. I drop her on the couch, collapsing on top of her. I drop my forearms on either side of her head so all my weight doesn’t crush her.

I glance down at her as the loud footfalls of Jensen echo throughout the house. Olivia’s eyes are wide, our chests are

rising and falling in a synced rapid rhythm. We were so close to being caught. I can hear Jensen rummaging around in the kitchen, and I want to laugh at the fact we are completely obscured from view because of the position of the couch.

Smirking down at her, I thrust my hips softly.

“What—”

I cover her mouth with my hand, curling my other one around the arm of the couch for leverage, and thrust harder. Olivia bites down on my hand, but I ignore it and pick up my speed. The deep cushions prevent the sound of our skin slapping as I start to pound into her. Her son is grabbing a midnight snack or whatever as I fuck his mom a few feet over. And my cock has never been harder.

Her eyes roll back as I continue to fuck her tight pussy, my hand muffling her moans as she rocks her hips with each thrust. I'm sure if Jensen wasn't half-sleep, he would register the rustling of the rough couch material, but I truly don't give a fuck anymore. Nothing is going to tear me away from this woman's warm cunt.

I move myself back down onto my forearm, grunting into her ear as I continue to rut into her. I won't last much longer.

“Beg me for my cum.”

Olivia rakes her nails down my back. “Baby, please come inside me.”

“*Oh fuck,*” I grit out as my cock swells, and I instantly spill into her. I will never admit that her calling me baby is what

sends me over the edge, but I continue to rock into her through my release. Shoving my cum as deep as my cock reaches with each pump.

My brain registers the sound of Jensen stomping back up the stairs, and I know I will have to clean myself and follow him up soon. There's only one real excuse for leaving his room in the middle of the night, but I still can't produce the energy to hurry along at this moment.

We're panting as my dick stops throbbing, and I've emptied every drop into her pussy. I kiss her under her jaw as I shove my face into her neck.

"I don't think I'll ever get over that," I tell her.

She hums, her soft laugh washing over me. "There's still so much to learn, too."

My cock twitches, and she clicks her tongue. I smile as I push myself up and kneel between her legs. My breath catches at the sight of my cum leaking from her pink pussy. I swirl my fingers up the trail of it and push all of it back into her.

Olivia gasps. "Cole— that's...Don't do that again."

My gaze locks with her. "Why? I like knowing my cum is inside you."

Her body shudders, and I smirk. "I'm beginning to learn that if you tell me not to do something, you actually mean the opposite because you like it too much."

She glares at me as she swings her leg around me and snaps them shut. "Go to bed, Cole."

“You don’t want to read me a bedtime story first? You can tell me about all the times you’ve gotten off at the thought of my cock.”

I grab her wrist when she ignores me. “Wait. Go out with me, please.”

Her shoulders slump. “Cole.”

“Just one time.”

She rolls her eyes. “I’ve heard that before.”

A soft smile crosses her lips, and then she slowly nods.

I let go of her and clutch my chest. “You have blessed me. I will be forever grateful for this opportunity.”

Olivia swats the back of my head as she hurries to the kitchen. I watch her tip toe up the stairs with her shirt in hand. Sighing, I do the same and am relieved to see Jensen back asleep when I make it to his room.



## Olivia



With each passing week, football consumed Cole and Jensen's life, and the trepidation of agreeing to a date hung over me. It was a ludicrous idea that was on a crash course to disaster because I was sure that Cole's idea of a date wasn't to stay inside the house. And anything out in public was basically begging to get caught.

Tugging the sweater tighter around me, I shifted on the cold bleacher. Tonight was the first home game of the season, and I've never missed any in their entire high school career. The problem was that I couldn't stop staring at the young man whose dick I was seeing on a very regular basis. And that thought, while surrounded by the family and friends of the players, made my stomach heavy with shame, with disgust at myself.

As if hearing my inner turmoil, Cole catches my gaze as he jogs off the field. His lips curl in a secretive smirk, and my cheeks blush. My heart skips a beat at the promise in his heated eyes. One single look and any doubts wash away, and I

should be ashamed of that, but I can't seem to care as the last few minutes of the fourth quarter tick by.

I climb down the bleachers and wait on the side of the locker room so I can see them when they leave. A strange sense of nostalgia washes over me as I think about a time when I would have run off the field after cheering all night to jump into the arms of my freshly showered boyfriend. It's been a long time since I've reminisced about memories of my husband. It hurts to think about him and how we really didn't get the time we were promised together.

It scares me to have feelings for Cole, the way I've started to crave those secret smiles and stolen moments at night when he could sneak away. He's still so young and has his whole life ahead of him. I feel like a thief taking any of that away from someone he could end up with.

"You cooking something, or can we stop by somewhere on the way home?" Jensen asks, making me jump as I miss them walking up to me.

"Whatever you boys want. You're the champions." I smile, trying to tear my lingering gaze away from Cole.

Jensen rolls his eyes. "Not even close yet. We still got a few more games to win."

They choose a local diner, and I have to stop my body from tensing when Cole slides into the booth with me, leaving Jensen across from us.

"God, I'm starving," he says.



Cole hums in agreement, slinging his arm behind along the top of the seat. A few weeks ago, I wouldn't have thought anything of it, just like Jensen doesn't now. But the closeness of his heat and his familiar scent engulfing my space is almost overwhelming. My thighs rub together, and I'm thankful for the sweater hiding my hardened nipples.

Clearing my throat, I grab the menus from the end of the table and set one in front of both of them. "So, how's school going?"

Cole shifts in the seat, opening his legs till his thigh is pressed against mine. He drops his arms as he flips through the plastic-coated papers. "It's alright. Kind of hard to focus on anything but graduating."

"And football," Jensen adds. "Classes are boring as fuck."

Cole snorts. "Please, you have Mr. Willcot for history. I heard..."

I stop listening to their conversation, trying to keep my attention on the menu but focusing more on the finger tracing small circles on my inner thigh. I never expected Cole to be so careless in public, especially in front of Jensen.

His finger trails up my leggings, pressing against the seam that runs along my center. It pushes against my clit, the tiniest of pressure dousing me with arousal. I should push his hand away, but I curl my hands around the menu, focusing on keeping my breathing under control. Cole rubs harder, his movements are slow and precise so as not to give away what

he's doing as he continues to carry on the conversation with his best friend.

My pussy clenches, aching to be filled. I roll my hips slightly, moving against his finger. If he makes me come in the middle of this restaurant, I'm unsure if I'll praise or berate him.

“Mom?”

I snap my attention to Jensen. “W-what?”

His brows furrow. “You okay? The waitress is waiting on you.”

He jabs his thumb towards the young woman waiting at the end of the table. Cole pulls his hand away, and I almost whine at the loss of his touch.

“Sorry,” I blush before ordering. When Cole moves his hand back, I push it away before crossing my legs and leaning toward the wall of the booth.

He glances at me, but I keep my focus on Jensen, engaging more with the conversation.

Throughout the rest of dinner, I keep myself positioned away from the tempting man at my side, effectively blocking any efforts to touch me again. Once they finish all of their food, I tap his shoulder to get out, but he follows me to the register.

“Go back to the table, Cole.”

“Just going to the restroom before we leave.”

He smirks when I narrow my eyes. He glances back at Jensen's back before squeezing my ass and kissing my cheek. "Sorry if I made you uncomfortable earlier."

I soften but step away from him. "I wasn't uncomfortable. We should just be careful. Now go."

By the time he's done, Jensen and I are waiting for him in front of the diner. On the drive home, he ignores me like he would have done months ago. I try not to let it bother me, this was exactly what I asked for. But when they both disappear upstairs as soon as we get home, the loneliness hits, and I swallow the lump in my throat.



I'm sitting on the couch, reading the newest book release from my favorite author, when quiet footfalls creak on the stairs. I glance up at Cole, making his way down, my stomach clenching in anticipation.

"Jensen already passed out. I think I'm going to head home," he says. Disappointment makes me frown, but I push it away.

"Oh. Okay. Goodnight, Cole."

He smiles, shoving his hands into the pockets of his jeans. “You’re not going to walk me out?”

Rolling my eyes, I set the book down and walked towards him. When I go to move past him to the door, he hooks his arm around my waist and pulls me into his chest. I tilt my head back, and he kisses me. My fingers twist into his hair for a few seconds before I pull back.

“We promised not while Jensen was home,” I whisper against his lips.

He groans. “Why do you think I’m going home? It’s been torture spending the night down the hall from you.”

“Are you saying you can’t control yourself and you have to leave?” I tease.

Cole smirks, holding me tight as he walks us to the front door slowly. “That’s exactly what I’m saying. I’m half-afraid I’ll have a wet dream moaning your name laying in the cot next to him.”

My eyes widen. “Are you serious?” But the thought of Cole having sex dreams about me sends arousal straight between my legs.

“Mhmmm. It’s only gotten worse now that I know how tight your pussy is.”

I push away from him, but he pulls me back and kisses me again with a laugh. “Tomorrow. Our date is tomorrow, okay?”

I smile. “Okay.”

“Sweet dreams, Olivia Matthews. One day I’ll fall asleep next to you.”

Before he can try to kiss me again, I push him away with a giggle and shut the door. I exhale, the giddiness of his touch making me blush. I slide down the hardwood till my ass sits on the back of my Ugg boots, grinning as I shake my head at how crazy happy I feel.



## Olivia



Twisting my body, I smile at the way the jeans fit over my ass. They're a little tighter than the last time I slipped them on, but I haven't really been keeping up with my exercise routine. I've been getting most of my cardio from riding Cole's cock, if I'm being completely honest with myself.

I feel a little silly about how nervous I am getting ready for this date with Cole. It makes me feel like a teenager, which is souring my mood a bit, considering I'm going out with an actual teenager. Rolling my eyes, I try to push away the negative thoughts for the umpteenth time this evening.

Walking over to my vanity, I smile as I take in my straight hair and make-up. It's been a while since I've gone all out. Even for my date with Greg, I barely remembered to throw a dress on. I put my diamond earrings in, pausing when I reach for my wedding band. I rub at the bare finger. It would be odd not to have it on, but it's something I need to get used to. I know Cole would never ask me to do that, and I hadn't thought twice about wearing it with Greg, but it almost seems

disrespectful to wear it with Cole, not only to my husband but to him as well. I can no longer deny that I definitely feel some type of way for Cole, even if I don't want to.

“Olivia?” he calls from downstairs, and nerves flutter in my stomach.

“Upstairs!” I shout back, hurrying to finish some touch-ups of my make-up.

The handsome man appearing in my doorway has me inhaling sharply at the bouquet of roses in his hands. The gesture has my vision blurring, but I blink away the excess water before it can turn into tears. He gives me a half smile, a blush tinting his cheeks.

I look back down to my littered vanity counter. “What?”

“You're just so gorgeous.”

Rolling my eyes as I glance back at him through the mirror, I finish off my look with tinted chapstick and step back to admire my entire outfit. Cole sets the roses down on the vanity as he moves behind me. He swipes my hair off one shoulder, kissing my neck as his hands rest on my waist.

“Do you not believe me, Mrs. Matthews?” His whisper is soft but taunting as he continues to trail kisses on my skin.

“Olivia...” I gasp back when his bare hands slip under the sweater, one slipping to the waistband of my jeans and the other pushing my bra cup up so it can palm my breast.

He hums, his finger pinching at my nipple, and I jerk, unprepared for the jolt of how sensitive they are. “I like the

sound of Mrs. Matthews. I think when we get married, I'll take your name."

His heated gaze locks with mine through the mirror, no humor reflecting back, and I knew he was serious. My mouth falls open when his fingers slide into my panties, running across my wet folds.

"Cole..." I couldn't comprehend exactly what his statement meant when his hands were on me. I always lost any coherent thought when he was touching me.

He nips at my neck. "Watch me make you come. See how I see you. How beautiful it is when your cheeks turn pink when you're all flustered, how your eyes widen right before you come, how you bite this perfect bottom lip as you clench around me."

Cole pushes a finger into my pussy, and I gasp. I should have just waited to get dressed until he showed up because I've gotten to a point where I'll fuck Cole any time he wants.

He pumps in and out of me, his hand still rolling my nipple between his fingers. His tongue runs up till he sucks on the lobe of my ear. I shudder, clenching down onto his finger, and my pussy gushes.

"I didn't know that was a spot for me," I pant when he does it again. He smirks, our eyes not straying from each other.

He fills me with another finger, the heel of his hand pressing down my clit with each thrust. Arousal twists in my stomach, I



want more. I need more. I tilt my hips, causing the hard bulge of his cock to grind against my ass.

“You fit in my arms so perfectly,” he groans, kneading my breast. “Perfect height to fill you with my fingers. Or if I could you over and pound you with my cock.”

“Please,” I beg, and he shakes his head.

He fucks me with his fingers harder, his ragged breaths loud in my ear as he rocks his hips with each thrust.

“When we get home, baby. I’ll fuck you all night,” his husky voice rasping in my ear pushes me over the edge. I cry out as I come, and Cole curses, stilling as my pussy clamps down on his fingers. He pulls my bra down as he moves his hand out from my sweater to my hair, twisting my head to the side and crashing his mouth to mine.

He kisses me as I come down from the orgasmic high, licking up my gasps with each movement of his palm against my sensitive clit. When he finally removes his hand from my jeans, he sucks glistening fingers into his mouth.

My pussy clenches at the action, dying to be filled again. I fiddle with the button of his jeans before he laughs, grabbing my wrist.

“We gotta go, baby. I plan to have you awake for a long time later.” He wipes his fingers on his jeans before grabbing the flowers and winking at me as he leaves me in my room.

I take less than a minute to fix my clothes and run my fingers through my hair. Taking the stairs quickly, I find him leaning

against the kitchen counter, staring at the bouquet with an unreadable expression.

“What?” I ask, curious what he is thinking about.

He shakes his head. “You can’t get mad.”

I narrow my eyes as I grab the roses from him to put them away, just now admiring the dark jeans and plain black henley he’s wearing. I’m fairly certain they were clothes that Jensen and I had given him last Christmas. He probably hasn’t done it intentionally, but I like him wearing something I picked out.

“I was thinking about how I got to avoid the awkward first date photos that moms take because... well, I’m going out with the only woman who would care to do that.”

Shutting off the water when the vase is half full, I unwrap the flowers and swallow down the lump that has formed in my throat. I know Cole was joking about what he said, but the statement makes me incredibly sad and guilty at the same time. I keep my focus on the roses as I finish placing them in the vase and set them on the dining table.

When I turn to Cole, he’s watching me with a grave expression, wariness swirling in his eyes. I smile and hold out my hand. “We can still take photos. I would like that.”

Cole stares for a moment before grasping my hand and pulling me into his arms. He takes his phone out and holds it out and above us. I rest my head on his chest as I smile up at the device, and Cole smiles back before looking down at me and taking another photo as he presses a soft kiss on my lips.

“Beautiful,” he says when he puts the phone away, but doesn’t let go of me.

I crinkle my nose. “Let’s go, handsome. I promised you a date.”



“Mini golf?” I giggle, not even trying to conceal my excitement as I watch out the window.

Cole smirks. “That okay?”

“Yeah, it’s been a long time.” I don’t want to admit that the last time I went mini-golfing was probably when I was a teenager. He smiles, pulling our entangled hands up to his mouth so he can press a kiss on them. Butterflies flutter in my stomach because it’s also been a long time since I’ve sat in someone else’s car as they drove. Even Jensen prefers to sit in my passenger seat, only occasionally driving himself to school.

“Well, the last time I saw you out to dinner, you looked bored out of your mind. And I never want to see that expression on your face when you’re with me.”

I roll my eyes. “That was more about the company than the destination.”

“Shh, let’s not mention the man you tried to move on from me with. I’m honestly kind of offended you chose *that*.”

Trying to swipe at his arm, he chuckles as he parks and hops out. He rushes around the front of the car and pulls open my door.

I still give him a teasing glare. “Look, it was short notice and the first offer. I’m sure I could have gotten better if I tried.”

Cole’s tongue drags along the bottom of his lip, and he presses me against the car. “We’ll never know, will we?”

My pussy clenches at the dark promise unlined in that sentence, and I nod. He kisses my forehead and whispers, “*good girl*” against my skin. I shudder as he holds my hand and pulls me toward the entrance to the entertainment park.

“So, snacks first, or want to play a round?” he asks as he buys our wristbands. I wrinkle my nose, hating that he is spending money on me when he only worked a barely minimum wage job over the summer and I have more than I could ever spend sitting in the bank, but I’m not sure how Cole feels about that, and I don’t want to wound his pride.

“Definitely snacks,” I grin, glancing at the row of food trucks. It’s been a while since I’ve indulged in treats like that.

He pulls me toward the closest one, and the nostalgia of the teenage summers I spent buying Icees with Jensen’s father hits

me. I need to stop thinking about my husband, but it's hard when that is all I have to compare to.

“What flavor?”

I shrug. “Surprise me?”

Cole smiles. It wavers a bit when his gaze roams over my face. He orders from the truck and moves us to the side to wait for the specialty treats.

“You okay?”

Leaning up, I kiss his cheek and then snuggle into his shoulder as he wraps his arms around me. “It's kind of my first date, too, you know? The only other person I dated was over two decades ago.”

His head rests on top of mine. “We can leave if you want. I was only thinking about how much I wanted to take you out, I didn't think about how you would feel.”

“No. No! I want to be here. With you. My thoughts just drift, and I've been told I have an expressive face.”

Cole smirks and runs a finger along my temple. “You do. You get this little crinkle right here when you're about to come and—”

I cover his mouth, giggling. “That's enough out of you. Go be a gentleman and grab our drinks.”

He steals a kiss before doing what I asked and handing one of the cold cups to me. I sneak a peek at his blue before smelling mine. I sip at the red icy drink, humming as the

delicious syrupy cherry flavor explodes in my mouth. “God, I haven’t had one of these in so long.”

Cole smiles. “Let me try it.”

Tilting the straw toward him, he shakes his head before his mouth crushes on mine. His tongue thrusts between my lips, the hotness of it shocking to my coldness from the slushie. I gasp, and he moans, kissing me harder before pulling away. He runs this thumb along his bottom lip before he sucks on the tip, his eyes twinkling with mirth. “Delicious.”

My head falls back as I laugh loudly. I can’t believe the boldness of the man, especially as one who has apparently never dated before. “You are a force to be reckoned with, Cole Peterson.”

His face softens, and he steps closer to me, his hand cupping my cheek. “Only if you’re standing beside me, Olivia Matthews. They say a King is nothing without his Queen.”

“Cole...” I sigh, the affection in his confession softening my tone. Sometimes, the intensity of what he says dangerously lowers my guard, tempting me to give completely in.

He shushes. “I know, just give me tonight, okay? We’re just Cole and Olivia out here.”

I bite down my lip and nod. “I’d like that.”

His hand squeezes my ass as he pulls me closer to his warm, hard body. “Maybe if you’re good, I’ll show you the secret hook-up spot around hole seven that all the kids at my school brag about.”

I laugh. “*Please*. You think your generation discovered that? This was around when I was a horny teenager too.”

“Horny!” Cole exclaims, laughing with me. “If anyone is the horny one between us, I believe it is you.”

“Mom?” The voice behind me washes over me like ice water. I don’t realize I’ve spilled the drink till I feel the coldness soaking through my jeans, and I blink, staring down at the pool of red slush all over my shoes. Cole’s arm drops from around me, chilling me further as he steps away.

“Jensen...” he says tentatively.

The pounding of my heart rings in my ears as my chest constricts, and I find it difficult to breathe. My body is frozen, unwilling to turn and face the truth waiting behind me. Suddenly, I’m shoved to the side, and I stumble as a pair of hands catch my arms. I thank the stranger and snap back to the two boys rolling and grunting on the ground.

Jensen’s indistinguishable screams as he tries to punch Cole have his face turning red in exertion. Cole is blocking the blows and trying to calm him as tears are streaming down my face. I’m unsure which one I should plead to stop because I know Cole is holding back, but I hadn’t expected Jensen’s explosive anger. I stand there sobbing, wrapping my arms around my waist. It’s only a moment more before surrounding passengers jump in and pull Jensen and Cole off each other.

“You’re fucking dead!” Jensen shouts, shrugging off the strangers. He straightens his shirt, panting as he brushes off the dirt.

Cole holds up his hands. “Just let us explain. Please, Jensen.”

My son’s eyes cut to me, a multitude of emotions swirling in them. Disgust. Shame. Embarrassment. Hurt. The last one has my chest aching. I step toward him, but he mirrors my movement backward.

He shakes his head, wiping the tiny trail of blood from his lip with the back of his hand. “I can’t deal with this right now.”

A hiccuped sob escapes my throat as he storms away. I flinch when Cole’s hand touches my back, and he pulls away. Using my sweater, I wipe my tears and snot, not caring about the smudged mascara staining the fabric.

“Can you take me home?” I ask, already walking to his truck without an answer. The entire ride, I never think to ask why Jensen was there.





## Cole



“MATTHEWS! What was that! YOU DON’T TACKLE HIM!” Coach screams from the sideline.

I push Jensen away from me and roll onto my stomach, bracing myself on my elbows as I stretch through the pain. It wasn’t like I didn’t deserve the illegal tackle, especially since he rammed into me with his helmet.

He snickers, getting up from the ground. “Sorry, Coach. I mistook him for a different player.”

Dylan jogs over, offering a hand to pull me up. He gives Jensen a wary look. “Whatever is going on between you two, I would try to fix it because I feel like Jensen is out for blood.”

I grimace, glancing at my best friend, who is glaring daggers.

Coach’s whistle pierces the air. “Hit the showers. The play done pissed me the fuck off.”

Jensen’s shoulders sag, either in guilt that practice was cut short or disappointment he wouldn’t be able to hit me again.

He walks off without another glance at me, and I sigh.

“I don’t know if we can fix it,” I tell Dylan, my defeated tone low as I shrug.

He grimaces and then pats me on the back before taking off to follow Joey into the locker room. Neither Jensen nor Olivia will talk to me, not that I’ve tried much on the latter. I figure she probably has my phone number blocked in solidarity for being on Jensen’s side. It hurts, but I can’t blame her. I also know I won’t have a chance with her again without fixing my friendship with Jensen.

I jog down the field, following my team into the warm concrete room that seems to absorb every smell that pours out of a teenage boy’s body. Most of them are already half-naked, waiting for an open shower. This is when Jensen and I would usually just throw our gear in our lockers and head to his house to shower instead.

As I walk to the row of metal where Jensen is currently stuffing his clothes into his bag, he pauses when I stand at the end. His gaze drifts to me, and he sneers, slamming the door shut.

“I hope you’re not waiting for an invitation.”

I shake my head, holding my hands up. “I only hoped we could talk.”

Jensen’s mouth opens in a snarl before he snaps it closed and glances around. He nods toward the door, and I follow him

silently to the parking lot. He tosses his bag into the bed of his truck and turns to me with crossed arms.

I lick my drying lips and then let out a hollow laugh. “Look, I know how protective you are of your mom. That’s why I never mentioned how I feel about her.”

His neck strains, and his jaw clicks from how hard his teeth are grinding. His knuckles are white as his clenched fists rest inside his elbows. “How you feel about her?”

Scratching the back of my neck, I roll my shoulders and look away. “I never had a mom, Jensen. Not really, you know that. Your mom... is everything I wished mine was growing up. And then, one day, I stopped looking at her like a stand-in. She was... more than that.”

His exhale is loud, and he leans against his truck, shaking out his hands. “How long has this been going on?”

I cringe and give him a sheepish look. “Bro, I have no way around this, so I’m just going to say it. And if you punch me, you punch me. Nothing happened till my birthday when I skipped school and begged Olivia to take my virginity.”

Jensen’s face pales, and his head snaps back hard enough to hit his truck’s window. He lets out a hiss and rubs the back of his skull. I grimace as he stands there, blinking and his mouth gaping open like a fish.

I give him a few minutes before I clear my throat. “She’s all I ever wanted. I can’t explain it. I love you, and you’re my brother. But I couldn’t control how I needed her. And once she

actually gave me a chance, nothing was going to stop me from taking it.”

His eyes harden. “Even at the risk of losing me as a friend?”

Staring at him, I don’t answer. I’m not going to confirm it out loud and become even more of a bad guy.

He nods, his throat bobbing as he swallows. “Yeah, that was a stupid question. Just like how stupid I was to ignore the lipstick that was smeared on your mouth that day in the restaurant.”

“I know you’ll probably never forgive me, but... don’t be hard on your mom. You’re all she has.” My heart aches knowing Olivia is probably spiraling with Jensen finding out about us. We both knew the risk of our relationship, but it was easy to pretend when we hadn’t faced the consequences yet.

Jensen stands taller. “Fuck you, Cole.”

“Sorry, I—” I try to explain again.

“No, you just need to shut the fuck up and leave me alone. Leave us both alone. Stay away from my mom.” he shouts, opening his truck and climbing in before peeling out of the parking lot.

Grief settles heavily in my stomach as I watch his tail lights disappear. Nothing came from our talk, but it felt like goodbye. A closure of sorts that I’m not ready for. I can only hope that his love for Olivia outweighs his hate for what we’ve done, considering I pursued her.



## Olivia



It's an odd feeling knowing you're in the wrong about a situation involving your child. You can only apologize so much before giving them space to approach you. There isn't a lesson to be learned here. The two closest people in his life betrayed him, and I'm unsure how to help.

Jensen skids to a stop when he notices me in the kitchen. I glance at him and then back at the stove. I've barely seen him in the past two weeks. Cole has reached out a few times, but I haven't texted him back. I need to fix my relationship with my son before focusing any attention on him.

"I made dinner. I can leave a plate in the microwave if you want to wait till I go back to my room," I say softly, unable to stomach the food myself. My emotions have made my stomach a jumbled mess of nerves, and I can't hold anything down.

He sighs. "Mom. That's the most depressing shit I've ever heard."

I swallow to soothe my aching throat, forcing the nausea away. “I just want to give you the space you need. I don’t want to push you.”

The screech of the chair has me peeking over my shoulder as he slumps down at the table. He rubs a hand down his face. I make us both a plate of food and bring it over, seating myself across from him.

“Thanks,” he mutters, and we eat in silence for a few moments.

Jensen stands suddenly and walks to the fridge, and grabs a can of Coke. He pauses and holds it up. “Want one?”

“Sure,” I nod. I don’t actually want soda, my stomach is a bubbling mess of nerves. But I’m not going to do anything that could be viewed as a rejection of whatever olive branch is being offered.

He sets it down in front of me and takes a seat again. I push the food around on my plate before Jensen finally leans back.

“It was your laugh.”

“What?”

“Your laugh, that’s how I found you guys at the park,” Jensen says, his chin quivering for a second before he clears his throat. “At first, I thought I imagined it. A sound I vividly remembered from my childhood before—” He looks up at the ceiling, blinking harshly before tilting his head back down. “Then it came again. So loud and clear. I had to know why. What was making you so happy... Why him?”

I look up at him, and clench down on my molars. His tense face watches me back and I shake my head with a small shrug. “It just happened. I don’t know what to say. One day, he was the boy I helped raise, and then the next, he wasn’t.”

Jensen’s throat bobs. “He was my best friend.”

“I know, Jensen. And I’m so sorry. I never meant for it to happen.” My voice is hoarse as I try to hold back tears. The devastation on his face is hurting me more than anything, and I’m afraid if I cry, he will just get irritated by it and end the conversation.

He scoffs. “Cole has never been into anyone the entire time I’ve known him. I’ve never heard him talk about another girl or kiss another girl. Hell, I thought maybe he was gay.”

I hate that a sick, twisted part of me found satisfaction that Jensen was confirming everything Cole had already admitted to me. That his feelings were genuine and not just a ploy to get me into bed.

“I think he was afraid to speak about it with you. I mean, how would you approach your friend?”

Jensen grimaces. “I wouldn’t bang my friend’s mom to begin with.”

I sigh, biting the corner of my mouth. “It’s... more than that, Jensen. We’re not just— Look, we didn’t mean to hurt you, but you can’t help who you’re...”

“In love with?” he offers, the stoic expression not giving me any hints if that’s what he wanted or if that’s what he’s afraid

of.

“I don’t know. Maybe.” I run a hand through my hair and lean back. “After your father, I’ve never been interested in anyone. And then, one day, Cole was confessing how he felt, and I could see it. I could see myself with him. And maybe that’s selfish of me. Maybe I should have just ignored it. But you have no idea how lonely it’s been.”

Blowing out a breath, I blink away the tears. “To have someone you planned to spend the rest of your life with *ripped away* from you, it’s crippling, honey. It’s not easy to move on. Actually, I’m pretty sure if I didn’t have you, I wouldn’t have. I would have just joined your dad.”

Jensen wipes at the corner of his eye, and I reach for him. He cups my palm in his, and I rub at the back of his hand with my thumb. “It’s just a different side of grief than losing your parent. And not something I could openly discuss.”

He snorts. “Yeah, I don’t need to know about your sex life.”

“I know that Cole really wanted to keep this a secret because he didn’t want to lose your friendship. But if we had continued, I’m not even sure how we would’ve told you.”

“I know—”

Loud pounding of the door startles us both, and Jensen hurries to open it. Cole is holding himself up on the frame, blood pouring from his face, and the visible skin of his neck is red and purple.

“Oh my god!” I gasp.



Jensen hisses out a *jesus* as he grabs Cole under the arm.

“I— nowhere... go,” Cole mutters through rattled breaths.

“Put him on the couch!” I command Jensen, running to the bathroom to grab some towels and the first aid kit. Tucking the folded white cotton under my arm, I squat down to rummage under the sink. The kit is buried in the back, and I curse when I knock over a bunch of items as I pull it out.

Kicking the box of tampons out of my way, I pause as I stare at the wrapped plastic applicators spilled all around my feet. I can’t remember the last time I had my period, but that isn’t unusual for the past two years. That doesn’t mean I’m pregnant just because I’ve been sexually active. I honestly don’t believe I can conceive, so why do I have a sense of foreboding while staring at the menstrual products?

“MOM!”

Jensen’s shout rips me from my thoughts, and I hurry back to where he’s hunched over Cole. He’s taken off his shirt and is pressing it against Cole’s face.

“Turn him on his side. Take this,” I give Jensen the towels and grab our pitcher of water out of the fridge. Cole’s face is so swollen, I know he can’t see us. I have to swallow down the bile that is building at how he looks. “I need to see how deep the cuts are. If he needs stitches, we have to take him to the hospital.”

Jensen nods, moving to his knees and wiping Cole’s face gently with towels as I start to pour the water. Cole jerks at the

first touch of coldness, a guttural groan twisting my stomach further.

“What happened, dude?”

Cole tries to turn his head toward Jensen, his skin pulling tight as he grimaces. “Ma...client.”

Jensen flashes me an angry look, his fist clenching the towels tighter.

“What does that mean?” I whisper, pouring more water as I lean over to inspect the cut running right through Cole’s eyebrow.

“His mom is a fucking hooker. Sells herself for money or drugs, I don’t know. Her clients are nasty pieces of shit.”

I pause. This was the first I’ve heard of this. Cole hadn’t told me much about his family, but I just figured they worked a lot, which is why I didn’t mind him spending a lot of time with us over the years. “What?”

Jensen shakes his head. “Cole can explain, but he probably stepped in between some clients for his mom.”

“Brass...K-knuckles,” Cole grits out.

“Bastards.”

I agree with Jensen. I push the pitcher into his hands and grab another towel as I push my son gently out of the way. Wiping away the excess water, the blood has slowed to a trickle. It’s still deep enough that it will probably require a

stitch or two. I can use some butterfly bandages till some of the swelling goes down.

Cole's hand grips onto my waist, his fist flexing as he pulls me closer by my shirt. "I'm—"

"Shhh. Stop trying to talk." I trail a soft finger down his jaw and then turn to Jensen. "Help me take off his shirt. If he was hit with brass knuckles in his midsection, there's a good chance something is broken or bleeding."

My son nods, handing me a pair of scissors from the first aid kit. I give him a small smile. I hadn't thought about cutting it off.

Jensen laughs. "We saw it in a show one time. Cole talked about having some crazy tattoo as a jump scare to the paramedics."

I raise an eyebrow and start cutting through the thin t-shirt. I suck in a sharp breath when I see the bruises already forming along his ribs and stomach. Jensen leans over and cusses.

"We should take him just in case," I mutter.



## Olivia



Nurses and doctors swarm us as soon as we get to the ER, and they wheel him to the back without allowing us to follow. Jensen watches with his hands clasped behind his head, his body tense.

I tuck myself into a chair, thankful for the sweatshirts that were left in Jensen's truck and are covering the blood on both of us. After a few moments, my son comes to sit next to me.

"You know what's fucked up?" he whispers.

"What?" I turn to face him.

He laughs softly. "One of my first thoughts was that if you two were married, you would have been allowed back with him. But I'm still struggling to accept what you guys did."

I hold out my hand for him to grab. He does, and I lean onto his shoulder. "Sometimes things just are. They don't have to make sense, especially in situations like this where someone we love is hurt."

Squeezing his fingers, I lick my drying lips. “Want to know my first thought?”

“Yeah.”

“How nice it was to see doctors actively trying to help him instead of him being walked straight to the morgue.”

Jensen tenses. “Jesus, mom.”

“Sorry,” I apologize, forgetting how young he still is. He probably barely remembers the days following his father’s death. Most of that time blurs, but a few instances never leave my mind. They constantly sit on replay or I suddenly have flashbacks when I’m reminded.

After an hour of no updates, Jensen settles into the chair, playing on his phone. I venture around to the lobby to get something to drink. When I pass the receptionist’s desk, I clear my throat to get her attention.

She smiles up. “We still have no updates.”

“Oh. I figured. Um...this is going to sound odd. Do you guys have pregnancy tests for sale?”

The woman blinks slowly. “Pregnancy tests. Uhh. No, but we could administer one for you.”

I blanch. “Oh, no thank you. I don’t want a bill for that, I’ll just wait.”

She chews on the corner of her lip. “Sorry.”

I wave her off, it was my own weird worry to begin with. I doubted I was even pregnant, but I had a nagging feeling

inside my chest. I wanted that small relief from the proof that it wasn't possible. Grabbing a bottle from the vending machine that thankfully took a card, I wandered back to Jensen's side.

"I let Coach know that Cole probably won't make it in for a few days or more," he said, putting his phone into his pocket and resting his head in his hands.

My heart aches that they were in this situation. "What happened, Jensen? I didn't know his house was that bad."

"That's why I was always trying to get him to move in. His place is a dump, and his mom barely even acknowledges his existence. He has to lock his room to keep others out." He sighs, cracking his neck back and forth.

"Why didn't either of you explain that to me? I would have told him to move in."

Jensen grimaces. "Cole was convinced that his mom would figure out some way to sue you for kidnapping or something. He wanted to wait till he was 18, and I guess he did. Just moved into a different room than I thought." The snarky tone reminds me that he's not okay with what happened between us.

"I don't think he should return to his house," I say softly, more than motherly care pushing the demand.

"I know." His defeated stance makes my stomach twist.

I reach over and place my hand on his forearm. "He can stay in the guestroom, and nothing else will happen between us. I

promise.”

Jensen pulls his arm away, and I try not to be hurt by it. “It wouldn’t really matter if you did. It’s already happened, so what’s the point?”

“Out of respect for you—”

He scoffs. “If you had respect, you wouldn’t have done it to begin with.”

“Watch your tone, Jensen. I made a mistake, but I’m still your mother,” I scold.

His nostrils flare, but he mutters an apology before facing me fully. “Is it a mistake, though? If I hadn’t caught you guys that night, you would have continued seeing him. Wouldn’t you?”

He’s not wrong. I stopped viewing Cole as a mistake the minute I agreed to that date. My only regret was hurting my son. We both knew we were risking our relationship with Jensen if we were ever caught, but that didn’t seem to deter us from each other.

Jensen can clearly see the conflict on my face as he nods and turns back to watch the door Cole had disappeared behind. There was probably more to be said, but we seemed to be at a standstill for the night.

Another hour goes by before a doctor comes out to greet us. I stand promptly, and Jensen lingers behind me. “Ribs are bruised, but none broken. We patched up the split skin on his forehead, but he is showing signs of a concussion. We don’t

suspect any signs of internal bleeding, but we're just waiting on the ultrasound, just in case."

Relief courses through my body, and I exhale loudly. "Can we see him?"

"Just waiting on the imaging, then he'll be ready to be released. One of you can go back to see him." The doctor nods before we can thank him and walks back out the door.

I turn to Jensen. "Did you want to see him?"

Jensen's jaw tics. "He'll probably want to see you more."

"That's not true, Jensen. He still loves you."

My son shrugs and makes his way back to the waiting room chairs. The nurse from the front desk smiles at me as she comes to open the door to the back. She catches my arm as I try to pass her and pushes something into my hand. I stare down at the foiled packet and am shocked when I realize it's a simple pregnancy test.

"Most of the restrooms are already stocked with urine cups," She whispers before swiping her badge to open the door and leading me to Cole's room.

My gut turns when I see him lying on the bed, his swollen eyes shut, but his chest is moving steadily. The nurse moves to the computer on the side of the bed and hums. "Looks like they gave him a low dose of pain medication. He might be out for a bit, but he should wake up soon."

She gives me a small smile and thumbs up as she leaves the room, pulling the curtain behind her before shutting the door. I



glance down at the test in my hand, not wanting to feed into that false hope.

“If it’s negative, it doesn’t change anything in your life,” I whisper, shaking my head before moving to the bathroom after one final glance at my potential baby daddy.

The urine cups are easy to find under the sink, and I stare at the small foil packet on the counter as I force myself to pee in it. I feel foolish even considering taking this test. My husband and I tried for so long. While Cole and I haven’t been careful, I’m only a few years shy of forty. It shouldn’t be that easy.

Setting down the warm plastic container, I get up and wash my hands. I pick up the foil, looking for instructions, and grimace when I come up blank. There wasn’t time to even grab my phone when we rushed out of the house.

“Well, it can’t be that hard to figure out.” I rip it open and stare at the thin white stripe. The pink side is marked HCG, and the other side has a black line marked max. Thankfully, it’s easy enough to understand what end goes where. Dipping it, I wait till I see the liquid soaked and set back on the counter.

Note to self: clean the counter of my bodily fluids. I grimace at what I have done, but I’m too preoccupied with the most dreadful part of this process. The waiting. It was only a few minutes, but it always stretched on like an eternity.

I leave it there as I dump out the rest of the cup and throw it out. Opening the bathroom door, I peek out to make sure Cole

is still asleep. Disappointment runs through me when I see his unmoving form, and I turn back to the test.

One singular pink line near the black line has formed, and I shake out my hands. If it's just another negative, it's no big deal. We weren't even trying, and it probably isn't possible anyway. It's nothing to get hurt or upset if another line doesn't form.

I pace the tiny tiled room, counting to 60 in my head, before glancing at the test again. Squinting, I pick up the stripe and hold it up to the bright bulb over the mirror, unsure if that is a faint pink line or if I'm just seeing anything I want. I set it back down, move my hand to block out the light, and bite down on my tongue when I can't see a secondary line.

A groan from the other room has me tossing the negative test into the trash with a heavy heart. I clean up the mess, forcing myself to leave the crushing feelings in the bathroom as I exit it.

Cole is wiggling in the bed as I pull the chair to the side and take his hand in mine. His eyes peel open an inch, and his head turns to me.

“Olivia?”

I squeeze his hand, resting my head on it as I stare at him with a smile. “Yeah, baby. It's me.”



## Olivia



Watching the girl with the straight black hair waiting patiently across from me, I can't help but smile at the large tattooed man at her side rubbing at her swollen belly. They seem so young but so incredibly happy about the child she is growing.

“Olivia Matthews?” A bright voice pulls my attention from the young couple to a small woman in pink scrubs holding the door to the back office. She smiles as I walk towards her. “Hi, I’m Jackie. Just stand right over there so I can grab your weight and height.”

Nerves flutter in my stomach as I follow her instructions silently. I know I’m in delusional denial, but I’m not ready to face the truth.

“Alright, got it. Let’s head this way.” She smiles again and leads me down the hall.

When we reach an empty room, I set my purse and keys on the chair as she holds out a urine cup. “Bathroom is right outside. Leave it in the designated area after you’re done.”

I mumble thanks and quickly fill the cup, hating the reminder of the negative at the hospital. There's a small rack next to the toilet, and I set it there before rushing back into the room and closing the door behind me. Nurse Jackie has her laptop open and smiles as I settle into the exam chair.

“This is your first visit with us, right?”

I nod, twisting my fingers that are resting on my stomach.

“Excellent. And what brought you in today?”

Exhaling, I lick my drying lips and give her a shaky smile. “I need you to confirm I'm not pregnant, and I'm just going through a crazy menopause thing.”

Her eyebrows raise, and she glances at the chart displayed on her screen. “You're a little young for menopause, but we can definitely run some tests to confirm. When was your last menstrual cycle?”

“Uhh.. like two years ago. I've spotted here and there.”

“Are you on birth control?”

“No.”

“Sexually active?”

I blush. It was ridiculous to be embarrassed by the question at my age as if she could tell who exactly I was fucking. “Recently.”

Jackie gives me a wink. “And are you and your partner using protection?”

Groaning, I bury my face in my hands. “No. I know, it’s stupid. But I struggled with infertility for years after my first. And then—” I inhale sharply, dropping my hands. “When my period stopped coming, I just assumed that was it. You know?”

She smiles, the comforting warmth radiating off her. “Periods have a mind of their own. They can come and go for various reasons. Would you like us to run an STD panel during your exam?”

“No, it’s not necessary.”

Her lips purse. “You sure? It’s covered by your insurance.”

“Right... I probably should anyway.” I agree with her, unwilling to explain that the only man I’ve been with recently has never been with anyone else.

“I’ll let the doctor know. Were there any other concerns?”

I shake my head. I’m only looking for an answer. Am I pregnant, or am I starting menopause? Or what if it’s none of the above, and I’ve been freaking out over nothing? The test I took in the hospital was difficult to read, but I was sure it came out negative. It definitely wasn’t as easy as a little white stick with a tiny window saying yes or no. I couldn’t bring myself to buy another one to confirm. If I’m pregnant, then I probably should find out what’s going on with my periods. Maybe even try to regulate them if possible.

Jackie pulls out a flimsy gown and long, scratchy paper, handing them to me. “Go ahead and get undressed. You can

leave your bra on unless you would like the doctor to perform a breast check.”

She leaves as I remove my clothes, folding them and stacking them on top of my purse before climbing back onto the table. I wiggle my covered toes, laughing softly at the bright orange llama socks on them. I hadn't paid attention while grabbing them this morning, unused to anyone seeing them. With each passing minute, I try to keep my thoughts from straying to the possibility of being pregnant. I don't want to get my hopes up. We tried for so long after Jensen, even talking about consulting a fertility doctor right before he passed away.

If I got knocked up by the eighteen-year-old I was sneaking around with, I'm sure it's a cruel twist from the universe mocking me. But I wouldn't care, I would want this baby. Tears fall loose into the corner of my eyes, and I wipe them away quickly. It's naive to think about keeping a hypothetical baby.

A soft knock, and then an older man steps through. “Hello, I'm Dr. Roberts.”

I shift on the chair, giving him a tight-lipped smile. He sits on the rolling stool, moving close to me.

“So you're here to see if you're pregnant or pre-menopause?” He reiterated what I told the nurse.

I nod, and he grins. “Those are two ends of the same spectrum, aren't they?”

The tension eases from my body as I laugh. “Yeah, I guess so.”

“Well...” he pulls out his tablet, balancing it on his lap as he smiles. “The urine test came back positive. If you want further confirmation, our tech is here today, and we can do an ultrasound. I noticed you don’t have a date for your last menstrual cycle. How far along do you think you could possibly be?”

Hope fills my chest, and I struggle to focus on what he’s asking when images of onesies and decorating a nursery fill my mind. “Uhm. Yes, please, let’s do an ultrasound. And... uhm. No more than a couple of months. It was a very long time before that.”

“Sounds great! Let’s get you laying back so I can do your pelvic exam, and then I’ll have the tech come in for the ultrasound. It may have to be transvaginal, depending on the gestation age, okay?”

I count the tiles of the ceiling as the doctor goes through the motions. He makes comments on how everything feels normal before taking the swaps needed for the STD panel. By the time the tech comes in for the ultrasound, I’m a trembling mess of nerves.

“Oh!” The exclamation startles me, and I wipe my head to the screen that the tech is watching. The wand she’s holding onto between my legs shifts.

“What?” my voice cracks with worry.

The tech glances at me. “That was a good ‘Oh’, mama. The babies are further along than we expected. I would say approximately between 10-11 weeks. I’m going to switch to the abdominal to see if we can grab some more measurements.” She moves the sheets to cover my lower half and lifts my dress.

My lips part. “Wait... did you say babies?”





## Cole



I poke at the lingering yellow bruises on my stomach. I can barely feel them now, and at least they aren't as bad as the ugly ones on my face and neck. I've missed school and practice for the past week, isolated in the guest bedroom of the Matthews' house. Not even Jensen or Olivia have spent a lot of time with me.

After I woke up to her at my bedside in the emergency room, I had kind of expected more. It was like I was an unwelcome guest they were stuck with. She cooked my meals, and Jensen dropped them off without a word unless it was lunchtime. Then Olivia would scurry out if I tried to talk to her.

Dropping my shirt, I walk back into the room and stuff my remaining clothes into my backpack. I was determined to leave today. I wasn't sure where I was going to go. Maybe Wyatt could let me stay at his house. Though, I would probably need to get a job to help him with the costs of an additional person living with him.

Olivia knocks lightly before opening the door, the usual tray in hand, as she walks in. She pauses when she sees my bulging backpack and the empty floor.

“What are you doing?”

I frown. “Leaving. I’ve bothered you guys enough.”

Olivia sets the tray down on the nightstand. “What are you talking about?”

“Look, it’s obvious you guys don’t want me here. Thanks for letting me stay as long as you have, but I’ll figure it out. No biggie.” I give her a half-smile.

She shakes her head, scrunching her hands into her hair near her scalp. “You can’t leave.”

Raising my eyebrows, I stare at her. “Why not?”

Olivia blinks, her chest rising and falling faster as her breathing picks up. She bites down on her lip, and my cock twitches to life for the first time in almost two weeks.

“What’s going on? Are you okay? Did my mom threaten you or something?” I try to run through the list of possibilities of what might have happened in the time I’ve been stuck in these four walls without limited outside contact.

“I just want to say that I didn’t plan this. I honestly didn’t think it was possible.”

I don’t respond, watching her silently as she paces a few more steps before facing me fully, her hand resting on her stomach.

“I’m pregnant.”

Shock dries my throat, my tongue tingling as I absorb what she says. “You’re—”

“With twins.”

My eyebrows shoot up. “Twins?!”

Olivia laughs, the dry hollowness of it echoing her despair. “Apparently, multiples are more common in geriatric pregnancies. They called me geriatric, Cole! Not only does my age put me at risk, but now so does the fact I’ll be carrying two babies.”

My mind whirls, and I slump down on the bed, blinking at her. “We’re pregnant?”

Her face tightens. “I— Cole. You’re still really young. You have your whole life, and I’ll never keep them from you, but I don’t expect anything. I have the means to take care of them.”

Bitterness taints my mouth as bile creeps up my throat. “You think I’ll abandon my babies?”

She shakes her head, stepping closer, but I grab her wrist from touching me. “Cole, that’s not what I meant. I’m—”

“That’s what you said. You don’t expect anything from me? What if I want to be there every fucking day? They’re my kids!”

Her eyes widen, and her mouth drops open. “I fucking know that! But you have no idea what goes into taking care of a baby, let alone two.”

I stand, using my height to stare down at her. Her chin tilts up, showing me she isn't intimidated by me in the slightest. "Just because I've never raised a child, Olivia... it doesn't mean I wouldn't want my family."

Her face softens, and her shoulders drop. "I was just offering you an out. You can go to college, continue your football, or start a career. Whatever you want, you won't be chained to us."

I growl, cupping her cheek. "When are you going to get it through your stubborn head that you're all I fucking want? I may not know what goes into taking care of a baby, but I know I want to learn. And I want to learn with you and be there for every step of this pregnancy. Because I want to be *with you*."

Before she can respond, I crash my lips to hers. She moans into my mouth, her tentative hands twisting into my shirt.

"I need you," I whisper, kissing down her jaw. She pulls off her shirt and jeans, leaving her standing in front of me in her underwear. I run a palm across my mouth and then drop to my knees. I look up at her as I place a kiss on her flat belly. Her body trembles, and her fingers entangle into my hair.

"Cole..."

I press my face into her stomach, closing my eyes as I breathe in her scent. I know I'm probably naive to want this so badly, but her having my kids ties me to her indefinitely. She'll never be able to leave me. I knead the flesh of her hips, pulling her closer as she stumbles a step. I kiss her soft skin again and then stand.

“Get on the bed,” I smirk. “I need to fuck my baby mama.”

Olivia’s mouth opens in shock. “You did not just say that.”

I push towards the mattress, smacking her ass. “I did.”

She holds firm, her hands resting on my stomach as she sinks to her knees instead. Unbuckling my pants, she pulls them and my boxers to my ankles, and I step out of them. I’ve barely kicked them out of the way when she wraps her palm over my thick shaft, licking at my slit with her warm tongue.

“Fuck,” I grit out through clenched teeth. I hold the back of her head as she runs her tongue down the length of me before suckling my balls into her mouth. They draw up, and fire gathers in my spine. “Olivia... Don’t make me come so fast.”

She giggles, blinking up at me with wide eyes. “I don’t know what you mean.”

I twist my fingers into her hair, pulling her head back as she gasps. I push her hand away and stroke myself, spreading my pre-cum leaking from my hard cock on her lips. “You’re teasing me. You know I like it when you particularly worship my dick.”

“It’s a pretty dick,” she rasps out, licking her lips as I groan. “Plus, you bounce back so fast. It’s fun to set you off.”

I narrow my eyes, smacking my swollen head against her mouth. “Open.”

“I think you’re getting a little too confid—“

I push my cock into her open mouth, groaning when she swallows me down further with a hum. Thrusting in and out of the warmth slowly, I struggle to hold back my release as she chokes on my thick length.

The muscles of her throat squeeze my cock as she swallows my cock, practically begging for my cum. I pull out of her mouth as she gasps for a breath, a long, thin rope of saliva connecting us.

“Olivia, get on the bed. I need to fuck you.”

I pick her up, bending her over the mattress. Her head snaps back to watch me with wild eyes.

Ripping off her panties, I push two fingers into her wet pussy. Pumping them a few times before I stop, line up my cock, and thrust into her. She moans, pushing her ass against my pelvis.

I grip her hips, impaling her on my cock repeatedly as her pussy flutters around me. I push through her tight walls with each thrust, grunting as I bottom out. I lift my knee onto the bed, trying to bury deeper inside her, and skim my hand to her stomach.

“I don’t know why but knowing you’re pregnant makes me so fucking hard. I just want to keep coming inside you every time I think about it.”

Her hands clutch the bedsheets, her legs shaking. “Oh god. Cole!”

I pound into her, knowing my pace is harsh but not caring. It's been weeks without her, and I've missed it every second. I push her harder against the bed, the headboard starting to smack against the wall. When her pussy starts clamping down so tight that I can barely move, I make sure I'm as deep as I can get before finally letting go.

My cum floods her insides, her pussy pulsates with her own release and milks me further. Black dots pepper my vision as I keep coming, spurts of thick white ropes coating her walls. I can feel our mess leaking around my still-hard cock as I stay buried.

She's panting under me, and I rub the cheeks of her ass before pulling out. Cum starts to drip out of her pink, swollen pussy, and I push it back inside, wanting her to smell like me for the rest of the day.

Olivia lets out a squeak, flipping onto her back. "Stop doing that."

"Why?" I ask her genuinely, lying down next to her.

Her face is flushed. "Because... it's just— I don't know how to explain it."

I smirk. "I think you like it. As much as I like seeing your pussy full of my cum. I want to keep it there."

She shivers. "I swear it's like you secretly enjoy torturing me."

I turn onto my side, tracing around her belly button. "We're having a baby."

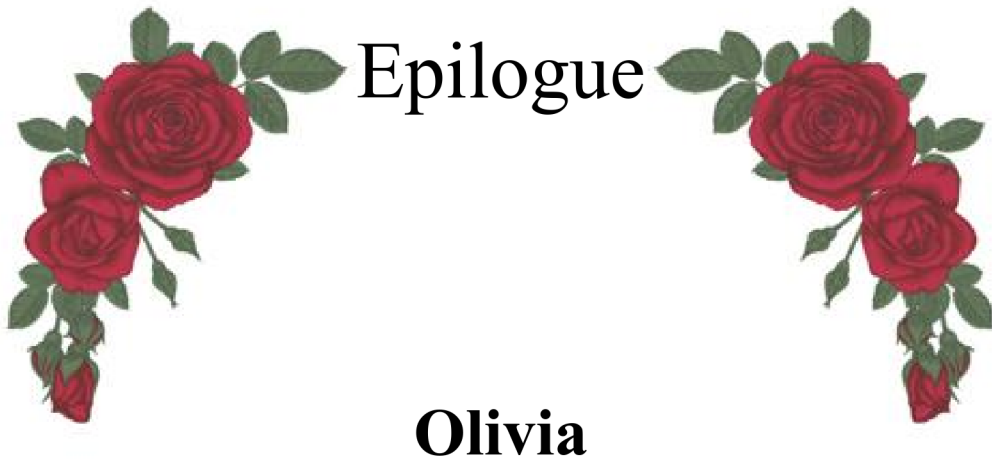
“Babies. Twins,” she says, the love she already has for them evident in her voice.

Sighing, I pull her closer. “What are we going to tell Jensen?”

Olivia tenses. “I don’t know, but we’ll tell him together.”

She snuggles into me and the last of my doubts about us disappears. She’s mine, even if Jensen doesn’t approve. It doesn’t matter anymore. All that matters is Olivia and our children.





# Epilogue

## Olivia

“Abbie!” I shout, trying to grab the back of her shirt as she jerks her hand out of my grasp and starts running. The fabric slips through my fingers as she darts off with a devilish giggle.

Cole lets out a curse, pushing our other daughter, Amber, into my arms so he can take off after her. Her blonde curls shine in the sun as she’s tossed into the air before Cole gets a few steps. Jensen carries her to us on his waist as they laugh. She’s obsessed with her older brother. Amber rests her head on my shoulder, sucking on her thumb as she watches them with caution.

“You can’t run away from mommy and daddy like that, Abbie.” I scold.

She points at Jensen’s graduation cap. “Daddy! Jenjen got a funny hat!”

Jensen snorts. “Yeah, *daddy*. I got a funny hat.”

Cole glares at him before grabbing our daughter. The four-year-old twins have wildly different personalities. Abbie reminds me a lot of Jensen at her age, never sitting still and super talkative. Amber is more quiet and reserved, almost a replica of her father.

“Congratulations! My baby is a college graduate,” I smile at Jensen.

He rolls his eyes. “Not your baby anymore, mom.”

“I’m not a baby! I’m a big girl.” Abbie exclaims.

Cole shakes his head as he pulls Jensen into a hug. Things have improved over the years, but their friendship never returned to what it was. “Congrats, dude.”

“Thanks.” Jensen returns with a genuine smile. “Feels weird. It’s kind of like, now what?” he taps Abbie’s nose and then moves to hug me too.

Amber reaches out for Jensen to hold her, and he pulls her into his chest, bouncing softly as she cuddles into his shoulder. His face softens as he stares down at his quiet little sister.

“Now you have all the time to figure it out,” I tell him, my heart bursting as I glance between my family.

Cole shrugs. “Find a girl, knock her up, start a family. Worked out great for me.”

“Oh my god!” I smack Cole’s arm.

Abbie points her finger at me. “Hitting is bad, mommy.”

“You’re right. I shouldn’t have hit daddy. I’m sorry.” I hold up my hands.

“Unless daddy is into that kind of thing. That why you went for an older woman?” Jensen sneers.

My cheeks heat. “I think I liked it better when you guys didn’t joke about our relationship.”

They exchange a glance before cracking up, and I shake my head, even if I can’t help but smile back. My throat tightens with an overwhelming gratitude for what the three of us have overcome in the past few years. Most of it is for my son’s forgiveness of our betrayal. I know that it was more for the twins than for us. But I don’t care because I’m the lucky one who got to keep her son and the man she fell in love with.

“Really though. I’m so proud of you, Jensen.” I clear my throat.

He smiles, hugging me close again. “Yeah, I know. I could always help you with the organization.” Jensen turns to Cole, shrugging with a small chuckle.

Cole’s eyes widened. “Uhh. You want to work there? It wouldn’t pay well.”

My heart squeezes in my chest. Cole had started a non-profit organization to help others struggling with addiction but can’t afford rehab or the loss of income from not working while seeking treatment. Unfortunately, it was spurred by tragedy when, after high school graduation, his mother set her apartment on fire. It burned half the building down and several

fatalities of residents since the landlord hadn't kept up with maintenance with smoke alarms or sprinklers in the hallway. One of those residents was Wyatt, and the loss hit Cole harder than his mother.

Jensen scratches the back of his neck. "Yeah, I got a couple of ideas for marketing to raise some money. I was even talking to someone with a connection in the governor's office. We can probably get him to sponsor it or something."

Cole nods and then holds Abbie tighter to him. "That would mean a lot, man."

I shift Amber to my other side. The overwhelming love for my family makes me want to cry. "Ready to get home? The twins helped me make a cake for you."

Amber lifts her head, nodding and sticking her drool-covered hand out for Jensen. "Cake."

He grimaces, looking down at the wet, chubby fingers. "Oh, I can't wait."

# Content Warnings

*insert gif of squinting eyes*

JUST KIDDING. LOL

This book may contain, but is not limited to:

- Age-gap
- Exhibition
- Mention of drug abuse/prostitution by a parental figure
- Mention of death of spouse/parental figure
- Mention of past infertility
- Off-page violence inflicted on the main character
- Description of blood/injuries
- **Pregnancy.**

# About the Author



In third grade, this boy was snapping my friend's bra and then he stole my brownie. THE LAST BROWNIE AVAILABLE. So I beat him to the ground and then when he was on the floor, I started kicking him. My dad has the letter from the principal framed and hung on the wall.

Oh and you can stalk me on Instagram

# Also By

## Hired Series

C\*mslut

Be my Daddy

## Standalones

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