Oil and Sugar

by LazyDaizy

Summary

Jughead Jones comes to Betty Cooper's garage 10 years after they broke up, looking for a job. This wasn't the same shy and innocent girl who he had fallen in love with and dated in school. She had broken out from under the thumb of Alice and in her place was a confident and sexy woman who knew what she wanted and took what she wanted. Their breakup had been amicable, after drifting apart when he moved to the south side permanently. Now he was back and she couldn't seem to help herself. She wanted him. He wants her. Can they have a sexual relationship without old feelings rearing their ugly head? The angst ensues as they both fight for dominant control in their new "arrangement".

Notes

this is a smutty fic and in no way a slow burn, so if you don't like that, you probably won't want to read this.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Jughead sat on his bike, his leg pulled up, his forearm casually resting across his knee. The cigarette dangling from his fingers releasing a thin line of smoke that curled up past his face. He watched her. He was always watching her lately. He found himself coming to the North Side more and more, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. Betty Cooper, the girl he had dated for a time when he was 15. The sweet, perfect girl next door. First love for both of them. The shy ‘I love you’s’, the loss of virginity, the whole fucking cliché of first love. It hadn’t lasted. He had moved to the south side and they had drifted apart. Their breakup had been amicable, both agreeing it was for the best because they just didn’t spend a lot of time together as a result of the move. There had been no fighting, no tears, no angst. Just them coming to the conclusion that there wasn’t any way to work on a relationship if they were hardly ever together. They had parted ways and moved on. It had hurt a little and he found himself thinking about her from time to time. Remembering her laugh and smile. The shy way she had always kissed him.

Now, ten years later, for reasons he couldn’t even explain, he found himself wanting to see her. Maybe it was because of things he had heard over the last few years. How perfect little Betty Cooper had broken out from under her mother’s thumb and a confident, sexy woman had emerged. When he had first had a glimpse of this new Betty a few months earlier, he had almost crashed his bike. Gone was the pastel sweater, and in its place a tight t-shirt with an inch of skin peeking through and gone were the jeans and pencil skirts, replaced by short cut offs that made him want to run his hands up her impossibly long legs. He had no idea if she noticed him lurking about. She didn’t appear to, as she never looked or glanced in his direction if he was in the area. He did feel a bit like a stalker, kind of staying in the shadows, just long enough to fill his eyes with her and then moving on. Now he was doing it again. Sitting across the street from her shop.

Cooper Mechanics. He let out a laugh. He wondered what Mama Cooper had thought of this. All through school Betty had been determined to be a journalist. She had enjoyed working with her dad on cars and he had figured it was just a hobby. Now here she was; no journalism career, and owner of a mechanical shop. If he wasn’t looking at it with his own eyes, he would have thought someone was lying. He took a long drag of his cigarette and watched as she jumped out of the old truck she had pulled up in and headed inside. Her hair loose and swinging around her shoulders, her coral colored barely there top, making her look almost bare back and her shorts impossibly….well, short. He felt something clench inside him and to his annoyance, his body responded. He felt a strong need to get to know the new Betty Cooper. He wasn’t going to use the word ‘improved’, because he had loved the sweet innocent young Betty, and despite this new look and attitude she seemed to put out, and he wasn’t going to lie, she looked sexy as hell, he had a feeling the old Betty was still inside somewhere. A wicked smile stretched across his face. He suddenly had a mad urge to find out.

Jughead’s eyes roamed over the outside of the shop and his eyes landed on a sign in the window next to the door. Before he took the time to think through what he was about to do, he got off his bike and walked across the street. He flicked his cigarette butt down a sewer drain and walked up to the door and pulled it open. He grabbed the sign from the window and went in search of Betty Cooper. He found her, or rather her legs, stretching out from underneath a car. He leaned against the door frame and gave a knock on the wall.

“Be out in a second,” she called out from under the car. He smiled and lit another cigarette. He resisted the desire to grab her legs and drag her out. She pushed herself out after a while and looked
over her shoulder at him before she picked herself up off the floor. His eyes swept over her. Taking in the long legs that now had dirt and oil on them, her little shorts, her smooth taunt bare belly, the top that was more a bra than anything, her cleavage visible over the top, the dirt across the top of her chest, the oil smudge on her cheek. The slight smile on her lips and the laughter in her eyes. She leaned against the car she was working on and pulled off her gloves.

“Well, well, if it isn’t Jughead Jones,” she said with a smirk. He raised an eyebrow as her eyes raked him from top to bottom, much the same way he had just done to her. She took her time, her bottom lip pulling between her teeth as her gaze ran over him, pausing around his mid-section, causing his body to twitch, before her eyes moved up and settled on his face. He was fully clothed in jeans and t-shirt and leather but he felt like he had just been eye f**ked. “What brings you to Cooper Mechanics?” she asked with a smile. He held up the ‘HELP WANTED’ sign he pulled from the window and she raised an eyebrow.

“You need a job?” she asked with a curious tilt of her head.

“You need some help?” he returned. She pulled away from the car and walked slowly over to him. He couldn’t keep his eyes from running over her once again and noted the womanly sway of her hips that hadn’t been there at 15. She stopped just a hair away from him and the scent of lilacs and motor oil wafted up and he decided he’d never smelled a more sexy combination. Her eyes dropped to his mouth and for a crazy second he thought she was going to kiss him. Her eyes moved back to his and she took the sign from him.

“Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I open at nine, don’t be late,” she said, stepping back, walking over to a side door and disappearing through it without a backward glance. Jughead stood there for a moment, frozen. He pulled himself away from the door frame and sighed. He wasn’t sure what the hell he had just gotten himself into, but he suddenly found himself wishing it was Monday already.

Betty ran up the back stairs of her living quarters that she kept at the top of the shop. She had converted the old storage rooms into a comfortable apartment and it was a lot cheaper than renting an apartment downtown. Plus it was a lot easier living where she worked. She walked into the apartment and headed over to the window and looked across the street and watched as Jughead walked lazily back to his bike. She tried to calm her racing heart and wasn’t doing a very good job. She had noticed him lately. He always seemed to be around. Watching. She had no idea why and at first she thought they just happened to be in the same areas, but then she realized he was watching her. Always feeling his eyes on her. He got on his bike and pulled on his helmet and after another glance toward the shop, he rode off. Jughead Jones, the boy who had stolen her heart when she was young. The one she always remembered fondly. He had been a sweet, shy boy and she had fallen in love with him almost accidently. He had always been a wonderful friend and one day, he had kissed her and she had fallen for him instantly. They had been each other’s first with almost everything that had to do with dating and relationship and sex. She had been sad when it hadn’t lasted because she had really loved him, but life had just pulled them apart.

Over the years she had seen him on and off and every time she did, he seemed to get better looking. The shy innocent girl was long gone and the confident women in her looked over him with a need that had nothing to do with childhood love. The way his eyes had grazed over her had caused a primal urge to stir in her and she had to refrain from tasting his lips when she stood in front of him. He had looked a little shocked at her perusal and she smiled slightly. The grown up Jughead Jones woke every part of the woman inside her and she ran her tongue over her bottom lip. Maybe she
could just have a little taste.

Monday morning rolled around rather quickly for Betty and she wasn’t gonna lie, she was nervous. She had no idea what she had been thinking when she told Jughead to come to work for Monday. Then she had given him the days when her other employee wasn’t even around. She purposely put herself into a situation that could get sticky pretty fast. She had a good client base but she never overbooked herself and she could handle most of the work alone for now. She had someone helping her twice a week and if she was going to be honest, she didn’t even know if she could afford Jughead. The shop did well, but she didn’t have a large overhead and she realized she may have acted rather foolishly. She guessed she could take on some extra work now that she had a new ‘employee’.

She should have told Jughead the truth. That damn sign had been in the window since she bought the place and she just hadn’t taken it down. She didn’t need the extra help and now she couldn’t explain without embarrassing herself. She decided to just roll with it and decided to play a little. She put on a tight little shirt and her shortest cut offs and grinned at herself in the mirror. Jughead Jones won’t know what hit him.

By noon, Betty decided her game was back firing in a big way. Jughead had showed up at nine sharp and she had put him right to work on some oil and filter changes. The heat of summer had him stripping his tshirt off within half an hour and she had done a double take. He was still wearing a tank top that seemed molded to him and well, fuck, Jughead had grown up. It was obvious that his body, though lean, was toned and hard and watching the muscle ripple on his arms as he worked had her almost moaning. The tattoos that littered the same arms were an even bigger turn on.

She had come into the shop from the office to tell him it was time to break for lunch and she stood frozen now, unable to tear her eyes away. Covered in a fine sheen of sweat, oil and dirt streaking his skin, his hair falling across his forehead in a sweaty curl, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He pulled the smoke from his mouth and lifted his shirt and wiped his face.

“Jesus,” she muttered. More muscle and more tattoos. He glanced up right then, catching sight of her and dropped his shirt, sticking his cigarette back in his mouth. “Time for lunch,” she said, her voice sounding a little strangled. He raised an eyebrow and she backed up and quickly went back into the office.

Jughead stifled a groan. If he thought he’d gotten an eye fucking the other day; the one she had just given him had him getting a little uncomfortable in his pants.

“This was a fucking bad idea,” he muttered, leaning against the truck he was working on and forcing his body to calm down. When he’d showed up this morning and he’d looked at her, he had almost turned around and walked out. She had smirked at his blatant stare and had sauntered around the shop acting as if she was wearing a burlap sack and not two tiny wisps of cloth that barely covered her very lush body. This was definitely not the Betty he remembered and he suddenly no longer cared to find the old one. This new one would do just fine.

He had spent the weekend going through a box of old photos that he had stashed years ago in the back of his closet. Pictures of her, of them. Pictures he had never had the heart to throw away. She had always been beautiful and he had started to remember how in love with her he had been. Even before they had ever started dating. Wide eyed, innocent kids who thought the other had hung the moon. Now they were adults, with completely different needs and desires and even though he knew
it was a bad idea, he wanted to know if Betty Cooper tasted the same. He wiped his hands on a towel and headed to the office employee area.

Betty sat behind her desk and glanced up when he walked in. She seemed a little more composed now and he bit back a grin as he sat down in the chair against the wall and lifted his feet to rest on the edge of her desk, pulling a cigarette from his pack and putting it between his lips. She raised her eyes brows at him as he lit it and he took a drag and grinned at her.

“Hey Coop,” he drawled. “What’s for lunch?” She sat back and glared at him.

“First of all, get your boots off my desk and second, you could ask if you’re even allowed to smoke in here.” Jughead left his boots where they were and took another drag.

“Can I smoke in here?”

“Yes.”

Jughead rolled his eyes at the pointless conversation and leaned his head back against the wall.

“Move your fucking boots,” she said firmly. He caught her gaze and slowly lowered his feet back to the floor.

“Having a bad day?” he asked with a tilt of his head.

“My day is going fine,” she muttered. “Did you not bring a lunch?”

“No, I didn’t. Figured you would feed me.”

“Well, you figured wrong,” she said flatly. Betty was trying to keep her eyes on the papers in front of her and not his arms and the way the tank top clung to his muscular torso. He got up and braced his hands on the desk, leaning down close to her.

“Guess I’ll grab something from Pop’s. You want anything?” He asked, his voice low and gravelly. She looked at him in surprise and leaned back a little. His eyes were still that stormy shade of blue and she watched as they dropped down to her chest and then slowly back up to her mouth, before settling on hers again.

“Umm, yeah sure. Cheeseburger,” she said, her voice sounding much like a squeak. He smelled like cologne, tobacco and oil. Her mouth went dry and she suddenly wanted to see if he tasted that way too.

“That’s it?” She nodded and looked at her papers. He studied her a bit and then left the office. As soon as he was gone, Betty lowered her head to the desk with a groan.

“Shit,” she muttered. Her entire body was humming and she had literally never wanted anyone or anything so much in her life. What the hell had she been thinking? Play with Jughead? That’s what she had been thinking this morning when she had put on this ridiculous outfit. She was starting to wonder who was playing who. And why the fuck had he been watching her anyway? If she hadn’t known who he was and felt comfortable because of their history she would have called the sheriff. It had been 10 years, maybe he had turned into a sicko. She probably should have kept tabs on him. The snippets over the years hadn’t told her much. Stayed on the southside, ran with the Serpents. She had no idea what he was doing these days. Did he still write? Did he still want to get published? She knew nothing about him and here she was trying to play the seduction game just because she thought he was hot. Maybe she needed a shrink.
Jughead was back half hour later with food and she didn’t bother telling him his lunch break was over. He sat in the chair again and threw a wrapped burger at her and she glared but caught it. He handed her a drink as well.

“So,” he said after popping a fry in his mouth. “Why do you own a car shop and why aren’t you a journalist in some big city?” he asked. Betty unwrapped the burger and took a bite with a shrug. She chewed and swallowed before she answered.

“I didn’t want to be a journalist. That’s what my mother wanted me to be. I like cars and motor oil,” she stated before taking another bite. Jughead didn’t say anything for a second, his eyes focused on her lips wrapping around the burger. His groin twitched as he had a flash of her mouth around something else. He gritted his teeth and threw some more food in his mouth.

“I heard you got out from under her thumb a while back,” he said around some fries. “Must have felt good.”

“It did. Never felt so free in my life. I could finally do what I wanted.”

“Play with cars and oil?”

“Yes, and throw away those fucking sweaters.”

“I liked the sweaters,” Jughead said with a smile. Now he liked her dirty cussing mouth, but he refrained from mentioning that. She took a sip of her drink and said nothing for a while.

“Yeah, well, I’m not the same Betty Cooper that I was 10 years ago,” she stated.

“I can see that,” he said quietly, his eyes once again roaming over her.

“You like what you see, Jughead?” she asked with a smirk, her eyes challenging.

“Yeah, I do,” he said, holding her gaze.

“What about you?” she asked after a moment, when she could tear her gaze away. “What have you been doing the last 10 years? Still running with snakes? Develop a tattoo fetish?” Jughead shrugged and took a bite of his burger.

“Not much of that around anymore,” he said when he’d swallowed. “Gang fell apart years ago, but we still flitter around the bar, those of us that didn’t skip town and yeah, I have a bit of a tattoo fetish.”

“So what do you do then? It’s been 10 years. You don’t have a steady….anything?” she asked, her meaning clear.

“No, I don’t have a steady anything,” he said, looking at her curiously. “I do this and that, keep myself going. Now I work at this fine establishment,” he said with a grin as he put the last of his burger in his mouth. She stared down at hers which had only two bites and marveled at how fast he could wolf his down.

“You still like to eat?” she said laughing.

“Depends on what I’m eating,” he said voice deliberately soft and husky, his eyes holding hers, challenging and dark. Betty felt her entire body clench and she struggled to keep her breath steady.
“Get back to work,” she finally managed, cursing inwardly at the shakiness of her voice. He smirked at her and stood, throwing his trash in the garbage.

“Thanks for lunch,” he said with a grin. “I charged it to your account.” She gaped at him as he went back into the shop.

“Ass,” she muttered at the door.

A couple hours later, Betty finished up her invoicing and joined Jughead in the shop. He was bent over under the hood of a car and was having trouble getting something loose. She paused and watched, unable to help herself, enjoying the play of muscles on his arms as he strained to free the offending piece of whatever the hell he was fixing.

“When you’re done staring, can you hand me that wrench on the cart?” he said suddenly, turning his head and leaning down further till he was basically laying across the engine. Betty sighed and walked over and picked up the wrench. She handed it to him and leaned against the car, watching him.

“Do you know what you’re doing?” she asked with a smirk.

“That’s probably what you should have asked before you hired me,” he shot back. She said nothing, and stretched in beside him to look down at what he was fixing. He straightened quickly and walked over to the tool box for another tool. She smiled over her shoulder at him, knowing she was rattling him. She saw his gaze linger on her ass as he strolled back and bit back a laugh. She could play the game as good as he could.

Jughead ignored her and got back to fixing the car and she sauntered over to the other one that was in the shop and set to work on the transmission flush that it was scheduled for. She could see Jughead glance at her from time to time and she by the time 5 o’clock rolled around she was so wound up, she was surprised she could think. She watched Jughead walk over to the wash sink and wash his hands and attempt to wash the dirt and oil off his arms. It helped a little and then he splashed water on his face and instead of grabbing a paper towel he just used his shirt again.

He caught her gaze as he held it up and smiled smugly as her gaze moved down to his abdomen. He knew he turned her on and the heat pooled between her legs as his eyes, for the umpteenth time that day, raked up her body, stopping and lingering over every lush curve he found. Her breath came out in a rush as he winked at her and lazily walked out of the shop and into her office to clock out for the day.

Betty hit the button to close the overhead door and walked over to the office. He was standing next to her desk, drinking from a water bottle and something wild inside her took over and she threw caution to the wind.

Betty closed the door and locked it, her eyes moving hungrily over him. He glanced at her, tilting his head, a small smile playing at his lips, a curious look in his eyes. He raised an eyebrow at the heated look on her face and her heavy breathing. She took a second to reconsider.

“Fuck it,” she muttered and his eyes widened as she walked over and grabbed his shirt and yanked him in for a kiss. She took advantage of his gasp to shove her tongue in his mouth and moaned at the hot wet taste of him.

“Betty, what the fuck!” he gasped when he managed to wrench his mouth away. She shoved him back on the desk then and he was so startled he lost his balance and fell back on it and she climbed up on him and knelt over him, taking his mouth again. He wasn’t startled for long and suddenly he
was kissing her back, wrapping his tongue around hers and sucking on it, his hands moving down her back and grabbing hold of her ass in her tight little shorts and squeezing. He moved her against him and she felt him rock hard against her and she gasped, pressing closer. She pulled her mouth away from his and sat up, straddling his hips and he stared up at her, his eyes dark and filled with lust, his breathing heavy.

“You sure you know what you’re doing here, Sugar?” he asked, his tone holding a clear warning.

“Shut up,” she muttered as she pulled her shirt over her head and throwing it aside. Jughead groaned when she leaned back down and kissed him again. Her body felt like it was starving and only Jughead Jones could feed her hunger.
Bad Idea

Betty braced her hands beside his head and kissed him eagerly. He tasted every bit as good as she thought he would. Tobacco and a faint taste of mint that had her chasing it with her tongue. He groaned, his tongue tangling with hers, his hands sliding up the back of her thighs. Betty leaned back and pulled on his shirt and he lifted a little, letting her pull it off him and she devoured him with her eyes. The muscle, the tattoos, the dirt and sweat. She pressed against him, grinding to ease the ache between her legs.

“Fuck,” he muttered, trying to gain some sort of control. His hands dug into her hips and forced her harder against him and her low moan made his jeans even tighter. He moved one hand up and unclipped her bra and flung it aside and she pressed her breasts against his chest with a throaty groan. Her mouth was back to attacking his and her hands moved down to his jeans, popping the button and yanking the zipper.

“God damn, Betty slow down,” he gasped when she reached in and wrapped her hand around him. He was huge in her hand, bigger than he had been at 16 and she was desperate to feel him press into her.

Jughead realized she wasn’t slowing down in the slightest and the way her hand was moving over him, he was quickly losing his control. His hands went to her shorts and he yanked them open, shoving them down her hips and his hand moved into her panties, sliding over her backside, squeezing the soft, smooth skin. She bit his lip and tugged on it, squirming against him. He brought his hand around to the front and once again slid inside her panties and stroked his fingers over her.

“Fucking hell,” he groaned, feeling her dripping over his fingers. She lifted her head, staring down at him, her lip between her teeth, her eyes glazed with desire. She thrust against his fingers and he held her gaze as he slid a finger inside her, then two. She tightened her muscles on his fingers and he groaned, curling them and sliding them deeper. His thumb found her clit and she whimpered and bucked against him.

Betty shoved at his pants and boxers, trying to get them down his hips enough to free him and he pulled her shorts and panties down and she shifted while she shoved them down her legs, kicking them off. She moved over him, brushing against him and he gripped her hips and swore.

“Wait, fuck….wait…I don’t have a condom,” he gasped. “I wasn’t exactly expecting to get laid today,” he groaned even as he smirked.

“That was your second mistake,” she gasped as she rubbed over him again.

“What the fuck was my first?” he asked, confused, his fingers bruising her hips, trying to hold her still.

“Showing up,” she breathed and before he could even blink, she slid down over him, and suddenly he was deep inside her. “I’m on the pill,” she informed him and she paused to get used to his size inside her then she started to move. She was tight and wet and hot and he thought he was going to lose his mind. Jughead wrapped his hand around the back of her neck and pulled her down and kissed her again. God, she tasted good. His hands came up and cupped her breasts, bigger and fuller than he remembered and he ran his thumbs over the nipples, smiling against her mouth when they puckered at his touch. He pulled away and lifted his head, tugging one into his mouth.

Betty moaned and pressed closer, the feel of his hot mouth sucking on her nipple making her body
shake and coil with the need to release. She moved faster, feeling her body start to spiral and when she felt his teeth graze over the peek she shuddered and groaned. He laughed and did it again. Betty rotated her hips while she moved and his head fell back to the desk and he thrust up against her.

“Fuuuck,” he growled, feeling his body begin to tighten. He reached down between them and stroked her clit as her mouth covered his again. He felt her start to clench and her whimpers and moans got louder and he came in a rush with a harsh groan, unable to hold it back, she quickly followed, her body clamping hard on him, pulling the rest of his release from him. She collapsed on him, her walls fluttering and grasping at him as she shook, trying to catch her breath.

“Jesus,” Jughead muttered, his fingers digging into her hips, trying to make sense of what had just happened. Betty sat up and smirked down at him, then slid off him and he winced at the drag of her body over his still sensitive flesh. She hopped off the desk and pulled on her shorts and shirt and grabbed her underwear and bra.

“Remember to lock up when you leave,” she said and then she was walked out. “Don’t be late on Wednesday,” she called back as the door slammed after her.

Jughead sat up and stared at the door. His eyes narrowed and he gritted his teeth. Standing up he adjusted and fixed his pants and stood with one hand on his hip and the other in his hair.

“What the fuck just happened,” he muttered to nobody. He grabbed his shirt and stormed out the door and she was nowhere in sight. He sighed and yanked his shirt on. He was angry. Not that he minded that Betty had just decided to fuck him into oblivion, no, he’d enjoyed that immensely, all 10 minutes of it, what he didn’t enjoy was her walking out as if nothing had happened. He hadn’t expected cuddling or flowery words and shit, but for fucks sake, it’s not like he was some stranger she picked up. Walking out was a bit cold.

He sighed, and walked over to the doors and made sure they were all locked. He left the shop and punched in the lock code she had given him in the morning and walked to his bike. He lit a cigarette and took a long drag, letting the smoke trail out of his mouth as he settled onto the seat. His body was still shivering and damn, he felt good. He glanced up at the windows over the shop. It was clear that she lived there, as the lace curtains indicated living quarters and he wondered what she was doing. Probably smirking about laying him on her office desk. Jesus, he was loathe to admit it, but this new Betty shocked the hell out of him. He was completely unprepared. In more ways than one.

Betty stood under the shower in her ensuite and let the hot water wash away the day. She refrained from going to the window to watch him leave. Her body was still trembling and her hands were shaking. She really had no idea what had come over her. A primal lust that she had never felt before in her life. Jughead. She had just laid him without a second thought and damn, it was good. He was good. His body, his hands, his mouth; yes it had gone pretty quickly and there wasn’t much to go on but he felt as good as she remembered. He felt better. No longer a shy, awkward boy but a hard, strong man.

She had left quickly, a rouse to make him think she was in control but in truth, she had been on the verge of losing it. When she had looked down into his eyes, those beautiful stormy blue eyes, his hands on her, his arousal inside her, it was almost like she was 16 again, experiencing him for the first time. It had all come rushing back. The only thing that was missing was the look of love that had been in his eyes all those years ago. She wasn’t a silly girl anymore and that wasn’t something she needed from him but the rest, well the rest she wanted and if she had stayed longer, she would have probably taken it again. Or begged him to give it to her. He scared her a little. She felt wild and uncontrolled around him and she had a feeling it wasn’t about to go away.
Jughead parked his bike on the side of the Whyte Wyrm and walked in the side door and climbed the stairs to his apartment. He threw open the door and walked inside, throwing his keys onto the table. He grabbed a beer from the fridge and downed half of it before taking a breath. He walked toward the back, pulling off his shirt and kicking his boots off. He was tired and sore, having not put in a hard day of labour in a couple years. He stayed in shape by working out and that was a little different than yanking around and crawling around cars all day. Turning on the shower he stepped in and sighed as the water beat on his aching muscles.

He braced his hands on the tile and leaned forward, letting the water hit the back of his neck. As he stood there, images of Betty on top of him slammed into his brain and he groaned. He was still trying to comprehend how the hell he ended up under her on her desk, her mouth on his, her hand around his erection, her breasts in his face, her sliding over him. The heat in her green eyes as they stared, glazed with want, into his. He groaned as his body reacted as if he hadn’t just gotten laid half an hour ago.

“Shit,” he muttered as he ran his hand over himself, unable to get the images and the sounds out of his head. Over the years he had come to pride himself on his self-control and ability to not let things affect him. That seemed all shot the hell now. He had had zero control the second she touched him. Betty Cooper, sweet innocent Betty, his first love. What the fuck? 10 years was a long time to change, but damn she was like a blazing inferno compared to back then. He wondered suddenly how much of it was an act and how much of it was real. A slow grin spread across his face. He would definitely enjoy finding out.

Betty was just pulling on some clothes where there was a knock at her door. She froze for a second, wondering if Jughead had come back. She threw on a t-shirt and jeans and went to open it.

“Ron, what are you doing here?” she asked in surprise as her friend brushed past her and into the apartment.

“I was in the neighbourhood,” V explained. Betty closed the door and went into the kitchen, pulling a bottle of white wine from the fridge and pouring a glass. She held it up for Veronica and was declined. She put the bottle back and picked up her glass and walked over to the couch and sat down.

“How’s things?” Betty asked.

“Good, good. I found a guy for you,” she blurted. Betty looked at her and raised an eyebrow.

“Sorry?”

“A guy. You know, someone to date. You’ve been single too long. Time to mingle again.”

“How do you know I’m not dating anyone?” Betty asked with a laugh.

“Are you?”

“No,” she said as she sipped her wine, images of her and Jughead on her desk flittering through her mind.

“Well, I want to set you up,” Veronica said excitedly.
“No thanks.”

“Jesus Betty, you broke up with Scott like 6 months ago. It’s time to get back out there.”

“I’m not interested in dating right now V, sorry but no thanks.” Veronica sighed and flopped down on the couch.

“Well, I kind of told him I was bringing a friend to a thing in like a month.” Betty rolled her eyes and then glared at her. “I never said a date, just that he wouldn’t be a third wheel for me and Archie.”

“What kind of thing? And a month from now? You want to set me up for a date in a month?”

“A benefit and maybe you could go on a couple of dates before hand,” V said hopefully.

“Stop beating around the bush, what kind of benefit,” Betty asked with a sigh.

“Ok, don’t get mad…”

“V….”

“Your mom is hosting a fund…” Veronica started

“No!”

“For fucks sake Betty, I’m an event planner and I planned the damn thing and I have to be there. I refuse to suffer through that shit alone.”

“I am not going to anything that my mother is hosting and screw you for even asking,” Betty snapped angrily.

“It’s for charity and it would be good for your business to show up in support. It’s going to be huge, gowns, tuxes, champagne, the whole bit,” Veronica said pleadingly. Betty sighed and stood up, going to pour more wine. She would need a bottle after this. “Look, it’s in a month and if you really really don’t want to go then, well you can always cancel.”

“Well, if I can cancel in a month, why do I need to say yes now?”

“So I can save face?” Veronica suggested. Betty rolled her eyes.

“Ok fine, I’ll say yes but not for the guy and certainly not for my mother. If you can figure out a way that I can avoid both, I’m in.” Veronica clapped her hands in glee and gave her a hug.

“Thank you! I’ll figure out how to keep your mother away from you but I’m not doing a thing about the guy. He’s cute, he’s nice and I know you would like him, so I’m going to leave that as it is. You can meet him there and we’ll see what happens.” Betty sighed and drank her wine. She suddenly felt like she was spinning. The only guy she was interested in at the moment was Jughead and it certainly wasn’t for the purpose of dating.

Wednesday rolled around and Jughead walked into the shop and found it empty. He looked around and really didn’t have any idea what he was supposed to do so he walked into the office and looked around the desk so he could figure it out. There were a couple of invoices that matched the two cars standing in the shop and he read over one and walked out to get started. The black civic needed an oil leak fixed. He was an hour into the job when Betty finally showed up. He glanced at her as she came through the side door and saw the shadows under her eyes as she silently walked into the office.
and closed the door.

Jughead slowly straightened and grabbed a rag to wipe his hands and walked over to the door. He pushed it open and leaned against the door jam. She was sitting behind her desk rubbing her forehead.

“Rough night?” he asked quietly.

“I didn’t sleep well,” she muttered.

“Does that happen a lot?”

“Why do you care?” she snapped. Jughead said nothing, then turned and walked back to his work. Betty sighed and closed her eyes. Of course she had to act like a bitch when he was trying to be nice. She got up and went out to the shop and walked over to him. He glanced at her but said nothing.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “I didn’t mean to be a bitch. Sometimes I don’t sleep well and get a raging headache,” she explained. He straightened and studied her for a bit. She knew she looked exhausted and shifted uncomfortably under his scrutiny.

“Why don’t you go back to bed?” he suggested. “I got it here, take the morning and get some rest.”

“Thanks,” she said quietly and walked back to the door she had come through earlier and disappeared.

When she reappeared a few hours later, she looked rested and happy and he wondered briefly why she had a hard time sleeping. He also noted she was also a little more covered today, in shorts that were a little longer and a button shirt that was loose and comfortable. She still looked hot, no matter what she wore. She walked over to him and smiled.

“Thank you for taking care of the shop while I slept. I really needed that,” she said.

“No problem,” he muttered. He wondered if she had already forgotten what had happened on Monday as she didn’t even appear phased to be near him again. He, on the other hand, could barely concentrate cause all he could think about was her mouth on his. The woman had shoved him on a desk and fucked him and she was standing there and smiling as if nothing had happened. She leaned in next to him to see what he was doing and brushed against him when she did and his whole body reacted. He wondered if she did it on purpose.

Jughead decided it was his turn. He leaned a little closer to her, pretending to loosen something and he bit back a smile when he heard the tiny intake of breathe on her lips. Alright, then she wasn’t unaffected. Good to know.

“What are you going to be working on?” he asked, his voice deliberately gruff and close to her ear. She jumped and leaned away a little.

“Ummm….the truck needs an oil change,” she muttered and hurried away. He grinned after her, wondering where her bravado had gone. She certainly hadn’t been flustered on Monday. He got back to his work as she got the truck on the hoist and lifted it off the ground. Once it was in place, she got under it and he watched her struggle to get the filter loose and he walked over and stood next to her as she struggled. He reached up and deliberately brushed his entire body against her as he moved her hand and gave a strong twist and got it loose. He turned to look at her, his face only inches from hers.

“There you go,” he said softly, his eyes dropping to her mouth. Her lips parted slightly and he leaned
in just slightly and her eyes started to drift closed. He pressed the filter into her hand and turned and went back to his own car. He heard her gasp and laughed under his breath.

Betty stood and stared at the filter in her hand and then at his retreated back. Then she glared. He had done that on purpose. She was trying to play it cool, like she hadn’t acted like a total nympho on Monday and it wasn’t working. Being near him was making her body ache and damn if she didn’t want to throw him on the desk again. And why the fuck was he so good looking? She glanced over at him and he was resting against the front of the car he was fixing, a cigarette dangling from his lips, using a rag to try and clean up what seemed like an oil spill on his arm. She guessed the leak wasn’t an easy fix.

He had rolled up his t-shirt sleeves to his shoulders and she couldn’t help but admire his arms again. She wondered how it would feel to have them wrapped around her. Betty sighed and threw the used oil filter in the trash and went to get a new one. She could feel him watching her and when she turned to glance at him, he made no effort to hide that fact that he was blatantly staring at her as he took a long drag of his smoke. After a couple hours she had the truck ready and parked it outside and made the call to the owner that it was ready.

A while later, a guy was dropped off by someone and Jughead watched as he inspected his truck and then started to profusely thank Betty for the wonderful job she did. He rolled his eyes at the man’s obvious flirting. Betty, as friendly as she’d always been, smiled happily and handed the guy his bill. He seemed excited to pay it. Jughead almost laughed. She could have totaled his truck and he probably would have been excited. He wondered if all her customers were such idiots. Once the man left, she went into the office and he followed her and leaned against the door jamb as he watched her enter the invoice into the computer.

“He seemed very happy with your work,” he commented with a smirk.

“They usually are,” she replied, not glancing up.

“I’ll bet.” She looked up then and saw his smirk. She rolled her eyes and looked back at her screen.

“Did you want something?” she asked. Jughead pulled away from the door and walked around the desk and sat down on top of it, right next to her, blocking the screen. She leaned back and sighed.

“What are you doing?”

“Sitting.”

“No shit. Why are you sitting on my desk?”

“I like your desk. Had a dream about it the other night.” Betty froze and she saw her lip twitch nervously. She took a moment and finally looked up at him, her eyes challenging.

“Can you move?” she asked, hating that her voice sounded strangled. Jughead pulled a leg up and rested his forearm on it, leaning a little towards her. She backed up a few inches.

“You know,” he said, keeping his voice low and gruff. “We can keep pretending that you didn’t climb on top of me the other day, or we can get on with it and talk about it.”

“What’s there to talk about? I had an itch,” she said flatly. She got up and was about to walk away and he grabbed her arm. He raised an eyebrow and she tried to pull free.

“I’m sorry, you had an itch?” he repeated, sounding like he was about to laugh.

“Yes, I had an itch. Thank you for scratching it.” She tried to pull away again and he pulled her
closer until she stood between his legs.

“Well, what if I have an itch? Can I throw you on the desk?” he asked, his eyes dropping to her mouth. She looked like she was going to kiss him again and then she pushed against his chest and stepped back. He let her go.

“We close in an hour and we need to get that car done, so let’s get to it,” she muttered and hurried out of the office. He had been teasing and shit, now he really did have an itch. He growled under his breath and followed her into the shop. They worked together and got the car fixed and she made the call to the customer. He watched again, as an idiot made a fool of himself.

“Thanks so much Betty, I really appreciate it,” he gushed and Jughead walked over and grinned.

“You’re welcome. I fixed it.” Jughead almost laughed out loud because the man seriously looked like he was going to cry from disappointment. Betty rolled her eyes at him and he winked.

“You know, I think your customers have a crush on you,” he said when the man had left. Betty closed the overhead door and locked it and walked over to the work top bench and put tools away.

“I do good work,” she said in a huff.

“That’s true but I really don’t think they care about the work you actually do,” he said laughing. She turned to glare at him and was startled to find him right behind her. He stepped toward her and she backed up into the work bench. Jughead rested his hands on the edge on either side of her, effectively trapping her as he leaned closer. Heat coiled inside her as his gaze flickered between her eyes and mouth.

“What are you doing?” she asked in a hushed whisper.

“You look a little uncomfortable,” he said, leaning closer. She gasped as she felt his breath trail along her jaw. “I thought you might have an itch,” he growled against her ear. His tongue flicked over it and she groaned, unable to help herself.

“Dammit,” she muttered. He moved and his mouth stopped a mere whisper from her own.

“What’s the matter, Betty?” he asked, his lips brushing hers as he spoke. She licked her lip nervously and it brushed against his mouth and his eyes stared into hers, almost like a dare. He was leaving it up to her. She threw caution to the wind again, silently cursing him as she ran her fingers through his hair and pressed her mouth to his. Jughead’s hands moved to her waist and he lifted her so she sat on the bench, then stood between her legs, his hands moving up to tangle in her hair as he stroked his tongue across her lips.

Betty moaned and pressed closer and he tugged on her hair and her head fell back as his mouth moved down her neck, licking and sucking until he reached the wild erratic pulse at the base of her throat. His mouth latched and she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him closer. The work bench was the perfect height for his arousal to line up with her aching center and she pressed against him, feeling him get harder as she moved against him. His mouth came back to hers and he held her head still as he kissed her. A deep drugging kiss that had her gasping for breath. God, he’d gotten really good at that.

“Shit, this is a really bad idea,” she gasped as his hands moved to the buttons of her shirt. He leaned back and stared at her incredulously.

“And the other day?” he asked with a smirk.
“I was….” She trailed off, unsure of what the hell she was trying to say.

“Itchy?” he offered.

“You’re an idiot,” she muttered and pulled his head back to hers, kissing him without hesitation. Her hands went to his jeans and his went to her shorts and he pulled them off her and she pushed his down. He moved his hand between her legs and found her more than ready. He moved it away and she soon felt his arousal brush against her. He paused and looked at her, his eyes heated and dark.

“Push me away or I keep going,” he said pointedly. She hesitated for the barest of seconds and then she wrapped her legs back around his waist and pulled him closer. He slid inside her and they both groaned, his forehead dropping to her shoulder.

“Fuck, you feel good,” he growled, holding her against him, not moving. She pulled at his shirt and he moved back and let her pull it up and over his head. Her hands moved over his chest, her nails raking his skin and he kissed out a breath and started to move. His hands came up and he held her face while he kissed her, his hips moving slowly, dragging himself in and out of her at an excruciatingly slow pace. He wanted to feel her this time, every drag inside her, he just wanted to feel. His mouth trailed down to her chest and she fell back, laying across the bench and his hand came up and pulled her bra down, freeing her breast. He cupped it, his fingers squeezing the nipple as he moved inside her. Betty moaned and arched her back, and he bent down and took a nipple in his mouth. She gasped and held his head to her, the pleasure making her eyes roll back.

“Go faster,” she gasped, bringing her legs up and letting them fall wide. He groaned as he slid in even further and he straightened up and looked down at her, open and wet for him. He watched himself disappear inside her and almost came right then and there. He grabbed her hips and thrust harder, faster and she gasped and her nails raked down his chest. He watched her face, the pleasure glazed look that came over her and his control started to slip. Reaching down he touched his thumb to her and started circling her clit and he felt her legs start to shake. He grabbed her shirt with his other hand and pulled her up so they were face to face and he kissed her, thrusting his tongue in her mouth. Betty felt her body start to tighten and she dug her nails into his arms where she had a death grip on him.

“Come for me,” he demanded, as he pulled his head back and held her gaze, his thumb pressing harder and she splintered apart, her head falling back. She yelled his name, her body clenching tight around him and he growled into her mouth as he thrust and orgasmed right after her, shuddering against her, his hand digging into her waist. He stayed there a while, until his breathing calmed, not that he could move anyway, her arms and legs were still tightly wrapped around him, her face buried in his neck. She leaned back slowly, her face flushed and sated. Her lips were red and swollen and he couldn’t help himself and he kissed her again, slowly, taking the time to really taste and feel her mouth. By the time he pulled away her legs were dropping from his waist and her arms had loosened. She was breathing heavy and he slowly stepped back, slipping out of her.

Betty felt herself turn red when he reached around her and grabbed a clean shop towel and gave her a gentle wipe. He bent down and picked up her shorts and panties and handed them to her. Betty said nothing and slid off the table and pulled them on. He adjusted his pants and when she was finished, he cupped her chin and stared into her eyes. She stared back, showing no hint of what she was thinking. He leaned in and gave her a gentle kiss and let go of her.

“See you on Friday,” he said with a small smile, and walked out of the shop. Betty sagged against the bench, her hand trembling over her chest. She figured she deserved the way he walked out, as
she had done the same thing on Monday. Her body felt like jello and still felt the flutters inside her. He had so simply and casually seduced her, she was a little shocked. This was her game and he had simply stepped in and taken over. She was beginning to wonder what she had gotten herself into.
Jughead walked into the Whyte Wyrm and went behind the bar and cracked a beer. Toni Topaz smirked at him from her spot at the end of the bar. He took a sip of his beer and raised an eyebrow at her.

“You taking a break?” he said a little more rough than he meant to. She tilted her head and studied him. Juice, a pock faced former snake sat beside her and raised his beer to Jughead.

“Why are you so grumpy?” she asked with a laugh.

“I’m not grumpy, I’m tired,” he retorted, leaning back against the counter behind the bar.

“Or maybe you just need to get laid,” she suggested.

“I’m good, thanks,” Jughead said, flicking his beer cap into the garbage can.

“Where the hell you disappearing to these days? You seeing someone, Jones?” Toni asked, cracking a peanut and throwing it in her mouth.

“Nope.”

“But you’re getting laid?”

“None of your business,” Jughead said, taking another sip of beer.

“Oh my God, Jughead is getting laid,” Toni said, laughing and loud enough for the rest of the bar to hear.

“Do you mind?” he snapped, glaring at her. He walked over to the cash register and opened it to see how the day had gone. Juice looked at Toni.

“Is that like a big deal? Jughead getting laid?” he asked. She just laughed and shrugged. Juice studied her. “Why haven’t you and him ever got together. You’ve been around this bar for years and you guys seem to be good friends. No hook-ups?”

“Nah,” Toni said slyly. “He couldn’t handle me. Of course, I did try once to get him in the sack. Didn’t work.”

“Why not? You’re a pretty girl.”

“Well when I met him he was seeing this cute blonde from the north side and when they broke up, I tried to make an attempt to make him ‘feel better’. He threw me out of his dad’s place so fast, I actually fell on my ass in the mud,” she said laughing. “He didn’t date anyone for 2 years after that. He’ll try and tell you that he just wanted a break from women for a while but really, I think it just took him that long to get over her. Of course, by the time he started dating again, I had already been black listed by him due to a compromising position he found me in,” she finished with smirk.

“What position was that?”

“On top of his dad.” Juice choked on his beer and proceeded to spit it on the counter. Jughead glared at them and threw a towel at him.

“You were fucking FP?” Juice sputtered.
“He was hot,” Toni said with a shrug.

“Toni, shut the fuck up,” Jughead growled. “You bring that bullshit up again, I’ll black list you from the bar too.”

“I swear to God Jughead, it’s like you were born an old man. You need to loosen the fuck up,” Toni said, rolling her eyes.

“And you need to get back to work,” he snapped and walked across the bar to the stairs.

On Thursday evening, Betty went through her work load for the next day and realized she only had one coolant flush booked and sighed. She hated telling workers to stay home but there was no point in Jughead coming in. She grabbed her file and found his employee paper and found his cell number and shot off a text.

B: No work tomorrow for the both of us. Take the day off. This is Betty by the way.

It took about half hour before he text back.

J: OK

Betty rolled her eyes. She almost text something snippy back but refrained. She was a little disappointed that he didn’t have to come in for the day because Wednesday’s end of day activity was still fresh in her mind and she basically just wanted to stare at him. Maybe touch him a little. Oh who was she kidding? She wanted to be under him, is what she wanted. Maybe she really was a nympho. Maybe it had just been too long since she’d had sex. She thought about it for a second. No, it was definitely Jughead. She now had had a couple tastes and she wanted more. She sighed. She was banging her ex-boyfriend. This was most definitely not her brightest idea.

The following day she was done with the coolant flush before lunch and spent the rest of the day running errands and grocery shopping. It was around 6:00 when she finally get everything squared away and she hopped in the shower and washed the day away. She planned on curling up with a good book for the evening. She threw her hair up in a messy bun and was just pulling on a t-shirt and pajama shorts when there was a knock at the door. She glanced at the clock and frowned, running from the back room to answer it. She swung it open and there he was. Jughead, holding up a six pack.

“What are you doing here?” she sputtered.

“I brought beer; feed me,” he said, shoving past her into her apartment. She gaped at him and then touched her hair and looked down at herself. Jesus, she wasn’t even wearing any makeup. Even at work she usually threw on some mascara and a gloss of some sort.

“Won’t you come in,” she muttered, closing the door. She stood and stared at him, her arms folded across her chest. He smirked at her, his eyes raking her and by the time he got to her face, he was grinning and she was glaring.

“I wasn’t exactly expecting company,” she said, looking down at her shabby outfit.

“You look cute,” he said with a wink, handing her a beer. She took it and rolled her eyes.
“Cute? I was cute when I was 16,” she said in a huff.

“Yeah, you were,” he replied, a warm glint in his eye. Betty took a sip of her beer and held his gaze. He pulled his eyes away first and she bit back a smile. He walked around the place, looking at everything. She leaned against the island of her kitchen and watched him. Her apartment was small, but comfortable. An open concept kitchen, dining and living room and a bedroom down a short hall that also had a small bathroom for company and a large ensuite in the bedroom. She also had a laundry closet that she had insisted on when renovating the place.

“It’s nice,” he said with a smile. She decided it was suddenly small and suffocating now that he was standing in it. His tall, muscular lanky form seemed even bigger in the small space. “It’s very…Betty.”

“Betty?”

“Pretty, bright, sweet….”

“I’ll need to redecorate then,” she muttered.

“Why? Got something against the old Betty? I thought she was pretty great,” Jughead said.

“Yeah, well, she’s dead,” Betty said.

“That’s too bad,” Jughead said with a smile. “I really liked her.”

“You seem to like the new Betty just fine,” she said with a knowing smirk. He said nothing, just stood and grinned at her.

“So seriously, what are you doing here?” she asked. Jughead kicked off his boots and headed over to the couch and flopped down.

“Like I said, I brought beer and I want you to feed me.”

“I’m not feeding you!” He shrugged and pulled out his cell phone and proceeded to order pizza. Betty rolled her eyes and shoved his boots over to the door. He clearly wasn’t leaving and she left him on the couch and started to walk to her room.

“What are you doing here?” she asked as he started flipping through tv channels.

“To put something else on,” she answered.

“You look fine, don’t bother.” She ignored him and went to her room and closed the door.

“Shit, shit, shit,” she muttered, pulling her hair down and running her hands through it. Jughead was in her apartment and she wasn’t an idiot. The last two times they had occupied the same space, they had had sex. Now they were in her apartment. What were the chances he would leave before they ended up doing it again. Well, she didn’t know what he had in mind, but she did know what she had in mind.

She quickly stripped down and pulled on some prettier panties. She bit her lip and decided to forego the bra and pulled on a cute pink and white striped shirt that teased skin at the bottom. She’d have to work for a show today. She went with a loose skirt that came to mid-thigh and smiled in the mirror. Invade her space, did he; well, he’d pay for that. She fixed her hair and put on a little makeup and head back out. Jughead was laying back on the couch, watching TV like he owned the place. He glanced at her when she came out and then looked again. She smiled as she walked over and put the
rest of the beer in the fridge. She could feel his eyes on her and it made her shiver.

The pizza showed up a few minutes later and Jughead got up and paid for it. He settled back on the couch and patted the seat beside him with a grin. She walked over with a couple more beers and grabbed a piece. He took another beer and she bit into the slice and sighed as she sat down.

“That’s really good,” she murmured and took another bite. He shocked her by leaning over and taking a bite of hers while her mouth was still on it. She froze and stared at him and he winked and pulled away.

“You’re right, it is,” he said, his eyes laughing. She moved back a space and glared at him.

“Get your own,” she grumbled.

“I bought you dinner,” he said laughing. “Be nice.”

“I’ll repay you by supplying dessert,” she said sweetly. She leaned back and threw her feet up on the coffee table, crossed at the ankles. It hiked up her skirt a little and showed off her long legs. His eyes moved over them and she saw him swallow and she bit back a smile.

“What are you watching?” she asked, motioning to the TV.

“Birds.”

“Hitchcock?”

“Nature channel.” Betty looked at him and burst out laughing. He stopped chewing when she did that and smiled. He’d missed that gleeful burst of laughter over the years. It was unpretentious and completely carefree.

“So tell me Jughead, what else do you do, besides work at Cooper Mechanics? What were you doing before?” Jughead took a bite of pizza so he could chew for a minute before answering. He wasn’t sure he wanted her to know, cause then he’d have to tell the truth and he wasn’t ready to do that just yet.

“Nothing much. Working here and there and hanging out at the Whyte Wyrm,” he said after a while.

“That’s it? Just puttering around? That doesn’t sound like the old Jughead,” she said, swirling her bottle of beer.

“Yeah, well the old Jughead is dead,” he said, mimicking her earlier words. Betty smiled and raised her bottle in salute.

“Maybe we should have a funeral for our old dead selves,” she said with a laugh. Jughead said nothing while he studied her. He still wasn’t convinced the old Betty was dead. He figured she was being hidden for some reason. Her gaze faltered a little as he studied her and she looked back to the TV. He smiled and finished his piece. He liked unnerving her; it gave him a weird satisfaction as it seemed her main goal whenever he was around was to shock the hell out of him.

“So, Jughead,” she said, grabbing another piece. “Before you came to the shop, why were you watching me?” Jughead stilled and looked at her.

“I didn’t think you noticed,” he said with a laugh.

“I noticed,” she said with a smirk. “You’re lucky I didn’t call the sheriff on your stalking ass.”
“Why didn’t you?”

“It was you, I knew you weren’t dangerous,” she said with a shrug. Jughead smiled, feeling more than pleased at her answer. She still trusted him. “Well, I hoped anyway. You could have turned into a creep in the last 10 years. Maybe I wasn’t being very smart. So, again, why were you watching me?”

“I was curious,” he said quietly. She moved and stretched her legs out on the couch, her feet brushing his thigh.

“About?”

“Things I’d heard.”

“What things were those?” she asked. Jughead got up and headed to the fridge and grabbed the last two beers and brought them back. He sat back down a little closer than before and pulled her feet onto his lap. Betty felt an ache begin inside her as his hand caressed her ankle.

“That you’d lost your sweaters,” he said with a grin.

“And what? You wanted to help me find them?’ she asked with a laugh.

“Maybe,” he said, his fingers trailing over her shin. Betty sucked in a quiet breath and opened her beer. She was already feeling the effects of the first two and she figured after this third one, she might be well on her way to being drunk. She took only a couple sips and put it down on the coffee table. She watched as he drank his, chewing on her lip as she watched his mouth. He caught her gaze and held it before dropping to her mouth and her lip pulled between her teeth. His hand had reached her knee and trailed back down at a snail’s pace. She waited until he was done with the beer and then she got up and started walking toward the back.

“Where you going?” he asked, his voice gruff.

“Come with me, there’s something I need you to do,” she said quietly, her eyes challenging him. He got up slowly and followed her. Jughead followed her to her room and leaned against the door frame as he watched her. She turned and looked at him, a small smile on her face.

“So what am I doing here?” he asked with a smirk.

“Probably what you had in mind when you showed up here,” she said pointedly.

“And what’s that?” he asked, not moving from the door. “What did I have in mind when I showed up here? What exactly is it that you want me to do, Betty? You know, just to be clear,” he spoke, his voice husky and soft. Betty walked up to him and ran her hand down his torso. Her eyes darkened and he swallowed.

“I want you to fuck me, Jughead. Is that clear enough?” she said, her gaze burning into his. His eyes darkened and he swallowed.

“Crystal.”

She turned to walk away and he caught her at the waist and pulled himself away from the door, hauling her back against him. His hands moved around her front and slipped under her shirt, teasing her skin and moving up slowly while his mouth grazed over her ear. Her head fell to the side as his mouth moved down over her neck, his tongue dragging on the skin. She let out a breathy sigh when his hands came up and cupped her breasts, his thumbs brushing over the peaks.
“Is this what you want, Betty?” He breathed in her ear, his hands moving down and grabbing her skirt, pulling it up slowly, his fingertips trailing along the tops of her thighs, leaving goosebumps in their wake. She pressed back against him, her backside grinding against his growing arousal. She rotated a little and he growled low in her ear, his hands gripping her hips. His teeth sank lightly into her neck, immediately soothed by a swipe of his tongue.

Betty turned and pressed her lips to his, her hands tangling in his hair as she pulled him closer. Jughead’s hands ran over her backside, squeezing, lifting her against him, his tongue snaking into her mouth. Betty moaned, pressing closer. She loved the feel and taste of him. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist as he walked her toward the bed. She was eager now, eager to be with him on her satiny sheets and not a hard desk or work bench. Jughead teased her mouth, his teeth tugging her lip, his tongue dipping in and out and she pulled on his hair, frustrated, wanting a deep kiss. He laughed and suddenly dropped her on the bed. Her legs hung over the edge and she looked up at him as he stood over her, pulling his shirt over his head. Her eyes devoured him, itching to touch him. He had a lot of tattoos and she found it sexy and dark.

“You are so beautiful,” he said with a smirk. “I promise I won’t be stopping until you’re begging and screaming my name.” Betty shuddered at his words, suddenly wanting it more than anything. She lifted her foot and pressed it against the front of his jeans with a smirk of her own. Jughead caught her foot and squeezed it, before bracing his knee on the bed and slowly coming down over her.

He reached for him and he grabbed her hands and held them above her head. He lowered his head and she thought he was going to kiss her but his lips landed on her neck instead, trailing slowly, down to the line of her shirt. He lifted his head and grabbed her shirt and slowly pulled it over her head. He tossed it aside and then he leaned up again, her legs between his knees. He looked down at her and he stood and holding her gaze, he slowly pulled her skirt down her legs, taking her panties with it. He dropped them and stood still, staring down at her. Jughead felt his arousal press painfully against his pants. This wasn’t the blooming body of a teenager anymore, but a woman, full, lush and waiting for his hands and mouth.

Betty felt herself tremble a little. She had never been looked at the way he was looking at her now. Every inch of her was studied. Not even during their first times together had he looked at her like this. They had been so inexperienced and eager, there was no seduction or slowness. Just eager kids excited to get to know each other’s bodies.

Jughead took his time. Her flushed face and her bottom lip pulled between her teeth that drove him crazy, her full breasts with the already pebbled dusty coral nipples that he ached to touch, her smooth stomach, her rounded hips, her long legs. He reached down and ran his hands along the inside of her thighs, parting them slowly and fixed his eyes between them. His mouth went dry as he saw she was already glistening for him. He saw her shiver under his gaze and he smiled slowly. Jughead reached down and wrapped his hand around the back of her neck and pulled her to a sitting position. He knelt between her knees and pressed his mouth to hers, thrusting his tongue inside and she moaned, her hands moving to clutch his shoulders. He moved his mouth down her neck, his thumb pushing her head back and she ran her hands over his shoulders, up into his thick hair. She had always loved his hair. His mouth moved down to her chest and she whimpered when his breath teased over her nipple, as he purposely kept his mouth from it. He peppered the swells with kisses before dragging his tongue between them. Betty pulled his head up and kissed him again. He let her for a few moments before he pulled back and smiled at her. Her eyes were glazed and filled with a wildness that made his body tighten.
Jughead moved down again and this time he touched his tongue to her nipple, swirling it around the tight peak and she pressed against his mouth and groaned when he finally took it in his mouth and suckled. His hand covered the other one, pinching the nipple and she gasped, wrapping her legs around him and trying to pull him closer. He pulled away from her breast and grabbed her legs and forced them away from him. She glared at him and he smirked. He grabbed her hips and yanked her to the edge of the bed and she let out a little yelp in surprise. He sat back on his heels and held her gaze as he ran his hands up the insides of her thighs, parting them further. He looked down at her and back up to her eyes and smiled smugly at the very slight blush he saw on her face.

Betty felt like she was going to explode from the tension coiled inside her. He was taking his sweet time and purposely making her crazy. The way he was looking down at her made her squirm. She wasn’t what one would call inexperienced, but nobody had ever just stared at her there the way he was doing, as if she was ice cream and he didn’t know where to take the first lick. He lifted his fingers and touched her and she whimpered and squirmed against his fingers.

“You’re so wet, Betty. Is that all for me?” he asked softly, holding her gaze while he slowly slid a finger inside her. She shuddered closed her eyes and moved her hips.

“Yes,” she breathed. He parted her further and bent down and she fell back on the bed with a low moan when his tongue stroked over her. “Oh my God,” she gasped as he swirled around her clit and down, pressing into her. Jughead grabbed one of her legs and draped it over his shoulder and pressed the other one to the side and she lay open to him as he drove her out of her mind. His finger slid inside her and his tongue licked over her folds and she ran her hand through his hair, lifting to him with a whimper. She felt his teeth tug on her lip and she let out a little yell and her hips jerked and he laughed softly against her, the sound vibrating up inside her.

Jughead felt her legs start to shake and slid another finger inside, moving them slowly back and forth. He groaned at the feel and taste of her. Something he had never forgotten and hadn’t been able to find since. He could feel her getting close and when he felt her tighten slightly he pulled back and stopped the movement of his fingers. She moaned in protest and he smiled against her thigh, biting her skin gently.

“Please, Juggie,” she begged, lifting her hips, chasing his mouth. Jughead felt a sharp ache inside as her old nickname for him fell from her lips. He lifted his head and looked at her. “Don’t stop,” she begged. He held her gaze and again raked his tongue over her and she fell back again, her hand gripping his hair. Jughead set on her with earnest and curling his fingers, he sucked her clit and she fell apart, his name echoing around the room. He groaned as her release covered his tongue as her thighs squeezed on his head, her body clenching on his fingers. He pushed her legs apart again and kept going, lapping at her, his tongue swirling, his teeth grazing, his fingers pressing.

Betty could barely breathe as Jughead’s mouth moved over her. She was barely recovering from her release and now it was slamming through her again and as she lay shuddering from the second one, he refused to ease up and he was driving her body there again and the pleasure was so intense, the room started to spin.

“Fuck, I can’t…” she protested when he pushed his tongue inside her. “Juggie, please,” she moaned. She honestly had no idea if she was begging him to stop or to continue, her body was so wound up, and the pleasure was so intense, it bordered on pain. Jughead eased up slightly, his hand moving slowly up her leg, his tongue slowing to almost lazy and a slow intense orgasm once again blazed through her and her nails dug into his shoulders as she wilted into the sheets. Jughead left one last lingering kiss on her and slowly lifted up, his hand wiping over his mouth. He gazed down at her, his eyes hooded and filled with desire.
She lay there, her whole body flushed and shaking and she was pretty sure she couldn’t move. Jughead stood with a smirk and she lay gasping, staring at him. His hands went to his belt and somehow she found the strength to slowly sit up. She actually had to steady herself with her hands on his hips and rested her forehead on his stomach, taking a deep breath. She felt Jughead’s hand touch her hair and gently caress it. She took another steadying breath and looked up at him. He stared down at her, his eyes filled with heat but any other emotion was masked.

“You ok?” he asked softly, the back of his fingers brushing her cheek. Betty felt something stir in her at his caress and soft voice and she shoved it aside and smiled up at him.

“You definitely know what you’re doing,” she said with a sly grin. He winked and smiled as her hands pushed his aside and undid his belt for him. She held his gaze as she opened his jeans and pushed them down his legs. He kicked them aside and she hooked her fingers into his boxers and slowly pulled them down. He sprang free and she stared at him. He was hard and huge and all man. She trailed her fingers along the length and she saw the muscles on his stomach contract. She smiled and wrapped her hand around him and squeezed and he bucked against her. Leaning forward, she licked at the drop that gathered on the tip and he groaned. “Fuck,” he whispered, his head dropping back. Betty ran her tongue up the length and took him in her mouth. His hand that was caressing her hair, now tangled in it and clenched, pulling slightly as his hips moved automatically against her mouth. Betty worked him, teasing, dragging her tongue, tugging on him. She ran her hands up his thighs, along his side and down his front, feeling the hard steel and smooth skin. She raked her nails along his torso and he growled at the pleasure/pain he felt.

Jughead felt like his knees were going to buckle as Betty moved her mouth over him. He looked down and had to work hard to not spill in her mouth when he saw her wet tongue lick over him. He wasn’t going to last long if she kept this up and after a few more moments he had to stop her. Grabbing her under the arms, he hauled her up and she gasped in protest as her mouth released him. He pulled her right up, his hands moving to her hips and forcing her legs around him. He didn’t even wait till they were on the bed before his tongue slipped into her mouth and he thrust his arousal inside her.

“Oh my god,” she moaned, her eyes rolling back as he filled her. They fell back on the sheets and he braced on his hands as he pulled all the way back and then pushed forward again. She could taste herself on his tongue still and she went wild beneath him. He pulled out again and moved back in so slowly, she dug her nails into his arms in frustration. “More, I want more,” she moaned. He moved faster then and her hands flew over him, touching, squeezing, digging in her nails. He grunted with pleasure, his mouth moving down her neck, latching on and sucking a deep bruise into her. He felt her start to tighten and he lifted his head and grabbed her hands and held them over her head.

“Don’t you dare come yet,” he growled and she let out a sob, arching wildly against him. He stopped moving and his eyes burned down into hers.

“Fuck Jughead,” she yelled, writhing beneath him.

“Not until you beg and scream my name,” he said roughly.

“I am begging, god dammit Jughead!” She yelled.

“What are you begging for, Betty?” he asked, giving a tiny thrust that did nothing to satisfy her.

“I need you to move,” she moaned.

“What?”
“Please, please, please,” she panted. “Fuck me!” He thrust lightly. “Jughead!!!” Her yell made his ears ring.

He smiled smugly and started to move. A hard, deep punishing pace that had her head pressing back and her eyes rolling back in her head. He hauled her hips off the bed and came up on his knees, slamming into her. She brought her legs up and her thighs fell wider and he sank in deeper than she thought was possible and he leaned over and braced one hand on the bed and reached between them and stroked his fingers over her clit as he dragged his tongue through the sheen of sweat between her breasts and she felt the orgasm start to build in her toes and her legs started to shake and then her body felt like it completely broke apart as pleasure like she had never felt ripped through her. He was right, he did make her scream his name and she clenched hard on him, pulsing so hard she forced his own release and he growled long and low as he exploded inside her, his thrusts completely losing rhythm as he jerked against her. Jughead fell against her and she welcomed his weight, her arms and legs wrapped all around him.

Jughead groaned against her neck, the feel of her smooth body wrapped all around him, all over making him want to do it all over again. He hoped he wasn’t crushing her because he couldn’t move if his life depended on it. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d had sex like this, if he’d ever had it at all. When he finally got his wits about him, he felt her pinching his side and he rolled slowly off her, and lay on his back. She lay beside him, both breathing like they had just ran a marathon.

“Jesus, you make good on your promises,” she muttered, between shaky breaths. She turned her head to look at him and rolled her eyes at the arrogant grin on his face. She looked dazed and completely satisfied.

“You good?” he asked, brushing the wet tendrils of hair off her forehead. Something flickered in her eyes and was gone before he could figure out what it was. She smiled and closed her eyes.

“Better than good,” she sighed, her hand brushing down her eyes at the arrogant grin on his face. He shifted so he hovered over her, resting on his elbow. She looked dazed and completely satisfied.

“You can call it cake if you want. You could even say you had your cake and ate it too.” He raised an eyebrow.

“Mmmm, I like it,” he grinned. She let her eyes roam over his face and wondered how anyone could be so handsome. Before she realized what she was doing, she lifted her hand and traced his brow with her fingers, trailing them down over his jaw line. His smile faded and she was mesmerized by the look in his eyes. Heat, want and something oddly familiar that she couldn’t put her finger on. He dipped his head and kissed her, a slow, thorough kiss. Unhurried and languid that made her body melt into a pool of need. His hand cupped her face and his thumb stroked her cheek and the tender action made her ache with something that wasn’t arousal. Jughead pulled his mouth from hers and rested his forehead on hers, taking a long deep breath. They said nothing and Betty was trembling from something that had nothing to do with sex and desire. Jughead suddenly rolled away from her and sat up.

“We should maybe shower,” he suggested with a smile. Betty sat up and pulled the sheet up to cover herself. He raised an eyebrow at her and laughed. “Seriously?” He smirked when she actually blushed which she immediately frowned about.
“Seriously, is right,” she muttered.

“What?” he asked with a laugh. “Had you banished all blushing with the “old Betty”?

“I thought so,” she said with a sigh.

“I used to be able to get you to blush over just about anything,” he reminded her with a twinkle in his eye.

“And apparently you still can,” Betty said with a hint of annoyance. She got up, still holding the sheet and went into the bathroom. When he heard the shower turn on he grinned and followed her.

Betty gave him a pointed look when he climbed in with her and grabbed her cloth. She was surprised when he proceeded to gently wash her and didn’t try anything else. She climbed out to dry herself as he went about washing himself. Pulling on the pj shorts and shirt she was wearing when he showed up, she went into the bedroom and changed the sheets and was just finishing up when he came out. He pulled on his boxers and settled himself on the bed and she stared at him.

“What are you doing?” she asked in surprise.

“I’m tired, I’m going to sleep,” he said and closed his eyes. She had expected him to get dressed and leave but that clearly wasn’t the case. She went out into the front room and made sure the door was locked and all the lights were off. She stood quietly for a while, unsure of how she felt about him staying the night and then sighed and walked slowly to the bedroom. It was Jughead. She had spent the night with him plenty of times in the past. She got into bed and curled up on her side facing away from him and closed her eyes. A moment later his arm came around her waist and pulled her up against him and she melted against the warmth of his body.

“Good night, Betty,” he murmured against her hair.

“Good night, Juggie,” she whispered. She felt him give her a light squeeze and she couldn’t stop the smile that settled on her face.

Jughead reached for her once more before morning, his mouth and hands working their way down her body, slipping off her clothes. She responded immediately and he soon had her falling apart once again. They fell asleep again before they had even properly recovered. She woke again a couple hours later to him slipping out of bed and getting dressed. She lay watching him and she almost asked him to stay but she remained silent. He smiled at her and leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her mouth and then her forehead and then he was gone.

She sat up and wrapped a sheet around herself and moved the curtain to the window beside her bed and watched as he appeared outside and sat on his bike. He pulled a cigarette and lit it, taking a long drag and relaxing on his bike while he smoked it. When he finished, he looked up and saw her watching him and he winked as he started his bike. She lifted her hand in a slight wave and watched as he fastened his helmet and sped down the street. Betty sighed and rested her head against the window frame. Her entire body ached with the most delicious ache and she thought the last 12 hours had been the most incredible she had had in years. She suddenly wanted him to come back.
"Jughead, someone needs a car towed out on Road 44," Betty called from the office after hanging up the phone. It was Monday morning and even though she was loathe to admit it, she had spent the rest of the weekend after he had left on Saturday morning, missing him. She hadn’t realized how boring her life actually was before he showed up. Work, work, sleep, work, evenings reading alone, sometimes getting together with Veronica, more work. Just boring. Now she couldn’t think of anything except the night he spent with her. God, Jughead Jones knew what he was doing in bed.

She had had other partners since being with him at 16 but they had been pretty normal, sex was good, guys. Jughead had certainly mastered his skills. He’d already been great back then, but this was another level and she wanted more. Sitting on the couch reading a book now seemed boring as hell; not when she could have his hands and mouth all over her.

Jughead had showed up for work on time and he had simply winked at her and grabbed a work order and set to work. She wondered if he would mind if she went out and just shoved him against the wall and started making out with him. Betty lowered her head to the desk and sighed. She was turning into a sex fiend. Scratch that. A ‘sex with Jughead’ fiend.

“Sorry, what did you say?” he asked suddenly. Betty jumped and quickly straightened, her face turning red as if she’d been caught doing exactly what she had been thinking about. Jughead leaned against the door frame and smirked at her. That always present smirk that was starting to irk her. He knew exactly what she was thinking and his smug arrogance bugged her because it turned her on.

“There is a car on Road 44 that needs a tow. The owner said the keys are in it and it’s been standing there a couple days. Won’t start and they don’t know why.” Betty threw the tow truck keys at him and turned her attention back to whatever she was doing.

“Take a break?” Jughead suggested. She looked at him, her brow furrowed. “Come with me, make sure I hook it up right,” he said with a grin. She considered and then smiled and stood up.

“Sure, why not,” she said and walked past him, purposely brushing against him. Jughead grinned after her. She wasn’t subtle in the least. Once they were on their way, Betty glanced over the directions. “I think it’s about 20 minutes out, give or take a few. Red Grand Prix.” Jughead nodded and relaxed back in the seat, his hand dangling casually over the top of the steering wheel.

“So, how was the rest of your weekend?” He asked with a small smile.

“Boring,” Betty said, kicking off her shoes and resting her feet on the dash. Jughead forced his eyes to stay on the road and not her legs.

“Should have called me over,” he said with a grin.

“Would you have come?” she asked, looking at him.

“Oh, that’s a guarantee,” he said with a wink. Betty swallowed and quickly looked out the window. “Don’t worry, I wouldn’t have forgotten about you. You’d have been screaming in no time,” he said, his voice full of laughter.

“Shut up,” she muttered, sending him a glare.

“Be nice,” he said gruffly, his hand lifting to rest on her knee. “Or I’ll make you beg even more next time.” Betty sucked in a breath as his hand moved up her leg. She took it and shoved it away, sending him a glare, even while her stomach ached with want. Next time. She loved the sound of
that. He wasn’t done trying to get a rise out of her. As they drove, he rested his arm along the back of the truck bench, his fingers brushing the back of her neck. Her skin shivered and he bit back a smile. Betty was getting more frustrated with him by the minute and when the drive took them down a back road in the woods, she suddenly smiled and took off her seat belt. She slid over, trying to get around the gear stick and leaned into his side.

“What about you, how was your weekend?” she asked, her hand resting on his thigh, her mouth whispering across his jaw. Jughead jerked in surprise, the laughter in his eyes replaced by surprise.

“It was…ok,” he managed as her hand moved up and brushed over him. He grabbed her wrist and stilled her movement. “Ok, ok, I give. Sorry for teasing you,” he said laughing. She bit his earlobe and he groaned. She bit his neck next, pulling her hand away from his and smiling smugly when she felt him harden beneath her. “Betty,” he growled his warning clear.

“Shut up and drive,” she murmured in his ear. She pressed her palm over him, rubbing slowly and he clenched his jaw, his grip on the steering wheel tightening. When her hand moved to his button and zipper he shot her a look.

“What are you doing?” he groaned when her hand slipped into his jeans and wrapped around him. Her tongue ran up his neck and he shifted uncomfortably in the seat, trying to concentrate on the road. She pulled him free and her thumb stroked over the top.

“Shit….” He muttered, the wheel jerking a little. She lowered her head and his hand fisted in her hair. “Fucking hell,” he groaned when he felt her mouth on him.

“Eyes on the road,” she said with a smile. She took him in her mouth and his head fell back and hit the back of the seat, he quickly straightened and tried to not fucking kill them. He looked down and watched her head bob and felt the truck pull onto the shoulder. He jerked it back on the road and she giggled around him. Her tongue swirled around him and her mouth tugged and he could barely think, much less drive. He somehow managed to pull the truck over, and thought he did pretty good in the condition he was in, even if he was basically in the ditch and damn near in a tree.

Jughead groaned when he felt his body start to tense and she wrapped her hand around him again, helping her mouth as she worked him.

“Betty, im…shit….” He had almost no warning as his body tightened and released in a rush and she let out a throaty sound as she worked him through it, not releasing until he was done. “Fuck!” he gasped when she released him and sat up with a smug grin. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to….in your mouth I mean….” She wiped her hand across her mouth and sat back in her seat. He sat there reeling for a minute and then lifted his head from the back of the seat and stared at her innocent and naughty smile.

“Dirty girl,” he growled, staring at her mouth as he fixed his pants.

“Only with you,” she blurted with a laugh and then sighed at her accidental admission. Jughead had been reaching to put the truck into drive again and he stilled. He leaned back again and looked at her.

“You did that a couple times when we were 16 too,” he said with a curious look.

“Yeah, and?”

“You’ve never let anyone else….” She shook her head and focused her attention out the window. She looked annoyed that he knew that about her. He smiled. He couldn’t explain the satisfaction he got out of knowing he was the only one she had ever let finish there.
“Why are you mad?” he asked softly. She shrugged and kept staring out the window. He sighed and put the truck into drive and they found the car about 10 minutes later. He parked the truck and reached down to shove the seat back as far as it could go. She was about to climb out when he grabbed her arm. She looked at him with a frown.

“Come here,” he said gruffly, pulling her across the cab and over the gear shift. She got a little tangled up but soon he had her straddling his lap, his hands digging into her hips.

“This isn’t very comfortable,” she muttered, the steering wheel pressing into her back.

“Why are you mad?” he asked again, his hands slipping under her shirt and caressing her sides.

“I’m not mad,” she said with a sigh.

“Yes, you are. Because I know something about your sex life that doesn’t involve me?”

“Well, I don’t exactly enjoy sharing that stuff with people I’m….with you…..” she said, looking embarrassed. “It’s weird.”

“Well, then let me share as well,” he suggested. She wrinkled her nose.

“Gross, no.”

“I’ve never done that except with you,” he said, ignoring her protest.

“Never?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“No. I pull out.”

“Ugh, God, can we stop this now? I don’t fucking want to know about what you do with other women!”

“You know, Betty, this new you is a bit of a prude,” he said. She knew he was teasing but her eyes narrowed just the same.

“Fuck you,” she snapped and tried to climb off him. He held her still and smirked.

“Mmmmm, I don’t mind at all if you do,” he said, moving against her. The anger in her eyes quickly fading to hunger. He took her mouth and thrust his tongue inside and she moaned and sagged against him. His hands dropped to her shorts and was happy to find they had some give. He popped the button and slid his hand inside. She shifted and lifted her hips to give him room and groaned when his fingers brushed over her. She pulled away from his kiss and gasped, resting her forehead on his shoulder.

“There’s no room in here,” she groaned.

“No worries, I’ve already had my fun, your turn,” he said gruffly, sliding his fingers inside her wet heat. His thumb touched her clit and she moved her hips with his hand, her mouth on his once again. It took her only minutes and she was coming apart and clenching on his fingers. He groaned into her mouth, stroking her slowly while she rode her release and wilted against him.

“You’re still an ass,” she whispered, barely able to get her mind to work. “I don’t think I like you at all.”
“You like my fingers though,” he said with a smug grin. She sighed and leaned back. A smile played on her lips and she was working really hard to keep from grinning at him.

“We have work to do,” she finally said and he pulled her close and gave her a hot, hard kiss and then opened the door to the truck and slid out from under her. She relaxed against the seat and he grabbed her arm.

“No resting, get to work boss,” he ordered playfully. She rolled her eyes and climbed out of the truck.

“I’m sleeping with Jughead.”

Betty sighed. She hadn’t meant to blurt it out like that, but she had been sitting on Veronica’s couch for an hour already, trying to think of a way to tell her and finally, while her friend was pouring them another glass of wine, out it came. V stared at her and slowly lowered the wine bottle.

“You’re dating Jughead again?” she asked, confused.

“No, I said I was sleeping with Jughead,” Betty explained. Veronica just stared at her and then burst into laughter.

“Why is that funny?”

“Ok, I must have not heard you correctly,” the raven haired girl said as she came over and handed Betty the glass of wine. “You’re sleeping with Jughead? As in, sex. No dating, just having sex with Jughead.”

“Yes.” Veronica sat down and stared at her for a while.

“Oh Betty. You’re not this stupid, are you?”

“Excuse me?”

“You can’t be Jughead’s fuck buddy for God’s sake!” Veronica exclaimed.

“Why not?” Betty asked with an annoyed frown.

“Because, it’s Jughead!”

“That’s not a reason,” Betty said, sipping her wine and leaning back on the couch. Veronica leaned forward and rested her elbow on the knee of her crossed leg, waving a delicate manicured hand in front of her.

“Ok, let me ask you something, and be completely honest. Including Jughead, how many guys have you dated?”

“Five.”

“And of those five, how many did you sleep with?” V asked pointedly.

“Three,” Betty said with a sigh. “What does this have to…”

“And of those three, how many were you in love with?” Veronica interrupted. Betty was silent for a while. “How many?”
“One.”

“And what is the name of this one guy that you’ve dated and had sex with that you were in love with?”

“That doesn’t have anything…”

“Who was it Betty?” Veronica asked harshly.

“Jughead,” Betty said quietly.

“Do you honestly think that you can be screwing your ex, the only guy you have ever loved and not have this get messy? Seriously Betty? How the fuck did this even happen?”

“I had an itch, he happened to be there.”

“Ok, that’s such horseshit,” Veronica said laughing. “If any of the other two that you’ve slept with had been there, would you have had sex with them?” Betty sipped her wine and said nothing. “Yeah, that’s what I thought,” Veronica sighed. “Why in God’s name did you even go there?”

“He’s really fucking hot and holy shit is he good in bed,” Betty blurted. Veronica stared at her, shocked. She sat back and smirked. “Wow, you really are a serpent slut,” she said with a laugh. Betty frowned at her.

“Really, V?” Betty said, even though a little laugh came out. “That was a really awful day when that shit happened.”

“Yes, and I remember how Jughead, the boy you loved, took care of you and held you while you cried and kissed the tears off your face.” Betty said nothing, just stared at her glass of wine, chewing on her lip. “Look, I don’t think I really have to sit here and tell you that what you’re doing is stupid and this is going to get messy. I know you have this whole new thing going now, where you’re presenting yourself to the world like this tough chick who doesn’t take shit from anybody and does what she wants, but this is Jughead. He’s part of the reason why you’ve changed so much. Even this new Betty you’re putting out there can’t handle this.”

“You don’t know what I can handle and Jughead isn’t why I’m different,” Betty snapped.

“Is that so?” V asked quietly. “The funny thing is that you’re not even as different as you like to make every one think.”

“Veronica…” Betty was starting to get angry.

“No, I’ve kept my mouth shut for the last few years and let you go through whatever the fuck it is you’re doing but you don’t fool me Betty. You present yourself to everyone with this whole new look and attitude, but what is it that you really love to do? You sit at home every night and read or write or probably knit for all I know. In your private moments there are no signs of this new Betty you keep throwing around. Your apartment is done in fucking pastels and frills for God’s sake. You can cuss and throw attitude and show your ass all you want Betty, but I know who the real Betty is and I know what you’re trying to do.”

“What’s that exactly,” Betty said, her anger clear on her face.

“You’re trying to be the ‘tough girl’ so you won’t get hurt again. I mean, all the boyfriends you’ve had since Jughead, you’re the one that broke up with them, not the other way around. Why is that?
Do it before they do it to you? Is that it? Hurt them before they hurt you? So you don’t feel pain again?"

“Jughead and I decided together to break up! It was a mutual decision.”

“Who brought it up when the time came?” Veronica asked softly. Betty said nothing. “Who brought it up, Betty?”

“He did,” she snapped. “But I agreed because he was right.”

“That didn’t make it hurt any less, did it?”

Betty stood up angrily and grabbed her coat. Veronica stood up and put her hand on her arm. “I’m just worried about you, B, and I know you think you can handle this with Jughead, but I don’t think you can. Just be careful ok? Last time you guys parted ways, it was so hard on you.”

“I’m fine,” Betty said firmly and left the apartment. Veronica sighed and turned toward the hall.

“Archie, come in here.” The redhead came out of the den and walked to the fridge for a beer.

“What’s up?” he asked.

“You still hang with Jughead, right?”

“Sometimes, why?”

“Is he the kind of guy to have a fuck buddy?”

“What?” Archie asked, confused.

“Like sleep with someone, just for the sake of sleeping with them. No feelings, just sex.” Archie started to laugh.

“No way. Jughead is too old school for that. He won’t even have one night stands.”

“Not even with someone he feels really comfortable with?”

“No, Jughead has to be dating a girl before he sleeps with her. And in order for him to date a girl, he really has to like her. I think he’s only had like 5 or 6 relationships. It’s probably even less, but that’s my guess over the last 10 years.”

“Hmmm, interesting. So, what if Jughead was sleeping with someone and they weren’t dating. Why would he do that?”

“For him to be screwing someone he wasn’t dating? He’d probably have to be secretly in love with her or something. Why are you asking all this?” Archie questioned. Veronica turned to look at him.

“Betty says she’s sleeping with Jughead and they aren’t dating, it’s just sex.” Archie lowered his beer to the counter and stared at her.

“Oh fuck.”

Betty was sitting on the couch trying to figure out a way to ease the throbbing pain in her head. Her headaches were getting worse and she knew it was going to be a long night. She would have to call
the doctor in the morning. She couldn’t handle this shit anymore. Her phone buzzed and she picked it up and looked at it.

J: What you up to?

She sighed and fired back a text.

B: Nothing, just trying to fight off a massive headache.

J: That sucks, sorry to hear that.

B: Yeah, it does.

Jughead didn’t reply again and she put the phone down and lay back on the couch. The pain was getting to the point where tears stung her eyes.

“God dammit,” she muttered, getting up and going to the kitchen. She took another couple of advil and held an ice pack to the base of her head. A knock at the door sounded like a sledge hammer to her, as the pain made everything more sensitive. She opened it and found Jughead standing there.

“Hey,” he said with a smile. Betty frowned at him.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, more sharply than she intended. He paused, looking slightly unsure.

“I just thought I’d see how you were doing,” he said quietly.

“Not tonight Jughead,” she said, irritated. “I told you, I have a headache!” Jughead’s eyes narrowed and he stepped back.

“Right,” he said flatly. “I forgot, we’re just fucking. Cause why else would I be here, if not for that.”


“Juggie,” She said, her voice coming out more a pained whimper than anything. “Please don’t go,” she pleaded, holding her hand to the side of her head.

He paused and turned to look at her, hearing the pain in her voice. He saw her eyes filled with tears and came back up, concern all over his face. “I didn’t mean to snap at you,” she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder.

“Hey, what’s going on with this?” he asked, ushering her back into the apartment. “How bad is this headache?”

“It’s pretty bad,” she admitted, a tear falling down her cheek. He led her to the couch and sat down with her.

“What are you getting headaches? Is this why you have trouble sleeping?” She nodded and lowered her head in her hands.

“It’s a new medication I’m on. It’s been a few weeks like this and the doctor thought it would go away once my body is used to it but they are getting worse and I need to see him and switch my meds cause I can’t live like this,” Betty said. Jughead sat back lengthwise on the couch and carefully pulled her close, settling her between his legs, her back to his chest.

“Lean your head forward,” he said softly. Betty did as he asked. “It may not be the meds, you may
have a pinched nerve in your neck. They get steadily worse if not worked out. Let me see if I can find it.” He lifted his hands to her neck and began to gently massage her, digging his thumb in as he slowly dragged it up the back of her neck. She closed her eyes and let him try and ease the tension. “What are you taking medication for?” he asked softly.

“Anxiety,” she whispered. Jughead slowly lowered one of his hands and stroked it down her arm, picking up her hand. He turned it over and looked at her palms. He was relieved to see nothing fresh and very faint, very old scarring.

“I stopped doing that when I went on medication years ago,” she said softly.

“Good,” he whispered against her hair as he kept digging his thumb into her neck. He suddenly connected with a spot that made her gasp and let out a little cry, as sharp pain shot through her neck and head.

“Ok, got it,” he murmured and started to work it out. Betty dug her fingers into his leg as his thumb pressed deep.

“Jesus, that hurts,” she whimpered, on the verge of pulling away.

“Just relax and breathe, it will take a minute.” She tried to relax and finally, after a couple minutes the pain and pressure started to ease and his touch lighted up into a gentle massage that moved up to her temples and head.

“That feels really great. Where did you learn to do that?”

“One of my….” Jughead’s voice trailed off and he went silent. Betty smiled slightly.

“An ex used to get them?” she asked.

“Yeah,” he muttered.

“Always the great boyfriend,” Betty said smiling.

“I tried to be,” he said with a chuckle.

“You were the best,” she whispered. Jughead said nothing and kept massaging. The pain was gone and Betty found herself drifting off to sleep.

Jughead realized Betty had fallen asleep and he sat and held her against him for a while. Eventually he shifted and stood, picking her up in his arms and carrying her to bed. She was sleeping deeply and barely stirred as he tucked her in and pulled the blankets up around her. He gently brushed his finger down her cheek. In sleep she looked like the innocent girl he remembered. Leaning down, he pressed a kiss to her forehead and then left the apartment.

On Friday, Jughead text Betty that he needed the day to take care of some business. She was annoyed at the disappointment she felt. She spent the day puttering around the garage, remembering Wednesday’s shift after he had helped her fall asleep the previous night. She had thanked him by climbing on top of him on the couch in her office. He had been very enthusiastic about her thankfulness. She sighed as she closed up the shop. They definitely couldn’t get enough of each other and it seemed to get hotter each time. She remembers how Jughead had bent her over the desk and bit into her shoulder and she shuddered at the heat that went through her.
“Christ, Betty, get a grip,” she grumbled to herself. She was hungry and didn’t feel like cooking and called in an order to Pop’s to pick up and then after making sure everything was locked up, headed over there. Her heart jumped when she saw Jughead’s bike parked outside. She found herself straightening her clothes and patting her hair and rolled her eyes at herself. She tried to act natural and walked inside and headed to the counter.

“Hey Betty, got your order right here,” Jenny, the waitress, said with a smile. Betty smiled and pulled out some money and casually looked around. Her eyes fell on the last booth and she froze. She was a little shocked at the anger and jealousy that slammed into her. Jughead was sitting in the booth with Toni Topaz. Not only that but she was sitting next to him instead of across. Sure, someone sat across from them but it infuriated her. She remembered the girl from back in the day. She had befriended Jughead and while she hadn’t been an issue back then, the fact that she was still in Jughead’s life after all these years and apparently close with him made her heart twist painfully.

Jughead caught her gaze and lifted his hand off the back of the seat that it was draped across to wave. Betty couldn’t stop the angry glare that settled on her features. His smile faded and he looked puzzled. He looked from her to Toni and a slow smirk spread across his lips. He popped a fry in his mouth and held Betty’s gaze, an obvious challenge. Toni suddenly caught sight of her and her eyes widened in surprise. She turned to Jughead and then looked quickly back to Betty. She started to smirk too, but for reasons all her own. Betty turned away and grabbed her food.

“Thanks Jenny,” she muttered and hurried out of the diner.

“Well, well….” Toni started with a laugh. Jughead shoved her out of the booth in his hurry to get up.

“Shut the fuck up,” he snapped and hurried from the diner. Betty’s truck was already flying out of the parking lot and he swore and ran to his bike.

Betty slammed open the door to her apartment and threw her bag of food on the counter. She didn’t know what the hell was wrong with her. Sure, her and Jughead were sleeping together but it’s not like they were exclusive. Fuck, they weren’t even dating. They were barely fucking friends. They were starting to be but she had no reason to be upset. But it was her. Toni Topaz. Toni was still in his life, ten years later. Ten years with him that Betty never got and she suddenly was furious about it. As she paced, her apartment door suddenly flew open again and there stood Jughead, looking just as angry as her.

“What are you doing here?” she snapped. He let out a laugh and slammed the door behind him. He walked over to her and drove her back into the wall as she stumbled back. His hands settled on either side of her head, trapping her against it.

“Why didn’t you come say hi?” he asked, his face inches from hers. “That was very rude.”

“Just what kind of business did you have today that you couldn’t come to work,” she fumed back. Jughead smirked and leaned closer, his body brushing hers.

“What’s the matter Betty? You miss me?” She said nothing and turned her head when he leaned closer. “Or is this jealous Betty because I was sitting with another girl?” he asked, his voice gruff, his breath blowing against her ear. She swallowed and tried to shift away from him. He wedged a leg between her thighs, pressing close to her and she bit her lip to keep from moaning when he pressed against her. “Is that it? Were you jealous?” he breathed as his teeth grazed her ear.

“N…no….” she stuttered, when his hand brushed up her leg. His hand squeezed her hip and he
moved his mouth across her cheek and eased back, his eyes burning into hers.

“Were you jealous?” he asked again, his thigh rubbing purposely against her. She gasped and clutched his arms. She pressed her lips together, her eyes angry. His hand slipping into the back of her shorts, squeezing her backside as he pressed her core against his thigh, causing a groan to slip out. “Were you?” he asked again, his voice harsh and gravely.

“Yes,” she whimpered as his hand, still inside her shorts, slowly came around the front and dipping down between her legs. She was already wet and she hated herself for it.

“Why, Betty? Why were you jealous?” Jughead said, his tongue flicking across her mouth, his fingers sliding over her folds, teasing her clit.

“I…I’m….” Betty let her head fall back, unable to answer as his finger slid slowly inside her.

“Why would you be jealous if I’m with another girl Betty? I thought I was just scratching your itch,” he growled against her mouth. Her nails dug into his arm and she glared into his eyes.

“Yes, well, I don’t much like sharing,” she snapped. Jughead pushed deeper and his thumb swiped over her clit and she moaned.

“So, while I’m scratching your itch, I’m not allowed to scratch anyone else’s? Is that it?” he asked with a laugh, his fingers and thumb moving quicker.

“Yes,” she said, another moan slipping out of her mouth as she felt her body start to tighten and just when she thought she would feel blissful release, Jughead pulled his hand away and stepped back. She gasped at the sudden loss and stared at him, panting and aroused.

“What…why….” She stumbled over her words, her body wound and screaming for release.

“Good to know,” Jughead said, bringing his fingers to his mouth, licking off her arousal. Her stomach clenched and she trembled. “Thanks for clearing up the rules for me,” he said with a smirk and turned and walked out of the apartment.

“Fuck” she gasped, taking deep breaths, trying to calm the fire inside her. Her eyes suddenly narrowed and blazed with anger. Jughead wanted to play, did he? Well she could play too. She headed to her room, pulling off her work clothes as she went.
Arrangement

Jughead was just settling in for the evening when there was a knock at the door.

“It’s open,” he called out. The door swung in and Toni leaned against his door frame. “What’s up?” he asked.

“You have a little problem downstairs.”

“What kind of problem?”

“A half naked one,” Toni said with a smirk.

“What the fuck do I care what someone’s wearing? There’s no dress code besides ‘cover your assets’.”

“You might care about this one,” she said with a grin and disappeared. Jughead sighed and got up. He headed down the hall that led to the stairs leading to the bar. He walked down and over to the bar, getting behind it and grabbing a beer. He looked out over the crowd and saw the usual. A classic rock song blared from the jukebox and people were dancing and playing pool and darts and drinking and nothing really seemed amiss. He glanced at Toni with a questioning look. She tilted her head toward the dancing, a smirk on her face. He looked over and focused and then he froze.

Betty was swaying to the music in the middle of a crowd of leering men who were dancing around her. She was wearing short denim shorts that showed off her long glorious legs and a denim shirt that she hadn’t even bothered to button and just tied it over her chest. She caught sight of him then and a challenging smirk appeared on her face. She lifted her arms over her head, lifting her hair and letting it fall as she swayed her hips to the music. Jughead raked his eyes over her and felt his lust roar to life. She was stunning and sexy and so fucking naked. Her movements were seductive, her eyes burning into his, daring him to react and when he saw a pair of rough hands settle on her hips, he did react. Jealous anger roared to life inside him and he became furious. Betty seemed startled when she was hauled back against a body and he slammed his beer down on the counter and headed in her direction. People scrambled to get out of his way and when he reached her, he grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the hands that were pawing her.

“Get your fucking hands off her,” he yelled angrily, shoving the man into the wall. He turned to Betty and started pulling her angrily through the crowd and she had to run to keep up with his long strides or he would have literally dragged her.

“Who the hell is that?” Juice asked, walking up to Toni. She grinned and leaned against the bar.

“That’s Jughead’s fuck buddy,” she said.

“That’s Jughead’s fuck buddy,” she said.

“Fuck buddy? Those two are fuck buddies? Looks like a little more than that to me with how pissed off he is. Who are they trying to kid?”

“Theymselves apparently, because nobody else is fooled,” Toni said as she laughed.

Jughead didn’t ease his grip on her arm as he headed up the stairs and Betty was certain she would probably have a bruise. She wondered briefly if she had gone too far. He was fucking furious. He dragged her down a hall and through a door which he slammed behind them and shoved her up against it.
“What the fuck are you doing?” he growled, his eyes spitting fire.

“I was dancing,” she said with a smirk, lifting her chin. Jughead let out an angry laugh.

“Looked more like wagging your ass around waiting for someone to grab it,” he fumed.

“What’s the matter, Jughead? Are you jealous?” she asked slyly. His eyes narrowed and his anger intensified.

“Are you fucking kidding me right now? You were trying to make me jealous?”

“I think it worked,” she said laughing and he looked so angry, she could have sworn his eye lid started to twitch. “It’s a strange feeling, isn’t it? Jealousy. Just comes out of nowhere,” she said, feeling her own anger rising. Anger at these fucking emotions and feelings that were overwhelming her. Angry that he was making her feel them. She matched him glare for glare. “Don’t you ever fucking leave me hanging again,” she snapped.

“Don’t you ever fucking leave me hanging again,” she snapped. He raised an eyebrow and started to laugh.

“Seriously Betty? That’s why you’re here? You come swinging your ass around the bar, trying to make me jealous because I didn’t give you an orgasm?” Jughead said in a mocking tone. When she actually heard the words, Betty felt a little mortified and it infuriated her.

“Fuck you,” she said furiously and turned and tried to open the door. It opened an inch before he slammed it shut again.

“I don’t think so,” he growled in her ear as he pressed her against it. She turned and shoved at him and she may as well have tried to shove a brick wall.

“Get off me,” she stormed and he immediately stepped back, his breathing harsh, his eyes still angry. “Fuck you and fuck this. I’m done!”

“Go ahead and leave, Sugar,” he said, his voice cold. Betty stood, her fists clenched, her chest heaving and she stared at him and she realized the last thing she wanted to do was leave. She wanted him on her and in her. Her tongue licked over her lips and his gaze immediately dropped to her mouth. When they came back to hers, the anger was mixed with heavy lust and she felt herself clench between her thighs. She doesn’t know who moved first but suddenly she was pressed against the door, her legs around his waist, his hands on her ass and his tongue in her mouth.

Betty moaned and gripped his hair, pressing into his wet kiss, sucking on his tongue as it ravaged her mouth. Jughead moved a hand to her hair and tugged her head back, his mouth sucking down the skin of her neck, leaving marks as he made his way down. He turned and started walking to the bed she had noticed in the corner of the room. She pressed her aching center against his rock hard arousal in his jeans and whimpered when his teeth dug into her shoulder.

He dropped her on the bed and pulled his shirt off and she untied hers and quickly pulled it off as well. She hadn’t bothered with a bra. His eyes were still angry when he came down on top of her. She moved her hand to his face and he grabbed it and slammed it back on the pillow, not allowing her to touch him, his mouth pressing to hers in a punishing kiss. She wrapped her legs around him and pressed against him, moaning into his mouth. He lifted away from her and stared down at her, their chests heaving, the anger and lust simmering.

“What do you want,” he growled, thrusting his body against hers.

“Fuck me,” she demanded heatedly. His hands went to her shorts and in seconds he had them pulled off and glared at her when he saw there were no panties.
“Seriously?” he fumed. “You’re barely fucking wearing clothes and have no underwear underneath?” He was furious all over again. Her hands went to the button and zipper of his jeans.

“Shut up and fuck me!” she demanded again. He shoved his jeans and boxers down far enough to free himself and dragged himself over her, finding her soaked and ready. He thrust hard into her and she cried out, her nails raking his back. He wasn’t gentle and she didn’t want him to be. He braced on his hands and fucked her, hard and fast and groaned at the feel of her around him. Her eyes rolled back and she tightened her legs around him, meeting his thrusts, pushing against him.

“Fuck, yes,” she cried out as she felt herself begin to spiral, her release rushing to her quickly as she had been denied earlier. He felt her tighten and suddenly pulled out and left her empty. “No, no, please Jughead,” she cried out, her whole body shaking.

“You want to come Betty?” he asked; his voice heavy and filled with heat. “That’s what you came here for?”

“Yes, please, I want you,” she begged, trying to pull him back to her. He once again pinned her arms above her head, not letting her touch him. Her eyes had a wild, desperate look in them.

“Does anyone else make you feel like this, Betty?” He asked, dragging himself against her.

“No,” she gasped, lifting to him.

“No, Juggie, I swear it,” she cried out. “Nobody has ever made me feel this way but you.” Jughead looked down into her face and saw the truth, the need, the want and desperation in her eyes. He reached down and thrust two fingers inside her, possessive and marking, his whole hand cupping her. She gasped and pressed closer.

“Let me be clear, with a few rules of my own,” he said harshly. “While I’m fucking your itch, this is mine! Nobody touches this, and nobody touches you! Do you understand?” he demanded. She nodded quickly. “I will tell you when this is done and until then, you belong to me!” She whimpered and nodded, so desperate for release she would have agreed to anything.

He gave her what she wanted, thrusting hard back into her and she cried out in relief. He took her mouth and moved fast, desperate now for his own release. It took only moments and he was shocked when she started to tighten on him and he didn’t even have to move his hand between them. She came apart and clench on him and he orgasmed with her, heavy release ripping through him. He grunted and shook against her, their bodies slick with sweat, their gasps filling the air. He fell on her and she wrapped all around him, her body still fluttering around his length. After a long while he rolled off her and got off the bed.

Betty sighed shakily, suddenly feeling empty and alone. Tears stung her eyes and she felt like a fool. She sat up stiffly and he threw a t-shirt and sweats at her. She frowned at them and looked at him.

“Put those on and go the fuck home. And don’t you ever come in this bar dressed like that again.” He was still so angry, she didn’t dare try to argue. She hurried into the clothes and collected the pieces she had arrived in and clutched them in her hands. She didn’t look at him as she walked to the door. “Go out the back way,” he snapped. Betty bit back a reply and hurried out. She managed to hold it together until she got home and as soon as she was in her apartment, she burst into tears and sank down on the couch. Veronica’s words came back to haunt her. This had turned into a big fucking mess.
After Betty left, Jughead stormed through the bar, his furious eyes on the snake who had dared to touch her. The man saw him coming and scrambled back with his hands up.

"Listen Jug, I had no idea she was your....." he never got a chance to finish as Jughead's fist slammed into his face. He hit the floor and the bar went quiet.

"If anyone in here ever puts their hands on her again, or even fucking breathes in her direction, you will answer to me. Is that understood? Nobody touches Betty Cooper! She belongs to me!" Jughead said furiously. There were quick nods and agreements all around the bar. Jughead caught Toni's knowing smirk and glared at her when she started to laugh. "Shut the fuck up!" He growled, looking like he wanted to strangle her. She was smart enough to listen.

Jughead left the bar and took a long ride on his bike to clear his head. He pulled over along the side of the road and had a cigarette, trying to calm his nerves. He had lost his head a little and now he wondered if he had scared her. He hadn’t meant to let it get so rough but God, she made him crazy. Anger, jealousy, lust, need, hunger. He was such a mess of emotions, he could barely sort them out. He hoped to God he hadn’t hurt her. He hadn’t meant to let it get so rough but God, she made him crazy. He knew she was satisfied, but he’d been so angry and harsh. He sighed. She made him completely lose his mind in every way. He had no control, no filter, no sense. It was like she possessed him.

Betty took a long bath and let the hot water ease the ache in her muscles. She still felt a little weak from the romp they had and she knew she’d feel it for a couple days. Her arm was bruised and her thighs where his had slammed against them. Her hips where he had gripped her. She knew she had cut his skin with her nails, she had the evidence on them to prove it. She let the water wash it away. A long while later, she climbed out and pulled on a small tank top and some comfy shorts and was in the kitchen getting some water when there was a soft knock at the door. Her heart pounded because she knew who it was.

Betty opened it and looked at him. Jughead stood quietly, holding her gaze. He brushed past her, taking off his jacket as he went and she barely got the door closed and locked when he swept her in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. Betty wrapped her arms around his neck and held on, burying her face in his neck. He laid her down gently and came down beside her, pulling her close, his arms tightly around her.

"Did I hurt you," he whispered against her hair.

"No," she whispered back. He lifted his head and looked at her.

"What are we doing, Betty?" he asked softly.

"I don’t know," she said, sounding small and sad.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Betty just shook her head. Jughead shifted and pressed his mouth to hers in a soft kiss. He pulled back and they stared at each other and she touched his face and he kissed her again. A slow, lazy kiss, his tongue brushing lightly against her lips and she opened for him, her hand sliding into his hair. His tongue stroked against hers, and she sighed into his mouth, pressing closer, her arms coming around him and holding him close.

Jughead’s hands started to move over her and she didn’t think it was possible after their earlier tryst
but her body came to life and she whimpered, needing him. It was slow, gentle, completely unlike any other time they had come together since the first day on her desk. His hands caressed her like she was something fragile that could break. His mouth, so gentle, whispering caresses over her skin. His tongue, soothing and warm, over her breasts, swirling around her nipples, licking between her thighs. His hard length, slowly sliding inside her, gently easing back and forth as he kissed her. Unhurried, lazy, sensual. He wasn't fucking, he was making love and her body broke into a million pieces as release swept over her. Her body fluttered around his, coaxing, hugging, holding as he came inside her. They fell asleep still locked together, the words that needed to be said left for another day.

Betty woke the next morning, feeling drained and still tired. She got out of bed and went to freshen up and use the bathroom and pulled her shorts and tshirt on that she had been wearing last night and then climbed back into bed.

Jughead lay on his back, the sheets down around his waist and she took a moment to admire him. He was fit and marked and beautiful. She let her eyes roam over his tattoos and her eyes fell on a crown across his heart. She had never paid attention to the tattoos as she had been a little busy every time he had his shirt off, but she leaned closer and inspected it and then she froze. She had to look close to see it, as the crown seemed to be made out of tangled thorns and vines but there, woven into what would appear to everyone else as just part of the vines was her name. She felt her heart twist and wondered why he had done it. He had no tattoos while they were together, so this was clearly done after they broke up.

Betty lifted her hand and traced it with trembling fingers. Her name was permanently inked on his skin. She jumped when his hand suddenly came up and covered hers. Her eyes lifted and met his, the blue color intense in the morning light. He said nothing, just held her gaze. She looked back at the tattoo.

"Why did you do this?" she asked in a whisper, looking back at him.

"You noticed that, did you?" he spoke, a small smile playing on his lips. "Nobody ever has."

"Well, it's pretty well hidden in the swirls of vine, so 'well done' to the artist, but why, Juggie? Why did you put my name on your skin?"

"It doesn't matter," he said softly.

"Jughead, you tattooed my name on your chest after we broke up. Why?" Jughead grabbed her and hauled her on top of him and kissed her, his arm hand resting on the bare skin of her back. She lifted her arm and slid her hand into his hair and kissed him back. God, she loved his mouth. It was so warm and soft and his kisses made her bones weak. His hand came up and caressed her hip, his thumb sliding under the bottom of her shorts, stroking her skin. She was starting to melt into him when he pulled back and she grumbled in protest.

"Stop trying to distract me," she finally said. "You haven’t answered my question."

"Do you want to talk about yesterday?" he asked. Betty pushed up and looked down at him.

"What is there to talk about? You made the rules pretty clear, I’d say."

"And you’re fine with my rules?" he asked with a small smirk.

"You made it pretty clear, if I want to keep you in my bed, I belong to you and nobody touches me. Although, you didn’t really give me the option of ‘keeping you’, as you stated this was over when
“You decide, and not when I decide.”

“And do you want to keep me in your bed, Betty?” he asked softly, his hand sliding further under her shorts.

“Yes,” she whispered, moving against him.

“I would like to clear up though, by saying I decide when it’s over, I didn’t mean like I’m going to force you Betty, if you ever don’t want me to touch you, you just say the word. But while you still welcome my touch, I decide if and when this arrangement ends. Clear?”

“If?” she asked with a laugh. “Are you going keep me as your sex slave for the rest of your life?”

“Maybe,” he said with a smug grin.

“You seem pretty sure that I won’t want out of this deal any time soon,” she said flatly.

“Do you want me to stop touching you Betty?” he asked gruffly, his hand squeezing her backside, his arousal nudging against her.

“N…no….” she gasped, feeling the familiar ache start in her middle. “What if….i mean…Veronica was trying to get me to agree to a date a couple weeks ago…."

“Tell her to ‘fuck off’,” Jughead said, his mouth moving across her jaw and down her neck. Betty giggled and moved her head to the side to give him better access.

“I don’t think she would appreciate that,” she sigh as he pulled down her shorts and settled both hands over her backside, squeezing gently.

“You have a great ass,” he muttered against her shoulder.

“Thank you, it’s all the squatting next to cars,” she said with a smile. They were quiet for a while, just laying together in comfortable silence. Betty bit her lip and she wasn’t sure she even wanted to know but had to ask anyway.

“Have you ever hooked up with Toni?” she asked quietly.

“No,” he said honestly. She was a little surprised at that.

“Why not?”

“Well, first of all, she’s not my type…."

“What type is she?”

“Bitchy and crude,” he said simply.

“Was there a second of all?”

“She fucked my dad,” Jughead said, sounding like he wanted to throw up.

“Jesus, what?” Betty asked in shock, staring down at him. He made a face and shook his head. He clearly had no desire to talk about that.

“Why do you ask about Toni?”
“You were right yesterday, I was jealous when I saw her. Not really about that you might have slept or maybe were sleeping with her, well ok, I was hoping you weren’t sleeping with her, but I guess it bothered me that she was still in your life.”

“Why?” Betty shrugged and refused to answer. He didn’t push for one.

“She’s a Serpent, or whatever that is these days, she just never moved on.”

Betty didn’t tell him that she was happy there had never been anything between them. She really didn’t want the mental image in her head of Toni in Jughead’s bed. She looked down at him and touched his mouth. “What if this gets messy?” she asked in a whisper. He ignored her question and took her mouth in a heated kiss and she forgot all about wanting an answer as he proceeded to touch her just the way she liked. In truth, it was already messy, but they were too caught up in each other’s bodies to care at the moment.

Later, after Jughead had left, Betty realized he had never explained why her name was inked on his skin. It didn’t make any sense. Having a hard time with a break up was one thing, if he had had a hard time, but inking an ex’s name on your skin in a way that made it a secret and hard to even see was something completely different. Was it a ‘first love you’ll never forget’ kind of thing or was it something more? She decided that before this was over, she was going to find out.

At the end of the following week, Betty was going over her bank statement and was confused because her numbers weren’t adding up. She had more money than she was supposed to and after a while she realized what the problem was. Jughead hadn’t cashed his paycheck. She frowned. She had given it to him a week ago and the funds still hadn’t left her account. She checked the time and saw it was still early enough and she pulled on some torn up low riding jeans and a tight tank top and smiled in the mirror. May as well make it a fun trip. It was Friday night and she hadn’t gotten drunk in a while. Drunken sex with Jughead sounded fun.

When she got to the Whyte Wyrm, she parked next to Jughead’s ever present bike and headed inside. She noticed a bit of a shift in the noise when she walked in and that a lot of people stopped what they were doing and watched her. Nobody came near her though and she wondered if that had anything to do with Jughead. When one particular man with a fading black eye actually scrambled away from her, she knew it definitely had something to do with Jughead.

Toni was behind the bar and smirked at her as she walked up. Betty ordered a shot of tequila and wondered if smirking was a Serpent prerequisite. Toni set a shot glass in front of her and poured the poison. She raised an eyebrow when Betty threw it back and swallowed without so much as a flinch. She held up the bottle with a questioning smile and Betty nodded.

“That’s enough Toni,” Jughead suddenly called out, coming down the stairs. Betty rolled her eyes.
She grabbed the bottle from Toni and poured her own drink and made it a double. She shot it back and slammed the glass down before Jughead could get to her. He reached her and threw the glass at Toni, who caught it with a smirk and slinked down to the other end of the bar.

“You trying to get drunk?” he asked, his look telling her he wasn’t impressed.

“Yes, and as soon as all three shots get going, I will be.”

“Three shots? Jesus Christ. What are you, like 110 pounds, soaking wet? If that? I’m pretty sure you can’t handle three shots of tequila in quick succession.”

“Well, then you can take advantage of me,” she said with a giggle.

“What are you doing here?” he asked with a sigh, leaning against the bar.

“I have a better question. Why haven’t you cashed your paycheck?” Jughead motioned to Toni and ordered a shot of his own. She left the glass and the bottle and he poured the drink and drank it down. He winced and then looked at Betty with a raised eyebrow.

“How the fuck do you drink this shit without making a face or coughing?”

“Practice.”

“You drink a lot?” he asked, surprised.

“Not really, I just always pick tequila when I do and after a while, you get used to the sting. So again, why haven’t you cashed your paycheck?”

“You worried about me running out of money?” he asked, taking another shot. Toni came over at that point and leaned her hands against the bar, staring at them.

“We having a drinking contest over here?”

“Go away,” Jughead said.

“Asshole,” she muttered under her breath as she walked away.

“You have cash stacked somewhere, money bags?” Betty asked with a laugh. Due to the fact that she hadn’t eaten since breakfast and like Jughead said, she was small, Betty was starting to feel her shots and the relaxed numb feeling that came over her gave her a little naughty courage. She slid off the barstool and sidled up to him.

“You look real good tonight Juggie,” she whispered in his ear as her hand brushed boldly against the front of his pants.

“Ok, easy there Sugar,” he said, grabbing her wrist and pulling her hand away. "You saw me all day, I only look good now?” he asked with a smile.

"Oh God, no. You were so fucking hot all day. Covered in oil and sweat, I wanted to have you right there on the work bench again,” she admitted, biting his jaw.

"Why didn't you?" he asked, almost groaning at the thought.

"Too busy," she sighed.

He poured another shot for himself and threw it back before taking her hand and pulling her with him. She stumbled on the stairs and he helped steady her and somehow got her upstairs. He paused in the hallway when she grabbed his arm and she pressed against him, kissing him. Her tongue
snaked between his lips and he groaned, falling against the wall, his own shots starting to make his 
head spin. He had never been good with the hard stuff and he should have stuck to beer. He turned 
her and pressed her against the wall, pulling her shirt up a little so he could feel her skin.

“Take it to your room Jug,” Toni yelled and he pulled back and realized they had only gotten about a 
foot into the hallway and were in full view of the bar below.

“Ahh fuck,” he muttered and ushered her down the hall. They stumbled into his room and she 
pushed him back against the door.

“I think I’m drunk,” she stated as she placed sloppy kisses on his neck. “Are you drunk? I’m definitely drunk,” she stated again.

“A little,” he groaned when her hand rubbed against his erection. God, she always turned him on so fast, even fucking drunk.

“We only had sex once this week,” she complained, pulling his shirt over his head. He grinned and 
then grunted when she bit his chest.

“Were you counting?” he asked laughing.

“Yes,” she murmured.

“Well, why didn’t you jump me at work?”

“Too busy, and I think you already asked me that,” she replied, her hands lifting her own shirt over 
her head. Right, he had. She was right, it had been a very busy and tedious week and they barely had 
time to eat, much less have sex. She stepped back and blinked as she swayed a little. “I see two of 
you right now. Like, I should get drunk more often. I get to fuck two Jughead’s,” she said gleefully. 
He started to laugh and back her towards the bed.

“You told me a while back that you didn’t like me,” he said, pulling off her bra. He filled his hands 
with her breasts and she moaned and stumbled.

“I lied,” she breathed, her hands going to his jeans.

“Interesting, what else did you lie about?” he asked with a smile. She giggled and helped him undo 
her jeans. She pushed his down and stared eagerly at his arousal. Suddenly she gasped and furrowed 
her brow.

“What did you ask?” she wondered, having already forgotten.

“I asked what else you lied about,” Jughead said with a smile as he pushed her jeans down.

“Ohhhh right,” she giggled again and pressed against him. “I didn’t actually need help at the shop, I 
just wanted you around so I could taste you,” she whispered and covered her mouth to hide her grin. 
Jughead laughed and pushed her back on the bed. He came down on top of her and she wrapped her 
legs around him, arching against him, her bottom lip between her teeth.

“What’s your secret?” she asked breathlessly. Jughead braced on his elbows and smiled down at her. 
In her drunken state she was completely carefree and almost innocent, her green eyes sparkling up at 
him. He leaned down until he was a whisper from her lips.
“I didn’t need the job. I own the Whyte Wyrm.” He swallowed her gasp with his mouth and soon she was more interested in what his hands and mouth were doing then in what he had said.
Confessions

Betty woke slowly and groaned at the pounding in her head. What the hell? It felt like someone had taken a sledge hammer to it. What in God’s name had happened last night? She squinted against the sunlight as she opened her eyes and rolled over and buried her head in the pillow. Wow, she felt like shit. She rolled over again after a while and struggled to sit up.

She was in Jughead’s bed but he wasn’t anywhere around. Her body ached everywhere and flashes of the night before started to race through her head.

“Oh God,” she groaned. Her eyes settled on the couch. He had bent her over it at some point. Her eyes went to the table. Had she been laying across it or had she shoved him on it? The shower. They definitely had sex in the shower. Her head was pounding and her mouth tastes like lead.

“Shit,” she muttered and tried to stand. She looked down. Where the hell were her clothes and why did she feel so sticky. Jughead walked in the door just then and put a bag of stuff down on the table.

“Hey,” he said with a grin.

“Why aren’t you hungover?” she grumbled, holding her head. Jughead walked over and handed her two advil and a bottle of water. She swallowed them and glared at him.

“I am, just not as bad as you,” he said with a laugh.

“Did we drink more?” she asked.

“Some. What do you remember?”

“Not that much at the moment. We had a lot of sex. I remember that. Why the fuck do I feel so sticky?”

“You wanted me to lick jam off of you,” Jughead said, biting back a smile.

“Where the fuck did I get jam?”

“My fridge. You were hungry and came back to bed with a jar of jam and a spoon,” he explained.

“And I suppose you obliged me,” Betty said with a grumble.

“Of course, strawberry is my favorite kind,” he said with a grin. He helped her stand and she wrapped a sheet around herself.

“I don’t know why you do that,” he said laughing. “After last night, there are literally no secrets on your body that I don’t know.” She flushed and his eyes twinkled. “Why don’t you go for a shower and I’ll whip up my hangover juice.”

“What the hell is hangover juice,” she asked, frowning at him. “And where are my clothes?” Jughead went to the dresser and pulled out a t-shirt and boxers.

“Wear these for now,” he said as he handed them to her. She took them and shuffled to the bathroom. He stood grinning after her. She closed the door and looked in the mirror. God, she looked like hell. Her makeup was smudged. Her eyes were red. Her neck and chest was littered with hickies. She looked lower. So was her stomach and hips and inner thighs. Well damn, he sure had a good time, she thought. She quickly showered and noticed he had put an unopened toothbrush on
the sink and she brushed the stale taste out of her mouth and rinsed with mouthwash. She wished she had makeup, but the natural look was better than makeup smudged everywhere.

When she walked back out, Jughead had a glass of some weird looking drink sitting on the table waiting for her. She walked over and grimaced when she looked at it.

“Sit and drink,” he insisted.

“Did we have sex on the table?” she asked warily.

“That’s not important right now,” he said, holding back a laugh. She sank into the chair and he pushed the glass to her.

“What is it?” she asked, picking it up and smelling it. “God, Jughead, this smells like shit.”

“No it doesn’t, drink it.” She lifted the glass and took a sip and was relieved that it didn’t taste awful. Weird, but not awful. Jughead turned a chair and straddled it, resting his forearms on the back.

“Seriously, why aren’t you hungover?” she asked, taking another sip.

“I am, my head’s hurt pretty good, but I’m bigger and can handle the amount of alcohol we had better,” Jughead said with a smile.

“Do you remember what all happened?” she asked, her eyes narrowed. A slow grin spread across his face.

“Every second.”

“God, did I do or say anything stupid? Besides wanting freaking jam licked off me?” He shrugged and just kept smiling at her. “Did we have sex on the table?”

“Yes, you wanted to play buffet.”

“What?” Betty was completely baffled.

“I was a buffet….” Betty suddenly had a flash of shoving Jughead on the table and literally biting and licking him from head to toe. She sighed and rested her forehead on her hand. She held up the other hand, wanting him to stop.

“What happened on the couch?” she asked, not sure she wanted to know.

“Oh that was all me,” Jughead said with an arrogant grin. She raised an eyebrow. “I wanted your ass in the air and….”

“Ok, I get it,” she muttered.

“You asked,” he said laughing.

“The shower?”

“Well, the buffet got a little messy. You starting pulling things out of the fridge. You left the jam though, which is why that’s all you found to eat.” Betty groaned and lowered her head in her folded arms on the table.

“Anything else?” she asked when she lifted her head to drink some more of his ‘cure’.
“You told me you didn’t like the word ‘dick’,” Jughead said, trying to keep a straight face.

“What?”

“You prefer ‘cock’.”

“Oh Christ,” Betty groaned, lowering her forehead to the table. “Why in hell would I say that?”

“Well let’s see; because men are dicks with cocks, not cocks with dicks.” She lifted her head and stared at him. He was having a very difficult time keeping his laughter in.

“Why the fuck did you let me drink so much,” she yelled and immediately groaned as her head pounded.

“Because I was drunk too and it was the wildest fucking night of my life and I enjoyed every second of it,” he said with a grin.

“I’m covered in hickies.”

“So am I.” Betty noticed a few on his neck and sighed.

“What time is it and how long were we up?”

“It’s almost noon and we went till at least 4:00.”

“Geez,” she muttered and finished the last of the drink. “What’s in this and what’s it supposed to do?”

“Stuff, and you’ll feel better in about an hour verses feeling like shit all day.” She studied him and she was getting more flashes of the night and suddenly her eyes widened.

“You own the Whyte Wyrm?” she gasped.

“I was wondering if you’d remember that,” he said with a chuckle.

“How do you own the bar? And why would you come looking for a job if you didn’t need one?”

“I bought it a few years back. Saved enough from my jobs that I had for a down payment and when the previous owner put it up for sale, I went for it and managed to secure a loan.”

“But why did you come to my shop then?” she asked, confused.

“Why did you hire me?” he fired back. “We still going with the reason from last night?” he asked smiling. Betty sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

“What was my reason?”

“You wanted me around so you could taste me,” Jughead said with a wink.

“Oh right,” she muttered. “God, I’m going to remember the whole night in flashes and snippets and probably be mortified for a month, aren’t I?” she asked.

“Is that really why you hired me?” he asked laughing.

“Pretty much,” Betty said with a wince. “That sign had been in the window since I bought the place and I just never remembered to remove it and then you walked in looking all fucking hot and sexy
and I wanted you,” she said simply, holding his gaze. “Why did you insinuate you needed a job?”

“I didn’t, I asked if you needed help,” he reminded her.

“Oh, right. Well, why didn’t you cash your paycheck?”

“I don’t need the money,” he said with a shrug.

“Jughead, you’ve been working 3 days a week for almost a month. Some of that work was hard and you went home tired and dirty every day. You can’t work for free.”

“I was helping out a friend,” he said simply. She tilted her head as she studied him.

“Are we friends?”

“After last night, Betty, we can’t become better fucking friends,” he said, a smug grin on his face. She let out an embarrassed laugh.

“Did I say anything else that I need to be aware of?” she asked, almost scared.

“Not much,” he said with a smile. “Just that I was the most beautiful man you had ever seen and you loved my tongue and wished you could tie it between your legs.” How he managed to say that with a straight face, he will never know but her look of mortification and deep red blush was a memory he would treasure until he was dead.

“I’m never fucking drinking again,” she groaned, lowering her head into her arms again.

“But Betty,” Jughead said, a laugh starting to build. “You promised we could do this every Friday.” He started laughing then and didn’t stop until tears filled his eyes. Betty glared at him and got up from the table and went over to the bed and lay down and curled herself up in the blankets. “You ok under there?” he asked, still laughing.

“Fuck off.” Jughead kept laughing and got up and put her empty glass in the sink. After a few minutes he kicked off his shoes and went over and climbed into bed with her. She had fallen asleep and he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close.

It had been a wild and crazy night and she had been carefree and happy and all the pretense was gone. Yes, she had been very drunk but she hid nothing from him. He had been tempted to ask her questions and get to the reasons of some things but he had refrained. He didn’t want to trick her into telling him things. She needed to tell him when she wanted to. She had said a few things though, that he hadn’t told her. He figured in time she might remember and until she did, he would just keep them to himself.

During the first round of sex, when it was pretty tame, even if hot, she had touched his face and told him she had compared her other boyfriends to him and they never measured up. While she was pretending he was a buffet, she had told him that she thought about him every time she had eaten a burger over the last ten years. While they had been in the shower, he had been holding her against the wall, her legs around his waist, him moving inside her and she had reached down and touched herself and proceeded to tell him that ever since they dated, whenever she touched herself she thought of him. He was always in her head when she went to sleep at night. She had never wanted anyone like she wanted him. When something exciting would happen to her, she had always wanted to tell him first. She had missed him. She had missed him so much.

Jughead felt overwhelmed. He didn’t know what to make of all her confessions. He had been drunk but not drunk enough to say things he hadn’t meant to say or to forget anything. He remembered it
all and while the sex had been fucking amazing, he would never forget her whispered words. He knew as soon as she got over the hangover, the walls would come back up and she would become a mystery again and reveal nothing. He tucked away all the things she said. Soon, soon, they would have to talk and sort this shit out. He still couldn’t figure out what they were doing. Sex, obviously. Really great sex. Like the best he’d ever had and probably ever will have. Would this end? Did he want it to end? Did she? Was it more than sex? He knew for himself, when he wasn’t with her, he wanted to be with her.

Jughead held his hand to his crown tattoo. He sighed and closed his eyes. She wanted to know why he had done it. Why tattoo her name on his chest, hidden so nobody would ever see it? He had done it when he was 18, two years after they broke up. At that time he was finally starting to get over the break up and felt he could breathe again and he was starting to not think about her 24/7 and it had terrified him. He never wanted to forget Betty Cooper and so he had tattooed her over his heart, in the delicate vines of his crown. That was the day he had taken off his beanie. As much as it was something that brought him comfort, it had reminded him of her. She had always played with it, taken it off to run her hands through his hair, said he was adorable in it. He had pushed her out of his mind and put his beanie in a storage box. He had to go on without her and he felt that beanie was hers as much as his. That day he had put them both over his heart.

When Betty woke again a couple hours later, she was once again alone in bed. She got up slowly and was surprised to find that she felt completely better. Whatever was in Jughead’s hangover juice had really done the trick. She spotted her jeans on the floor next to the dresser and pulled them on. She heard the shower then and realized Jughead was still there. She stared at the bathroom door and found herself moving towards it. She found it unlocked and slowly pushed it open and the sight of him standing under the water, his hands braced on the tile in front of him made her body ache. She really didn’t know what was wrong with her when it came to him. They had literally had sex all night long and she wanted him again. She didn’t remember too much of last night and now she just wanted to feel him and have that memory of him stored away with all the rest.

Jughead looked up suddenly and caught her gaze through the glass and he smiled and winked and she gave in. Pulling his shirt off, she didn’t even bother with her jeans because she was so desperate to feel his mouth on hers. She pulled the glass door open and he raised an eyebrow at her and she pressed against him and lifted her mouth to his. Jughead leaned back against the tile, his hands moving down her body. He hiked her leg up on his hip, returning her kiss eagerly, his tongue wrapping around hers. After a while he pulled back, staring down at her and smiling.

“Didn’t get enough last night?” he teased.

“I don’t remember much of last night,” she said softly, moving against him. “I want to remember the feel of you inside me,” she whispered in his ear. He groaned and his hands moved to her jeans, which at this point were soaking wet. “Sorry, I was eager,” she said with a giggle as he struggled to pull them off. They both ended up on the tile floor. He braced on his hands and eased into her, staring down into her eyes and she held his gaze, her soft moans mixing with the sound of the water falling around them. Jughead kissed her, as slowly and sensually as he was moving inside her. Betty wrapped her legs around him and pressed closer, pulling him deeper.

“I can’t get enough of you,” she whimpered, feeling her body begin to unravel as his hand moved between them.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured as he watched her. Betty felt her heart warm at his words. Her release came then, quickly as he moved in her and stroked her and he followed immediately when
her body pulled on his. Jughead let his head fall, his face buried in her neck. She held him tightly and he kept his weight off her, not wanting to press her into the tile. He lifted after a while and looked down at her and she smiled at him. A soft, unguarded smile and he saw a conflict of emotions on her face.

“Maybe we should clean up,” she said with a giggle. Jughead smiled and pulled her up and they washed each other and once they dried off, she once again had to put his clothes on because hers were now wet. He threw them all in the wash and they settled on the couch with a sandwich.

“You feeling better?” he asked.

“Much. You’ll have to tell me what was in your mixture you had there,” she said laughing. “You could sell that stuff.” He just shrugged and took a bite of his food. They ate in silence and when she was done, Betty leaned back and put her feet in his lap.

“So, now that the truth is out, are you not going to come to the shop anymore?” she asked quietly. He looked at her and smiled.

“You want me to?”

“Well, you can’t work for free Jughead; that’s just ridiculous. You need to cash in the check I gave you.”

“I really don’t need it,” he insisted.

“How long were you gonna keep this up? And why were you doing it? Don’t say you were just helping a friend because if that’s the case, you would have just told me you wanted to help me out a little….for free….” She laughed at that, thinking how ridiculous it was.

“I don’t know,” he said quietly. “I had been watching you and I saw the sign and I guess I used it as a reason to be a round you for a little. See how you were doing. See how things had changed. When I asked if you needed help and you were so damn sassy and sexy about it,” he said laughing. “The way you walked over to me….yeah, I wasn’t about to leave, I maybe wanted to taste you too,” he said with a wink. Betty got up and slid over to him, and he pulled her onto his lap.

“Well, you’ve had your taste now, Juggie. Why are you still hanging around?” she whispered in his ear.

“Maybe I can’t get enough of you either,” he admitted with a smile.

“Why were you watching me, Juggie?” she asked quietly. “I know you said because you had heard some things but why would you care?”

“I just wanted to see you,” he said just as quietly.

“Why?” she whispered. Betty’s heart was pounding as a memory of the previous night suddenly came at her. She was laying under Jughead, he was moving inside her and she was whispering how much she had missed him. She wondered what else she had said that he wasn’t sharing.

“I missed you,” he finally said. Betty didn’t look at him, just buried her face in his neck. His arms held her tightly and she was suddenly afraid. She didn’t know what they were doing anymore. Obviously the sex was amazing and they couldn’t get enough of each other in that regard and she felt possessive over him and loved how much he seemed to want her. She loved that she did that to him, that he wanted her so much. But the rest was a muddled mess of old feelings conflicting with new rules and boundaries around their hearts. Neither seemed willing to go there and she wondered if it
was due to fear of what the other would say. She had loved him once, so fucking much that it had taken her months to get over it. Her mother had said things that shook her and she had gone on a mad scramble to be different. Betty wondered if she would ever be able to tell him what had made her throw away her old self. She didn’t know.

“So, you never actually answered my question,” she said with a sigh, once again pushing her thoughts aside.

“What is that?”

“Will you stop coming around?”

“I’ll come around,” he said, giving her a squeeze. “We have an arrangement, remember?” he teased.

“We have a sex arrangement, not a work arrangement,” she said, looking at him.

“Well, you like me oiled up so I’ll have to come by.” She laughed and smacked his arm. She decided to enjoy the mess a little while longer. Well, until he decided it was done, she guessed. Betty decided she had better make sure he never got sick of her.

Two days later, Jughead was busy wiping glasses behind the bar, when Veronica Lodge walked in the door. She was the last person he ever expected to come inside his bar. As she made her way over to him, two men reached out as she walked past and she came to a stop.

“If either of you touches me, you will lose your fucking hands, I promise you,” she said calmly. Jughead bit back a grin as they slowly backed away. She smiled brightly and kept moving.

“Veronica Lodge,” he said with a smile, bracing his hands on the edge of the bar and smiling at her.

“Jughead Jones,” she replied, her eyes running over him. He smirked at her perusal. “Well, I can certainly see what all the fuss is about,” she said with a smile. “You look good Jones.”

“As do you,” he said, picking up another glass. “Can I get you anything?”

“No thanks. I’m here on business.” He quirked an eyebrow and put down the glass.

“What kind of business?”

Veronica pulled out a paper and handed it to him. He glanced at it briefly and handed it back.

“No thanks,” he said, resuming his wiping.

“Seriously Jughead, you barely looked at it,” she said with a frown.

“It’s a benefit being hosted by Alice Cooper. I don’t need to read more. Just, no thanks.”

“Look, it’s a fund raiser for the new hospital wing being build and I’m planning the event. We are inviting all businesses in town to show up and make a donation. It will be good for business to appear on the guest list and to make a donation.”

“V, I’m pretty sure the people that come to this establishment don’t give a fuck about what list my name is on and where I donate money.”

“Then do it because you’re a good guy,” she insisted. Jughead sighed and put his glass down again.
“I’ll make a donation. That’s it. I’m not putting on a fucking tux.” Veronica smiled sweetly and put the paper down on the bar. She turned to go and then paused and looked at him.

“By the way, Archie is bringing a friend to the benefit who is really interested in getting to know Betty, who will also be at this benefit in a really sexy evening gown,” she said with a sly smile. Jughead stilled and looked at her. She gave him a knowing smirk and walked out of the bar. He looked after her, completely shocked. Clearly, Veronica knew about his little arrangement with Betty and she was baiting him. He let out a frustrated sigh and picked up the paper and looked at it.

Fuck.
Pretending

Jughead never showed up to ‘help’ on Monday or Wednesday. He sent a text simply saying he was dealing with bar stuff. Betty missed him. The shop was quiet and lonely and she wondered how she had gotten by before he got there. When life had been simple.

On Wednesday evening, Veronica dragged her to a fancy boutique to get her a gown for the benefit that she insisted Betty attend. She hadn’t wanted to and especially not if some guy was coming with Archie that planned on meeting her. She didn’t want any guy around her unless it was Jughead.

“Stop being such a grump about it,” Veronica said with a frown as she pulled another dress from the bunch of samples the store clerk had brought. “I think you need to get out more anyway. All you do is work in that dirty shop and apparently sleep with Jughead. How’s that going by the way? Either of you come to your senses yet?”

“Come to our senses how?” Betty said, taking the new gown from her to try on.

“Like, as in, stop fucking and either date, or just walk away.”

“I don’t even know how Jughead and I would date. How does one date after you’ve been sleeping together for a month?”

“Jesus, Betty, really? You go to dinner for God’s sake. You go to a movie. A walk in the park. Go somewhere, where there isn’t a bed,” Veronica said with a laugh. Betty smirked.

“We don’t need a bed, honey,” she said. Veronica rolled her eyes.

“You know I saw him the other day, he looks good. I can see why you have the hots for him,” she said laughing. Betty stared at her.

“You saw Jughead? Where?”

“I can’t remember exactly. Some place in town,” Veronica lied, biting back a smile. Jughead had never actually said he was coming to the benefit but she was certain he would show up. If he didn’t, she’d personally kick his ass. Betty finally managed to get into the gown that Veronica had handed her and turned around to face her.

“Oh my God, B. You look absolutely stunning. That’s it, that’s the one.” Betty looked in the mirror and was surprised. It was beautiful. The price tag was not.

“V, I can’t afford this. I can barely afford to give a donation,” she said sadly.

“You don’t need to buy it Betty, the store will loan you the dress. It’s my treat.”

“God, what if I spill something on it. I’ll ruin it.”

“Then we’ll fix it, but this is definitely the one,” Veronica said in excitement. Betty got back out of the dress and Veronica had it packaged up. “Come to the hotel around noon on Saturday. My glam squad will be ready. It’s time you dressed up girl and wore makeup instead of oil stains.”

“I wear makeup,” Betty muttered. They finished up in the store and Betty headed home. She was tired and wanted to just curl up on the couch or in bed with a book and go to sleep. Oh, who was she kidding. She wanted to curl up with Jughead.
She had spent the whole day with him on Saturday and since then, she remembered almost all the drunken fun they had had and she was right, she was mortified. The only thing that made her feel better was that Jughead had enjoyed every second of it. They had been wild and fun and there were no barriers up with them. She remembered some of her other confessions to Jughead and she sighed. He basically now knew that she had never really gotten over him. She was starting to think that he hadn’t gotten over her either. He still hadn’t explained the tattoo on his chest and when she had prodded him about it, he had told her he wasn’t telling her anything until she told him what had made her change herself so drastically.

Betty let herself into her apartment and grabbed some water from the fridge. It was 8:00 PM already and she stood and debated a while and then grabbed her phone. She sent him a text.

B: I miss you.

Jughead never replied. She spent half an hour checking her phone every single minute and then threw it on the table and sighed. He was busy. He had a life that didn’t involve taking her to bed. He owned a bar for God’s sake. She was still shocked by that. That and the fact that he had slaved away in her shop for a month and still refused to cash the paycheck. At 9:00 she decided to be an old person and just go to bed. As she went to lock the door there was a knock. She was so startled she almost let out a scream. She opened it and there he was.

“I miss you too.”

Betty smiled and pulled him inside and wrapped her arms around his neck, hugging him close. Jughead’s arms wrapped tightly around her waist and he held her against him.

“Wow, you really did miss me,” he chuckled against her ear. Betty stepped back and shrugged.

“Maybe,” she teased. Jughead lifted her chin and dropped a quick kiss on her mouth.

“You having a good week?” he asked, shrugging out of his jacket and kicking his boots off. He walked to the kitchen and grabbed an apple out of her fruit bowl and bit into it. He leaned back against the counter and crossed his arms across his chest. He looked so relaxed and at home that she was stunned for a second. Apart from the evening they had spent on the couch eating pizza, all other times had been spent in the bedroom. “Earth to Betty,” Jughead said with a grin.

“What?” she asked, confused. Jughead put the apple down and uncurled from the counter and walked over to her. He grabbed her hips and pulled her close and her hands rested on his chest.

“I asked how your week was,” he said, his mouth caressing her ear. “But you’re too busy staring at me to answer.”

“Sorry,” she said with a sigh. “I just….” She stopped talking and he pulled back and looked at her.

“What?”

“Nevermind,” she said with a smile. He shook his head.

“No, not nevermind, tell me what you were going to say,” he insisted.

“It was just weird seeing you relaxing in my kitchen. I’m more used to seeing you in my bedroom,” she said with a laugh.

“Is that right?” he asked softly, his hands moving over her backside and pulling her up against him. “Maybe we should change it so you always see me in your kitchen,” he said with a smile, backing
up into it.

“What did you have in mind,” she asked with a smile of her own. His hands went to the waist band of her shorts and pushed them slowly down her hips, her panties going with them, his fingers caressing the skin. In a quick move he lifted her onto the counter, her back settling against the cupboards.

“I prepare food here,” she said laughing, even as she pulled his shirt over his head.

“Do you eat here?”

“Not……usually,” she gasped out as his hand moved up the inside of her thighs and brushed over her.

“I’m going to,” he murmured against her mouth before settling over it in a thorough kiss. He knelt suddenly, his mouth kissing from her knee, up the inside of her thigh. He pulled her to the edge, parting her legs and then his tongue licked over her.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned, her head falling back and hitting the cupboard. He stroked her lazily for a while and then added his fingers, sliding them inside her and in only minutes she was coming on his tongue. “Fuck, Juggie,” she moaned, pressing against him as she shuddered against his mouth. He came up, and her hands fumbled, trying to get his jeans undone.

“How much did you miss me?” he asked gruffly, his hand tangling in her hair.

“So much,” she breathed, when she managed to pull him free. She whimpered as he slid inside her, his hands pulling her shirt off. They were desperate for each other and he didn’t move slowly, his thrusts hard and fast. He had one hand on her thigh, pushing it wide and the other braced on the cupboard behind her and his mouth ravaged hers. He pulled away when he realized he wasn’t going to last long.

“Touch yourself,” he said gruffly and she reached down between them and stroked her fingers over herself, even while brushing her fingers against him as he moved in and out. “Fuck,” he groaned, looking down and watching her fingers touch him and herself, watching himself disappear inside her. He pulled his eyes back to hers and she held his gaze. “Do you think about me when you do that, Betty?” he asked, his lips brushing hers.

“Always,” she moaned and he growled into her mouth and when he felt her tighten around him, her cry getting lost on his tongue he let go and came with her. He moved through their shaking and slowed to a stop when she relaxed and wilted against him. Her arms were around his neck and she wasn’t letting go and he slowly pulled back and reached for a towel and wiped them and she sighed against his neck.

“That’s for doing dishes,” she muttered. He chuckled and threw it on the floor.

“Wash it,” he suggested. She leaned back, her hands brushing through his hair.

“Stay the night with me,” she said softly.

“And do what?” he teased.

“Hold me,” she whispered. Jughead touched her cheek and smiled.

“I can do that,” he said, placing a soft kiss on her mouth. He helped her off the counter and they collected their clothes and headed to the bedroom. Betty pulled on some panties and climbed into bed
while he stripped down to his boxers. Under the covers he pulled her close and she curled into him. She smiled at him and he kissed her again. A long slow kiss that made her all warm inside. He kept his hand on her waist and made no move to further things and she just wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed close and kissed him back. They kissed for endless minutes and when he finally pulled back, her lips felt swollen and tender and their breathing was hitched.

“Sorry, I just love your mouth,” he said with a smile as he stared at her. She kissed him again by the time they pulled apart they could barely breathe. “If you want me to just hold you we should stop,” he said with a chuckle. She smiled and snuggled in and he held her tightly.

“What are you doing on Saturday?” he asked her, a smile on his face that she couldn’t see from her position.

“I have a thing,” she said with a sigh. “Some benefit Veronica wants me to go to and I’m dreading it. Have to wear a freaking dress and everything,” Betty said sounding rather disgruntled. “I can cancel if you have something better in mind,” she said hopefully. Jughead laughed and gave her a squeeze.

“No, you should go,” he said softly, making a mental note to find himself something nice to wear. He said nothing about going as well and fell asleep with her with a small smile on his face.

By 8:00pm Saturday night, Betty felt like she was someone else. The woman looking back at her from the mirror in the hotel room was a vision that she didn’t recognize. Veronica had left her in the hands of her helpful little minions and she was all done up now and all alone. Her hair was pinned back slightly on one side but otherwise flowed in waves around her. Her makeup was contoured and beautiful, natural but noticeable and she still looked like herself but everything intensified and more pronounced. The makeup artist had insisted on extra lashes and they opened her eyes more and her green eyes sparkled. Her white gown was strapless and something she could barely describe. It hugged her body all the way down and gave the illusion of being see through, with a deep V between her breasts and stayed up with the help of being attached to sleeves that started off the shoulder. Her entire back was bare. Betty felt completely covered and completely naked at the same time and it was the oddest feeling. It was beautiful and she felt amazing.

She stood and looked at herself and felt an ache start in her stomach. She wished Jughead could see her. She should have invited him. Would he have come? This wasn’t exactly his scene and they weren’t exactly dating, but he would have been a very handsome plus one. She hadn’t seen him since Thursday morning when he had woken her to kiss her and say bye as he headed back home. He never showed for work on Friday either and Betty hated it. She wanted him to come back but it was silly of him to do so. Yes he had text all three days that he was busy and he would come by next week but she really missed him.

Betty sighed and found the shoes that V had loaned her. Some sparkling silver strappy sandals and when she put them on she felt like a tall beautiful princess. She grabbed the little silver clutch V had also left her and dropped her cellphone, ID, some cash and lip gloss in and took a deep breath. She headed down to the second floor of the hotel where the benefit was taking place. There was already a crowd of beautiful people milling around and she felt out of place and overwhelmed. She headed towards the entrance and was greeted by Veronica, who was wearing her own beautiful pale blue gown accompanied by a headset that she was yelling into. She hurried over to Betty and gasped.

“Oh my God!! You look incredible. I afraid to touch you, you might break,” she said in a rush. Betty flushed and patted her hair.

“Thank you for all this, V. I sure couldn’t have pulled it off myself.”
“You’re welcome. Now, this is really fancy and donors are being announced as they arrive, so when you walk inside, you have to pause and they say your name.”

“Jesus, Ron, I didn’t sign up for that. I don’t want a room full of people staring at me.”

“Betty, everyone is already staring at you,” she insisted. “Because you look fucking beautiful and I picked that gown so you would stand out because I want people to see that you aren’t just a grease monkey, but you’re a stunning woman.”

“Why do you care how people see me? I am a grease monkey and I love it.”

“I know, but ok, maybe I wanted someone else to see this,” she said biting her lip. Betty sighed.

“Veronica, I’m not meeting any guy!” Betty fumed.

“It’s not like that. He will just escort you inside. I told him that if you leave him standing by the door and walk off by yourself then he needs to back off, but please, you need to be on someone’s arm when you walk in, so please just humor me!” Betty shook her head firmly. She was mortified when she felt tears sting her eyes. She blinked rapidly so she wouldn’t ruin her makeup.

“I don’t want to be on anyone’s arm,” she said quietly.

“Then just stand beside him,” Veronica said with a smile. “He’s waiting on the terrace over there and I swear Betty if you see him and really don’t care to walk in with him then go by yourself, but please do me this one small favor and go out there.”

“Fine!” Betty said, almost stomping her foot. She gave herself a small shake and turned and walked over to the large French doors leading to the terrace. She stepped outside and noticed it was mostly empty. She saw a few couples standing around and then saw a single man standing at the end, looking out over the railing at the town. She walked slowly over to him. He must have sensed her coming because he turned slowly and she froze, her heart hammering in her chest.

“Jughead?” she whispered. Jesus, he was beautiful. She had never seen him so dressed up and she didn’t know where to look first and she just let her eyes travel from bottom to top, as slowly as was considered proper. Jughead in a fancy tux was something she would remember for the rest of her life. He was gorgeous. He somehow had managed to get his unruly hair to behave but she knew at some point, his curl would fall across his forehead.

Jughead was in much the same condition. He honestly forgot to breathe. He had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life. He took his time and he didn’t give a shit if it looked like he was eye fucking her, because he was. The illusion that the gown was sort of see through because of the swirls of lace made his body clench and he just wanted to carry her to bed and get her out of it. Everything about her was stunning, the dress, her curves, her face, her hair, he even thought her manicure and pedicure were sexy.

“You are stunning,” he said, unable to keep the quiver out of his voice. His heart hammered when he suddenly had an image of her walking down an isle, rose petals under her feet, him waiting for her at the end of it. He hoped he was able to keep his emotions from showing in his eyes, because if he couldn’t, she would be able to see just how fucking in love with her he was.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “So are you.” He smiled and stepped closer, working hard to shove his feelings to a safe place where they wouldn’t be seen. “Veronica did this, didn’t she,” she said with a laugh.

“Yeah, she twisted my arm,” Jughead said with a wink. Betty raised an eyebrow and bit her lip.
“How did she get you here?” she asked laughing.

“She might have mentioned something about a sexy gown and some guy wanting to meet you, and since I wasn’t about to let any guy near you, I had to come, of course,” he said with a twinkle in his eye.

“Is that right? So, if anyone asks me to dance tonight?” she said with a grin. Jughead lifted his hand and ran the back of his fingers along her cheek.

“You belong to me, remember? Nobody touches you,” he murmured. Betty felt her breath hitch. The way he said it wasn’t at all like he had said it in bed, when he was angry and jealous. This was a firm statement that seemed concrete. She belonged to him. She searched his eyes and saw nothing but teasing glints and warmth.

“So, what do you say, Jones,” she said, stepping back. “Shall we go make some heads turn? I’d kind of like to watch my mother’s spin right off.” Jughead laughed and held out his arm to her and she placed her delicate hand around it and she had never felt more proud to be on someone’s arm.

“You’re terrible,” he said as he laughed.

“So is she,” Betty replied with a grin. They walked back into the lobby and Veronica stood there with a proud grin on her face. Betty rolled her eyes but smiled at her. They headed to the entrance to the ball room and were stopped just inside the door. From what Betty could see, it was filled with the town’s prominent business people and business owners and she suddenly felt out of place. Her and Jughead both weren’t exactly the duo people would think of when thinking of Riverdale business people. She suddenly felt anxious and her grip on his arm tightened.

“Relax,” Jughead whispered in her ear. “Let’s knock the socks off of these pretentious fuckers.” Betty giggled in spite of herself and sighed and relaxed. She stopped worrying and leaned slightly into him. He would keep her safe among the wolves, of that she had no doubt.

“Jughead Jones, Whyte Wyrm Bar and Betty Cooper, Cooper Mechanics,” the host announced and Betty swore the room came to a stand still. Jughead placed his hand over hers on his arm and they walked into the room. An usher came up to them and told them what table they were seated at and they walked around slowly, taking in the party and looking for where they were sitting. Betty was thankful to see Archie and Veronica’s names on the other name tags at the table. The other 2 she didn’t recognize.

Jughead held the chair for Betty and she was happy the dress wasn’t so tight that she couldn’t sit comfortably. It didn’t take long and most everyone was announced and Archie and Veronica were seated at their table and another couple who owned a deli of some sort. She didn’t really look at her mother when she got up and made her speech about the hospital and all the wonderful people who donated. To everyone in the room she was an angel to have taken charge of this benefit but Betty knew the real Alice Cooper. Mean, self-centered, and hurtful. She hadn’t talked to her in months and she had no desire to. She hoped she would be able to avoid her for the evening.

The dinner was amazing. Surf and turf that tasted better than any she had ever remembered eating. They chatted about this and that throughout the meal, mostly listening to Archie and Jughead share work stories that had them laughing more than was proper at such a fancy affair and Betty sat back and smiled. It almost felt like old times. Almost. Jughead had his arm on the back of her chair and had pulled her closer to him half way through dessert, an action that didn’t go unnoticed by Veronica. He sat now, his legs stretched out in front of him crossed at the ankles, laughing with Archie, as his hand brushed up and down at the top of her arm from where it sat on the back of her chair.
“So,” Veronica said suddenly with a bright smile. “Archie and I were wondering if you two would like to come over for dinner some time.” Archie seemed surprised and Betty narrowed her eyes. She knew what her friend was doing.

“No thank you,” Betty said just as brightly. Jughead said nothing but his hand stopped its movement on her arm.

“Why not? It would be fun, just like old times,” V said with a smirk. Betty sighed and pushed back from the table.

“Excuse me, I’m going to freshen my lip gloss,” she said stiffly and walked away from the table.

“What are you doing?” Jughead growled at Veronica. Archie sighed and rubbed his forehead.

“What?” she asked innocently. Archie shot her a look that she ignored.

“Stop fucking meddling. You got me here, leave it alone,” Jughead snapped.

“Jughead, my girl B might be the most amazingly oblivious person on the planet at the moment but I can see it all over your face when you look at her. You’re in love with her. Again. Still. I’m not sure which, but you’re definitely in love.” Jughead said nothing and poured back the rest of his champagne. He pushed his chair back and got up.

“I need another drink,” he grumbled and walked to the bar. Archie looked at Veronica.

“Can’t you just let them figure this out themselves?” he asked with a sigh. “You need to learn to leave shit alone.”

“When have you ever known me to do that?” she asked with a laugh. “Those two look ready to combust with the eye fucking and love I see between them and he may know it but she doesn’t and I know for her, it’s fear. Fear that this will all end again and I just want them to be happy.”

“Please just leave it alone,” Archie begged. Veronica made no promise as she watched Jughead walk toward the donation table with a drink in his hand.

Betty freshened up in the washroom and walked slowly around the room, taking in the lovely gowns and beautiful women in them. The men were all dashing and handsome and she had never been in a room full of so many beautiful people. She found herself out on a second terrace and looked out over Riverdale. The evening was beautiful with a nice cooling breeze that didn’t make wearing a gown a sticky affair.

“Well, I didn’t expect to see you here.”

Betty gritted her teeth and turned slowly as Alice Cooper walked up to her. She said nothing and stood waiting for her to talk.

“You look quite beautiful, dear,” Alice said, taking in her gown.

“Thank you,” Betty said.

“And you showed up with Jughead Jones of all people,” Alice said with a laugh. “The owners of a bar and a car shop. Not exactly the businesses we were expecting, but every tiny amount helps, I suppose,” she said snidely. Betty said nothing, having learned long ago not to give Alice Cooper any
ammunition by replying in anger. “I guess it all worked out for you then, with your whole get up.”

“What exactly are you talking about?” Betty asked with a roll of her eyes.

“Showing your tits and ass for the last couple years helped you snag back your snake.”

Betty gasped in shock. She took a step back and felt tears sting her eyes. She couldn’t help it and before she realized what she was doing, she slapped her mother across the face. She would have done it again but a firm hand caught her wrist and Jughead appeared beside her, pulling her back. Alice stumbled and her eyes spit fire.

“Neither of your donations are excepted by this foundation. You need to leave this benefit immediately!” she said furiously. Jughead stepped between her and Betty and he looked furious enough to throw her over the terrace railing.

“We’re going nowhere and I strongly suggest you get the hell away from Betty before I start telling people what Alice Cooper is really like,” he threatened. Alice glared at him and turned and hurried back inside. Jughead turned to Betty who was taking deep breaths to calm herself.

“You ok?” he asked, pulling her close and touching her face. She nodded and leaned against him, letting him calm her down. After a while he spoke again. “What did she mean by snagging back your snake?” he asked quietly.

“Nothing,” Betty said quietly, pulling away and smoothing her hands over her front. “Shall we get back in?” she asked.

“Betty…” he said with a sigh.

“Please Juggie, not right now, ok?” she pleaded. “I don’t want to get into this tonight.” He nodded and instead of giving her his arm, he simply threaded his fingers through hers and held her hand as they walked back in. The tables were starting to be moved aside and a dance floor took shape. Jughead walked with her to a corner with some couches and helped her sit and went to get her a drink. He came back with champagne and sat beside her. The dancing got underway and a good looking gentleman walked up to them, his eyes fixed on Betty. He was about to open his mouth and Jughead gave him a look.

“Walk away,” he said, his voice quiet but firm. The man hurried to do what he said. Betty rolled her eyes and laughed. “Really?” Jughead shrugged and leaned back on the couch, pulling her into his side. Any other men who even looked at her, quickly looked away at his fierce glare. “Stop scaring everyone,” Betty said laughing. She leaned forward, her arms resting on her knees and his hand went to the bare skin of her back, slowly stroking along it. He saw her shiver and he let his fingers dance over her skin and when she looked back at him, he saw the heat in her eyes. Jughead stood and helped her up.

“What are we doing?” she asked as he led her to the back of the room. There was a few dark alcoves that were hidden by dark curtains and he ducked behind one, pulling her with him. He hauled her up against him and took her mouth in a heated, sensual kiss. Her arms immediately went around his neck and she returned his kiss eagerly. He kissed down her neck and then back up to her mouth, his tongue stroking across her lips, back inside, curling around hers. He groaned, his hands sliding over her backside, pulling her up against his wakening arousal. He pulled away, his breathing in her ears harsh.

“Tell me you have a room here,” he said gruffly, moving against her.

“Ugh, you’re killing me,” he groaned. She ran her hand over his arousal and bit his lip, tugging on it. “Fuck, stop,” he growled. “Now I have to stand back here until this shit goes down.” She giggled and let go, stepping back, her eyes filled with mirth, her lip pulled between her teeth.

“Stop sucking on your lip, it’s driving me fucking crazy,” he said with a sigh. She moved against him again and ran her tongue over his ear lobe.

“I’ll suck on something else later,” she whispered and then she was gone, back around the curtain.

“Fucking hell,” she heard him gasp behind her and she bit back her giggle and headed back to the crowd to mingle a little.

When Jughead finally managed to get himself under control and came back to the party, he found her wandering around and talking to people and he just stood and watched her. She was so beautiful. Her body in the dress making her movements look sensual without even trying. He wanted the dress on the floor and his hands on her body. The way she smiled at people, her light laughter at jokes, her delicate touches when she talked to people. She glanced over at him then and her smile took his breath away. That’s the only thought that ran through his mind. She had always belonged to him. He walked up to her slowly and held out his hand.

“May I have this dance Miss Cooper,” he said with a slight bow. She bit her lip and smiled shyly at him, as if she hadn’t just promised to suck things later. He led her to the dance floor and gave her a small twirl before putting his hand on her waist and pulling her close, the other hand holding tightly to hers.

“You know how to dance, Juggie?” she asked with a smile.

“I may have learned a move or two,” he said with a wink. They swayed to the music and she tucked closer, resting her cheek on his chest.

“I’m glad you’re here,” she said so softly he almost didn’t hear her. He let his arm go around her waist and pulled her closer.

“I’m glad V twisted my arm,” he teased.

Betty leaned against him, absorbing his warmth as the evening was starting to turn chilly and the breeze was blowing in the French doors. He smelled amazing and she wanted to feel his arms around her without a bunch of people around. His hand was rubbing up and down her bare back and she shivered, more from that then the cold.

“You getting cold?” he asked softly and she nodded. Jughead stepped back and took off his jacket and helped her into it and she grinned at him, knowing she probably looked ridiculous but he was being such a sweetheart, she didn’t care. “Stop it,” he said laughing.

“What am I doing?”

“Grinning at me for no damn reason and it’s making me want to drag you to wherever the hell your room is.”

“Then why don’t you,” she asked in a breathless whisper. His gaze got heated and they headed back to find their table, which was no easy feat since it had been moved and thankfully Betty’s clutch was still sitting there but Veronica and Archie were nowhere to be found and they just decided to leave. Nobody cared either way whether they were there or not and they didn’t either. Jughead took her
hand and they left the ballroom. They took the elevator to her floor and she opened her clutch for her room key and handed it to him and he opened the door. Betty walked into the room and froze.

“What the hell?” she muttered. Jughead looked around and bit back a smile. Veronica was at it again. The room was lit with candles and there was rose petals all over the bed. A bottle of champagne was chilling next to a bowl of strawberries and chocolate. “Can she be any more obvious?” Betty asked with a small laugh. She turned and looked at Jughead and he was looking at her with a look of heat and need. She felt her heart start to pound and for some strange reason, she was suddenly nervous.

“Looks like she’s working on getting us to fall in love,” he teased, even as he swallowed while his eyes moved over her. Betty dropped her clutch and his jacket and walked slowly over to him, her fingers playing with the edge of the vest he wore.

“This whole night has been like a fantasy that doesn’t seem real. We’re dressed up in clothes we would never wear, and mingling with people we normally don’t even acknowledge. Maybe….we could just….” Her voice trailed off.

“Maybe we could just what?” he asked softly, his hand brushing over her shoulder.

“Pretend,” she whispered. She looked up at him, her eyes looking at him with a longing that shook him. “Pretend we’re falling in love,” she whispered again and then she dropped her forehead on his chest, unable to look at him anymore. Jughead lifted his hands to her face and slowly lifted her head. All she could see in his eyes was need and desperation and he lowered his head and rested his forehead on hers.

“I pretend I love you,” he whispered. Betty clutched his shirt in her hands and drew a shaky breath.

“I pretend I love you too,” she whispered back. His mouth covered hers and he kissed her with a desperation that matched her own. Her hands pushed his vest off and fumbled with his tie, managing to get it undone and dropping it to the floor. His hands still held her face as her fingers moved down his shirt, unbuttoning it slowly, her hands running over his warm skin. He pulled back and turned her around and then turned her again.

“I have no fucking idea how to take this dress off,” he said hoarsely. She lifted her arms and unhooked something under them and peeled off the sleeves and then she slowly peeled the dress down and it fell to the floor. All she wore was a thin scrap of lace for panties and her shoes and his mouth watered. “God, you’re so beautiful,” he whispered, lifting a hand and trailing the back of it down between her breasts to her stomach. Her hands went to his belt and she got it undone and pulled it off and he didn’t let her go further, picking her up in his arms and carrying her to the bed.

Betty lay trembling as his eyes moved over her, his gaze caressing every inch of her body. His hand followed his eyes and as he ran it back up her leg he lowered his head and kissed her again. A slow, gentle kiss that made her whimper for more as he teased her mouth, his tongue dipping in and out. When it properly settled over hers she groaned around his tongue as it sank inside, tasting her, branding her. Her hands pushed his shirt off his back and he shifted enough to shrug out of it and then he was kissing her again. His hands teased her skin, roaming over her just enough to drive her crazy and she moaned and gasped, needing more.

“Please Juggie,” she pleaded. He lifted his head and let his mouth trail down her neck.

“What do you want, Betts,” he murmured against her skin and she shivered when his tongue dragged down to her chest.
“I want you to make love to me,” she breathed. Jughead’s fingers dug into her hip at her words.

“How, Betty?” he whispered, his mouth moving over the swell of her breast, his tongue trailing along the crease underneath.

“With your hands and your mouth,” she moaned.

“Where do you want my hands and mouth?”

“Everywhere,” she shuddered. His hand moved up the inside of her thigh and gently brushed over the lace between her legs. His tongue swirled around her pebbled nipple and she gasped and arched into him, needing more. He took her in his mouth and suckled as his hand slipped inside her lace and he groaned against her skin.

“You’re so wet baby,” he murmured, his mouth moving across to the other breast. Betty clutched the sheets as his fingers found her clit, circling gently and then moving down and slowly slipping inside her.

“Oh my god, Juggie, I’m…..” she suddenly cried out and he lifted his head and looked at her as she suddenly tightened around his fingers. She had never come quite that fast and it was the hottest damn thing he’d ever seen. Her face glazed with surprise and ecstasy. Jughead gave her nipple another tug and moved till he was kneeling between her thighs. He smiled down at her and she was flushed and dazed and he slowly pulled her panties off and tossed them on the floor. He lifted her foot and undid the sandal that was still strapped to her foot and kissed her ankle as he slipped it off. He did the same to the other and then kissed his way up her leg.

His hands were slowly parting her thighs, pushing her legs up and apart until she lay open to him and she had no idea why she was suddenly embarrassed. He had seen her in even dirtier positions but for whatever reason, she felt like she was 16 again and he was discovering her for the first time. Her breathing was still heavy from her quick release and when he slowly bent down to her, she was gasping for breath. Jughead didn’t tease, he just raked his tongue heavily over her and she bucked against him, a sob falling from her mouth. He did it again and she bucked again and he held her still with his hands, his tongue swirling around her swollen nub.

“You taste so fucking good,” he groaned and she arched her body, her whole body tensing like a bow at his tongue and words. He moved lower and pushed inside her, his tongue swirling, tasting, pressing deep and she clenched her hand in his hair, trying to press closer. He moved back up to her clit and he thrust two fingers inside her and she cried out, her legs starting to shake. His tongue moved over her again and again and when his teeth raked her clit lightly she dug her foot into his back, pressing closer. “Come for me baby,” he groaned, and latching his mouth to her, sucking hard and she fell apart, his name echoing around the room.

“Oh my god,” she groaned, her thighs clenching on his head. Jughead laughed against her, his tongue and mouth not letting up. “Juggie, stop, I can’t…..” she moaned, even as she pressed closer.

“For me baby, do it for me…..” He moved his fingers faster and his tongue flicked even as he sucked and again she fell apart, her body boneless and shaking as she rode her orgasm once again. He slowly worked her through it and then lifted his head and smiled down at her as he wiped a hand over his face.

“Jesus,” she gasped. He gave her a moment to catch her breath as he settled beside her, his mouth pressing soft kisses and licks across her chest again. She moved suddenly, pushing him back and climbed on top of him. She was still breathing heavy and was looking at him with such desire that he hardened even more than he already was. She kissed him, her tongue wild and wet and he groaned,
moving against her. She pulled back and kissed her way down his chest and stomach. She spent a while running her tongue along the grooves and planes of muscle and then moved lower, her hands undoing his pants and hurriedly pushing them down his legs.

He laughed at the quick work she made of his shoes and socks and when she pulled his boxers down and he sprang free, she looked at him with a hungry look that made him twitch and a slow sexy smile crossed her face when she noticed. She held his gaze as her hand wrapped around him. She kept holding it as she lowered her head and her tongue darted out, licking up the drop that was forming, and the one that quickly took it’s place. He took a shuddering breath and watched as she dragged her tongue from base to tip and moved against her when she slowly took him in her mouth.

“Fuck,” he groaned, feeling her tongue wrap around him, her mouth tugging and sucking. Her hand joined in and she moved over him slowly, until his hips moved in time with her mouth. He quickly found himself in much the same condition as her, his release wanting to rush up on him. He desperately worked to hold it off, not wanting the feel of her mouth on him to end. After a few more moments he suddenly sat up and pulled her up.

“I wasn’t done,” she protested, gasping as he hauled her onto his lap, her legs straddling his hips.

“I need to be inside you,” He growled. “Fucking now.” He adjusted her and she slowly slid down on him, her head falling back, her arms around his shoulders. The feel of him, huge and hard inside her, stretching her, going deeper than she remembered he could go made her shudder and gasp against his mouth. She held his gaze, watching his eyes glaze with passion as she moved slowly on him.

“You feel so good, Juggie,” she breathed.

“You feel good,” he replied, groaning as her slick heat rose and fell on him. He kissed her passionately, his arms holding her steady, helping her move. She locked her eyes on his, the blue storm in his making her body tremble and shake. She felt her body begin to tighten again and she whimpered, closing her eyes. “Look at me,” he whispered. She opened them again and held his gaze.

“I pretend I love you,” she whimpered, her body starting to unravel. “I pretend…..I love you……I love you…..” She had no control over her mouth as she fell apart, clenching on him once again and her words and body pushed him over the edge and he came hard and deep inside her, his groan vibrating against her neck as he fell back on the bed, taking her with him. Jughead held her close, as if trying to absorb her as she lay on top of him, shaking and crying into his neck. He held her close, trying to gain control of himself, his heart hammering in his chest for more reasons than just an orgasm. After a long while she slid off of him and curled into his side, keeping her face hidden.

“Jughead held her close, as if trying to absorb her as she lay on top of him, shaking and crying into his neck. He held her close, trying to gain control of himself, his heart hammering in his chest for more reasons than just an orgasm. After a long while she slid off of him and curled into his side, keeping her face hidden. Jughead rolled her gently and leaned over her.

“You okay?” he whispered, brushing a sweaty curl off her forehead. She nodded and closed her eyes under his searching gaze. “Did you need to go freshen up, or are you good?” asked after a moment.

“I probably should,” she said softly, opening her eyes and looking at him again. “You want to take a shower with me? Wash all this makeup and sweat off?” He smiled and dropped a kiss on her mouth.

“Sounds like a great idea,” he said, kissing her again. “We have champagne and strawberries to finish yet,” he mentioned. They got up and went to the bathroom, which was pretty spectacular and got cleaned up, with some heated kisses and touches while they did it. The pretending continued as they acted as if nothing special had just happened between them. Betty took the memory and buried it deep in her heart, shutting it away safely like she did with all her feelings. Jughead’s mind was going a mile a minute. He kept studying her, looking for any sign of the woman that had been in his arms, falling apart as she whispered that she loved him. He left it alone, waiting once again for her to
acknowledge what was happening without his prodding.

He spent the night making love to her, reaching for her again and again and she eagerly responded, falling apart under his hands and mouth, over and over. They fell asleep in each other’s arms, Betty wishing he wasn’t pretending that he loved her and Jughead wishing he had the courage to tell her that he wasn’t pretending at all.
Cracks

Chapter Notes

This is quite a bit shorter than Chapter 7....well it's normal length, chapter 7 was a double bonus lol

Betty woke slowly, the sunlight streaming through the hotel window and hitting her face. She rolled over and saw that Jughead’s side of the bed was empty. She sat up and saw him sitting on the floor, leaning against the bed, smoking a cigarette. She didn’t think the room was a smoking room but he obviously didn’t care. She leaned over and wrapped her arms about his shoulders and hugged him.

“I don’t think you can smoke in here,” she said with a laugh. He turned and smiled at her and kissed her mouth and then once more. “I need to brush my teeth,” she sighed.

“We didn’t sleep long enough to get morning breath,” he said laughing and she flushed and buried her face in his neck. He rested his head against hers and smiled. He loved how she blushed lately, her shyness for some reason coming back to life. “You hungry?” he asked, snuffing out his smoke on the ashtray he had managed to find.

“Yes, we worked up quite an appetite,” she giggled and he pulled her over his shoulder and into his lap. She let out a frightened yell and glared at him through the hair that fell over her eyes. She brushed it back and he kissed her until she was pressing against him and gasping. When he pulled away she glared again.

“Stop it,” he laughed. She softened her glare and stuck out her tongue and he chased it with his until she was straddling his lap. She pulled away with a sigh and sank against him.

“I swear we’re addicted to sex or something. Well, I am at least.”

“Addicted to sex, or addicted to me?” he teased. Betty leaned back and looked at him.

“Well, that is the million dollar question, now isn’t it,” she said with a smirk.

“I got ten bucks in my wallet, consider it a down payment,” he said with a smirk of his own.

“It’s definitely you,” she said against his mouth. He kissed her again and when he was ready to throw her on the bed again he pulled away and hugged her close. She sank into him and wrapped her arms around his waist, snuggling close. After a while, he eased her back and studied her face.

“Are we going to talk about last night?” he asked softly.

“No,” she stated simply. He sighed and she got off his lap and they stood up.

“Betty…”

“Jughead, please stop!” she pleaded.

“I don’t want to stop,” he said, getting angry. “You don’t think that we need to talk about what we said to each other?”
“No, I don’t!”

“Why the fuck not?”

“Because it was a fantasy!” she yelled.

“You keep fucking doing this! You say shit when you’re drunk and refuse to talk about it. You say shit when you’re sober and refuse to talk about it. And what about your mother? What the hell did she mean when she said you snagged back your snake? I’m assuming she meant me because when we broke up I was a serpent!”

“Jughead fucking stop!” Betty pleaded, her eyes filling with tears. She sat down on a chair and lowered her face in her hands. Jughead crouched in front of her and gently took her hands, forcing her to look at him. Her eyes were filled with pain and fear and he didn’t know what to make of it.

“Why won’t you talk to me,” he asked in a whisper.

“I just….i can’t right now….I can’t talk about it yet. I just want to remember last night and I don’t want to taint it with talk about a bunch of bullshit,” she said, wiping angrily at the tears on her face.

“Okay, we won’t talk about it now, but Betty, we are going to talk about this at some point. I won’t stop asking until you tell me what’s going on,” Jughead said firmly. She chewed on her lip and nodded, refusing to look at him. He got up and ordered them some breakfast and she went to shower and get back into her clothes from when she had arrived at the hotel the previous day. She hung the beautiful gown and brushed her hand along it, wondering if she would ever wear such a dress again.

“You were stunning last night,” Jughead said softly and she looked at him as he got back into his tux pants and shirt. She realized he must have shown up like that and didn’t have a change of clothes. He still looked amazing. She walked over and wrapped her arms around him and hugged him close and he held her tightly.

They had breakfast and Jughead kissed her with a promise to text later and left before she did. Betty sat down on the bed and took a shuddering breath. She would have to tell him eventually what had happened with her mother and others but she just couldn’t do it yet.

The previous night had been amazing. The benefit was a faded memory compared to what had taken place in this room. She could still feel his hands and mouth on her, over her, in her. A night of fantasy. A night of love. She remembers telling him that she loved him. They had pretended. But she hadn’t been pretending and it terrified her. She had no idea when she fell in love with him again. She only knew that she loved him. Maybe she had never stopped.

Betty was scared. The last time they broke it had been the worst time of her life. For months she hadn’t been able to function, her nails ripping into her skin on a daily basis. She had wanted to call him so many times but had refrained knowing he would come and comfort her, and then she would have had to see him leave again. She heard things that drove her to shed the fragile boring innocent Betty and run from her as far as she could. Veronica kept saying she was still there. Even Jughead was not convinced the old Betty was gone and maybe she wasn’t, but now she was a mixture of the two, stronger and more in control. Or so she thought. What a great idea this had been. Sleeping with Jughead and tumbling back head over heels at the first touch.

Betty realized now, she had never stopped loving him, she had just smothered it so it wouldn’t break her heart on a daily basis and she had gotten good at it. She hadn’t felt the pain anymore, had even been happy when he had walked into her shop. Happy that he was near but he hadn’t brought to life any pain; until she climbed on top of him and his hands moved over her and his mouth pressed to
hers. The memories had all come screaming back and she wanted more. She needed more but she
didn’t want to risk giving him her heart. Even though she realized she really had never gotten it back
but she couldn’t let him know. She didn’t know if she would survive a second break up if they got
together like that again.

Jughead was just heading outside when Veronica came around the corner and he sighed and kept
moving, heading out the door and pulling a cigarette. She of course followed him and he lit up,
taking a long drag before even glancing at her.

“So, how was your night?” she asked with a smirk.

“Subtle, V, real subtle,” he muttered, taking another drag.

“Was it a good night?” she asked.

“Yes, it was a good night and now we’re back to reality, so just seriously, fuck off,” he said with a
spark of annoyance. Veronica studied him and folded her arms across her chest.

“Betty shutting down on you again?” she asked. Jughead sighed and glared at her.

“Fucking hell! Seriously Veronica, mind your own god damned business.”

“You two are pissing me off,” she said angrily. “This is going to blow up in your damn faces and
guess who’s going to have to pick up the pieces when she falls apart? So figure this shit out already
because the waiting is making me crazy!” She snapped and stormed back into the hotel. Jughead
sighed headed to the parking lot. He had taken his truck since a tux didn’t exactly work on a bike
and he headed home.

For the next two weeks, Betty was swamped. Jughead came to help when he could and they simply
worked and didn’t speak much. When they did attempt conversation, it was chit chat about stupid
shit that neither of them cared about and they ended up just having sex. Hot sex, everywhere. The
desk again, the work bench, the back of a car they were fixing and then cleaned, her apartment, his
apartment. She would show up and simply start taking off his clothes and he would show up and
simply carry her to the bedroom. Their bodies saying what their mouths seemed unable to.

Jughead was getting frustrated. Every time he opened his mouth to say something, she looked like
she was going to bolt, thinking he wanted to talk about things. Only when they were in each other’s
arms did her playfulness come back and they could joke and laugh, outside of that, she rarely said
anything and he was about done. This whole thing was getting ridiculous and he felt like he was
losing his grip on the situation. It was Friday night, the benefit had happened 2 weeks ago and he just
wanted to spend a happy evening with her. He looked at the time and saw it was near closing and he
had been helping her with some work. He washed up and walked to the office door where she was
working on invoicing.

“All done,” he said, slapping a smile on his face and leaning against the doorframe. She looked up
and smiled at him. She seemed more relaxed today and he was thankful for it.

“Great, and thanks so much for your help. I wish you would please accept some payment. I’m going
to have to start calling my other worker if you don’t,” she said with a grin.

“You said he wasn’t as fun to look at,” Jughead teased. “I’ve been your eye candy for what now,
“Six for sure, I’m not quite sure,” he said with a shrug. Betty suddenly looked panicked and she grabbed her phone. He saw her touch a pink app and it opened and she stared down at it.

“Oh my god,” she whispered, her eyes flying to his.

“What?” he asked, confused.

“Jughead, I’m late,” she said, her voice cracking on the last word.

“Late for what? You have to be somewhere?” he asked, worrying over the horror on her face.

“No, Jughead, I’m late! I’m 10 days late.” She showed her phone to him and he saw it was a menstrual cycle tracker and there it was in bold letters. ‘10 Days Late’.

“Oh,” he strangled out. “Shit.” She jumped up and started pacing. “Aren’t you on the pill?” he asked, coming away from the door.

“Yes and I’ve never had an issue! And I’m never late,” she said in horror. “Oh my God,” she gasped as she sank down on the couch. “This can’t be happening.”

“Hey,” Jughead said, crouching in front of her. “We don’t know anything has happened. Try to calm down.”

“I can’t fucking calm down,” she cried out. “Jesus Christ, we can’t have a baby. I can’t have a baby. What the hell am I going to do with a baby?” she panicked, having to take deep breaths.

“Fuck, Betty, please calm down, you don’t know yet if you are. Save the panic for later.”

“How the hell are you so calm?” she asked in a yell. Jughead sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“I’m not exactly calm, I’m just going to wait until we know before I let myself freak out. Do you have a test lying around somewhere?”

“Why the fuck would I have a test lying around?” she asked angrily. Jughead realized she was in no condition to go get one and he helped her stand.

“Go upstairs and wait for me. I’ll go get a test and we’ll see, okay?” She nodded mutely and pulled away from him, walking stiffly out of the office to the door leading to her apartment.

Betty paced her apartment waiting for him to come back. Her head was throbbing. The first she’d had since Jughead had found the pinched nerve in her neck. She rubbed her temples and tried to calm herself. Jesus, how did this happen? They should have used condoms. But she had been on the pill for years and nothing like this had ever happened. She sighed and sat down on the chair. She had always used condoms with her other two boyfriends because she hadn’t wanted anyone the way she had had Jughead when they were young. She had been on the pill back then too and they had never used a condom. So really, she had no idea if this was the pill not working or what. She went and checked her package and she hadn’t missed any days. She paced and kept checking the clock.

Jughead finally returned a half hour later and she let him in, backing into the room. He looked anxious but not nearly as anxious as she felt. He put the bag down and pulled out the test and set it
on the counter. Betty walked over and picked it up. She stared at it a while and felt tears sting her eyes. She really had never been so scared in her life. She didn’t know why. She looked at Jughead and he was watching her silently.

“Listen Juggie, I….” she trailed off and swallowed. “I’m really sorry about this. We should have used condoms, but I’ve never had an issue and the pill has always worked. I mean, it worked back in the day when me and you were together,” she said quietly. “I don’t… I mean, if I’m pregnant, I don’t expect you to….” Betty sighed, not sure of what she was trying to say. “I know you have a life and the bar and you don’t have to feel obligated…”

“Are you fucking kidding me right now?” Jughead said furiously. “We’re about to find out if we’re having a kid and you’re telling me I don’t need to be involved?” He was yelling but, Jesus, she was pissing him off.

“I just don’t want you to feel trapped or anything,” she said, tears spilling down her face.

“Betty, for God’s sake, if you’re pregnant I’m going to step up. What kind of asshole do you think I am?”

“I don’t think you’re an asshole,” she whispered.

“Well, you don’t have a big opinion of me if you think I would just fucking walk away from you if you were pregnant.”

“I know you wouldn’t,” she said tearfully. “I just want you to know that if you did, I would understand.”

“You would understand if I was an asshole who skirted his responsibility?”

“Stop putting words in my mouth,” she yelled.

“Then stop saying stupid shit!” he yelled back. He took a deep breath to calm himself and took her hands. “Betty, if you’re pregnant, I’m here 100%. I won’t walk away from this.” She nodded and clutched the test in her hand. “Go pee on the stick,” he said softly. She nodded again and walked to the bathroom.

Betty locked herself in the bathroom and her hands shook as she opened the test. She lay it down on the sink counter and paced a little in the tiny room. She was too afraid to take the test. What if she was pregnant? Everything would change. She wasn’t ready. She wasn’t ready to be a mother and have a child. She certainly wasn’t ready to play ‘parents’ with Jughead. She could barely talk to him these days, much less start planning for a child. She sat down and cried a little. She was so damn stupid. The mess had just got messier than she ever thought possible.

Betty sighed and sat down to take the test. She did what was necessary and sat, her leg bouncing up and down as she waited a few minutes before checking the results.

Not pregnant.

Betty stared at it for a minute, the relief so deep that she wanted to weep. This was like a brick thrown at the window that was her and Jughead. She didn’t know what they were doing or where they were going and they needed to either figure it out or end it. Her heart squeezed at the thought because she didn’t want to lose Jughead, but she didn’t want to move forward either because she was so fucking afraid. She felt stuck and she didn’t know what to do. She wondered if Jughead would be ok to just ignore everything and just keep on like they were. She looked at the test again. Well, at least they weren’t pregnant. She walked out to the kitchen and found him leaning against the counter.
She smiled at him and put the test down on the counter.

“I’m not pregnant,” she said in relief. Jughead pulled away and picked up the test.

“Well, that’s good,” he said softly, with only a slight smile. Betty looked at him, a puzzled expression on her face. He hadn’t freaked out when she thought she was pregnant and now that she wasn’t, he didn’t seem happy either.

“Jughead?” she said in confusion. He looked at her and put the test down. “You don’t seem happy or relieved at all,” she noted. Jughead just smiled and leaned back against the counter.

“It’s great,” he said, not sounding very convincing at all. “We aren’t having a baby. Crisis averted.”

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were disappointed,” Betty said with a laugh. Jughead didn’t say anything and she felt herself go still. “Jughead?” He simply looked at her, no expression on his face. “Did you want me to be pregnant?” she whispered in shock. He said nothing, but his eyes shifted down. “You wanted me to be pregnant.” It wasn’t a question this time, she was stating the truth. He looked at her.

“Yes.”

She took a step back, the shock evident on her face. “What? Why? You wanted a baby?” She gasped, shaking her head at the ridiculous notion.

“No, Betty, I wanted you.”

“I don’t understand. How would me having a baby accomplish that?” Jughead let out a sigh and pulled away from the counter.

“If we had a baby, you would never be out of my life. I would have a reason to see you and be around you, no matter what happens with us. I would never lose you again.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” she said, her voice sounding like she was being strangled.

“I have a better question. What the fuck are we doing? You won’t talk to me, you won’t tell me how you feel. You seem to be determined to not let whatever this is move forward and at the same time you refuse to let it end.”

“Let it end? You said you would decide when this ended,” she yelled.

“Jesus Christ Betty!” he said angrily. “Do you honestly think I’d force you to continue with this bullshit if you didn’t want to? What do you want? Just tell me what the fuck you want!”

“Why don’t you tell me what you want!” she yelled furiously. “A baby? A baby Jughead? What the fuck!”

“I want you Betty! I love you for fuck’s sake!” he roared. He closed his eyes, mentally kicking himself but relieved he had finally said it. Betty froze, feeling like her heart was going to splinter. She shook her head and stepped back.

“No,” she let out in a sob. “No you don’t!” He stepped toward her and she stepped back and he stopped. “Don’t you dare say that to me,” she whispered. Jughead let out a frustrated sigh. There was only so much he could take and he felt like he had just ruined everything.

“I’m gonna go,” he said quietly. “You know where to find me.” And then he was gone. Betty stood
in shock. He loved her? She should be elated at his confession but all she felt was pain and fear. How long had he loved her? Had he always loved her? Is that why her name was tattooed on his chest. She suddenly felt angry and she wanted answers. Jughead wanted to know what she was thinking? Well, he was about to find out. She grabbed her keys and left her apartment.

Jughead walked into his apartment and dropped into a chair. He lowered his head in his hands and let out a long shuddering sigh. Why the fuck had he said ‘yes’ to her question? He had probably ruined everything. Sure they had seemed to be stuck in one place but at least he got to be with her. Now here he was, like a fucking idiot, telling her ‘yes’ he wanted her to be pregnant so he could be around her because he loved her. There was nothing he could do now but wait. He couldn't take it back and he didn't want to. He loved her, so much, it felt like his heart, that he had managed to mend over the years, was going to shatter at the very thought of losing her. It was already littered with cracks that he was desperately trying to hold together and he was losing his ability to stay in control of it. He stood up with a sigh and went to take a shower. He needed to go back and talk to her, make this right. He finished his shower quickly and went to get dressed.

Betty stormed into the Whyte Wyrm and marched over to the bar where Toni was cleaning glasses. She looked up from what she was doing and looked curiously at her.

“Is Jughead here?” Betty asked angrily. Toni smiled and picked up another glass. "Upstairs," she said, nodding toward the top. Betty stormed off in that direction.

“What ever did you do, Jughead?” Toni murmured, laughing. “Your ass is about to get dragged.

Jughead was just opening the door to go to her when she appeared and shoved him back in the room. He stumbled back and she slammed the door shut. Betty threw her purse down and rested her hands on her hips and she looked furious.

“You want to talk Jughead? Let’s fucking talk! Why don’t we start by why my fucking name is tattooed on your god damned chest!”
Taking Risks

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You want to talk Jughead? Let’s fucking talk! Why don’t we start by why my fucking name is tattooed on your god damned chest!”

“You first,” Jughead said, folding his arms across his chest. “Tell me what the hell is going on with you!” She looked angry enough to hit him.

“No, I want to know why my name is tattooed on your chest. We broke up, we parted ways, we moved on…”

“We moved on?” Jughead said with a laugh. “We moved on??? I think it’s clear at this point that neither one of us fucking moved on. You want to know why you’re on my chest, Betty? Because I love you. I have always loved you and I will always love you. I spent two years trying to get over the pain of the breakup and one day, I woke up and realized I wasn’t thinking about you constantly any more and it scared the hell out of me. I didn’t want to forget you. I didn’t want to not think about you, even though it hurt. Your memory was the only happy thing I had back then and I didn’t ever want to forget. So I went to the tattoo shop and I had them put your name over my heart because that’s where you are and you’ve never left!” Betty stood silently. She shook her head and clenched her fists. “I even took off my fucking beanie cause in my head it was tied to you. I haven’t worn it since. I did get over the break up and my mind did become clear and functioning again, but I have kept you in my heart all these years for the moments when I let myself think about you.”

“If you loved me so much, why did you want to break up?” she asked hoarsely.

“I didn’t want to fucking break up, you did!”

“What?” she yelled. “It was your fucking idea!”

“No it wasn’t!”

“Jughead, I came to see you and you told me that you thought we should break up because it was too hard and we never got to see each other.”

“No Betty, I asked you if you wanted to break up with me! I asked you!” She shook her head, her eyes filling with tears. “Yes! We saw each other like two or three times a month and every single time we got together you would cry and it was breaking my heart and I told myself that one day you wouldn’t be able to take it anymore and you were going to break up with me and I was so terrified of that happening I just figured I’d come out and ask if you wanted to and when I asked and you said yes, my heart broke in a million pieces.”

“NO, no, no, no…” Betty started to pace the apartment, rubbing her head, trying to make sense of the conversation. She whirled around and glared at him. “You brought it up, it was your idea! I remember looking in your eyes that day and I saw nothing that suggested you wanted to stay with me. Nothing! No tears, no hurt, no emotion whatsoever.”

“Because I felt like I was dying! I wanted you to do what you thought was best, no matter how much it hurt and I didn’t want to try and persuade you otherwise if you needed to part ways with me. I fucking hated seeing you cry, Betty. It tore at my insides and I was determined to let you be happy, no matter how much I fucking hated it!”
“Jughead, I loved you,” she choked out, tears spilling down her face. “Do you have any fucking idea what it was like for me after we split up? I cried for weeks. My hands were so fucking torn up, I was wearing permanent bandages to keep from wrecking myself further. I felt like I was suffocating! I was sitting there one evening and my mother, oh my mother,” Betty started to laugh. She felt a little like she was losing her mind and when Jughead took a step toward her she backed away. “Don’t fucking touch me right now,” she fumed. He stopped and swallowed.

“My mother was trying to console me,” she continued, laughing again. “In her sick twisted way. She went on and on about how the Jones men were nothing but losers. Worthless Serpents who didn’t care about anything or anyone. You know what she told me? She said breaking up with me was the best thing you could have done because I wasn’t going to hold your attention for long anyway. Serpent men liked whores. They didn’t like clean, put together, ladies. They wanted freaks. That I was just an experiment to you to see if someone like me could be exciting. According to her, you could see I would always be perfect little Betty and that’s why you left me.”

“What?” Jughead sputtered, shaking his head. “And you believed her?”

“No, not at that point.”

“What the fuck do you mean, not at that point. If you ever at any point thought that bullshit was true, then you didn’t fucking know me at all.”

“It was about a year after we broke up, and it was the last year of school and I was in the library and I overheard two guys talking about me. They didn’t realize, obviously, that I was there and I should have walked away but I couldn’t do it. You know what they said Jughead? That I was boring. I was perfect little Betty, in my perfect little sweaters, with my perfect little ponytail and that I was so fucking boring that the loner loser Jughead Jones had to move to the south side just to get away from me,” her voice broke on that and Jughead looked like he had been slapped.

“Betty,” he whispered, taking a step toward her and she shook her head and backed away. “Please, please tell me you didn’t believe that,” he begged.

“I didn’t believe it Jughead, not about you anyway. I knew you had loved me and that you weren’t what my mother and those guys said, but I did believe it about myself. I was boring and honestly, after we broke up, nobody even fucking looked at me. Certainly no guys. And the one guy that had wanted me, had left me,” she said brokenly.

“Betty, I didn’t want to leave you. I didn’t leave you!”

“You did leave me,” she yelled. “You don’t ask someone if they want to break up if you’re not thinking about doing it yourself. I don’t believe you at all if you say you weren’t thinking about it yourself. How could you put that shit on me?”

“I just wanted you to be happy,” he said, his face laced with pain.

“I was happy!”

“You were always crying for fucks sake. How is that happy? I knew you would end it at some point because how the fuck could you just keep staying in a relationship that was nothing but painful? That’s why I asked you. I asked you! I didn’t want it Betty. I swear to God.”

“So, are you telling me, that if I had said no, I didn’t want to break up, we wouldn’t have broken up?”

“Well….no, we wouldn’t have,” Jughead said quietly.
“Oh my God!” Betty yelled. She picked up her purse and threw it at him. He ducked, his look becoming as furious as hers.

“Is that why you started dressing the way you do? Because you believed some horseshit that some fucking morons said about you?” he yelled angrily. “You thought that little of yourself that you completely changed yourself because of what other people said?”

“I was tired! I was tired of being perfect and sweet and kind. I was tired of people who didn’t know me say crap that wasn’t true. I was tired of trying to please everyone. And that crap I wore at 16, I never liked it! I would look at Veronica and Cheryl and wished I could be more like them. Confident, secure in themselves. No, I just did what my mother wanted. She even took my love of writing and talked me into wanting to get into journalism. I didn’t want to be a fucking journalist. I loved working on cars. I loved writing for me. I wrote as a way to escape, it was a hobby. The first thing I did when we graduated high school was refuse my mother’s wish to go into journalism. I was old enough then to get my own place and the first thing I did was throw away my clothes. Did I maybe overdo it with the makeover? Maybe, but I just wanted to be something other than what my mother made me. That’s why she made the comment about snagging back my snake. From day one, she’s been taunting me that I was only doing it because I wanted you back. Maybe she was right in a way. I mean, if you did like women who weren’t boring, well the new me certainly isn’t boring.”

“Betty, I love you, regardless of what the fuck you wear. I love you, I have always loved you. I walked into your shop that day and you looked sexy as hell and yes it was exciting, and it turned me on, but Jesus, you could wear a garbage bag and I’d be turned on. You are so beautiful to me, it doesn’t matter at all what you’re wearing. It wasn’t your clothes that threw me either, it was the attitude, the hard edge. But even that, the way you just took what you wanted, I was proud of you because I know life with your mom wasn’t easy back then and I was happy you had found a way out from under her thumb. I fell in love all over again, and the more I was around you, the more I wanted to be. I want you Betty. I want you to be with me. Thinking you were pregnant, I was fucking happy. Yes I know that’s a sick reason to want a baby, but it meant I got to have you with me forever.” Betty shook her head and started to cry.

“I can’t Jughead. I spent years getting over you. It was the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do in my life and when I was finally happy, when I could finally breathe….i just….i can’t. I can’t go through something like that again.”

“We’re not going to go through it again,” he insisted heatedly.

“How do you know?” she cried bitterly. “How do you know something won’t break us? Even if we were happy a year, 5 years, 10 years, how do you know something won’t happen. I wouldn’t survive it a second time Jughead. I can’t do this again and just even thinking that if we had communicated fucking better ten years ago, all this shit might have not even happened. That is so fucking mind boggling right now, I seriously can’t think. That all this pain could have been avoided? It’s like the universe is laughing at me right now.”

“Betty…” Jughead started and she shook her head, tears spilling down her face.

“I can’t,” she whispered brokenly, picking up her bag off the floor. She walked toward the door and he beat her to it, his hand on the knob, his other hand on her face.

“Please don’t go,” he said, his voice filled with anguish. “Please, Betty. These last few weeks have been the best weeks I’ve had in ten years. I need you, please don’t go.” Betty pulled away and said nothing, her eyes on the floor, her face streaked with tears.

“I’m too afraid,” she whispered and reached for the door. He let her open it and stepped back and
then she was gone.

Jughead stared at the closed door and took a shuddering breath. She was right. This was worse than the first time. The pain in his chest was so heavy, he couldn’t breathe.

“God dammit,” he whispered, taking deep breaths. This couldn’t be it. There was no way she was just going to walk away. He realized that she hadn’t confessed her love like he did. He was certain she loved him. He refused to believe the night at the benefit had just been a fantasy. She had whispered over and over that she loved him. He started to pace, his mind going crazy. He couldn’t let her walk away. But he couldn’t force her into a relationship either. And she was right, what if they didn’t make it. Could he survive that? He clenched his fasts and realized he was shaking. She walked out. She fucking walked out. Jughead picked up a dining chair and hurled it at the door in anger. It crashed and broke, the pieces sliding over his floor. A minute later there was a knock at the door. He hurried over and opened it.

“What the fuck do you want Toni?” he growled, trying to shove the door closed. She pushed against it and looked around at the mess he made.

“Well, now that all the screaming has died down….i should let you know, this place isn’t exactly that sound proofed but it is enough that you have to be screaming pretty good for us to hear downstairs and I heard damn near every word. The music wasn’t playing so a good number of people heard you two screaming at each other and when I heard the crash I just came to make sure you’d weren’t hurting yourself.”

“I’m fine,” Jughead said angrily and tried to close the door and she shoved against it again, putting herself against the door frame, knowing he wouldn’t hurt her by trying to close the door. He just glared at her.

“Piece of advice Jug? Don’t let her walk away. Any idiot can see that she loves you and don’t allow her to listen to her inner fears, because what you two have? It’s worth the risk.” Toni pulled away from the door and walked back down to the bar. Jughead closed the door and leaned his head against it.

Veronica opened the door to her apartment and Betty fell against her in a torrent of sobs.

“Jesus Christ,” Veronica sighed and pulled her inside. “So, the shit finally hit the fan, did it?” she asked sadly, pulling the sobbing woman to the couch. Archie came out of the back room right then and looked at Betty in surprise. Veronica sighed and looked at him.

“Maybe you should go make sure Jughead is alright,” she suggested. Archie’s eyes widened, understanding.

“Oh shit, yeah ok,” he said hurriedly and headed to get his keys. After he left, Veronica held Betty while she cried until she managed to get a hold of herself.

“What happened?” she asked gently.

“I…took….took a pregnancy test,” Betty stammered out, trying to talk around her hiccups and crying.

“Oh shit, Betty. Are you pregnant?”

“No, I’m not.”
“Did you want to be? Why are you crying? Did Jughead freak out? Oh my God, he better not have said or done anything stupid,” Veronica said in a rush.

“No, no he didn’t freak out…..he wanted me to be pregnant,” Betty said, starting to cry again.

“I don’t understand. Jughead wants a baby?”

“No, he wants me.”

“Please explain,” Veronica sighed.

“He said he loved me and he needed me and he wanted me,” Betty said brokenly and Veronica took her hands.

“And this is a bad thing?”

“Yes, dammit!” Betty said angrily. “I can’t do this shit again! Did you know that our fucking break up was a misunderstanding?” She said, starting to sob again. She told Veronica the entire fight and her friend just sat there in silence.

“So, Jughead loves you and wants to be with you?” she asked quietly. Betty nodded and rested her head in her hands.

“Betty, I don’t understand. Isn’t that good?”

“No,” she whispered. “I can’t do this Veronica. What if something happens? I can’t go through another breakup with Jughead.”

“Betty look at me,” Veronica said. Betty lifted her head and looked at her with tear filled, red rimmed eyes. “Isn’t that basically what’s happening right now?”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s over Betty. This thing you and Jughead had over the last few weeks is over now. Do you really think that Jughead will go back to that after he poured his heart out to you? He isn’t going to want casual sex, he’s going to want everything. Answer me this; why are you crying and upset?”

“What?”

“Why are you crying?”

“Did you not just hear everything I fucking told you V?” Betty asked in exasperation, wiping angrily at her face.

“You and Jughead had a fight, everything came out in the open, Jughead told you he loves you and wants to be with you, you don’t want to start a relationship because you’re afraid and now you’re here crying. Why?”

“Because it all hurts, dammit.”

“Why does it hurt? If this is just sex for you and you don’t want to try again with him, why does it hurt? You said yourself that you had gotten past it all and were happy again. So why are you so upset now?”

“Because…I….”
“Why Betty?”

“Because I love him,” she whispered, her sobs returning.

“Then why are you here and not with him?”

“Because I’m scared!”

Of what Betty? Getting hurt? You are hurt! You’re sitting here, in pain, bawling your eyes out. You are essentially going through a second breakup with him and please don’t argue that it was just sex because with you two, it was something more right from the start and you know it. Is being with him not worth the risk to you? If it ends at some point, won’t the pain be worth it? It won’t be any worse than how you feel right now. And honestly, you guys broke up at 16 and ten years later you’re still fucking in pain about it because you love each other, doesn’t that tell you that he’s it for you? And you’re it for him? What you guys have is real Betty. I’d bet my entire inheritance on it lasting until you guys are old and gray because you belong together.” Betty was staring at her as if she'd grown horns. Her eyes were wide and shocked as her words sank in.

“Do you love him Betty?”

“Yes,” she breathed.

“Do you want to be with him?” V asked. Betty nodded.

“Is he worth the risk?”

“Yes,” she whispered, fresh tears falling. “I…I ran out on him V, like a coward. He begged me to stay and I ran out,” she said brokenly.

“It’s Jughead Betty, I’m pretty sure he’ll let you back in. I watched him the night of the benefit. He is so in love with you, he is drowning in it.”

“We pretended that night in my room. We pretended we were in love,” Betty said with a hiccup.

“Sweetie, I don’t think you guys were pretending. So, why don’t we get you cleaned up and showered and I’ll find you something beautiful to wear and you go get your man, okay?” Betty smiled shakily and nodded.

Archie knocked on Jughead’s door and when there was no answer he tried the door and it opened. He walked in and Jughead was sitting on the couch, his head in his hands. There was an ashtray full of cigarette butts and a half empty whiskey bottle on the coffee table in front of him.


“Not enough,” he said quietly. “She okay?”

“She was upset and crying all over Veronica,” Archie said softly. Jughead sighed and grabbed the bottle. Archie took it from him. “You don’t need that,” he said, putting it aside. “What happened?”

“Oh nothing much. We screamed at each other and I told her I loved her,” Jughead said, falling back on the couch, dragging a hand over his face.

“And she took off?” Archie asked, surprised. “I would figure she would want to hear that.”
“Yeah, well, apparently she doesn’t want to start up again. She’s afraid it will end again.”

“And you’re just going to let her go?” Archie asked. Jughead looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“I’m not going to force her to stay with me Archie,” he said with a sigh.

“You don’t have to force her Jughead, for God’s sake, the woman is in love with you and if you can’t see that then you’re an idiot. Fight for her.”

“How do I fight for her? She seems pretty set on not being with me.”

“Give her time and try again.”

“How much time?”

“I don’t know, a couple hours? I’ve never had to fight for anyone.”

“Fuck off,” Jughead sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“Look Jug, I’m not good with the advice and I mostly came here to make sure you were ok, but if I have anything to say, it’s just that you belong with her and everything will be alright. Veronica once told me you two were soulmates and I believe it. This will all work out.” Jughead just nodded, not looking convinced in the least.

It had been three hours since she left Jughead and now she stood in front of his door, afraid to knock. Toni had told her that he was home and the smile she gave her was warm and kind and it gave Betty courage to walk up the stairs. She finally raised her hand to knock when the door opened. Betty stepped back in shock. The skimpy dressed brunette that stood there seemed just as surprised. Jughead suddenly came into view and he looked surprised to see her. His eyes narrowed when she glared angrily at him.

Betty looked in the mirror and smiled. Veronica had put her in a pretty dress with thin shoulder straps. It showed only a tiny hint of cleavage and hung to her knees.

“It’s a little more conservative than what you usually wear,” V said laughing. “But you are going to him to tell him you love him and you need to tell him with words, not with your body. Do that after.” Betty smiled and ran a hand down her front.

“I like it,” she said softly. “It’s pretty.”

“I thought you didn’t like pretty,” Veronica said with a smile.

“I like pretty, I just don’t like sweaters,” Betty said with a smirk.

“Well, I think you’re ready. Let’s not do the make up because you are beautiful with or without and if it all goes well, he’ll suck it off your face anyway,” Veronica said with a smirk of her own. Betty laughed and nodded. For whatever reason, she was more scared now than when she first ran out. What if he didn’t let her back?

“Stop with the over thinking,” V said immediately, taking her hands. “I can see that look on your face. It will be fine.” Betty nodded but her chin still quivered.

She finally raised her hand to knock when the door opened.
“Ummm, I’ll see you Monday, Jug,” the brunette said and after glancing at Betty, hurried down the hall. Betty clenched her fists and turned to run.

“Don’t you dare!” Jughead suddenly snapped. Betty had barely taken a step when his hand closed around her wrist, stopping her movement. “Where are you going?” he growled. He pulled her inside and slammed the door, backing her against it. “You trying to run away again?” he asked angrily. Betty said nothing and turned her head from his angry glare.

“Well, I wasn’t exactly expecting some girl in here,” Betty said, her lip quivering.

“Are you kidding me Betty? What exactly do you think was going on? You think after everything I said to you earlier that I would just bring some girl here? And do what? Fuck away your memory?” Betty winced at his words, knowing in her heart that he would never do that.

“I don’t know,” she said, her voice slipping.

“That was Ari, she works downstairs and she came to ask for tomorrow off because she has to take her kid somewhere,” he explained angrily. Betty just nodded, refusing to look at him. Ashamed of herself for even having gotten angry. Jughead moved closer, his hands braced on the door, trapping her. “So tell me Betty. Why would you even care? You ran out on me earlier, after I told you how I felt and how much I wanted you, you ran out on me. So tell me, if she had been in here for me, why would you even care?”

“Because….” She said, her voice catching and trailing off.

“Because why?” He pressed. Betty turned her head, her eyes filled with tears and looked him in the eyes.

“Because you belong to me,” she whispered, her tears spilling over. Jughead went still, his eyes searching hers, his breathing choppy and uneven.

“Betty?” Jughead’s voice was hoarse and unsure. Betty lifted her hands, her fingers trembling as she touched his face.

“I love you,” she whispered. Jughead straightened, his hands falling from the door, looking down at her. “I love you Jughead,” she whispered again. “I’m so sorry I ran out earlier. I was so scared and I’m still scared, but I can’t imagine my life now without you in it.” He still said nothing and she was starting to ramble but she was desperate for him to know how she felt. “Please forgive me, Juggie, because I love you so much and I want to be with you. Even if something happens at some point, you are worth the risk and I want to be with you and I’ll do whatever it take to prove…”

“Shut up,” Jughead said gruffly. She closed her mouth and stood nervously. “I was yours when you said I belonged to you,” he whispered. She let out a sob and then she was in his arms. He held her so tightly, she couldn’t breathe and she didn’t care. Her arms went around him and she wept against his neck. “I won’t ever screw this up again, Betty, I swear it,” he spoke against her hair. “I swear on my life.”

“I promise I won’t either,” she cried. She felt his lips on her ear and her cheek and she turned her head and then his mouth was on hers and she whimpered, pressing closer, putting her heart and soul into the kiss. Jughead pulled back and held her face, and Betty started to cry again. The love that she had seen when they were 16, it shone in his eyes once again. Jughead picked her up and carried her to the bed, his mouth on hers, her hands in his hair.

“We should talk more,” he finally managed when he pulled his mouth away.
“After,” she gasped, pulling his mouth back.

“I love you Betty,” he said against her mouth.

“I love you too, Juggie. Take my dress off.”

“It’s very pretty,” he said, his mouth moving down her neck as he set her down beside the bed.

“Thank you, it’s Veronica’s,” she whimpered as his hand moved up her skirt and caressed her thigh. “I wanted to be pretty for you,” she groaned, when his hand brushed between her thighs. “Juggie, please.” He pushed her back on the bed, and her hands pulled off his shirt and went to undo his pants. His mouth devoured hers, his teeth tugging on her lip, his tongue swirling inside, hers curling around it. Her whole body felt alive and the ache inside spread everywhere. She needed him desperately. Betty felt like a woman starved as she shoved his pants down and pulled his arousal free.

“God, wait, slow down baby, let me make love to you properly,” he groaned, moving against her hand. “We should get a condom,” he added, remembering their earlier issue.

“Later Juggie, please, don’t wait, I want you now,” she begged. He didn’t bother telling her that later it wouldn’t be needed anymore and he took enough time to pull her panties off and push up the dress to her waist and his fingers moved over her, finding her wet, hot, ready. He brought her leg over his hip and settled between her thighs and rubbed against her. “Please,” she gasped and he slid inside her, both groaning at the feeling.

“Fuck,” he muttered. “You’re so tight and wet. You always feel so good,” he growled against her mouth. Betty’s legs came around his waist and she arched against him, urging him to move faster. Jughead took her mouth in a heavy kiss, possessing her mouth like he possessed her body, her heart, her soul. Betty felt the pleasure uncoil inside her as Jughead thrust into her. His hands cupped her head as he braced on his elbows. He lifted his head and held her gaze, watching her face as she started to fall apart. He reached down and stroked her and she let out a long low moan, her legs tightening around him.

“I love you,” she whispered, her hands reaching for his face.

“I love you too,” he said shakily, and then he watched her eyes glaze over as she fell apart, her body clenching tightly around him. Jughead lowered his forehead to her shoulder and let out a long groan as he came, emptying himself inside her. He fell against her, and she wrapped all around him, holding him close as she gasped and shuddered beneath him. After long moments he braced back on his elbows and looked down at her, brushing her hair off her face.

“Sorry,” he muttered. “That’s not how I wanted it to go.”

“It was perfect,” she whispered. He brushed at the tears that slipped from her eyes.

“Are you ok?” he asked softly.

“I haven’t felt this amazing in 10 years,” she said with a happy sob. He smiled and gave her a gentle kiss.

“I’m so sorry Betts,” he said when he pulled back, his eyes filled with regret. She shook her head and put her fingers over his mouth.

“Don’t,” she said softly. “It’s both our faults. We’ll just work on our communication from now on,” she whispered with a smile. He moved against her, his hands pulling her dress up and over her head.
He smiled when he saw she wore no bra.

“I’d say we communicate pretty well,” he teased. Betty gasped, her nails digging into his arms.

“How do you make me feel like this?” she whimpered. “How do you make my body respond so quickly?”

“Because we belong together,” he said softly, his body responding as well and beginning to move once again inside her. Betty cried out at the feel of his drag through her still sensitive flesh.

“Juggie,” she gasped. “It’s too much… I… I can’t”

“You can,” he whispered, moving slowly, deeply. She closed her eyes and forgot everything but him. The feel of him inside her, his mouth on hers, his hands moving over her. His mouth trailed down to her chest, his tongue raking over the peak, sucking her into his mouth and she moaned and arched against him. Her hands moved over his back, up into his hair, holding him to her as she gave herself to him.

“Juggie,” she gasped and he lifted his head and grasped her head, staring down into her eyes. He watched the wonder come over her face as her body surrendered and she began to tremble. He began to move faster, driving deeper inside her and her head pressed into the pillow, her body rising and falling beneath his. It didn’t take long and he felt her begin to shake.

“Come for me,” he pleaded. She let out a sob as he once again began to stroke her and she felt the pleasure begin in her toes and move up her body until she was arched into him, her cries echoing around him and he felt her begin to pull on him and he moved quickly, rushing toward his own release once again.

“Come, Juggie,” she moaned, her eyes wild and desperate. “Inside me, please, I want it all, come with me.” Jughead stiffened and growled against her ear as she pulled his orgasm from him. She sobbed with pleasure as they soared together, coming undone in each other’s arms.

“I love you, I love you…” her words echoing in his ears. Jughead fell against her again, completely spent. She had a death grip on him and she cried quietly against his neck. After a while Jughead lifted slowly off of her and rolled to the side. She followed immediately and he smiled smugly.

“I love you,” he said softly.

“Don’t ever stop telling me,” she pleaded. Jughead pulled her close and gave her a soft kiss.

“I promise I won’t.”

“Thank you for stalking me,” she whispered and he laughed softly.

“I promise to stalk you for the rest of your life,” he said arrogantly. She giggled and curled into him. They fell asleep, together, in love. They would figure out the details some other time.

Chapter End Notes

One chapter left! Thank you so much for taking this journey with me!!!
Life and Love

Chapter Notes

This chapter is so smutty, I'm slightly horrified, but hey, who's complaining? ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Betty woke slowly, the morning sun slipping into the room above the bar and driving out the shadows. She was wrapped in Jughead’s arms, her face nestled on his chest, right over his crown tattoo. He loved her, had always loved her. She pushed the sadness away at the thought of having missed out on ten years and let the happiness flow in that she was now back in his arms. She pressed a soft kiss over the tattoo and felt his arm tighten slightly. She looked up and found his blue eyes watching her.

“Hey,” he said softly, a smile playing on his lips.

“Hi,” Betty whispered almost shyly. It was different today. There were no more games and hiding feelings and pretending it was just sex. Today she was his and she felt like her heart was going to burst. Jughead moved and rolled her, bracing on his elbow and looking down at her.

“Sleep well?” he asked smugly. He had kept her up half the night and she should have been tired but she had never felt more awake and alive. Betty touched his face and he leaned into her hand.

“I can’t believe you’re mine,” she said, almost in awe.

“I’ve always been yours,” Jughead murmured.

“I know, I just….I just forgot for a while,” Betty whispered.

“I love you,” he said. He had told her countless times, all night long and she would never tire of hearing it. She pulled him down for a kiss and wrapped herself around him as his mouth moved over hers. A slow, deep kiss that, as usual, made her want so much more. He pulled back and smiled at her whimper of protest.

“I’m so happy, Juggie. That I’m here with you, that you let me back in here,” she said with a sigh. Jughead looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“Why wouldn’t I have let you back in here?” he asked smiling.

“Well, I ran out on you Juggie, and I feel so terrible about it. You begged me not to go and I just left,” she said, her eyes stinging with tears.

“Don’t cry,” he said softly. “I love you Betty, of course I let you back it. You were afraid, I understand. I mean, yes, I was angry and kinda broke a chair when you left, but I wasn’t planning on just letting you walk away. I was going to give you some time and then come after you.”

“Really?” she asked with a happy smile. “And wait, what? You broke a chair?”

“I kind of threw it at the door,” he said with a grimace. Her eyes widened and then she let out a sigh.
“Good thing I didn’t come back right then,” she said, then laughed a little.

“That’s not even funny,” Jughead said. “Jesus, can you imagine? I’d have taken you out with a fucking chair.” He started laughing then and she joined in.

“Death by angry Jughead chair,” she gasped out.

“Oh my God, why are we laughing about that?” he wondered in horror, even as he laughed.

“Cause we’re idiots,” she giggled. “Did you break anything else?” she wondered.

“No, I just smoked half a pack of cigarettes and started getting drunk. Archie showed up before I got all the way drunk,” he said with a chuckle. “He helped me stop being angry and told me to fight for you, which I had been planning on doing but his advice on how long I wait was better.”

“How long did he tell you to wait?”

“Two hours,” Jughead said laughing. “Although I probably would have come after you sooner. Well, maybe not if I’d have gotten completely drunk, but I was definitely going to come after you Betty. Even if just to yell.”

“Veronica helped me see things clearly. We should thank her for meddling,” Betty said laughing.

“Never,” Jughead said. “She’ll never stop then.”

“She won’t, regardless.”

“That’s true. We’ll send her some flowers,” he said with a smile. “How did she help you?”

“Well, she made me realize that the pain I was afraid of feeling, I was already feeling it so she asked if I loved you and wanted to be with you and if you were worth the risk and the answer was ‘yes’ to all of it, so I came back to beg your forgiveness.” Jughead lowered his head and kissed her again.

“Does that mean you’ll be my girl again?” he asked, his forehead resting on hers.

“Yes, so many times, yes,” Betty exclaimed. “For as long as you’ll have me.”

“Well, you’ll be with me till I’m dead then,” he said happily.

“I just wish we hadn’t lost so much time” she said sadly.

“Hey, don’t. We were young stupid kids and clearly we needed to grow up if we could fuck up something that badly. I promise, I will always tell you how I feel from now on and if I’m not happy about something, I’ll tell you.”

“I just wish…. ” Betty trialed off with a sigh. “I love you so much and I’ve always loved you and I should have asked you if it’s what you wanted. I feel so terrible and now that I think how we’ve been with other people and we still loved each other…. ” She stopped talking and started to cry and he sighed and pulled her into his arms, holding her close.

“Betty stop,” he pleaded.

“It’s ok. Does it make you feel any better if I tell you that I always pretended it was you?” She started giggling around her crying and he smiled.

“I did too,” she whispered.

“Ok, then lets just call it practice,” he suggested with a smirk. She stretched out on top of him and
moved against him.

“You have gotten extremely good at it,” she said, biting her lip.

“Oh yeah?” he teased, his hands running over her back, down to cup her backside, holding her against his growing arousal. “Let me show you how good,” he suggested.

“You’ve been showing me for 7 weeks,” she said with a moan.

“I’m not quite finished yet,” he whispered, taking her mouth in a heated kiss.

It had been two months since they had admitted they loved each other and Betty was happier than she had ever been in her life. The shop was doing well and Jughead helped out a lot and she did in the bar as well, taking shifts when other workers needed some time off. It was a happy blissful back and forth with millions of ‘I love you’s’ thrown in and the crazy thing was, she seemed to fall more in love every day. Their sex life only got better, if such a thing was even possible and it certainly wasn’t slowing down. Sex while being in love was definitely something amazing. She couldn’t get enough of him. Of course, the fact that he was sexy as fuck didn’t hurt either.

They went out a lot now. To dinner, to movies, shopping and Betty started noticing that all the other females also noticed how sexy Jughead was. She had to chase them off with angry glares and a word or two every now and then. She really was a jealous person, which for whatever reason turned Jughead on. Every time she got anger at some girl ogling him, he dragged her to the nearest hidden corner or bed and they ended up having wild, loud sex.

He was in much the same condition. She had to hold him back sometimes when someone at the bar started flirting or trying to get handsy. A few of the handsy ones got punched and the flirty ones were chased off with a vicious glare. She made him promise to behave at the shop so she wouldn’t lose customers. Most of the flirts there were harmless idiots who never tried anything, just were a little enthusiastic about oil changes and Jughead always made sure he was around when they came for their vehicles. Betty found this rather amusing and also, like Jughead, would jump his bones after they would leave. Yes, their sex life was definitely hot.

Despite all that, there was never an issue with trust. They knew they loved each other and never for a second doubted it. They just really wanted other people to stop pawing at what belonged to them.

One particular afternoon, Jughead was leaning against the front of the car he was working on, his feet crossed at the ankles, his arms folded across his chest, a cigarette dangling from his lips and a woman walked into the shop who happened to own the car. Betty straightened from the car she was working on when she heard the woman’s laughter and watched as she flirted.

Jughead looked past her to Betty and winked and Betty rolled her eyes at the woman’s giggle, having thought he was winking at her. Betty was wearing overalls with only a black bra underneath and she was extremely confident with her body and how she looked and she slowly undid the straps and let the overalls top fall down to her waist, and leaned against the car and Jughead’s eyes took on a heated glint.

The woman, as oblivious as a rock, touched Jughead’s arm and asked if he wanted her number. Betty sighed and rolled her eyes and walked over to the pair.

“I’m sorry, ma’am, I’m not available,” Jughead was saying, stepping back a little. “I happen to have…."

“Someone he loves very much,” Betty finished for him, stepping in front of him, her hands on her
hips, her glare telling the lady all she needed to know.

“Oh, I’m….” The woman’s voice trailed off and she looked Betty up and down. “Wow, you’re very….” Her voice trailed off again. Betty raised an eyebrow. “You know, I could leave my number for either of you,” she said with a smile. Betty felt the laughter in Jughead’s chest and stepped on his foot to get him to shut up.

“Your car will be ready tomorrow and neither one of us wants your damn number,” Betty said, exasperated. The woman flushed and quickly hurried out of the shop. Betty turned around and Jughead burst into laughter.

“Wow,” he managed after a while. “I’m going to have to fend of the women now too? Everyone wants my girl?” Betty stepped closer and rubbed against him.

“You only want you,” she breathed against his mouth.

“Mmmmm, promise?” he asked, his hands sliding over her backside, lifting her against him.

“Lock the door,” she whispered against his mouth. He kissed her, walking toward the doors and she wrapped her legs around him. Had anyone been driving by right then, they would have seen two people completely lost in each other, mouths moving in desperate, hungry kisses. Jughead leaned her against the wall and hit the button for the overhead doors, bringing them down and hitting the lock button. He turned and walked them to the office, slamming the door open and depositing her on top of the desk.

“We’re never getting rid of this desk,” he muttered. “It’s changed my life.” She giggled and he reached behind her and undid her bra. It fell between them and he cupped her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her nipples. She moaned and pulled at his shirt, getting it off him in mere seconds, her hands running eagerly over his chest. He pushed her back gently, bracing his hands on the desk and leaning over her, his mouth moving down her neck to her chest.

Betty let out a ragged moan when his tongue dragged between her breasts and moved to tease over her nipple. He sucked one in his mouth as his hands pulled her overalls down. He let out a frustrated growl when her shoes got in the way and he lifted her legs to pull them off and she giggled at his annoyed look as he dragged the clothes off. He bent back over her, his mouth moving over her breasts greedily and she arched her back, pressing against him. His hands pulled at her panties and hurried them off as well. He put his fingers to her and groaned.

Jughead lifted his head and looked into her face as he slipped a finger inside her.

“How are you always so wet?” he groaned, adding another finger.

“It’s you, that much I can tell you,” she gasped. “Only with you.”

“Fuck,” he muttered as she clenched her walls on him and she sat up and her hands made quick work of his belt and button and she pulled him free.

“Inside me, please,” she gasped against his mouth. “I need you.” He didn’t have to be told twice and he positioned himself, dragging his erection over her and then sliding deep inside. She immediately clenched her walls on him and his groan rang in her ear.

“Fucking hell, Betty,” he gasped, pulling out and pushing back in. “How is it always so hot, so tight, so fucking good?” His words made her head spin and she gasped. His hands gripped her thighs, pushing them wide apart as he thrust into her. She looked down and, fuck, watching the muscles on his stomach clench as he moved, watching him disappear and reappear and disappear again inside
her, watching her body absorb him, pull at him, close around him, she was so turned on, she went a little wild.

“Oh my god,” she moaned. She couldn’t help it, her body started to shake and she reached down and touched herself and Jughead looked down and watched with her and his muttered curses told her he liked it.

“You’re so fucking sexy,” he groaned, his thrusts picking up speed. Betty let out a yell as her orgasm hit out of nowhere. She clenched hard on him and she gasped, bringing her legs up, squeezing him tight. She shuddered against him and he kept thrusting, his mouth on hers in a bruising kiss. Betty kept stroking herself, wanting more and she moved her hand and looked down again, watching him fuck her with hard, fast strokes and he growled when she came again, throwing her head back and shaking through her orgasm. She felt his body start to stiffen, his breathing chopped and heavy.

“Pull out,” she gasped, “I want to watch you come.” She didn’t know what made her say that but he growled at her words and after a long hard thrust he pulled out and she watched, fascinated as he sprayed silky ribbons all over her still glistening flesh. She wrapped her hand around him, chasing his own hand away and he groaned as she pushed him back inside her where her walls still fluttered and he quivered against her. She was still looking down at their bodies locked tightly together. The wetness of both their orgasms glistening between them. Jughead glanced down and watched her drag her fingers through it and bring it up to her mouth.

“You’re going to fucking kill me,” he groaned, watching her tongue lick up the sticky mess.

“You make me a little crazy,” she whispered, her eyes still wide with arousal. “I want to do all sorts of dirty shit with you.”

“Dammit,” he muttered, resting his forehead on hers. “Let’s go upstairs and shower and I’ll do some more dirty shit to you.”

“Mmmmm, tell me.”

“Well, maybe it’s not that dirty, but I’d kind of like to feel you clench on my tongue,” he said with a grin as he pulled back.

“Oh shit,” she gasped, a shudder going through her. The thought of orgasming with his tongue inside her made her clench and he laughed at the look that came over her face. She grabbed his hand and their clothes and dragged him upstairs.

Much later, after an extremely satisfying time in the shower and bed, Jughead and Betty were relaxing on the couch, sipping on beer and eating left over pizza, trying to find something to watch on TV.

“So, I was thinking,” Jughead began after taking another sip. “What do you think of me moving in here?”

Betty slowly put her beer down and stared at him.

“You want to move in here?” she asked, surprised.

“Well, only if you want me to. I know it’s kind of out of the blue and I completely understand if you don’t want to, since we’ve only been back together technically for 2 months, but we spend every night together, whether it’s here or at my place and I don’t know, it just seems like it would be easier to have one place,” he explained, looking a little unsure as he studied her for a reaction. Betty smiled and he relaxed a little. “Plus, Toni told me that every time she walks past my apartment when you’re over, she can hear us having sex.” Betty choked on her beer a little and blushed. He laughed and
pulled her close.

“Well, what would you do with the apartment?” she asked.

“I don’t know, just leave it? I don’t want anyone else living at the bar and it’s the only apartment there. I would just leave it as is and if I ever need a break from you…” She smacked his arm and he laughed, pulling her onto his lap. “You know I’m kidding,” he said softly, nuzzling her neck. “We’ll just leave it and I’ll just bring stuff here that I use every day and if I ever need anything else I’ll go pick it up there until maybe one day we get a bigger place and all our stuff can fit.”

“You think about that?” she asked, smiling at him.

“All the time,” he said softly. “We may have been shook by thinking we were pregnant a couple months ago, but eventually I’m hoping we have babies and then we’ll need a bigger place.” Betty touched his face, her fingers trembling slightly.

“You want babies?” she whispered.

“I…I mean….yeah, don’t you?” he asked, looking a little scared of her answer.

“Of course I want your babies,” she said happily. “Now that they will be for the right reasons,” she said with a laugh. He rolled his eyes and pinched her side.

“Don’t bring up my lunacy,” he requested with a sigh.

“It’s cute,” she said against his mouth. “I love you Jughead, and I would love it if you moved in here.”

Jughead finished up his shift at the bar and headed upstairs to help Betty pack some of his things. She had come by early cause she had no work at the shop and had suggested she get started on his clothes. He left Toni in charge and headed upstairs. He opened the door and stopped for a moment, taking in the sight. Betty lay on the bed wearing only white panties and a tiny white shirt, her stomach bare, one leg pulled up in a sultry pose. She smiled at him and bit her lip, her look of seduction hitting him right in the gut. He closed the door and walked slowly over to the bed, kicking off his shoes and pulling off his shirt. Her eyes devoured him and he hardened in a rush.

“I should shower,” he suggested when she held up her arms to him. “I smell like whiskey and cigarettes.”

“You always smell like whiskey and cigarettes,” she said with a smile as he came down on top of her. “It’s become my favorite smell, mixed with your cologne and skin,” she breathed out as his mouth placed soft kisses on her stomach, his hands stroking up her legs.

“Have I told you today that I love you?” he whispered against her hip as his fingers gently pulled down her panties.

“Yes,” she whispered back. “But you can tell me again.”

“I love you,” he growled softly against her inner thigh. He glanced up at her winked. “Try to be quiet, we don’t want anyone to hear.” She tried, she really did, but unfortunately she started yelling for him to stop teasing a couple minutes later.
Betty leaned against the bar as Jughead wiped down the counter, the night coming to a close.

“It’s almost Christmas,” she said with a smile.

“Yes, and this will be the best Christmas I’ve ever had,” he said softly. Betty smiled and walked around the bar to stand beside him. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in for a hug.

“I love you, you know,” he said against her ear.

“I love you too,” she whispered, hugging him close. She was so happy, she wanted to cry. They had been together for 5 months and it had been nothing but wonderful. Even their squabbles ended up in giggles and kisses, one of them usually giving in the second the other got upset. She didn’t know how she got along with him for the last 10 years. He filled every part of her life now with happiness and love. She had toned down her wardrobe a little, not because he wanted her to, but because she didn’t like how men looked at her now that she belonged to Jughead. She didn’t want anyone’s attention but his and even though he would never say it, she knew that he was pleased. When she wanted to tease him, she put on some of her tiny shorts and shirts and usually they ended up on the floor not too long after. He most definitely liked her little shorts.

Betty slipped her hand under his shirt and sighed against his chest. He was so warm and God, she really loved him and she still couldn’t believe he was hers. He was kind and sweet and so strong and sexy. Everything about him turned her on and sometimes she just looked at him in wonder and couldn’t figure out how she got so lucky. Jughead pulled back a little and looked down at her and his eyes darkened at the look in her eyes. He straightened and pulled away from her.

“Ok, everybody out, bar’s closed,” he called out. It was near enough to closing and there were only a couple more people there, the rest of the staff having gone home already. The two remaining patrons shuffled out and he went to lock the doors and she leaned against the bar and smiled. He sauntered back to her and she grinned at him.

“Why did you kick everyone out?” she asked in a whisper.

“Because I wanted to put you on the bar and make love to you,” he said gruffly.

“Make love on the bar, Juggie? I think the term for that would be fucking,” she said with a giggle. “Nobody makes love in a bar.” Jughead grabbed her hips and lifted her, seating her on top and moved between her legs.

“Ok, let me rephrase….i’m going to love fucking you on this bar,” he said with a smug grin.

“Is it clean?”

“Wanna play buffet again?” she asked with another giggle. He raised an eyebrow and she pulled her shirt over her head and undid her jeans which he pulled off. She reached over and grabbed the whipped cream can and lay down along the length of the bar and handed him the can. He laughed and she arched her back and lifted her hands above her head and smiled at him.

“Christ, you seriously are going to kill me,” he said with a growl.
“Well, you better hurry then, before you keel over.” Jughead grinned and shook the can and let out some whipped cream on her stomach. She jumped at the cool sensation and then moaned when his tongue licked it up. He did it again and she giggled when his tongue tickled her rib. “You know, there’s room up here for two,” she said biting her lip. Jughead smiled and pulled his shirt off and climbed on top of the bar, settling beside her.

“We’re going to fall off and break our necks,” he said laughing.

“This shit was your idea, now do me,” she said with a smirk. Jughead laughed softly and shifted so his thigh was between her legs and lowered his mouth to kiss her, his hand slowly stroking up her leg. Betty let her hand roam over his skin, her tongue stroking against his. His kiss was deep and hungry, his mouth moving over hers like he couldn’t get enough. She pulled away and gasped for breath, her head spinning and his mouth moved down her neck, sucking at the skin as he went.

“You don’t have cameras up, do you?” she asked laughing as he shifted her to take off her bra.

“I’ll delete them after,” he murmured, his mouth moving down her to her breasts.

“God, please don’t forget,” she whimpered as his tongue swirled around her nipple.

“How about I just bring the recording home?” he asked teasingly.

“Oh, she breathed and then groaned when he sucked the crease beneath her breast and he smiled arrogantly at the mark he left. He shifted over her and settled between her legs, his mouth once again closing over her nipple and tugging as he sucked. Her legs came around him and he moved against her, rocking gently, pressing his arousal to her warmth.

“Juggie,” she moaned, her hands fisting in his hair. He came up and kissed her again, his hands cupping her breasts and squeezing gently.

“You want me?” he asked against her mouth.

“Yes,” she whimpered.

“How much?” he murmured, his mouth moving down to her ear, licking the earlobe and curling behind it.

“So fucking much, all the time,” she gasped. He smirked against her neck, his teeth biting gently. His hand moved down and slipped into her panties, finding her wet and hot and he slid a finger inside her.

“Will you always want me?” he asked, sucking on her neck.

“Always!” she gasped. “Dammit, Jughead, stop with the questions and fuck me already.” Jughead raised his head and smirked down at her. He moved suddenly and jumped of the bar and she glared at him. He helped her sit up and pulled her off and turned her and gently bent her over so her front pressed on the bar. His thumbs hooked in her panties and slowly pulled them down as his mouth moved along her back. She whimpered and pressed back against him, his arousal nudging against her. Jughead quickly undid his pants and pulled himself free, sliding over her folds and groaning as her wetness covered him. “Please,” she begged in a throaty whisper and he held her hips and slid inside her.

“Oh god,” she moaned, her hands holding the edge of the bar. Jughead moved at a slow, teasing pace until she yelled at him to hurry up and he grinned and pulled her hard back against him. “Shit,” she gasped, her hand sliding down between her legs. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her away.
“Mine,” he growled against her ear and she whimpered as he started to stroke her.

“I’m gonna….Juggie, I’m….” she couldn’t seem to get the words out and then she was splintering apart and his harsh growl in her ear and the hard thrust of his hips told her he did the same. He lay over her back, pressing her to the bar as they rode out their release, breathing harsh and choppy.

“Damn, well that didn’t last long,” he finally managed to say. She let out a sultry laugh and he grinned against her hair. “We’re going to have the best fucking life,” he said with a sigh. Betty slowly straightened and he pulled away and turned her. She smiled up at him.

“Yes, we are;” she agreed and his kissed her smiling mouth.

Jughead leaned against the doorframe of his and Betty’s bedroom and watched her sleep. She was on her stomach, bare to the waist and he just watched her a while, thinking how amazing his life was with her. He loved her so much. Ten years of dreaming about her and now she was with him every single day. In his arms, in his bed, making a life with him. His favorite part of the day was coming home to her and his second favorite part was waking up with her.

It was Christmas morning and it was still early but he had met Archie downstairs because he had thankfully agreed to deliver his gift for Betty before she woke. It was big of him to do it early on Christmas morning and he owed the guy big time. Jughead pulled off his shirt and walked over to the bed and leaned over Betty, trailing his mouth up her spine and smiling when she started to stir.

“Merry Christmas,” he whispered against her ear and she smiled and rolled over, wrapping her arms around him.

“Merry Christmas, my love;” she whispered back and gave him a long thorough kiss. “Can I have my present now?” she asked smiling.

“Which one?” he teased, his mouth nibbling at her chin.

“What are my choices?” she giggled.

“Well, you can have the one that’s wrapped under the tree,” he said slowly, his mouth moving down her breast, teasing over the peak. “Or, you can let me make love to you. You decide,” he finished, his teeth grazing over the dusty peek before soothing it with his tongue and sucking it into his mouth. She arched against him and sighed.

“That’s not a hard choice at all,” she breathed.

He moved to the other breast and sucked that nipple into his mouth, and released. He blew over it, licking again as it puckered. She moved suddenly, pushing him on his back and his startled expression made her giggle.

“Hey, I was on my way to having breakfast,” he said with a grin. She just smiled and pulled his pajama pants off him and took his boxers with. She stood and quickly pulled off her panties and crawled back on the bed, leaning over him from the side and kissing his stomach, biting lightly at the muscle and they contracted under her mouth. She smiled, loving it when that happened. Jughead’s hand moved over her side and down her leg as she kissed her way to his rock hard erection and slowly licked her tongue over him.

He groaned and moved his hips and then let out a curse as she took him in her mouth. She moved over him slowly, working him, her tongue raking along the length even as she pulled him deep. Jughead suddenly moved and grabbed her hips and pulled her so she hovered over his face and she gasped in surprise when he lifted his head and his tongue flicked over her folds.

“Oh god,” she moaned. They had never done this and it suddenly became her favorite thing. His
hands shoved her knees apart and she came down lower and his tongue began to move slowly and teasingly over her clit. Betty moaned and moved her hips and then froze, not sure of how much she should move. Jughead growled against her and pulled her closer and she pulled him deep into her mouth as Jughead lapped at her.

Betty had a hard time concentrating on what she was doing as Jughead ran his tongue over her. She used her hand to work him and let out a muttered ‘fuck’ as he slid his tongue inside her. His thumb started stroking her clit as his tongue moved in and out and she shuddered, and groaned around his length and when he pushed deeper she couldn’t help move her hips down and grind against him.

“Fuck, Juggie,” she moaned, almost sobbing with pleasure. She takes her mouth off of him, afraid she’ll bite as she felt her orgasm building. Jughead latched his mouth to her and sucked eagerly and when he felt her start to shake, he slid his tongue inside, his thumb on her clit and she clenched hard as she came, grinding down on him and he groaned, her release covering his tongue as she clenched around it. He laughed softly as she muttered curses against his thigh. She went back to take him in her mouth and he moved so quickly she let out a yell and she was suddenly on her back, him hovering over her.

Her eyes were still glazed and he grinned arrogantly at her and she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him to her. “Inside me, now,” she demanded and he gave her what she wanted, thrusting his length into her as he slid his tongue in her mouth. She tasted herself and moaned long and low, her body arching against him.

He smiled down at her, his hands pushing her hips wide and he looked down at where he was buried inside her. “Fuck,” he muttered. He would never tire of seeing her body wrapped around him. He grabbed her at the swell of her hips, his thumbs in the creases of her legs where they met her torso and he slowly pulled her back and forth, watching as she slid over him.

“Oh my god,” she moaned as she let him drag her. Her position didn’t allow her to do much but let him push and pull at her and it was so intense and he was so deep she could only gasp and moan as he moved her back and forth. Betty could almost not stand the pleasure and her body started to shake, a fine sheen of sweat covering her body. She reached down and touched herself and Jughead watched her, his low groan causing her body to tighten on him and he moved her faster, his eyes moving to watch her face as she suddenly fell apart. It started slow and her eyes widened and she moved her hand away, pushing at his hip and then pulling on him. She was so consumed, she didn’t know what she was doing.

“Don’t stop baby, keep going,” Jughead begged, feeling his body start to lose control. She reached back again and touched herself and she splintered apart and her cries echoed around the room, mixing with sobs and he moved quickly over her, holding her legs apart and thrust quickly, once, twice as she tightened hard on him and he lost it, his orgasm shooting through him and he growled in her ear as he emptied himself deep inside her. “Fuuuuck,” he groaned as she kept pulling on him, her arms and legs holding him so tightly, he felt like she was absorbing him. He collapsed on her and it took him a good while to regain his senses.

“Holy shit,” she finally muttered. “What the fuck, Juggie?” He lifted slowly, barely able to move and look down at her. “That was fucking amazing. How have we never done that?”

“I was saving it for Christmas?” he suggested. She started to laugh and he rolled to the side, pulling her close.
“God, I love you,” she muttered. “Sex with you, while in love, is the most amazing damn thing.” Jughead grinned smugly and squeezed her ass.

“I love you Betts,” he said softly.

“I’ll never in my life get tired of hearing you say that,” she sighed happily.

“Let’s go shower,” he said with a smile. “You present is waiting.” She sat up in excitement and they quickly showered and pulled on clean pajamas and headed out into the living room. She ran to the tree and grabbed a gift and handed it to him.

“You first,” she said in excitement. He smiled and sat down on the couch with her and opened the box. His face got a curious look when he pulled out some papers and a drawing. He looked at it for a minute, not sure what he was looking at and then his eyes went wide. He glanced over the papers and looked at her in shock.

“Betty….what?” he didn’t seem to know what to say and she bit her lip nervously.

“I can’t accept this,” he said in shock. She frowned and folded her hands anxiously. Jughead stared at the drawing.

“It was a drawing of her garage and the sign on the front was changed from Cooper Mechanics to Cooper Jones Mechanics. The papers showed that she had added him as co-owner of her shop. Why did you do this?” he asked.

“Because I love you and because you are here working for free as much as I am and if you won’t accept payment, then you’re going to have to take some profit. This is where I got to have the love of my life in my arms again and where our new life began and it’s as much yours already as it is mine.”

“But you worked so hard for this, all on your own,” he said in a whisper. She didn’t say anything but her eyes swam with tears. She looked terrified that he was refusing. Jughead put the papers down and pulled her into his arms.

“Don’t cry sweetie, I’m just in shock that you want to share your baby with me. I’ll accept with my whole heart.” She let out a little sob and threw her arms around him.

“But I hope you know I’m adding your name to the Whyte Wyrm,” he said firmly. She laughed and sniffed as she wiped her eyes.

“Okay,” she said happily. He hugged her again and kissed her and she sighed as she snuggled close.

“Okay, time for your gift, although it’s not quite as fantastic as this,” he said with a laugh. He got up and walked to the door.

“My gift is outside?” she asked with a laugh.

“Just outside your door, I couldn’t bring it in here just yet,” he said smiling. He opened the door to the stairwell and reached down and picked up a larger looking box. He brought it carefully to her and set it in her lap. She stared down at it and grabbed the removable lid and pulled it off.

“Oh my God!” she cried out. She startled the tiny puppy sleeping on a blanket and its eyes opened and stared up at her. “It looks like a miniature Hotdog,” she exclaimed, referring to the dog he had 10 years ago. She picked it up carefully and Jughead removed the box and set it on the floor.

“Well, actually, Hotdog sired a litter around then and this puppy is his great grand puppy.” Betty stared at him.

“I have no idea what that means,” she said with a shake of her head. Jughead laughed.

“Hotdog is this puppy’s great grandpa,” he explained.
“Oh my gosh,” she whispered, holding the puppy close.

“It’s a boy and he needs a name,” he said with a smile.

“Pickle,” she said immediately.

“Pickle?”

“I like pickles on my hotdogs,” she said with a grin.

“Pickle it is,” Jughead said laughing. The puppy licked Betty’s face and she giggled, burying her face in his coat.

“I love him,” she whispered. “And I love you,” she said, leaning over to kiss him. Jughead watched her, his heart full to bursting at her happy smiles and cooing over the puppy.

“I’m going to marry you,” he said softly. Betty went still and looked at him. A smile spread across her face and his heart hammered in his chest at the love in her eyes.

“Promise?” she whispered.

“With my whole heart,” he said. “I love you.” She leaned in and kissed him again. She pulled back suddenly and made a face.

“What?” he asked.

“Well, this has been the absolute most perfect Christmas of my life and I’m so fucking happy, I literally can’t take any more happiness or I might burst, but I need to go shower again. Pickle just pee’d on me.” Jughead started to laugh and she sighed, looking down at the white fluff in her lap. “You’re lucky I’m already in love with you,” she muttered to the pup. Jughead leaned down and whispered in his ear.

“She says that to me all the time. It lets you get away with just about anything.” Betty smacked his arm and he laughed again. It was a wonderful Christmas indeed.

Chapter End Notes

And we're done!!! thank you so much for taking this journey with me. I hope you liked it because I loved writing it!!! love you all and stay tuned for my next fic.

End Notes

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