Daddy

by LazyDaizy

Summary

Jughead Jones has a one night stand with a beautiful blonde before leaving NYU and heading back to Riverdale. 2 and a half years later he returns to New York and gets the surprise of his life.

Notes

Fear gradually diminishes as love grows.
Karol Wojtyla

See the end of the work for more notes.
Surprise

Jughead Jones walked down the street, enjoying the cool autumn air and the leaves that were floating down to the ground around him. He was back in New York and he couldn’t have been happier about it. He had spent a couple years here after graduation taking writing courses at NYU to perfect his writing skills and at 20, he had returned home to Riverdale and spent the last two and a half years writing online and doing editing work for online magazines and newspapers. He had even gotten to write articles for some of them.

Two months ago he had gotten a call from a large publishing firm that they would love for him to edit for them, with the option to work from home, but only if he moved to New York so if he was needed in the office, he could come in. They were also interested in some of the work he had written. His little drabbles online had paid off and he was more than happy to pick up and move so he could immerse himself in the publishing world. He had left Riverdale a month later.

Jughead sometimes wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn’t dreaming. He was just coming up on 23 and everything he’d ever wanted was kind of just falling into his lap. His life growing up hadn’t been the greatest and he had just barely managed to escape falling into gang life with his dad. All he’d ever wanted was to write and now that dream was coming true. He had been in the neighbourhood looking at an apartment and it looked good for him to get it and now he just had to wait for the call. It was a studio and it wasn’t the biggest, but it was comfortable and it was all he needed.

He walked slowly, his hands in his pockets and glanced around at his surroundings. It was a great neighbourhood. Lots of café’s and coffee shops and great places to eat. He wasn’t much of a cook and he liked to eat so he really hoped he got the place. He was walking by a small park and smiled at the laughter and squeals of children. He didn’t mind being in an area that was family friendly, he figured there would be less trouble that way. He glanced into the park area, his eyes roaming over the kids playing on a play structure and the few adults sitting around keeping a close eye.

Jughead kept walking and then he froze. He furrowed his brow and took a couple steps back and looked again. She was sitting on a bench, one leg crossed over the other, her forearms resting on her knee, her hands folded. She was sitting casually, her crossed leg waving back and forth, a small smile on her face. She was looking toward the play structure, every once in a while, glancing down and picking at a nail. Jughead bit his lip and studied the girl. It was definitely her. It had been two and a half years and he hadn’t forgotten her face. In fact, he was loath to admit, he thought of her often.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

2 and a half years earlier……..

Jughead couldn’t help but notice the pretty blonde across the room who kept glancing his way. He hadn’t wanted to come to the party but since he was going back to Riverdale the next day, he let his friend drag him to the end of year party and had completely planned on sulking in the corner but the eyes that kept looking his way had his interest peeked. He wasn’t much into the party scene and was going to cut out early, but now he found himself slowly making his way toward her. She was standing by the double doors that led outside to the balcony and kept shaking her head at different guys that came up to her. She had been nursing the same red solo cup of beer for almost an hour and he figured she could probably use a fresh one. She watched him come closer and smiled shyly at him, her cheek slightly pink in a pretty blush.
“Hey,” he said, smiling down at her when he finally reached her. He handed her the cup and she smiled and took it, putting the old one on the table behind her.

“Hi,” she said softly, taking a sip of the beer.

“Enjoying the party?” he asked, for lack of anything better to ask.

“It’s ok,” she said with a shrug. “Not really my scene. Got dragged here by some friends who pretty much ditched me the minute we got here,” she said with a laugh.

“Hey, J! We’re going to the roof to check out the view, wanna join us?” one of his buddies called from across the room.

“No, I’m good,” he called back. His friend shrugged and disappeared into the next room.

“Don’t care for a good view?” she asked, leaning back against the door frame.

“I have a pretty good one from where I’m standing,” he said with a wink. She lowered her eyes and flushed. Someone jostled Jughead from behind as they hurried inside from the balcony and he fell towards her and managed to grab the frame above her head before he crashed into her. She smelled damn good. Like flowers and vanilla. “You wanna step out on the balcony?” he asked with a smile. She nodded and followed him out the door. It was quieter and he leaned against the railing, crossing his feet at the ankles.

“I like your hat,” she blurted, taking another sip of her beer.

“Thank you,” he said, touching his beanie.

“So, is your name Jay? Or is it like the letter J, as in Jackson or something?” she asked, leaning against the railing next to him so she was facing him.

“No,” he said with a chuckle. “My name’s Jughead.”

“Jughead? That’s unusual. Is it a nickname?”

“You’re very astute,” he said with a tilt of his head. “Been my nickname since I was a kid. My real name is a bit horrifying and I never share it.”

“I like it,” she said with a grin. “My name’s Betty.”

“Hi Betty,” he said softly. ‘

“Hi Jughead.” She was studying him and biting her lip and truth be told, it was driving him fucking crazy. The way her eyes kept flickering to his mouth drove him nuts too.

Jughead wasn’t exactly inexperienced with women, but he was a bit of loner and focused so much on writing that he didn’t get out much or date a lot but he’d had his highschool girlfriend and a girlfriend last year, so he had the usual experience with women that guys had by 20, just not a lot of them. He didn’t run after women like his friends did, but this one, with her beautiful green eyes and shy smile made his body ache in a way that it hadn’t in quite a while. He was leaving for home tomorrow and he really didn’t know what possessed him to make a move knowing it wasn’t going to go anywhere but he suddenly had a mad urge to taste her mouth.

“You wanna get outta here?” he asked quietly. Her eyes widened slightly at his question and she bit her lip as if considering. He was about to change his mind when she answered.

“Yes.” He smiled and waited while she downed her beer and took her hand and they weaved their
way back inside through the crowd and out of the apartment. In the elevator she watched him, looking a little nervous and he smiled and tucked a blonde curl behind her ear.

“Got anywhere you’d like to go?” She chewed her lip and looked like she was going to bolt the second the door opened and he was starting to regret his impulsive decision to leave the party with her. “I’m sorry,” he said quietly. “We can go back to the party if you like, I don’t want you to be uncomfortable.”

“I…I’ve just never done this before,” she said anxiously and much to his delight, popped a mint in her mouth from her bag.

“I haven’t either,” he said softly. She looked like she didn’t believe him.

“But you’re so good looking,” she blurted and then turned red. Jughead cursed the flush he felt creep up his neck. For whatever reason, seeing him blush seemed to calm her down.

“I’m a little shy,” he said with a shrug. The door opened to the lobby and he took her hand and walked out with her. “We could go for a walk?” She nodded and they headed outside, still holding hands.

“So you’re taking classes here?” she asked as they walked slowly down the sidewalk.

“Yes, fine tuning my writing skills,” he said glancing down at her. God, she was pretty. He liked what she was wearing. A skirt that came to mid-thigh and a pretty blouse. It wasn’t exactly a sexy party outfit, more on the conservative side but it looked great on her.

“Are you finished now?” she asked.

“Yes, going back home tomorrow actually,” he said slowly. She simply nodded, not seeming bothered by that fact.

“You don’t live in New York?”

“Nope, small town boy right here,” he said with a smile.

“That explains it,” she said with a smile of her own.

“What does it explain?”

“Why you don’t like the party scene and why you’re shy,” she said with a laugh.

“Well, you seem shy and you don’t like it either, you from a small town?”

“No, New York is my home, I’m just boring,” Betty said laughing again.

“I doubt that,” he said softly. She paused suddenly and turned to look at him. He stopped and looked at her.

“So, what did you have in mind when we left the party,” she asked quietly.

“I’m not sure really,” he said with a smile. “Just that I wanted to kiss you,” he admitted. She stepped closer and with a sudden bold move, stood on her tip toes and pressed a kiss to his mouth. Her lips were so soft and she tasted like the mint she had eaten. She pulled back and looked at his face and he smiled and took her face in his hands and kissed her again. He kissed her longer and when he pulled back she was breathing heavy.
“I don’t do things like this,” she whispered, her eyes still closed.

“Do you want to stop?” he asked, his own breathing a little hitched. She shook her head and kissed him again. Jughead took it a bit further and flicked his tongue against her bottom lip and she gasped and he pressed into her mouth for a moment and then pulled back. She chased him with her own tongue. He groaned and pulled away, his mouth taking full possession, his tongue sinking inside. After a moment she wrenched her mouth away, her hands clutching his shirt.

“I live half a block from here,” she whispered, her face red and her eyes looking down, almost afraid to look at him.

“Oh,” he said gruffly and she took his hand and almost dragged him along. They got to the building in a couple minutes and took the elevator to the 5th floor. It was a two bedroom apartment and her roommate was still at the party and when she closed the door she was back to looking nervous. Jughead stood and waited for her to calm down, feeling rather nervous himself. He wasn’t sure what the hell he was thinking but damn, she had tasted good and he kind of wanted more.

“Is it hot in here?” she asked in a rush. “I feel hot.” He bit back a laugh at her choice of words. Hot was definitely the right description. “I don’t do things like this. In fact, I lecture my roommate all the time about bringing strange men back here and she would die if she knew that I’m going against everything I’m always giving her shit about.” She walked over to the kitchen counter and opened a bottle of rum that was sitting there and tilted the bottle back and took a shot. He raised an eyebrow.

“Do you want me to go?” he asked, hoping to God she didn’t say yes. “I can promise you that I’ve never done this before either and I feel rather stupid doing it since I’m leaving tomorrow and I totally understand if you want me to go,” he said in a rush. She shook her head and handed him the bottle.

“I promised myself I’d do something crazy and unlike me before the school year was done and my classes ended last week and I haven’t done shit,” she said, sounding annoyed with herself and taking another drink.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” she asked, stepping closer. He shook his head and she grabbed his shirt and pulled him to her and pressed her mouth to his. He groaned and his hands slid down over her backside and lifted her to him. She pulled away long enough to tell him which door was her bedroom and he walked her there and into the small room. He suddenly froze and pulled away.

“Jesus,” he muttered, dropping his hands and stepping back.

“What?” she gasped.

“I don’t have any protection,” he said with a sigh. Betty turned and ran from the room and came back a minute later with a box of condoms. He raised an eyebrow when she tossed it on the bed.
“My roommate brings a lot of guys back here. She’s a bit of a hobag,” Betty said, grabbing him again and kissing him. Jughead started to laugh.

“Are you friends with her?”

“Not really. She had this room posted at school and if I’d have known that she was like that I probably wouldn’t have moved in. She’s also a crazy bitch and I spend as little time here as possible. I’m moving next week, so it no longer matters,” she said, rambling nervously

“Betty?”

“Yes, Jughead?”

“We really don’t have to do this. I’m leaving tomorrow and I honestly don’t know if I’ll ever be back in New York.”

“Perfect,” she said with a smile. “Then I don’t have to worry about running into you on the street and dying of embarrassment if I suck at this.”

“You’re not a virgin are you?” he asked, concerned.

“I don’t think your first time should be…”

“God, no I’m not a virgin, now will you just kiss me already?” she demanded. Jughead grinned and obliged her.

Jughead stood and stared at her, sitting on the bench. He really couldn’t fucking believe it. What are the chances? All he knew about her was that her name was Betty and he hadn’t forgotten that beautiful face. He had spent the entire night with her and they had had really great sex. Several times. They had also talked some, about things they enjoyed and what they were pursuing in life, but they had purposely left out personal information and didn’t exchange numbers. He didn’t live anywhere near New York and she hadn’t expected anything more and they had decided to keep it the one night. That being said, it had been the most erotic and amazing night of his life. He hadn’t ever done anything like that before or since. No, one night stands were definitely not his style. Well, not until he had seen her.

Jughead chewed his lip nervously, trying to work up the courage to go up to her. What would he say? Hey, remember me? The guy you slept with cause you were determined to do something crazy? She probably wouldn’t even remember him. He wrestled with the decision for a bit and then decided. He had never forgotten her and that was enough to at least say hi. He took a couple steps toward her and then he froze. A little boy ran up to her and she wrapped her arms around him and laughed joyfully as he placed a messy kiss on her cheek.

“Momma,” he squealed and Jughead felt his breath leave his lungs. Jesus, she had a kid? Well, he guessed that made the decision for him. She obviously had a man in her life. He was about to turn away and keep walking when he furrowed his brow as he looked at the kid. He couldn’t have been more than 2, if that, and he looked oddly familiar. He was wearing a knit hat and he couldn’t see the color of his hair and Jughead figured it was probably blonde like hers. He studied him and he could see slight features that were her but that wasn’t it. There was something so strangely familiar that he took another step toward them to take a closer look.

Jughead tried to remember the night of the party. Was there someone there that he would remember who might look like that kid that she may have started dating? He watched as she bounced him on her knee and then he gave her another kiss and she giggled and kissed him back, giving him a tight
squeeze that he struggled out of, as he slid off her lap and ran to play. His hat fell off and a shock of black curls bounced on his head.

“Jackson, don’t forget your hat,” she called out.

Jughead felt like he got punched in the gut.

The memory hit him like a ton of bricks. ‘So, is your name Jay? Or is it like the letter J, as in Jackson or something?’ He looked in shock at the kid and then he realized why he looked familiar. The black hair helped. It was like he was looking at a picture of himself when he was a kid.

“Jesus Christ,” he whispered. He took a step back and shook his head. She got pregnant? How the fuck had that happened. They had used condoms. Every time. Hadn’t they? He did that math. The kid looked the right age. Jughead felt like he was suffocating and he took a couple deep breaths and took a step forward again. He didn’t know what to do, but he didn’t want to just take off. He looked back at Betty and she must have felt eyes on her and she turned her head and looked at him. Her forehead furrowed in confusion for a second as she looked at him and then her eyes went wide. She remembered him. Jughead swallowed and took another step forward. He gaze flickered to the boy and she followed his gaze and her expression turned to panic.

She stepped between him and the child and he stopped, unsure. He didn’t blame her of course. They were basically strangers and only knew each other’s first name and small bits of what they liked. They had said goodbye with smiles and a kiss and had parted ways. Jughead didn’t know what to do and she looked like she was going to pass out. He felt bad. He didn’t want her to be so upset and he took a deep breath and slowly walked up to her. She had a sheen of tears in her eyes and he wanted to give her a hug and tell her it was okay. He stopped a couple feet from her and didn’t say anything, just watched her face.

“Jug…Jughead,” she stumbled over his name and he felt a twinge of happiness that she remembered it; not that it was easy to forget.

“Hey Betty,” he said softly. He couldn’t help it as his eyes once again moved to the boy who was sitting in the sand, running his hands through it. The fact that his name was Jackson made something in his heart squeeze. She had chosen to not forget their night, or him. He looked back at her and she was chewing on her lip, wringing her hands together, looking like she wanted to run.

“You’re back in New York?” she managed to choke out and he nodded.

“Big city,” he said softly. “Never in a million years did I think I’d run into you,” he said quietly. She let out a nervous laugh and glanced at her son and he saw her hands shaking. “I like his name,” Jughead said softly, watching her face. She swallowed and let out a shaky breath.

“Jug….” She began.

“Is he mine?” he asked at the same time. Her eyes filled with tears and she nodded. Jughead felt the air suck out of his lungs and he sat slowly down on the bench.

“I…I didn’t know how to find you,” she whispered. “I tried at school but they wouldn’t give any information and I’m guessing you weren’t registered as Jughead and I tried asking around but nobody knew you.”

“I didn’t have many friends,” he said, his eyes still on the little boy. “They all left when I did.” He took off his hat and clutched it in his hands, unsure of what else to do to calm himself down. He had a kid? Holy Fuck. “We used condoms,” he said hoarsely, trying to work it out in his head.
“I guess they….maybe we missed one at one time, I don’t know,” she whispered.

“I would remember if we had missed one, it would have been…..” He stopped talking and felt himself go red. He had almost blurted that it would have been so much fucking better without a condom.

“I guess one was defective,” she said quietly, sitting down beside him. Jughead rested his elbows on this thighs and ran his hands through his hair. He was reeling and he couldn’t seem to calm the fuck down.

“Jesus Christ, I was just walking by after looking at an apartment and thinking how great life was going and…..”

“Jughead, I’m not expecting anything, honestly,” she said quickly. “I certainly never thought I’d see you again and I don’t want this to ruin…..”

“No, Jesus,” Jughead interrupted. “I didn’t mean to sound like an asshole. I’m not saying my life is ruined, I’m just fucking stunned. I am trying to understand what is happening right now. I mean, I have a….well you have a…..what the fuck?” She didn’t say anything and if he was being honest, she was looking like she still wanted to run away. It suddenly dawned on him that she might not want anything to do with him at all and that she might be wishing he didn’t know and wasn’t going to let him near the kid.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“What? Why are you sorry?” he asked, looking at her.

“I don’t know, I guess I’m stunned too.”

“Are you ok? Is he? Do you need money?” Jughead blurted.

“No, gosh, no. I’m fine Jughead, honestly. We’re great. I don’t expect anything at all from you, I promise. I know this is a huge shock and I don’t even know what planets aligned to have you even see us, but we’re completely okay. I was shocked when I found out I was pregnant and I tried briefly to find you but then I just moved on. This doesn’t need to affect you in any way.” Jughead just nodded, unable to look away from the little boy.

“He looks just like me,” he whispered and she managed a barely there smile.

“Yeah, he does,” she murmured. Jughead’s phone suddenly rang and he jumped about a foot and pulled it from his pocket, answering it in a hurry. He listened and then he went still and glanced at her. He thanked the person on the other end and hung up, staring at the phone.

“I got the apartment,” he muttered, almost to himself. He looked at her. “It’s two blocks from here.” Betty didn’t say anything, chewing her lip nervously, her hands clenched in her lap.

“I live across the street,” she whispered. Jughead felt like his stomach was in a vice. Seriously, what were the fucking chances? His phone dinged again and he looked down at the text and took a shaky breath.

“I have to go,” he said quietly, clutching his phone tightly in his hand. She swallowed and nodded. Jughead stood and watched Jackson for a moment and then looked at her. He didn’t know what to say and he still felt like he was going to pass out.

“I..i’m sorry Jughead,” she said again, her eyes once again filling with tears. He shook his head and
let out a breath.

“Don’t be sorry,” he said with a sigh. “I…I have to go. I guess, I may see you around?” he
suggested, not really knowing what else to do. She looked shell shocked and he felt the same. She
nodded and he started to walk away.

“Jughead?” she called out quickly. He paused and turned to her.

“I…we….Jackson and I come here to play every other day….if you…I mean…if you want to watch
him play.” Jughead stepped toward her, his chest tight. She wasn’t offering much, but suddenly the
thought of watching the little guy playing sounded like the most wonderful thing on the planet.

“I would like that very much,” he said softly.

“Okay,” she whispered. Jughead looked once again at the little boy and then turned and walked
away. His heart was pounding and he couldn’t seem to breathe properly, but he felt an odd feeling in
his chest that he couldn’t explain. He glanced back once more and Betty was kneeling beside
Jackson, her arms wrapped around him and he felt his heart twist when he saw her shoulders
shaking. She was crying. He felt terrible that he had upset her and he sighed. Life had suddenly
gotten very complicated.
Memories

Chapter Notes

_In the garden of memory, in the palace of dreams, that is where you and I shall meet._
~Alice Through the Looking Glass.

Betty let herself into her apartment and set Jackson down. He immediately raced for his toys in the living room and she slowly walked to the table and sank into a chair. Her hands were still shaking and she couldn’t seem to make them stop. She watched her son, fresh tears in her eyes. It had been just the two of them and everything was great and now, now everything was turned upside down. When she had realized she was pregnant, she had tried to find the guy she had spent the night with and had failed. The school gave her no info and didn’t really even know who she was talking about. There were a lot of courses that had to do with writing and she had started asking some of the professors and they all seemed confused when she asked about a guy named Jughead.

She had tried at the place where the party had been and they hadn’t known him either. She had given up after a while and realized she would never see him again. It took her a while to get over the shock of being pregnant and the father out of the picture, having never thought in her life that that would happen to her. A couple of her friends had tried to convince her to get an abortion but she wouldn’t hear it. Her mother, of course, had been furious with her and to this day she still hadn’t told her it was a one night stand. She had merely said she was dating a guy who bolted when he found out.

Betty got up and walked over to the couch and sat down. Jackson was her angel. She couldn’t imagine her life without him. It was hard sometimes, just the two of them but she managed and never complained. Now Jughead was back. Renting an apartment in her neighbourhood. Her hands trembled as she clenched them together. He had been genuinely shook when he had seen Jackson and he looked so much like him, there was no way she could have lied and said he wasn’t his. He had known. She didn’t know why she had told him they play in the park every other day, but he had seemed pleased that she had invited him to come watch him play. She wondered now if he would actually show up.

He looked the same. Better actually. And he still wore that beanie hat thing. It was the strangest thing that she didn’t know hardly anything about him, and he was the father of her child. She had just changed his life and she wouldn’t blame him at all if he never showed his face again. The man was just walking down the street and then, oh, hello, you have a son by the way. She sighed and ran her hands through her hair. Jackson came over and handed her a toy with a toothy grin and she smiled and nudged his chin.

“Hey buddy,” she whispered. “It’s been just you and me for a while now, and we’re doing alright, aren’t we?” Jackson grinned and took his toy back and smacked it on her leg. She brushed back the black curl that dangled over his forehead. It was her most favorite thing about his features, always reminding her of a different black curl that she had brushed back all those months ago.

2 and a half years earlier…..

_Betty pressed herself against Jughead as he kissed her and she moaned when his tongue once again dipped into her mouth. Lord, he knew how to kiss. She had no idea what the hell she was thinking or doing, she only knew that it felt good and she wanted more. His mouth moved from her mouth and_
kissed down her neck, his thumb pushing her chin up as he sucked on the wild pulse he found. His hands moved over her backside and he pulled her against him and she could feel how hard he was and it thrilled and scared her a little. She pulled away gasping and he lifted his head and looked at her, holding her still against him.

She moved her hips without thinking and he let out a small groan and she gasped at the pleasure that shot through her. He was a complete stranger and his eyes were dark with desire and she felt just how much he wanted her and she trembled a little at the strange combination of excitement and anxiety. He must have noticed in her face because he pulled back a little.

“Are you ok?” he asked, his breathing a little hitched. “We can stop if you want to.”

“I’m just….” She sighed. “God, I’m so bad at this,” she said in embarrassment. “I’m not this girl. I don’t take risks, I don’t do crazy things, I don’t pick up guys. In fact, guys barely pay any attention to me at all.” He chuckled at that and raised an eyebrow.

“I saw you turn down at least ten guys that came up to you at the party within 20 minutes,” he said with a smirk.

“I mean decent guys, not drunk idiots,” she sighed.

“Which one am I?” he asked with a small smile, his hand making slow circles on her back. She was still plastered against him and he felt warm and comfortable. “You were watching me for almost an hour. Why?”

“Do you own a mirror?” she asked with a laugh. “I’m thinking you’re more decent because you weren’t drinking a lot and weren’t acting like an idiot and you are seriously cute.”

“So, you just want me for my looks?” he teased, his hand starting to move slowly up and down her spine. She shivered and arched her back a little against the sensation.

“Basically, since I know nothing else about you,” she said with a blush.

“So, what’s it gonna be Betty? The option to watch a movie is still on the table,” he said slowly.

Betty hesitated for only a moment and she reached up and brushed the curl off his forehead that kept escaping his beanie. He didn’t move and she inched her fingers up and let them slide under it and slowly pushed her hand through his hair until the hat fell off. Jesus, he had great hair. Thick and soft and if fell across his forehead, making him look younger. His eyes darkened as he watched her and she felt the heat uncoil and spread inside her and Betty threw all caution and sense to the wind and pulled his head down slowly and sighed when his mouth covered hers once again.

She was still pressed against him and he was still hard and she moved to try and ease the ache between her legs and the kiss turned wild and wet. His hands tangled in her hair and his mouth moved eagerly over hers, his hands sliding under her shirt and he groaned as he felt the smooth skin of her back. He backed her up and her legs hit the edge of the bed and suddenly they were falling. He braced quickly on his hands and when her back hit the mattress, her legs fell apart and he settled between them, pressed intimately against her and she immediately lifted her hips, wanting to feel him.

“Shit, you taste good,” he muttered and she whimpered, his words making her feel hot and aroused even more. She pulled at his shirt and he shifted and let her pull it off and she looked at him as he hovered over her. He wasn’t a jock full of muscles by any sense of the words, but he was lean and fit and her hands moved over him eagerly. He moved against her and took her mouth again and kissed her until she was gasping for breath. His mouth felt hot and hungry and she still couldn’t believe that
this hot guy wanted her.

He kissed down her neck and his hands moved down her side and he moved against her again and she gasped and wrapped her legs around him. Her skirt had ridden up and his jeans were pressed against the thin barrier of her panties and she bucked against him and then suddenly felt overwhelmed and pushed against him. He stilled and pulled back immediately and looked down at her. His hair was disheveled and he looked like he was going to devour her and her anxiety kicked in again.

“Ok, wait,” she blurted out and he sighed a little and lifted off her and lay on his back beside her.

“Shit,” he muttered and she saw him tug on his jeans, no doubt trying to ease his discomfort because his jeans looked like they had zero give at the moment. “You have any good movies?” he asked softly.

“I’m sorry,” she groaned. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me. It’s hot, you’re hot, i’m so turned on I can barely think and I want nothing more than to rip your clothes off, I just…it’s been a while,” she finished in a whisper. “You probably have more practice than I do.”

“I haven’t had sex in almost a year,” he said honestly. She turned to look at him in surprise.

“Really?”

“My girlfriend dumped me because I wanted to spend an evening writing and she wanted to go to a party. I said no and she said I was a boring loser and walked out.”

“That’s terrible,” Betty said angrily. He smiled at her indignation. “It’s been a year for me. I broke up with my boyfriend because he cheated on me,” she said with a sigh.

“What an idiot,” Jughead said.

“Your girlfriend was an idiot too,” she said softly.

“So, you have a laptop? We’ll just watch a movie,” Jughead said with a small smile. Betty sighed and sat up. Her body was wound up and so was his for that matter but she was making such a fucking mess of it that now he just wanted to watch a movie. She guessed there was only so much back and forth he could take.

“It’s on my dresser,” she said quietly and he got up and went over to get it. She bit her lip as she watched him. He really was beautiful. His hair all mussed and bare chested. He had strong arms and she really wanted to be in them. The muscle on his chest and abdomen was subtle but it was there. He leaned over and braced his hands on the dresser while he waited for it to boot up and she saw from the side that he was still very much aroused and then she mentally kicked herself. What the hell was she doing? This guy, who was cuter than any guy she’d seen in, well ever, was in her room, wearing no shirt, completely aroused because he wanted her and she was going to just watch a fucking movie?

Jughead straightened and picked up her perfume bottle and was looking at it and she knelt on the bed and with one final burst of bravery and a ‘now or never’ act of determination, she started to unbutton her shirt. She was happy she had worn her pretty pink bra. Jughead was putting the bottle down when he glanced at her and saw her pull her shirt off. He stared, his throat working as he swallowed and he completely missed the dresser and the bottle fell to the floor. She moved on her knees to the edge of the bed and reached over and grabbed his hand and pulled him to her, placing his hand full over her breast. His eyes searched her face as he squeezed gently.
“Betty, you’re driving me kind of fucking crazy here. What do you want?” She held his gaze and her hands moved to his jeans and she undid the button and slid down the zipper. He let out a breath of relief as he finally felt a little give to the tightness of his jeans. Betty bit her lip and reached in, past his boxers and wrapped her hand around him. His forehead dropped to hers. “Fuck,” he muttered when she moved her hand on him.

“I want you,” she answered his question. Jughead ran his hands into her hair and tugged, pulling her head back and his mouth fell to hers. He didn’t let her think this time, kissing her with such force that she could only moan and fall back, pulling him down once again on top of her. He seemed determined now to arouse her past her anxiety and it worked, his mouth heavy and hot as it moved down her neck, his tongue dragging over her skin. She thought of nothing but what he was doing, her fists clenched in his hair. His hands were squeezing her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her nipples and they puckered and strained against the lace.

Betty leaned up a little and reached behind her to unhook her bra. She left it barely covering her breasts and wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him up for another kiss. His hand moved down her body, running slowly along her leg and she shuddered at the rough feel of it against her smooth skin. Betty wrapped her legs around him once again and pulled him closer. She could tell he was holding back a little, not pressing against her and she arched her body as she pulled with her legs, wanting to feel his weight on her. He settled against her with a soft groan and she whimpered at the feel of his hard length at her core.

Jughead lifted his head and looked down at her. She held his gaze and he moved slowly against her and she bit her lip and arched into him.

“You good?” he asked, making sure. It made her want him even more and she showed him by moving against him again and pulling him down for another kiss. There was no hesitation after that.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Betty shook her head and wiped at her face. She hadn’t realized she was crying. Jackson was watching her and she gave him a shaky smile, feeling bad that she had let her mind wander off.

“Momma sad,” he said, touching her face. Betty pulled him onto her lap and buried her face in his curls. She loved him so much, he was her whole world and she was afraid. She wasn’t sure why she was afraid. True, she didn’t know a whole lot about his father, but Jughead had been wonderfully sweet and kind when they had hooked up. He had been funny and had made her feel like she was the most beautiful girl he’d ever seen. She knew he wouldn’t be a problem and she wanted him to know Jackson, but it had just been the two of them for almost 2 years and she didn’t know what Jughead suddenly appearing in his life would be like for him.

Over the last two years she had sometimes dreamed about having Jughead in her life, raising Jackson with him. They had been crazy dreams that she only let herself think about once in a while. Yes, they had only had one night together but it had been so wonderful, he had been so wonderful, she had never forgot it and when they had parted ways, she had been sad for days. When she realized she was pregnant and once the shock wore off and she had finally managed to stop crying, an odd happiness had settled over her, because if she was going to get accidently pregnant from a one night stand, she couldn’t have had a better guy to have it happen with. She knew it was crazy to think like that, because she really didn’t know him at all, but his actions that night and the way he had reacted today showed her what kind of man he was. He was a good guy. That much she knew.

When Jackson had been born and the nurse had handed him to her, she had looked in awe at this beautiful boy with a shock of black hair and clear blue eyes and she had burst into tears. He was his
father, through and through and the only name that rang in her head was ‘Jackson’, the name she had teased Jughead about before she knew what he went by.

“Momma, I hungry,” Jackson said right then, sliding off her lap and tugging on her hand toward the kitchen. Betty took a deep breath and followed him into the kitchen. She found him a snack and set him on his booster seat and smiled while he ate the banana she had cut up for him. They had a good life. She was lucky enough to find a two bedroom rent controlled apartment and she had a good job at a law firm doing research for them. She spent a lot of time online, hunting down clues and facts for cases and it allowed her to be able to work from home when she needed to. Life was good and she wondered if it had just gotten a little better, or if it had gotten more complicated.

The next day, Betty dropped Jackson at the sitter and headed to work. She had her own little office at the law firm and no, it wasn’t as glamourous as the lawyer’s offices, but it had a window and a view and it was her space and she loved it. She spent the day doing back ground checks for a case involving a domestic violence incident. The lawyer was trying to prove that the man had a history of violence and drinking. By the end of the day she felt disgusted with humanity and wondered if there was anybody out there anymore who wasn’t a monster.

Jughead. She immediately thought of him. He wasn’t a monster. He had been so gentle with her. She stood up and stretched and went to look out the window. The firm she worked for was on the 40th floor of a sky scraper and the view was stunning. She gazed out over the city and sighed. She let her mind drift back once again, something she did more often than she cared to admit.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

2 and a half years earlier.....

Jughead’s mouth moved down her neck to her chest and his hand slipped under the bra that still lay over her breasts. She reached for it with her hand and tugged it away, flinging it on the floor and he lifted slightly and looked down at her. She felt the heat pool between her legs at the way he looked at her.

“Fuck, those are perfect,” he said hoarsely and she arched her back, offering them to him. He ducked his head and dragged his tongue over a nipple and she let out a ragged groan when he sucked it into his mouth. He did the same to the other and then he started moving lower and her breathing became choppy and fast. He hooked his fingers in her skirt and glanced up at her and she nodded quickly. He pulled it down her legs and tossed it aside, his eyes moving up her body and she saw him swallow as his eyes lingered over her. She met his gaze and felt her insides burn with need at the look in his eyes. “I swear to god, I’ve never seen anyone so perfect,” he said heatedly.

“I…can you….,” Betty stumbled over her words, squirming on the sheets.

“What do you want?,” he asked softly, his hand moving up her leg.

“Touch me,” she whispered. Jughead’s hands moved to her panties and she nodded again as he slowly pulled them down. His breathing became heavy as he looked down at her and she felt herself blush from head to toe. His hand brushed lightly between her thighs and she whimpered and then moaned when his fingers delved deeper, slipping into her folds.

“Damn, you’re so wet,” he groaned. His thumb circled her clit and he leaned over her, taking her mouth in a kiss that left her reeling. He probed at her opening and lifted his head and looked at her and she lifted her hips to him.
“Don’t stop,” she moaned and he slid a finger inside and groaned, his mouth moving down her neck. “Kiss me,” she begged. He immediately returned to her mouth and she gripped his hair, holding him to her, sucking his tongue into her mouth. She didn’t know what was wrong with her, she had never felt so wild and turned on before. Was it the fact that it was a one night stand? Was it cause it was something so out of her league that she just let herself go? Was it him? He was intoxicating. His mouth, his hands, his taste. His fingers moved slowly and he circled her clit and she fell apart embarrassingly quick. He lifted his head and watched her face as she clenched on his fingers. When Betty managed to regain her senses, she was so desperate for him, her hands started shoving at his jeans and he hurried to help her, undressing and pausing for a moment to grab for the condoms and then he was settled between her thighs.

“You sure?” he asked, his hands cradling her face. He slid over her as if giving her a taste of what she’d be missing if she said no. She nodded and he slid slowly inside her and they both groaned at the pleasure of it. It was hot and hard and fast and neither of them wanted it slow. Betty wrapped her legs around him, grinding against him and he lowered his head and took a nipple in his mouth and sucked and her nails dug into his back causing a long groan to escape him. He braced on his hands and quickened his thrusts and she rose and fell with him. After a few minutes Jughead reached between them and stroked over her again and Betty rushed to release, crying out as her body clenched on him.

“Fuck,” he groaned, pausing to feel her tighten and then he moved, hard and heavy and stiffened seconds later, his face in her neck as he came. A long while later he lifted his head and looked at her and she giggled at his dazed look. “That was fucking amazing,” he gasped, still trying to catch his breath.

“You wanna go again?” she asked with a grin. He groaned and kissed her.

“Give me a minute to go to the bathroom and I’m all yours,” he said with a smug smile.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Betty came back to reality and had to stifle a groan. She could almost feel his hands on her again. She had had him again, several times. They hadn’t gotten much sleep at all that night and she had almost cried when morning came. Jughead had gotten dressed and given her a few lingering kisses and had told her she was beautiful and would never forget her and then he had gone. She had so badly wanted to give him her number but he had said he lived out of state during their sex breaks and she didn’t think anything would have come of it and she had left it. Of course a month later, as she sobbed about being pregnant she was kicking herself for not having given it anyway.

Betty went back to her desk and saved her work and headed home. She was tired and confused and worried. She wondered if he would show up at the park the following day and felt immediately anxious.

He never showed up and Betty let Jackson play an extra half hour just to give him time to come and by the time it was ready to go, she wanted to cry. True she hadn’t given him a time but she figured he would come around the same time as the previous day and with it being Saturday, she literally stood by her living room window most of the damn day, looking towards the park to see if he would come. He didn’t and by the evening she was a mess and she didn’t understand why. Had she really just expected him to show up? She had just told the man he was a father and changed his life. She had also told him she expected nothing and it was okay and her and Jackson were fine. He obviously took it to heart.
Two days later she was back in the park and laughing over Jackson and his silly antics. He demanded she chase him and she did, happily. She had given herself a mental shake and moved on from thinking about Jughead and as she chased her little boy around the swings, she realized how perfectly happy she was and how great her life was. Once Jackson tired out from the running, he sat in the sandbox and played with the car she had brought along. She sat on the bench and smiled as he waved and gave her a toothy grin.

“I love momma,” he shouted.

“I love you too sweetie,” she called back. She leaned back and took a deep breath. Yes, her life was definitely wonderful.

“Hey,” a soft voice suddenly spoke behind her. Betty quickly stood and turned around. There he was. Her heart was pounding furiously and she tried to remain composed.

“Hi, Jughead,” she said softly. He gave her a soft smile and she was instantly annoyed that her heart fluttered a little. He was still so damn good looking, it was actually hard for her to believe that her son was a result of spending one night with him many months ago. He came around to the front of the bench and they sat down together. His eyes were instantly glued to Jackson, watching him as he leaned forward and rested his forearms on his legs.

“I wasn’t sure if you’d be here at the same time, but you didn’t say otherwise so I guess I got it right,” he said with a smile.

“I was going to come on Saturday but my boss gave me something to edit on Friday that had to be done by today and I was holed up in my apartment all weekend getting it done.” Betty immediately felt like an idiot for how she had reacted to his not showing up.

“It’s ok,” she said softly, not knowing what else she could say.

“I would have let you know, but we didn’t really make an actual concrete plan and…” he trailed off and she looked at him. “I don’t really have a way of getting a hold of you.” He looked at her then, briefly, before quickly looking back to Jackson. Betty didn’t say anything for a moment and he quickly kept talking. “I mean, I know you don’t really know me, well, I mean….” he muttered as he got flustered. “Ok, we know each other because we slept together and I guess that’s as far as it goes and me just showing up out of the blue probably threw you for one hell of a loop and I’m just as shocked and I would totally understand if you don’t want me in his life, because well, I’m a fucking stranger to him and I don’t want to upset him in any way, and I’m still trying to wrap my mind around all this, but it seemed maybe like you would be ok with me being around, because I would love to get to know….” Jughead was gripping his hands together and seemed completely at a loss for words. She put her hand on his arm and he looked at her, his eyes looking a little desperate.

“Do you want to leave me your number?” she asked softly. He let out a sigh and his eyes turned hopeful.

“Only if you want me to,” he said quietly. “I really don’t want to intrude in your life Betty, I promise I don’t want to do anything to upset either of you, but I’d…” Jughead pulled his beanie off and ran his hands through his hair. He looked so frazzled, she wanted to hug him. “I’d really love to get to know him,” he said in a pleading whisper.

“I would like that,” Betty said with a smile.

“Really?” he asked hurriedly.
“Really.” Jughead smiled and reached for her phone that she held in her hand. She let him take it and he added his number to her contacts. When he handed it back, she looked down at it and smiled. Jughead was back to watching Jackson and she felt warm inside at the look on his face. He looked completely smitten.

“I guess we should get to know each other a little,” He said after a while.

“We know some things,” Betty said, leaving forward and resting on her forearms. “I know you wanted to be a writer. How’s that going?”

“Really good. I worked for a couple of online sites while I was living at home and it landed me an editing job at a publishing firm here in New York and they wanted me to relocate so I could come in to the office when needed. They also want to see some of my work, so it’s going pretty good.”

“That’s really great, I’m happy for you,” Betty said smiling.

“How about you? You working in journalism? I think you said that’s what you were studying?”

“You think? You don’t remember?” she asked with a small laugh.

“I…uh…I don’t really recall the conversation parts all the much,” he said, a flush creeping up his neck. Betty bit her lip and smiled, her own blush making her cheeks pink.

“Such a guy,” she said with a shy laugh. He shrugged and kept watching Jackson, a smile on his face.

“I actually didn’t finish my studies. I found out I was pregnant and had to find a full time job, so…..” Jughead looked at her in surprise, then regret.

“God, Betty I’m so sorry,” he said, sounding horrified. “You shouldn’t have had to do that.”

“It doesn’t matter,” she said softly. “I needed to take care of my son and I couldn’t afford school and a baby, so I dropped the one that mattered least.”

“I’m really sorry,” Jughead said, running a hand over his face. “I could have….i would have helped,” he said quietly. “I should have given you my phone number.”

“Jughead, it’s fine. Please don’t apologize. There was no way to know what was going to happen. We were careful and it happened regardless. I have a really great job that I love and its almost journalism. Well, ok it’s not but it lets me play detective,” she said with a laugh. “I work at a law firm doing research and hunting down evidence online. I really love it and it pays well, so me and Jackson are doing great.”

“I still wish I had been here for you and for him.”

“You’re here now,” she said softly. He smiled at her and nodded.

“So what other things do you know about me from snippets of conversation almost 3 years ago,” he said with a laugh.

“I remember you said you loved to eat and that burgers are you favorite thing. And chips.”

“Wow, that’s some stimulating conversation we had there,” he said laughing. Betty bit her lip and smiled. She liked his laugh. It was soft and sexy. She kicked herself mentally again and gave herself an inner lecture to focus.
“Well, other parts of the night were stimulating, we kept the conversation light,” Betty said casually. They were both watching Jackson and if anyone was watching them, they probably would have wondered why two grown adults were sitting on a park bench blushing.

“Anything else,” he asked.

“You’re ticklish behind your ear.” He looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“I told you that?” he asked.

“No, I figured it out,” Betty said, not daring to look at him. She couldn’t actually believe she was flirting. But then again, she had slept with the man an hour after meeting him, at least this time she was attempting conversation first. First. Jesus, her mind was already in the sack. Nothing had changed. Back then she had seen him across the room and gotten all fuzzy inside and had wanted him. Now, here he was again and this time he was the father of her child and she felt more than fuzzy. And she wanted him again.

“Well, now that we know each other….?” He said, his voice sounding a little gruff. She looked at him and burst into giggles. He just smiled, seeming surprised at her outburst.

“I’m sorry,” she said when she managed to get a hold of herself. “This is the most ridiculous thing ever. It’s almost like we’re afraid to talk to each other and yet, we have a kid together. We did this shit all backwards.”

“Well, not on purpose,” he said, letting out a laugh as well. She smiled and they sat and watched their son play. “We really did that?” he asked, almost in awe.

“Yeah,” she said softly. “And I wouldn’t take it back for anything.” Jughead looked at her and smiled. She smiled back and nudged him with her shoulder. He nudged back and they sat and watched the little dark haired angel boy get sand all over himself.

Later that evening, after Jackson had gone to sleep, Betty curled up on the couch and looked through her phone and picked ten of her favorite pictures of him from the time he was born until now and before she lost her courage, she sent them all in a text to Jughead. Five minutes later, he replied with a simple text.

Thank you.
Jughead had spent the morning, after sending in his edited work, moving into his new apartment, which had been available immediately. It came furnished and he only had a small amount of boxes and the move had been easy. He didn’t have a lot of things, mostly clothes and books, but he knew over time, his stuff would only increase. Then he had gone to spend time with Betty and Jackson and it had been wonderful.

He lay in bed now and stared at his phone screen. Jackson was beautiful and he wished he could have been there from the start. Black hair and blue eyes from the time he was born. Jughead couldn’t help the arrogant smile that crossed his face. His boy was all Jones. His heart hammered a little at the thought. His boy. He had a son. A week ago he was childless and not even thinking about children and now he had a son.

He scrolled through them to the one where Betty was in the picture as well. A selfie of them when Jackson looked to be a couple months old or so. He wondered if she sent it more because she was in it, or because it was a favorite Jackson photo. He kind of hoped she had wanted him to have her picture. She was so beautiful, it made his stomach flutter. He touched his fingers to the screen, remembering what it felt like to touch her skin. Over the last couple years, when he would think of their night, he still found it hard to believe that he had actually managed to pick up someone so beautiful.

It wasn’t even just the fact that she was beautiful, something about her had just drawn him. Her shy smiles, the way she had blushed when he had approached her. It had been a first for both of them and it had been very obvious with her. She had been so unsure and anxious; it had been endearing and kind of a turn on, if he was going to be honest. She had wanted him as much as he wanted her but had been so shy about it, it had driven him crazy. Betty was the type of girl who didn’t know or understand her appeal and that was part of what made her appealing. She wasn’t pretentious or full of herself at all. She had been wholesome and sweet, well, until she had taken her shirt off anyway. She had turned sultry and bold and damn, he hadn’t had a chance. Jughead knew, if he hadn’t left for home the next day, he would have seen her again. She wasn’t someone you walked away from. Not if you were smart anyway. He does remember she had said her boyfriend had a cheated on her. Jesus, what an idiot.

He didn’t think he imagined her flirting at the park earlier. Sure she was just talking about their night together, but the things she said, yes, she was definitely flirting. Now she sent a picture of herself. Well, okay, Jackson was in it, but still, it was such a beautiful picture, it was definitely planned and it made him grin. He was almost tempted to send one back but he refrained. He had felt drawn to her back then and he still felt drawn to her. If it wasn’t for Jackson, he probably would have walked up to her at the park and made another move, and he had a feeling, she wouldn’t have dismissed him. He didn’t know what it was between them and he would love to explore it, but he had to tread carefully. He didn’t want her to get any wrong idea.

He very much wanted to get to know Jackson, but he also wanted to get to know her and the two
were completely separate and he didn’t know if she would see it that way. He didn’t want her to think he was interested because of her son. Their son. Jesus, this was screwed up. They had a child together and it made everything so much more complicated. This was why people either wait until they are completely committed or married before they had kids. So everything doesn’t get muddled and fucked up. Of course, accidents happened and well, now he was in the middle of a mess. He had a son he didn’t know but wanted to know, a woman he sort of knew and wanted to know better, and both went together but were still separate and he was so confused on the inside at the moment, he was just a mess of anxious nerves.

Jughead couldn’t seem to stop staring at her picture. He remembered everything about her. The smoothness of her skin, the way she bit her lip when he touched her, the way her green eyes darkened when she released, the way she moaned when he scraped her ear with his teeth, the fullness of her chest, the smallness of her waist, the curve of her hip, her impossibly long legs that wrapped so tight around him. Jughead let out a sigh and closed his eyes. “Dammit,” he muttered, feeling his body respond to his thoughts. He didn’t know how after all this time he still remembered everything. But he did, and he thought about it more than was probably healthy. The night had been insane and he honestly hadn’t even known he could have that much sex in one night but she had been so incredible, it just hadn’t ended and he damn near couldn’t walk after, but fuck, it had been amazing. So amazing, they had made a kid. Jughead ran a hand over his face and scrolled back to a recent picture of Jackson. He was beautiful, just like his mother and he still couldn’t believe it.

Jughead put his phone down and stared at the ceiling. His small studio apartment suddenly felt cold and lonely. He lay awake half the night, thinking of a beautiful blonde and a sweet black haired boy resting just two blocks away from him.

Jughead couldn’t wait. The two days until he saw Betty and Jackson again just dragged and when it was time to go to the park, he found himself heading there early. He was walking past the building she said she lived in just as she was coming outside. He stopped and stared at them, feeling his heart tighten. She was beautiful as always and Jackson was all smiles, holding an apple and trying to take a bite. He smiled at the gray knit hat he was wearing and touched his briefly, liking the idea that they seemed to match. Betty laughed at Jackson and took the apple and tucking it in her bag. “You can’t eat that honey, mommy has to cut it for you,” she explained when the little boy frowned at her. She came down the stairs and stopped in surprise when she saw him standing there. “Hey,” he said with a smile. “I’m a little early,” he explained sheepishly. Betty smiled and stood in front of him and Jackson fixed his blue eyes on him in curiously. “Hi Jughead,” she said softly, looking genuinely happy to see him. They walked to the cross walk and headed across the street to the park. “It’s pretty fantastic that you get to live where he can go play all the time,” Jughead mentioned as they walked up to the play area. “Yes, we got really lucky. I was looking for rent controlled places and most of them were terrible and I was about to give up when one of the lawyers at work mentioned that he owned a building and a place had opened up and he gave me first dibs at it. I’m so grateful to him, I could still cry when I think about it.” Betty put Jackson down and gave him some of his toys and he ran over to the sandbox and started to play. She sat on the bench and Jughead took a seat beside her.
“Sounds like you have a great job with wonderful people.”

“I really do,” she said happily. “I don’t know how I’d get by without it.” Jughead smiled at her and felt his heart quicken a little. He felt frustrated with himself because he was feeling and wanting to act like the 20 year old that had walked so boldly up to her and had her in bed an hour later. He loved her hair. It was longer than it had been back then and hung in curls and waves down her back and he fought the urge to run his fingers through it. She was watching Jackson and he saw the blush that crept into her face and he realized that even if she had been blind she would have noticed the way he was staring at her. He quickly looked toward the sandbox.

“Sorry,” he muttered, feeling a little like an idiot. He took another quick glance and saw she was smiling.

“It’s okay,” she said softly, her leg bouncing a little nervously. “Have you moved into your new place yet?”

“Oh, yeah. On Monday actually, before I came to watch him play. It was available right away and came furnished so I got pretty lucky. Not lucky enough to have it be rent controlled, but it’s nice,” he added with a laugh.

“I was thinking about it last night,” Betty said softly. “Is the world really this small? That you end up only two blocks from me and Jax in this enormous city after having not seen each other for 2 years. I mean, the party we were at is literally across the city from here. It just seems so strange and incredible.”

“I guess it’s fate?” he said quietly. She looked at him.

“Fate decided Jax needed to know his father?” she asked with a smile. He shrugged and smiled back.

‘Maybe. Fate, God, the universe, all the stars; I mean something aligned everything just right and here we are.” They sat for a moment and just looked at each other and Jughead fought a mad urge to kiss her. He seriously couldn’t help it. She was so damn pretty and staring at him with those green eyes. His gaze dropped to her mouth and she quickly turned back to watching Jackson and he bit back a sigh. Shit, this was going to drive him nuts.

Jackson came running over just then and was running his toy on Betty’s leg and she smiled and bent over for a kiss. He grabbed her hair and pulled and she frowned and uncurled his fingers.

“You know you can’t pull mommy’s hair buddy, it’s not nice.” He smiled at her and she chuckled and he turned to set his gaze on Jughead. He felt his breath hitch as the boy’s clear blue eyes settled curiously on him. He came closer and put his toy on Jughead’s leg and his little hand settled on his knee. Betty watched and he wondered if she noticed how shook he was. She leaned forward a little and put her hand on Jackson’s head and bent down to him.

“Jax, this is mommy’s friend Jughead. Do you want to say hi?” The little boy just gazed at him for a while and then banged his toy on Jughead’s jeans.

“Jug….head….,” he tried out the word and then let out a giggle. Jughead chuckled and leaned closer.

“Yeah, it’s a pretty funny name,” he said with a smile. “Hi Jackson.”

“Hi.” Betty smiled as she watched the exchange and Jughead felt like his heart was going to burst. He made no move to touch the boy and was content to just look at him. It was seriously shocking how much he looked like him. Jackson suddenly reached up and grabbed Jughead’s beanie from his head and waved it around. “Hat!” he yelled happily.
“Oh, Jackson, no…” Betty started as he ran off with it. She started to stand and Jughead put his hand on her arm.

“It’s ok, he can play with it,” he said softly.

Betty settled back down and looked at him. He still had beautiful hair and there it was, that damn sexy curl, falling across his forehead. She had to shove her hands under her legs to keep from brushing it off his forehead. His hand slowly dropped from her arm and she still felt the heat of his touch through her sweater. They watched Jackson play with the hat and she winced when he started to fill it with sand.

“God, Jughead, I’m sorry……Jax, honey, don’t…..” she called out.

“It’s really okay, Betty, I don’t mind,” he said softly.

“Yes, but he really shouldn’t be ruining people’s things,” she said with a sigh. “Jackson, come here please. Bring the hat.” He got up from the sand and grabbed the hat by the edge and it ended up dragging as he pulled it along, filled with sand.

“Oh for God’s sake,” she muttered and Jughead bit back a smile. The mischievous smile on the boy’s face made him want to laugh out loud. Jackson handed Jughead his beanie and he laughed softly and emptied it and shook it around a bit to try and get the sand out. It was a lost cause and would have to be washed. “I’m sorry,” Betty said, biting her lip.

“It’s really okay, I promise,” Jughead said softly. He put the beanie on the bench and leaned forward on his elbows and watched Jackson who sat on the ground in front of them and played with his toy. Betty watched him, loving his hair the way it fell across his forehead. She flushed when he started to smile, realizing she was now staring the way he had been doing earlier. She let out a little sigh and leaned back. She had a feeling he knew exactly what her thoughts were about and she felt a little silly. When his eyes flickered ever so briefly to her mouth, she lowered her eyes and tried not to show just how badly she wanted to kiss him. She didn’t really understand why they couldn’t seem to just hold a conversation without wanting to just jump each other. It was the night of the party all over again. Straight up, you’re hot, I want you. This was ridiculous, Betty thought.

Jackson stood back up and walked to Jughead and somehow got himself between his knees and just casually started playing with his little car on Jughead’s leg. Jughead sat back and Betty smiled. He looked like he was a little afraid and she noticed he made no move to touch the little boy. His hand lifted and he looked like he might, but then he lowered it again.

“It’s ok, Jughead,” she said softly, putting her hand on his arm. Jughead lifted his hand and ran the back of his finger down Jackson’s cheek. The little boy paused in his playing and looked at him and then smiled. Betty noticed a slight tremor in Jughead’s fingers and she gave his arm a gentle squeeze.

“He’s beautiful,” Jughead said in a hoarse whisper.

“Like his daddy,” Betty blurted out. Jughead looked at her and she blushed and looked down, dropping her hand from his arm.

“Jug…..head….” the way Jackson was saying his name made Jughead laugh softly. He didn’t realize it was possible to fall in love so quickly, but the love he suddenly felt for the boy made his heart hurt.

“Hey buddy,” he said softly, taking his hand. Jackson wrapped his little hand around Jughead’s finger and squeezed.
“I hungry!” Jackson announced.

“I hear ya,” Jughead said laughing and Betty grinned. They were more alike than just their features.

“He’s always hungry,” she said laughing.

“Just like daddy…..” Jughead’s voice trailed off quickly, clearly having let that slip out. He flushed and dropped his hand and Jackson wandered back to the sandbox. Betty reached over and took his hand and he looked at her sheepishly.

“It’s ok,” she said in a whisper. He nodded and squeezed her hand. He settled back to watch him play some more and Betty’s heart hammered in her chest when he didn’t release her hand. She curled her fingers around his and sat quietly beside him.

Betty sat on the couch that evening thinking about her time with Jughead in the park. They had stayed for another half hour, not really speaking, but he held her hand. She had found it more of a comfort than anything romantic and it was clear he was starting to love Jackson, even with only a couple visits now and she was beyond thrilled that he seemed to be accepting that he was a father. Not in the complete sense of the word, yet, but she hoped eventually he would be the father she always wanted Jackson to have. Present and in his life and always around. Even if it was just for Jackson, she wanted him in his life and she was thrilled that Jughead seemed to want it as well. Her phone suddenly dinged and she picked it up and smiled. A text from Jughead.

**J: You know, I thought about something….**

*B: What’s that?*

**J: I’ve decided that you’re wrong.**

Betty furrowed her brow in confusion. She tried to recall what she could be wrong about.

*B: First of all, I’m never wrong! Second of all, what am I wrong about?*

It took Jughead a minute to answer and she was beginning to worry what she had done or said that had been wrong. He finally replied.

**J: Jackson isn’t beautiful like his daddy. He’s beautiful like his mommy.**

Betty stared at the text and felt her heart start to pound. She couldn’t stop the smile that spread across her face. She chewed her lip for a minute and wondered. Should she send a simple ‘thank you’ or should she be bold and flirt a little. She lay back on the couch and grinned. She decided to be coy.

*B: Oh?*

There was a long pause and she giggled. She had obviously taken him by surprise.

**J: Yes :)**

*B: :)*

There was a long pause and she didn’t know if the conversation was over and she started flipping through TV channels and then her phone dinged again.
J: By the way, and this feels insane that I’m only telling you this now….My name is Jughead Jones.

B: Hi Jughead Jones. I’m Betty Cooper.

J: This is seriously fucked up. Like ass backwards.

B: I don’t mind. Backwards or forwards, I’m thankful for my son.

Jughead didn’t reply for a few minutes and Betty wondered what he was thinking.

J: Thank you for letting me be in his life.

B: I wouldn’t want it any other way.

A photo text suddenly came through and it was the same picture she had sent of herself and Jackson.

J: Thank you for this.

Betty couldn’t stop the flutters in her stomach. She had done it on purpose and she figured he knew that.

J: You’re so beautiful.

B: Thank you :)

Betty bit her lip and thought for a second. Would it be weird to ask? She decided to ask anyway.

B: I think it’s only fair that I have a picture of you as well, Jughead Jones.

After a couple minutes, a picture text came through. It was a close up of his face and his expression seemed almost teasing. His blue eyes cut right to her soul and she started to ache. Fuck. Betty suddenly felt so aroused she was beginning to think the man was turning her into a nympho. The physical attraction between them was off the charts, but her heart was grabbing on to his sweetness as well. Jughead Jones appeared to be the whole fucking package. Another text came through and she realized she had just been staring at his picture for a good five minutes.

J: I don’t know if not getting a reply is good or bad….

Betty threw all caution to the wind. To hell with it. She was just going to say it. Her boldness once before had gotten her a son. Who knows what else it could get her.

B: Sorry, I forgot how to breathe for a minute. I’m definitely not wrong. Jackson is beautiful like his daddy.

J: So that pic does it for you, huh? ;)

Betty giggled and felt herself go warm. She sighed and smiled. It had been a long time since she had flirted and shockingly enough, it had been with Jughead. The fact that he was flirting back made her ache in places that had been neglected for way too damn long.

B: The real thing is better ;)

J: Girl….
B: Yes? ;)

J: You’re killing me…..

Betty sighed and stretched out on the couch. She wondered if he’d mind if she just came over and sat on him. She started to laugh at her own thinking. Thank God for Jackson. If not for him sleeping in the next room, her horny ass would probably be running the two blocks to Jughead’s. She tried to calm herself down and decided to get a little more serious instead of just flirting.

B: Jughead?

J: Betty?

B: Tell me something you’ve done that makes you really happy.

J: I’m really happy I let my friends drag me to a boring party 2 and a half years ago.

Well, dammit. Now she just wanted to flirt again.

B: Why? It was boring. ;)

J: Saw this cute chick making eyes at me. The evening went from ‘boring’ to ‘banging’ pretty fast. ;)

B: That’s charming, Jones.

J: You liked it the first time, Cooper.

Betty was so flustered she didn’t even know what to respond. Her mind was filled with images that just crashed over each other. Jughead’s hands on her thighs, his mouth on her chest, on her hip, between her thighs; her mouth on his chest, his stomach, over his arousal, his arousal inside her, his mouth on hers, his tongue around hers, his fingers stroking her. She was breathing heavy and let out a shaky breath. God, she ached all over. She took a little too long to reply and Jughead was quick to apologize.

J: I’m sorry, that was too much….

B: No, it wasn’t……I was just thinking.

J: About…. 

B: sigh….let’s not go there

J: gotcha ;)

B: shut up lol

J: bossy

B: brat

J: that too ;)

B: How about that?
B: Hey!

J: ;)

B: sigh, I should go. I have to go to work tomorrow and I have lots to do so I need my beauty sleep.

J: you need it to rest, you’re good in the beauty department.

B: ;)

J: Goodnight Betty.

B: Goodnight Jughead.

Betty got ready for bed with a grin on her face and butterflies in her stomach. He was definitely into her again and she was both thrilled and a little scared. It was fast, just like before, but this time, it wasn’t just a one night thing. This had the potential of blowing up in their faces. She had to be careful, not only for her sake, but for Jackson’s as well. She didn’t want to screw this up.

Two blocks away, Jughead lay on his bed, staring once again at Betty’s picture. She had really turned on the flirt and he had been surprised and excited. They were into each other; still, again, he wasn’t sure what the correct word was, but he needed to be careful. The last thing he ever wanted to do was hurt her or Jackson and he didn’t want her to think he just wanted her in bed. Which he did, but it wasn’t all he wanted. He wanted to get to know her and he’d have to stay out of the sheets for that. Right now though, he got up with a groan and headed to the shower. She had aroused him more than he realized and it wasn’t going away. He had a little something to take care of.
Betty was nervous. She had flirted shamelessly with Jughead over text the other day and she hadn’t text him since except to tell him that they wouldn’t be at the park at the next scheduled time due to work commitment but they would be there the following day if he wanted to join them. He had promised to be there and now she was fretting over how she would face him. Texting and flirting was easy; having to then be face to face with the person was a little different.

It was a beautiful unusually warm October fall day and they were able to go without bundling up in hats and jackets and she put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, taking advantage of probably the last very warm day of the year. Her mother had given Jackson a new ball and he wanted to play on the grass with it so she brought a blanket along and found some open grass and spread the blanket out and sat down on it while he played close by. She sent Jughead a text that they weren’t in their usual spot and where to find them. He showed up 15 minutes later.

“Hey you,” he said with a smile as he walked up and smiled down at her on the blanket. Betty inwardly winced at the flush that crept in her face and she smiled shyly up at him.

“Hi,” she said softly. He looked good. He always looked good but there was something about his casual stance, newly washed beanie back on his head, hands in his jeans pockets, his t-shirt half tucked, half hanging out, his belt, which she itched to undo. Jesus.

His eyes were twinkling and she realized she had been blatantly checking him out. She turned red when his eyes traveled along her curves, lingering on her long bare legs.

“It’s only fair,” he teased, throwing her text words back at her from the other night. Betty sighed and let out a laugh. He was trying to put her at ease and she appreciated it. “Mind if I sit?” he asked.

“She dropped down beside her, stretching out and resting one ankle over the other, leaning back on his elbows. His eyes moved to Jackson and he smiled as the little boy tried unsuccessfully to kick the ball.

“How long has he been attempting that?” he asked with a chuckle.

“A few minutes,” Betty said with a smile. “He’ll get it eventually, or he’ll come ask me to play.”

“How’s work been?” Jughead asked, glancing at her.

“Really great. I found a piece of information the other day that helped put a corporate thief away. Felt very satisfying.”

“Nice,” he said with a smile. Betty let her gaze wander over him again when he looked back to Jackson. He was still fit, more noticeable now in just a t-shirt. Slightly more filled out and the way his shirt lay across his abdomen told her it was lean and hard. She had a mad urge to lift his shirt and look.

“I can feel you looking at me,” he said, the smile in his voice. Betty flushed, pulling her knees up and
wrapping her arms around her legs. “I don’t mind,” he added.

“Shut up,” she said with a sigh. His low lazy laugh made her stomach clench. Thankfully Jackson chose at that moment to walk over before she made an ass of herself. He wandered between them, carrying his ball, a big grin on his face. Betty figured he must be getting used to seeing Jughead with her because he suddenly plopped himself down, right on Jughead’s stomach. His grunt and painful wince made Betty bite back a laugh. He was so surprised he just froze and stared at Jackson. The little boy held up the ball and smiled at Jughead.

“Play ball,” he said, looking at him expectantly. Jughead looked at Betty and she smiled.

“Go ahead,” she said softly. Jughead looked a little apprehensive and unsure and she took Jackson’s hand and got him to stand up. “Maybe Jughead can teach you how to kick the ball sweetie,” she said, running her hand through his black curls. Jackson turned to look at Jughead and held the ball to him. Jughead sat up and smiled at him. He was about to take the ball and Jackson turned and threw it and then chased it with a gleeful laugh. Jughead sat back on his heels and smiled when Jackson brought the ball back. He took it and stood and walked onto the grass and put it down.

Betty smiled as she watched him try to explain to Jackson how to kick the ball without missing. Of course the toddler didn’t understand a thing he was saying and much preferred to steal the ball and run with it. Jughead ran after him with a lazy stride and Jackson thought this was just the most fun game and squealed in delight as he tried to run away. She watched them run around for a while, Jughead always being careful to not go too fast and she also noticed he was being careful to not grab Jackson. Usually at this point she would be picking him up and swinging him around but Jughead didn’t seem sure of what he was allowed to do, so he simply just ran around with him.

Jackson wore out after a while and sat down on the blanket and played with the cars that Betty had brought along. Jughead lowered himself to the blanket and once again leaned back on his elbows.

“Wow, kids have a lot of stamina,” he said with a laugh. “He wore me out.”

“Yeah, he does that,” Betty said laughing. Jackson crawled with his car between them and she smiled at Jughead over his head. The little boy started inspecting his toy and flopped himself back, leaning against Jughead as he did. “He’s getting comfortable with you, that’s good,” she said smiling. Jughead lifted his hand and gently touched Jackson’s curls. He ignored him and kept playing with his toy.

“He’s got great hair,” Jughead said smiling.

“Like you,” Betty smiled and then flushed when Jughead winked at her.

“When is his birthday?” he asked softly.

“February 4th,” Betty said.

“Hear that, buddy? It’s almost your birthday.”

“Well, in about 3 and a half months,” she said laughing.

“Then we have, what do they call it? The terrible two’s?” Jughead asked with a chuckle.

“I hope not,” Betty said with a sigh. “He’s already a handful. His pediatrician says he’s very smart for his age and taller than average. I’m guessing he gets that from you. He started walking at 10 months and the funny thing was, he kind of bypassed sitting,” she said with a laugh. "I couldn’t get him to sit longer than ten seconds and he would fall over and would spend the day dragging himself
around by his arms. It took me a while to get him to use his knees and crawl. When he figured that out, he still wouldn’t sit and one day he crawled to the couch and pulled himself up to a standing position and I was so surprised,” Betty said laughing. “He started walking along the couch and there was no stopping him after that. He learned to sit quickly after that, but I just found it so amusing.”

Jughead had a small smile on his face and his hand was rubbing up and down Jackson's back. Betty thought he looked a little sad and she wondered if maybe she should have waited before bombarding him with details.

“I wish I had been there for all that stuff,” he said quietly.

“I’m sorry, Jughead,” Betty said sadly. She reached over and took his hand and gave it a squeeze. “I did what I could to find you. I mean I honestly didn’t even know if you’d care at all at the time, but I did try.”

“I know,” he said with a small smile. “And I would have cared, Betty.” The way he was looking at her made her heart race and she squeezed his hand again.

“Mommy, tired,” Jackson said and then proceeded to yawn. Betty laughed and stood up, picking Jackson up as she did.

“Maybe we should get you home for a nap then,” she suggested. Jughead stood and picked the blanket up for her and folded it.

“Down mommy, I walk,” Jackson insisted. She put him down and they started walking back. When Betty tried to take his hand, Jackson pulled away and grabbed onto Jughead’s finger. “Jughead,” he insisted and Jughead paused and looked down and then looked at Betty.

“Well, he wants you to lead him, I guess,” she said smiling. Her heart warmed at the sight and Jughead smiled and walked slowly, not wanting the little guy to fall. They made it back across the street and stopped at the stoop of Betty’s building. She reached down and picked up Jackson who lay his head on her shoulder, looking tired and sleepy. Jughead handed her the blanket and she tucked it around Jackson.

“I had a good time,” Jughead said softly, his hand brushing over the boys hair. Jackson’s eyes were watching him and he smiled.

“Thank you for always coming, Jughead. You’re a good guy,” Betty said quietly.

“Yeah, I am,” he said with a smile. He backed away slowly to head back to his place and she turned to go inside. After a moment she turned back to him.

“Jughead?” He paused as he was turning away and looked at her.

“Ummm, my mother takes Jackson every month for a weekend to give me a break. She’s taking him this weekend and I was wondering…” Betty paused and bit her lip and Jughead waited for her to finish. “Would you like to come over for dinner on Saturday evening?” she asked shyly.

“I’d like that,” he said with a smile. She smiled and flushed with excitement.

“I’ll text you the details,” she promised and he nodded and turned to walk down the street. She watched him go and took a deep breath. It had been a bold move on her part, but she wanted to get to know him better and it would easier to do that without Jackson around.

That evening she sent Jughead a text for the plans on Saturday. She was beyond excited and hoped
he was as well.

B: I’ll have dinner ready for 7:00. Apartment 5C..

J: I’ll be there :)

She put the phone down and quickly brushed her teeth and got into her pajamas and went to check on Jackson. He was sleeping soundly and she leaned down and pressed a kiss to his forehead. When she got back to her room and picked up her phone he had sent another text.

J: You still have great legs.

Betty felt herself grow warm and got under the covers, smiling at the phone.

B: thank you :) You still look nice and fit.

J: I keep in shape with burgers and chips

B: haha.

A picture suddenly came through and it was a bag of chips leaning against a pillow. Betty laughed.

B: You’re eating chips in bed? You’ll get crumbs everywhere and it won’t be very comfortable..

J: Nobody here but me and I don’t mind ;)

B: Well what if you had company?.

J: I wouldn’t be eating chips ;)

Betty groaned and threw her arm over her face. God, all the images that were running through her mind. She didn’t quite know how to respond to that sexy innuendo. She took too long and his next text made her sigh.

J: Thinking again? ;)

B: Stop it lol.

J: No

B: Stop grinning.....

J: Again, no…. lol

B: You’re driving me nuts. I’m going to bed before my fingers get me in trouble..

J: You mean by texting, right? ;)

B: OMFG!! Ugh, goodnight, Jughead!.

J: LOL

J: Goodnight, Betty :)

Saturday night, there was a knock at the door at five minutes to seven. Betty raced to the bathroom
and checked her appearance one more time and nodded in approval. She had chosen jeans and a simple button shirt. She kept her makeup natural and had straightened her hair and decided she looked perfect. She looked pretty and natural and she didn’t look like she was trying to seduce him. Tonight was about getting to know him. She opened the door and her heart started fluttering. Jughead had brought flowers. He handed them to her with a smile and she took the daisies and ushered him inside.

“Thank you,” she said softly, heading to the kitchen to find a vase.

“You look great,” he said with a smile. “And it smells great. I haven’t had any burgers today,” he added. Betty looked at him as she fixed the flowers. “Or chips.” His following wink had her blushing to her roots and she sighed.

“Don’t start,” she said with a laugh.

“I promise to behave,” he said as he pulled off his jacket. He draped it over the back of the chair by the table and looked around. It was a nice apartment. An open floor plan and spacious, with a hallway leading to bedrooms and the bathroom. The colors were lovely shades of blue and she had a lot of yellow scattered around the place. It was bright and airy and pretty. Just like her. He smiled at the toys piled into a bin in the living room and wandered over to her fireplace and looked over the pictures on the mantel. So many pictures of Jackson with various people and just on his own. He touched his hand to one of Betty and Jackson that was recent and he smiled at the goofy looks on their faces.

“Next time you’re with him, I’ll make sure to get a picture of you guys and get you on this mantel as well,” Betty said softly as she walked up to him. He turned and looked at her.

“You don’t have to do that,” he said with a small smile.

“I know I don’t, but I want to,” she said. He just smiled at her and she just couldn’t help herself and her hand lifted and she brushed his curl off his forehead. “Jackson’s does that too,” she said with a smile. She saw him swallow and his gaze flickered to her mouth and back up and she thought for a second he was going to kiss her but he stepped back and lifted his hat to run a hand through his hair and scratch a little.

“So what are we eating?” he asked, plopping the hat back down. Betty willed her butterflies to calm down and smiled, heading back to the kitchen.

“I made a roast chicken, mashed potatoes with pan drippings, some steamed veggies and a greek salad. I have a cake for dessert.”

“Wow, that sounds amazing. I seriously didn’t eat much today because I was quickly trying to finish up an edit on a paper and I’m pretty hungry.”

“Well, have a seat and I’ll bring the food,” Betty said. “Can you pour the wine?”

Jughead poured the white wine she had chilling and soon they were settled down to eat.

“This is amazing,” he said after a few bites. “Where did you learn to cook like this?”

“My mother insisted,” Betty said with a laugh and a roll of her eyes. “But in truth, I love it. It’s like therapy to me. When I feel stressed, I cook. Sometimes a little too much and then I have leftovers for days.

“Well, I love to eat, so if you ever need help in that department, feel free to give me a call,” he said
“Okay, maybe I will,” she said softly. He smiled at her and she took a sip of wine to keep from grinning. Having him in her apartment was making her feel a little crazed. Her heart wouldn’t stop pounding and he looked so damn good she wanted to just crawl in his lap and kiss the breath out of him. She didn’t know how a guy could just make jeans, a t-shirt and a flannel shirt look so damn good, but he managed. They made useless chit chat while they ate and Jughead was right, he loved to eat. He polished off most of the food and she had no idea where he put it. There didn’t seem to be an ounce of fat on the man.

“How can you eat so much?” she asked laughing. He sat back and patted his still flat stomach.

“Well, Betty,” he said with a grin.

“Why would you practice eating a lot?” Betty asked curiously.

“I didn’t always have something to eat when I was growing up and when I started getting food on a regular basis, I just started eating a lot in case it would disappear on me, I guess,” he explained. He said it so casually that Betty just stared for a minute.

“You didn’t always have food?” she asked sadly. Jughead poured some more wine and shrugged.

“It’s not a very interesting story,” he said quietly. Betty put her hand over his.

“I’d like to hear it,” she said softly. “I invited you over because I’d like us to get to know each other and I’d like to know all of it.” Jughead studied her for a while and looked back at his wine glass.

“I grew up on the wrong side of the tracks, I guess you could say,” he started softly. “My dad had a drinking problem and ran with a gang, well if I’m going to be honest, he ran the gang. He lost his job as a result and we didn’t have food a lot of the time. My mom did her best but eventually she took my sister and left town to stay with my grandparents. She left me behind with my dad and I sort of ended up homeless for a while.”

“Oh, God, Jughead, I’m so sorry,” Betty said sadly. He sat back in his chair and smiled.

“I had some good friends that helped me out and when my dad finally got back on his feet I moved back home. He was still running with the gang though and was trying to get me to join and all I ever wanted to do was write. It basically saved me. All the times I’d be alone and not knowing what was going to happen, I took out my old trusty laptop and wrote until the world faded away. I got a job with my best friend’s dad’s construction company and saved every penny I made and enrolled in some classes at NYU. I also got a small scholarship when I graduated for writing courses. I had a teacher that really believed in me. So after graduation I come out here and housed with so many guys, mostly because I couldn’t afford a place of my own,” he said with a laugh. “I spent two years here and then I went back home. Of course I think the best part of those two years here was the night of the party,” Jughead said smiling. Betty flushed and poured herself some more wine.

“Do you ever see your mom?” she asked, pulling her foot up on the chair and wrapping her arm around her leg.

“Once in a while. We don’t have the best relationship, you know, with her abandoning me and all,” he said with a bitter laugh. “I mostly go to see my sister.” He pulled out his phone and scrolled pictures a bit and handed it to her. The young women on the screen was beautiful. She looked like Jughead with the same black hair and blue eyes.

“What’s her name?”
“Jellybean.” Betty put down her wine glass and raised an eyebrow.


“We just have terrible names and those are the nicknames my dad gave us,” he said laughing.

“So what’s your real name?”

“If I told you, I’d have to kill you,” he said with a wink.

“Okay, I’m going to have to use Jackson, and it’s a horrible thing to do as a mother and it pains me greatly to have to do this, but Jughead, tell me, what is Jackson’s father’s real name?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

“You play dirty, Cooper,” he said laughing.

“I pull out the big guns, Jones, now spill.”

“Forsythe Pendleton Jones, the Third.”

“Jesus, wow,” Betty said with a wince and he started to laugh again.

“Told you.”

“What about your sister?”

“Forsythia.” Betty just stared at him and he grinned at her shock. “It’s a family name. My father insisted.”

“I’m so sorry,” she said honestly. They had finished eating at this point and Betty got up and cleared the table. Jughead helped and when they were done they settled on opposite ends of the couch.

“We’ll have cake later,” she said, fluffing the cushion behind her.

“So what about you, Betty Cooper, what was your life like?”

“Well, since you shared your name, I guess I can tell you that my actual name is Elizabeth but nobody ever calls me that. Life for me was okay. Not as dramatic as yours obviously, typical city life. I have a sister named Polly, who’s married with twins. She lives in Jersey. My parents got divorced when I was 16 and I don’t see my dad a lot. He lives in California and he only comes out here maybe once a year. My mom recently started seeing some businessman and I hope it works out because then maybe she’ll stop trying to boss me around. She’s a bit controlling and terrifying and if I’m going to be honest, I try very hard to not piss her off. She loves Jackson though and is a wonderful grandmother and she helps a lot, so I just take her annoying crap because I’m grateful.”

“You had a pretty regular life then, that’s good,” he said smiling. He leaned forward and rested his arms on his thighs. “I guess life got a little complicated after our night,” he said quietly.

“Yeah, it was a bit shocking,” Betty said looking at her hands as she picked at her fingers. “I wasn’t feeling well and it never once occurred to me that I might be pregnant. One of my friends asked if I could be and I was just thinking there was no way, cause we had used protection and when I took the test……I cried for days,” she said in a whisper.

“I’m so sorry, Betty,” Jughead said, his remorse evident in his voice.

“I knew it was yours, well, because I hadn’t been with anyone else in like a year and that night was really amazing and I knew I was going to have the baby. At the time I guess it was just maybe
because I felt like we had had some kind of connection and suddenly, well, we had a really big one and I wanted to hang on to it. Of course, that’s a ridiculous reason to want to have a baby, but then when he was born, I fell completely in love. It wasn’t about you or our night anymore, it was all him and he became my whole world. It was shocking to me though, how much he looks like you,” she said with a little laugh. Betty finally looked at him and saw the play of emotions on his face. “I didn’t think I would ever see you again and I was okay with it. It was over and done and Jackson just consumed my life and I do everything for him.”

“I would have come back Betty, I would have found a job and helped you,” Jughead said.

“I believe you,” she said with a smile. “You’re a rare specimen, Jughead Jones, rare indeed. Jackson is lucky to have you as his father.”

“I want to help you Betty, I can’t let you handle all the financial costs of a child by yourself.”

“Jughead, I promise it’s okay. I really don’t need you to do that.”

“I know you don’t, but I want to. It’s the right thing to do and I want to help in some way to provide for him. Please? Let me help.”

“Okay,” she said finally. “Why don’t you open a savings account for him, if you want and put money in there. If a need ever comes up where I can’t manage, we’ll take it from there?”

“I can do that,” Jughead said with a smile. “And diapers. Is he still in diapers? I didn’t pay attention to that.”

“Yes, he is,” Betty said laughing. “But I have started to introduce the potty now, so that should go to pull-ups soon and then hopefully, you can just buy him some little boy underwear.”

“Sounds good to me,” Jughead said smiling. Betty smiled and got up suddenly and walked over and picked up her laptop. She came back to the couch and took a seat right next to him and opened it, booting it up. She went into her photo files and there were files for every month of Jackson’s life. She clicked on the first one and Jughead pulled a leg up and tucked his foot under his knee and leaned closer to her as he stared at the pictures.

Betty spent an hour going over pictures with him and telling stories that had him laughing at times and feeling sad at others. His heart hurt at all that he had missed. He couldn’t believe how much he loved this little boy and a few weeks ago, he hadn’t known he existed. As Betty explained a recent picture, he suddenly realized how close to her he was. He was basically leaning into her and her head was right next to his, her breath grazing his cheek as she talked. He turned his head and her voice trailed off as she looked at him. Her mouth was so close, he had only to lean slightly and he would be kissing her. Jughead’s heart slammed in his chest and God, he wanted so badly to wrap his arms around her and kiss her until she couldn’t breathe but he knew she meant for this evening to be about learning things about each other, no matter how much it looked like she wanted him to kiss her. He pulled back a space and she quickly turned back to the screen and talked about a few more pics and then she straightened away from him and let him browse a little on his own.

“Do you want some cake?” she asked, sounding a little hoarse.

“Sure, I’d love some,” he said smiling. Betty got up to get them dessert while he kept browsing the pictures. She was so damn flustered, she had to do something other than sit pressed against him. She knew he hadn’t realized it at first but having him lean against her while she talked had made her ache all over. When he had turned his head and he looked like he had been about to kiss her, she had forced herself to stay completely still, rather than throw herself at him like she really wanted to. He
also smelled fucking fantastic. Betty sighed as she cut the cake. She had no idea how much longer she could hold out before making a complete ass of herself.

When she carried the cake back, she took a spot a foot away from him and he smiled as he put down the computer and took the cake.

“Shit, this is amazing,” he said after he took a bite. “Seriously, if you ever want a new career, you should open a restaurant.” Betty blushed at the compliment. They talked a while longer about their past and most of his stories were sad up until the point where he left for New York after graduation. Betty was glad that things were going so much better for him. When she let out a yawn, he laughed and slowly stood up.

“I guess I should head out. You look like you need some sleep.” Betty smiled and stood up and stretched. It had been a wonderful evening and she hated that it had to end. She suddenly remembered something and went over to the mantel and picked up a USB stick that lay there and walked over to Jughead as he pulled on his jacket and handed it to him.

“What’s this?” he asked, taking it.

“All the pictures you just looked at,” she said softly. He looked stunned.

“Wow,” he said softly. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” she said with a smile. She walked to the door with him and they stood silently for a moment. Jughead stepped closer and she swallowed, her gaze locked on his. He was so close their bodies were touching and she so desperately wanted to kiss him but she had a feeling if she did that, he wouldn’t be leaving. Jughead touched his hand to her face, his thumb stroking over her cheek. She smiled shakily and he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close, giving her a long, tight hug. When he loosened his grip, she rested her forehead on his chest and let out a long shuddering breath. His hands came up and touched her hair and she felt his mouth press a kiss to the top of her head and then he was gone.

Betty stood for a while, leaning against the door and took some deep breaths. Once she got her heart beating at a normal pace she quickly tidied up and went to the bathroom and ran herself a hot bath. She added bubbles and sank into it with sigh of happiness. She truly enjoyed her weekends when her mother took Jackson. It was nice to be able to do things without interruption. When her phone suddenly dinged with a message she smiled. She knew who it was before she even picked it up.

**J:** Thank you for the wonderful evening. I had a great time.

**B:** You’re welcome, and thank you for coming over. I enjoyed getting to know you better.

**J:** I shared a lot of crazy shit. You still like me?

**B:** Yes :) Maybe even more than before.

**J:** That’s probably just pity, Cooper.

**B:** No, it’s not. I think you’re an amazing guy.

**J:** You’re pretty amazing yourself.

Betty smiled and wondered why it was so easy to say things over text and not in person. Most likely cause there was no danger of jumping his bones while texting, she thought with a laugh.
J: You smell amazing by the way. Sitting so close to you almost killed me.

B: It's a new perfume. I'm glad you liked it.

J: Well, it smells good :) 

B: What are you doing right now?.

J: Trying to find something to watch on TV and there is nothing on.

B: Netflix.

J: What do you want to watch?

B: Nothing, I'm taking a bubble bath at the moment.

J: ………

Betty giggled. She had done that on purpose. She sighed. God, it was so easy to flirt over text. She’d probably turn purple from embarrassment next time she saw him. She basically just told him she was naked. And wet. Oops?

B: Sorry, I couldn’t resist ;).

J: You know, I could always come back over…..

B: Don’t tempt me, Jones.

J: Then don’t tease me, Cooper.

B: Well, it’s really nothing to get excited about. I’m just sitting here all naked and wet.

Oh my god, had she really sent that?

J: Fuck

B: Sorry :/ I’ll behave.

Jughead didn’t reply for a few minutes and Betty got nervous. Had she gone too far? She sighed and tried to think of something to say to smooth it over.

B: I’m sorry, Jughead. I went too far. I was only teasing.

He still didn’t reply and she felt sudden tears sting her eyes. God, she was an idiot. She sat up and put the phone down on the edge of the tub and ran her hands through her hair. The phone suddenly dinged and she hurriedly picked it up, looking at the screen.

J: I want you.

The breath left her lungs and she began to ache all over. Her hand trembled a bit and she gripped the phone tighter so she wouldn’t drop it in the water. A couple minutes later, another text came through.

J: I know I shouldn’t say that, and I know we need to get to know each other for Jackson’s sake and I don’t want to rush anything and I promise I won’t make any move right now but I just want you to know. I want you. I’ve wanted you since I saw you sitting on the bench and I didn’t know you had Jackson. I’ve thought about you constantly since the day we met and I’m trying really hard to control
myself and I will, but I needed you to know.

Betty started to reply and she saw he was typing again and she waited.

**J:** I don’t want you to respond to what I said. I don’t want to know if you want me and I don’t want to know if you don’t want me. I want to just leave it at that and we can move on to something else.

**B:** Ok.

**J:** Well, ok maybe just say a little something…..sigh, fuck. Did I fuck this up?

**B:** Well, I’m the one who said I was wet and naked, I’m pretty sure I’m the one who started fucking this up..

**J:** We should stop saying ‘fucking’.

Betty started to laugh. This conversation had taken the most bizarre turn.

**B:** Will you be at the park on Monday?.

**J:** Ah, shit. I forgot to tell you. I won’t be able to come until Friday. I have to go into the office all of next week and my boss is telling me the days will be long. I’ll be there on Friday though.

**B:** Ok :) we’ll miss you..

**J:** I’ll miss you more. I’m going to let you go. I’m sorry this got so weird, but I really did have an amazing time tonight and I hope we can do it again soon.

**B:** I did too and we can definitely do it again :).

**J:** Goodnight Betty :)

**B:** Goodnight Jughead :).

Betty lay back in the bath once again and sighed. He wanted her. She wondered if it was as much as she wanted him.

Jughead sat on his couch and ran his hands through his hair. Jesus, he had just come right out and said he wanted her. She had been teasing him and it had been a fucking mean tease but he could have said something teasing back, but no, he had to go and blurt out that he wanted her. Typed and sent before he could even stop himself. Now he felt like an idiot. He was almost positive she wanted him too, in fact he knew she did, but they really needed to step back. He had a son with her and if he was going to go there, it needed to be more than just sex. He didn’t want to do that to Jackson.

Jughead wanted to make sure there was more between them than just sexual attraction.

He grabbed his laptop and plugged in the USB she gave him and saw all the files and folders for Jackson. There, at the bottom of the icons was one extra labeled ‘just me’. His heart pounded and he opened it. Pictures of Betty flooded his screen and he let out a ragged breath. He looked through them and it dawned on him what she was doing. These weren’t all just perfect shots, and some of them were absolutely stunning. She was fucking beautiful, there was no doubt. There were others as well. No makeup, tired, just woke up. One made him laugh. She had labelled it ‘life with a toddler, food stains’; her white shirt was covered in what looked like spaghetti sauce and she didn’t look impressed.
Betty was showing him what she looked like in all aspects of her life with Jackson and if anything, it made him want her more. She wasn’t afraid to show herself and if he was being honest, he thought she was hot no matter what. He decided to send her something in return and looked through his files for a picture that a friend from back home had taken of him in the summer when she had convinced him to model for her for an hour. He sent it to his phone and downloaded it and text it to Betty. Her reply came a minute later.

*B: I’m going to say it anyway.....*

*B: I want you too.*
By Wednesday, Betty was missing Jughead something awful and he hadn’t replied to her text of wanting him as well and he hadn’t made any contact at all. She was nervous and didn’t know if she should just text and say hello or give him some space. He had said he was going to be busy so she just left it. Still, she missed him. She had shown Jackson the pictures of him on her phone and the little guy had pointed and said his name and it warmed her heart. He remembered who he was and it was a good thing. The way Jughead was stepping up after literally having his world shifted with this news was something that was almost shocking. He was amazing and she liked him. A lot. She also wanted him. More than a lot. She ached for him and it wasn’t going away and she really wondered how long they could hold out.

She lay in bed thinking about him and wondering where this was going to go. He was obviously committed already to Jackson, and he wanted her, but was there more for them? Was there more between them than just the sexual attraction. For her, there was. She liked him so much and missed him like crazy when he wasn’t around or texting and she wanted him in her life. Jackson ensured that, but she couldn’t help but want more. Was she stupid for wanting more in such a short time? There was something between them and she didn’t think it was just the sexual tension. Her phone suddenly dinged with a message from him. She knew it was him before she even looked because she had set his contact with his own ringtone, like she did almost everyone else in her contacts. Her mother’s was a screeching rooster and it made her laugh every time she heard it. She quickly grabbed her phone and looked at the screen.

J: Hey…

B: Hi :)

J: I like that smile :) 

B: I really missed you.

J: Did you? ;)

B: Yes.

J: I’m sorry, I should have text more. I’d say it was because I was busy, which I was, but I was also freaking out a little.

B: Why?

J: You said you wanted me too and I went into a bit of a spin.

B: Oh…. 

J: I’m not exactly sure how to keep my hands off you…. 
B: We could tie them behind your back lol

J: Well, I’m not really into kink, but if you are, then….

B: lol we do this every time….why? why do we do this?

J: Not sure ;) You bring out the bad in me lol

B: ;)

Jughead didn’t reply for a while and Betty just smiled at the screen. It was so easy to talk to him like this. She hoped in time it would be easy and carefree in person as well. It was to a certain extent but the minute the flirting started she usually turned beet red and couldn’t even look at him.

J: I miss your face.

B: I gave you a lot of pictures :)

J: I need a new one ;)

Betty scrolled into her pics and found one she had taken that morning. She took it for the sole purpose of sending it to him and hadn’t worked up the courage. She sent it. He responded a couple minutes later.

J: sigh

J: Why do you have to be so beautiful? Seriously Betty, I’m trying to keep my hands off you, this isn’t helping lol

B: Well, you wanted a new pic…..and thank you :) and you know, fair is fair ;)

Jughead sent a picture of himself with his hand in his hair and giving some sort of cute teasing look and she got the butterflies again.

B: You are ridiculously hot

J: ;)

B: You know, we keep doing this and it’s not helping a thing lol

J: I can’t help it.

B: Can I ask you something?

J: Anything

B: You said the other day that you’ve been thinking about me since the day we met. Would you care to elaborate?

J: Ummm…lol you sure you want me to?

B: well, did you have any thoughts that didn’t revolve around the ‘fun’.

J: What fun?
B: shut up and answer the question lol

He took a while to type and she spent the time looking at her newest picture of him. God, he was
good looking. How did she manage to capture the interest of such a babe? She laughed at herself.
Babe? Maybe she would try it out.

J: I thought about the way you smiled at me across the room at that party. The way you
blushed when I came over to talk to you. I thought about how nervous you were in the
elevator. I thought about how you kissed me. I thought about how you invited me back to
your place. I thought about the way you giggled. The way you smiled. The way your green
eyes darkened when I touched you. I thought about how your mouth felt when I kissed you.
I thought about how we kept stopping and being terrified you’d change your mind because I
wanted you so bad, I was going nuts. I had never wanted anyone like that before and I didn’t
even know you. I mostly always thought about how sad you looked when I left and I spent 2
and a half years kicking myself for not giving you my phone number.

Betty read his text and couldn’t breathe for a minute. It was more than sex. She was certain of that
now. She didn’t quite know how to respond and thought about it for a while.

J: Sigh, I keep oversharing…..

B: You thought about me a lot… :)

J: Yes, and did I mention kicking myself?

B: Did you leave any bruises?

J: Yes, you may need to kiss them better ;)

B: That sounds tempting :)

J: I wouldn’t say no….

B: I’m extremely tempted to invite you over….

J: Again, I wouldn’t say no….

B: We need to change the subject, like now!

J: Why? ;)

B: Grrrrr

J: Mmmmmm tigress ;)

B: Seriously, stop it lol

J: I can’t help it, I keep looking at your picture and you’re so fucking cute and now I’m just
imagining….  

B: I’m not going to ask, I’m not going to ask…..

J: lol
B: Jughead?

J: Betty?

B: I need to say goodnight or I really will invite you over….

J: ;)

B: Goodnight Jughead ;)

J: Goodnight Beautiful ;)

Betty sighed and let out a groan. Dammit. They were really fucking bad at taking things slow. Friday was two days away and she was already blushing at the thought of facing him. How do you sit around with a guy, keeping your hands to yourself when you’ve both confessed that you want each other. She thought back to their night together and remembered how his mouth had felt when it was moving down her body. How he had parted her thighs and stroked his tongue over her. Betty had had only one sexual partner before him and they had never done that and it had been the most erotic thing she had ever experienced in her life. She closed her eyes and her hand slipped between her legs as the images played in her mind and it was Jughead’s name she moaned a few minutes later.

It was pouring rain that Friday. By late afternoon it was turning into sleet and Betty sighed as she looked out the window. There would be no going to the park today. Winter was coming and play time changed to indoor play places when she could get there and just staying in the apartment. Jughead sent her a text around 4:00.

J: So, I guess you won’t be at the park today. I was really looking forward to seeing Jackson and you :(.

B: Why don’t you come to the apartment? I can cook again ;)

J: Are you sure? I don’t want to confuse Jackson in his own place.

B: You won’t confuse him. He’s comfortable with you and I want you guys to spend time together, so please, come for dinner. 7:00?

J: Ok ;)

Jughead arrived at 7:00 sharp. She had to give him kudos for being punctual. She was also so nervous, she felt like throwing up. So much had been text since they had last seen each other and she was a wreck. She grabbed Jackson before opening the door, shamelessly using her son to hide behind. Jughead’s face broke into a grin when he saw them and her heart just melted.

“Hey!” he said happily.

“Jughead,” Jackson said with a grin and suddenly reached toward him with both arms. Jughead was so surprised he just froze. Betty smiled and stepped closer and held him to Jughead.

“It’s ok, you can take him,” she said softly. “He doesn’t want to go to a lot of people and he doesn’t usually like people this quickly but maybe on some level he knows you guys are connected,” she
finished quietly. Jughead stepped into the apartment and gently hooked his hands under Jackson’s arms and lifted him against his chest, tucking an arm around him to steady him.

“Hat!” Jackson exclaimed and reached up and pulled Jughead’s hat from his head.

“Ahhh, I see why you like me,” Jughead said with a laugh. Jackson tried to put it on and when he succeeded, his head disappeared. Betty started to laugh and closed the door. She motioned for Jughead to go into the living room with him and she went back to the kitchen to finish preparing the food. She had just made a lasagna and Caesar salad and soon had everything on the table ready to go.

Jughead was sitting on the couch trying to get his hat to sit right on Jackson’s head so it didn’t cover his eyes and the little boy thought it was a fun game of hide and seek.

“Boo,” he yelled when Jughead lifted the hat. He laughed and gave him a squeeze. Betty could have stood all evening and watched them, but the food was getting cold.

“Time to eat,” she said with a smile and Jughead stood up from the couch and carried Jax over and she motioned for him to put him in the high chair. They sat down and once again, Jughead gushed over her cooking.

“This is insanely good,” he said as he ate. She smiled and fed Jackson little bits of the pasta while Jughead wolfed down half the pan. Betty ate slowly, her eyes taking in their little threesome as they enjoyed dinner and she suddenly had an ache in her chest. They were a family and at the same time, they weren’t. This was the definition of complicated. She looked back to Jughead and found him watching her. There was a glint in his eyes that she couldn’t identify and he gave her a small smile. Jackson chose at that moment to throw the pasta he had and it landed in Jughead’s water glass. Betty sighed and frowned at Jackson.

“Sweetie, we don’t throw food. Say you’re sorry please.”

“No!” was the reply, followed by a giggle.

“Jackson, there will be no icecream for you if you don’t say you’re sorry,” Betty said firmly.

“Hey, buddy, I don’t know about you, but I really love ice cream, I’d do just about anything for some. I wouldn’t pass that up if I were you,” Jughead said to the boy, biting back a smile.

“Please tell Jughead you’re sorry,” Betty insisted and Jackson pouted and turned to Jughead.

“I sorry,” he said grudgingly. Jughead tried not to smile and brushed the boy’s curls off his forehead.

“I forgive you, Jax,” he said softly. Betty smiled as Jackson grinned at him and she nudged Jughead’s foot under the table and smiled at him. He winked and she flushed a little. When they were finished dinner, Betty insisted they go play in the living room while she cleaned up the dishes.

Jughead took Jackson to the living room and put him down and he ran to the toy box and picked out some toys. Jughead sat down on the floor and leaned against the couch and smiled when Jax brought over some plastic animals. He sat down in front of Jughead and dropped the toys on the floor. Jughead crossed his legs and leaned toward him and picked up a small dog.

“Do you know what this is?” He asked with a smile. Jackson took the toy and grinned.
“Puppy,” he said happily.

“That’s right, you’re very smart,” Jughead said. He picked up another animal and held it up. “This one?”

“Meow.” Jughead laughed.

“That’s the sound it makes, do you know what it is?” he asked.

“Kitty,” Jackson said excitedly.

“Good job,” Jughead said, his hand rubbing along Jackson’s back.

“Smart….”

“Yeah, buddy, you’re very smart,” he said softly, feeling a sense of pride and love. Jackson stood up and walked back to the toy box and came back with a book. He handed it to Jughead and turned and settled himself on his lap.

“Story,” he said with a smile and leaned back against Jughead’s chest. Jughead felt the happiness seep into him and he wrapped his arm around Jax and pulled him closer and opened the book. He started to read and Jackson clutched the thumb of the hand that was wrapped around his waist.

Betty watched from the kitchen and felt her eyes sting with tears. She picked up her phone and turned it to silent and took a couple of pictures. She never figured that Jackson would take to Jughead so quickly and she was glad for it. She had been afraid he wouldn’t like him and make things harder but maybe she was right. Maybe on some level, little Jackson knew he was connected to Jughead. He sat completely relaxed in his lap while Jughead’s soft voice read him the story. He rarely even sat for her anymore for a book, but he sat through the entire story until Jughead got to the end. And if she was going to be honest, the low soft hum of Jughead’s voice was making her stomach flutter like crazy. He was even more attractive with Jackson on his lap and reading than anything she had seen.

When he finished the book, Jackson stood up and grabbed at his hat again and Jughead laughed and leaned back, not letting him grab it. Jackson jumped in his lap and squealed as he tried to grab it. Jughead leaned to the side and ended up falling over, quickly wrapping his arms around Jackson so he wouldn’t fall. This seemed like the ideal position to the little guy and he almost sat on Jughead’s face in his attempt to grab his hat.

“No, you can’t have it,” Jughead teased, wiggling away and was rewarded with a knee in the cheek which made him grunt and laugh painfully. Jackson lunged for the beanie and managed to snag it, leaving Jughead’s hair in a disheveled mess and he laughed in glee and ran down the hall to his bedroom. Jughead got up off the floor and ran his hand through his hair and laughed. Betty bit back a laugh because his motions did nothing to fix his hair. He walked into the kitchen and leaned against the counter and smiled at her.

“Will I get my hat back?” he asked with a laugh. She shrugged and bit her lip as she stared at him. She was feeling overwhelmed. Watching him play with Jackson, remembering everything they had been texting, the way he was looking at her at the moment, his eyes teasing and heated, the way his eyes kept flickering to her mouth. Betty couldn’t help it. She really tried to hold back but it was like her body had a mind of its own.

She stepped closer and grabbed his face in her hands and planted a kiss on his mouth. She felt his
intake of breathe and pulled back, surprised at herself. She swallowed and stepped back and his eyes
darkened as they fastened on her mouth. He reached for her and she gasped as his mouth covered
hers in a hungry kiss. Her back hit the edge of the counter as his body pressed into hers. She let out
a whimper, her hands back on his face and she returned his kiss eagerly. His low groan vibrated
around her tongue as his hands gripped her hips, pulling her against him. The kiss was frantic, and
fast, pushing and pulling and she moaned when his tongue wrapped around hers, his mouth pressing
against hers. He eased back slightly and she took a shuddering breath before he pressed in again.
Betty clutched at his hair, messing it up even more and she felt him then, hard and aroused against
her core as he moved against her.

“Mama.” The sound of Jackson’s voice filtered into her passion glazed senses and she heard the
sound of his feet running down the hall. She wrenched her mouth away and Jughead stepped back
quickly, his breathing harsh, his face shrouded with heat. Betty touched her mouth, trying to regain
her senses as they stared at each other. Jackson appeared between them, still holding on to Jughead’s
beanie and she squatted down with a shaky smile.

“Hey buddy, what’s up?” she asked, trying to calm herself, and noticing her hand on his little
shoulder trembled.

“Jughead hat,” he announced and smiled at her. He held it up and she straightened and lifted him
into her arms.

“Why don’t you give it to him?” she asked softly. Jackson held out the hat and Jughead took and it
put it over his rumpled hair.

“Thanks buddy,” he said softly. Jackson again held out his hands and this time Jughead immediately
reached for him.

“You guys want some ice cream?” Betty asked with a smile.

“Ice cream!” Jackson said in excitement and she ushered them into the living room while she pulled
out the treat.

She brought two bowls over and handed one to Jughead who was sitting on the couch holding
Jackson, flipping through a book.

“Is it ok if you just feed him from yours? I don’t usually give him his own bowl cause he likes to
throw it,” Betty said laughing.

“Sure,” Jughead said softly, taking the bowl from her. His fingers brushed hers and their eyes met,
both feeling the current moving between them. He smiled and she sat down next to him. “You want
some ice cream Jax?” he asked, putting a little on the spoon for him. Jackson ate it eagerly and Betty
settled back and smiled as she watched them. Jughead was putting a spoonful in his own mouth
when Jackson swung his arm and he missed and got some on the corner of his lip that he failed to
notice.

“Young there, little guy,” Jughead said laughing, trying to keep his flailing arms still. Betty laughed
and reached over and swept her thumb over the spot of cream before she realized what she was
doing just as Jughead’s tongue swept out to get it. It stroked against her thumb and they froze, their
eyes locking. He held her gaze and once again, with intention, swept his tongue over it and back
into his mouth. Betty quickly pulled it away, her breath coming a little quicker than it had been a
minute before. Jughead went back to feeding Jackson, a small smile on his face.

Betty was flustered as hell. He had clearly done it on purpose and her entire body ached and she
didn’t know what to do with herself now. She finished her ice cream and let Jughead and Jackson eat theirs and be cute with each other but all she could think about was Jughead’s mouth on hers. When the ice cream was done, she cleaned up the bowls and went back to the living room and gently took Jax from Jughead.

“It’s time for your bath and then off to bed sweetie,” she said smiling. Jughead stood and ran a hand over his shirt.

“I guess I should get going,” he said quietly.

“You…you don’t have to,” she said softly. “It won’t take me long to get him down for the night. If you just want to wait a bit….”

“I’ll wait,” he said quickly. She smiled and went to the back to take care of Jackson. She bathed him and got him in his pajamas and brought him back out to say goodnight. Jughead gave him a tight hug and pressed a kiss to his hair. “Good night buddy,” he whispered softly.

“Night Jughead,” Jackson said with a smile and a yawn. Betty smiled and brought him to his bed. She didn’t even get half way through her lullaby before he was sleeping.

Jughead stood in the living room. Betty’s voice as she sang to Jackson carrying out to him and he felt his whole body tense. The thought of the woman he wanted more than anything singing to his son as he fell asleep made his heart constrict with a tightness that had him struggling to breathe. She came back into the living room and he just stood and stared at her. The air felt like it was charged and she stood silently just looking at him, her hands curled into fists as if she didn’t know what else to do with them. Jughead walked slowly over to her and he just stood and stared at her. Betty closed her eyes and leaned into his touch. Jughead walked slowly over to her and he just stood and stared at her. The air felt like it was charged and she stood silently just looking at him, her hands curled into fists as if she didn’t know what else to do with them. Jughead walked slowly over to her and he saw her tremble and he lifted his hand and trailed the back of his fingers down her cheek. Betty closed her eyes and leaned into his touch. When she opened them, her green eyes were a shade darker and she bit her lip unconsciously and he just couldn’t hold it back anymore.

Jughead took her face in his hands and lowered his mouth to hers. Her arms immediately went around his neck and she pressed herself against him, her whimper telling him how much she liked it. She tasted good, God did she taste good. Like ice cream and cherry lip gloss. He sank his tongue inside her mouth and she moaned, rubbing hers against his, tugging on his hair. The kiss turned hot, ravenous and he fisted his hands in her hair, pulling her head back slightly to settle more firmly over her mouth. He felt his body harden and when she moved her hips to cuddle him he growled and wrenched his mouth away, pulling his hips back to keep from moving against her. His forehead rested on hers and he took a deep shuddering breath, hearing her gasp for air as well. He strokes his thumbs across her cheeks, trying to gain control of himself.

“I need to go,” he said in a raw whisper. She pulled back and looked at him, and he knew she could see the need and desire in his eyes. He saw it in hers as well. He kissed her again, her mouth drawing him with a force he couldn’t explain. Again it heated up quickly and he could feel her trembling and he pulled back again. “Shit, Betty,” he gasped, his hands gripping her waist, wanting to pick her up and carry her to bed. “I should go, I need to go,” he said hoarsely. She nodded in agreement, even as she kissed him again. Her tongue ran over his lips and he groaned and his hands slid over her backside, lifting her to him and he moved and pressed her against the door.

“You taste good,” she whimpered against his mouth and moaned when he moved against her. Jughead could feel her heat as she cuddled him and he rocked against her again, his mouth moving heavily over hers. She bit his lip and tugged and he stroked his tongue against hers. His mouth moved across her jaw and down her neck, licking and sucking the skin as he went. “Juggie,” she
whispered and he bit into her skin at the nickname. She shuddered and he soothed it with his tongue.

“Fuck,” he muttered, his hands moving under her shirt. He was so close to just ripping her shirt off and he forced himself back. He undid her arms from around his neck and took a full step back. “I need to go,” he said, breathing heavy. She just nodded, her eyes and face still hazy with desire. Jughead grabbed his jacket and took her chin in his hand and lifted it, placing a hard kiss on her mouth and then he quickly left the apartment.

Betty sagged against the door, her trembling hand on her chest. Her entire body was on fire and all she could taste was his mouth. He was still an amazing kisser. His hands, God his hands had felt hot and heavy on her skin when he slipped them under her shirt. His arms around her was something she had never forgotten and it had felt as wonderful as it had then. She was in trouble. She knew if he wanted it, she wouldn’t hesitate. He had a little more sense than she did, but for how long? She sighed and straightened and turned the lights off and got ready for bed. A bed she wanted him in and she didn’t know how much longer until she dragged him to it. As she snuggled under the blankets, she took her phone and sent him the pictures she had taken of him with Jackson. He didn’t take long to reply.

**J**: Thank you.

**B**: You’re welcome.

He didn’t say anything in reply and she bit her lip. She wanted to talk to him but they had just crossed a scrunchy line and she didn’t know if she should say anything, or even what she could say. She decided after a while to just message him the truth.

**B**: I miss you arms.

**J**: I miss your mouth.

**B**: Dammit, what are we doing?

**J**: Trying to stay away from each other?

**B**: It’s working really well!

**J**: I’ll behave next time.

**B**: I probably won’t.

**J**: Promise?

**B**: Sigh, most likely.

**J**: lol, I look forward to it.

**B**: Shut up and go to bed.

**J**: Yes, ma’am ;)

**B**: Goodnight Juggie.

**J**: I like that ;)
B: Just kinda came out lol

J: Goodnight beautiful :)

November flew in with a cold fury. It wasn’t yet snowing but the chill in the air foretold that it was coming soon. Betty hoped it held out until December, but she wasn’t holding her breath. Jughead had come over again the Friday after their heated kiss and somehow, they had managed to keep their hands to themselves, although that proved very difficult. His work kept him busy and their texting the last couple weeks had been regular chit chat that hadn’t lasted long because he had a lot of work and then just wanted to sleep. He came over the next Friday as well and Betty left him to entertain Jackson while she worked on some research. She was sitting at the table going, through some files, when he left Jackson to play with some toys and came to sit with her.

“Working hard?” he asked with a smile. She looked up and smiled back and leaned back in her chair, stretching her back.

“Yeah, I’m about to pull the plug. I just can’t find what I’m needing to find. Maybe use some fresh eyes tomorrow,” she said with a sigh. She closed her laptop and pushed her chair back a little and stood up. “Couch me,” she said as she walked into the living room. He followed her and they sat on opposite ends of the couch and she pulled up her legs and deposited her feet in his lap.

“A good baby daddy will massage the feet of the woman who had his kid,” she said teasingly. Jughead stilled in surprise at her comment and then burst out laughing. He took a foot and started to massage it.

“Well, you did do all the hard work, so I guess I can do this,” he said with a wink. They were getting comfortable enough with each other to say things without having to worry about possibly offending the other when it came to their situation. Betty let her head fall back on the arm of the couch and let out a moan as he found a particularly tender spot. After a couple minutes and a few more moans, Jughead suddenly stopped massaging and squeezed her ankle. She lifted her head and looked at him.

“Your moans are killing me,” he said, his eyes heated and dark. Betty flushed and let out a nervous giggle.

“Sorry,” she exclaimed. “I didn’t even realize….” She trailed off and bit her lip, wanting to hide from embarrassment and laugh all at the same time. Jackson saved her by coming over to Jughead and climbing up into his lap. Her little boy was all about Jughead now and if he was around, he didn’t want mommy. She was fine with that and if she was going to be honest, it was exactly what she wanted. It had taken only a short time for them to bond and she was grateful.

“Hey Buddy,” Jughead said with a smile, placing a kiss on his curls. “You almost ready for bed?”

“Jughead take me,” Jackson said, leaning his head on his shoulders. Jughead looked at Betty and she smiled.
"He had his bath earlier and you can absolutely put him to bed. Not sure if you sing or not, but he sometimes falls asleep with a story as well."

"A story sounds good," Jughead said with a laugh. They got up and went into Jackson’s room and Betty gave Jughead some pajamas for him and left him to it. She didn’t go far, wanting to see the moment between them. She didn’t know if Jughead knew she was watching but all his attention was on his son as he changed him and then tucked him into his little bed. He sat down on the floor next to it and Jackson held onto his arm as Jughead read him a story. He almost reached the end and Jackson was asleep. Betty went back out and sat back down on the couch, her heart warm and her body aching. She didn’t know why seeing Jughead with his son did such crazy things to her, but the more she saw it, the more she wanted him.

Jughead came back out and settled back on the couch and grabbed her feet and settled them back in his lap. He started massaging again and his look told her he didn’t want to hear any moaning. Betty bit her lip to keep from laughing.

“So, I don’t know what you and Jackson do for Thanksgiving but I actually have plans to go home to Riverdale. Did I mention where I lived? Well, anyway, I’m actually going for a week and I’ll be leaving next Tuesday,” he said quietly.

“Oh,” Betty said in surprise. She hadn’t even realized the holiday was that close already. It seemed like November had just started. “I usually just go to my mother’s. That’s most likely what we’ll be doing. You’ll be gone a whole week?”

“Yeah, I promised my dad,” he explained as he put her foot down and started the other one.

“Well, Jackson will really miss you,” she said softly. Jughead just smiled as he concentrated on his massage. He lifted his head and caught her gaze with his.

“Just Jackson?” he asked softly. Betty flushed and lowered her eyes.

“I might miss you a little,” she said with a smile. She met his gaze again and his eyes fluttered to her mouth.

“Come here,” he said gruffly. Betty went still for a moment and then shifted and slowly slid over to him. She let out a little yelp when he grabbed her waist and deposited her in his lap, adjusting her legs so she was straddling him. Betty immediately felt the heat invade her and she stayed completely still, staring at him.

“Will you miss me?” he asked softly, his hands moving along her thighs to attach to her waist. Betty bit her lip and nodded, not trusting her voice to come out normal.

“Tell me,” he said and she felt the ache between her legs at his heated stare and demand.

“I’ll miss you,” she whispered. He tightened his grip on her waist and pulled her closer until she was flush against him and her breath came out in a gasp. His hand moved up and cupped the back of her neck, pulling her face close to his and his breath warmed her lips, his mouth brushing hers when he spoke.

“I’ve been working overtime to not touch you the last few weeks,” he muttered. “I can’t fucking do it anymore.” Betty whimpered when he flicked his tongue against her mouth, but making no move to kiss her. The hand on her waist held her closer and she felt him move against her and her head spun when she felt the hard length against her core. “Do you feel what you do to me, Betty?” he asked in a low growl. Betty’s breathing was laboured and harsh as he moved against her again.
“Juggie,” she whimpered when he kept ghosting his lips over hers and moving his hips against her.

“I don’t want to go home for a week without tasting your mouth again,” he murmured, his tongue sliding along her upper lip. Betty gripped his shoulders and moved to kiss him and he pulled back.

“What are you doing?” she asked in pleading moan.

“Teasing you,” he said with a smile.

“Well, this isn’t texting, kiss me already,” she huffed.

“You want me to kiss you?” he asked, tugging on her lip with his teeth, moving slowly against her.

“Jesus!”

“It’s Jughead actually,” he murmured. Betty pulled back and looked at him and saw the laughter in his eyes.

“You’re ridiculous,” she whispered with a smile.

“But you still like me,” he said softly, his mouth trailing over her jaw.

“Juggie, please,” she moaned. She turned her head and pressed a kiss to his mouth before he could pull away. He smiled against her mouth and his hand tangled in her hair and held her still as he angled his mouth to fit more firmly over hers, taking over the kiss in an instant. Betty opened her mouth to his tongue and pressed closer, her hands slipping into his hair. He kissed her slowly, teasingly, his tongue sliding in and out of her mouth. His arms came around her and pulled her close, holding her tightly. She tugged on his hair and the kiss turned hot, ravenous and he groaned, his hands moving to her hips, forcing her against him. Betty pulled away and gasped, the ache between her thighs turning into a burn.

“Jug,” she whispered. He leaned his head back and looked at her, his eyes dark and glazed with desire. “We should stop.”

“Do you want to stop?” he asked softly. She shook her head, her lip pulled between her teeth. “But we should….” She nodded, her eyes fastened on his mouth. “I just want to kiss you….I promise it won’t go further,” he whispered against her mouth. She nodded eagerly and he took her mouth again. Betty had no idea how long they spent kissing. She only concentrated on his mouth, the way he teased and stroked with his tongue, the way he tugged on her lip, the way his mouth would move to her neck to lick and suck the skin before coming back to her mouth. When they finally came up for air she was laying under him on the couch, her legs wrapped around him. He rested his forehead against hers, his breathing harsh.

“Jughead?”

“Betty?”
“Are we going to sleep together?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“Soon,” Jughead said. His voice sure and determined. She trembled and closed her eyes. She wanted him so bad she could almost feel him moving over her and in her. “I need to go,” he said softly, pushing up on his hands and slowly pulling away from her. He sat up and helped her up, pulling her onto his lap again and just holding her close. “I’m going to miss you too,” he whispered. She smiled and tightened her hold on him. The thought that she was falling for him got quickly pushed aside because Betty knew it was already past tense. She had fallen for him two and a half years ago. Jughead left the following Tuesday. He stopped by her apartment to say goodbye to them and when he gave Jackson a hug, the little boy took his hat and grinned.

“My hat,” he said happily.

“Jax honey, daddy needs his hat.” Jughead’s eyes flew to hers and he went still. She hadn’t even realized what she said until it was out. Betty gave him a shaky smile. She liked how it sounded. She turned back to Jax and tugged on his shirt. “Give daddy his hat back,” she said softly. Jackson looked at him and Jughead swallowed, barely able to tear his gaze from Betty.

“It’s ok, he can keep it safe for me while I’m gone,” he said, sounding a little hoarse. He gave Jackson another hug and handed him to Betty. She put him down and he wandered into the living room, holding the beanie. Jughead pulled Betty into his arms and held her tightly.

“I’m sorry, I just blurted that out, and I don’t know if you were ready or….,” she started to speak into his shirt.

“Shhhhh,” he murmured softly. “It’s ok, I liked it.” Betty smiled and looked up at him. He smiled down at her, his eyes warm and tender.

“Come back soon,” she whispered and he nodded as he lowered his head and gave her a soft kiss.

“I promise.” He gave her one last kiss and then he left.

Jughead sat at Pop’s, waiting for Archie and Veronica to join him for lunch. It was nice to be home again but he already missed Betty and Jackson. He tried to not text her every other minute, and it was actually hard. He couldn’t get the taste and feel of her out of his mind and he had been telling the truth. They were going to sleep together. It wasn’t a matter of ‘are we’, it was a matter of ‘when’. He scrolled his pictures again, having already accumulated a lot of them and he smiled at little Jackson. His cheeky grin in the latest pic that Betty sent was adorable and he was wearing his hat. Betty had somehow managed to prop it properly on his head and damn, if he didn’t look even more like him.

Jughead heard the door chimes and looked up and smiled as he watched Archie and Veronica enter the diner. He stood from the booth and accepted the long hug from V and the back pounding embrace from Archie. They sat down across from each other and Jughead smiled at them.

“It’s good to see you guys,” he said, genuinely happy about it. The three milkshakes he had ordered before they got there showed up and he took a happy sip. He had missed these. He hoped to one day
bring Betty here and let her try one. He let out a little sigh at the thought. He was letting his mind do crazy things lately.

“So how are things?” Veronica asked, as she patted her always perfect hair and smiled sweetly at him. “New York treating you well?”

“Yes, it’s really great. Job’s going well. I can’t really complain about anything,” Jughead said smiling.

“Why do you look different?” Archie suddenly asked, frowning.

“I have no idea,” Jughead laughed. “Do I?”

“You hat!” he suddenly exclaimed. “You finally got rid of that old thing?”

“No, I still have it, just not at the moment.”

“Oh, where you hiding it,” Archie asked with a laugh. “Has it become too fragile to wear?”

“It probably has a pedestal that he keeps it on,” Veronica teased. Jughead rolled his eyes and sat back, his smile slightly anxious.

“No, it’s not on a pedestal. My son has it.” Jughead didn’t think he could have shocked them any more if he’d tried. They both just kind of froze and stared at him.

“I’m sorry, what?” Veronica asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“My son has it,” Jughead said more clearly.

“What the hell do you mean, your son has it?” Archie asked, incredulous. “You’ve only been gone a few fucking months. How do you have a son?”

“Remember when I came home after being at school for two years? When I told you about the one night stand….,” His voice trailed off as Archie’s eyes widened.

“No fucking way,” he retorted.

“Wait, you had a one night stand?” Veronica asked, confused. “That doesn’t even sound like you.”

“So what, this chick found you and is trying to pawn a kid off on you? Come on Jug, you’re not that fucking dumb, are you?” Archie said laughing. “And I thought you didn’t give her your name? How the fuck did she find you?”

“It’s not what you think,” Jughead said, his eyes narrowing.

“Jughead, you told me you had a wild night with this beautiful blonde and you guys exchanged no information. Now you go back to New York and immediately she finds you and tells you that you have a kid? No way. She’s playing you!”

“It’s not like that,” Jughead said angrily. “She wasn’t looking for me. I found her and completely by accident, mind you.” He told the story and both Arch and V just sat and stared at him.

“She was just sitting there on a park bench? In New York City?”

“Yes, fuck. In fact I scared the hell out of her and she went into a panic. She totally wasn’t expecting to see me again.”
“And she had a kid and you just let her make you believe he was yours?” Veronica asked incredulously. Jughead sighed and pulled up the most recent picture of Jackson and held it up for them. They both stared in shock.

“Well, ok, he’s definitely yours,” Archie said, suddenly laughing. “Holy shit! How can a kid look so much like his dad? Just wow!”

“But still Jughead,” Veronica said softly. “She must have been happy that you walked up. Is she trying to get money out of you?”

“Jesus Christ, V, really?”

“Well, I mean, that’s obviously a good opportunity for her,” Archie said, nodding his head, agreeing with Veronica. Jughead sighed angrily and slammed his hand down on the table. They both jumped and went quiet.

“She’s not fucking like that!” he said furiously. “It’s not like that at all. In fact, she fucking refuses to take any money from me and I’ve offered a bunch of times.”

“So, what exactly is happening? You’re obviously in your son’s life if he’s got your precious beanie for a week.”

“I asked her if I could get to know him and she said yes, so that’s what I’ve been doing. I mean, the kid looks just like me and I knew he was mine before she even saw I was there. I wasn’t about to just walk away.”

“Always the good guy,” Veronica said softly. “You’re a catch Jughead Jones. Why hasn’t anyone snatched you up yet?”

Jughead smiled and shrugged.

“So what about her?” Archie asked. “The girl. The way you talked about her, and might I add, you talked about her a lot, you really liked her and I remember you being pissed off that you hadn’t given her your number. She have a guy playing dad to your kid?”

“No, she’s single,” Jughead said softly. Archie studied him curiously and noted the slight flush on Jughead’s cheeks.

“You like her.” Archie said. Jughead just shrugged and twirled his milkshake glass. “Jug, are you being smart about this? I mean, it seems all a little too easy. A one night stand ends up pregnant. Ok that happens. The way you talked about her, she was quite beautiful and she just happens to be single. You sure you’re not just letting yourself build a fantasy because it’s your kid?”

“She’s amazing,” Jughead said quietly. “That’s how we ended up in bed together to begin with. Like you said V, I don’t have one night stands but something just drew me to her that night. The way she was watching me and blushing. We ended up in the sack and I literally have not stopped thinking about her ever since. That’s why I couldn’t fucking seem to date when I came back home. Nobody compared.”

“How can you think like that after only one night. I mean, sure the sex must have been fantastic if you can’t stop thinking about it. Maybe she did that a lot….” Veronica trailed off when he shook his head.

“It was a first for her as well and I believed her when she said it, just by how nervous she was. And it wasn’t that we were such experts in bed, I mean yeah, it was amazing but it was more because we just seemed to connect,” he said with a sigh.
“Wow, you really like her,” Archie said quietly. “Is she the same?”

“Completely. Shy, sweet, so fucking beautiful, it damn near hurts to look at her. I don’t know how she doesn’t have guys all over her. She’s an amazing mother to Jackson and I just...I really like her.”

“Jackson? Didn’t you tell me that she thought your name was Jackson?” Archie asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah.”

“And she named him Jackson? Well, doesn’t seem like she was wanting to forget you either.”

“Are you sleeping with her again?” Veronica asked curiously.

“No…”

“Why not? She doesn’t like you?”

“No, she does,” he said smiling, remembering the way she kissed him.

“Soooo…”

“It’s complicated,” Jughead said with a sigh.

“What’s complicated?” Verconica asked curiously. “Also, do you have a picture of her, I’m very curious.” Jughead found his favorite pic and showed her. Archie and Veronica stared at his phone. Archie whistled and she raised her eyebrows.

“She was single? How the fuck?” V asked. “She’s so pretty. So, why is it complicated?” she asked again.

“Well, because of Jackson.”

“Why? You guys have a son, shouldn’t that make it easier? I mean, he’s yours. You have no other guy showing up and in the picture.”

“I’m already in love with this kid. He’s amazing and so is his mother. Maybe I’m just afraid, I don’t know. Like what if we start something up and then it doesn’t work? I would still see her all the time because of Jax. And it would be hard on him as well. It all sounds great, like hey, instant family, but I’m just terrified of fucking it up and hurting him, you know? So yeah, we’re basically right on the edge of being in some sort of relationship, but what if it doesn’t work out?”

“Well, what if it does?” V asked softly, placing her hand over his. “Maybe it’s worth the risk? I mean, you guys have clearly never gotten over this night you keep mentioning; there has to be something to this.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Jughead said softly. His phone suddenly dinged and he glanced at the screen and saw the ‘I miss you’ from Betty and he smiled and sent one back.

“Jesus, you’re so gone for her,” Veronica said laughing.

“Shut up,” he said with a flush.

“The New York City big guy is blushing over a girl in Pop’s diner,” Archie said, laughing with Veronica.
“You guys are assholes,” he said with a roll of his eyes.

“But you love us,” V said with a smile.

“Yeah, I do,” Jughead replied.

After lunch, Jughead joined them in a bit of shopping and since it apparently weirded Veronica out that he wasn’t wearing a beanie, she bought him a temporary one. He knew better than to argue with her and just accepted it, then he headed to his father’s. He still lived in a trailer on the south side, but at least it was a bit of an upgrade. FP had insisted he stay with him when he had arrived the day before and while Jughead had just wanted to stay at a hotel, he figured staying with his dad was probably easier, not to mention cheaper. FP wasn’t home and Jughead settled down on the couch and pulled out his phone. He sent Betty a text.

J: Hey you :)  

She replied almost instantly.

B: HI :)  

J: How’s Jax?  

B: He’s napping right now. He told me today he wanted to play with you :)  

J: Tell him I’ll be home soon, not to worry. He taking care of my hat? 

B: Sigh, I had to put it away. He’s really rough with it and I didn’t want him to ruin it.  

J: It’s ok.  

B: Juggie, you’ve had that hat since I met you and I’m assuming before that. It obviously means a lot to you and I’m not going to let Jax destroy it.  

J: Alright, well thank you :)  

B: So how is your day going? Things are good at home?  

J: Yeah, it’s good. Had lunch with friends today. My friend’s girl decided I needed a hat and bought me one and took a pic, thought you might like it. 

Jughead sent the photo and then grinned at her reply.

B: Sighh, come home….  

J: As soon as I can  

B: Well I spent most of the day with my mother and I looked great to start with but now I’m all haggard looking lol  

Betty sent two pics and Jughead bit his lip as he stared at her.  

J: You are stunning regardless. I miss you.  

B: My mom is calling me, sigh, will you text tonight?
Can’t get enough of me? ;)

B: shush :)

I’ll text :)

FP walked in the door a few seconds later and Jughead sent a goodbye and put his phone down.

“Hey, son, you been here long?”

“I just got in a bit ago,” Jughead said, sitting up and adjusting his shirt. He watched him shuffle around a bit and then cleared his throat. “Can I talk to you about something?” he asked quietly.

“Sure, Jug, what’s up?” FP said as he settled in a chair.

“Ahh, well I don’t really even know how to start this or say it,” Jughead said with a nervous laugh. He decided to just show his father instead. Jughead brought up a picture of Jackson and handed FP the phone. His father stared at it for a while, the shock clear on his face.

“Jughead, what is this? Is this kid yours?”

“Yeah….his name is Jackson,” Jughead said quietly.

“How do you have a kid?” FP asked in confusion.

“I…uh…I spent a night with a girl before I came home from school,” he explained sheepishly.

“So you knocked her up and left her?”

“What? NO! Jesus. I literally left the next day and we used protection, I had no idea she was pregnant and we didn’t exchange info. It was just supposed to be a one time thing.” FP raised an eyebrow.

“That doesn’t sound like you,” he said. Jughead rolled his eyes.

“Can everyone just get off that already? Yes, shocker, I had a one night stand and shit got complicated.” Jughead told him how he found out about it and when he was done, FP was chewing on his lip and studying Jughead.

“You like this girl?”

“Yes, I do, a lot.”

“Are you sure Jug? Be sure about this girl before you take things further. Make sure you aren’t wanting to get into it with her because of your son.”

“It’s not like that,” Jughead said, looking at his hands. “I was already heading her way before I knew about him.” FP nodded and settled back, again looking at the picture.

“He’s beautiful,” he said with a smile. “Looks just like you.”

“He’s really great. I hope you get to meet him soon.”

Betty was laying in bed, watching the snow falling out the window. It had started mid afternoon and
she curled up under the blanket, wishing Jughead was with her. It was always so warm when he held her. She lay thinking about him for a while before her phone dinged. She smiled and picked it up.

J: Hey beautiful.

B: Hi Juggie :)

J: You miss me?

B: You know I do.

J: How was the day with your mom?

B: It was ok. She was nuts as usual and I chickened out

J: Chickened out?

B: I was going to tell her about you being back and in Jackson’s life and I lost my nerve. I’m not sure why I’m afraid of her still. I’m a grown ass woman, I shouldn’t be scared of my mother.

J: Why are you scared to tell her?

B: Because she would most likely yell at me that I just let you into Jackson’s life like that and she loves to control everything. Ugh, let’s not talk about her. Send me a picture of yourself lol

J: Nah

B: That’s mean :( 

J: Is it? ;)

B: Come on Juggie, show me some skin ;)

Jughead didn’t answer for a while and she started to grin. She was guessing he was taking a picture and felt her heart hitch a little. After a couple minutes a pic came through and she felt her whole body go warm. He was in front of the mirror, and had pulled his shirt off to the point where it just hung around his neck and she could see every line and ridge of muscle on his torso.

B: oh God…..

J: Fair is fair….your turn… ;)

Betty thought for a while and decided to get a little naughty. She figured it was safe since he was so far away and couldn’t run to her apartment. She giggle at the thought and adjusted her tiny tank top until her chest was barely covered with a good amount of side boob and the nipple damn near peeking out. She took the picture and stared at it for a bit and chewed on her lip. Should she? She took a bit too long to decide.

J: I’m waiting…..

Betty giggled and with a nervous squeal hit send.

B: Is it fair though? ;)

J: Well, fuck…..
She bit her lip and waited and jumped almost a foot when her phone suddenly rang. She stared at it and her heart started racing. Well, this was new. She took a deep breath and answered it.

“Hey,” she said softly.

“Jesus Christ, girl,” Came Jughead’s throaty reply. His voice against her ear made her shiver and she wished so much he was beside her. “You can’t send me shit like that.”

“Why not?” she asked in a breathy whisper.

“Because all I can think now is if I just move that shirt about an inch over….” Betty giggled and heard him sigh.

“Christ.”

“I’m sorry,” she said softly. “I shouldn’t tease you like that.”

“No, you shouldn’t. Especially when I’m too far away to do anything about it.”

“That’s why I did it,” she admitted with a smile.

“Mean.”

“A little.”

There was silence for a while, as if neither of them knew what to say. He spoke first.

“Do you ever think about our night together?”

“Well, it kind of follows me around every day, so yeah,” she said with a laugh.

“You know what I mean,” he said softly.

“I…but I think about it all the time,” Betty said quietly, flushing at her confession.

“Oh yeah?” Jughead’s voice was husky and soft and she felt herself getting aroused just listening to it.

“Yeah…”

“What do you think about exactly?” Jughead asked softly.

“I think about the way you kissed me…” Betty bit her lip, her mind going back to that night for maybe the millionth time since it happened.

“Did you like it?”

“Yes…” the word came out in a whimper and Betty flushed, embarrassed at how aroused she was getting. “Do you like kissing me?”

“Mmmmm, you have no idea,” Jughead’s gruff voice was so sexy, she could hardly breathe. “I like the way you taste,” he said softly.

“Juggie…” Betty moaned out, feeling like her whole body was starting to burn.

“Hmmmm?”
“What are you doing?” she whispered.

“Not sure,” he said with a low laugh that made her toes curl.

“I think you know exactly what you’re doing,” she said with a sigh.

“What am I doing Betty?”

“You’re trying to arouse me….”

“Is it working?”

“Yes…” the word came out a strangled whisper. She heard a small groan from Jughead and smiled.

“What do you think about when you think of that night? You know, the fun stuff,” she teased.

“I think about how smooth your skin was and how it tasted when I ran my tongue over it,” he said softly.

“Shit,” Betty muttered, feeling the heat pool between her legs.

“I’m looking at this picture and I’m imagining I’m laying beside you and I just have to give your shirt a tiny little tug and…. Betty’s hand moved to her shirt at his words, tugging on it slightly and her nipple slipped free and unable to help herself, Betty closed her eyes and pretended her hand was Jughead’s and slid her fingers over the peak.

“And what?” she breathed, biting her lip as she kneaded her breast. She tried to keep from moaning, feeling naughty and trying to hide it.

“Free that nipple I see peaking and pebbled through the shirt, and run my tongue over it,” he said hoarsely.

“Oh my god…” she muttered, and then whimpered, unable to help herself as she used her fingers to squeeze the nipple he was referring to.

“What are you doing Betty?” he asked quietly.

“Touching….” she said, unable to say any more.

“Touching what?” His voice was so soft and husky, it was like a caress in her ear. “Tell me.”

“My chest…” she said.

“Your what?”

“My….I…you know…”

“No I don’t, tell me,” Jughead said gruffly.

“My nipple,” she squeaked out and his low groan vibrated in her ear.

“I want to touch it,” he breathed in her ear. “I remember what it felt like in my mouth, how it puckered against my tongue.”

“Fuck, Juggie,” Betty moaned, feeling the ache intensify between her legs. Her hand moved down over her stomach and slipped between her legs, holding herself through her pajamas. She could feel the heat and panted a little as she imagined Jughead’s hand there.
“You alright?” he asked softly. She nodded and realized with a small laugh that he couldn’t see her.

“Yeah,” she whispered.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No…”

“Tell me what you want,” he said.

“I wish you were here,” Betty said with a sigh.

“What would you want me to do?”

“Touch me,” she whispered.

“Where?” Betty took deep breathes, feeling light headed and aroused. Her body was so wound, she wanted to jump through the phone. “Where do you want me to touch you, Betty?”

“My chest and maybe slide your hand down to my stomach. I remember how you teased with your fingers and made small circles around my belly button and it tickled and made me feel all hot,” Betty said slowly.

“Oh yeah?” She could hear the teasing lilt in his voice and the desire as well. “I remember when I ran my tongue over the smooth skin of your stomach, when I kissed my way down to your hip and along your hip…” She heard his breath hitch and his groan rumbled against her ear. Betty slipped her hand inside her underwear and moaned as her fingers slid over her wet heat. “Are you touching yourself Betty?”

“Ye…yes…” she whimpered.

“What do you feel?”

“I’m wet Juggie,” she moaned.

“Fuck,” he muttered. “How wet?”

“Really wet,” she whispered. She heard him groan and knew he was doing what she was doing. “Juggie?”

“Yes?”

“Tell me what you want to do to me.”

“I want to kiss your mouth and taste your tongue with mine,” Jughead’s voice spoke sensually into her ear. “I want to kiss my way down to your chest and run my tongue over your nipples, suck them into my mouth…” Betty gasped as she ran her fingers over her clit, her hips lifting to her hand. She saw Jughead above her, his mouth moving down her body, leaving a trail of fire. “Tell me what you want Betts,” Jughead said gruffly.

“I want you inside me,” she groaned. “I want to feel you move, I want your mouth on me, your hands on my thighs.”

“God, yes,” Jughead gasped into the phone. “I remember how you felt around my fingers.” Betty closed her eyes with a harsh gasp as she slid her fingers inside, remembering his touch, how he had stroked her. “I remember slipping inside you, you were so wet Betty, so tight around me. You started
to shake and I knew you were coming…”

“Juggie, I’m close…” Betty whimpered, her fingers stroking over herself, her body starting to tighten.

“Me too baby,” he breathed into the phone. “I want you so bad, I want to touch you, and stroke you and kiss you, I want my tongue on you, inside you, all over you. I want to fuck you hard and fast until you squeeze me, until you shake and shudder around my cock…”

“Oh my God,” Betty moaned, his words sending her spinning. “Juggie,” she moaned as her body tightened and clenched on her fingers. She fell apart listening to his groan on the other end and knew that he joined her.

“Fucking hell,” he muttered around his gasp. Betty lay gasping, her body shaking as she slowly came down from her release. She had never wanted anything as badly as she wanted him with her in that moment. They were quiet for a while, both breathing heavy and trying to calm down.

“Are you ok?” he asked softly.

“Yes,” she whispered, a smile on her face. “You?”

“That was amazing,” he said gruffly. “Can’t actually believe we just did that,” he said with a low laugh. She giggled and she heard him groan again. “You’re making me crazy.”

“Juggie?”

“Betty?”

“Will you be home soon?”

“As soon as fucking possible,” he promised.
Again

Chapter Notes

When it feels so good because you’ve been waiting for it for so long.....

Jughead stayed in Riverdale for 3 more days to get through all the thanksgiving meals and visits and then he headed home. He had called Betty again the next day and once again they had talked each other to orgasm and he was so wound up for her already, he felt like he was going to go insane if he didn’t have her soon. The day he arrived back in New York her texting was few and far between and he wondered at it. She seemed happy he was back but didn’t answer five texts that he sent after. He was starting to worry and wonder if maybe they had taken things too far and she hadn’t been ready. But she had responded eagerly both times so he wasn’t so sure about that theory.

Back in his apartment, it was 5:00 pm and Betty hadn’t replied to his last six texts and Jughead sighed. He had asked if she was alright and with no reply he finally decided he needed to go see for himself. He was worried as this wasn’t like her at all. She didn’t even respond to questions about Jackson. He finally just grabbed his jacket and headed to her place. He knocked a few times and when he was about to turn and leave, the door opened.

“Jesus,” he muttered as he stared at Betty. She looked like hell. Her hair was a mess and she was wearing a robe that wasn’t closed and was just in panties and a t-shirt under that. She seemed surprised to see him and her face turned up into a slight smile and then she grimaced and clutched her stomach and turned and ran for the bathroom. He heard her throwing up and quickly stepped inside and closed the door. He looked around and didn’t see Jackson and quickly slipped off his jacket and boots and went to his room. He was sleeping but it seemed by his fitful tossing that he wasn’t feeling well either.

Jughead went into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the bathtub and leaned over, grabbing Betty’s hair as she threw up. He rubbed her back as she heaved and when she finally stilled and basically lay hugging the toilet he let out a sigh.

“Oh Betty, why didn’t you tell me you were sick?” he asked softly as she slowly lifted her head.

“Oh God, Jughead, you’re not supposed to see this,” she moaned, clearly horrified. “I look like shit and my place smells like vomit.”

“You weren’t answering my texts and I got worried and no it doesn’t smell like vomit, just in here at the moment,” he said, helping her stand. She stumbled a little and he caught her around the waist, holding her up. “Is Jackson sick too?” She nodded and leaned on him as he helped her to the bedroom. She was shivering and he pulled the robe more tightly around her and got her settled into bed, tucking the blankets around her.

“Yes he is, but he’s getting a little better already. Mine started this morning,” she said with an exhausted sigh.

“Okay, I’ll take care of him so don’t worry if you hear him crying. Just stay in here and let me know if you need anything.”
“Jughead, you don’t need to do this,” Betty said with a sigh. “You can call my mom. I was waiting until the last possible minute because I’m a stubborn idiot, but really, you can call her.”

“No, I’ll take care of you,” he insisted. “I have a couple more days before I need to get back to work, so you just relax and let me take care of you.”

“But why?” she asked, almost in wonder. She was staring up at him, her big green eyes clouded with illness and her hair tangled and spread out on the pillow, her skin pale and he found himself still thinking how beautiful she was. There was no way he was leaving her like this.

“Just go to sleep, okay?” he said in a whisper, his finger trailing down her cheek. She nodded and closed her eyes and let herself drift off. Jughead went to the kitchen and rummaged around a bit until he found an old empty ice cream gallon pail and brought it to Betty. He shook her gently and she opened her eyes.

“If you need to throw up, just use this, okay? Then you don’t have to try and hurry to the bathroom.”

“But then you’d have to clean it up,” she said, sounding absolutely mortified.

“I’ve been sick before, Betty and I’ve seen people sick, it’s not a big deal. Just use it, please? I’ll come and help if I hear you.” She only nodded and closed her eyes again. Jughead went back to the kitchen and started to tidy it up. It was obvious they had been sick a couple of days. All the other times he’d been here, the place had been spotless. He was just finishing up when Jackson woke and started to cry.

“Oh buddy,” he said sadly, crouching down and touching his head. Jackson obviously had nothing left to throw up and only heaved a couple times and then he started to cry. Jughead picked him up and held him close.

“I want mommy,” he cried against his neck.

“I know buddy, but mommy is sick. I’m going to have to take care of you for a little bit. Is that okay?” Jughead asked softly. Jackson just hiccupped against him and said nothing. “You want to go for a bath? Maybe you’ll feel better?” He took him into the bathroom and proceeded to give him a bath and got a diaper on him. He hoped he did it right, but it didn’t fall off so he figured he did. He got him into pajamas and took him out to the kitchen. He gave him a small sippie of water and offered him a couple of crackers but he didn’t want them and he went to sit on the couch. He found some cartoons to watch and adjusted Jackson so he was comfortable. The little boy looked at him as he nursed the sippy.

“Jughead back,” he said, when he pulled it away from his mouth.

“Yeah, buddy, I’m back,” Jughead said with a smile and kissed his forehead. “I missed you.”

“Did mommy take it away?” Jughead asked with a chuckle.

“Okay, buddy, I’m going to go take care of mommy for a bit, I’ll be right back.” He tucked Jackson against the cushions and headed to Betty’s room. She was using the pail he had brought her and was mostly heaving and groaning and holding her stomach. He sat beside her and pulled her hair back
and rubbed her back again until she was done. She leaned against him and sighed.

“I don’t think I have any more to throw up,” she whispered. “And I feel really gross.”

“Did you want to maybe take a shower or a bath? I can run a bath for you.”

“That sounds nice. I ache all over.”

“Okay, come on, let’s get you in the bathroom,” Jughead said with a smile and went to prepare her bath. He cleaned up the pail and set it beside the tub, just in case. She followed him in and waited quietly while he got it all ready. When Jughead looked at her, she was watching him with vulnerable, tear glazed eyes.

“You okay?” he asked softly. She nodded, unable to speak. She moved closer and wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him close. Jughead wrapped an arm around her shoulders and kissed her temple.

“Thank you,” she whispered into his shirt. “You don’t have to do all this.” He didn’t say anything, just smiled against her hair. He stepped back after a while to leave her to it.

“Call me if you need anything,” he said softly and she nodded as he closed the door.

Jughead walked out to the living room and found little Jackson sleeping once again against the cushions. He picked him up and brought him back to his bed, making sure he was tucked in and comfortable. He didn’t appear to have a fever which was good. He quietly left the room and went into Betty’s room. Jughead had been really sick the previous winter and when he had started feeling even a little better all he had wanted was fresh sheets on his bed. He chewed his lip and looked around the room, trying to not focus on all the things that were so inherently Betty and get any ideas by looking at the bed. He hoped he wasn’t being creepy and that she would be okay with his wanting to make her bed nice for her.

He opened the closet and looked on the shelves on top and was relieved when he saw the bed sheets. He really hadn’t wanted to go through her drawers. He stripped and changed the bedding and went in search of the laundry with the old sheets. After about half hour of hearing nothing from the bathroom, he went over to the door.

“You alright?” he asked softly. She didn’t answer and he gently pushed the door open and saw her sitting in the tub with her arms wrapped around her legs, her head resting on her knees. He frowned and opened the door wider. “Everything alright?” he asked gently.

“I don’t have any energy to wash my hair,” she whimpered pitifully.

“Do you want me to help you?”

“If you want to,” she said with a sigh, not lifting her head. Jughead tried not to dwell on the fact that she was completely naked, surrounded by bubbles. The way she was sitting, he couldn’t see anything but the smooth skin of her back was enough to send him into a spin. Jughead knelt beside the tub and grabbed the removable shower head and turned on the water, careful to stay away from her until it was warm and wet her hair again. He grabbed the shampoo bottle and squeezed a bit out. It smelled like vanilla and coconut and he started to massage it into her hair, being careful not to pull on it. She let out a soft moan when his fingers rubbed her head and the back of her neck and he kept at it for a couple minutes. After he finished washing it he rinsed again and grabbed the bottle of conditioner. She sat quietly, her eyes closed, her face resting on her knees.

“Jughead?”
“Hmmmm?”

“How was your trip?” she whispered, as if they hadn’t been talking and texting for the length of it.

“It was good,” he said smiling.

“That’s great,” she said with a sigh. “We really missed you.”

“I missed you too.”

“Is Jackson sleeping?”

“Yes, I think he’s feeling better. He woke and heaved a little but no more throwing up and I gave him a bath and we watched a bit of TV. He’s back in bed now.”

“Thank you.”

“No problem,” Jughead said as he started to rinse her hair again. When he was finished he couldn’t help himself and slowly ran his hand down her back. She shivered and sighed. He stood and grabbed a towel and put it where she could reach and slowly left the bathroom.

“A while later the door opened again and she stood there with just a towel wrapped around her.

“I’m trying to comb the knots out of my hair but my arms are tired and I can’t seem to do it,” she said with a sigh as she walked past him, into her bedroom. Jughead steeled himself against the arousal he felt and mentally kicked himself for his reaction to a half naked sick Betty. “Give me a second,” she said softly, closing her bedroom door. When she opened it again a few minutes later, she was in flannel pajamas and her hair hung in damp strands around her shoulders.

“Did you change my bed?” she asked incredulously.

“Ummm…yeah, I just figured….” Jughead trailed off when she burst into tears. He froze, unsure if she was happy or pissed off. She hugged him again and he figured happy. “You’re welcome,” he said with a smile.

“You do this better than my mother does,” she said as she pulled away, wiping her face.

“Being sick sucks,” Jughead said. “I know what makes me feel better when I’m sick and I figured you’d like it as well. Why don’t you sit on the bed and I can try and detangle your hair for you.”

“Seriously?” Betty asked with a hiccup. “Are you even real?”

“I used to take care of my sister without much help, I know the drill,” he said with a chuckle.

“How hasn’t some woman locked you down yet?” Betty asked quietly. Jughead met her gaze and they held it for a moment, not speaking.

“Guess the right woman hasn’t found me yet,” he said softly. “She’s getting close, I think.” He saw her swallow and she didn’t say anything, her eyes just drinking him in. He smiled and ushered her to the bed and she sat down and handed him the comb she held in her hand. He sat behind her and spent a few minutes combing through her tangles until he could run the comb through without hitting snags. She had beautiful hair, even when it was wet. He enjoyed the feel of it flowing through his fingers. He kept combing until it began to dry and wrap itself around his hand. He chuckled and moved his hand away and the hair seemed to follow it, the static causing it to wrap around his hand.

“Your hair likes me,” he said smiling, showing her how it wrapped around his arm.
“It isn’t just my hair that likes you,” she said softly. Jughead gathered it and moved it to the side and placed a soft kiss on her neck. She shivered and he did it again. “Will you stay with me until I’m sleeping?” she asked in a whisper.

“Okay.”

She pulled the covers back and snuggled under them while he went and turned the lights off and checked on Jackson one more time. He seemed to be sleeping peacefully and he placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. Jughead went back into Betty’s room and lay down on top of the covers and pulled her close, his arm wrapped around her waist. Betty took his hand and held it to her chest as she snuggled closer.

“Thank you Juggie,” she said in a whisper and he kissed her just below the ear.

“You’re welcome,” he whispered back.

When Betty woke the next morning, Jughead was gone. She wondered for a moment if she had hallucinated his being there and taking care of them when they were sick. She didn’t feel 100% but she felt a lot better than the previous day and was thankful it only seemed like a 24 hour bug. She sat up and swung her legs off the bed and groaned at how stiff she felt. Jackson suddenly wandered into her room and she looked at him in surprise. He seemed to be feeling great and she noted he was dressed in something other than pajamas.

“Hey you,” came a soft husky voice from the doorway. Betty jumped and startled to see Jughead standing there. He leaned against the frame, wiping his hands on a kitchen towel. She was surprised to see him and just stared. She hadn’t imagined him and she suddenly felt warm all over. He had washed her hair. While she was sitting naked in the bath tub. “You feeling better?” he asked softly. She nodded and slowly stood.

“No completely but I feel a lot better. I could use something to drink,” Betty said slowly.

“I made some tea, if you want to join us in the kitchen,” he said with a smile as he bent over to pick up Jackson. She nodded and he headed back to the kitchen and she went into the bathroom. It was clean and she again felt tears sting her eyes. Jughead was simply blowing her away. She really did wonder why nobody had snatched him up yet. She put her hair in a bun and brushed her teeth and washed her face. She decided to stay in the pajamas and headed to the kitchen. Jughead had tea and toast waiting for her.

“Try to get that down, even if you don’t want to. It will help you feel even better.” She nodded and sat down at the table and ate slowly. She looked around and noticed that Jughead had cleaned everything up and she felt her heart squeeze inside her chest. She may have fallen for him back when they first met, but he was making it solid and written in stone.

“So, a friend of mine called this morning and he’s back in New York for a few days and was wondering if I wanted to meet him later for drinks and hang out and what not. I told him I would let him know, figured I’d make sure I didn’t need to stay here. If you still don’t feel that well and want me to stick around, I can tell him I’ll meet him another day,” he said when he looked back at her.

“No, I’m actually feeling a lot better, you should go. I’m sure it will be nice to see a friend,” Betty
said with a small smile. She really wanted to beg him to stay just because she liked having him around, but she didn’t want to be an idiot.

“Alright, but you have to promise to call or text as soon as you need something, okay?”

“I promise,” she said with a smile. He smiled back and when his gaze lowered to her mouth she sucked in a breath and felt her body clench. God, she was still feeling a little sick and all she wanted was to get wild with him in bed. When his gaze came back to hers, she saw the heated, dark look in them. They had had phone sex twice, he basically saw her naked when he washed her hair, he had combed her hair, which was wildly erotic to her and now they just sat here in the kitchen, trying to act normal.

“Stop it,” she whispered.

“What am I doing?” he murmured.

“Looking at me like you want to kiss me and you can’t kiss me right now!”

“Why not?” he asked with a small laugh.

“Because I was throwing up yesterday,” she said, still mortified that he had cleaned up after her.

“You brushed your teeth after your bath and this morning,” he reminded her with a gleam in his eyes.

“I don’t care, I’m going to need another day or so,” Betty insisted. He just smirked at her and chewed his lip while he stared at hers.

“Seriously, stop.”

“Fine,” Jughead sighed. “But just to be clear, I should be looking to kiss you in a day or so?” he checked with a grin.

“Yes,” she breathed out, wanting to jump across the table as they spoke.

“You want me to call you tonight?” he asked with a wicked glint and a wink. Betty blushed red and looked at her tea. He laughed softly and she glared at him.

Jughead left a couple hours later and despite her protest, left a soft kiss on her mouth that only left her aching for more. When he was gone she settled on the couch with Jackson to curl up with a blanket to watch some Disney movies. She sighed over how much she missed Jughead already. She still couldn’t believe all he had done and as embarrassing as it was to her that he had seen her throwing up and then cleaning up after her, she was so thankful he had been there and she hadn’t had to call her mother. She had literally been on the verge of calling her when he showed up. The last 24 hours had been what it was like to be a family. She wondered if it would ever be real. She wanted it to be real so badly.

He text her about every half hour to see if she and Jackson were alright and again as she was getting ready for bed. Despite feeling better she was extremely tired and managed to fall asleep between texts. She told him as much and he sent a few kiss emojis and said goodnight. She smiled and told him he was a dork and got a wink in return. She fell asleep smiling. She was most definitely head over heels for Jughead Jones.
Saturday passed uneventfully and Betty has happy to feel completely better. Jackson was back to his cute hyper self and she again text Jughead and thanked him for all he had done. He told her he was available any time.

The following day, Betty moped around the apartment. She missed Jughead. So much she wanted to cry. He was spending time with his friend who he had told her was leaving today and he was busy catching up. He did check in so much that she wondered if he friend was getting annoyed but she didn’t mind. As she lay in bed that night, her phone dinged and she smiled and grabbed for it.

**J: Hey beautiful :)**

B: Hey :)  

**J: How are you doing? How’s Jackson?**

B: For the millionth time, Juggie, we’re doing great lol  

**J: Just worried about you guys.**

B: And I’m very thankful for that.  

**J: So….i remember you saying something the other day about you being ready to kiss me in a day or so ;)**

B: Well, you’re not here for that, now are you?  

**J: I can be ;)**

B: What would you do if you were? :)  

**J: What would you want me to do? ;)**

B: Really? Lol I asked first!

Betty bit her lip and waited while he answered. She could already feel her body getting warm and tried to decide if she had enough courage to do it.

**J: I would take your face in my hands and give you a long slow kiss, touch my tongue to yours, stroke it. I would run my hands down your side, maybe slide them under your shirt, feel your smooth skin, the way I felt it in the bath when I was washing your hair…..**

Betty’s heart was beating fast and she let out a groan. She couldn’t do this anymore. She needed to touch him. She called his phone.

“Hey,” his soft husky voice made her shiver.

“Come over,” she whispered. He was silent for a moment. “Please.”

“Give me fifteen minutes.”

Betty scrambled out of bed and ran to the bathroom and check her appearance. She looked ok but she quickly got out of her flannel pajamas and put on some satin ones that were more sexy and were shorts instead of pants. They weren’t practical or warm, but she fully intended for Jughead to warm her up. When he knocked on the door precisely 15 minutes later, she quickly made sure Jackson was fast asleep and ran to answer it. She opened the door and he stood there, his eyes moved hungrily
over her and she stepped aside and let him in.

She waited as he shrugged out of his jacket and kicked off his boots. They stood and stared at each other for a moment, his eyes raking over her once again, lingering on her long legs.

“Juggie?” She breathed out, taking a step toward him. He stepped toward her and she launched herself at him, her hands gripping his face, pulling his mouth to hers. He was so surprised he stumbled back and her forward movement propelled them back into the wall. He groaned into her mouth, his arms coming around her and pulling her close. Betty whimpered when his tongue sank into her mouth, her hand gripping his hair, pressing closer. He turned them and lifted her with his hands over her backside, bracing her against the wall. Their kiss was frantic, consuming. Betty wrapped her legs around his hips, her hands slipping into and gripping his hair. He moved against her and she felt him, hard and aroused already and she moaned, grinding her heat against him.

Jughead used his hips to brace her and let his hands travel down her legs, lingering, slowly moving them back up. His mouth devoured hers, deep and heavy, his tongue stroking against hers. She whimpered when his hands gripped her hips, his fingers sliding under the hem of her shorts. He wrenched his mouth away, his breathing heavy, his forehead resting on hers.

“Betty?” he spoke softly, his voice hoarse and needy. “Are we going to stop?” He lifted his head and looked down at her. Betty bit her lip and shook her head. He studied her face, looking for any hint of reluctance and found none. He covered her mouth with his again, his hands moving further, finding no panties under her shorts, his groan echoing in her ear as his mouth moved down her neck. Betty panted, feeling her arousal pool between her legs, as she pressed against him, trying to ease the ache. Her hands flew to the buttons of his shirt, quickly undoing them as his mouth sucked at her pulse point, before moving back up and tugging on her lip.

She shoved his shirt off his shoulders, her hands running over his arms and chest, down to his abdomen. He was more solid than he had been their first time, more filled out, more manly and she dug her nails in, raking them across his skin. He gasped and stepped back, shrugging out of his shirt before grabbing her face and kissing her again, slowly walking them towards her bedroom. He paused suddenly and lifted his head.

“Wait, my jacket, condoms.”

“No,” she gasped, her mouth moving over his face. “I’m on the pill.” He pulled his head back and gave her a look.

“Does it work?”

“Probably better than condoms,” she muttered, giving him a raised eyebrow. He chuckled and leaned in again.

“Yeah well we could always double up, just in case?” He suggested.

“No,” she breathed, “I want to feel you, just you.” He groaned and took her mouth again, moving once again. They stopped half way to her room so he could lift her against the wall again, desperate to move against her, to feel her. Betty ran her tongue over his lips and he held her face and kissed her in earnest, unable it seemed, to get enough of her.

“Jesus, you taste good,” he muttered, his tongue sliding along her jaw. He bit her earlobe, licked under her ear, sucked at her skin and his hands ran up her side, brushing against the sides of her breasts. They moved again and were finally in her room and she stepped back from him and feeling aroused and confident, she pulled her satin pajama top over her head and tossed it aside.
“Fuck,” he muttered, staring at her full breasts, her smooth skin and gentle flare of her waist. She was more curvy than she had been, most likely due to having a baby but God, was she sexy. Betty swallowed under his heated gaze, suddenly losing her confidence. In her haze of lust she had forgotten about her new curves and stretch marks. She moved her arms to cross over herself and he reached out a hand to stop her.

“No,” he said hoarsely. “You are so fucking beautiful, I can’t even breathe.” Betty felt her body tremble at his words, seeing he was telling the truth in his eyes. He moved toward her and she backed up, hitting the wall behind her, the cool of the wall on her back causing her to shiver. He touched his hands to her waist and slowly moved them up her side, brushing his fingers against the sides of her breasts. She let out a shaky breath and he moved his hands and gently cupped her, running his thumbs over the peaks. Betty whimpered, her head falling back and hitting the wall. He pressed into her, his mouth once again moving over hers, slowly, teasingly.

Betty’s hands moved to Jughead’s jeans, quickly undoing his belt and button. She pulled his zipper down as his tongue stroked against hers and when she reached inside and brushed her fingers against him, his groan was low and long. It spurred her on and she wrapped her hand around him, the feel of his hard, thick length making her burn for him.

“Shit, baby….” He growled against her mouth, moving against her hand.

“I need you Juggie,” she whimpered. “Please.” Her hands slipped around to his backside, pulling him closer, pressing against him. Jughead’s hand slid down her stomach and into her shorts. He dipped between her legs, his fingers sliding into her wet silky heat.

“Fuck,” he groaned and she cried out, bucking against his hand. He moved down further and eased a finger inside her. Betty bit into his shoulder at the stretch, shuddering at the feel of him. “I’ve been dreaming about this and wanting this for 2 and a half fucking years,” he growled, pushing deeper. “God, you’re so tight baby.”

“I…God…it’s…it’s been a while,” she moaned, moving against his hand. He lifted his head and looked at her. “Nobody since you,” she confessed, biting her lip. He rested his forehead on hers, lifting her, bracing her legs over his hips, holding her in place, his finger moving slowly inside her. He moved his thumb over her clit, stroking as he pressed a second finger in, slowly, letting her get used to the invasion. She whimpered and moved restlessly against him. He took her mouth in a searing kiss and quickened the pace of his fingers and only moments later, she fell apart and his mouth drank up her cries as she clenched around him. As she gasped and trembled, Jughead walked them over to the bed, depositing her on it, his hands moving over her skin.

Betty watched him through hooded eyes, watching as he slowly touched her from top to bottom, almost as if he was trying to familiarize himself once again with her body. He leaned over her and raked his tongue over her nipple, causing her back to arch off the bed, her hand moving to his hair. He sucked gently on her, before moving to the other and doing the same. His teeth bit gently as he moved his mouth down to her stomach, his tongue soothing the small bites, raking over her skin. He moved lower and she squirmed as his tongue ran along the edge of her shorts. He stood slowly and pushed his jeans down and off, leaving his boxers and moved over her, brushing his body against hers, pressing his arousal against her burning center. Betty moaned at the feel of him with only thin material between them.

“Juggie,” she whimpered, moving restlessly against him. He kissed her, his tongue flicking against her lips, dipping into her mouth, teasing and arousing.

“I’ve been dreaming about you, about this ever since we parted ways. The way you feel, the way you taste,” he said in a heated sensual whisper as he moved slowly against her. “I haven’t been able
to touch anyone since you. I remember your moans and the way your body held mine, the way you tightened around me. I remember what you taste like and fuck, I want to taste you again. I need to taste you again,” he growled, still moving against her.

“Oh my god,” she moaned, feeling her body begin to spiral as he moved against her. His words were arousing her to a fever pitch and her breath came in gasps. “Please, Juggie….” He moved down her body once again as his hands pulled her shorts down her legs and tossing them aside. He spread her legs and then his tongue was pushing inside her. “Fuck!…..fuuuuck….” she cried out, as his fingers found her clit and his tongue pushed deeper. She couldn’t help it as her body fell apart, and he groaned as she tightened on him, her release coating his tongue.

“Mmmmm, again,” he breathed, moving up and flicking his tongue over her clit. Her hips jolted, her sensitive flesh quivering beneath his mouth. He slid his fingers inside again as he swirled around her swollen nub, latching and sucking as he curled his fingers.

“Juggie…please….” Betty couldn’t seem to form a thought as he worked her, his tongue and fingers quickly bringing her release again. She bit into her hand so she wouldn’t yell as she shook and shuddered beneath him. He lifted his head, his eyes dark with lust and need and moved up over her. Betty lay gasping for breath, almost unable to move. She managed to get her hands to his boxers and pulled on them and he quickly shoved them down and got rid of them. He settled between her thighs and braced on his elbows, staring down into her dazed face.

“Do you remember what this felt like?” he asked softly, nudging against her, dragging himself through her wet folds.

“God yes,” she moaned, arching against him.

“Do you want this again?”

“You, Juggie, I want you again. I’ve been wanting you for too long. Please,” she begged, moving restlessly against him. Jughead watched her face, his breathing harsh and heavy as he slowly eased into her, pausing when she winced slightly. “Don’t stop,” she moaned in frustration. He pulled back again until he was almost out and then thrust forward, hard and deep.

“Fucking hell,” he groaned as she closed around him, and her cry of pleasure echoed around the room. “Jesus, I lied. I forgot how fucking good you felt,” he gasped.

“It’s better,” she moaned, straining again him. Jughead eased back and pushed forward again and she bit into his shoulder, her legs coming up, causing him to slide further. She could feel him trembling beneath her hands and she moved them up to his face, looking into his eyes as he moved inside her. They found their rhythm, having never forgotten. Her body rose and fell beneath his and she watched him, and he watched her, their gazes locked as they moved toward release.

“I missed you so fucking much,” he whispered. “I thought I would never see you again. You ruined me. You ruined me from ever wanting anybody else.” She whimpered at his words, her legs coming up and wrapping around him. Betty felt the heat begin to uncoil inside her, her legs starting to shake, her body trembling.

“Juggie, I’m….it’s….…” she moaned, moving wildly against him. Jughead gripped her thigh, pushing it wide, slamming harder into her as his hand moved between them, stroking his fingers over her.

“Oh my god,” she gasped, feeling herself start to tighten.

“That’s it,” he gasped. “Come for me baby,” he groaned, feeling his release racing up on him. Betty arched off the bed with a low cry as her body tightened and clenched hard around him, pulling him
deeper and he growled and stiffened above her as he orgasmed right after her. “Fuck,” he gasped, moving through his release until he was completely spent, collapsing on her still shuddering body. He braced as best as he could on his forearms, gasping against her ear as he tried to catch his breath. He grunted in arrogant satisfaction at the death grip she had on him. Her arms and legs clinging to him as she trembled beneath him.

After long moments he eased back and stared down into her face. There were tears caught in her lashes and he brushed them away gently. She gazed up at him, dazed and sated.

“We didn’t stop,” she whispered, and then closed her eyes at her ridiculous statement.

“No, we didn’t,” he said, laughing softly.

“That was amazing,” she whispered. “I remembered but I forgot.” He lowered his head and kissed her softly. He’d never get enough of her mouth.

“God, I hope I’m not pregnant,” she suddenly blurted. Jughead started to laugh and gently eased to the side. She rolled into him and he wrapped his arms around her, holding her close.

“You are incredible,” he sighed. “We’re not waiting another 2 and a half years before we do that again.” She giggled and ran her hand over his chest. She lifted her eyes and met his.

“You won’t leave in the morning?” she whispered.

“No fucking way,” he promised. “Then again, you do have my number this time.” She smiled and pressed a kiss to his chest.

“Thank you for coming over,” she whispered.

“Well, you asked so nicely,” he said with a smile.

“Did I really ruin you?” she asked softly. He shifted and leaned on his elbow, looking down at her tucked against him.

“Completely.”

“But what if you hadn’t found me?” she asked.

“Well, maybe I would have gotten over it eventually, but I just couldn’t forget about you,” he said softly.

“I couldn’t either,” she whispered. “So where does that leave us? It’s been two months and I think we both knew from day one that this is where it was headed. What now?”

“Well, I know I care about you and there's also the fact that I just had amazing sex with you again, so I’m ruined all over again. I’m not going anywhere,” he said with a smirk. She smiled and stretched against him, feeling her body start to respond to his nearness again and by the feel of him pressed against her hip, he was as well.

“We going for an all-nighter again?” she asked teasingly. He ducked down and kissed her softly.

“Well, we can’t sleep half the day because Jackson will be up early I’m sure, so how about maybe one more time?” he suggested, his mouth moving down her neck. She pressed against him eagerly. She wasn’t about to say no.
When Betty woke the next morning, Jughead wasn’t in bed with her. She had a moment of panic until she spotted his shirt laying on the end of the bed and smiled. She had gone to collect their clothing from off the floor after they had finished the second time. She got up and put it on and was about to go look for him when he appeared in the doorway. He was wearing his jeans and was shirtless, obviously and he leaned against the frame and grinned at her.

“You look real good wearing my shirt,” he said heatedly. The look in his eyes made her shiver and she bit her lip, playing with the buttons on the shirt.

“You want to take it off again?” she asked coyly. He pulled away from the door and walked over to her, taking her chin in his hand, lifting her face and lowering his head to kiss her softly.

“I checked on Jackson and he’s still fast asleep, so I would actually love it if you joined me in the shower,” he said with a wink. Betty bit her lip and followed him into the bathroom. It was a very invigorating and satisfying shower.
I'm not the jealous type, but what's mine is mine.

Betty lay curled up next to Jughead, her hand making slow circles on his stomach, while his caressed her hip. It had been a week since she had invited him over and they had ended up in bed. He had been in her bed every night since. They were making up for lost time and it was amazing.

“Can you tell me a little more about your life?” she asked quietly.

“What do you want to know?”

“Anything. Everything.”

“Well, that’s broad,” Jughead said laughing. “I don’t know, there isn’t that much to tell, it was mostly shitty up until I graduated. School was ok. My friends were great and my girlfriend was nice. I was one of those kids that liked going to school; it was like my safe place. That and a booth at this diner we have there, Pop’s. You could always find me in the back, writing.”

“That sounds really nice. Was the food good?”

“The food is amazing. Maybe I can take you one day,” he said quietly. Betty turned her head and looked at him. He was gazing at her with a soft look and it made her stomach flutter.

“I would like that,” she said softly. He gave her a squeeze. “Tell me about your girlfriend. How come you guys broke up? Not that I mind of course,” she added with a coy smile. He let out a laugh and slapped her backside. “Is it weird to ask about your ex?” she asked with a grimace.

“While we're lying naked in bed? No, not at all,” he said with a laugh. Betty just shrugged.

“We can get dressed if you want,” she said laughing.

”Nah, it's ok, if you don't mind then I don't mind. She was really nice. Her name was Ethel and we dated for a year and a half. Sweet, shy girl, quiet like me. We could just sit and be comfortable without saying anything, which is one of the reasons why I liked her. She didn’t want me to talk,” Jughead said laughing.

“That’s the reason you liked her?” Betty asked with a raised eyebrow. He laughed and pulled her on top of him so he could look at her without straining his neck. She rested her chin on her hands and smiled down at him.

“One of them,” he said with a smile. “She was just a really great girl and I enjoyed dating her.”

“She took your virginity?” Betty asked curiously.

“Maybe,” he answered with a chuckle.

“I have her to thank for all your sexy moves?” Betty teased, wiggling against him. Jughead held her
hips still with a groan.

“Ummm, well not at first, I was pretty terrible. I got better and I think she probably enjoyed it by the time we broke up,” he said with a shrug.

“Oh goodness, I’m sure you were fine,” Betty said laughing.

“Well, my girlfriend at NYU was a bit wild, she’s the one you should probably thank,” he said with a grin.

“I’d rather not think of you and another girl getting wild, thank you very much,” she said in a huff. Jughead’s grin widened and he moved subtly against her. She bit her lip and stifled a groan.

“Mmmm, I like when you get feisty,” he teased. She rolled her eyes and pinched his chest. He covered her hand with his and held it to his skin.

“Why did you and Ethel break up?”

“She didn’t want to do long distance. I was moving and if I’m going to be honest, we loved each other but I don’t think we were in love, if that makes sense. We didn’t have enough between us to deal with long distance so we just broke up. It was okay, I think it was fizzling at that point anyway. Last I heard she was dating a guy we went to school with named Trevor.”

“Your NYU girlfriend, if I remember, walked out on your cause you were boring? What a dumb bitch. Now her, I’ll thank. Cause then I got to have you,” Betty said smugly. Jughead moved his hands down her back and rested on her backside.

“Yeah, I’ll have to thank the idiot who cheated on you. How long were you dating him?”

“A year and a bit. He was my first, well the only one actually. I don’t really know why he cheated on me. I thought we had a good thing and it was good for the most part, we didn’t have any problems and then suddenly one day my friend tells me that she saw him kissing some girl at café. That shit hurt. He actually tried to talk me out of dumping him, said it was a mistake, blah blah, but the trust was gone, you know? I just couldn’t deal.”

“Did you love him?”

“I did, but it wasn’t all consuming and I thought he loved me too, that’s why I was so confused as to why he would cheat. I mean, he said he loved me, so why you looking at and kissing someone else?”

“So we were dating idiots at NYU?” he asked with a smile.

“Big idiots,” she said softly, leaning up and kissing his chin. “But imagine if one of us hadn’t gone to that party. I wouldn’t have Jackson,” Betty said and embarrassingly, her eyes filled with tears.

“Hey, hey….,””Jughead said quietly, lifting his hand to wipe the one that leaked on her eye lash. “It’s a weird thought. We’d have different lives and wouldn’t know this one,” he said softly.

“But I can’t even imagine it,” she whispered. “I can’t imagine not being here in this moment right now.”

“It is a pretty great moment,” he said with a smile, his hands squeezing her backside, pressing her closer as he moved against her. He lifted his head and caught her mouth in a slow, sensual kiss and she lost herself in it. The warm wet flick of his tongue across her lips and its invasion into her mouth.
She moved against him, feeling the heat pool as he teased her mouth.

“I want you again,” she whispered, rubbing over him.

“I always want you,” he groaned as she teased him, moving slowly, sliding against him. Betty lifted her hips and slowly lowered herself on his arousal and they both groaned at the delicious friction. Betty braced her hands on either side of his head, staring down into his blue eyes as she rose and fell on him. The look in his eyes made an ache flow through her body. She slowly sat up, the sheet falling back and threaded his fingers through hers as she slowly rocked back and forth, holding his gaze with a sensual smile on her lips. He lifted to her and she moaned, her eyes fluttering closed. Jughead sat up suddenly, his hands resting on her neck, taking her mouth in a heated kiss.

Betty whimpered into his mouth, her hands coming up to brace on his shoulders. They slid into his hair as she eagerly returned his kiss. He pulled back and held her gaze as she moved on him.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he groaned, grasping her hips and moving her harder. It wasn’t good enough and he moved suddenly and she was on her back and he was moving heavily inside her, his head moving down and taking a nipple in his mouth.

“Oh God, Juggie,” she moaned, arching her back into his mouth. He lifted his head and stared down at her, holding her gaze while his hand moved between them. “I’m going to come….,” She gasped, wrapping her legs around him.

“Yes, baby, come for me,” he said gruffly, moving his fingers harder on her. Betty cried out, her body tensing and shaking as her release moved through her. Jughead dropped his head to her neck and groaned when he felt her tighten on him, pulling him deeper. He rocked into her a few more times and growled against her skin as he followed after her, emptying himself inside her. Betty was wrapped all around him and she didn’t want to let go any time soon. She wanted him here, in her arms, for as long as possible. She dared to hope for always. He lifted his head and looked down at her. His arrogant smirk made her smile and she pulled him down for another kiss.

“You taste good,” she whispered against his mouth. She licked his lips and he sighed into her kiss.

“You need to give me a few minutes before you start kissing me like that,” he growled softly against her mouth.

“I can’t help it,” she moaned. “It’s been forever Juggie. I was getting tired of my own hand,” she sighed.

“Christ,” he muttered, images of her stroking herself slamming into his brain. She grinned and tightened her legs around him.

“Yes, Jughead, I’ve spent the last two and a half years, reliving our night together and pretending my fingers were yours,” she whispered heatedly, arching up against him.

“Shit, baby, you have to give me a minute….” He gasped as she bucked up against him.

“And you Juggie? How long have you waited? When’s the last time you weren’t using your hand?” she whispered, her tongue licking his ear.

“You know when,” he grunted.

“Was it with me? Was I your fantasy for all those months when you were all alone?” she whispered, her tongue licking his ear.
“God damn, Betty,” Jughead gasped as she once again rolled against him, feeling his body, still buried inside her, come back to life.

“I want more,” she said, her voice sultry and seductive and Jughead couldn’t have refused if his life depended on it.

December came with a lot of snow, but the cold wasn’t so bad that they had to hide inside. It was a beautiful Saturday and Jughead came over first thing and after he kissed the breath out of her, he grabbed Jackson in a big hug.

“God, I missed you two,” he breathed into his curls.

“Well, that’s what happens when you don’t come around for three days,” Betty said with a smile when he pulled her close again.

“I’m sorry babe, I really had to finish that editing job, I needed to keep my head in it and now I have a few days where I can take it easy and be with you guys,” he said happily.

“I know, I’m just bugging you,” she said softly, pressing a kiss to his jaw.

“Mommy kiss Jughead,” Jackson said with a smile, his little hands already pulling Jughead’s beanie off for himself.

“You don’t mind, do you buddy?” Jughead asked with a grin.

“Jughead kiss Jackson!”

“Well, looks like we’re fighting over some Jughead love,” Betty said with a giggle. Her laugh died on her lips when she realized what she said. Jughead held her gaze and she flushed red.

“I mean…”

“There’s plenty of Jughead to go around,” he said over her, smiling softly. He cupped her chin and lifted her face and gave her a soft kiss, and then another. He pulled back and smiled down at her. He kissed her again, the look in his eyes making her heart race. Jackson grabbed his face and placed a wet kiss on Jughead’s cheek.

“I like Jughead,” he said happily.

“I like him too,” Betty said softly.

“Well, I feel like I won the lottery, if I’m gonna be honest,” Jughead said with a grin. “I have two amazing humans fighting over my affection. I don’t know if life could be any better right now.” Betty grinned and kissed him again and his mouth held hers for longer than she intended and she pulled away with butterflies in her stomach.

“So,” Jughead said excitedly. “It’s a beautiful day out and I thought we could maybe go sledding? There is a park I drive by on my way to work and it has some little hills that I thought might be great for Jackson to slide down.”

“Oh,” Betty said, clapping her hands together. “Would you like to go play in the snow, sweetie?” Jackson responded by clapping his hands in excitement. Betty ran to haul out all the winter gear and after what seemed like forever, they headed out. They took Betty’s car since she had the car seat but
she was more than happy to let Jughead drive. She was always a nervous winter driver.

They got to the park and Betty was delighted to see a whole set up for sledding and stands for hot chocolate and snacks and a wonderful family atmosphere to the entire area. Jughead carried Jackson and led them to a booth that rented sleds for a small fee. They headed up the smallest hill and once at the top, Jughead grinned at Betty and motioned for her to get on.

“I’m not getting on,” she said laughing, tightening her scarf around her neck.

“Yes, you are,” he said with a twinkle in his eye. “You have to, it’s what moms do!” Betty glared at him and crossed her arms over her chest.

“And what do dads do, exactly?”

“We record it and hope to get a really great wipe out,” he said with a grin.

“You’re such a dork,” she said with a sigh.

“Dork!” Jackson exclaimed happily. Betty gasped and slapped her hand over her mouth.

“Oh, mommy has a potty mouth,” Jughead said laughing.

“Whatever, it’s not a swear,” she huffed with a glare at his teasing.

Jughead grabbed her and pulled her close, planting a cold, hard kiss on her mouth.

“I love it when you get annoyed,” he murmured softly. “Makes your eyes look like green fire.” She pulled back and sighed.

“Stop sucking up,” she grumbled. Jughead laughed and she proceeded to sit on the sled and he placed Jackson in her lap.

“Ready?” he asked. She nodded and he gave them a gentle push and with Jackson’s delighted squealing, they headed down the hill. Jughead, of course, got his wish as they hit a small bump and completely crash landed at the bottom. It was a slow enough wipe out that they just fell over and Jackson didn’t get hurt, but Jughead laughed out loud all the same. Jackson scrambled to his feet and scurried up the hill and Betty dragged the sled up after him. The little boy raised his arms as he hurried toward Jughead and he bent down and lifted him, throwing him slightly in the air and catching him while Jackson screamed in delight. Betty smiled as she watched them.

“Again!” Jackson yelled, pointing to the sled. Betty handed it to Jughead.

“Your turn,” she smiled. Jughead settled himself and Jackson and Betty gave them a shove and she was a little disappointed that there was no wipe out. She decided it was because Jughead was heavier and therefore, didn’t wipe out as easy. He told her it was because he was so much better at it and that earned him a face full of snow.

After an hour of sledding, Betty was done. She waved her hands in surrender and left Jughead with Jackson and went to sit on the bales near the hot chocolate stand and watched them play some more with a smile on her face. The smiles and laughter from them made her heart warm. The look of love and adoration on Jughead’s face when he was holding Jackson and giving him hugs was something she would keep in her heart forever. He was completely in love with his son and she said a quiet thank you to God for bringing him back into her life and into the life of his son. After a while, they were done as well and headed in her direction. The way little Jackson was walking and holding Jughead’s hand was so sweet. Jughead was smiling down at him, trying to make sense of the story that was coming out of the toddler’s mouth. He seemed to understand and had a good chuckle while
the little boy giggled.

“Hey mama,” Jughead said when they reached her. “Would you like some hot chocolate?”

“I would love some,” Betty said with a happy smile. He winked at her and picked Jackson up and headed with him to the vendor. She watched while they waited and noticed a woman off to the side, suddenly take notice of them. Betty’s eyes narrowed at the seductive smile on the woman’s face. The brunette walked over to them and smiled coyly at Jughead. Betty was close enough to hear her.

“Well hello there,” she said brightly.

“Hey….” Jughead said slowly, seeming a little taken aback by the lady’s forward friendliness.

“That’s a very cute boy you have there, he looks just like you.”

“Thank you,” Jughead said with a smile. Betty felt an irritating pang of jealousy that he would even smile at the brazen bimbo.

“You having a good time?” the woman asked Jackson. He shrank back and buried his face against Jughead’s neck.

“He’s a little shy,” Jughead explained, wrapping his arm more securely around him.

“Oh that’s alright,” she said. Then to Betty’s astonishment, she rested her hand on Jughead’s arm, rubbing it lightly. “So tell me, do you two belong to anyone?” she asked with a flutter of her eyelashes.

“Ummm….we…..” Jughead kind of stuttered in surprise and Betty got up in an angry huff. She marched over and placed herself directly between the woman and Jughead and Jax and stepped into her, forcing the woman back as she dropped her hand quickly from Jughead’s arm.

“They belong to me!” Betty snapped angrily. The woman took a quick step back, her face turning red.

“I’m sorry, I was just….”

“Just what?” Betty fumed. “Picking up men and children at a park? Seriously?” the woman mumbled an apology and turned and quickly hurried away. Betty glared after her and then turned around. Jughead was biting back a smile. She flushed with embarrassment, realizing just what she had snapped at the woman. Jughead said nothing, but she could see the mirth in his eyes as he ordered some hot chocolate. She took Jackson, who already looked like he was getting sleepy and hugged him to her. They walked back to the bales and he leaned down close to her ear.

“Green fire,” he whispered.

“Shut up,” she muttered and he started to laugh. By the time they finished their hot chocolate, Jackson was yawning and rubbing his eyes.

“I think we wore him out,” Betty said with a smile. Jughead took him from her and they walked back to the car and headed back to Betty’s. Once they arrived, and got out of the winter gear, she took him to his room and in no time, he was out for a nap. She quietly closed the door and headed to the kitchen where Jughead leaned against the counter, drinking some water. She went to the sink and rinsed out the sippy she found in Jackson's bed.

“He should be out for a while,” she said. “Poor kid is worn out and is sleeping pretty heavily.”
Jughead smiled and put down the glass. He came up behind her and wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her against him.

“So, I belong to you, do I?” he murmured against her ear. Betty shivered as his tongue flicked against her lobe. She tilted her head to the side as his mouth traveled down her neck.

“I was just setting her straight,” she said quickly.

“Mmmmm I love when you get possessive and jealous,” he said with a low laugh. Betty gasped and froze. She turned and glared at him.

“I was not jealous!” she said sharply. Jughead stepped back with a smirk on his face.

“Oh, I think you were,” he teased, his eyes flickering to her mouth. She crossed her arms over her chest and lifted her chin.

“No, I wasn’t! and I’m not possessive either!”

“So, it didn’t bother you that some woman; she was pretty wasn’t she? That some pretty woman put her hand on me?” Betty’s eyes narrowed at his digging. She could see he was teasing and trying not to laugh and it only made her more irritated. “I’m telling you Betty, like green fire,” he said gruffly.

Betty scowled at him and walked into the living room and he laughed and followed her. “I like it,” he teased. “Makes me hot.”

“Stop it,” she said with a sigh. “I’m not angry or jealous, or possessive.”

“So, you don’t mind when another woman touches me? Maybe we should go back and tell her,” he chuckled.

“Oh my god, shut up!” Betty said in frustration, pushing him back on the couch. He grabbed her hand as he fell back and she ended up on his lap. He adjusted her so she straddled him and gripped her waist, not letting her move. “And I suppose you have me just where you want me,” Betty asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes and I’m not letting you go until you admit you were jealous,” he said with a grin.

“And me admitting I was jealous will serve what purpose, exactly?” she asked curiously.

“It will prove that I’m right and I win,” he said happily. Betty laughed and rolled her eyes.

“You’re seriously ridiculous,” she muttered. Jughead let his hands slide up her sides and brush lightly against the swell of her breasts before coming back down. Her indrawn breath made him smile slightly and he did it again. His hand crept around to the small of her back and he pulled her closer, his other hand settling at the back of her neck, pulling her down for a kiss. Betty sighed into the kiss and pressed against him, her hands coming up to on his shoulders.

“Tell me you were jealous,” he muttered against her mouth.

“No,” she replied, flicking her tongue against his lips. He pulled away and shook his head. He moved closer, his hand tugged gently on her hair and stopped her. She let out a sigh and stared at him. “Ok fine, I was jealous,” she grumbled.

“Ah, there it is,” he grinned. “And possessive….”

“I wasn’t being possessive!”
“So you didn’t tell the woman that Jackson and I belonged to you?” he teased.

“Yes, I did,” she sighed. “So yes, maybe I’m a little possessive.” Jughead smiled slowly, and she wiggled against him, suddenly feeling warm and needy.

“I belong to you?” he asked. Betty swallowed and held his gaze.

“Yes,” she whispered. Jughead let his hands slip under her shirt, caressing her smooth skin and she shivered and moved against him.

“And how long have I belonged to you, Betty?” he asked with a curious tilt of his head. Betty moved against him again, feeling his body respond to her and biting back a moan.

“Since the day you met me,” she said simply, her gaze daring him to challenge her. She reached down and pulled her shirt over her head, leaving her in just a black lacy bra and he swallowed as he stared at her chest. His gaze came back to hers and she saw the same possessive need she felt inside herself. Betty smiled seductively and slowly pulled away from him. He watched her as she lowered herself to her knees between his legs and undid his belt and jeans. He lifted his hips slightly as she tugged and she pulled him free, staring at his hard thick length. She wrapped her hand around him and squeezed.

“Shit,” he muttered, moving against her. Betty held his eyes with hers as she slowly leaned down and ran her tongue along his length. Jughead groaned, his head falling back as she slowly took him in her mouth. Her hand moved under his shirt and across his abdomen, her nails raking his skin and she felt the muscles quiver beneath her touch. She took him deep, groaning at the taste of him. Jughead’s hand tangled in her hair as she moved her mouth over him, dragging her tongue, swirling around the smooth top.

“Fuck, baby…” he gasped as she added the movement of her hand, tugging hard with her mouth. She could feel his legs start to tense and began to move faster. “Betty…” He said hoarsely, his voice holding a warning. She could tell he was close and she stopped suddenly, squeezing her hand around him. He stared at her, his breathing harsh and choppy.

“Who do you belong to, Jughead?” she asked quietly.

“Who do you belong to?” she asked again.

“You, Betty! I belong to you,” he growled. She smiled in satisfaction and lowered her head, taking him into her mouth again. “Holy shit,” he groaned as she worked him, pulling him deep once again. Betty groaned when moments later he released with a deep guttural groan and she took it and worked him through it until he stopped shuddering and his body relaxed.

“Jesus!”

“It’s Betty, actually,” she said slyly, throwing his own words back at him. He lifted his head and looked at her and burst into laughter. Betty climbed into his lap and he leaned in to kiss her and she pulled back. “You sure you want to?” she asked with a giggle. He smiled and pulled her closer, pressing his mouth on hers. She moaned and sank into the kiss.

“Take me to bed,” she whispered.

“Can’t wait till this evening?” he teased.
“Jackson will sleep for at least another hour,” she murmured against his ear. That’s all Jughead needed to hear. He stood and swept her into his arms and carried her to the bedroom. She giggled when he dropped her on the bed and pulled his shirt off. She smiled and bit her lip as he leaned down and undid her jeans. He yanked them off and kicked his own off and came down on top of her. Betty held his face in her hands and stared into his eyes.

“You belong to me,” she said softly.

“Since the day I met you,” he replied, holding her gaze.

“Do you want me?”

“God, yes,” Jughead said as he moved against her.

“I’m yours, Juggie,” she said in a whisper. Jughead lowered his head and took her mouth in a desperate kiss. He consumed her and she gave herself, everything she had, completely.
With you, I am home.

Betty woke to Jughead’s mouth nuzzling her neck. It was Sunday morning and the most delicious way to wake up.

“Mmmmmm, good morning,” she whispered. Jughead lifted his head and smiled down at her. She reached up and brushed his curl off his forehead. It bounced right back. “Your hair has a mind of its own,” she said with a grin. He dipped his head and kissed her softly. Her hands came up his back and one slid into his hair as she returned his kiss.

“You sleep well?” he asked when he pulled back, shifting so he settled between her legs, a lazy grin spreading across his face.

“I did,” Betty answered, bringing her legs up and wrapping them around him. She loved the feel of his strong body settled against hers. He leaned down and kissed her again and she moved against him when she heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps. “Wait, do I hear….”

“Mommy!” Little Jackson pushed the door to her bedroom open and stood there in his pajama’s rubbing his eyes.

“Oh shit,” Jughead muttered, quickly rolling to the side and pulling the blanket up to his chest. He looked at Betty in a panic. Jackson had never seen him in her bed, only in the front rooms and he didn’t want to confuse or upset the boy. Betty quickly grabbed Jughead’s t-shirt as it was the closest and pulled it over her head. “I’m going to need that,” he said with a nervous laugh. Jackson walked over to the side of the bed and smiled at them. Betty put her hand on Jughead’s arm under the blanket and gave a reassuring squeeze.

“Hi sweetie, you’re up early today,” she said with a happy smile. Jackson held up his arms and she crossed her legs and picked him up and settled him on her lap. He leaned against her and looked at Jughead.

“Hey… buddy…” Jughead stammered, feeling like he got caught with his hand in the candy jar. “Is this bad?” he asked Betty quietly. “I feel like this is bad.”

“It’s fine, Jughead, just relax,” Betty spoke reassuringly. “We can’t do anything about it now, so may as well act normal. He’s not even two yet, I’m sure he doesn’t comprehend at all.”

“Mommy sleep with Jughead,” Jackson announced.

“Christ,” Jughead muttered under his breath. Betty turned to him and smiled.

“Juggie, it’s fine,” she said softly. “You’re in my life, you’re in my bed, you’re his dad. Are you going anywhere any time soon?”

“No, I’m not going anywhere,” he said firmly.
“Then this is just something that is going to be normal, please stop freaking out.”

“I just didn’t want to upset him,” he confessed.

“He isn’t upset,” Betty reassured him again.

“Well, I’m also only wearing boxers and I feel slightly naked.”

“You’re under the blanket,” she laughed. Jughead leaned over the bed and grabbed the duffel he had brought with him and pulled out a pair of pajama pants and tugged them on under the blanket. He also had another t-shirt and pulled that on as well. “Feel better?” she asked as she laughed again.

“Yes, I do,” he replied as he took Jackson from her and gave him a hug, settling him on his lap.

“What are you doing up so early, Jax? Couldn’t sleep?”

“I’m hungry.”

“Ahhhh, I hear ya buddy, I’m hungry too. I wonder if we could get mommy to whip up some pancakes for us,” Jughead asked with a twinkle in his eyes. Betty raised an eyebrow.

“What do you think this is, a diner?” she asked with a smirk.

“Pancakes!!” Jackson yelled happily, clapping his hands. Betty rolled her eyes and grabbed her pajama shorts and pulled them on and then stood up.

“Fine, you little brats, I’ll go make pancakes,” she said laughing.

“Yay, we win,” Jughead laughed. Betty left as he was trying to teach Jackson the fist bump. She could hear him giggling as she made her way to the kitchen. Betty smiled and started getting stuff together to make pancakes. She wanted this. She wanted Sunday mornings with her little family. Betty mixed together the ingredients as she imagined living a life with Jughead. Was it too soon to think like that? Was it too soon to want something so badly? She was just getting the pancake batter on the griddle when the boys came into the kitchen. Jughead put Jackson in his chair and fixed him some milk and left him with the sippie. He was so at home in her place already and knew all the ins and outs of life with Jackson. He fit right in.

Jughead looked at her and caught her gaze and she flushed at his questioning look. He walked over and wrapped an arm around her waist and gave her a hug.

“Everything alright?” he asked softly. She nodded and turned to the pancakes. He touched her chin and turned her face back to his, his face still questioning.

“I’m good,” she said smiling. She held his gaze and touched his cheek.

“Are you?” Jughead wondered quietly, pulling her closer to him. She rested her hands on his chest and nodded. “Why?” he asked with a soft smile.

“Because you’re here and I like waking up with you,” Betty admitted. She chewed her lip for a moment before she continued. “I want mornings like this,” she said softly. Jughead smiled and lowered his mouth and kissed her. Her phone rang suddenly and he pulled back and sighed.

“To be continued,” he promised. Betty sighed and went to answer her phone. She grimaced when she saw her mother’s number.

“Hey mom,” she said as she answered. Jughead leaned against the counter and watched the
“Hi Elizabeth, how are you?”

“I’m doing good mom, how are you?”

“Good, good. Listen, I’m calling about Christmas.”

“What about it?”

“Well, John, you remember John?”

“Yes mom, your boyfriend.”

“Well, he wants to take me to Europe for the holidays.”

“Seriously?” Betty asked, a little shocked. “Like, for how long?”

“Well, he wants to leave next week and we wouldn’t return until New Year’s,” Alice said a bit timidly.

“What? That’s 3 weeks! What about Jackson and I? What are we supposed to do over the holiday? Just sit at home with no family?”

“I feel bad about that, I do, but I really want to go and I’m sure you can find friends to spent time with. We can have a meal when I get back.”

“Sure, fine. Whatever. Have a lovely time. I’m sure your grandson won’t mind.” Betty felt snippy but it angered her that her mother would just leave and not spend time with her grandchild on a family holiday.

“Oh Betty, calm down. I’m sure he won’t even notice.”

“He may not, but I will,” Betty said in a huff. Her mother mumbled an apology and Betty hung up the phone. She threw it on the couch with sigh.

“What’s up?” Jughead asked as he took pancakes off the griddle.

“My mother is going to Europe for Christmas. I literally have nowhere to go for Christmas,” she said with a frustrated huff. “I mean, if I’m going to be honest, she doesn’t make for a great host anyway and it usually ends in a fight, but it’s bloody Christmas and her grandson should be a priority. Is that too much to ask?” Jughead turned the griddle off and came over to her.

“It’s not too much to ask,” he answered, pulling her close. “I’m sorry she did this.”

“Yeah well, I shouldn’t be surprised.” Jughead studied her for a bit and then chewed his lip.

“Well, maybe…” he trailed off and Betty tilted her head.

“What?”

“Maybe you could come with me?” he suggested slowly, watching her face. She looked at him in surprise.

“To Riverdale?”
“Yeah,” he said with a smile.

“You want me to go home with you for Christmas?” Betty asked in shock.

“Yes, I do. In fact I would love it if you would.”

“I guess you want everyone to meet Jackson,” she said smiling. Jughead shook his head and smiled.

“Not just Jackson. I want everyone to meet you as well.”

“And how would you introduce me? This is my baby mama?” Betty asked with a giggle.

“This is the mother of my child. The woman that means more to me than any woman I’ve ever been with,” Jughead said softly. Betty felt like she couldn’t breathe. Her heart was hammering inside her chest as he held her gaze and she saw he was being serious.

“I want pancakes,” Jackson shouted and Betty jumped slightly. Jughead backed away from her with a wink and went to feed him. She walked over to the table and watched him.

“Okay,” she said softly. Jughead looked at her and grinned.

“Really?”

“I would love to spend Christmas with you,” she insisted happily. “In fact, now I’m happy she is leaving.” Jughead came around the table and lifted her in a tight hug.

“This may be the best Christmas ever,” he said happily and gave her a long thorough kiss.

“Jughead is kissing mommy!” Jackson yelled and Betty pulled away with a giggle.

The two weeks went by so quickly that Betty didn’t have time to be nervous about going home with Jughead until they were an hour from Riverdale. She sat in his SUV, nervously clasping her hands together and sending smiles back to Jackson who sat happily in his carseat.

“Hey,” Jughead said softly, reaching over to take her hand. “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m just really nervous,” she admitted with a shaky laugh. “What if they don’t like me?”

“There isn’t anybody I know that won’t like you,” he reassured.

“You’ve known these people your whole life. I don’t know any of them. I don’t do well with strangers,” Betty said biting her lip.

“You did alright with me,” he said smiling.

“Well, I’m not planning on getting into any of these people’s pants,” Betty informed him. Jughead burst out laughing and squeezed her hand.

“Please don’t worry,” he said after he was finished laughing. “I promise they will all like you. They liked your picture when I came at thanksgiving so I’m sure they will like the real thing.”

“You showed them my picture?” she asked smiling.
“Of course. I wanted to brag about the babe I had a one nighter with,” he teased. She smacked his arm and he laughed. “I wanted to show them Jackson’s beautiful mom,” he said, taking her hand in his.

“So, you’ll introduce me as Jackson’s mother?”

“No, I’m going to introduce you as my girlfriend,” Jughead said slowly. Betty looked at him in surprise. They hadn’t really talked about titles. She figured they were just avoiding it for whatever reason. “I mean, we have a kid, we’re sleeping together, we care about each other a lot, we’re not seeing other people and we don’t want to see other people, and no, we don’t really go on dates, but I think the correct term for us is boyfriend and girlfriend, don’t you think?”

“Hmmmm, I don’t know, Jughead. Usually a girl has to be asked if she wants that title,” Betty said with a coy smile and teasing glint in her eye. She was trying to sound calm but her heart was beating so fast, she figured he could see it through her clothes. This would solidify them, their relationship. They would belong to each other. Jughead ran his thumb over the back of her hand and suddenly pulled over on the side of the road.

“What are you doing?” she asked, looking around. He put the vehicle into park and turned to face her. Taking her face in his hands, he pulled her closer to him and gave her a long, slow kiss. When he pulled away she had to catch her breath.

“Will you be my girlfriend?” he asked gruffly. Betty felt her face break into a grin and his smile grew on his face.

“Absolutely,” she whispered against his mouth.

“I should have probably done that sooner,” he admitted. “Or we should have at least talked about it.”

“Well, I did say you belonged to me, so I set my claim a while back,” she said with a giggle. He smiled and kissed her again. He pulled away and put the vehicle back into drive and headed back onto the road with a smug grin on his face.

“You look proud of yourself,” she giggled.

“I am. I scored myself a babe.”

“You’re so ridiculous,” she laughed, but flushed with happiness at the same time. “So, we’re together now? You’re not going anywhere?”

“I never was, and yes, now you can give me boyfriend duties,” he said with a grin.

“Hmm, I’ll have to think of some good ones.”

“I have a few I can perform. They are pretty bedroom specific though,” he said with a wink.

“Well, let me add a few. Diapers, cooking, running errands, massaging my feet, running for icecream,” He started to laugh and squeezed her hand.

“I already do most of that,” he informed her.

“Yeah, you’re pretty wonderful,” Betty said softly. Jughead shot her a warm look and she shifted and looked at Jackson. “Did you hear that sweetie? Daddy is going to stick around.” Jackson clapped happily and Betty smiled at Jughead. “He’s happy too.”
Jughead lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed it and she leaned back and let out a happy sigh. They were a family now and she couldn’t have been more excited.

They arrived in Riverdale at 5:30 and Jughead’s father text him saying he wouldn’t be home until 7:00. Jughead told him that he would be by the next day because Jackson usually went to bed around 7:30. He headed to the hotel he had booked for them and by the time they got settled in, little Jackson was cranky and tired and after Betty gave him a quick bath, she lay down on the bed with him until he fell asleep while Jughead ordered a crib from the front desk. The room was a two bedroom suite and it was beautiful. Betty hoped that it didn’t cost too much. It didn’t take long and Jackson was sleeping and the crib arrived soon after. Betty pulled out bedding that she had packed for it and soon had Jackson snuggled up with his own blanket and pillow. She brushed his curl off his forehead and straightened up.

“You hungry?” Jughead asked softly as he wrapped his arms around her.

“A little,” she whispered as she turned to face him. She smiled at him and still couldn’t believe that he was hers.

“What’s got you smiling so sweet?” he asked, nudging her nose with his own.

“The fact that 4 months ago you were someone I was never going to see again and now I’m standing in your arms and I’m your girlfriend,” she said shyly. She wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him tight. “I used to think about you when I would lay in bed and think about our night together. My mind always went to ‘what if you hadn’t left?’ and ‘what if you were with me and Jackson and we were a family’. I cried sometimes because it left me aching and missing a man I didn’t even know,” she whispered.

Jughead lifted her face and saw her eyes shimmering with tears. He lowered his head and kissed her and her arms went around his neck, her body pressing to his, as she returned the kiss. He shifted and lifted her in his arms and carried her to the other bedroom. Jughead slowly lowered her beside the bed and she immediately started on the buttons of his shirt. It had been a couple of days and she was hungry for him. They made short work of their clothes and he pulled the covers back as they fell to the bed. He starts to moved down her body with his mouth and she shook her head and pulled on him. Jughead lifted his head and saw the desperation in her eyes.

“I need you,” she whispered. “Now, please,” she begged, shifting so he was settled between her thighs. His hand moved between them and he groaned when he found her silky and wet. “Please, Juggie, I need to feel you,” she whimpered, lifting to his touch. Jughead lifted her legs and wrapped them around his hips as he slowly pushed into her.

“Jesus, you feel good,” he groaned when he was buried to the hilt. He smoothed the hair off her face and stared down into her eyes. “You’re so beautiful,” he said softly and she smiled at his heated words. Jughead kissed her again as he started to move. His tongue sinking into her mouth and she wrapped her arms around him and moved with him, her hands running over his back, feeling the muscle move as he thrust over and over.

“Harder, Juggie,” Betty whimpered, locking her legs around his waist, lifting to his heavy thrusts. His mouth moved down her neck and her chest and he raked his tongue over her nipple, then sucked it into his mouth, his tongue swirling around it. She moaned and arched as he moved faster, harder, tugging on her nipple. She felt the familiar heat begin to coil in her abdomen, the shaking of her legs. Jughead felt it and raked his teeth over her skin and she gave a soft cry, tugging on his hair and pulling his face up to hers. He kissed her again, his hand moving between them, stroking over her as
her release built.

“Come with me,” she whimpered, feeling her body start to tighten. Jughead lifted his head and held her gaze as he moved hard and fast inside her and when her nails dug into his back, and her walls clamped down on him, his name falling from her lips, he let out a low growl and followed her over the edge. Betty clung to him, gasping for breath, her hands stroking over his back. He lay against her, breathing heavy into her neck, muttering how amazing she was. Eventually he moved to the side, pulling her with him and she nestled against him, her leg thrown across his hips.

“I’m still hungry,” she muttered and he chuckled.

“Well, room service it is. Followed by more dessert?”

“Oh yes, I would never pass up dessert,” Betty said with a happy smile.

The next morning, a couple hours before noon, they headed to FP’s. Jughead seemed nervous and Betty held his hand, unsure of how to help him through that, as she was very nervous herself.

“So, ummm, my dad lives on the south side, it’s kind of run down and he lives in a trailer. It’s not the nicest, but it’s nicer than the one we used to live in. He’s a recovering alcoholic and sometimes when he’s having a hard time staying on the wagon the place gets a little messy and if that’s the case then….” Jughead was kind of rambling and Betty squeezed his hand.

“It’s ok Juggie, please don’t worry about it. You’ve told me about your life and I get it and I’m not the judging type, okay? I’m anxious but I’m also excited to meet your father. I want to meet the man who is responsible for creating such a wonderful human,” she said with a smile. Jughead sighed and lifted her hand and kissed it.

“You’re a pretty wonderful human too,” he softly spoke. “I just want it to go well and yeah, I guess I’m a little embarrassed about where I grew up.”

“Well don’t be!” Betty insisted. “It bares nothing on you or your father, sometimes that’s just the way life is.”

“Well, I don’t know. He kind of fucked life up and that’s how we ended up in that predicament and now he’s just comfortable in it. But the south side has been his home all his life, he likes it there, so I can’t really say anything against that.”

They arrived at the trailer about 15 minutes later and they climbed out of the vehicle, Jughead opened the rear passenger to get Jackson. Betty grabbed his bag and they headed to the front door. The door opened before they had a chance to knock and an older version of Jughead stepped out onto the little deck. Jughead handed Jackson to Betty and embraced his father who held him tight and pounded his back for almost a minute. She smiled at the apparent love between the two. The man stepped back and looked at her and Jackson.

“Let’s go inside dad, it’s too cold for introductions out here,” Jughead said, smiling at the man’s eagerness. Once they got inside and out of coats and boots, they walked into the living room and Jughead took Betty’s hand.

“Who’s this lovely young lady?” FP asked, smiling at Betty.

“This is my girlfriend, Betty Cooper,” Jughead said and she flushed at the pride she heard in his voice.
“It’s nice to meet you, Betty. I’ve heard a lot about you,” the man said, holding out his hand. She shook it and smiled. “I’m Forsythe Pendleton Jones the Second but you can call me FP.” Betty raised an eyebrow.

“The second?” She turned to Jughead. “Forsythe Pendleton Jones, the third?” she asked with a giggle. He actually blushed and let out a sigh.

“You haven’t told your girl your real name yet?” FP said laughing.

“Figured I’d keep it a hideous secret forever. No, I did tell her, she’s just bugging me,” Jughead said ruefully.

“Be nice, boy. That’s a family name!” Betty smiled and winked at Jughead. He shook his head and rolled his eyes. His gaze settled on Jackson and he held out his hands and the little boy reached for him. He took him and turned to FP, who’s eyes had barely left the boy since they stepped inside.

“Dad, this is Jackson, mine and Betty’s son.” FP lifted his arm and his hand shook a little as he brushed it gently on Jackson’s arm. Betty was surprised when he didn’t pull back, as he usually did with strangers. He just stared at FP curiously.

“Hi Jackson. I’m FP, I’m Jughead’s daddy,” he said, his voice soft and a little shaky. Jughead gave Jackson a little squeeze.

“Can you say ‘hi’ buddy?” he asked softly.

“Hi,” the little boy immediately said. “Jughead’s daddy,” he repeated. He looked from Jughead to FP a couple of times, as if trying to figure out what that meant. His next words made Jughead and Betty go still. “Jughead my daddy.” Betty touched her hand to her heart, her eyes filling with tears as she met Jughead’s gaze.

“That’s right Jackson,” FP said with a smile. “Jughead is your daddy.” Jughead swallowed and Betty saw he couldn’t seem to form a thought. She noticed the slight sheen of tears in his eyes and she took his hand and squeezed it, smiling happily. Jughead sat down on the couch, still it seemed, unable to say anything.

“Has he never called you daddy?” FP asked, realizing what had just happened. Jughead shook his head and gave Jackson a hug. The little boy had no idea the ruckus he had just caused. Betty sat down on the edge of the coffee table and brushed Jackson’s curls off his forehead.

“Jackson sweetie, who is your daddy?” she asked. Jackson smiled and turned to Jughead.

“My daddy,” he said happily and wrapped his little arms around his neck and gave him a hug. Jughead took a shuddering breath and he couldn’t help the tear that ran down his face. Betty let out a happy laugh and her face was wet with tears as well.

“Well, I feel like I’ve just witnessed something very special,” FP said, his voice sounding a little strangled.

“You did,” Betty said in a whisper. “I’ve slowly been calling Jughead ‘daddy’ to him and we’ve been letting him understand it on his own. We never forced it on him or tried to make him say it or understand it and it seems he did that all on his own.”

Jughead pulled back and smiled at Jackson, smoothing his curls off his forehead. “I love you buddy,” he said softly, a bright smile on his face.
“I love you daddy,” Jackson said gleefully, his chubby hands grasping Jughead’s face. Jughead let out a tearful laugh and hugged him close again. Betty squeezed Jughead’s hand again and his wet eyes met hers, holding them, his gaze filled with so much wonder and happiness. She loved him. She knew it in that moment and it overwhelmed her. She turned quickly to FP.

“May I use the washroom?” she asked quickly, dropping Jughead’s hand and standing.

“Of course. Down the hall, third door on the right.” Betty quickly hurried there and shut herself in the tiny space. She took a few deep breaths and tried to calm herself. It was almost too much. Who gets this much happiness without anything going wrong? Her family was coming together and she was getting everything she had been longing for and suddenly it terrified her. A soft knock at the door startled her and she quickly wiped her face and took a breath and opened the door. Jughead stood there, having left Jackson with his grandfather.

“Are you ok?” he asked softly. She nodded and smiled, feeling her chin trembling. Jughead stepped into the washroom and closed the door. He wrapped his arms around her and held her tight. “Talk to me.”

“I just feel really overwhelmed,” she whispered. “I wanted that moment and seeing it, I just…it just made me really happy. I just….I don’t know. I’m a little scared.” Jughead lifted her chin and studied her.

“What?”

“All this happiness.”

“You’re scared of happiness?” Jughead asked, confused.

“I’m scared of how happy I am. I feel like something will happen, and it will all…” she started to cry and felt foolish.

“Hey, don’t,” Jughead said quickly, his thumb wiping her tears. “Don’t cry hon, and don’t be scared. I’ve wanted this too. I’ve wanted to be with you, I’ve wanted Jackson to call me daddy, I’ve wanted to be this little family unit. I’ve wanted it all and now I’m getting it and yes, it’s overwhelming, but I’m not scared. I know I’m not going to do anything to screw this up because this is what I want. I promise you, I won’t screw this up,” he said firmly.

“I won’t screw it up either,” she promised. She wanted to tell him that she loved him but she was terrified. He hadn’t said the words to her and she knew he cared about her and so she decided to wait. Jughead gave her a lingering kiss and when he pulled back she was pressed against him, tugging on his hair.

“You want to leave Jax with his grandpa and go to the hotel?” he teased.

“Stop it,” she giggled. She kissed him again, her heart so full of love and happiness. She realized he was right, she had nothing to be afraid of. Everything would be okay. They went back to the living room and stopped and stared at FP who was sitting and listening to Jackson tell some story and he had tears running down his face.

“Are you okay, dad?” Jughead asked softly. The older man quickly wiped his face and smiled.

“Yes, I’m just in awe of this little guy. I’m so proud of you Jughead. I know you haven’t been in his life very long, son, but I can see how much you love him and I know that you’re going to be an amazing father.”
“He already is,” Betty said softly. FP smiled and turned his attention back to the toddler’s fascinating story. Jughead put his arm around Betty and hugged her to his side. “I’m glad I came,” she whispered, smiling up at him. Jughead walked over to the other couch and dropped down on it, stretching out and pulled Betty down beside him, tucking her feet between his thighs. He wrapped his arm around one of her legs and settled back with her tucked against him. Betty smiled and grabbed his face and gave him a soft kiss.

“Well Jackson, your mommy and daddy seem a little busy, maybe we should go find some toys to play?” FP said with a smile. Betty flushed and pulled away. Jughead smiled and squeezed her leg and she snuggled close, laying her head on his shoulder. She felt at home here. There was no pretense, no need to try to make a good impression. Jughead’s father may have had his problems in the past but he seemed like a wonderful man and she was glad that Jackson got to meet his grandfather.

FP got out some toys and Betty smiled because it was clear that they were new and she appreciated that he had gone through the trouble of buying some for Jackson. He settled on the floor to play with him and then began to chit chat with Jughead. Betty slowly fell asleep as she listened to them talk.

Jughead woke her with a kiss an hour later. She smiled lazily at him and he had to fight the urge to kiss her until she was breathless. He didn’t exactly want to put on a sexy show for his dad. He smiled in amusement at her puzzled expression.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“You fell asleep. I’m getting hungry and I was wondering if you wanted to head over to my favorite diner to have lunch.”

“Oh, I would love to,” she said eagerly, feeling rather hungry herself.

“You want to come?” he asked FP.

“Nah, you kids go ahead. I could use a nap. Wouldn’t mind though if you brought me a burger.”

“We can do that,” Betty said with a smile. They got bundled up and headed out. The diner wasn’t that far and when they arrived, Betty was delighted. It was the most quaint thing she’d seen in years. They got quite a lot of stares when they entered and a few people waved to Jughead. They picked a booth and Jughead shrugged out of his jacket and then helped Jackson get out of his. He set him on the bench seat and straightened up.

“I’m just going to go to the washroom,” he said, looking at Betty. “You’ll be alright.” She nodded and he disappeared down a hall. Jackson slid off the seat and ran toward the counter seating and bumped into a pretty lady who had just walked in and was waiting for an order. Betty grimaced and walked over and picked him up.

“I’m sorry, he ran off on me,” Betty apologized. The woman just smiled, her gaze fixed on Jackson.

“Well,” she said softly. “This has to be Jughead’s son. The resemblance is uncanny.”

“Ummm, yes, he is. This is Jackson.” Betty said with a smile. “Do you know Jughead?”

“Yes, we go way back. I’m Ethel,” the woman said, holding out her hand.

“Oh,” Betty breathed in surprise, slowly taking her hand. Ethel’s gaze moved from Jax’s face to hers and she smiled gently.
“I guess my name has come up?” she assumed. “All good things, I hope,” she added with a nervous laugh.

“Yes, only good things,” Betty said awkwardly.

“Hey Ethel,” Jughead’s said softly, coming up behind Betty. He stood just slightly to one side behind her, his body brushing her, effectively and subtly calming her down.

“Hello, Jug,” Ethel said with a happy smile. “It’s good to see you again. Your son is precious.”

“Thank you very much. It’s good to see you too. I see you’ve met Betty?”

“Sort of,” she said with a nervous laugh. “It really is lovely to meet you.”

“You too,” Betty smiled.

“Will you two be at Veronica’s party on Friday?” Ethel asked.

“I’m not sure yet, we’ll see,” Jughead answered as Betty had yet to hear of this party.

“Alright, well maybe I’ll see you there. You be good for mom and dad, okay Jackson?” she said softly and then with another glance at Jughead and Betty, she turned and paid for her order and left. Betty and Jughead settled back in the booth and Jughead took her hand across the table.

“You okay?” he asked. “I’m sorry, that must have been rather awkward.”

“I’m okay. It was a little but she seems really lovely,” she smiled. “Any other old girlfriends I should expect to run into?” she asked with a laugh.

“No, just the one. After I came back home from school, I actually went on a couple dates with Ethel again, but it was definitely fizzled. She wanted to see if there was anything left but there wasn’t for me and it wasn’t really fair to her, trying to date me,” Jughead said quietly.

“Why?”

“Because I couldn’t stop thinking about you,” Jughead spoke softly, rubbing his thumb over her hand. Betty bit her lip and smiled.

“I’m sorry for ruining you,” she said with a breathless whisper.

“I’m not,” he replied, his eyes heated and hungry.

“Stop it,” she whispered.

“What am I doing?”

“Looking at me like I’m a cheeseburger and you’re starving,” she laughed. He winked and signaled the waitress who was waiting for them to order. “So, what party was she talking about?”

“My friends Archie and Veronica throw a party every Christmas and it’s one of those things that nobody wants to miss,” he said after he finished ordering their food.

“Are you going?” she asked. Jughead looked at her and laughed.

“Am I going? You think I’m going to go to a party without you?” he asked.
“Well, I can’t go to a party. What would I do with Jackson?”

“Well, that’s the predicament we’re in, so if you’re not going, then I’m not going. Simple.”

“But Juggie, these are your friends,” Betty said with a sigh.

“And you and Jackson are my family,” he said firmly. Betty felt her heart warm and she smiled. Nothing sounded better than him saying they were family.

“We will talk about this later,” she insisted.

“After dessert?” he asked with a wink. She flushed and bit her lip. She was starting to crave dessert. After they ate, Betty gushing over the food the entire time, they ordered some for FP and headed back to the trailer. They spent the afternoon and dinner with him before heading back to the hotel.

“You’ll be by again tomorrow?” he asked hopefully.

“Of course,” Jughead assured him. “We’ll spend the week with you, we just going to the hotel to sleep. I was texting Archie earlier and him and Veronica are still trying to figure out when to fit in an old friend, so my week is open. There really isn’t anybody else I care to see.” FP nodded and let them on their way.

The following day, Jughead got a Christmas surprise. They were sitting around FP’s living room when the doorbell rang. Jughead went to open it and suddenly there was a young woman wrapped around him and laughing in delight.

“Oh my God!” Jughead exclaimed, his arms wrapping around her and twirling her around. Betty sat quietly and waited for them to get through their greeting. Finally the girl pulled away and Betty knew it was his sister. She was a female Jughead. She was stunning. Her clear blue eyes settled on Jackson and they widened in delight.

“Oh my gosh, is that little Jackson?” she exclaimed, knowing the answer but asking anyway. Jughead picked him up and Jackson leaned his head on his shoulder, looking at the girl almost shyly.

“Hey buddy, this is daddy’s sister. Her name is Jellybean.” Betty raised an eyebrow and bit back a laugh. They sure had strange names. Jellybean held out her hands and to Betty’s surprise once again, Jackson reached for her and allowed her to take him.

“Well, he must feel connected to you all some crazy way,” she said laughing. “I swear this kid never used to go to anyone.” Jellybean turned suddenly, as if she only realized she was there.

“Jelly, this is Betty, my girlfriend,” Jughead said, taking Betty’s hand.

“Your girlfriend?” the young woman said with a smile. “So you made it official, did you?” she teased. Jughead grinned and shrugged.

“Couldn’t let her get away,” he said with a wink at Betty.

“Hi Betty, it’s lovely to meet you,” Jellybean said with a beautiful smile. Betty shook her hand and leaned into Jughead.

“It’s nice to meet you as well….Jellybean?” The girl rolled her eyes and sat down on the couch, bouncing Jackson on her knee.
“Forsythia, technically.”

“Oh boy,” Betty breathed, remembering they all had basically the same name. They all burst into laughter at the look on her face.

“My father has a warped sense of humor,” she explained.

“I heard that,” FP said from the kitchen. Betty laughed and sat down again and Jughead sat beside her and pulled her onto his lap. She let out a yell and frowned at him.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Holding you,” he explained. Jellybean bit back a smile and turned her attention to her nephew.

“I’m so excited to meet you Jax. Daddy has sent me so many pictures and I just couldn’t stay away. I drove half the night to get here and you, my sweet little man, were worth the boring drive.”

“Jellybean,” Jackson said with a smile.

“Yes, you’re so smart,” she exclaimed and he clapped his hands.

“He really seems to like your family,” Betty said softly, leaning against Jughead. His hand was rubbing her side and she snuggled closer, suddenly wishing they were laying in bed together.

“Yeah, he does. I was kind of worried he wouldn’t, but I’m glad it’s going well.”

Betty spent the day getting to know Jellybean and the girl was an absolute delight. She adored Jackson and he seemed to adore her and stayed glued to her lap, which she didn’t mind in the slightest. The next day it was more of the same and Betty was beginning to love Jughead’s family. They didn’t say much about his mother and she didn’t pry, figuring if Jughead wanted to talk about her, he would. Despite of what seemed to be a turbulent past, the three were a tight unit and she was so happy Jackson seemed to love them.

Jughead’s phone suddenly rang and he got up off the floor where he was leaning against the couch and went to take the call. Betty got up and wandered into the kitchen where FP was making sandwiches.

“Do you need some help?” she asked.

“Sure,” he said with a smile and handed her the loaf of bread. She started to lay them out and put deli meat on them.

“So, you and Jughead doing good?” he asked softly. Betty smiled and nodded.

“Yes, he’s really wonderful. You raised a good man.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” FP said laughing. “If he’s a good man, it’s not from my raising him. Kid always had a good head on his shoulders and did his best not to end up like me. He’s a good man because he decided to be one, no matter what life threw at him.”

“Well, you should still take some credit, you made him,” Betty laughed. FP smiled and leaned against the counter.

“You know, when he came home for thanksgiving, and he told me about you and Jackson, I told
him to be careful. I could tell that he liked you a lot and I told him to make sure his feelings for you had nothing to do with the fact that you were the mother of his son. I can see now, by the way he looks at you that he cares about you because of you and not Jackson. My first impression is that you’re a great girl and you could really make my son happy. That’s all I’ve ever wanted for him.”

“He makes me happy,” Betty said quietly, smiling at the older man.

“You love him, don’t you?” FP asked with a smile. Betty flushed and nodded.

“You should tell him. I think I know what his reply would be,” he said with a wink. Jughead just happened to come back out from the bedroom right then and Betty quickly went back to the sandwiches.

“So, turns out, my best friend can’t make time for me this week,” he said with a sigh. “The only way I can see him and V is if I got to the party tomorrow.”

“Well you should go, Juggie,” Betty said as she carried the sandwiches to the coffee table. “Honestly, I’ll be fine.”

“Betty, I’m not going to a damn party without you,” he insisted.

“Well why can’t you go Betty?” Jellybean asked.

“Well, I have Jackson,” she explained. Jellybean looked at the little boy in her lap and looked back at Betty.

“Well, I can watch him if you like. He’s comfortable with me and I would absolutely love to babysit him. Dad will be here too and you guys can get an evening out. You can’t miss this party. From what I hear, it’s the party to go to.” Betty chewed on her lip and looked at Jughead.

“It’s up to you babe,” he said softly. “We don’t have to go if you don’t feel comfortable leaving him. I know you barely know JB or my dad and I will completely understand if you are anxious about it, so please don’t feel like you need to leave him here.”

“I really don’t want you to miss it, Jug,” Betty said with a sigh.

“And I’m not going without you,” he insisted. “So, it’s up to you, whatever you want.” Betty thought for a while and watched as Jackson giggled and played with Jellybean and she smiled.

“Okay, you can watch him,” she said to JB. “I don’t want you to miss this party Jughead, so we’re going.” Betty said, turning to him.

“You sure?” he asked.

“Yes,” Betty said with a smile and then she frowned. “What kind of party is this? What do people wear?”

“Well, they dress up a little, it’s not required though.”

“Oh my god, I have nothing to wear?” she exclaimed. Jellybean jumped up and clapped her hands.

“We’re going shopping!”

“Right now?” Betty asked in surprise.

“Yes, right now. Jughead, give me your credit card,” Jellybean demanded, holding out her hand.
“No, that’s not necessary,” Betty frowned when he pulled out his wallet without so much as a blink. “I have my own bloody money.” Jellybean grabbed the card with a grin and grabbed her coat.

“Oh no, this is on my brother, I insist.”

“You insist?” Betty asked, laughing.

“Yes. He can foot this bill. Grab your coat. Jughead give me your keys.”

“Jesus, anything else?” he asked with a raised eyebrow. She only grinned and held out her hand. Betty bit back a laugh. It was clear Jellybean had her brother wrapped around her finger. Soon they were on their way to the heart of Riverdale to a store that Jellybean insisted was the best because it was owned by Veronica Lodge. While Betty tried on dress after dress, she got to know Jughead’s sister and by the time she chose a dress that she thought was perfect, she was beginning to love the girl. She had such a sweet and happy zest for life, it was hard not to love her.

“You and Jug are like a fairytale,” Jellybean said with a wistful sigh as they paid for their purchases. “Who has a one night stand, and meets them again a couple years later and have a child and end up together. It seems so crazy and yet it seems like just the kind of thing that would happen to Jughead,” she laughed. “He always had his head in the clouds, so why not have something completely crazy happen as far as his love life is concerned.” Betty just smiled and said nothing.

Back at the trailer, Jellybean insisted that they come get ready for the party there the following day so she could help Betty get ready. They did as she asked and Jellybean locked her and Betty in the guestroom for two hours while she did her hair and makeup. When she finally came out to the living room, Jughead froze when he saw her. “Holy shit,” he gasped. “You look amazing.”

“Language,” she frowned, looking at Jackson who didn’t appear to be paying any attention.

“Sorry, but you look amazing,” he said again. Jellybean had spent an hour putting curls and waves in her hair, pinning one side up so one ear was visible and one could see the sparkling chandelier earring that dangled from her lobe. She had the smoky eye makeup and it gave her a sultry sexy look that made Jughead want to carry her to the nearest bed. Her dress, simple and clean, a black cocktail dress that came mid-thigh and sat just off her shoulders. It hugged her curves and she looked stunning.

“You look great too,” Betty said smiling, taking in his black pants and white dress shirt. He wore suspenders that she knew would be hanging off his hips before the night was over and he had left his hat with Jackson.

“You two look amazing. I wish so bad I could be there to see everyone staring,” JB said with a giggle. Betty pulled on a long dress coat and Jughead grabbed his leather jacket and they gave Jackson a goodnight hug and kiss.

“We won’t stay past midnight,” Jughead told FP and JB. “And if you need anything, anything at all, just call okay?”

“Jackson will be sleeping by then, and I’ll sleep on the couch so you guys can have the guest room tonight. You can’t wake him to go back to the hotel,” Jellybean explained. Betty smiled and nodded and they were on their way.
When they walked into Archie and Veronica’s apartment, Betty felt completely out of place. She may have looked like she belonged at the ritzy party, but she felt suddenly inadequate and plain. The place was amazing. It was about 10 times bigger than her apartment and it was filled with people. Jughead immediately took hold of her hand and twined their fingers together.

“You good?” he asked with a smile.

“I feel very insecure,” she admitted, tugging on her dress a little.

“You shouldn’t. You are fucking gorgeous and I’m having a hard time not carrying you to the nearest closet and ripping that dress off,” he said heatedly. Betty bit her lip and smiled up at him.

“Well, behave. Jellybean worked hard on all this,” she laughed.

“Jughead!!” a loud voice from the left called out. They turned and Betty stared at the man coming toward them. From Jughead’s descriptions, this had to be Archie. His hair was shockingly red and his grin told her he was close to Jughead. They hugged and pounded each other’s back and she wondered if they would have bruises.

“You must be Betty,” the man said with a smile. “I’m Archie, and I’ve heard a lot about you.” Betty blushed and shook his hand. “Good job, Jug,” he said with a wink at her. Jughead wrapped his arm around her shoulder and hauled her against him, clearly staking his claim. Archie laughed out loud and ushered them further into the apartment. “By the way, I lied Jug. We can totally get together tomorrow. Veronica told me to lie so you guys would come tonight.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jughead muttered with a roll of his eyes. A few minutes later, Betty met the extraordinary Veronica Lodge. There wasn’t a thing out of place on the woman and she dripped in diamonds and pearls. Betty nervously shook her hand and sank into Jughead’s side a little. He had some intimidating friends.

“You and I are going to be great friends, I can tell,” Veronica said with a beautiful smile. “I’m sorry I made Archie fib a little about not getting together but I really wanted you guys here and I insist you come over tomorrow as well and bring that beautiful boy of yours. I am dying to meet him.” She went on and on and Betty barely got a word in. Even though she was the hostess, she stayed with Betty for a good hour, talking and introducing her to people. Making sure everyone knew that she was Jughead’s girlfriend. Betty had to admit, even though the woman was flamboyant and slightly overbearing, she was fun and friendly and she enjoyed her company.

“Jughead, come to the back room, there’s something I want to show you,” Archie insisted, pulling on Jughead’s arm. He looked at Betty and she smiled.

“I’ll be fine,” she said and he reluctantly left her side. She watched him leave and decided he was the best looking guy in the room. Sure she may have been a little biased because he was hers, but Jughead really was incredibly good looking. She realized that a lot of women were noticing him as well, including his ex, Ethel, who she saw standing by the couch, watching him walk across the room.

“The one that got away,” Veronica said laughing.

“Pardon?” Betty said, looking at her.

“Probably what Ethel is thinking. I’m guessing you know about her?” Betty nodded and lowered her gaze. “Well, it’s her own fault. She’s the one who didn’t want to date him long distance. Although from what Archie told me, on Jughead’s end it was starting to fade anyway. They worked in highschool, I don’t think they would have worked forever. I never saw any heat between them. I
swear it was like two friends trying to have a relationship,” Veronica explained. “Of course, Jughead got better looking as he got older and when he came back from NYU, Ethel started foaming at the mouth,” she said laughing. “Jughead went on a couple dates with her but he had zero interest in her anymore. And now we all know why,” she said with a smile as she looked at Betty.

“I ruined him apparently,” Betty said with a laugh and a blush.

“Girl, that’s an understatement. He couldn’t take his eyes off you before Archie dragged him off. I’d like to take a little credit for you two being together,” Veronica said with a smirk.

“Why is that?”

“At thanksgiving I could tell he had it bad for you but the boy was terrified. He didn’t want to screw it up and I told him to take the risk.”

“Well, thank you,” Betty said softly. Veronica shocked her by giving her a hug.

“I’m happy you’re in his life. He deserves all the happiness in the world.” She was looking across the room as she said it and let out a sigh. “Will you be okay here for a minute? I have to tend to something.” Betty nodded and the raven haired beauty sauntered off.

Betty sipped a drink from a waiter walking around and was looking around the room when a man walked over to her and he seemed slightly drunk.

“Well, I don’t think I’ve seen you here before,” he said, getting a little too close. Betty took a step back and smiled nervously.

“I’m Chuck,” he said, once again stepping close. “What’s your name?”

“It’s nice to meet you Chuck,” Betty said slowly, declining his request for her name.

“Would you like to dance?” he asked, taking hold of her arm. Betty pulled away and took another step back.

“I’m alright thank you,” she said, trying to be nice but wanting to slap the imbecile. Whoever this Chuck was, he didn’t take no for an answer. He took her hand again and pulled her toward him.

“Come on, you’ll enjoy it,” he said with a leer. Betty glared and pulled her arm away and as he reached for her again, Jughead suddenly appeared and stepped between them. He placed his hand on the man’s chest and gave a slight push.

“Back off Clayton, she’s taken.” Betty breathe a sigh of relief and rested her hand on Jughead’s back. Chuck raised an eyebrow and looked between the two of them.

“Come on, you’ll enjoy it,” he said with a leer. Betty glared and pulled her arm away and as he reached for her again, Jughead suddenly appeared and stepped between them. He placed his hand on the man’s chest and gave a slight push.

“Back off Clayton, she’s taken.” Betty breathe a sigh of relief and rested her hand on Jughead’s back. Chuck raised an eyebrow and looked between the two of them.

“She’s with you?” he asked, starting to laugh. “No fucking way is she with the town weirdo. Come on darling, let me show you a good time,” Chuck demanded.

“She’s mine!” Jughead snapped, shoving again. Betty probably should have commented that she wasn’t an object to be claimed but the fact that it was Jughead claiming her made her hot and she realized why he liked it when she had done the same thing a couple weeks earlier.

“What do you say sweetheart?” Chuck once again leered at her.

“Seriously Chuck, back the fuck off,” Jughead growled and Betty started getting anxious.

“Boys, is there a problem here?” Veronica asked as she approached the pair.

“Chuck was just leaving,” Jughead said firmly.
“Fuck you, I’m not leaving,” the man said and turned to Betty. “Come on baby, I’d fit between your legs better than he can,” he said with a grin. Betty gasped and Jughead snapped. His fist slammed into Chuck’s jaw, sending the man crashing into a coffee table, breaking it in the process.


“Well, buy cheaper shit then,” he fumed, his eyes still on Chuck. Veronica glared at him and turned to Archie.

“Get this asshole out of my apartment,” she snapped, pointing to Chuck. Archie grabbed him with the help of a couple others and they dragged the dazed man to the door. “And you owe me a coffee table,” she snapped at Jughead.

“Fine, whatever,” he growled and turned around to Betty.

“Are you okay?” he asked softly. Betty was staring at him and he didn’t know if she was pissed off or what. The look on her face was surprise and shockingly enough, heat.

“What are you…” his voice caught in his throat as she grabbed his shirt and hauled him to her, lifting up and pressing her mouth to his in a hard kiss. He pulled back and raised an eyebrow.

“You’re right,” she gasped. “It’s very hot.”

“What’s hot?”

“Being possessive.” Jughead broke into a grin and he grabbed her waist and hauled her to him.

“Is that so?” he asked gruffly, his mouth brushing against hers.

“God, yes. I’ve never been more turned on then when you yelled that I was yours. Now who’s the possessive one?” she moaned as his tongue flicked against her lips. She opened her mouth and he took it with a heavy drugging kiss. She stumbled back and pulled him with her until she felt the counter press on her back. She wrapped her tongue around his and he groaned into her mouth, moving against her and she could feel him getting hard against her core.

“Well, buy cheaper shit then,” he fumed, his eyes still on Chuck. Veronica glared at him and turned to Archie.

“Get this asshole out of my apartment,” she snapped, pointing to Chuck. Archie grabbed him with the help of a couple others and they dragged the dazed man to the door. “And you owe me a coffee table,” she snapped at Jughead.

“Fine, whatever,” he growled and turned around to Betty.

“Are you okay?” he asked softly. Betty was staring at him and he didn’t know if she was pissed off or what. The look on her face was surprise and shockingly enough, heat.

“What’s hot?”

“Being possessive.” Jughead broke into a grin and he grabbed her waist and hauled her to him.

“Is that so?” he asked gruffly, his mouth brushing against hers.

“God, yes. I’ve never been more turned on then when you yelled that I was yours. Now who’s the possessive one?” she moaned as his tongue flicked against her lips. She opened her mouth and he took it with a heavy drugging kiss. She stumbled back and pulled him with her until she felt the counter press on her back. She wrapped her tongue around his and he groaned into her mouth, moving against her and she could feel him getting hard against her core.

“Fuck, Betty,” he gasped, his hands gripping her waist.

“We should probably…”

“Oh yes, I agree, we should…” She panted, moving her mouth and biting down on his earlobe. His hand moved and slid down, grabbing the hem of her dress. He pulled it up so he could run his hands over her backside, squeezing as he pulled her roughly against his erection.

“We should go to the hotel,” he decided, even as he tugged on her zipper so he could free her breasts.

“No, I want you right now,” she insisted, her hands moving to his pants and undoing the button. Jughead lifted her and sat her on the counter. He turned on the water to muffle any noise someone may hear if the party music didn’t do the trick. “I’m pretty sure that won’t work,” she giggled and then moaned when he freed a breast and ducted his head to graze a nipple with his teeth.
“I don’t fucking care,” he muttered, sucking it deep in his mouth. Betty reached into his pants and pulled him free. He was huge and hard and she was desperate to have him inside her. Jughead tugged on her panties and pulled them off, tucking them in his pocket before she shoved his pants and boxers down. He pushed up her skirt and brushed his fingers between her thighs and groaned at how wet he found her.

“Holy shit, Betts,” he groaned.

“Now Juggie,” she demanded, wrapping her legs around his waist and pulling him close. She took him in her hand and guided him to her and he slid inside her with a low growl as she closed around him. Jughead took her mouth and kissed her, his tongue reaching to taste all the dark corners as he moved inside her, deep and hard. “Yes, faster,” she moaned, arching her back and pulling up her legs to take him deeper. Jughead moved his mouth down her neck and latched on, sucking the skin as he thrust against her. He lifted his head and stared at her, the heated desire in her eyes making him shudder even as he slammed against her.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” he growled, his hand touching her face, his thumb brushed over her lips. She sucked it into her mouth as she held his gaze, her legs locking tighter, pulling him closer.

“Am I yours, Juggie?” she asked. His hand moved around to the back of her head and he pulled her straighter, his mouth brushing against hers, his eyes burning into hers.

“Fuck, yes, you’re mine,” he said, his voice heavy and thick with lust. He moved his hands to her thighs and spread her wider, opening her to his thrusts and her head fell back with a whimper.

“Yes,” she moaned. “Yes, yes….” She pressed her mouth to his, biting his lip between her teeth and his hand moved between them, feeling his release coming.

Betty could feel her body begin to spiral and she tried to keep her moans quiet as his fingers found her clit and stroked against it. Her teeth sank into his neck and her nails dug into his skin as she felt her body lose control. Jughead pressed harder with his fingers and the band of pleasure snapped and she let out a cry as her orgasm slammed into her, her body clenching hard on his.

“Fucking hell,” he managed to mutter as they came down and relaxed. When he felt her no longer trembling, he lifted his head and looked at her. The smug look on her face made him laugh. “Jesus, I need to be possessive more often,” he said with a grin. She pulled him closer and kissed him. By the time she pulled back, he wanted her all over again.

“You can be as possessive as you want,” she said with a smile. “I’m completely yours.” Jughead smoothed the hair off her face and leaned his forehead against hers.

“You’re the most beautiful woman here tonight and I’m so fucking proud that you’re mine,” he whispered. Betty wrapped her arms around him and smiled into his neck.

“I was proud too. There were a lot of women eye fucking you out there and knowing you belong to me made me feel like I won the lottery,” she said happily.

“Are you two okay in there?” Veronica called from the other side of the door.

“We’re fine,” Jughead said, his eyes holding Betty’s. “We’ll be out in a minute.”
“You better not be fucking on my sink,” V said with annoyance. Betty clapped her hand over her mouth to stifle her giggle. Jughead smirked and stepped back and helped her off the counter. They quickly fixed their clothes and Betty did her best to straighten her hair and fix her smudged lipstick and when they were presentable, Jughead opened the door. Veronica took one look at them and her eyes narrowed.

“Seriously? Betty, your dress is all wrinkled, Jughead you have lipstick on your collar and neck, you both have hickies and there are pink panties sticking out of your pocket Jug.” Betty flushed red and Jughead started to laugh.

“Your bathroom is nice V,” he said with a smirk. “Don’t worry, we didn’t break anything.”

“Did you at least wipe the fucking counter?” she asked with a glare. Jughead just winked and pulled Betty down the hall.

“Archie!” Veronica yelled. “Bring one of the damn cleaning people.” Betty let out a giggle and wondered if they were still invited over the next day.
Jealousy

Chapter Notes

Don't let jealousy fool you. It's just another name for insecurity.

Betty rolled over and found the bed empty. She sat up slowly, a little confused and then remembered where she was. FP’s trailer, the guest room. She heard the hum of voices from the kitchen and saw that Jackson wasn’t in the playpen set up in the corner. She lay back down and yawned, grabbing her phone and seeing it was close to 9:00. They had gotten back from the party at midnight and fallen asleep almost right away. After their romp in the bathroom, the party had been a little more fun for Betty. She had met a lot of his friends and liked most of them. One thing she hadn’t liked was his ex, Ethel making eyes at him all night. She appeared to be there with a guy but he was either oblivious of her eye fucking of Jughead, or he simply didn’t care. Betty had caught her gaze at one point and the woman had turned away so quickly, Betty had been wondering if she had gotten whip lash.

Jughead never left her side all evening, holding her hand and telling everyone she was his girlfriend and stealing kisses every single chance he got. If he did notice Ethel’s stares, he simply didn’t care. Betty didn’t say anything to Jughead. It was quite clear that he was long over the woman.

Betty went into her photos on her phone and looked at the selfies they took at the party of them with some of his friends. There were a few of just them two and she smiled when she looked at them. Him kissing her cheek, nuzzling her neck, smiling at her. She especially loved the one where he was biting her jawline. God, he was so sexy. And he was all hers. She scrolled to the next picture and touched the screen. Veronica had taken it and they were smiling at each other and the way his hand was resting on her cheek. Betty bit her lip. They looked like they were in love.

Jughead suddenly pushed the door open and leaned against the frame and smiled at her.

“Hey sleepy head,” he teased. She smiled and put her phone down. “You want some breakfast?”

“Come here,” she said softly. Jughead pulled away from the frame and shut the door behind him. He walked over to the bed and sat on the edge, bracing on his hands on either side of her, leaning over her and brushing his lips against hers.

“Hi,” he said softly.

“Hi,” she whispered. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a more thorough kiss. When he pulled back he was breathing a little heavier and his eyes were heated and dark.

“Damn, not a good idea to do that in my dad’s thin walled trailer,” he said gruffly. She giggled and pulled on him until he was laying over her and moved against him.

“Stop it,” he groaned, even as he moved with her. Betty lifted her hand and touched his face.

“You want me?” she asked softly.

“Always.”
“Why?” she wondered. He looked amused at her question, and a little puzzled.

“Because you’re amazing and beautiful and the most amazing mother and the most amazing girlfriend. You’re kind and sweet and sexy and…”

“Okay, okay,” she giggled, feeling completely validated. She pulled his head down and bit his ear lobe. “I figured you’d say it’s cause I’m insanely good in bed,” she whispered against his ear.

“God, that too,” he growled as he kissed her again.

“Jughead, I told you to wake her for breakfast, whatever you’re doing, stop it,” FP’s voice suddenly rang out. Betty giggled and Jughead pulled back.

“My father is cock blocking me,” he said with a sigh. Betty bit her lip and moved against said appendage and he dropped his forehead to hers. “Fuck, stop it,” he muttered. She smiled and gave him a quick kiss.

“Okay, off mister, we have breakfast to get to,” she said biting back a laugh.

“Fuck breakfast,” he said, nuzzling her neck.

“We also have to get ready to spend the day with Archie and Veronica,” she said, even as she tilted her head to give him better access. “Maybe while there we can visit the bathroom again,” she giggled.

“You’re gonna be the death of me,” he sighed against her skin. He lifted his head and smiled at her.

“I wanted you to know something…” he spoke softly, brushing her hair back. Betty bit her lip and waited. “I noticed how Ethel was watching me yesterday and I know you noticed as well. I want you to know that I didn’t care and you don’t ever have anything to worry about. I see only you Betty,” Betty felt her eyes fill with tears and she let out a happy laugh.

“I did notice her,” she said with a sigh. “I also noticed that you had eyes only for me.”

“Ever since it was you who was making eyes at me at a party,” he said with a smile.

“Well, Jughead Jones, you are incredibly handsome and sexy and there is never a shortage of women looking at you,” she laughed. Jughead kissed her and by the time he pulled back, Betty had her arms and legs wrapped around him and FP was yelling again. Jughead stood up and helped her out of bed and she got herself ready. By the time she got to the kitchen, breakfast was ready and Jughead was already feeding Jackson. He clapped happily when he saw her.

“Mommy,” he yelled, holding his arms to her. She took him from Jughead’s lap and gave him a squeeze.

“Hi my love, how are you this morning?” she asked, placing a bunch of kisses on his cheek. “How was he last night?” she asked Jellybean, who sat smiling at them.

“He was perfect. Seriously, my nephew is absolutely perfect. We had so much fun. He really likes to fist bump,” she said with a laugh.

“Daddy fist bump!” Jackson yelled, looking at Jughead and making a fist. Jughead laughed and held out his fist for him. He wanted back to him so Betty handed him back and watched the little guy plant a kiss on Jughead’s cheek.
“Oh thank you, you give the best kisses,” he praised, giving him one in return.

“Daddy kisses mommy,” Jackson announced to FP with a giggle.

“Is that right?” he asked with a grin. Betty flushed and Jughead laughed.

“Tattle tale,” he said, nudging Jackson’s chin. They had breakfast and then got ready to spend the day at Archie and Veronica’s.

They arrived and the building looked a little different in the daylight and Betty realized that she was looking at probably the ritziest place in Riverdale.

“So, what exactly do Veronica and Archie do?” she asked as Jughead led her and carried Jackson into the building.

“V comes from money but she owns a few clothing stores and Archie works for his dad’s construction company that will be his one day. They are both pretty successful, but this apartment is a gift from her parents,” Jughead said laughing. “Veronica doesn’t have to work if she doesn’t want to, but she loves clothes so that’s what she does.” Betty hadn’t paid attention the night before but she wasn’t surprised when Jughead pushed the penthouse button in the elevator. She felt a little nervous again because now she couldn’t hide in a crowd of people.

Archie and Veronica both answered the door and ushered them inside. Jackson went back to being shy and cuddled into Jughead’s neck, peeking shyly at the new people. Betty smiled and rubbed his back reassuringly, letting him know that it was okay. He immediately turned and wanted her and Jughead placed him in her arms and the little boy wrapped his arms around her neck and hid his face.

“He’s shy,” she said with a smile. “Just give him a few minutes.” They shed their shoes and jackets and settled in the living room and Betty glanced around and realized how spotless the place was. One would never guess there had been a party happening just 12 hours earlier.

Jackson stayed snuggled against Betty for a while before he sat up and slid down to the floor, curious about the toys that Archie had set on the coffee table in hopes to coax him away from his mom.

“He’s so beautiful you guys,” Veronica gushed. “I’m really not much of a kid person, I mean, obviously I want kids one day, but I don’t much care for anyone else’s but this little guy is just precious. Wow, Jughead, you have some strong genes, he looks so much like you, it’s almost hilarious. Are you sure you didn’t give birth to him?” she asked laughing.

“No, unfortunately I wasn’t there,” he said quietly. He took Betty’s hand and smiled sadly at her. “But I really wish I had been.” She squeezed his hand and smiled.

“Well, you’ll be there for the next one,” Archie said without thinking. Everyone went quiet and Archie let out a nervous laugh.

“Well, I mean….well you know what I mean,” he stumbled.

“Yeah, maybe,” Jughead said quietly, looking softly at Betty. She flushed and tried to calm her racing heart. The idea of having more kids with Jughead hadn’t even been a thought until now and suddenly she wanted it more than anything.

“So,” Veronica interrupted the awkwardness. “I bought a present for Jackson and you guys might not like it but I couldn’t help myself,” she said with a bit of a scared look on her face.
“What did you do?” Jughead asked, immediately wary.

“For the record, I tried to talk her out of it,” Archie said quickly and Veronica frowned at him. Veronica left the room and came back carrying a small kennel.

“What the hell, V,” Jughead exclaimed. Veronica opened the kennel and pulled out a tiny caramel colored kitten.

“Oh boy,” Betty muttered softly, completely taken aback by the gift. Jackson, of course, was immediately enthralled and walked over to Veronica and let her pick him up and settle him on her lap. Jughead looked at Betty and gave an eyeroll.

“Kitty,” Jackson said in excitement, touching the little pet gently.

“Yes, auntie V bought you a kitty,” Veronica said happily, seeming thrilled that Jackson had come to sit on her lap.

“V, you can’t just buy him a pet without checking with Betty,” Jughead said with a sigh. “She could be allergic, Jackson could be, her apartment could maybe not allow pets…. Betty squeezed his hand and smiled.

“It’s ok, Jug, I’ve been thinking of maybe getting a pet, I just wasn’t sure what kind and now the problem is solved.

“Are you sure?” he asked. “Don’t feel like you need to accept this.”

“I’m sure,” she said, smiling.

“I bought everything you need for her. All you need to do is buy more food when you run out. I have toys, a climbing scratch post with a house on top, litter box, food, treats. She’s got vet papers. Everything, you just need to take her home.”

“Are you trying to buy Jackson’s love?” Jughead asked with a laugh.


“What?” Betty asked, confused.

“Jughead’s laptop broke when he was 16 and I bought him a new one and he finally started liking me,” V explained.

“That’s actually true,” Jughead admitted with a shrug.

“Why didn’t you like her?” Betty wanted to know.

“She was a bitch.”

“Jughead!” Betty exclaimed.

“No, it’s true, I was one,” Veronica said laughing. “But Jughead was important to Archie and I had the hots for Archie, so I had to make nice. He was having none of it and I swear for months all I got was snarky comments and glares and then one day his laptop up and went shot on him and he was devastated because he couldn’t afford a new one and so I stepped up. He warmed to me after that,” she said with a smirk.

“I did figure out eventually, she wasn’t as bad as I thought, just very…..opinionated?” Jughead
explained and she rolled her eyes.

Betty’s phone suddenly dinged and she fished it out and saw a text from her mother with a picture of the Eiffel tower. She showed Jughead who took the phone and studied it.

“Seems nice,” he commented. He turned to look at Betty. “Still happy she went and you came home with me?” he asked with a smile.

“Completely,” she said softly, leaning close and giving him a soft kiss. She pulled back and flushed at Veronica who was watching with an amusing look on her face.

“Just don’t go to the washroom together,” she said with a roll of her eyes. Jughead started to laugh and Betty turned beet red. Jughead closed the text and smiled at the background on her phone. It was the picture that Veronica had taken of them, smiling happily at each other. He went into her photos and sent it to his phone. He grabbed his phone and handed Betty hers.

“Mind if I post this on Instagram?” he asked with a grin. She smiled and shook her head.

“I don’t mind at all,” she said happily, excited that he wanted to share their relationship with everyone who may be following him. He posted the pic and she went into her account and saw it with the caption ‘she’s all mine guys, back off’ with a wink and grin emoji.

“You’re such a dork,” she said laughing. She commented with a simple heart and blush face emoji. Jughead liked her comment and winked at her.

“You two are the cutest,” Veronica said as she bounced Jackson on her lap. The little boy was completely happy settled on her with the kitten in his hands.

“What do you want to name her, sweetie,” Betty asked, smiling at them.

“Kitty!” Jackson said, holding it up.

“Okay, we’ll think of a name later,” Jughead said laughing. After a few minutes, Jackson slid off the Veronica’s lap and walked over to Jughead with the kitten and he pulled him onto his lap, settling back on the couch with him. Veronica grabbed her phone and went into Instagram to leave her own comment on the pic and let out a gasp.

“That bloody bitch,” she exclaimed.

“V, language,” Jughead frowned.

“Sorry, but oh my God, look what Ethel commented on your picture,” she gasped. Jughead frowned and pulled out his phone and looked and his eyes narrowed. Betty took the phone and glanced at the comment. She felt her stomach knot and her eyes stung.

‘At least until you’re done playing house…’

“Why would she say that?” she asked shakily. She understood Ethel was jealous but this was just mean and vindictive. Another comment appeared and Betty glanced at Veronica as it was her.

‘Get over it bitch, you had your chance!’

“Veronica,” she sighed, showing Jughead the comment. He still looked angry and she took his hand. “Are you ok?”

“Am I ok? Are you? It’s insulting that she claims I’m just playing house and I’m pissed the hell off.”
“God, look at her posts since you got back to town,” Veronica said in shock. Jughead scrolled Ethel’s posts and his face got angrier by the second and he threw the phone on the coffee table.

“Unfollow and block her for me,” he said furiously. Betty took the phone and slowly scrolled through several posts that had her sighing and moving closer to Jughead. There were several provocative pictures, with captions that any idiot who knew her and Jughead’s history and the fact that he was back in town with a girlfriend, would know were about Jughead.

‘I hate the idea of anyone else having you’

‘Regrets’

‘Facing the past and wanting to cry’

‘What if I was blonde?’

There was an old picture of them in school, where they both smiled for the camera, holding hands and the caption ‘When you were mine…’

“I can’t believe she would do this,” Veronica said angrily. “This doesn’t even seem like her at all. Like wow, she must have a serious case of jealousy.” Jughead stood and placed Jackson with Veronica again. He took Betty’s hand and helped her up.

“Come with me,” he said softly. She stood and followed him down the hall.

“Please keep your clothes on,” Veronica called after them. They ended up in the washroom again and after he closed the door he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close.

“Are you ok?” he asked gently. Betty placed her hands on his chest and nodded. “Are you sure?” His hand touched her face, finger trailing down her cheek.

“I’m ok Juggie. I know you’re mine and I trust our relationship and yes I’m annoyed with her and I think she is being disrespectful, but I don’t feel at all threatened by her.” Jughead smiled down at her.

“Good, because I am yours and you have no worries. I really don’t understand why she is doing that, she was never that person and if she had been this bitchy and mean I wouldn’t even have dated her, so I really don’t understand what she is doing.” Betty just smiled and pulled his head down. She didn’t care about a bitchy jealous ex, all she wanted was to feel his lips on hers. Jughead held her face and kissed her softly, his mouth playing with hers, teasing and nibbling until she groaned in frustration and then he sank into the kiss, his tongue stealing into her mouth and her arms went around his neck.

“Mmmmm,” Jughead murmured against her lips. “Why do you always taste so good?”

“Kiss me again,” she whispered, lifting herself and pressing against him. He did as she asked, his hands moving down her back and sliding over her backside, lifting her to him. He kissed her for endless minutes, his mouth moving eagerly over hers, his tongue wrapping around hers, until they were both gasping for breath.

“Okay, we should stop,” he chuckled against her neck. She nodded, unable to say anything. She loved being in his arms and hated it when life interrupted. They went back to the living room and Archie smirked at Jughead and Betty flushed.

“You lips are a lovely plump red,” Veronica teased and Betty sighed and leaned against Jughead.
“He’s a really great kisser,” she said without missing a beat. To everyone’s delight, Jughead blushed.

Betty ended up in the kitchen with Veronica making a late lunch and the guys played on the floor in the living room with Jackson and the new kitten.

“So, you and Jughead seem very happy,” she said with a smile. Betty bit her lip and nodded.

“Yeah, we are. I mean, yes we have a kid, but the relationship is still pretty young but it seems….”

“Right?” Veronica offered.

“Yeah,” Betty spoke softly. “Is it too early to say that? Or to think that?” she wondered.

“I don’t think it is. I fell for Archie the minute I saw him. We started dating shortly after and we’ve been dating ever since. Years already,” Veronica laughed. “I’m guessing he will propose soon, because I’ve hinted long enough.”

“You guys seem really happy.”

“We are and if you want to know my opinion, I think you and Jughead seem 100% completely right. He’s completely gone for you, that much is obvious,” Veronica said with a smile. Betty bit her lip and kept arranging the cracker and cheese board. “When he came back from NYU, he moped around for freaking weeks and we couldn’t figure out what the hell his problem was and then he finally told Archie he had met a girl and that she was amazing and that he had spent the night with her but then he left the next day. He really did kick himself for not leaving you his phone number. Ethel of course was all over him and he went on a couple dates with her but honestly, even without his pining for you, he had no interest in her anymore and it would have not gone anywhere regardless.”

“Jughead told me she ended it when he left for school. Why did she suddenly want him back?”

“Oh honey, Jughead left a scrawny shy, seriously weird kid and even he would say that,” Veronica laughed. “He was cute too but when he came back two years later, we all did a double take. I don’t know what’s in the water in New York but he came back hot as hell. Taller, filled out, funny and confident, gone were the boy looks and in its place a seriously sexy man and Ethel went ape shit. For real,” Veronica laughed. “She so badly wanted him back and it was sort of embarrassing to watch. Jughead is a sweetheart and he did try but two dates in and he was like, nope, nothing there and let her down easy and she’s been crazy ever since. Not as crazy as seeing him once again has shown, but nuts. The thing is, her boyfriend is super nice and I feel awful for him.”

“I feel bad for Jughead. She shouldn’t be like this. I don’t like how it’s upsetting him.”

“I think he’s more concerned about you Betty. No new girlfriend likes a bat shit crazy ex being an idiot.”

“I met her when we first got here, she seemed really nice,” Betty said with a sigh.

“Honestly, she is really nice. She’s got a horrible case of regret and jealousy and she is making really idiotic decisions because of it. If she doesn’t stop, Trev will leave her, if he hasn’t already.”

“All this just makes me want to go home to New York,” Betty admitted, feeling her eyes sting a little. “I just don’t like seeing him angry and upset.”

“You really love him, don’t you,” Veronica asked in a hushed voice so the guys wouldn’t hear.
“Yeah,” Betty whispered. “I get scared sometimes, you know? Like how is my life suddenly so perfect? I spent over two years wanting him and wishing he was in my life and thinking id never see him again and then suddenly here he is and I’m spending the holidays with his family and meeting his best friends and he’s completely crazy about me…”

“I’m pretty sure he is feeling exactly what you are Betty. I watched him pine for you for just as long and honestly, it made me sad. I hoped somehow, someday he would find you. I may have even sent a few prayers up. I should just take full credit,” Veronica laughed. “He came home for thanksgiving and oh my gosh, the change. He was so happy and so excited and even thought he was scared, he was fucking gone for you already. You guys are it; I’d stake this apartment on it.”

“Mommy,” Jackson suddenly called out and came to the kitchen. She smiled and picked him up and handed him a cracker. His little chin was quivering and he looked like he might cry.

“What’s up buddy?”

“My daddy,” he said, pointing to Jughead.

“Yes, he’s your daddy, why are you upset?”

“Archie bad,” he replied. Betty looked over at the guys and Jughead was trying not to laugh and Archie looked sheepish.

“I just said that Jughead was my best friend,” he explained.

“Oh honey,” Betty chuckled. “Daddy can be Archie’s best friend and your daddy at the same time. You have to share.”

“No,” Jackson said with a pout. “My daddy!” Betty carried him to the living room and sat on the couch.

“Jughead is your daddy and Archie’s best friend, you have to share Jackson. Daddy is also mommy’s boyfriend.”

“Wow, Jughead, you have people fighting over you. Add a crazy ex and it’s like a nasty stew,” Veronica said with a laugh. They all looked at her and she sat next to Betty. “Too soon for jokes?” she asked with a grimace. Jughead rolled his eyes and smiled at Jackson.

“Jax, I’ll always be your daddy. Always. But I have a best friend and mommy is my girlfriend and you’re just going to have to share. You share mommy with me, right?”

“No, my mommy!” Betty burst out laughing.

“I don’t think he gets it, so let’s not upset the little guy,” she smiled. The kitten scrambled off Jughead’s lap and walked over and Veronica picked her up which made Jackson immediately want to sit on her lap. She hugged him close and looked at Archie.

“I want one,” she said with a begging point.

“Jesus, really?” Archie asked with a laugh. Veronica suddenly got a strange look on her face and she froze.

“Actually, I changed my mind,” she gasped. “He just pee’d on me,” she said with a scowl, holding him up and away from her. Jughead burst out laughing and Archie joined in as Betty quickly took Jackson from her.
“Oh, I’m so sorry,” she exclaimed. “It’s the new pullups. They don’t hold as much as diapers and someone,” she said with a glare in Jughead’s direction. “Didn’t check like he was supposed to.”

“Sorry,” he managed through his laughter, as if Veronica getting pee’d on was some poetic justice to him. She kicked his leg with her fancy heels and he grimaced but kept laughing.

“I’m really sorry Veronica, I hope he didn’t ruin your dress.”

“Oh it’s alright, it’s only designer,” she said, clearly frustrated. Betty sighed.

“Well, V, sometimes, babies and toddlers pee,” Jughead said, managing to stop laughing. “Betts, why don’t you tell her about last week’s poop incident.”

“Oh god, there was a poop incident?” she asked, horrified. Before Betty could say anything, Jughead took great pleasure in the telling.

“Well, sometimes it’s quite a doozy, and it can go all the way up the back and if you…..” He didn’t finish because Veronica clapped her hand over her mouth and ran for the bathroom.

“Seriously Jug? I actually want to have kids some day and you’re ruining it for me,” Archie said with a sigh.

“Oh please,” Jughead laughed. “Your kids will have a nanny before they are even born. I doubt you’ll ever have to change a diaper.”

“Still, now that’s probably pushed a few more years,” Archie said with a laugh. Betty got Jackson cleaned up and deposited him in Jughead’s lap. She went back to the kitchen to finish making lunch.

They spent the rest of the day with Archie and Veronica and by the time it ended, Betty knew she had a friend for life. She learned all about their life as kids and she envied them. She hadn’t had that many friends growing up as her mother controlled everything she did and the three of them had formed a bond for life and she felt privileged that she now seemed to be a part of it.

Christmas morning was the most fun Betty had had in years. The gifts were mostly for Jackson and he was so excited for all his new toys and even more excited about the boxes they came in. They spent the day laughing and eating and all too soon it was time to go. Betty had a wonderful time with Jughead’s family and FP insisted that they come back to visit as often as they could and she sincerely promised that they would. He once again cried because Jughead managed to get Jackson to say ‘bye grandpa’ and poor FP was a blubbering mess.

“Don’t tell anyone or I’ll never live this down,” he said with a laugh. After many hugs and kisses they headed back to the hotel to sleep so they could get an early start. Betty lay next to Jughead and brushed the hair off his forehead and he smiled at her and took her hand and kissed it.

“Did you have fun this week?” he asked softly.

“So much fun, Juggie. I really love your family,” she said with a smile. “Your dad is wonderful and so is your sister. I’m really going to miss them. Promise we’ll come back soon.”

“You would like that?” he asked, pulling her closer.

“So much,” she admitted, tracing his mouth with her finger. He kissed her finger and she moved it and pressed her mouth to his. He kissed her slowly, enjoying her mouth as he gently held her. There
was no fiery heat, no rush, just a slow lazy exploration of her mouth and when he finally pulled back she curled into him and held him tight.

“My favorite place is in your arms,” she whispered. “You’re so warm and you smell good.”

“I’m really glad you’re in my life,” he spoke softly. “Promise you won’t leave….?” Betty leaned her head back and looked at him. He looked vulnerable and she wasn’t sure why, but she lay her hand on his cheek and smiled.

“I promise, Juggie,” she assured him.

“Sorry. I usually get a little sad at Christmas because everyone I … everyone I care about is around me except my mom and it just reminds me of Christmas’s when I was kid and I always feel sad because someone is missing. But this year I had you and Jackson and it was the best Christmas I’ve ever had and I just….I don’t know what I’d do if I lost you guys,” Jughead said quietly.

“Oh Jug, I promise you won’t lose us,” Betty said, tears stinging her eyes. She pressed her mouth to his again and he held her tightly and this time the kiss was heavy and heated and she moaned into his mouth when his hand moved up the inside of her thigh. He shifted and settled over her, his mouth moving down her neck.

Betty arched against him, desperate to feel his weight and heat.

“Mommy….?” Jackson’s crying penetrated their haze and she let out a frustrated groan.

“Shit,” Jughead breathed, easing off her and rolling to his back.

“Guess we can get used to some interruptions,” she said laughing.

Jackson was crying and Betty, thankful she still had on her pajamas, hurried to him. She brought him back to bed and settled him between them.

“I think he had too much excitement today. He’s too wound up. Sleeping with us will help,” she explained. Jackson curled against Jughead and his eyes slowly closed. Jughead rested on his side and tucked his arm around him. Betty settled beside them and smiled at Jughead. He took her hand and squeezed.

“Tell me what?” he whispered, kissing her fingers. Betty lay awake a while after he fell asleep.

Her boys. She loved them more than she thought possible.

They woke early the next morning and packed up the SUV and got ready to go. They first headed to Pop’s to grab some breakfast sandwiches for the road. Jackson who had slept peacefully between them all night wanted to join Jughead into the diner.

“Go ahead and take him,” Betty smiled. “I’m going to text my mom and work and see when they expect me back.” Jughead unbuckled Jackson and walked into the diner to pick up their order. He settled Jackson on the counter and rubbed his nose with his own while they waited. Jackson giggled and grabbed his cheeks.

“He’s really the sweetest looking boy,” a voice said behind him. Jughead felt anger coil in his stomach and he picked up Jackson and slowly turned. Ethel smiled sweetly at him and he gritted his teeth.

“What do you want, Ethel?” he asked flatly. She winced slightly and then smiled.
“I guess you’re upset with me,” she said with a sigh.

“Upset with you? Seriously? You insulted me on social media. Not to mention all your idiotic posts.”

“I was just.”

“Just what, exactly? Making a complete ass of yourself?”

“I guess I was a little sad and jealous,” she said quietly.

“Why? We haven’t been together for over 4 years. We were barely together when we were together,” Jughead said angrily.

“I guess I just regret breaking up with you,” she said with a shrug which only angered him more.

“Yes, you broke up with me and honestly, if you hadn’t, I would have done it. We didn’t have anything Ethel. Even you knew that. That’s why you didn’t want to bother with long distance. There wasn’t anything to hold on to.”

“There’s nothing wrong with feeling regret Jughead. Seeing you, with a child, just made me think that it could have been me.”

“No, Ethel, it couldn’t have been you. We broke up when we were 18, it’s time you got over it because the way you’re acting is insulting and pathetic, not to mention disrespectful. To your boyfriend, to me, to my girlfriend and my son.”

“Seriously, Jughead, my posts were just innocent musings,” Ethel said with a laugh.

“Saying that I was playing house on social media where everyone can read it is innocent musings?” he asked furiously. Jughead tried to keep his voice down because he was holding Jackson but he felt like screaming at the idiotic woman.

“Sure didn’t seem innocent to me.” Jughead let out a sigh when he heard Betty’s voice. She came over to him slowly, glaring at Ethel. She turned back to Jughead and gave a shaky smile. “I was just seeing what the holdup was. I can take him back to the vehicle,” she said softly. He nodded and handed him to her.

“I’ll be right out,” he said with a reassuring smile. She nodded and with one last glare at Ethel, she left the diner. Jughead turned away and grabbed the food the waitress had left in a bag on the counter.

“You know, Jughead,” Ethel started again. “Maybe you’re so angry about my playing house statement because it’s a little true. Would you even be with her if not for your son?”

“Yes,” Jughead said angrily, turning to face her. “I would still be with her because I love her!” He saw something flicker in Ethel’s eyes. Pain, anger, jealousy. He was getting tired of her bullshit.

“The way you loved me, Jughead?” she asked, her face angry. Jughead tilted his head back and let out a sigh and a laugh. He turned and looked at her, his face not only angry but filled with pity.

“No, Ethel, not the way I loved you. The way I love her isn’t something I would ever walk away from.” He said it to hurt her and it wasn’t like him to hurt people but she had hurt him and his family and he felt it justified. He was satisfied with the fury he saw in her face and he turned and walked away from her without a backward glance.
Jughead climbed into the SUV and handed the bag of food to Betty. She chewed her lip as she watched him. He was angry and he sat there a few moments, trying to calm down.

“Hey,” she said softly. He turned and looked at her and got lost in her green eyes staring so brightly at him. She touched his face and smiled. “You okay?”

“I’m so sorry Betty,” Jughead sighed. “I bring you home for Christmas and you have to deal with some crazy ex-girlfriend who I swear to god was never like this,” he said slamming his hand on the steering wheel.

“Hey, stop,” Betty said quickly, taking his hand. “I had a wonderful time Juggie, I really did and I wouldn’t change it for anything. I don’t care about her, the only thing I’m angry about is that she hurt you.”

“She hurt you too, Betty. She hurt my family with her crap.”

“Well, it sounded like you put her in her place,” she said with a happy smile. “She’s blocked now and there really isn’t anything she can do. I don’t think there is a single person who doesn’t feel like she made a fool of herself. I’m pretty sure she’s done with whatever the hell this was”

“How about we just go home. I really miss home right now,” Jughead said with a sigh. Betty smiled and pulled him close for a kiss.

“That sounds really wonderful,” she whispered happily. Jughead smiled and kissed her again. He pulled back and sent Jackson a smile and got a wave in return. It was time he took his family home.
Promise me you’ll never go away, promise me you’ll always stay.

They got back to New York late in the evening and after dropping their bags and setting up the kitten in the living room, they put Jackson to sleep and fell onto Betty’s bed, fully clothed and exhausted. They lay on their backs, heads turned to each other, smiling. Jughead lifted his hand and stroked his finger along her cheek and she closed her eyes and leaned into the touch. She lifted hers as well and ran the back of her fingers along his cheek and he smiled at her, taking her hand with his and they just lay quietly, their fingers playing with each other. His touch as he ran his fingers along hers was making her shiver, despite her exhaustion.

“You’re so beautiful,” he said softly. “I can’t believe you’re mine.”

“I am yours,” she whispered. Jughead moved closer and pressed his mouth to hers, a soft slow kiss. His hand rested on her hip and he pulled her closer until their bodies touched from top to bottom.

“Are you very tired?” he asked in a whisper when he pulled back, brushing her hair off her forehead.

“Yes, but I want you,” Betty confessed, moving restlessly against him. That’s all Jughead needed to hear as he leaned over her and kissed her harder, thoroughly.

“Aren’t you tired?” she giggled as he quickly started shedding her clothing. She helped him with his own clothes.

“Yes, but God, I want you so much right now, I can’t think straight. Our little guy interrupted last night and I have been aching for you since,” he murmured, his mouth moving down her neck as he spoke. She shivered and soon there were no clothes left and he moved between her thighs. “I can’t wait baby, I need you,” he groaned, stroking his erection over her and finding her warm and wet. Betty wrapped her legs around him and lifted to him and he slid inside, their groans mingling as their lips met in a passionate kiss. It was hard and heated and quick, their need to find release with each other stronger than the need to go slow and make it last.

Betty gasped, pulling her legs back, taking him deeper and moaning at the feel of his heavy thrusts. He reached between them and stroked his fingers against her, feeling the fluttering begin as he moved in her.

“Juggie,” she gasped, arching her back, bucking against him.

“Come with me,” he gasped, feeling his body begin to tighten and she fell apart, squeezing him and pulling on him as he followed her over the edge. He fell against her, his exhaustion from the trip and his release making him unable to hold himself up. Betty held him tight, her heart hammering in her chest as she tried to breathe again. Even their sessions that only last a few minutes made her mind turn to mush. God, she loved this man. After a long while he slowly rolled off her and lay staring at the ceiling.

“I literally can’t move,” he muttered. She giggled and rolled into him.
“Do you have to go home?” she asked with a sigh.

“Unfortunately I’m wanted in the office tomorrow and I have no work clothes here, so yeah. But, it doesn’t matter if I go now or early tomorrow and since the latter allows me to sleep beside you with you in my arms all night, I pick that one.” Betty smiled and kissed his cheek. She hurried to the washroom to freshen up and ran back to bed, jumping beneath the covers he had slipped under. He pulled her close and buried his face in her neck and they were sleeping a minute later.

It had been 3 days since they got back from Riverdale and Betty was starting to miss Jughead like crazy. After their quick session and crashing with his leaving before she woke because he had been due in to the office the next morning and he had no work clothes at Betty’s, he had been slammed with work immediately and hadn’t been back since. He had also had several meetings with his boss about his own writing. They wanted to publish something of his and Betty was thrilled for him. He sent her a text that he would be by on Friday to spend the entire weekend with her and she was thrilled. He was upset that Alice was taking Jackson for the weekend and didn’t want to go so long without seeing him. Betty hated it as well and it helped her work up the courage to broach a subject with Jughead that she was kind of afraid to bring up.

Alice came to pick up Jackson on Thursday afternoon, a day early and Betty spent a good hour listening to her gush about Europe. She never once asked her daughter how her holiday went and in truth, if she had, Betty wasn’t sure she would have told her where she went. She finally had to go and Betty gathered Jackson’s bag.

“I know I’m taking Jackson for the weekend, but I’d love to have you over for dinner tomorrow, to make up for Christmas. I’ll make a roast chicken, and you can just head back home after and I’ll still keep Jackson till Sunday,” Alice said as she cuddled Jackson. For all her faults, she loved the little boy with everything in her.

“Um, that sounds great and, well, I’d like to bring the guy I’m seeing,” Betty said slowly. Alice looked at her in surprise.

“You’re seeing someone? Do I know him?”

“No, no you don’t, but we’ve been together for a couple months and he’s really special to me and I’d like you to meet him.”

“How is he with Jackson?”

“He’s great, he loves Jax,” Betty said softly.

“Allright, bring him. I’d like to meet this man who doesn’t run the other way when he sees a woman with a child,” Alice said with a huff of annoyance. Betty bit her lip.

“Listen, there’s something I need to tell you,” she said quickly.

“Well, it will have to wait until tomorrow, because I’m late. John is coming for dinner and I must go,” she said in a rush and then she was gone. Betty sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

“Dammit,” she muttered.
The following day, after texting Jughead that they were invited to Alice’s for dinner, she sat nervously and waited for him. It was New Year’s Eve and she didn’t exactly like the idea of spending the first part of the evening with her mom, and she really hoped she didn’t ruin the rest of the night for them. He arrived 2 hours later and when she opened the door for him he swept her into his arms and kissed the breath right out of her.

“God, I missed you,” he growled against her mouth. Betty sighed into his kiss and wrapped herself all around him. “Mmmmm, babe, let me take a shower before I’m tempted to take your clothes off and then we’ll head to your mom’s, okay? I had a long day and I need to wake myself up.”

“Oh,” she said with a smile and when he came back out he was wearing only a pair of jeans that he hadn’t even bothered to button and she just stared.

“Oh, really?” she sighed. He just laughed and winked. Betty bit her lip and he looked at her curiously. “Got something on your mind?” he asked with a tilt of his head. She took a deep breath and looked at him.

“You’re here a lot, like all the time….” She began. 

“Okay,” he asked, leaning against the counter.

“No! God no, I don’t mean it like that,” Betty quickly explained. “But you’re always here and you only go home to get a change of clothes and make sure your apartment is okay and sometimes to work when you need quiet and to be alone.”

“Yeah….”

“Say, if I had an office, like a place you could work in peace, behind a locked door, would you stay here during those times? That way in the evening you could come to bed with me and you could say goodnight to Jackson…”

“Well, yeah, if there was a proper work space where I wouldn’t be disturbed, I would totally stay here. You have an office you’ve been hiding from me?” he asked with a smile.

“No,” Betty said quietly. “But my boss owns this building and, well, he said that in two months a three bedroom apartment on the top floor was opening up and like he always does, he likes to run it by people in the office to see if anyone there is interested. I thought maybe….well, maybe if….”

“You want to rent a bigger apartment so I can stay over when I work?” he asked confused. “That doesn’t seem like a wise investment.”

“No, I mean, yes…..” Betty sighed, swallowing around her nervousness. “I thought, since you’re here all the time anyway, maybe we could get it together,” she said shakily.

“You want us to move in together?” he asked, completely surprised.

“I just thought since….okay, I know this is super fast and we’ve only technically been boyfriend and girlfriend for like 2 weeks barely, but we’ve been together for a while and you’re here all the time and Jackson and I miss you so much when you go home, even for just one night and I just figured I’d run it by you and see what you thought.” Betty was rambling but he wasn’t saying anything and she went into a bit of a panic. “It’s a much bigger place and it costs a lot more than this one and it’s actually more expensive than yours as well, but it’s still less than both our rents combined, so in the end we save a bit of money.”

“Betty…”
“It was just an idea,” she said quickly, stopping his response and feeling like an idiot. “I just thought you’d like to always be around and I know how much you love Jackson…”

“I love his mom too.”

“And he would be so…..wait….what?” Betty stared at him, dumbfounded.

“I love his mom too,” Jughead said softly. Betty felt the breath leave her lungs.

“You do?” she whispered in shock.

“I love his mom too,” Jughead said softly.

Betty felt the breath leave her lungs.

“You do?” she whispered in shock.

“I love his mom too,” Jughead said softly.

Betty felt the breath leave her lungs.

“Since when?” she asked. She knew she sounded ridiculous but she was so shocked, she still couldn’t seem to comprehend.

“A while,” Jughead said with a slow smile. “Maybe from the start.” Betty lifted her hands to her forehead and took a deep breath.

“You love me,” she said, this time as a statement, not a question.

“Yes, Betty, I love you.” Betty’s eyes filled with tears and she let out a sob and he reached her in a couple steps and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close. Betty wrapped her arms around his neck and held on tight, crying into his neck.

“I love you too,” she whispered, clinging tightly to him. Jughead pulled back and took her face in his hands. He was smiling and crying and he wiped the tears with his thumbs.

“You love me?” he asked, seeming caught in the same disbelief as she had been. She nodded and let out a happy laugh. “Since when?” She started to giggle and kissed his mouth.

“A while,” she mimicked and he laughed and held her head still as he tried to kiss her properly. They were both grinning too much to get a proper kiss going.

“I love you,” he said against her mouth.

“Promise?” she whispered.

“God, yes. I’ve been wanting to say it for a while and I’m sorry I didn’t. My mouth takes a while to catch up to my heart and brain sometimes.”

“Like asking me to be your girlfriend?” she giggled.

“Yes, exactly like that,” he laughed. “I love you, Betty.”

“I love you too,” she exclaimed happily. “So much!” They finally managed to quit grinning long enough to get a proper kiss going and it turned heated very quickly.

“No, no, no….” she groaned when his hands slipped under her shirt. “Dinner at my mom’s,” she reminded him, trying to pull away. Then she grimaced. “Oh, God, dinner at my mom’s. You may change your mind about loving me after meeting her.” Jughead raised an eyebrow and laughed.

“I doubt she could do anything to change my mind,” he said softly.
“Here’s hoping,” Betty muttered as she handed him his duffel. “Clothes, then we need to go.” Jughead sighed and finished getting dressed. Betty felt ridiculously happy and she prayed that her mother wouldn’t ruin it with any bullshit.

Betty was nervous as they climbed the steps to her mother’s town house. She gripped Jughead’s hand and he gave her a reassuring squeeze. She gave him a soft kiss and he smiled when she pulled back.

“I love you,” he said once again and she smiled happily.

“I love you too.”

John, not her mother, answered the door and welcomed them inside with a smile. They stepped into the foyer and Betty got her usual anxious feeling that she always felt at her mother’s.

“Alice was just changing Jackson, he had a little accident,” John explained with a shrug. Betty had always liked him. Truth be told, he was really kind and sweet and she had no idea what he saw in her mom. Love is blind she figured. Alice came from the back right then, carrying Jackson and she smiled in greeting.

“Daddy!” Jackson exclaimed happily when he saw Jughead.

“Hey buddy,” Jughead replied with a grin. Alice stopped and stared, her eyes narrowing. Betty felt her stomach drop and she clutched Jughead’s hand. Alice couldn’t contain the shock on her face as she slowly looked from Jughead to Jackson and then back to Jughead. It took her only a second to figure it out and she looked furious.

“Oh God,” Betty muttered under her breath. Jughead looked confused at the anger on Alice’s face and he looked at Betty and saw her panic.

“John, can you take Jackson to the play room for a minute?” she asked, her eyes glued to Jughead. John appeared as confused as Jughead and he took Jackson and headed to the back room. Jackson called for Jughead.

“I’ll be right there bud,” Jughead called, his eyes watching an angry Alice. She walked over and stood in front of them.

“Mom, this is…” Betty began.

“How dare you!?” Alice snapped at Jughead, talking over Betty. He raised his eyebrows.

“What?” he asked, clearly confused. Then to Betty’s horror, Alice slapped Jughead across the face. He stepped back, his hand on his cheek, his eyes widened in shock.

“What the fuck?” he gasped, rubbing the sting.

“Jesus Christ, mom, what the hell?” Betty cried out in embarrassed fury.

“How dare you play with my daughters feeling and then run the minute you get her pregnant?” Alice fumed.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Jughead asked, his eyes angry.

“Oh, I heard all about how you were dating and you up and ran when she got pregnant.” Betty stood
in shock, unable to believe what was happening. Jughead turned to her, his eyes narrowed.

“That’s what you told her?” he asked furiously.

“Jughead, I was…..” Betty started to tremble and couldn’t seem to get her words out. She took a step toward him and he stepped back, his face furious. Alice stood with her arms crossed over her chest glaring at him.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” she demanded. Jughead ignored her, his eyes burning into Betty’s.

“I need some air,” he said angrily, turning to open the door.

“Yes, run away again,” Alice said with a harsh laugh as he slammed the door behind him.

“God dammit, why the fuck can’t you be normal?” Betty screamed at her. Alice stepped back in shock.

“Excuse me? How dare you talk to me like that!” she exclaimed.

“I swear to God, if you fucked this up for me, I will NEVER forgive you!” Betty cried as she opened the door and ran after Jughead. She hurried down the stairs, pulling her coat tighter around her and looked frantically up and down the street. He was leaning against his SUV, hands in his pockets, staring at the ground. Betty swallowed and walked slowly over to him. She wiped at the tears she felt on her face, not wanting them to freeze to her skin. Jughead didn’t look at her and she stood clasping her hands together, trying to find the words to explain.

“I was scared,” she started in a whisper. “My mother, as you can see, isn’t the sanest person around and when I realized I was pregnant, I didn’t know what to do. I knew she was going to blow a fuse if I told her I got pregnant from a one night stand….”

“So you told her we were dating and I left you?” Jughead asked incredulously, interrupting her. Betty bit her lip, staring at the ground, trying to keep more tears from falling. She moved her leg nervously and rubbed her cold hands.

“Yes,” she whispered in mortification. “She was already so furious that I was pregnant and I felt just awful and my anxiety was kicking in really bad and I just wanted her to stop screaming. I honestly didn’t think I would ever see you again and I didn’t think it mattered and so to save face, I lied. I’m so sorry Jughead,” she finished on a sob. He stared at her, not saying anything for a while.

“I’ve been back in your life for 4 months Betty, and you haven’t told her the truth? You brought me here completely innocent to face your mother with this lie hanging over my head? So what exactly was your plan tonight?” he asked angrily. Betty swallowed and wiped her face, gripping her hands together tightly to keep them from shaking. She felt like her heart was shattering.

“I was going to tell her the truth. I actually tried the other day but as usual she didn’t have time to listen and just walked out on me. I told her I was bringing the guy I’m seeing and I was going to tell her everything tonight. I just really wanted you with me when I told her,” Betty whispered. “Now she’s ruined everything. Again. Do you know why you haven’t met any of my friends, Juggie? Because I don’t have any.” Betty felt her tears fall from her eyes again and she wiped angrily at them. “I got pregnant and most of them just left because I didn’t have time for hanging out and the ones that stuck around my mother eventually scared off. She’s mean, she’s controlling and she won’t ever stop giving you a hard time. If you haven’t already decided to leave, she won’t stop until she runs you off.”
“What?” Jughead asked, frowning at her. “You think I want to leave?”

“My mother slapped you across the face a minute after seeing you, Jug, why would you want to put yourself through anything like that again.”

“Because I love you,” he said firmly. “Was that not clear?” He pulled away from the vehicle and took her hands. She was shaking and he realized it wasn’t from the cold.

“You’re so angry and…”

“Well, fuck, yes I’m angry. You told your mom I left you pregnant. Give me a minute to get over it,” he said in a huff.

“She’s going to run you off Jughead,” Betty said sadly, her voice cracking and her tears coming again. “That’s what she does and she won’t ever stop and I’m going to lose you.”

Jughead nudged her chin up and forced her to look at him.

“Stop,” he insisted firmly. “Yes, I’m kind of mortified that your mother thinks I’d be such an asshole and yes I’m angry at you for not fixing this shitty lie, but I’m not leaving. I love you, I love Jackson, and if your psychotic mother comes with the deal, then I guess I’ll have to put up with her,” he said with a sigh. Betty was clutching his hands in a tight grip and he was starting to lose feeling in them.

“Why don’t we go back inside and you can explain, but I have to tell you, I’m going to have some time with Jackson and then I’m leaving. I’m not sitting through a dinner with her, not today.” Betty nodded but couldn’t seem to move from where she stood. She was still shaking and Jughead, despite his anger, wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close.

“I’m sorry Juggie,” she whispered again, clutching his jacket. “I screwed this up so badly and haven’t fixed my lie in over two years and it got you slapped. I’m so so sorry.”

“Let’s go get this explained, yeah?” he spoke softly. She nodded and he took her hand and led her back to the townhouse. Betty didn’t bother ringing the bell and just walked in, Jughead behind her. Alice stood with Jackson who immediately struggled to get out of her arms and she set him down and he ran to Jughead who picked him up and hugged him close.

“Hey buddy,” he whispered softly, placing a soft kiss on his forehead. Alice watched, her eyes angry, her posture rigid.

“Can we sit down please, mom? I need to explain something to you,” Betty said quietly.

“Yes, I would say that you do,” Alice snapped, leading them to the living room. Jughead and Betty sat on the loveseat, and he took her hand and gave it a squeeze. Alice angrily watched them. Jackson cuddled into Jughead, holding his finger tightly in his little fist.

“I guess the first thing I need to tell you is that I lied,” Betty began.

“Lied about what?” Alice asked.

“I lied about Jughead and how I got pregnant.”

“I don’t understand. And what the hell kind of name is Jughead?” Betty ignored her rude question and explained.

“I wasn’t dating Jughead and he didn’t leave me when I got pregnant. He had no idea at all that I was pregnant.”
“This makes no sense Elizabeth. Jackson is obviously his son. How could he not know you were pregnant when he obviously is the one who got you that way?” Alice asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“He didn’t know because he wasn’t in New York anymore. Jughead and I had a one night stand,” Betty said, her voice quivering. Alice looked back and forth between the two of them, her eyes furious.

“Excuse me?” she snapped.

“We met at a party, we had a one night stand and didn’t exchange any info except our first name and he left for home the next day. When I found out I was pregnant, I had no way to contact him.”

“You had a one night stand?” Alice gasped, her hand on her chest in her dramatic way.

“Yes mother, I had a one night stand.” Alice turned her furious gaze to Jughead, her eyes narrowed and cold.

“Just how did you manage to convince her to do that?” she wondered angrily.

“Seriously?” Jughead asked, his expression annoyed.

“Mom, he didn’t have to do anything to convince me. In fact, I’m the one who started the entire thing. He kissed me and I invited him to my apartment. He was a perfect gentleman and asked me several times if I was sure about what I wanted. Believe me, that night happened because of me, not any ‘convincing’ on his part.”

“Well, I did ask you to leave the party,” Jughead said, trying to take some of the blame.

“And what? You forgot condoms?” Alice asked bluntly.

“That’s not what happened and it doesn’t matter anymore. We’re not children and you don’t need to lecture us. I just wanted to explain what really happened and that Jughead didn’t know I was pregnant and that he’s not the bad guy.”

“I would have stepped up if I’d known,” Jughead insisted, his hold on Jackson tightening.

“So, you’re in his life now. How did this happen?” Alice asked, still suspicious. Betty explained how they met again and Alice sat in disbelief.

“You expect me to believe you just saw her sitting there in the park?” she asked with a raised eyebrows.

“Well, that’s what happened,” Jughead explained. “I really don’t care if you believe me or not.” Alice glared at him and he glared back.

“And so you just happened to snake your way back into her bed?”

“Jesus, mom, really?” Betty snapped.

“You thinking of taking Jackson from her?”

“What?” Jughead asked in astonishment. “Why the hell would I do that?”

“I have no idea,” Alice said flatly. “What kind of guy just steps up after almost two years and is perfectly okay with suddenly being a father?”
“A decent one?” he suggested.

“So is that why you’re dating her? For Jackson?”

“Wow, you’re a piece of work,” Jughead said furiously. Betty clenched her hands together, feeling like she couldn’t breathe as the two suddenly faced off. “I’m with her because I never forgot her and when I found her again I wasn’t about to lose her again, kid or no kid, I love her.” Alice’s eyes widened a little at his declaration and then got a steely determined look in them.

“For how long? Until things get difficult and Jackson starts growing up and the cute baby stage is gone?” Alice asked. Jughead clenched his jaw, his anger simmering on his face. Betty’s nails were digging into his thigh and she felt like she was going to pass out.

“I’m not going anywhere and I’m not going to let you run me off either. That’s what you do, right? Run people off? I love Betty and I love Jackson and I’m not going to leave my family. I’ve dealt with worse than you and I can handle any crap you throw my way. So whatever it is you think you’re going to do to run me off… bring it.” Alice raised an eyebrow and a cold smile spread on her face. She had never been challenged before and Betty sensed a sick delight in her mother at the thought of doing battle.

Jughead looked away from her and focused his attention on Jackson. “Hey buddy, mommy and daddy can’t stay right now, but I promise we’re going to come get you tomorrow and I’m going to spend two whole days with you. Does that sound good?”

“Now wait a minute,” Alice said angrily. “I have him for the weekend.” Jughead fixed his glare on her and shook his head.

“I’m picking him up tomorrow and taking him home. You can have him next weekend.” He said firmly, daring her to challenge him. Alice turned to Betty in anger.

“You’re going to let him do this?” she all but snarled. Betty lifted her chin, taking a little courage from Jughead’s boldness.

“Yes, I am. I believe after that slap, which you have yet to apologize for, he can do whatever the hell he wants regarding his son.” Alice was furious, but remained quiet, letting Jughead have this win. He spent a few minutes with Jackson, reassuring him that he would be back and when the little boy happily agreed, Jughead and Betty put their jackets and boots back on and after one last, ‘see you tomorrow’ to a fuming Alice, Jughead led Betty out the door.

The ride back to Betty’s apartment was silent. Jughead still seemed angry and she sat gripping her hands together, not knowing what to say. There was nothing said as they rode the elevator to her floor and opened the door. Betty silently took off her winter gear and stood nervously in the living room as he did the same. When he was finished he just stood and stared at her and Betty began to tremble and again clenched her hands together in front of her. Jughead walked over to her and pried her hands apart and held them gently, soothing his thumb over her wrists.

“I’m scared,” she whispered, her eyes filling with tears.

“Of what?” he asked softly.

“People always leave me Jughead,” she said, her voice catching on a sob. “My friends, my ex. He didn’t even meet my mother and he cheated on me. My mother ran off the rest of my friends and I often think I should just cut her out of my life, but she’s the only family I have around here and she loves Jackson and now, I just feel like she’s determined to make sure…..”
“Stop,” he said softly. Betty swallowed and nodded, looking down. He lifted her chin with his finger and ducked his head and placed a soft kiss on her mouth. She let out a soft whimper at the touch of his lips and sagged against him as his arms came around her. When his tongue stroked against her lip she opened to him and his arms stole around his neck. Jughead’s hands moved over her backside and he lifted her and she wrapped her legs around his waist as he slowly walked toward the bedroom. Her shirt was pulled over her head as they walked and his hand pulled down her bra strap, one of her breasts spilling free.

“I need you,” Jughead murmured as he lifted her a little higher, his mouth moving down and closing over her nipple and Betty moaned, arching her back as he suckled gently. They reached her bedroom as he pulled down the other side and his mouth moved across her chest to take the other nipple in his mouth. When they reached the bed he slowly let her slide down his body, his hips nudging gently as she slid past his obvious arousal. Betty pulled at his shirt and he pulled it over his head and dropped it to the floor as his mouth took her once again. He pulled back after a while and held her gaze as his fingers worked on the button and zipper of her jeans, slowly pushing them down her legs. He did the same to her panties, holding her gaze the entire time, his movements deliberate and slow. Betty saw the determination in his eyes, like he was on a mission and wouldn’t stop until he drove the fear from her mind.

Jughead lifted her against him again and slowly lowered her to the bed and she was trembling already, the look in his eyes making her ache all over. He settled over her, taking her mouth in a slow, lazy kiss. His tongue stroked against hers as his hands slowly moved down her body, caressing lightly, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. She dug her nails into his arms as his mouth moved down her neck, sucking lightly at the skin as he went. He kept moving, reaching her chest and once again swirling his tongue around the dusty peaks, sucking them into his mouth until they were puckered and firm against his tongue.

“Juggie,” she breathed, her hips lifting to find relief for the ache between her thighs. His mouth moved down, his tongue sliding over her stomach, dipping lightly into her bellybutton before continuing down. It was a slow, methodical journey and she was breathing heavy by the time she felt his breath fan over her center. She gripped the sheets as his hands smoothed along her thighs, parting her legs, opening her to him. She felt breathless from anticipation and then she let out a ragged moan when his tongue stroked over her. Again, his movements were slow and lazy and she began to writhe beneath him, needing more. Jughead slipped a finger inside her, groaning against her wet, tight heat. Betty let out a gasp when Jughead fastened his mouth over her and started a slow, gentle suckle. It became clear after a few moments that he meant to drive her completely out of her mind, not giving her any more except this slow excruciating touch. He didn’t let up, even as she squirmed, trying to get him to apply more pressure. The pressure from his mouth was both just enough and at the same time, not enough.

“Jug, please,” she begged, bucking against him. She lifted her head and glanced down and he caught her eyes, his arm coming across her abdomen, holding her down and not allowing her to move. He gave her a moment of relief as he pressed with his tongue against her clit as he sucked and then it was gone again. She began to gasp for breath as her body slowly, slowly built toward release. “Please,” she begged, needing more. His finger curled up inside her but he didn’t move it otherwise. Betty had never felt anything like this and she felt herself start to shake.

Once again, his tongue swirled around and over her clit as he suckled on her and even as she begged and squirmed, his mouth didn’t release and he slowly drove her to the edge. Betty felt it coming and she seemed to just hang there as it slowly moved through her body and gathered under his mouth.
“Shit, shit….” Betty gasped, shaking and sobbing, desperate for him to apply more pressure and send her over the edge but he held off, sucking ever so lightly until her breath left her lungs and her body seemed to splinter apart as the most intense orgasm she had ever experienced suddenly ripped through her. When he felt her body begin to tighten, he finally gave her what she wanted and pulled his finger out, thrusting two back in and sucking hard on her.

“Fuuuuck,” he groaned as she gripped him like a vice, her body bowing off the bed, her gasping sobs echoing around the room. He quickly moved up her body and thrust deep inside, wringing another cry from her mouth and he groaned as she pulled on his arousal, pulling him deep and he stayed completely still, wanting to feel her body tugging on his. She barely got her lungs to breathe again when he suddenly pulled out and moved down again, once again setting his mouth to her.

“Jug, I can’t,” she whimpered, her flesh too sensitive but he didn’t care as he finally gave her what she wanted earlier, his tongue licking and swirling over and in her. “Fuck,” she gasped, bucking against him and he groaned as he raked his teeth lightly over her clit, sliding his fingers inside her once again. She was still quivering and he licked and sucked at her swollen bundle until she gripped his hair in her hand and once again fell apart, his name screaming from her mouth, her body covered in a sheen of sweat. She felt like she couldn’t breathe as he gave one last long lick and suck and kissed his way back up her body. He had his hand wrapped around himself, stroking slowly as he brushed the tip over her overly sensitive core and she whimpered and shook her head.

“I can’t,” she gasped, even as her hips lifted to him.

“You can,” he whispered, slowly rubbing against her until she was bucking against him.

“Please,” she whimpered.

“Please what?” he asked, dragging himself over her again.

“I need you inside me Juggie, please,” she begged. Taking care with her over stimulated core, Jughead slowly slid inside her and she cried out at the intense pleasure. Jughead sank in to the hilt and then he stillled, his hands smoothing her hair from her face, his blue eyes burning into hers.

“I love you,” he said gruffly. Her eyes filled with tears again and she took a shuddering breath. “I love you so fucking much and I promise you Betty, I promise I won’t leave.” She started to cry and he lowered his head and kissed her tears as he began to slowly move inside her. She took a shuddering breath, not sure if her body could take anymore. Jughead moved slowly, trying to keep from overwhelming her, his mouth feathering kisses over hers, whispering how much he loved her and how beautiful she was and how she was his everything. Betty let out a sob, his words like a beautiful assault on her heart.

“I love you,” she cried against his mouth, her legs coming up and wrapping around him, pulling him closer. “I love you so much.” Jughead kissed her hungrily, his tongue pressing into her mouth, rubbing against hers as he moved faster, desperate now for release.

“One more time, love,” he whispered against her mouth. “Can you come with me?”

“Yes,” she moaned, arching against him, wrapping her legs tighter. He reached between them, stroking his fingers over her and she jerked at the touch, the pleasure bordering almost on pain. He eased slightly, feeling her wince against his mouth.

“You ok?” he worried, lifting his head to look at her. She nodded and he gently brushed against her as he moved slowly. He knew she was tender and he kept it slow, groaning at the need to drive hard into her. After a few moments she dug her nails into his back and arched against him.
“Harder Juggie,” she gasped and he groaned and drove harder, faster, his head dropping to her neck, his mouth latching to her skin. He tried to keep his fingers gently but she bucked hard against him and he applied more pressure as he thrust hard into her. He could feel himself starting to lose it and he lifted his head and looked down into her eyes.

“Come with me,” he gasped, pressing hard on her clit and she let out a long cry as she once again fell apart, pulling his orgasm from him only a second later and he let out a long groan as he stiffened and shuddered, emptying himself deep inside her. She shuddered and shook and felt like she was going to pass out, her body spent and exhausted. Jughead fell against her and she absorbed his weight as she clutched him tightly to her.

They lay unmoving until he felt her weakly nudge him and he slowly lifted, both of them wincing at the drag against their over sensitive flesh. He eased to the side and immediately pulled her tightly against him, not wanting to lose the feel of her warmth against him. She had tears rolling down her cheeks and he spent a few moments wiping them away as they fell.

“You okay?” he whispered. She smiled shakily and nodded her head. “You sure?”

“Yes,” she whispered in reply. He kissed her gently and smiled at her.

“You’re so incredible,” he said softly, still stroking her cheeks.

“So are you.”

“So,” Jughead spoke quietly. “When is that apartment ready?” Betty let out a happy sob, her smile lighting his heart.

“Really?” she asked in excitement.

“I can’t think of anything better than living with you and Jackson,” Jughead said with a grin. “My apartment is so fucking lonely when I go home,” he said. “I can’t wait to move in with you.” Betty kissed him happily.

“Do you want to go watch the ball drop?” she asked when she pulled away.

“What?” Jughead looked completely confused and she started to laugh.

“It’s New Year’s Eve,” she reminded him.

“Oh shit, I forgot,” he laughed. “You not too tired?” She shook her head and they got up and after a visit to the bathroom, they settled on the couch in pajamas and tuned in on TV to watch the party at Time Square. By the time the ball started to drop, Betty was fast asleep in his lap and Jughead placed a gentle kiss on her forehead and hugged her close.

“Happy New Year my love,” he whispered.
Betty woke the next morning, alone in the bed. She sat up and groaned at the ache in her thighs and groin area. Jughead had certainly left an impression on her muscles. Her heart as well. He made sure that she knew how much he loved her and that he wasn’t going to leave. She believed him and she had never felt so happy and so loved in her entire life. She heard the shower running and smiled, climbing out of bed. She made her way to the bathroom and opened the door and walked in. Jughead was standing under the shower head, his hands braced on the tile in front of him, his head hung down as he let the water hit the back of his neck.

Betty slipped out of her panties and shirt and slowly opened the glass door and stepped in behind him. She slipped her arms around his waist and he startled, jerking in surprise. He turned and smiled down at her.

“Hey you,” he said softly, wiping at the water running down his face.

“I was lonely in bed without you,” she smiled, hugging him close.

“Well, I’m glad you joined me,” Jughead said with a grin. “I could use someone to scrub my back.”

“Is that so?” she asked with a smirk. He nodded and dipped his head to kiss her, his mouth soft and warm, his tongue wet and bold. His hands cupped her face and he angled his head, sinking deeper into the kiss. Betty pulled away and pressed her lips to his jaw, down his neck and across his chest. She ran her hands up his sides and over his chest, smiling up at him. He kissed her again and she felt him against her stomach and smiled into the kiss, her hand moving slowly down his torso and brushing over his arousal. He let out a groan when her hand wrapped around him.

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

“Oh, I did, and you made sure of that,” Betty said with a smile and he smirked arrogantly. “This is for you,” she breathed, her mouth moving lower as she sank to her knees. Betty smiled up at him as she slowly stroked her hand over him. Jughead was so surprised, he forgot to breathe. She held his gaze as she slowly stroked her hand over him.

“Shit,” he groaned out as she closed her mouth over him. His hand tangled in her hair as she took him deep into her mouth, her name a moan falling from his lips. He tried not to move against her but it was impossible and she adjusted to the gentle thrust of his hips and both hands tangled in her hair as she worked him and took him deep and only a few minutes later he felt the familiar ache and tightening of his body and Jughead groaned and tried to pull her off but she wasn’t budging.

“Fuck, baby I’m going to….” He couldn’t even finish the thought as he released suddenly in her
mouth and she took it and worked him through it. He braced his hand on the tile, sure his knees were going to buckle but he managed to stay standing while she slowly helped him through it, leaning back when he stilled and grinning up at him.

“Damn, you’re a naughty little shit,” he gasped and she giggled as she kissed her way up his torso.

“You liked it,” she whispered in his ear. Jughead backed her under the spray of water and pressed her against the tiled wall.

“Yes, I sure did,” he growled, holding her hands above her head as his mouth moved down her neck. “Let me return the favor.” He didn’t wait for her to agree as he kissed his way down her torso. When he was kneeling, he lifted her leg over his shoulder, his hand on her stomach to hold her steady against the wall and he leaned in and licked his tongue over her. Betty gasped and let her hand run through his hair and moved her hips against his mouth and despite his thorough love making from the night before, she fell apart in only minutes, clenching around his fingers as he stroked over her. After she calmed, he stood with a smirk and she laughed.

“You’re looking pretty smug there, Jones.”

“I’m feeling pretty smug, Cooper,” he replied, pulling her close to him. “I love making you moan,” he said heatedly against her ear. “Nothing sounds better than my name falling from your lips in the middle of orgasm.” Despite what they had just done, Betty blushed and he laughed softly, nipping at her chin. Betty backed away and sighed.

“As much as I’d love to stay here all day, you wanted to get Jackson for the weekend, so let’s get washed up and head over there, shall we?”

“Oh fun, like going into the snake pit,” Jughead said with a grimace. Betty gave him a look and he sighed. “Sorry, just something my dad used to say.”

“I’m sorry about my mom, Juggie, I guess I didn’t give you enough warning, but even I didn’t know she was going to go bat shit crazy.”

“It’s alright, I can handle her and I won’t let her keep me away from you and Jackson, so she can come at me all she wants,” he said. “I’m not giving her an inch.” Betty smiled and they got their shower done and got dressed to go get their son. Maybe her mother had finally met her match and would no longer try to rule Betty’s life.

She was nervous when they pulled up to the townhouse and Jughead gave her hand a reassuring squeeze and they climbed the steps and rang the bell. A tired looking John opened the door and Betty had a feeling her raging mother had kept him up half the night. He ushered them in and Alice sat stone faced in the living room, with little Jackson on her lap. When he saw them he immediately slid off her lap and ran to Betty.

“Mama,” he exclaimed, as she picked him up with a happy laugh.

“Hi my sweet boy,” she smiled, hugging him close. Once he was done pressing kisses on her face he turned to Jughead and stretched his arms towards him.

“Daddy.” Jughead took him and held him close for a minute, whispering how much he had missed him in his ear.

“You can pick him up again next Friday mom,” Betty said quietly. “Jughead hasn’t seen him all
“week and you’re just going to have to get used to him wanting to be with his son.” Alice said nothing, just sat glaring at them as they dressed Jackson. Once he was dressed to go outside, Alice stood and smoothed her hands over her pencil skirt.

“Jackson sweetheart, come say bye to grandma,” she said softly, trying to look happy instead of angry. Jackson cuddled into Jughead and didn’t move. Jughead squatted down and placed him on the floor.

“Go say bye to grandma,” he said gently, tucking his curl under his hat with a smile.

“I don’t need you to help me with grandson,” Alice snapped angrily. Jughead’s eyes narrowed in anger and he stood again, taking Jackson with him.

“We’ll see you next Friday,” he said flatly, and turned and walked out the door with Jackson in his arms. Alice gasped and rushed over to the door.

“Is he serious?” she fumed at Betty, her face contorted with rage.

“You know, mother, if you would just put down your damn guns, you would see how wonderful Jughead is and how much he loves Jackson and how much Jackson loves him. He is Jackson’s father and I’ve invited him into his life and he’s taken on the roll gladly and happily and he is primary care giver and parent with me and you are going to need to step the hell back. Any decisions regarding Jackson will be from both of us and you have no say. So, unless you want this to turn in a miserable war which will just end up hurting my son, you need to stop this bullshit and get along, because I don’t want my son around you if you’re just going to be poison to his little mind. I won’t stand for it and neither will Jughead,” Betty said furiously.

“He wasn’t here for the last 2 years, Betty. I was!” Alice yelled. “You think I’m going to just let him waltz in here and take over?”

“First of all, he’s not waltzing in and taking over, all he is doing is establishing himself as Jackson’s father and he’s demanding you respect that and I’m demanding it as well. He would have been here if he had known and if I would have found him, so to try and hang that on him is pointless. Second, you either accept that he’s here to stay, or this isn’t going to go well for you. Let me know what you decide to do and if you do decide to act decent, you owe him a fucking apology,” Betty said firmly, and walked out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

Back at Betty’s apartment, she made herself busy tidying up the place while Jughead spent time with Jackson. She loved watching them interact and the look of adoration and happiness on Jughead’s face when he was with his son made her heart smile. He spent a good hour reading to him and building a house with large building blocks.

“Daddy, all wrong,” Jackson said with a frown, looking at the house.

“It’s wrong? Show me where,” Jughead said with a smile. Jackson pointed to the roof and Betty bit her lip to keep from laughing at Jughead’s confused face. “I don’t understand, buddy, you’ll have to maybe show me how to do it right. How do we fix it?”

“We ask mommy,” Jackson said with a grin.

“Ahhh, mommy’s the smart one?” Jughead asked with a chuckle.

“Smarter than daddy,” Jackson informed him. Jughead burst out laughing and looked at Betty, his
eyes twinkling.

“You’re probably right,” he said softly, his eyes holding hers. “Come here,” he said to her, holding out his hand. Betty walked over and took his hand and sat next to him on the floor. “Fix my construction mommy,” he said with a grin. Betty fixed the blocks to how she usually built it and Jackson began to happily play with it.

“Well, thanks mommy,” Jughead said with a smile. He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her onto his lap and she squealed in surprise at the sudden move. Jughead laughed and kissed her, tugging her bottom lip slightly when he pulled away. “I love you,” he said softly.

“I love mommy!” Jackson said, climbing into Betty’s lap.

“Buddy, you have to learn to share,” Jughead said laughing.

“I love mommy,” he said again, giggling and pulling at Jughead’s hat.

“I have a lap full of love,” Jughead said with a smile. Jackson climbed off Betty’s lap and went back to playing. Jughead wrapped his arms around her and kept her secure in his lap. “Was it alright what I did earlier? I thought maybe I went a little too far with your mom, not letting her say goodbye,” he said softly, letting out a long sigh.

“Honestly Juggie, it’s the only way you’re going to win with her. She won’t give an inch and you have to stand your ground. What you did probably may have stung, but I think it made her more angry than anything. She’s never been challenged before and I’ve always been too afraid and I’m really glad that you’re not afraid of her and are standing up to her. It gives me courage to do it as well.” Jughead gave her a kiss and smiled.

“Just let me know if you think I’m overstepping, okay? I don’t want to make this more than it has to be. I do feel kind of bad, even though she deserved it.”

“I told her that we were Jackson’s parents and we make the decisions about him and she needs to step back.” Jughead looked at her, his face serious.

“You’re including me?” he asked softly.

“Of course Jughead. You’re his father and I love you. Of course you have a say.”

“It’s not too soon? Betty I meant what I said; if I’m overstepping you need to tell me. I honestly have no idea what the proper timing is with this. I’ve only been in his life a few months and you don’t need to give me decision rights just yet.”

“We’re his parents Jughead, we’re in love, we’re a family. You get a say in his life, right along with me, together,” Betty insisted.

“You sure?” he asked gently, threading his fingers through hers.

“Completely. In fact…. Betty trailed off quietly.

“What?”

“I went to the court offices the other day. I had your name added to Jackson’s birth certificate.”

“Really?” Jughead asked in a hushed tone, his face filled with surprise.

“Christ,” Jughead muttered. “I think I like unknown better.”

“Stop it,” Betty laughed. “It’s a very distinguished name.”

“It’s horrible, and don’t ever call me that,” he said with a frown.

“But Forsythe....” She began and ended in a flurry of giggles as he started to tickle in retaliation that left her laying on the floor with him hovering over her. Jackson came running and climbed onto Jughead’s back, wanting in on the fun.

“Ahhhhh I suddenly have a back issue,” Jughead gasped in mock horror.

“Yay, Jackson saved mommy,” Betty giggled as Jughead grabbed him and started tickling him instead and Jackson laughed and wiggled and managed to get free and ran around the coffee table. Jughead gave chase and Jackson raced to Betty and jumped in her lap, his arms around her neck. She laughed and held him tight, and Jughead wrapped his arms around them both and squeezed. He lay on the floor and let out a content sigh.

“I was wondering,” Betty began and he turned his head to look at her. “I know the apartment is only available in a couple months, but I was wondering, maybe, if you’d like to move in already? Like maybe pack some clothes and whatever you’d need and just stay here with us until we can move?” Jackson moved off her lap and went to sit on Jughead’s stomach. Jughead rubbed his back while he smiled at Betty.

“I could, but I’d need to go to my place when I have a lot of work. There isn’t any room here for my desk and all my work stuff.”

“That’s okay,” she said quickly. “But you’d come back for the night, right?” Jackson lay down on Jughead and cuddled into his chest. Jughead wrapped his arms around him and lifted his head to press a kiss on his curls. He lay his head back again and grinned.

“So, you really just want me here for the night,” he teased.

“That’s not true,” she sighed. “Well, it is, but it’s not all true,” she giggled. Jughead took her hand and gave a gentle tug and she lay down beside him and rested her head on the arm he kept around her. “I just want you around. Jackson is so happy when you’re here.”

“Are you happy when I’m here?” he asked with a smile.

“So happy,” Betty admitted. “I can’t bear to be away from you.”

“Unless it’s for a reason I can’t control or travel for work or something, I won’t spend another night away from you guys,” he said softly. Betty leaned closer and kissed him softly.

“I love you,” she whispered.

“I love you too,” he said quietly. “And thank you Betty, for the birth certificate thing, it means a whole lot to me.” She smiled, her eyes moving to Jackson and noticing his eyes drifting shut and she placed a finger to her lips and put her hand over Jughead’s on the little boy’s back.

“You’re welcome,” she smiled. “Maybe for dinner we can order pizza and watch a Disney movie with Jackson and when he’s in bed we can watch a scary movie and you can cuddle and comfort me,” she suggested teasingly.

“That sounds like a great way to spend a Saturday night,” Jughead replied softly. When Jackson was
sleeping more soundly, Betty carried him to his bed and came back out to find Jughead lounging on the couch, reading a book. She walked over and took the book while he smiled up at her and she lay herself over him, cuddling into him.

“I was reading that,” he said, giving her a light slap on the bottom.

“Well, I’m interrupting because I want you to kiss me,” Betty said biting her lip.

“I see,” Jughead murmured, his hands sliding onto her backside, holding her to him.

“You like my ass?” she teased with a giggle.

“Mmmmm, you have no idea,” Jughead said with a grin, his mouth nipping at her lips. He took her mouth in a proper kiss and she sank into it, her hands sliding into his hair. It was a slow, lazy kiss, his tongue stroking against hers, running along her lips and she whimpered into it, moving slightly against him. He held her tighter and they lay like that for many minutes, their mouths fused together, just enjoying the kiss. When she finally pulled back she had to take a deep breath.

“You’re so damn good at that,” she sighed, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Thank you,” he said with a chuckle. “If I’m enthusiastic, it’s because you taste so damn good,” he offered as an explanation.

She flushed and lay quietly for a while.


“Why?”

“I don’t know,” Betty said with a shrug. “I really loved it there and I’m hoping we can go back soon,” she said quietly.

“Anytime you want,” he said smiling.

“Do you miss it when you’re in New York?”

“I don’t know, yes and no. I miss the quietness, the people and my friends, but there wasn’t really anything there for me. Everything I want is in New York,” he said, placing a soft kiss on her nose. Betty smiled and kissed him again, sighing into it when his arms wrapped around her. Everything she wanted was holding her tightly.

Monday morning, Jughead woke to Betty’s upset voice reaching his ears from the kitchen. He got out of bed and pulled on his pajama pants and left her room, taking a quick peek into Jackson’s room. It was still early and he was sleeping soundly. He went to the kitchen and poured himself some coffee while he waited for Betty to get off the phone. When she finally ended the call she looked frustrated.

“What’s up?” he asked

“The sitter quit!” she exclaimed. “At 7:00am on Monday morning, she fucking quits. I have to be at work in an hour and I have no idea what to do with Jackson.”

“I’ll watch him,” Jughead said casually. Betty looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“You have to work as well, Jughead, you don’t have time to watch him.”
“How hard can it be? Is he that much work that I can’t write and edit with him around? I don’t have anything with a pressing deadline, I can take it easy with work for a day or two.”

“But your work is at home,” she sighed.

“I’ll take him with me,” Jughead said, pulling away from the counter. He pulled her close and dropped a kiss on her mouth. “I promise I won’t break him,” he said with a chuckle. Betty pulled back and chewed her lip as she considered. It was an easy solution, even if he had never spent an entire day alone with Jackson and had to do some work while editing.

“Alright,” she finally said. “But you need to call if there is a problem or if you’re unsure about something.”

“Will do,” Jughead said with a smile.

When Jughead got back to his apartment, he got Jackson out of his winter gear and set him down to wander around the one room apartment. It wasn’t large by any sense of the word but it was comfortable enough for Jackson to have room to play. He placed his bag on the floor and fished out the toys and left them on the floor so he would find them. He crouched down and Jackson came over and grabbed a car and smiled at Jughead.

“Well, buddy, it’s just you and me today. Think we can make this work?” he asked with a smile.

“I love you,” was Jackson’s response and Jughead sat on the floor and pulled him onto his lap, giving him a tight squeeze.

“I love you more, buddy,” he whispered. Work could wait for a moment.

By noon, Jughead realized Betty was right. He couldn’t work properly while trying to watch Jackson. It may have been the new place to explore, but he got into everything. He decided if he was going to watch him again, it had to be on his own turf. He made mac and cheese for lunch and Jackson thought it was great fun to throw it.

“Ok Jackson, we don’t throw food,” Jughead said with a sigh, taking the bowl away from him. Jackson pouted but still ate when Jughead fed it to him instead of giving him the bowl to feed himself. After lunch, Jughead managed to get a little work done until Jackson once again started throwing things. When the remote hit the wall, Jughead got up and crouched down in front of him, lifting his chin with his hand, trying to look stern, even though he wanted to laugh. Jackson looked like he got caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

“Didn’t do it,” he said with a shake of his head. Jughead bit back a smile and cleared his throat.

“I think you did, Jax. You know you shouldn’t be throwing things. Now daddy is going to turn off the cartoons and you can’t watch any more. You’ll just have to play with your cars.” Jackson didn’t like that and went into a full on angry pout.

“I don’t like you!” he exclaimed. Jughead sighed and picked him up and sat on the couch with him.

“You know Jackson, when you do something wrong, mommy or daddy may do something you don’t like; things like taking away toys, or not letting you watch cartoons, or not letting you have candy or dessert, but we still love you very much and we’re doing our very best to make sure you
grow up to be the best man you can be. It might make you angry sometimes and you may in truth not like us sometimes, like right now, but just know that we love you very much.” Jackson just stared at him and Jughead let out a laugh. “Yeah, you have no idea what I’m talking about, do you?”

“Daddy loves mommy,” Jackson said.

“Yes, he does,” Jughead said, brushing the boys curls off his forehead. “Very much. I also love you very much and I’m so sorry I wasn’t here for the last couple of years. I would have loved to watch you grow and learn things and start walking and talking…. ” Jughead knew Jackson didn’t really understand what he was saying, but he wanted to at least tell him how much he meant to him. He did enjoy the fact that Jackson knew that Jughead loved them.

When Betty let herself into Jughead’s apartment after work, with the key he had given her, she found the place in complete chaos. She looked around, biting back a laugh. There were toys everywhere, dirty dishes in the sink and on the table, more macaroni on the table and floor than in bowls and several articles of Jackson’s clothing on the floor. She looked around and found Jughead passed out on the bed with Jackson tucked into his side, sleeping and sucking his thumb. She took off her jacket and shoes and went over to the bed and crawled in next to Jughead and placed a soft kiss on his cheek. His eyes fluttered open and he smiled at her.

“Hey you,” she whispered. Jughead shifted slowly and moved Jackson slowly out of the way and wrapped his arms around Betty and pulled her close. “You have a good day?” she asked, trying really hard to keep from laughing.

“I don’t know how you did this by yourself,” he sighed sleepily. “You’re a freaking superstar,” he informed her. Betty touched her hand to his face and smiled.

“You get used to it. I’m sure you’d be an expert in no time.”

“He told me he didn’t like me,” he grumbled. Betty couldn’t contain her giggle.

“What did you do?” she asked, trying to keep from full on laughing.

“I lectured him about throwing things,” Jughead sighed. Betty shifted her body so it lay flush against his and placed a soft kiss on his chin.

“I love you for doing this,” she whispered, letting her mouth trail to his. Jughead took her face in his hands and gave her a thorough kiss. She pressed closer and gave a soft whimper at the touch of his warm, wet tongue. By the time he pulled back she was wanting more.

“Behave,” she whispered. “Don’t get me all excited, we have a little boy next to us.”

“We could go to the bathroom,” he suggested teasingly.

“Stop it,” she giggled, wrapping her arms around his waist and snuggling close.

“How was work?” he asked.

“It was good, got a lot of info for a case. How was yours?”

“A total bust,” he laughed.

“I’m sorry hon, I’ll get on the hunt for another sitter.”
“It’s ok. Despite that fact that my place looks ransacked, I had a great time. I think we bonded over Cars. That Lightning McQueen is a cool car.” Betty laughed and gave him a squeeze.

“You’re a great dad, Juggie,” she said quietly.

“Thank you.” Betty looked around the apartment and despite the mess, found it charming.

“You know, when my mom takes Jackson this weekend, we should stay here for at least one night,” she suggested.

“What for?”

“So we can defile your sheets before you move,” she said with a grin.

“Mmmm, you’re a bad girl,” he muttered against her ear, his tongue flicking her lobe. “But I’m totally down with that idea.”

“We should wake Jackson so he can go to sleep at his normal bed time, I play on defiling my own sheets with you again tonight,” she giggled softly. Jughead groaned and pulled away.

“Stop teasing,” he chuckled. “He hasn’t been asleep that long actually. Maybe 10 minutes before you came?”

Jackson wasn’t thrilled when they woke him but by the time they got home he was wide awake. Jughead brought along his work to maybe try and get a little something done in the evening. Betty kept Jackson busy while he got work done and after an hour he joined them on the couch for another Disney movie.

“I’m well on my way to becoming a Disney expert.” Jughead said laughing. He pulled Betty into his side and she sat Jackson in his lap and curled into him. He smiled down at her and gave her a soft kiss.

“Disney movies are the only movies I get to watch these days,” she said laughing.

“I’ll have to take you on a proper dinner and a movie date this weekend.” Jughead said with a smile.

“Sounds wonderful,” she sighed happily. After the movie, Jughead took Jackson and got him ready for bed. Betty came to the bathroom as they were brushing their teeth and leaned against the door frame to watch them.

“Like this daddy,” Jackson said firmly as he sat on the counter next to the sink. He was brushing awkwardly at his teeth and Jughead looked at him, pretending he was concentrating and proceeded to start brushing at his tongue.

“Noooo….” Jackson said in a flurry of giggles. Betty covered her mouth with her hand to keep from laughing as the game went back and forth for a good few minutes. Finally Jughead started brushing his teeth and Jackson was delighted. “You did it!!” he yelled, clapping his hands.

“Oh, you’re the best teacher buddy!” Jughead exclaimed, holding out his fist. Jackson had the fist bump down pat and Betty stood there grinning at them. Jughead winked at her as he finished brushing his teeth and then he helped Jackson brush his properly. Betty said goodnight to Jackson and Jughead took him to his room to get him sleeping while Betty took a shower to wash the day off. She brushed her teeth as well and went back to the living room and curled up on the couch with a book. After a while she heard Jackson’s door close gently and then she heard the shower run as Jughead took one as well.
He came out when he was done and sat down on the couch by her feet and scrolled his phone for a while and replied to work emails. Betty’s phone suddenly dinged with a message and she sighed.

“I swear, if that’s my mom…” she muttered as she grabbed the phone off the coffee table.

**So when do you think we can get to this ‘sheet defiling’ business?**

Betty looked at Jughead and started to laugh. She put the phone and her book down and crawled over and climbed into his lap.

“You’re such a dork, you know that?” she laughed as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He smiled and let his hand rest on her neck, his thumb caressing her cheek. The look in his eyes made her shiver and she pressed a soft kiss to his mouth that he immediately took control of, holding her head still and angling his to sink his tongue in to rub against hers. Betty groaned and shifted quickly so she was straddling him and pressed against his growing arousal. Jughead’s hands moved under her shirt, his hands moving slowly over her back. Betty pulled back and rested her forehead against his as he moved his hips and nudged against her.

“Take me to bed,” she whispered.

“What do you want to do there?” he teased.

“You.”

Jughead growled and stood quickly, lifting her in his arms and carrying her to the bedroom. By the time they got there, Betty’s shirt was on the floor somewhere and his mouth was fastened to her breast. She moaned as he swirled his tongue around the peak and giggled when he dropped her unceremoniously onto the bed. He made quick work to get them undressed and settled between her thighs and they both groaned at the feel of their skin touching from top to bottom. He kissed her thoroughly and rubbed against her and she suddenly pushed on him and he let her guide him to his back as she climbed on top of him. She rubbed over him and he groaned at her already wet heat.

“You in a hurry?” he teased as she lifted to take him inside.

“Yes,” she breathed as she suddenly sank down on him until he was sheathed completely inside her.

“Oh fuck…” he groaned, his body jerking in surprise. Betty smiled and leaned down, her hair falling around their heads, hiding them in their own cocoon of sorts. Jughead reached his hands to her face and pulled her down for a long kiss, his hips moving up and pressing further into her.

“Sorry,” she whimpered against his mouth. “I couldn’t wait, I want you.”

“Shit, Betty, I’m not complaining in the least,” he groaned as she lifted and sank back down. He took her mouth again, thrusting his tongue inside as she rose and fell on him, her pace slow and teasing, rotating her hips once in a while. Soon he was straining up, trying to hurry her along and she lifted away from him, teasing. Jughead growled and moved suddenly, flipping her over and leaning over her. He licked his way down her body, suckling at her nipples before moving lower and raking his tongue over her. Betty gasped and tugged on his hair, lifting her hips and bucking against his mouth. He licked at her for a few moments and then his hands gripped her waist and he coaxed her onto her stomach, lifting her hips as he kissed his way up her spine.

Jughead rubbed his erection against her folds and she moved back against him with a moan. “Please,” she whimpered and he thrust quickly inside her. Betty arched her back and pushed back against him, her hands gripping the sheets, her face resting against the pillow. He started to move and grabbed her hips, pulling her back as he surged forward. “Harder Jug,” she begged, desperate for
He groaned and slammed into her, hard and fast and when he felt her start to shake he moved his hand around her waist and down between her legs, flicking his finger over her clit. She cried out, her hand reaching down and her fingers tangling with his. He held her hand and let her rub herself and she gave a long cry of pleasure as she body tightened and shuddered as she clenched hard on him, pulling him deeper. He paused to feel it better and she pushed back and he thrust again, a few long deep strokes and he let out a low groan as he stiffened and emptied himself into her. His body jerked and he fell against her, sinking them into the sheets.

Jughead fastened his mouth to her shoulder as his body shuddered until it was spent. He still felt her quiver around him as his breath slowly returned to normal. “You’re so fucking sexy,” he finally managed to gasp as he slowly eased to the side. She stayed on her stomach and peeked at him with the one eye that wasn’t pressed into the sheets.

“You’re not bad yourself,” she sighed, feeling too sated to more. He chuckled over her state and pressed against her, leaving a kiss on her shoulder. His hand moved down her back and rested on her backside. She wiggled against his hand and he grinned.

“This ass is going to be the death of me,” he groaned.

“Is that why you like me in this position?” she giggled.

“I do kinda like staring at it,” he admitted with a smirk. She let out a shriek and clapped her hand over her mouth when he suddenly leaned down and bit a cheek. “Don’t wake Jax,” he laughed softly, kissing her lightly over the bite and coming back up to grin at her. He gave her a kiss and fell back on the pillow.

“Be right back,” Betty sighed and ran to the bathroom to freshen up and he went in after her as she went in search of the clothes he had discarded. She pulled them on and jumped under the covers as he came back in and climbed into bed, pulling her close and holding her.

“Did I mention that I love going to bed with you every night?” he said, kissing her temple.

“I know you do,” she said with a smile. “Thank you for agreeing to move in here while we wait for the apartment.”

“There is nowhere else I’d rather be,” he said softly. She was just drifting off to sleep when she heard his whispered “I love you” against her hair. She fell asleep with a smile on her face.
Friday rolled around quickly and Jughead had been watching Jackson all week. It was a lot easier in Betty’s apartment where he knew what he could and could not do and Jughead was able to work at the table for the most part. Once he got the hang of it, Jackson was a pleasure to spend time with and Jughead realized he was very well behaved once he realized he couldn’t get away with things with dad around. By Friday they had a solid routine and Jughead insisted that he keep watching him, unless he had to go into the office, then they would have to find someone or he’d just take him with because there was an employee daycare at the publishing firm. Betty called him around 4:00, and he smiled when he answered.

“Hey babe.”

“Hey you,” she said softly, the smile in her voice. “Look, I’m so sorry to do this to you but I need to put in another hour here before I can head home, is that okay?”

“Sure hon, no problem.”

“Yeah, well, my mom is coming to pick up Jackson at 4:30…”

“Oh Christ, really? Can’t you tell her to come a little later?” Jughead asked with a sigh.

“I tried but they have some circus thing her and John are taking him to and she needs to pick him up by 4:30,” Betty explained apologetically.

“Alright, well, what’s the worst that can happen? You come home and find me beaten to a pulp?” he asked laughing.

“Oh ha ha, very funny,” she sighed. “Don’t let her push you around and good luck.”

“Yeah, see you soon babe.”

“Bye sweetie.”

Jughead hung up and smiled. He couldn’t wait to see her. He missed her when she wasn’t around and he was looking forward to a couple days of nothing but him and Betty. Alice killed his mood when she showed up at 4:30 sharp. He opened the door to her insistent knock and she glared at him.

“Come in,” he said politely, stepping back. She brushed past him and Jackson grinned when he saw her.

“Hi grandma,” he yelled, running to her. She caught him to her and gave him a tight hug.

“Oh my sweet boy, I’ve missed you,” she breathed into his curls.

“I miss you grandma,” he replied and wrapped his little arms around her neck. Jughead felt a twinge
of guilt at having taken him from her the previous week. Alice glared at him and straightened up and looked around.

“Where is my daughter?” she snapped.

“She’s still at work,” Jughead said, leaving against the island and folding his arms across his chest. “So, what, you’re babysitting?”

“No, I’m taking care of my son. A parent isn’t a babysitter,” he explained, trying to keep his voice calm. Alice looked around and noticed how much of his stuff was sitting around. He looked relaxed and at home in the apartment and she narrowed her eyes.

“You live here,” she said. It wasn’t a question.

“Yes,” he said simply.

“Funny, my daughter used to tell me everything before you showed up,” she said in a huff.

“Is that so?” Jughead asked with a smirk. “So why was how she got pregnant such a surprise?”

“I have no idea why she lied to me about that!” Alice snapped.

“Maybe it’s because she’s terrified of you,” Jughead offered.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” she huffed. “And even back then, just meeting you had her doing things that were completely unlike her! I don’t like the influence you have on her! And I don’t have time for this. Are Jackson’s things ready?”

“Jax, why don’t you go to your room and pick a stuffed animal to bring to grandma’s,” Jughead suggested, keeping his eyes on Alice. Jackson went and did as he asked and Jughead pulled away from the counter and moved to stand in front of her. He held out his hand and offered her a smile.

“Jughead Jones,” he said quietly. Alice folded her arms across her chest and glared at him.

“What the hell kind of name is Jughead?”

“It’s a nickname.”

“I want your real name,” she snapped.

“Forsythe Pendleton Jones, the third.” Alice took a step back in surprised. Jughead bit back a smile, having expected her reaction.

“The third? Do you come from money?” Alice asked, her expression looking a little less hostile. Jughead had to work hard not to roll his eyes.

“Sorry grandma, the only thing I’ll be inheriting is a bar and a gang.”

“What?” Alice gasped, her hand on her chest. Jughead smirked and squatted down when Jackson came back and took the stuffed bear he gave him. He tucked it into his bag and helped him into his outdoor gear. He ignored Alice while he got him dressed and gave him a long hug.

“You be good for grandma ok?” He spoke softly. “I’ll miss you and I’ll see you in a couple of days. Mommy will call you later on the phone to say goodnight.” Jackson wrapped his arms around his neck and hugged him.
“I love daddy,” he said happily.

“I love you too, buddy,” Jughead said with a grin. He hugged him close and then handed him to Alice who stood quietly, watching them. She took Jax and the bag that Jughead handed her.

“Have a nice weekend,” Jughead said as he held the door open for her.

“Bye bye daddy,” Jackson said with a wave of his hand. Jughead smiled and waved and Alice just gave a curt nod and left the apartment. He sighed and closed the door. He figured it was a start.

He text Betty that he had to run to his place for a bit and he would be by at 6:00 to pick her up for their date and he headed home. She wanted to spend the night there at least once and the least he could do was make it look decent.

Betty got home at 5:00 and quickly jumped in the shower and tried to figure out what to wear. It was too cold for a dress or skirt so she chose tight dark blue jeans and a tight black knit sweater that had quite a deep V neck and she was wearing her pushup bra and showing an ample amount of cleavage. She left her hair down, leaving it hanging in curls and waves and she chose a darker makeup look with smoky eyes and dark red lipstick and with her pale skin, it was quite effective. She smiled at herself in the mirror. She was going to make sure Jughead remembered tonight.

At 6:00 there was a knock at the door and she figured Jughead forgot his key. She opened it and came face to face with a dozen red roses. She smiled and they slowly lowered to reveal a grinning Jughead. His grin slowly faded as he raked his eyes over her.

“Holy shit,” he breathed. “You look amazing.” Betty smiled as he stepped inside and leaned down to kiss her and she placed a finger on his lips just before they landed on hers, stopping his attempt.

“You won’t ruin the lipstick because it’s kiss proof or something of the sort, but if you kiss me right now with that look in your eye, we’ll never leave this apartment,” she giggled. He groaned and settled for biting her finger gently.

“Why, why did you have to look so hot?” he sighed.

“Shall I go put on a garbage bag?” she asked with a smirk.

“Will it require you getting naked? Cause then I definitely think you should and I’ll help.”

“Stop it,” she laughed, taking the flowers to the kitchen and getting them set in water. “These are so beautiful. Thank you,” she said happily. Jughead came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

“You sure you don’t want to stay in?” he asked gruffly, his mouth nuzzling her neck. Betty smiled and turned in his arms and wrapped hers around his neck.

“I want dinner and a movie and I want your best ‘first date’ moves,” she said with a grin.

“Mmmmm I’m definitely going to get lucky later,” he teased, his hand moving over her backside.

“Well, that depends on how well the date goes,” Betty teased back, backing away from him and grabbing her coat. She slipped on some sexy heeled boots and even in her winter gear she was a
Jughead was already twitching in his jeans and he sighed. This evening was going to be torturous.

Jughead took her to diner a small intimate Italian restaurant. It was cozy and charming and the food was incredible. She smiled at him across the table as she took a sip of her red wine.

“You liking that wine?” he asked as he leaned back in his chair.

“It’s wonderful,” Betty admitted, setting the glass down and trailing her finger around the edge of the glass. “This place is amazing. I’ve lived here my whole life and didn’t know about it, how did you find it?”

“Google,” he said with a grin. “It’s amazing what comes up when you type in ‘romantic Italian restaurants in New York’.” Betty stared at him and started to laugh.

“Oh my god, you’re such a cheese ball.”

“Well, my knowledge of New York cuisine is pizza and burger joints, so google was my friend,” Jughead said, laughing with her.

“You’re seriously the cutest. Thank you for doing the research because this place is phenomenal. I think it will become our place.” Jughead smiled and took a sip of his own wine, his eyes for the umpteenth time that evening, lowering to her chest. She bit back a smile and sipped her wine again. “Eyes up here, Jones,” she said with her best sultry voice. Jughead lifted his eyes to her biting her lip and giving him a look that woke his body right up.

“I swear I will drag you to the nearest bathroom,” he threatened with a growl. Betty smiled teasingly and put her wine down.

“Tell me about your day,” she suggested, trying to concentrate on something other than the heat pooling between her legs.

“Well your mom was fun this afternoon,” he said with a smirk.

“God, what did she do? I totally forgot you had to face her alone.”

“Nothing much. She wasn’t impressed that you didn’t tell her that I lived with you, and she really likes my name.”

“What? Why do I need to tell her you live with me and what name? You told her your real name?”

“Yes, for my amusement. I think she likes me now, she thinks I come from money,” he said laughing.

“God, that would interest her. Did you let her keep thinking that?”

“Nah, told her the only thing I was inheriting was a bar and a gang.”

“Oh she must have loved that,” Betty laughed. Jughead shrugged and leaned forward, taking her hand.

“You want dessert or shall we go see that movie now?” he asked, his thumb rubbing her wrist.

“I’ll have dessert later,” she said coyly. “Let’s check out the movie.” Jughead gave her a look and signaled the waitress. They left the restaurant and when Jughead opened the door to the SUV for her, he pulled her close and gave her a soft, gentle kiss, which immediately turned her mind to mush. He
pulled away when she sagged against him and he grinned.

“Good lipstick, still there.” He kissed her again and helped her into the car. Jughead took her to an old theatre that was showing old movies and that evening’s selection happened to be Hitchcock. They sat with popcorn and Betty removed her jacket and the arm rests were movable for some reason and Jughead shoved up the one between them and wrapped his arm around her and pulled her close. Betty leaned her head on his shoulder and smiled at him.

“Don’t get frisky. I have a no touch rule for first dates,” she teased, even as she arched her back slightly, effectively dragging his gaze to her chest.

“I’m pretty sure I’m breaking that rule right now,” he chuckled. “Also, like I said, I plan to get lucky and unless you want me to fuck you right here, I suggest you stop it!”

“Behave,” she whispered, even as her body tightened at his choice of words and his lips started moving over her ear. Jughead usually loved a good movie but he couldn’t concentrate with Betty sitting all sexy next to him. He rested his hand on her thigh and slowly rubbed back and forth, moving to the inside and slowly sliding it up. Betty grabbed his hand and stopped it, digging in her nails. He winced and smirked, knowing how he was affecting her. After a couple minutes he tried again and she turned to look at him.

“Will you stop it,” she whispered with a giggle and a mock frown. He looked at her mouth, only inches from his and he dipped his head and caught her lips with his.

“We’re supposed to be watching a movie,” she whispered against his mouth.

“I don’t care,” he whispered back and suddenly hauled her onto his lap so she straddled him.

“What are you doing?” she gasped. “Somebody will see.”

“There’s only one other person in here and I’m pretty sure he’s sleeping,” Jughead muttered as his mouth moved across her jawline, down her neck and moved lightly across the swell off her breasts.

“Jug, wait, wait….” Betty sighed. Jughead pulled back and looked at her.

“Yes?” he smirked.

“We’re parents! What are we doing, making out in a theatre like teenagers?” she asked with a giggle.

“You started it,” he muttered, leaning in again and nipping her skin with his teeth.

“How did I start it?” she asked innocently. Jughead leaned back and raised an eyebrow.

“Really? Care to explain the sweater?”

“It looked warm?” she suggested with a giggle. Jughead leaned forward again and dipped his tongue into the tight valley between her breasts.

“Oh my god,” she whimpered, moving against him. “I’ve lost all interest in this movie,” she whispered.

“What do you want to do?” he asked, his hand sliding up her sides and brushing the sides of her breasts.

“I think you should take me back to your place,” she suggested.

“I would never do that on a first date,” he said with a smirk.
“Well, it’s a good thing we made a baby an hour after we met then,” she giggled. Jughead started to laugh and hugged her tight. He gave her a thorough kiss and when he pulled back she was breathing heavy.

“You want to get out of here?” he asked.

“Yes please,” she whispered. Jughead helped her off his lap and they headed out of the theatre.

Before they left the theatre, Betty pulled Jughead to a bench and video called her mom to say goodnight to Jackson. The little guy was very sleepy but managed some happy hellos and goodbyes for them and then they climbed into Jughead’s SUV and headed back to his place. Betty held his hand and ran her fingers gently along his, dipping between them, teasing with her nails. He chuckled and then groaned when she lifted his hand and placed a soft kiss on his fingers before flicking her tongue over one.

“So, I have a feeling you’re trying to seduce someone who’s told you he doesn’t make any moves on the first date,” he said laughing.

“I would never!” she said with mock horror. He let out a laugh and pulled his hand away.

“Well, you don’t get to touch anymore,” he teased. Betty leaned over and took his earlobe between her teeth.

“Is that right?” she breathed, her hand moving up his thigh and over the front of his jeans, which to her delight, were concealing a growing bulge.

“Fuck,” he muttered, taking her hand and holding it tight. He made it back to his place in record time and pulled into his stall. He turned off the engine and turned to her and hauled her to him for a deep kiss, his tongue sinking into her mouth. Betty unclipped her seatbelt and he reached down and pulled the level and sent his seat into the laying down position and she climbed into his lap. He took her mouth again, thrusting his hips up against her.

“Ok, so no bringing a girl back to your apartment, but making out in the car is okay?” she giggled, as his hands found their way under her jacket and sweater.

“If it wasn’t so cold I’d be taking your clothes off as we speak,” he growled against her neck. Betty laughed and kissed him again, rubbing her tongue over his.

“I definitely think you should take me upstairs,” she whispered against his mouth as she moved against him. “I can pretty much guarantee that you’ll have a ’banging’ evening.”

“Shit,” he sighed, his hand getting caught in her clothes as he tried shifting so they could get out. By the time they stumbled out, Betty was in fits of giggles and he looked like he wanted to take her against the vehicle.

Jughead took her hand and led her inside the building and once in the elevator, he hauled her up against him and kissed her until she was breathless. She moaned when she heard the ding to signal the arrival to their floor and pulled back before the door opened. It didn’t stop Jughead from kissing her again as he slowly walked her backwards down the hall to his door. Once they got there, he held her against it, deepening the kiss as she whimpered and moaned into his mouth.

“Mr. Jones!” came a rather annoyed voice from behind them.

“Oh shit,” Betty whispered with a laugh as she wrenched her mouth from his. Jughead pulled back and cleared his throat as he turned to face the old woman standing there.
“Mrs. Danvers,” he said with a nod, biting back his smile.

“Mr. Jones, you are a father. What are you doing out here in the middle of the night with some trollop,” she exclaimed in horror. Betty raised an eyebrow. Trollop? Also, it was only 10:30.

“Umm, sorry ma’am. This is my son’s mother,” Jughead said sheepishly. The woman placed a hand on her chest and took a step back.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Please, carry on,” she muttered and hurried down the hall. Betty started to laugh as Jughead fumbled with his keys and he kissed her again as he shoved the door open and walked her inside.

“Trollop?” she exclaimed. “Do you bring a lot of trollops here?” she wondered with mirth filled eyes. Jughead shoved her against the door and unzipped her jacket.

“You’re going to need your money back,” Jughead said against her mouth.

“What?” she asked, confused and turned on by his hand snaking its way under her sweater.

“Your lipstick isn’t kiss proof. There isn’t any left on your lips,” he said with an arrogant smirk. Betty grinned and grabbed the lipstick she had shoved in her pocket and reapplied, once again turning her mouth into a sultry pout.

“God dammit,” Jughead muttered at the sinful, sexy color. Betty shoved him away from her and stepped into the apartment, letting her jacket fall off her shoulders and onto the floor. She walked over to the kitchen and leaned against the counter.

“You got any wine, Mr. Jones?” she said with a twinkle in her eye. Jughead walked over to her and grabbed two glasses from behind her, leaning into her body as he did, letting her feel his arousal as he pressed against her hip. He grinned at her slight intake of breath. He got the wine and poured them a glass and handed it to her. Her eyes were like green fire as she looked through her lashes at him while taking a sip.

“So, now that I’m in your apartment, what’s your next move?” she asked, biting her lip. Jughead said nothing, just raked his eyes over her, stopping to watch as her finger traced the V of her sweater, slowly moving down and over her cleavage. The look he was giving her made her ache and tingle all over. He stepped closer, his entire body brushing along the length of hers. He put down his wine glass and his hands grasped her waist and she gasped as he suddenly lifted her and set her on the counter.

“Well, I’ve never had such a sexy woman in my apartment before, so I’ll just go with the flow,” he teased, his mouth trailing kisses over her jaw line. “Was your plan to seduce tonight Betty? Is that what you were thinking when you got ready?”

“Oh, absolutely,” she breathed. “Is it working?” Jughead pulled her to the edge of the counter and pressed against her.

“You tell me,” he said gruffly against her neck. She let out a small whimper and pressed against him and he moved his mouth up and took hers in an eager, hungry kiss. Her hands slipped into his hair and her legs wrapped around his waist. His tongue curled around hers and she pressed closer, like she was trying to absorb him. She gasped for breath when his mouth left hers and moved down to her chest, his tongue trailing over the swell of her breasts that rose out from behind the sweater.

“So, tell me,” Jughead whispered as he hooked a finger in the edge of the V and pulled it gently to reveal more of the lush curve, his mouth trailing over the skin he revealed. “What were you thinking
when you picked that outfit and put on that makeup?"

“I was thinking I wanted to look sexy for you,” she whispered, moving against him, and pulling his mouth up to her, brushing her lips over his. “I wanted to drive you crazy.” She flicked her tongue over his lip. He growled and kissed her again, his hands cupping her breasts through the sweater, squeezing gently. Betty pushed gently and he stepped back and she hopped off the counter. Taking his hand she led him across the room toward his bed, kicking off her boots as she went.

“You succeeded in those things,” he admitted. She let go of his hand and grabbed the hem of her sweater and pulled it over her head, leaving her in her jeans and a lacy black bra that made her chest look like sin. Jughead swallowed and his eyes grew dark. Betty felt the heat run through her body, feeling more aroused than she’d ever felt. She sidled up to him, brushing her body against his as her hands moved to the buttons of his shirt. She kissed the skin as she revealed it with each tug of a button. She felt his skin shiver as she brushed her hands up his torso and over his shoulders, taking the shirt with them and letting it fall down his arms.

“How’s the date going so far?” she breathed as she lightly bit his neck. “Do you think you’d allow yourself to be seduced from this point?” Jughead groaned as her hand moved over the front of his jeans, feeling him huge and hard in his jeans.

“I was seduced the minute you opened the door when I picked you up,” he murmured against the mouth that was ghosting across his. “You turned yourself into a temptress and I’ve been twitching all night. What do you want me to do Betty?” He asked softly, his fingers trailing along the edge of the lace bra.

“I want you to want me,” she breathed as she gave him a gentle push onto the bed. He fell back and she climbed on top of him, trailing kisses up his torso. She ran her tongue along his jaw, moving against him and his hands moved her over backside, squeezing and forcing her harder against his arousal. She whimpered and bit at his lip. “I want you to ruin me like I ruined you,” she said as his hands moved up and around, cupping her breasts and squeezing. His mouth moved to her neck, his teeth sinking into the soft skin. “I want you to mark me,” she whispered.

“Fuck,” he groaned, her words sending his erection to painful fullness. “Jesus Christ, Betty,” he growled, his hands moving to the button of her jeans. He moved suddenly, flipping her so she was laying on the bed and he hovered over her. “You sure you know what you’re asking for?” he smirked, pressing against her aching core. She stretched and arched against him.

“Oh yes,” she breathed, raking her nails down his torso, pausing where her pulse beat wildly and latched on with his mouth, sucking it until he marked her, just the way she wanted. He then moved down to the swell of her breast and latched on again, sucking the skin until it marked again. Betty dug her nails into his shoulders, moving restlessly beneath him. He continued down to her stomach and she arched as his teeth grazed the skin and he bit her gently. His hand slowly lowered her zipper and he sat back on his heels and pulled her jeans down her legs, having to tug to get the tight material to move. When he managed to get them off, she placed a foot on his chest and the other one over the bulge in his own jeans.

“Your turn,” she said with a smirk, moving her foot against him. He caught her at the ankle, his eyes dark and needy. “Off with your jeans,” she demanded. Jughead stood and she quickly sat up and shimmed over to the edge of the bed, shoving his hands away and holding his gaze with a wicked grin as she undid his belt and opened his jeans. She pushed them down his hips and they fell to the floor where he stepped out of them and kicked them away. She bit her lip and tugged on his boxers and slowly lowered them until he sprang free. She let out a breath as she looked at him, hard and huge. He kicked the boxers away and she swallowed when his hand curled around his arousal and
he moved it slowly.

Betty’s eyes flew to his and the hot lust she saw in his eyes made her clench between the thighs. She wrapped her own hand around his and forced him to stop his movements and she smiled seductively up at him.

“That’s my job,” she teased, slowly peeling his hand away. She wrapped her hand around him and groaned at the hot smooth feel of him. “God, you feel incredible,” she said thickly, watching a drop form on the tip. She flicked her tongue out and lapped it up and he jerked and groaned. “Remember how I said I’d have dessert later,” she said as she dragged her tongue along the thick length.

“Shit,” he gasped, her words and tongue making his body tremble. She grinned up at him and then took him slowly into her mouth. Betty teased and kissed and licked until he thought he was going to go out of his mind. She wrapped her hand around him, moving it while her mouth tugged on him and Jughead felt his body rush toward release. It had built to the point all evening where he knew he wouldn’t last and he couldn’t begin to stop it as he came with a long groan into her mouth. Her nails dug into his hips as she worked him through it, stroking gently and placing soft kisses from base to tip. When he was calm and could finally breathe normal he pulled her away and smirked down at her.

She smiled up at him and leaned in to playfully nip at it again. Jughead laughed and pulled back and she scooted back on the bed, running her hand along her body, her face tempting him to follow. Jughead knelt on the bed and leaned over her and she wondered at the wicked gleam in his eyes.

He ducked his head and licked her stomach, and slowly kissed his way up until his mouth brushed hers. “Thank you for taking the edge off,” he said gruffly. “Now I’ve had just enough to take my time with you.” Betty shivered at the heated promise in his voice and she suddenly realized she had helped him get her just where he wanted her. Aching and desperate. “I plan on doing exactly what you want, baby girl. I’m going to mark you, with my hands, my teeth, my tongue, all over,” he breathed into her ear, his hand moving over her in a feather touch. “And I plan on ruining you,” he said with a growl, his promise dark and filled with lust. He moved against her, his arousal still full and thick, rubbing against her panties. She whimpered and clutched his arms. “I’m going to make you come, over and over and over until you lose count and you can’t think of anything but me.”

“Fuck, Jug,” she cried out, already half way to her first release from his words alone. He laughed softly and took her mouth in a hot wet kiss. He held her head still as he angled his mouth and thrust his tongue inside, wrapping around hers, stroking, reaching to taste every inch of her mouth. When he finally moved down her neck she was gasping for breath and bucking against him. Jughead’s mouth moved down to her breasts and over the lace to the nipple that was already hard and aching for his touch. He swirled his tongue around it, making the lace wet and pointless and he bit gently with his teeth, tugging on it and then sucking it into his mouth.

He moved and grabbed the edge of the lace with his teeth and pulled it down, peeling it slowly off the hardened peak and then he raked his tongue over the bare skin and she moaned and arched up into his mouth. He closed his lips around it, sucking her deep and she jerked, her hand moving to his hair, holding him to her. Jughead moved his hands behind her and she arched her back to give him access as he unhooked her bra and he flung it aside. He moved to the other breast and she took a deep shuddering breath. Her plans of seduction had quickly turned in his favor and she felt overwhelmed and intoxicated by him. His mouth, his touch, his very scent was arousing her to depths she had never known and all she wanted was blissful release.

Jughead released her nipple with an audible pop and she whimpered when his teeth nipped down to her stomach where he latched on and sucked another bruise into her skin. His hands slowly stroked up her legs and he lifted up to his knees and hooked his fingers in her panties and slowly pulled them down while he smiled down at her. She bit her lip and smiled shakily, her body humming and
trembling with need. He tossed the lace aside and his eyes travelled down her body to the glistening folds between her thighs. His hands moved to her thighs, parting her further, opening her up to his heated gaze and she flushed and trembled as he looked at her, his eyes greedy and hungry.

“I bet you taste good,” he said gruffly, looking back to her face and dragging his fingers through the slick flesh. She jerked and gasped, his sinful words and delicate touch making her burn. He circled her clitoris, spreading the wet silk he found and then he smiled, lifting his hand up and placing his finger to her lips. “Tell me,” he demanded softly. “Do you taste good?” Betty opened her mouth and her tongue licked over his fingers, tasting herself and feeling the heat pool even more.

“Yes,” she whimpered, sucking his finger into her mouth. He grinned at her and lowered down slowly and she sucked in and held her breath, waiting for his mouth. She jumped when his teeth bit into her inner thigh and she squirmed in frustration, trying to guide her where she wanted him.

“Patience baby,” he said against her skin. He moved up and sucked the crease where her leg met her torso. She let out a frustrated sob, and bucked her hips. He bit in retaliation and she moaned at the delicious sting it caused.

“Jughead, please,” Betty whispered, feeling so wound up, she felt like she couldn’t breathe. Jughead gave her what she wanted and raked his tongue over her, groaning at the silky heat he found.

“You do taste good,” he said against her, his hands pushing her thighs apart, giving him full access. When his teeth tugged on the edge of the lip, Betty gasped and bucked against him and he pressed his hand to her stomach, holding her still. He slid a finger inside her as his tongue swirled around her swollen clitoris and then he added another, moving them slowly, teasingly, curling up and hitting spots that made her head spin. Betty felt her legs start to shake and the release slowly uncoil inside her. His tongue stroked repeatedly against her clitoris, and Betty moaned and writhed beneath his mouth. When he latched on and sucked she splintered apart, his name a long loud cry from her lips as waves of pleasure washed over her.

Jughead groaned as her release covered his tongue and her body clenched on his fingers. His body was once again aching and longing for release and he wrapped his hand around himself to take the edge off. Betty shook and gasped and he kept going, her taste and shudders driving him close to the edge. He needed to feel her and he moved up her body, taking her mouth in an erotic, wet kiss as he thrust inside her, groaning as she closed around him.

“Fuck, you’re so tight and wet,” he groaned, pumping into her a few times, in his desperation to feel her body around him. Betty cried out, her body grabbing at him, desperate for him and then she whimpered in disappointment when he pulled out, leaving her empty and aching. “I just needed to feel you,” he said against her mouth. “Now I want another taste.”

“Shit, Jughead,” she gasped as once again he moved down and licked between her thighs.

“Over and over,” he promised against her flesh and she gasped for breath, lifting to him, opening herself and holding his head to her. He moved his tongue down and pushed it inside her and used his thumb to stroke her clitoris as he slowly, teasingly fucked her with his tongue.

“Oh my god,” she wailed. “Oh god, oh my god,” she couldn’t seem to form any other words as he once again brought her to a shattering climax and she tightened on his tongue, pulling a low growl from him. He lapped up every drop until she once again lay gasping and still and then he began again. “Fuck Jug, I can’t,” she moaned on a sob, her body spent and shaking. He laughed against her and she shuddered at the sound, her eyes rolling back in her head as he sucked her into his mouth. His hands came up and he squeezed her breasts, his fingers rolling the nipples, pinching them and she realized that he was once again not releasing her, much like he had done a week earlier. Long
agonizing minutes later, his fingers curling, his mouth sucking, she came again, and all she could do was sob as her thighs clenched his head.

When she managed to gain some wits about her, he gently ran his tongue through her folds and placed a soft kiss on her swollen, tender flesh and slowly moved up her body. His tongue lapped up the beads of sweat he found, raking through the sheen between her breasts, up to the drop caught at the base of the throat. He looked into her eyes and saw the wild, ravished look and he settled gently between her legs, bracing his weight on his elbows, brushing his lips over hers. He gave her a few moments to collect herself and moved gently against her, rubbing his arousal over her wet folds, slowly, back and forth.

Betty couldn’t form a thought but her brain was very aware of his body over hers, his length rubbing against her, his mouth tasting hers, kissing slowly, deeply, overwhelming all her senses. He was warm and strong and her hands moved over him, feeling the tense coiled muscle beneath her fingers. Slowly her body regained strength and she started to move with him, her folds once again silky and wet.

“Juggie,” she moaned, arching against him

“What?” he breathed against her mouth. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want you inside me,” she whimpered. “Please.” Jughead held her face and locked his eyes with hers and slowly slid inside her, groaning as she once again wrapped around him.

“I will never get enough of you,” he gasped, as he felt her pulse and he slid deeper. She arched wildly against him and he began to move, his mouth coming down on hers, his tongue thrusting into her mouth, much like his body thrust into hers. He wanted her falling apart and coming completely undone because of him and he thrust hard into her, every stroke bringing a gasp from her lips. He wanted her coming again and he reached down and stroked her with his fingers and her eyes widened, her nails digging painfully into his back. “Come for me,” he growled against her mouth. “Now Betty.” His demand and forceful thrusts sent her crashing over the edge and she cried out, her release more intense and wild than the others. She pulled at him and he stilled and groaned, feeling her body pulse around him, making his gut clench and contract with his own need for release.

When she was done, Jughead slowly lifted up, kneeling between her legs. He slowly began to drag her body back and forth along his length and she clutched the sheets. She shook her head, weak and sated, her hand finding his knee and digging her nails in.

“I can’t,” she whimpered, her breath coming in gasps.

“You can,” he said softly, slowly dragging her back and forth.

“Fuck,” she moaned, her body so sensitive that she didn’t know if it was pleasure or exhaustion that cause her to just lay limp and sated as he dragged her. She only knew it was building again and she was powerless to stop it. “I want…” Betty couldn’t continue as he touched his thumb to her and gently began to circle her clit. She felt her toes start to tingle and it moved up her body, building to almost scary intensity and she looked wildly at him, squirming and bucking against him. Jughead shifted again, settling over her. He started to move harder, his hand pushing one thigh wide as he slammed against her. His mouth lowered and took a nipple in his mouth and he suckled on her as he thrust into her.

Betty found the strength to lift her legs and wrap them around him, feeling the tension begin to uncoil inside her. It scared her, the intensity and she clenched at his hair, tugging. Jughead lifted his head and watched her face as she gasped, and arched wildly, pushing him away and then pulling him back.
“Jug,” she cried, feeling an orgasm build that threatened to consume her. “I can’t,” she sobbed, even as she strained for it.

“I’ve got you,” he promised, his movement steady and deep, his fingers stroking gently over her aching clit. “Let go love, I promise, I’ve got you,” Jughead whispered against her mouth, pressing soft, delicate kisses on her lips. Betty felt like her body was coming apart and her nails dug painfully into his back as she once again splintered apart. She felt like she was suspended on a cliff and then with a loud cry she fell off the edge, her body wringing one last intense orgasm from her. She shook in ecstasy and he moved hard and deep inside her, her body clenching so tight that it ripped his orgasm from him and he groaned her name as she pulled him deep and squeezed every last drop from him as he spilled inside her.

“Fuck me,” he gasped as they fell apart, both caught in release so intense, they lost all reason. Jughead collapsed against her, unable to hold himself up. He recovered quicker and noticed her gasping for breath beneath him. He lifted quickly and saw her try to recover, her face streaked with tears, her breath still coming in gasps. “Breathe love,” he whispered against her mouth. Betty slowly calmed down, her breaths getting fuller and deeper and he placed gentle kisses all over her face. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, kissing her tears. She went still at that and he lifted his head and looked at her.

“Why…why are you sorry?” she asked, completely bewildered, with halting breath.

“It was too much,” he said softly. “I shouldn’t have taken so much…”

“No,” she whispered. “Stop it. That was the most amazing thing I’ve ever experience in my life. Please don’t be sorry,” she pleaded. She looked like she was going to cry again and he quickly kissed her.

“I was kidding, I totally meant to make you lose it,” he insisted. She managed a giggle and hiccupped as she kissed him back.

“Well, I certainly got what I wanted,” she whispered. “I’m completely fucking ruined.” Jughead started to laugh and pressed his mouth to her temple.

“Join the club,” he muttered. He lifted his head and smiled down at her. “I love you,” he said softly. “So much.”

“I love you too,” she whispered, lifting trembling fingers to his face. He slowly eased off of her and she winced at the drag of his body. He grunted and winced as well and collapsed beside her, pulling her into his side.

“I don’t think I could walk right now,” she groaned, feeling her entire body ache in the most delicious way. “How many hickies did you give me?” she asked.

“A few,” he laughed. Betty snuggled closer and sighed.

“I feel extremely satisfied,” she admitted and he grinned arrogantly.

“Wanna go again?”

“Fuck no,” she muttered. Jughead burst out laughing and rolled her to give her a thorough kiss.

“You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me,” he said softly when he pulled back. “I can’t imagine my life now without you in it.” Betty smiled and her chin trembled. “Don’t cry,” he whispered. “I’m just so in love with you, I don’t ever want to be without you.” She nodded and cried anyway at his heartfelt words. When she got a hold of herself she slowly sat up and winced at the
tenderness between her legs.

“God, I feel all fucked up,” she groaned. “In the best possible way.”

“You’re welcome,” he said smugly.

“You might need to carry me to the bathroom,” she laughed. He pulled her back down and wrapped his arm around her.

“Just give me a minute,” he requested. They fell asleep sticky, sweaty and smelling of sex and smiles plastered on their faces.
Jackson’s birthday was two days away and Jughead and Betty decided to just have a cake and presents by themselves with Alice and John making an appearance. It was times like this when Betty felt awful that she had no friends with children and that Jackson wasn’t in a day care where he could make friends. She hoped it would change as he grow older and started to understand more just how special these occasions were.

“So we get to spend an entire evening with your mom?” Jughead asked with a sigh as she told him how she planned the small gathering.

“Just for a couple hours,” she said with a laugh. Jughead was sitting at the table coloring with Jackson, who sat in his lap and making a mess of the page they were coloring.

“We’re not very good at this coloring thing, are we buddy,” Jughead laughed. Jackson grinned and started banging the crayon on the paper, effectively breaking it in half. He immediately started to cry. “Oh Jax, buddy it’s ok,” Jughead said softly, kissing him on the curls. “It’s just a crayon. Look, we have more.”

“I break it,” Jackson wailed, big tears falling down his face. Betty came over and leaned over to give him a hug.

“Would ice cream make you feel better?” she asked softly.

“It sure would,” Jughead exclaimed happily.

“I was asking your son,” Betty said laughing. He winked at her and pulled her close and gave her a soft kiss.

“Stop hijacking your son’s comfort session,” she giggled.

“Then stop being so pretty,” he retorted.

“Ice cream,” Jackson said, his little chin still quivering. Betty smiled and kissed his cheek.

“I’ll get you some icecream sweetie,” she promised.

“Daddy wants some too,” Jughead said with a wink.

Betty rolled her eyes and laughed and went to get them some ice cream. She brought the bowls to the table and they dug in.

“So, I’m trying to decide where I want to buy the cake from. There are a couple places that make really great cakes, but they are so expensive,” Betty sighed.

“Well, why don’t we just bake one? Jackson can help? I think it would be more fun that way and
“Can you bake?” Betty laughed.

“Not really but I’m sure you can,” he said smiling.

“Ok, we can bake a cake but we’ll have to go shopping for stuff and other party food things.”

“Ok, well how about we go tomorrow after work, we’ll make a family trip of it,” Jughead suggested as he scooped another spoon of ice cream. Betty sighed and smiled at him. “What?” he asked at her look.

“I just like how you say ‘family’,” she said softly.

“Well, it’s what we are,” Jughead said, taking her hand and giving it a squeeze. He jerked his head back when Jackson suddenly raised his spoon up and back and it left a dollop of ice cream on Jughead’s cheek. Betty grinned and leaned close and licked it off his cheek and placed a soft kiss in its spot. “Kinda wish that had landed on my mouth,” he said with a twinkle in his eye. Betty smiled and placed a gentle kiss on his mouth. “Mmmm,” he murmured. “You taste like vanilla.”

“Yucky mommy,” Jackson said, scrunching up his little face. Betty laughed and placed a sloppy wet one on his cheek and he squealed and squirmed away from her.

“What are we getting him for a gift?” Jughead asked.

“I ordered him a little basketball set and a trike for spring and summer. They will be delivered tomorrow.”

“Nice, I’m sure he’ll love that.”

Shopping the following day was an adventure that Betty wouldn’t soon forget. Jughead in a grocery store was like a kid in a candy store. She had ten items on her list and her cart was filling up with things he thought looked good.

“Oh my God, Jug, follow the list,” she said laughed as she took out the sugary cereal he had decided he just had to have. She put it back on the shelf and he promptly put it back in the cart.

“We need that for when we get the munchies,” he insisted.

“When do we get the munchies?” she asked, folding her hands across her chest.

“After sex,” he said with a grin.

“We have never gone to eat something after sex,” she laughed.

“We’ll start.”

“You’re so ridiculous,” she sighed and finally let him put the cereal in the cart.

“We need whipped cream,” he said suddenly.

“Why?”

“For sex.”
“Ok, Jughead, we’re shopping for Jackson’s birthday party,” Betty said firmly. “Get your mind out of my pants.”

“But I like what’s in your pants,” he said against her ear, his breath tickling her skin. Betty bit her lip to keep from giggling and cleared her throat.

“Stop it,” she insisted, swallowing her throat. She was trying to be serious but his handsome face and playful grin was making it very difficult. Jackson sat in the kid seat of the cart, playing with a toy car he had along and was completely oblivious to the flirting, which Betty was thankful for because lately he had started picking up and saying words she would rather he didn’t repeat. Jughead’s arm snaked around her waist and he pulled her close and planted a kiss on her mouth and she smiled against his lips. “Why are you so cute?” she asked.

“Am I?” he smiled.

“You’re just biased because you love me,” he teased.

“Jughead, I swear you don’t own a mirror. Everywhere we go, women are staring at you and glaring at me. Trust me, I’m not being biased but I’m really really happy that you belong to me and it makes me proud to have someone that other women are lusting after,” she giggled.

“Yeah well, you don’t notice all the men I scowl at that stare at you,” he said with a smile.

“Well, we’re just hot stuff I guess,” she laughed. “And we made one good looking kid, didn’t we?” she finished with a proud smile, her fingers trailing through Jackson’s curls. Jughead smiled and they kept going down the isle. He wanted to get home and climb into bed with her. She was like an addiction that he didn’t want to kick.

Once they got home, it was time to get Jackson ready for bed and Jughead took him to have his bath while Betty put away all the grocery that Jughead had insisted they needed. She grinned at the whipped cream he had managed to sneak into the mix. When Jackson was done with his bath he came back out and Betty gave him a hug and kiss as he was ready for bed.

“Read me a story mommy,” he insisted. She was surprised, as he usually liked Jughead to read to him and she was more than happy to take over the routine. Jughead left them curled up on Jackson’s bed after he gave Jax hugs and kisses and went out to the kitchen. He sat at the table and scrolled emails and texts while he waited for Betty to come back out. When she did a while later, she planted herself in his lap and he wrapped an arm around her as he read an email from his publisher.

“What are you reading?” she murmured, her lips moving across his jawline.

“My boss send an email. They are looking at the stuff I’ve written and they are wondering if they could have a look at a book I wrote when I was younger.”

“You wrote a book?” she asked in surprise.

“Yeah,” he chuckled. “I’ll see if it’s any good with them and maybe I’ll let you read it,” he said with a sigh.

“I’ve read your stuff Jug, you’re an amazing writer.”

“Thank you,” he said, closing his email. Betty shifted so she straddled his lap and wrapped her arms
around his neck and grinned at him.

“You wanna make out?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

“Well, I’m not going to say no to that,” he said gruffly, his mouth moving in and settling on hers. He kissed her slowly, his mouth moving gently over hers. She was much more eager, pressing against him. He groaned when she bit his lip and tugged on it, forcing him to deepen the kiss. He brought his hand up and held her by the nape of her neck, angling his head and thrusting his tongue in her mouth. She could feel him harden against her and she moved against him with a whimper. Jughead pulled away, his thumb pressing on her chin and lifting her head, his mouth moving down her neck to suck the skin at the base of her throat.

“Something you want, baby girl?” he said gruffly, his tongue trailing over her collarbone.

“I just like kissing you,” she said with a smile and a moan.

“Is that right?” he said lazily, moving up against her. She let out a little gasp and closed her eyes. “Seems like you may want a little more,” he teased.

“Is it too early to go to bed?” she asked as she leaned back to look at him. She bit her lip and smiled and moved teasingly against him and he let out a breath.

“It’s never too early if you’re in it,” he said, his eyes dark and heated.

“Take me to bed,” she whispered against his lips. Jughead didn’t need to be told twice. In no time at all she was naked and moaning and arching against him as his mouth and hands moved over her in the sheets of their bed.

The following afternoon had them in the kitchen, with Jackson, attempting to bake a cake.

“It’s my birthday!” Jackson announced happily for the 100th time that day.

“Yes buddy, now can you help daddy mix the ingredients together?” Jughead asked, handing Jackson the spoon. He was sitting on the island and Jughead helped him slowly stir the batter until it was smooth. “You know what the best part is, bud? We get to lick the spoon now,” he said happily when they were finished. Jackson giggled and took a big lick and proceeded to get half the chocolate batter on his chin.

“Oh you guys,” Betty sighed, coming over with a rag. “Is there even any left to make a cake? Don’t think I didn’t see you sneaking spoonfuls while your stirred,” Betty said laughing, taking the bowl of batter and pouring it into the baking pan. She put it into the oven and sighed at the mess Jughead and Jackson had made. They both had more chocolate on their face and hands than she was sure was in the cake pan. “You two look crazy,” she laughed. She kissed the chocolate off both their faces and was greeted with matching grins.

“That’s what we were hoping for,” Jughead said with a grin. Jackson clapped his hands and giggled. Betty looked at them and burst out laughing.

“My god I love you two,” she said happily. Jughead pulled her close and kissed her.

“And we love you,” he said softly. Betty smiled up at him, her heart full to overflowing. She set about cleaning up and Jughead got Jackson cleaned up as well and set him down to go play. Betty had a spread of party foods ready to go and he went to grabbed the stack of mail that was sitting on
the counter. He went through it and grabbed some bills that belonged to him and noticed the brown envelope from something called Vital Records.

“What’s this?” he asked curiously. Betty leaned over and glanced at it and smiled.

“Oh, that’s Jackson’s new birth certificate,” she answered. “Let’s see if they got it right.” Jughead opened the envelope and pulled the certificate out and looked it over. Betty watched him, biting her lip and saw him go still. He stared down at it for a while and when he slowly looked at her, there was a sheen of tears on his eyes.

“You changed his name?” he said, his voice choking up.

“Yeah, I did,” she whispered, coming to stand beside him. She smiled and looked down at the paper. It no longer said Jackson Cooper, it now said Jackson Cooper Jones. Jughead wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. It had been a spur of the moment decision when she had added his name as birth father and now she knew it had been the right one.

“I love you,” he whispered against her ear.

“I love you too,” she said softly. Jughead took her face and kissed her. She smiled into the kiss and hugged him close.

It had been a spur of the moment decision when she had added his name as birth father and now she knew it had been the right one.

“I love you,” he whispered against her ear.

“I love you too,” she said softly. Jughead took her face and kissed her. She smiled into the kiss and hugged him close. She pulled away flustered and took a couple of breaths. “We have to get ready for the party.”

“It’s just your mom and John,” he muttered, kissing her again. She let him and only when she wanted to drag him to the bedroom did she pull away.

“Your son is right behind you playing with toys,” she giggled and he sighed and pulled away.

“I guess that’s official now, for real,” he said quietly, his eyes on the little boy who was his spitting image.

“Yup,” Betty said. “Exactly as it should be.” Jughead kissed her again and went to play with Jackson.

Alice and John arrived around 7:00 and they seemed to be in good spirits. So good in fact that Betty immediately got suspicious. Alice seemed very happy to see Jackson and Betty decided it was just the excitement of Jackson’s birthday. She was standing at the sink rinsing a glass when Jughead sidled up to her.

“What’s with your mother?” he asked quietly as he watched the older woman. “She’s acting odd and she keeps smirking at me like she knows something and I don’t.” Betty looked at him confused.

“What could she possibly know that would make her smirk at you?”

“Fuck if I know,” he said with a sigh. “I’m feeling a little unnerved though, I gotta say.”

“Don’t worry about her,” Betty said softly, kissing his mouth softly. “Let’s just enjoy Jackson, okay?” Jughead nodded but he still looked apprehensive. Jughead went and sat on the floor in front of the couch and Jackson came and sat on his lap. Betty watched her mother and she saw then what Jughead saw. Alice was smirking and at the same time looked angry. She had no idea what her problem could possibly be now and she decided she wasn’t going to let her ruin Jackson’s party.

“Sweetie, do you want to open presents?” she asked with a smile as she sat on the couch close to
Jughead. He leaned his shoulder against her leg and she rested her hand on his shoulder. Jackson clapped happily and Jughead reached over to the small pile and handed him one.

“This one is from Grandma,” he said, handing the gift to Jackson. It took him a while to open it but Jughead left him to it and when he finally got it open it was a set of super hero toys.

“Cause you’re my little super hero,” Alice said with a smile. “You’re brave and strong and you don’t need anybody.”

“What kind of thing is that to say to a two year old,” Jughead asked with a frown. “Of course he needs people, he’s two.” Betty gave his shoulder a squeeze and she felt him slowly relax. He was tense and she knew if Alice did anything to provoke, it wouldn’t end well.

“I didn’t mean anything by it,” Alice said, her eyes flashing.

“Hand him another, please,” Betty said softly, not wanting them to go at it. John looked apologetic and she again wondered what the hell he was doing with her mother. Today especially he looked uncomfortable and Betty was getting weary of the strange tension in the room. Jackson opened all his presents and was delighted with all of them and after he had played with them for a while, Jughead carried him to the table to have some cake. He squealed and clapped through their loud rendition of ‘Happy Birthday’ and Betty laughed at his infectious excitement.

“This cake turned out really great buddy,” Betty said with a smile after having a bite. “Jackson helped bake it this afternoon,” she explained to Alice and John.

“Oh good job sweetie,” Alice said, taking a bit of the cake.

“I helped too,” Jughead said, just to be a brat. Alice just glared at him and kept eating. Betty rolled her eyes and set the coffee going. When it was ready she settled on the couch with a cup and a piece of cake and smiled at Jughead and Jackson, still sitting at the table enjoying a second piece of cake.

“So,” Alice said with a huff, sitting next to her. “When were you going to tell me that Jughead lived with you? I don’t approve.”

“Mom, I really could care less if you approve or not. Until our new apartment is ready, he moved in here and we love having him here. Jackson loves him and so do I.”

“I’m sorry, you’re moving?”

“To the top floor of this building. It’s a bigger place and we can have an office because Jughead works at home most of the time. Its more expensive but with both our incomes we can easily afford it.”

“What, you’re pooling your money now?” Alice asked, looking angry.

“No, but even if we were, it’s none of your business,” Betty hissed, trying to keep her voice down. Jughead glanced in her direction, a questioning and angry look on his face. Betty stopped talking to her mother and moved to the loveseat, suddenly not wanting to be near her. She was back to smirking and Betty couldn’t figure out what the hell the deal was. Jackson played with his toys for another hour and then snuggled onto Jughead’s lap while he read to him from one of his new books and his eyes slowly started to close. “I think he’s ready for his bed,” he said with a chuckle.

“Hey buddy, you want to say goodnight to everyone?” Betty asked as she came over and smoothed his curls back. Jackson managed to wake up enough to say goodnight and give everyone a hug and a
kiss. Alice took a little extra time and Betty furrowed her brow at her strangeness.

“Now you be a good boy and happy birthday my darling. Just remember everything will be ok and grandma and mommy will take good care of you.” Jughead took Jackson from her with a frown and Betty gave him a hug and a kiss.

“He can skip his bath tonight, just get his face cleaned up,” she said with a smile. “Goodnight love, I’ll see you tomorrow.” Jackson gave her a sleepy hug and Jughead carried him to the washroom and then to his room and closed the door. Betty turned to her mother and sighed.

“Okay, what the hell is your deal tonight. Why are you acting so weird?” John chose that moment to hurry into his jacket and mumble something about starting the car and he left the apartment. Alice let out a laugh and reached into her bag and pulled out an envelope.

“I found this and I thought you should read it and then tell me if you still trust and love this man that just swooped into your life,” she said coldly. Betty frowned at her and took the envelope and opened it. She pulled out the papers and started skimming over them. Jughead came out from Jackson’s room.

“He went down pretty fast, poor kid is tuckered out from all the fun,” he said. He paused and looked at Betty who had gone pale. “What’s wrong?” he asked slowly. Alice smirked and stepped next to Betty, lifting her chin angrily.

“Jughead, what is this?” Betty asked, her voice sounding strangled.

“What’s what?” he asked, stepping closer and taking the paper from her hand. He looked at them and froze, his face going as pale as hers.

“Where did you get this?” he asked in shock.

“Is it true?” she asked, her voice quivering. Jughead turned from her to Alice, the cold anger rising in his face.

“Where the fuck did you get this?” he asked furiously.

“It’s amazing what you can find when you google Forsyth Pendleton Jones,” she smirked. Jughead clenched his fist around the paper and stepped closer to her.

“You did not find this shit on google. These are sealed court documents. There is no way anybody has access to these.”

“Jughead,” Betty spoke again, her voice still shaking. He turned to look at her. “Your father was involved in a murder cover-up?” Jughead swallowed and stepped back from Alice.

“None of this information is supposed to be public,” he said again and she shook her head at him.

“Is it true?” she gasped.

“Yes, but he never got convicted of anything,” he said flatly. She shook her head again and took a step back.

“That’s because he turned state’s evidence,” Alice said amused. “He was actually guilty but to get off he turned into a snitch.”

“I know what the fuck ‘turning states evidence’ means mom, I work for lawyers,” Betty snapped.
“Betty, I think you and Jackson should come home with me,” Alice said, putting her hand on her shoulder. Betty blinked at her.

“What?”

“You can’t be here with him,” she insisted.

“Get the fuck out,” Jughead said, taking a step toward Alice.

“Excuse me? This is my daughter’s apartment,” she snapped.

“It’s mine too and I want you the fuck out of here!”

“Betty…”

“Mom, just go!” Betty said, her hands pressed to her forehead.

“Are you serious? I’m not leaving you with him,” Alice said angrily.

“I’ll be fine, just go! I’ll call you tomorrow,” Betty insisted. Alice stared at her and when she saw Betty wasn’t changing her mind she grabbed her coat and slipped it on.

“I’m calling in an hour,” she said angrily. “If you don’t pick up, I’m calling the police.”

“Yeah, go ahead you fucking witch, and while you’re at it, explain how you illegally got sealed court documents,” Jughead said furiously. He winced inwardly at his choice of words but he was too angry at the moment to care. Alice looked like she wanted to take his head off.

“How dare you speak…”

“Mom, please leave,” Betty insisted, suddenly feeling angry herself. Alice reluctantly left but not before a last barb in Jughead’s direction.

“It’s been nice knowing you,” she said with a satisfied smirk. As soon as the door closed, Betty turned to Jughead.

“How could you keep something like this from me?” she asked in anger.

“Because you didn’t need to know!” he snapped. “It’s long over and my father never got charged.”

“Because he threw other people under the bus,” Betty said in horror. “He was actually involved in this? He got rid of a body? And you thought I didn’t need to fucking know?”

“That isn’t what happened.”

“That’s what it says on the damn papers!”

“There’s more to it than that,” Jughead insisted. “And these fucking documents were sealed for a reason. Do you realize what could happen if this shit got into the wrong hands?” he spoke angrily.

“How could you not tell me this? How could you let me bring…” her voice trailed off, seeing the hurt flash in his eyes, immediately replaced again by anger.

“How could I let you what? Bring Jackson to meet his grandfather?”

“Jughead, he was involved in a murder!” she snapped.
“No, he wasn’t, he just got rid of the body!”

“Jesus Christ! Really? Is that better?”

“And if I had told you? Then what? You wouldn’t have joined me in Riverdale? You wouldn’t have met my family that you told me you loved? Would I still be here?” Jughead flung the questions at her, not giving her time to answer. “I couldn’t take the chance that I wouldn’t be able to bring Jackson home.”

“It wasn’t up to you, Jughead! That was a decision that I had to make and you had no right to make it for me!”

“So what would you have done if I had told you?” he asked.

“I don’t know…” she admitted, her lip quivering. Her head was pounding and she couldn’t think.

“Wow, I was expecting your mother to try her hardest to get rid of me, but I never in my life figured she pull some stunt like this.”

“You should have told me about this Jughead,” she said angrily, her eyes filling with tears. “This is too huge a thing to not tell me. To keep something like this and then to say I didn’t need to know? I did need to know.”

"I would have told you eventually," he said in frustration.

"No, this is something that should have been one of the first fucking things you tell me. I need to know everything if it could potentially affect my son!”

“Our son, remember?” he said, his voice low and hard. “Or are you regretting that birth certificate now?”

“That’s not fair,” she snapped.

“Yeah, there’s a lot here that’s not fair,” Jughead snapped back. He folded the papers and shoved them in his pocket and went to the closet and pulled out his jacket. She watched, her tears spilling over as he pulled on his boots. He opened the door to leave and she felt her heart shatter into a million pieces. Her mother had done it. She had managed to rip Jughead away from her and once again, someone was leaving her.
Betty watched, frozen, as Jughead’s hand pulled the door closed after he stepped out of the apartment. Her panic went into full gear and she ran over and clutched his hand, resting her head against her arm on the door, trying to take a deep breath. The movement of the door stopped and Jughead slowly pulled his hand free and a sob fell from her lips.

“You promised,” she whispered around her tears. “You promised.” She felt Jughead’s hand cover hers and she gripped the edge of the door, feeling like her lungs were closing up on her. He slowly pushed the door open and she dropped her arm, trying to take deep breaths as she stared up at him.

“What?” he asked, his face confused. Betty stepped back, trying desperately to get air into her lungs.

“You…promised…you….” She couldn’t get the words out and she realized she was tumbling into a panic attack. “You…wouldn’t….”

“Betty?” she heard the concern in his voice as she bent over, trying to take a deep breath but she only managed to make it worse.

“Jesus, Betty!” Jughead was standing in front of her, one hand lifting her face and the other rubbing her arm. “Breathe,” he urged, his voice sounding as panicked as she felt. She rested her forehead on his chest and struggled to take a breath. She concentrated on his warmth, his touch, the arm that came around her shoulder, his voice whispering in her ear. “Breathe baby, please,” he pleaded. She managed to take a small breath and slowly let it out and then another. After a few gasping minutes and slowly willing her heart to slow, her breathing calmed a little and she collapsed against him and began to sob. In her haze she heard Jackson crying and realized their noise must have woke him.

“I can’t, I can’t go in there,” she cried, clutching his jacket. “Please go make sure he’s ok.” She felt Jughead go still and she looked at him and he looked unsure.

“You want me to check on him?”

“He’s sleeping again,” he said softly, and she lifted her tear stained face to look at him.

“You promised you would never leave me,” she whispered. “You said no matter what she did, you would never leave me.” Betty started to sob again and Jughead moved closer and pulled her into his arms. He sighed and held her while she cried.
"You want me to stay?" he asked quietly, sounding completely unsure. Betty pulled back and stared at him, seeming unable to comprehend why he would ask that.

"Why on earth would you ask me that?" she asked, her eyes filling with tears once again. "I love you Jughead, when you started to leave I felt like my heart shattered."

"You're so angry," he muttered, running his hands through his hair and staring at the floor.

"Well, yeah, my mother just used Jackson’s party to open a can of worms, that yes, were shocking and so you'll have to fucking give me a minute to get this sorted in my head, but that doesn’t mean I wanted you to leave," she said around her hiccups.

"Okay."

Betty let out a shaky sigh. He didn’t seem convinced and he was still simmering with anger.

"Jughead, if I didn’t want to be around you, I would have left with my mother. I kicked her out just like you did. Why would I do that if I didn’t want you here?"

"I don’t know, I guess I jumped the gun a little," he admitted.

"I still think you should have told me," she whispered, not daring to look at him. "You said you couldn’t take the chance that I wouldn’t have let you bring Jackson home, so that tells me that you kept it from me out of fear."

"In part, yes," he admitted. "But in truth, I couldn’t tell you much. My father maybe could but I was gag ordered on the whole thing."

"So what could you have told me?"

"That my father was charged with covering up a murder and was released due to extenuating circumstances."

"And if I had asked what those extenuating circumstances were?"

"My life was being threatened."


"No, they weren’t, but fuck Betty, your mother has sealed documents. Stuff that nobody was ever supposed to know. That puts me and my father right back at risk and now everyone in Riverdale knows about you and Jackson and if there are any people left who could still make trouble, you guys are at risk now too. Your mother has no fucking clue what she’s done or what could happen if this shit got out."

"Jesus," Betty whispered, lowering her head in her hands. She started to cry again and Jughead pulled her close and he could feel her trembling. "I’m so sorry Jughead, I didn’t realize what lengths my mother could go to. I don’t even understand why she is so determined to get rid of you. It doesn’t make any sense other than she wants to keep controlling me and that’s my fault because up until you showed up, I let her."

"It’s not your fault your mother is insane," Jughead said with a sigh.

"I’m sorry Jughead, for yelling at you like I did. I was just shocked and all my brain focused on was murder and dead body and I kind of lost my head a little. I should have trusted that you would never
have let your father near your son if he was dangerous. Also, I...I don’t regret the birth certificate, at all. It hurt me that you would think that,” she finished in a whisper.

“Well, it hurt me when you put emphasis on Jackson being ‘your’ son,” Jughead said quietly.

“Jug, I was angry and I honestly didn’t mean it the way it came out. I was just so angry and confused and didn’t know what the hell was going on and I go into fierce mother mode and all I think about is Jackson and I just said it that way because that’s literally all I was thinking about. I didn’t mean to make it sound like I didn’t want you associated with him. Truly, I’m sorry. God, even if your father was the murderer, he’s not you Jughead, and I wouldn’t take your son from you.”

“You would trust me if my father was the killer?”

“Yes, because I know you and you would never put your son in harm’s way and I’m sorry that I implied that I thought you had. I stand by my conviction that I think you should have told me before we went to Riverdale, but I also understand why you didn’t.”

“What if I had told you?”

“That your father hid a body because your life was being threatened?” Jughead nodded.

“I won’t lie and say I would have been fine, because I probably would have been apprehensive, but I was already in love with you and I want to think I would have trusted your judgement that everything would be okay, especially since your father did what he did because your life was being threatened. Had he done it just to cover something up he was involved in, that’s a different story, but he did it to protect you, I would have trusted you,” she finished firmly. Jughead sighed and leaned back on the couch, running his hand through his hair. “I do love your family Jughead, more, I think, than I even love my own. And I remember how wonderful your father was, and that’s part of the reason I was so shocked. It didn’t seem to fit the person that I met, so I lost my head a little and again, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine, I get why you freaked out,” Jughead said rubbing his forehead. “But Betty, we have to do something about your mom. We need to know how she got that document,” he said slowly. Betty nodded and wiped at her eyes. She was so tired and exhausted and her mother was a lot of things, and now she could add criminal to the mix. As if on cue with burning ears, Betty’s cell phone rang. She let out a harsh laugh when she saw her mother’s number. Jughead held her gaze and she answered the call.

“I’m fine mom, I’ll talk to you tomorrow.” Betty disconnected to call and put the phone down.

“I’m going to take a shower,” Jughead said quietly. “I don’t want to get into those documents tonight and what exactly happened. There isn’t any reason now to not tell you the whole story, but I’m too tired to go at it today, if you don’t mind.” Betty nodded and he got up and left the living room. She waited until he was in the bathroom and the shower was running before she went to the bedroom and stripped down. She pulled on the t-shirt he had been wearing and inhaled his scent and went and crawled under the covers. Jughead came in a long while later and lay down beside her. He lay on his back and tucked his arm behind his head and stared at the ceiling. Betty lay silently, feeling like her heart was taking another beating. They may still be together but her mother had affectively ruined the happiness that used to permeate their home.

She lay quietly as long as she could take it, feeling like the space between them may as well have been a canyon. She finally gave in to her need to be near him and shifted and curled into his side. She lay her head on his chest and his arm immediately came down around her and pulled her close. Betty closed her eyes and took a deep shuddering breath. She tried so hard but she couldn’t stop the
fresh tears that spilled over, soaking his chest. Jughead shifted and lay on his side, pulling her close, wrapping both arms around her.

“It’s okay, baby, please don’t cry,” he pleaded. She was shaking and he rubbed her back and her arms, hoping she wasn’t having another panic attack. Her arms snaked around his neck and she clung tightly to him.

“I’m sorry Juggie,” she whispered. “I didn’t mean to get so angry with you and I’m sorry I yelled. I just…”

“Hey, hey, stop Betts, it’s ok,” he said quickly, leaning back to look at her face. Her eyes looked exhausted from crying and stress and he wanted to kill Alice Cooper. “I’m sorry too, about yelling.”

“You were going to leave,” she said brokenly.

“I would have come back,” he whispered. “I didn’t even take my wallet and keys. I was angry and I didn’t know what else to do and I didn’t want to yell and say things that I didn’t mean and I foolishly thought you were going to tell me to leave so I was just taking myself out of the situation.”

“Please don’t do that anymore,” she pleaded. “Or at least tell me you’ll be back.” Jughead brushed her cheek with his thumb, catching a tear that fell. “Even if I’m ever mad enough and tell you to leave, just tell me no.” Jughead’s lips quirked in a slight smile, a glint appearing in his eye. Betty lifted her hand and touched his face, her fingers brushing over his mouth.

“I love you,” she whispered.

“Promise?” he asked, his lips brushing her fingers.

“I promise.” He dipped his head and kissed her and she wrapped her arms around him again and kissed him back. She felt the pain in her heart ease and disappear as his strong arms held her close and his mouth moved gently over hers. He deepened the kiss, his tongue stroking against hers, his hand moving to grip her waist. By the time he pulled back, Betty was breathless for a much better reason than earlier in the evening.

“I love you too,” Jughead said against her ear. “Always.” He kissed her again and when he pulled back, he tucked the blankets around them and held her close. “Let’s sleep now, we have a lot to get to the bottom of tomorrow,” he said with a sigh. Betty was asleep in minutes and Jughead lay awake for a long time.

Alice had pulled out all the stops and clearly had no idea what she was doing. Did the woman even realize she could be putting her daughter and grandchild in danger? Jughead figured she didn’t realize because she was too stupid in trying to get rid of him that she was unaware of the shit storm she could have started. He would take great delight in letting her know what the consequences could be. He couldn’t wait for her to show up tomorrow and see that he was still there.

Jughead ran his hand down Betty’s back, sliding it under her shirt to feel her skin. He couldn’t bear the thought of losing her and her panic at the thought of him leaving told him she was in the same position. He became even more determined. He wasn’t going to let anything tear them apart. He had been playing it nice and calm up till now, but Alice had just pushed him over the edge. He was done with her bullshit.

When Betty woke the next morning, she was alone in bed. After a brief second of panic, she heard Jughead in the kitchen and relaxed against the pillow. Grabbing her phone, she messaged her boss
that she needed to take some personal time and he messaged back to take all the time she needed. She was once again grateful for her wonderful job and the people she worked with.

Jughead came to the bedroom and leaned against the door and smiled at her. He was still in pajama pants and a t-shirt and he looked almost wary. Betty wanted to kill her mother for ruining her happy bubble. It wasn’t even the info she had provided, it was the fact that she had effectively gotten Betty to do exactly what she wanted; screaming at Jughead. She wished now that she had been more calm and hadn’t let things escalate as they had but it had all happened so fast and now they were left with stinging wounds.

“You heading to work any time soon?” he asked.

“I took some personal time,” Betty said softly. He pulled away from the door and came over to the bed. “Jackson still sleeping?”

“Yeah,” he said, sitting on the bed and leaning over her.

“You can’t kiss me, I have morning breath,” she said with a smile. He opened the door of her bedside table, knowing she kept mints in there and grabbed one with a wink. She let out a giggle and opened her mouth for him to drop it in. He was kissing her before she even had a chance to chew on it. She almost choked on the candy and ended up laughing into his mouth. He pulled back and grinned down at her while she chewed the mint. He brushed her hair back and gave her another soft kiss.

“Are you ok?” he asked quietly, his gaze holding hers.

“Yeah,” she said softly, taking his hand in hers. “Are we okay?” He leaned down and rested his forehead on hers and took a deep breath, as if inhaling her.

“Yes,” he whispered against her mouth. He shifted and lay down beside her, resting his head on his bent arm and she rolled to the side to face him and he rested his other arm around her waist. “Did you want to hear about what went down with my dad?” he asked gently. Betty thought he looked apprehensive, almost scared to tell it and she rested her hand on his chest and smiled.

“Only if you want to tell me,” Betty insisted. “I know I freaked out yesterday and you told me why he did what he did and you really don’t need to tell me more if it makes you uncomfortable.”

“Well, if your mom has read the files, which I’m sure she did, I don’t want her to know anything you don’t know. I don’t want her to have anything over you.”

“Okay, tell me,” she said softly. Jughead lay on his back and stared at the ceiling and began to talk.

“My father ran a gang, the Serpents. They were into the Riverdale drug trade. They didn’t deal in the heavy stuff, but they dealt in weed and sometimes did runs with the heavier stuff, but mostly just delivery. They never sold it. There was a family, the Blossoms who ran and dealt with the big stuff as well as the weed. Jason, the Blossom prince didn’t want anything to do with it and was getting ready to skip town and this was of course a big disappointment to his father and he decided to take him out. My father walked in on Clifford Blossom shooting his own son.”

“Oh Jesus,” Betty gasped, her hand over her mouth.

“Yeah…my dad was horrified. Blossom of course was in a hot spot now and you told me why he did what he did and you really don’t need to tell me more if it makes you uncomfortable.”

“Well, if your mom has read the files, which I’m sure she did, I don’t want her to know anything you don’t know. I don’t want her to have anything over you.”

“Okay, tell me,” she said softly. Jughead lay on his back and stared at the ceiling and began to talk.

“My father ran a gang, the Serpents. They were into the Riverdale drug trade. They didn’t deal in the heavy stuff, but they dealt in weed and sometimes did runs with the heavier stuff, but mostly just delivery. They never sold it. There was a family, the Blossoms who ran and dealt with the big stuff as well as the weed. Jason, the Blossom prince didn’t want anything to do with it and was getting ready to skip town and this was of course a big disappointment to his father and he decided to take him out. My father walked in on Clifford Blossom shooting his own son.”

“Oh Jesus,” Betty gasped, her hand over her mouth.

“Yeah…my dad was horrified. Blossom of course was in a hot spot now and he told my dad if he didn’t clean up his mess and get rid of the body that I was going to be next. I was 15 at the time and of course my dad did what Blossom wanted. The body was eventually found and Blossom once again, to save his own ass, planted the gun in my dad’s trailer and called in a ‘tip’ and my dad was
arrested. While this was going on, my friends and I were trying to solve what happened to Jason and by some miracle we discovered video footage of the shooting. Blossom had once again threatened my life if my dad said anything about him but when the video came out, he ended up killing himself but my dad was still in a mess of trouble.” Jughead paused and took a deep breath and Betty squeezed his hand. She had tears on her face, trying to understand the horror of a man killing his own son.

“The fact that Blossom had threatened my dad helped a lot; his daughter, Jason’s sister Cheryl had told the sheriff that she knew about the threats and his sentence was hugely reduced. But the authorities wanted more. They wanted to know about the drug operation and who was running Blossom and where they were coming from. My dad didn’t want me alone and so he gave up all the names and info he had so he would be released.”

“But didn’t they know that your father gave up all the info?”

“Well, as they were sweeping through town and surrounding towns and arresting people, Cheryl Blossom took it upon herself to take her family down. She really loved her brother and she was heartbroken and her mission was to make every last person involved in her father’s business pay. She wasn’t quiet about it either. She made sure everyone knew that she was going to bring the whole thing down and she raided her father’s office and some secret room he had and she brought boxes and boxes of files and details and info to the prosecutors about the whole entire empire around the drug trade in the area. The few details my dad had given didn’t even matter at that point but the fact that he snitched is still a big deal to these people and the prosecutors sealed up his documents and files and his court sessions hadn’t been public so nobody knew about the evidence he had given and he was quietly released. Cheryl was placed in witness protection because she had brought down a lot of big people and she had a huge target on her back.”

“Gosh,” Betty whispered, not really sure what else she should say.

“Yeah, so my dad was able to go on with his life and nobody had a clue about him except that he had hidden the body and had done it because of the threats. Now somehow your mother got her hands on his files and I need to know where she got them. It never ends with drugs, and there is always someone higher and always a need for revenge. If this gets out….” Jughead trailed off and rolled back to his side to face her. “If anything would happen to you or Jackson…. ” His voice broke and he let out a shaky breath.

“But you, your sister, your father…. this is bad all around Jughead.”

“I called my dad’s lawyer this morning. I didn’t say anything about your mom or what she did but I asked her what would happen if someone was able to get a hold of sealed files and she said we would have to figure out who the person was that would leak the info and hand it over to her and the prosecutors.”

“What about my mom?” Betty whispered.

“She didn’t really say anything except that once the person who released the info was in custody, wherever they happen to mention would be called in for questioning and depending on what went down, they would decide from there what to do.”

“We need to talk to my mom,” she said with a sigh. Jughead pulled her close and gave her a thorough kiss. He pulled back and she smiled shakily at him.

“So, now you know everything. My dad led a pretty shitty life when he was younger and he almost paid for it in a big way and he turned his life around when he was finally released. We had a good
life after that. As good as he could make it. He owns the bar now and he works hard to keep drugs out of it and away from Riverdale. Of course it doesn’t always work, but it’s not the sesh pool it once was.”

“I still like your dad,” she said with a smile.

“I still like you,” Jughead said softly with a smile of his own. “And I think I hear Jackson waking up.” He was right and the little boy soon wandered into their bedroom, rubbing his eyes.

“Hey sweetie,” Betty said as she sat up and pulled him onto the bed. Jackson gave her a big kiss and hug and immediately crawled into Jughead’s lap. Jughead hugged him extra close and Betty felt tears sting her eyes. She put her hand on Jughead’s arm and he looked at her and swallowed. “He is and always will be your son,” she said softly. Jughead could only nod, his eyes gathering moisture as he hugged Jackson close. Betty watched them and felt the fury at her mom come to a boiling point inside her. She had messed with her family for the last time.

Betty called her mother a few hours later, timing it for when Jackson would be down for a nap. Jughead got him sleeping 10 minutes before she showed up. He leaned against the kitchen counter, feet crossed, arms folded across his chest as Betty let Alice in. It took her a minute while she took her jacket off before she noticed him. She froze and her eyes narrowed.

“Alice,” he said calmly, his face hard and cold.

“What the hell are you doing here?” she snapped. She turned to Betty and glared at her. “Why is he still here?”

“Because he lives here,” Betty said angrily. “Sit down!” Alice opened her mouth and then quickly closed it again. Betty looked so furious, the woman didn’t dare argue. Alice sat at the table and folded her hands on the top. Betty slammed the papers down in front of her.

“Where did you get this?” she demanded. Alice turned and glared at Jughead. He didn’t say a word and glared back.

“I want to know why you haven’t thrown him out,” Alice said turning back to Betty.

“Because he’s Jackson’s father and because I love him, now tell me where you got this.”

“After what his father…”

“You have no fucking idea what his father did, you know details but not the whole story and you have information that is supposed to be sealed and I demand to know where you got it.”

“You demand?” Alice said with a laugh. Jughead gritted his teeth and pulled away from the counter and came over to the table. He leaned down and braced his hands on the top and glared at her.

“You have no idea what you’ve done here. In your desperate attempt to find some shit on me, you managed to put people at risk. Did you ever stop to fucking think about why these files were sealed? Like even for a second? Yes, my father did some bad shit and in your excitement where you thought this shit would actually work, you were too stupid to realize that you were putting people in danger. My father, my sister and me. My family is now at risk. Are you really this thick headed that it never occurred to you? My family Alice. That includes Betty and Jackson. You put your daughter and grandson at risk!” Jughead said furiously. Alice’s eyes widened and her chin trembled slightly as she suddenly realized just what she had done.
“I don’t…” she began.

“You don’t what? Have an ounce of sense? We already know that. You did something fucking illegal, and why? To get rid of me? Why? What the fuck have I ever done to you?”

“I didn’t…”

“I don’t give a fuck,” Jughead interrupted “I don’t care about any stupid explanations, all I want to know is where the hell you got those documents.”

“Mom, where did you get them?” Betty demanded. Alice took a deep breath and straightened in her chair.

“I have a friend who works at the law courts,” she said in a whisper.

“What did you do to get them? There is no way someone will give you these files with nothing in return.” Alice stayed quiet, staring at the table.

“Tell me,” Betty snapped.

“I paid him.”


“Jesus Christ!” Betty gasped. “Are you insane?”

“Wow, I’m impressed Alice, didn’t know I was worth five grand. You really didn’t want me around,” Jughead said with a bitter laugh.

“I want a name,” Betty said firmly. “Now.” Alice whispered the name and Jughead pulled out his phone and sent off a message to the lawyer.

“What’s going to happen to him?” Alice asked, her chin trembling.

“That’s up to the lawyers and prosecutors,” Betty said angrily.

“And me?” Alice said in a shaky voice.

“I have no idea mom, it all depends probably on what this guy says. If he mentions names and the names of people who used him for information, it probably won’t be good.” Alice nodded and stared at her folded hands.

“I honestly can’t believe you are this stupid,” Betty said, shaking her head. “How could you not understand that paying for sealed documents was illegal? Or did you just not care? Did you really think Jughead would let you get away with this? Seriously?”

“I just thought he’d go away,” she said quietly.

“Why mom? Why do you want Jughead to go away? What has he ever done to you? He is the most wonderful man I have ever met in my life. He is kind and sweet and thoughtful and he is such a good father. He loves Jackson so much and he loves me so much. How could you not want that for us? Do you know mom, who Jughead is like? He’s like his father.” Alice raised her head at that, her eyes narrowing.
“You have no idea what his father did and why he did it. Well let me tell you, what he did, he did to save his son. He loved Jughead so much that he was willing to do something so terrible and willing to go away for life, just because he loved his son. He did what he did out of love. That’s how much Jughead loves Jackson and me. He would do ANYTHING for us. To keep us safe,” Betty paused for a moment, wiping her face, realizing that she was crying. “You know what the saddest thing is? That you were so determined to get rid of him, you didn’t care in the least what it would do to me and Jackson. Jax loves his dad so much and he would be devastated if he was suddenly gone from his life. And if I lost him,” Betty’s voice cracked and she tried desperately to hold it together. “I would be devastated and broken and you just don’t care. All you care about is yourself and you give no thought to anyone else.”

Alice said nothing and Betty wiped her face and stepped back away from her. She lifted her eyes and they locked with Jughead. She knew he had heard her passionate speech and the love in his eyes took her breath away. She turned back to her mother.

“I want to know why you are so determined to get rid of Jughead?” she asked.

“I didn’t like him just swooping in here and I don’t trust him,” Alice said, the hard edge back in her voice. Betty shook her head and laughed. “You’re pathetic. All that matters to you is control. Controlling me and it’s partly my fault because I’ve let you. Well, not any more. You have zero say in my life and I don’t even want so much as a suggestion on anything that has to do with me and Jackson. You need to leave,” Betty said quietly. “And I’m telling you right now, if any of the information on those files comes out in the open? Even if it wasn’t because of this, I will still blame you and I will have you prosecuted if you won’t already be, and you will never see Jackson or me, ever again.” Alice sucked in her breath, her hands trembling, her face looking like it would crumble.

“Betty, I….”

“Don’t. There is nothing you can say right now that will make a bit of difference and I need you to leave.” Alice rose stiffly and pulled on her jacket. She refused to look at Jughead as she walked to the door. She turned and looked at Betty, who saw the defiance in her face, still.

“When do I get to see Jackson again?” she asked quietly.

“I have no idea but it won’t be any time soon.” Betty snapped. Her mother stiffened and then let herself out of the apartment. Betty turned to look at Jughead, who still stood, watching her, his face full of love and want. She felt herself tremble and the stress of seeing her mother melted away and she clenched her hands at her side.

“Jug….” She breathed, her voice breaking, her eyes filling with tears. He reached her in two strides, his hands cupping her face, his mouth on hers. Betty wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled herself tightly against him, kissing him back eagerly, moaning into his mouth when his tongue brushed against hers. His hands moved down and gripped her backside and lifted her and her legs went around his waist. Halfway down the hall on the way to the bedroom he pressed her against the wall, rocking against her, his mouth moving down her neck before he took hers again. It was desperate and eager and wet as he devoured her mouth.

“Shit,” he muttered when Jackson suddenly started to cry. Betty groaned in disappointment and sighed as he slowly stepped back, letting her slide to the floor. She took his face in her hands and gave him a lingering kiss.

“We will continue tonight. How about we spend the rest of the day with our son,” she whispered.
Jughead smiled and rested his forehead on hers.

“I love you,” he said gruffly.

“Mommy!” came an agitated impatient voice from the bedroom.

“He always does that,” Jughead laughed. “In the morning he comes out by himself, and after a nap he demands mommy.” She laughed and went to the door. “My boys love me,” she said with a happy smile.

“You have no idea,” Jughead said with a heated gaze. Betty shivered at the promise of things to come in his eyes.

They spent the rest of the day with Jackson, Jughead doting on him and rarely leaving his side. He also spent the rest of the day sending her looks that had her body humming. His winks and touches and brushing up against her and small kisses were driving her insane and she wanted him with a desperation that shook her. They had pizza for dinner, followed by a Disney movie, with Betty snuggled up against his side, and Jackson in his lap. Jughead had his arm around her shoulder and his fingers kept brushing the sides of her breast. By the time Jughead took Jackson to bed, she was aroused to a fever pitch.

Betty got into the shower and as she was washing herself, Jughead’s arms suddenly came around her and his mouth pressed to her shoulder. She tried to turn but he didn’t let her, his hand coming up and cupping her breast, his thumb brushing over the peak. Betty let out a whimper, her head falling back against his shoulder.

“Jug,” she gasped when his hand moved down in teasing circles until it brushed between her thighs. His fingers dipped into her folds and he groaned against her ear when he found her hot and wet.

“Have you been waiting for me?” he whispered in her ear.

“All evening,” she moaned, moving against his hand as he made slow circles against her clit. He moved lower and sank a finger into her and she gripped his arm as he moved it slowly in and out, his thumb stroking her swollen nub. Betty lifted her hand and turned her head, pulling his down to kiss him. His tongue wrapped around hers and his hand worked her slowly and it didn’t take long and she was clenching and moaning through her release.

“I want you in bed,” he growled against her mouth. They finished their shower with trembling hands and hot, eager kisses and before she even managed to get herself dried off he was walking her out of the bathroom and into their bedroom. They fell to the bed, hands and lips and tongues eagerly exploring and feeling and tasting. She was trying to hurry, he was taking his time. His mouth fastened to her breast and she arched her back as he sucked her nipple into his mouth, her fingers fisting in his hair.

She tried to pull him up, her hips bucking up against him, desperate to have him inside her. He laughed softly, his mouth moving down her stomach, nipping at the skin, his hand once against moving between her legs.

“Juggie, please,” she begged when he sucked the skin in the crease where her leg met her abdomen. He slid two fingers inside her and she writhed and lifted to him, forcing him deeper. Finally his mouth covered her and he sucked on her, his tongue swirling over her clit, pulling a ragged groan from her lips. He pushed her thighs apart, opening her to him as he once again brought her to a shuddering, moaning climax, coating his tongue with her release. He left a slow
lingering lick over her before he moved up her body, his mouth worshiping her as he went.

“You are so beautiful,” he murmured, his tongue licking over her mouth, thrusting inside as he kissed her. The taste of her own release on his tongue made her burn and made her want more.

“Please, I need you,” she pleaded, her hips lifting to him. Jughead was shaking with his own need and he thrust inside her and she cried out at the sudden fullness and pleasure. She pulled her knees back and he began to move, deep heavy thrusts as he held her head and kissed her hungrily. He kept a steady pace, moving deep inside her and suddenly Betty pushed against him and he rolled over, dragging her on top of him. She had other ideas though. Betty lifted off him and moved quickly down his body and suddenly her mouth was closing over him.

“Fucking hell,” he groaned, bucking against her mouth. She groaned around him, the taste of herself on him making her crazed with desire. “Fuck, Betty,” he gasped, his hands tangling in her hair. He let her pull him deep for a few moments and then he dragged her back up, ignoring her protests. “I want to be inside you when I come,” he said gruffly, rolling her over once again and thrusting into her. It was fast, hard and wild. The last 24 hours’ tension and stress melting away as they strained against each other. Jughead lowered his hand between them and she started to shake as he stroked her, his thrust speeding up, his mouth ravishing hers.

Betty gasped for breath, her body exhausted and sated but she couldn’t make herself let go of him as he collapsed on her, his breathing harsh in her ear. After a long while he slowly lifted off her and fell next to her, immediately pulling her sweaty boneless body into his.

“That was amazing” she whispered. Jughead grunted in reply and she giggled and kissed his chest. They lay in comfortable silence until their breathing was steady and their bodies calm. She turned her head and looked at him and his eyes met his, tender and filled with love.

“What you said earlier, to your mom,” he said softly. “About my dad and me, that – that meant a lot to me Betts. Thank you.”

“I meant every word,” she whispered. “You’re a good man, Jughead Jones, and the way you love, you definitely got that from your father,” she said with a smile. He pulled her on top of him and took her mouth in a slow, sensual kiss. When he pulled away, she was breathing heavy.

“Why, you sound like you might be ready for another round,” he teased, his hands sliding over her backside.

“Are you?” she murmured as she brushed her lips over his once more. His fingers dug into her hips and he moved slowly against her. She met his movements with a moan.

“Keep that up and I’ll be ready in no time,” he promised. She grinned down at him and lowered her mouth to his. Soon he was pushing up into her and once again, they got lost in the pleasure they only found in each other, their wounds healing and their hearts mended.
A week later, Jughead was leaving to head to Riverdale. There was a meeting with his father and his lawyer and he was requested to be there. Betty was apprehensive and teary eyed and she didn’t want him to go. She had work commitments because she had taken a few personal days already and couldn’t go with him.

“I’ll be back in a few days,” he murmured against her hair.

“I know,” she whispered. “I just don’t want to be without you.”

“I’ll call and text constantly, okay love?” Betty nodded and he gave her a long, slow kiss, not wanting to leave her either. He didn’t know how he was going to sleep without her by his side. It was early, not even 6:00am but he wanted to head out early and he had said his goodbye’s the night before.

“I love you,” Betty said softly when he pulled away.

“I love you too baby,” he replied. After one last long hug and lingering kiss, he was gone. Betty sighed and wiped the tears off her face. She felt empty already and she sighed and went to make a cup of coffee. There was no sense in heading back to bed as she had to get up in an hour anyway.

Betty had found a daycare through her co-worker that was actually across the street from her office building so on days when Jughead couldn’t watch him, Jackson was in daycare. The previous day he had been there just to see if it was a good fit and he had loved it and Betty was glad he would get a bit of socialization with other kids now.

It would be a lonely few days without Jughead and she could once again thank her mother for that. She had no idea what the lawyers had found out and what was going to happen, but her mother had made her bed, now she would have to lay in it. Jughead was due back on Friday evening and she would be counting the seconds until he was back home with her.

Jughead sat in the office with his father and the lawyer, waiting to hear what had been found. The man who had sold Alice the info had immediately been brought in for questioning when Jughead had first contacted his dad’s lawyer and he had apparently sang like a bird.

“So, this guy folded like a cheap suit,” Mary Andrews said with a harsh laugh. Archie’s mother had been the family lawyer for years and they trusted her with their lives. “He gave it all up within the first few hours and he named names. A lot of names. He’s been doing this for years. I’m not sure where this Alice Cooper found out about him, but he has so many clients, I guess it wasn’t that hard to find someone who was willing to sell information.”

“Does he know what info he was selling?” FP asked with a sigh. He’d been anxious and worried
ever since Jughead had informed him of what had gone down. He had also been furious that a woman would go to such lengths to get rid of Jughead out of his own son’s life.

“Apparently not. He would be given a name and he would look up the files associated with that name and just download the info and sell it on flashdrives. He didn’t want to know any of the info, so it couldn’t be used against him. All he knew are names. He kept a list of every file and document he downloaded, and let me tell you, FP, you’re small potatoes. This guy had info on some bad people and high profile cases. This has launched into a huge investigation and this guy will serve some time. He also had the names of all his clients, so yes, Alice Cooper is in a bit of trouble here.”

“What kind of trouble,” Jughead asked quietly.

“Well, it’s up to FP.”

“Why is it up to me?” FP asked, confused.

“The prosecutors are looking into who wanted the info and investigating what was done with it. So for each individual case, it will be a different scenario. If the info was used to sway testimony, or harm a person, or blackmail of the sort, well, obviously the consequences will be more harsh. They are going to each person the files are about and asking them how they want things to process. If they feel like it’s a big threat, then arrests will be made. If they don’t feel like it caused any damage, and they feel like it doesn’t matter if these people have the info, most likely the buyer will just get probation. It’s completely up to you how we proceed against Alice Cooper.”

“So what’s the damage here, with my files?” FP was looking at Jughead when he asked.

“Well, as bitchy as this woman is, I don’t think she would actually use this info to bring any sort of danger. She simply wanted Betty to see what you had done and she thought it would be enough to make her leave me. She didn’t even pay attention to the fact that she was putting her in danger by getting her hands on the file. It had nothing to do with you at all. It was just to get me out of the picture,” Jughead explained.

“So she had no other intention with this file?” Mary asked.

“No, I’m pretty sure she didn’t. She didn’t even realize what she had, to be honest, because when I informed her of the danger she had put Betty and Jackson in, she was pretty shocked by it. She doesn’t really think past herself, that one. Betty also threatened that if any of this info ever gets out, Alice won’t ever see her or Jackson again. As heinous as I think Alice Cooper is, I don’t think she would risk that.”

“And Betty? She knows all the details? You’ve told her everything?”

“Yes, she knows.”

“And you trust her?” Mary asked.

“With my life.”

Mary nodded and looked down at her papers and read a few things. “Well, Alice Cooper has been contacted and told to get herself a lawyer and from what I’ve been told, she’s pretty upset and a little terrified. She clearly didn’t think this through when she did what she did,” Mary said with a roll of her eyes. “She handed over the flashdrive and all computers in her home to make sure there were no other copies and she insisted there wasn’t. So, FP, it’s completely up to you. She’s admitted her guilt, so we would skip the trial and now it’s time to figure out what exactly to do with her. Do you want her to serve time or just be placed on probation. Of course it’s up to the Judge, who will have the
final say, but your input will matter a great deal.”

“Well, if there is no threat to me and this wasn’t about me,” FP began slowly; he paused and looked at Jughead. “It’s up to you son. She did this to hurt you, so you make the decision.” Jughead let out a sigh.

“God dammit,” he muttered angrily.

“What would Betty do?” FP asked. Jughead let out a laugh.

“I don’t know, burn her at the stake?” They all had a good laugh and then Jughead lost his smile and rested his elbows on his knees and ran his hands through his hair. Fucking Alice Cooper. The woman had tried to destroy his family and had made Betty fucking cry. He was seething with anger as it all came back to him. He lifted his head, his anger clear and looked at Mary.

“What’s it going to be Jughead,” she asked.

An hour later, Jughead was putting his bag in his vehicle to head back home. He leaned against the side and smiled at his father who stood with him.

“You sure you don’t want to spend another night?” FP asked.

“Nah, I just want to head home. I miss them.”

“I understand,” his father said with a smile. “Come back soon, okay? And bring your family. I would love to see my grandson and future daughter in law again.” Jughead looked at him with a raised eyebrow and let out a soft laugh.

“That’s presumptuous,” Jughead said softly.

“I saw the way you two looked at each other at Christmas. I’m pretty sure I’m calling it right,” FP said with a smile.

“We’ll see,” Jughead said with a smile. FP laughed and pulled him into an embrace. Jughead hugged him back for a minute and stepped back.

“We’ll be back soon,” he promised. Jughead climbed into the SUV and headed out. All he wanted was to be with Betty and Jackson. He missed them more than he thought possible and he’d only been gone 2 days. He had planned to spend another night with his father but he just needed to get back to them, even if he had to drive half the night.

He stopped along the way and got a couple hours sleep and headed out again. He arrived home at 8:00 after Betty had already left for work. She wasn’t expecting him till late that night and he decided to sleep a few hours and surprise her for lunch. Jughead showered and climbed into bed, using her pillow to sleep, inhaling her scent. He fell asleep and dreamt about making love to her.

Betty sighed and leaned back in her chair. Her research was going nowhere today and on top of that she couldn’t concentrate anyway. She missed Jughead and his texting had been brief while he had been gone. He hadn’t given her any details on what had gone on at the lawyers and last night he had been driving when she had called him. He hadn’t been due to head home until this morning and when she had asked where he was driving, he had told her he had to take care of something. She
was a little apprehensive at the lack of communication since he left and she could only assume he was nervous to tell her what the lawyer had said.

She lay her head on the back of the chair and closed her eyes. She wished it was evening already and he was home. She picked up her phone and sent him a text.

I miss you.

Leaning back again she closed her eyes and let out a long, slow breath. She made a mental list of things to do before he arrived. Buy his favorite wine. Shave her legs. Maybe get some new lingerie. She chuckled at that one. She was acting like he’d been gone for a month.

“I miss you too,” a soft voice suddenly reached her ears. Betty startled and sat up in a rush, her disbelieving eyes on Jughead, who was leaving against her office door frame.

“Jug?” she gasped. She stood in a rush as he stepped inside and closed the door. She hurried over and he wrapped his arms around her and held her close. Betty clung to him, her arms around his neck, breathing in his scent.

“Mmmmmmm,” he breathed against her ear, his hold on her tightening. “God, I missed you so fucking much.” Betty leaned back to look at him and he dipped his head and gave her a long, thorough kiss. By the time he pulled back she was tugging on his hair and moaning. “Okay, not a good idea at the office,” he chuckled against her lips.

“How are you here?” she asked in confusion.

“I drove all night,” he said smiling.

“Really? So last night, when you said you had something to take care of…..,”

“It was to get home to you and our son,” Jughead said, resting his forehead on hers. Betty nodded tearfully, hugging him close once again.

“Well, you ruined my plans,” she said with a sigh.

“What plans were those?” he wondered.

“Well, I was going to get your favorite wine, I need to shave my legs and I was going to get new lingerie….,”

“Oh yeah?” he asked with a smile and a gleam in his eye. She bit her lip and a familiar ache started low in her abdomen. “Take your lunch break?” he suggested, his voice low and gruff. Betty nodded and ten minutes later, in a darkened corner of the underground parking garage, in the back seat of Jughead’s SUV, they were fumbling with their clothes, their mouths moving together in a frantic kiss as she straddled him. His fingers sliding into her panties and finding her hot and wet. He groaned and stroked her and she hurried and struggled to get out of her pants and underwear and then she was slowly sinking down on him, moaning as he filled her like only he could. Jughead groaned, his head falling back, his hands gripping her waist.

“Fuck,” she breathed, lifting and lowering down once again. She leaned in and kissed him, her tongue finding his as she moved on him. “You feel good Jug.”

“Has it really only been a few days?” he gasped, lifting her again and letting her sink back down.

“Too long,” she whimpered against his mouth. Jughead lifted his hands and opened her blouse, his
fingers pulling down the lace covering her breast and leaned forward, closing his mouth over her nipple. She let out a ragged groan as he suckled on her, his hand on her back pressing her closer. His other hand reached between them, circling her sensitive nub and she jerked against him, the pleasure shooting down to her toes. “Don’t stop,” she whispered, her hand moving to the ceiling of the car to steady herself as sherocked against him.

Jughead leaned back against the seat, looking at the vision in his lap. Her face was glazed with pleasure, her hair glowing like the sun all around her, her eyes looking at him with love and desire. She was his and he felt like the luckiest bastard on the planet. He snaked a hand behind her head and pulled her down for a kiss, his tongue wrapping around hers, reaching to taste every dark corner of her mouth. She moaned and gripped his hair, her body beginning to unravel.

“I’m gonna come Jug,” she whimpered against his mouth, grinding herself against him, taking him deep.

“Yes, come for me, love,” he demanded, pressing his fingers harder against her. He felt her start to tighten as she pressed her mouth frantically over his, trying to muffle her cries and in a rush he came with her, spilling inside her as she pulled on him. “Fuck,” he gasped with a groan, his fingers digging into her hips as he held him to her, pressing deep inside. She shook and fell against him, her body trembling and quaking around him. Their harsh breathing filled the vehicle as they melted into each other, coming slowly down from their ecstasy high.

“Welcome home,” she muttered against his neck. Jughead laughed softly and hugged her close.

“Never been so happy to be home in my whole life,” he said with a content sigh.

“I wish I didn’t have to go back to work,” she sighed. “I’m pretty sure I won’t get a thing done all afternoon.”

“Well, how about, I get Jackson from daycare and me and him spend the afternoon getting that wine you mentioned and cooking you dinner and I’ll even draw you a bath for when you get home and you can shave those legs if you want,” he said with a chuckle. “Although, I have to tell you, I could care less if they are shaved or not, as long as you wrap them around me later tonight,” he said, nipping at her chin.

“That’s what you say now, but I doubt you would find leg stubble rubbing against you very sexy,” she giggled. “And what, you didn’t get enough just now?” she teased. “You’re still inside me,” she said with a smirk.

“Mmmm most definitely not enough,” he said against her neck as he trailed his mouth over it. “I need to touch you and kiss you and feel you all over. I want it slow, and sexy and then fast and hot…”

“Oh my god, stop,” she moaned, suddenly wanting him all over again. He lifted her off him with a wink and helped her back into her clothes and adjusted his own. She ended up back in his lap, their mouths fused in a slow, lazy kiss. She finally pulled away and rested her head on his shoulder and hugged him tight.

“So, what happened with your dad,” she asked quietly, sounding a little apprehensive.

“We’ll talk about it at home, okay?” he said gently, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

“Is she in trouble,” she asked in a whisper.

“Yeah, she is,” Jughead said with a sigh. “It’s up to the judge though, we’ll have to see what happens.” Betty nodded and snuggled closer, feeling tears sting her eyes. As furious as she was, she
felt sad as well that her mother had made such idiotic choices to land her in this situation. It was an odd feeling to think she both deserved whatever she got and at the same time, feel sad about it.

“You hungry?” he asked. She sat up and looked at him. He shifted and reached into the front seat and grabbed a bag and pulled out some sandwiches.

“So you just had this waiting in here cause you were so certain I was going to be coming down here with you?” she asked with a smile.

“I was pretty sure,” he said with a wink. She took a sandwich with a laugh and unwrapped it, taking a bite. He took his as well and after a few bites she found herself just watching him and he raised an eyebrow at her perusal. “I have mayo on my face?” he asked with a laugh.

“No,” she sighed. “I just really want to be at home with your right now, under the sheets.” Jughead swallowed, his face taking on a hungry look that had nothing to do with the sandwich. “This quickie just whet my appetite,” she murmured, her eyes on his mouth.

“Okay, stop talking like that or you’ll be missing the rest of the afternoon,” Jughead said gruffly, reaching over and dragging his thumb across her bottom lip. She licked over it and he sighed and pulled her close for another deep, tongue filled kiss. When he finally pulled away she was already pulling at his shirt again and he laughed and groaned and stilled her hands.

“We really shouldn’t be apart for so long,” she sighed.

“We were apart for over 2 years,” he mentioned with a chuckle.

“Yeah and look at us, fucking every chance we get, and we’re in my office building, in the back seat of your SUV,” she said with a smirk.

“Well, we have some time to make up for,” Jughead said with a lazy grin. Betty sighed and got off his lap.

“Sitting on your lap is dangerous,” she muttered, biting into her sandwich again. His arrogant grin made her roll her eyes and they finished lunch with talk of Jackson and the silly things he had done while Jughead was gone.

When Betty got home after an afternoon of literally getting nothing done, the house smelled amazing and Jackson came running to greet her at the door.

“Hi my sweet little man,” she said happily, picking him up and giving him a big squeeze.

“Me and daddy cooking,” he said in excitement.

“What are you making?” Betty asked, walking into the kitchen.

“Soup!”

“Soup? Well it smells amazing,” she exclaimed. “What’s in it?”

“What’s in it daddy?” Jackson asked. Jughead was wiping his hands on a towel and leaning against the counter.

“A few things,” he said with a wink. He leaned in and gave her a lingering kiss and she shivered at the look in his eyes. She was still fluttering from their lunch fun and the promise of a night of even
more was making her ache. “There is a bath waiting for you. I just finished preparing it. The soup will need to simmer a while so you can relax a bit.”

“Thank you love,” she sighed, grateful that he did that. Minutes later she was covered in hot water and bubbles and it felt like heaven. Jughead kept popping in to check on her and steal heated kisses and she was aching with desire by the time she managed to get her legs shaved and herself rinsed off. She pulled on some pajamas and headed to the kitchen.

“That the new lingerie?” Jughead asked teasingly.

“I decided naked is better, so later all you have to do is pull off the top and bottom and I’ll be ready,” she said with a wink. Jughead gave her a look that told her he couldn’t wait until ‘later’. The soup was amazing and delicious and he teasingly refused to tell her his recipe.

A couple hours later, after family time watching a movie and playing on the floor, with Jackson clinging to Jughead for most of the evening, Betty was finally where she had been aching to be for most of the day. Beneath the sheets with Jughead.

“You are so beautiful,” he whispered as his mouth moved over her skin. “I missed you so much.”

Betty moaned as his tongue licked over her core, pressing inside her, his hands running over her skin. She lifted her hips to his mouth, a sob catching in her throat at the pleasure racing through her. She came quickly, with his tongue inside her and he groaned at the feel of her fluttering and clenching and she lay gasping for breath while he soothed her, gently stroking over her until her body relaxed and he slowly kissed his way up her body.

“I love you Juggie,” she whispered in a moan when his teeth grazed her nipple. He suckled gently on her while she moved and squirmed beneath him. “Please, I need you,” she cried out, tugging on his hair. Jughead moved up and over her. He smoothed her hair back and smiled down into her dazed face.

“What do you want?” he teased, stroking his arousal slowly over her. She let out a whimper and lifted to him.

“You, always you,” Betty breathed, wrapping her legs around his waist. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, more than I can even explain,” Jughead said, his forehead resting on hers.

“I need to feel you Jug, inside me, connected to me, part of me….,” Her passionate words made his heart pound and he took her mouth in a searing kiss as he slid inside her. “You belong here,” she whimpered against his mouth. “You are home.” Jughead gripped her hair as he stared into her eyes, moving heavily inside her. Her words making him more aroused than he’d ever been in his life.

“You are my life,” he breathed as he reached between them and stroked his fingers over her. She cried out and bucked up against him, meeting his heavy thrusts wildly, trying to absorb him into her. She felt her release coming quickly and with almost no warning she splintered apart, clenching hard on him, pulling a long low groan from his mouth. “Again, baby, again,” he said against her mouth, pushing her thighs apart, thrusting deep. Betty sobbed as her body, weak and tender climbed again. She gasped for breath, her nails digging into his back as she strained for release.

Jughead felt his body begin to tighten, the coiled tension in his abdomen starting to unravel. He reached between them again and stroked his fingers against her slick folds and her moans made him begin to shudder as he felt himself start to come undone.
“Now, Betty, please, come with me,” he begged, trying to hold off until she joined him. His body betrayed him and he felt his orgasm rush through him and he spilled into her with a guttural groan and his hands tugged on her hair when he felt her follow, pulling him deep and pulling what remained from him. Her cries mingled with his as he kissed her frantically, the pleasure consuming him. He fell against her, shaking with her as they gasped for breath, clinging to each other. Betty had a death grip on him, her legs locked tight around his waist. He lifted and tried to move to the side and she tightened her hold and held him to her.

“Stay,” she breathed, her hand coming up to slide though his hair. He lifted slightly, bracing on his forearms, his face resting in her neck.

“That was amazing,” he whispered. “I should leave more often.” She frantically shook her head, her eyes filling with tears.

“No,” she whimpered. “I can’t bare it.” He lifted his head and smiled down at her.

“You know, at some points in our life, we will be apart for some reason or another,” he said gently.

“I’d rather not think about those moments. Maybe I’m being silly, but I feel like half of me is missing when you’re not here,” she confessed, her fingers tracing his mouth. He kissed them, biting one gently. She smiled and tilted her head curiously.

“But let’s go back to ‘our life’. How long you thinking?” she said breathlessly.

“Till we’re old?” he suggested with a smile.

“I like that,” she whispered.

“Think you’d wanna put up with me that long?” he laughed softly, his mouth moving over her jaw line.

“Literally the best thing ever,” she sighed, tilting her head so he could reach her neck better. He licked her skin and slowly moved to the side, pulling her into his arms.

“So, not to throw ice on our fire, but what happened with your dad?” Jughead settled into the pillow and told her what had transpired, leaving out the part where he made the decision about what to do with Alice. He figured he would deal with that when the time came. Betty didn’t want to think about it when he was finished and so she climbed on top of him and made love to him once again and it was a much better thing to think about.

Two weeks later, it was moving day. They got the place a little early and Jughead and Betty were thrilled. The apartment was amazing. Much bigger and had a beautiful old world feel with the wood and brick on the walls and vaulted ceilings. The office was a blessing for both of them, as it would give them a place to work and be home with family. The ensuite with the giant bathtub was a fun addition that Jughead promised they would try as soon as possible. Betty came out from the office and found Jughead and Jackson sitting on the floor wearing boxes on their heads.

“What on earth are you doing?” she asked laughing.

“Taking a break,” said Jughead from under his box. “Please join us.” Betty laughed again and sat down and put a box on her head.

“Well, now I can’t see,” she grumbled.
“Use mageration mommy,” Jackson replied under his box.

“Imagination,” Jughead corrected as he started to laugh.

“Magination,” Jackson repeated.

“Close enough,” Jughead said, still laughing. Betty lay down on the floor and smiled.

“I’m going to pretend I’m in space, floating through the stars.”

“I’m going to pretend I’m in a giant bubble bath with mommy,” Jughead said. She giggled and kicking in his direction, catching his leg.

“Behave.”

“I pretend I’m sleeping,” Jackson said happily.

“How is that fun?” Jughead wanted to know.

“Its dark daddy, magination,” Jackson replied, as if that explained everything. In their laughter and fun, they almost didn’t hear the door buzzer. Betty scrambled up and rushed to the door and pressed the answer button.

“Who is it?” There was a pause.

“It’s me,” came a small voice and Betty froze. What was her mother doing here? Jughead pulled his box off and stood up, walking over.

“What do you want?” Betty asked.

“I need…” Alice paused. “I need to speak to Jughead.” Betty looked at him with a raise eyebrow and he shrugged. Betty gave her the new apartment number and buzzed her in. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. Betty opened it and faced her mother. They stared at each other for a few moments and then Betty stepped back and let her in. She walked in slowly and looked around.

“It’s nice,” she said quietly. Betty said nothing, just folded her arms over her chest.

“What do you want?” Alice sighed and turned to look at Jughead. He said nothing, his face showing nothing, just stood with his hands resting on his hips. Jackson finally took his box off his head and smiled happily.

“Grandma,” he exclaimed and ran to her, hugging her leg. She smiled down at him, her chin quivering, but she made no move to pick him up. She looked back to Jughead.

“I was sentenced yesterday, for what I did. The judge gave me 2 years probation and 400 hours community service. He said that you’re the one who suggested probation vs jail time,” she finished in a tortured voice. Betty turned to look at him in surprise. He hadn’t said a word to her that he had made any kind of decision. Jughead still said nothing, but he gave a slight nod.

“I – I wanted to thank you,” Alice whispered. “He said if you had wanted me in jail I would have gotten at least 2 years and I should thank you for not ruining my life.” Betty kept her eyes on Jughead, her heart feeling like it would burst. This man, this amazing man, showing mercy when he didn’t need to and she would even go so far as to say, he shouldn’t have. Her mother would have deserved it. “Thank you,” she said again. He nodded and her hand gently touched Jackson’s head, her eyes welled with tears.
“I’m also sorry,” she said in a small voice. “I know that doesn’t mean much at this point, but I am and you’ve only proven what Betty was trying to tell me all along. You’re a good man Jughead Jones. You did something that I don’t think I would have done in the same situation.”

“Thank you for the apology,” Jughead offered and said nothing more. “You should probably go though. Take a minute with Jackson and then take your leave.” Betty was surprised at this as well. Jughead looked at her quickly, hoping he wasn’t overstepping and she just nodded and waited with him. Alice looked surprised and grateful and quickly bent to pick up the boy. She spent a minute giving him kisses and saying she missed him and then handed him to Betty, who took him and stepped back. Alice stood for a moment and let out a sigh.

“John left me,” she said quietly, almost to nobody. Betty couldn’t bring herself to care and she said nothing. “I’m sorry,” Alice said once again and then she was gone. Betty slowly put Jackson down and walked over to Jughead. She took his face in her hands and stared into his eyes.

“You are the most incredible man I have ever met,” she whispered. He smiled and rested his forehead on hers.

“Why is that?” he asked softly.

“Because you have such a beautiful heart, it makes me want to cry,” she said, her chin trembling.

“She’s insane, but she’s your mother and Jackson’s grandma. I don’t think it would be wise to have him visit her in prison,” he said with a shrug.

“She won’t be near him for a while,” Betty said firmly.

“I understand,” Jughead said softly. “But I did what I felt was right.” Betty pulled his face down and gave him a long thorough kiss.

“I love you so much,” she said when she pulled back and his arms wrapped around her.

“Show me later,” he suggested with a twinkle in his eyes. And she did, several satisfying times.
Betty and Jughead settled into their new place quickly and her heart was happy. They were officially living together in their own place, not just Jughead staying with her. It was theirs and Jackson’s home and she was so happy it was almost scary. Only a year earlier it had only been her and Jackson, with her dreaming about a man she thought she would never see again accept in her son, and here she was, in his arms every night, being loved by him, watching him help raise their son, watching him love their son. Jackson was so in love with his dad, she had almost become second fiddle and she didn’t mind. She was so grateful he was there with them and that Jackson had immediately loved him, she couldn’t have been happier with how it all turned out. She knew the bond between them would never break.

Spring was coming, the winter cold finally giving in and slowly moving aside and the warm weather was putting everyone in a good mood. It was Saturday morning and she was laying in bed, curled up into Jughead’s side, watching him sleep. He was so damn handsome, it still made her heart race when she looked at him. The kind of handsome where she almost forgot in the times when he wasn’t there and when he showed up, she would be like – oh my god, I forgot how beautiful he was.

“Stop staring at me,” he suddenly said, his eyes still closed, a smile playing at his lips. Betty jumped slightly and then giggled, a blush stealing across her cheeks. He opened an eye and peaked at her and grinned when he saw her red cheeks. She pinched him and he rolled quickly and had her pinned under him. He didn’t seem like he just woke up in the least.

“How long have you been awake,” she asked suspiciously.

“A while,” he said with a wink. “I kind of like you staring at me like I’m some hamburger you want to bite into. Makes me feel all hot and horny.”

“Is that so?” she asked with a grin, wrapping her legs around him.

“Eat a mint and we’ll make out. I already ate one.” Jughead laughed and grabbed one from the dresser. It was a joke between them already. Mint first, then morning kisses. He chewed the mint, grinning down at her and she giggled, lifting her head to give him a kiss. He pulled back and she frowned at him.

“Kiss me right on the lips,” she demanded.

“Make me,” he teased and she raised an eyebrow. Her nails dug into his ribs and he squirmed away, laughing and she took advantage and gave him a shove and he fell to the side and onto his back and she climbed on top of him. She sat on his stomach and he grunted at the pressure, his hands settling on her thighs.

“Is this how you’re going to make me? Cause having you sitting on me is pretty much all I ever think about….if you want to move up a little higher, to like maybe, right in this general area,” he said with a smirk, his hand motioning to his face. “I’d be totally ok with that too.”

“Seriously Jug?” she laughed.

“You didn’t say which lips,” he said with a grin. He grabbed her shirt and pulled her down to him, until her lips were hovering over his. “So which is it, sexy,” he asked, his eyes dark and heated.
Betty became breathless and brushed her mouth against his.

“Both,” she breathed and he let out a small groan as her mouth settled on his. He held her head and kissed her slowly, enjoying the breathy moans and whimpers coming from her. He flicked his tongue over her lips and she opened further and he sank it into her mouth. Betty gripped the pillow next to his head, moving her body so she was resting against his growing arousal. He groaned when she pressed against him, rubbing slowly, the thin barrier of only her panties over his boxers made the pleasure intense. Jughead’s hands moved down slowly pulling at the material and she helped him until she was bare from the waist down, his hands squeezing her backside.

His mouth left her lips and moved down over her neck, dragging his tongue on the skin and she pressed her aching center against him, feeling the heat pool between her legs. His hands on her hips gripped lightly and he slowly started pulling her up. She pulled back and stared down at him, her breathing harsh.

“What are you doing?” she gasped when she was chest high. He winked at her, tugging her higher and she flushed red as she hovered over his mouth. He looked up at her and smirked.

“Are you really blushing? After all the shit we’ve done in this bed?” he asked laughing.

“Well, this seems so….oh god….,” she moaned as he lifted his head and ran his tongue over her. She gripped the headboard as he stroked her, her whimper encouraging him to press deeper. “Jug…” she gasped as he pulled her down to him, his tongue sinking inside her. He groaned against her and she couldn’t help moving her hips against him as he licked over and in her. Betty looked down and groaned, the sight of him stroking his tongue against her making her burn. He pressed inside her again and she slowly lowered her hand and touched her fingers to herself. His eyes caught hers and the look in them made her tremble. He shifted and lifted his head, his tongue swirling around her fingers, tugging them into his mouth.

He licked them clean and wrapped his fingers around her wrist, pulling her hand away and replacing it with his own. His tongue swirled over her clit and his fingers pressed into her and she gripped the headboard, her body starting to spin and shake as he worked her. “Don’t stop,” she moaned, moving against his fingers and tongue as she raced toward release. He moved his fingers slowly and latched on to her clit, sucking hard on it and Betty fell apart, her orgasm rushing through her as she clenched on his fingers. His eyes caught hers and the look in them made her tremble. He shifted and lifted his head, his tongue swirling around her fingers, tugging them into his mouth.

Jughead held her steady and slowly worked her through it and finally released her, nudging her down his torso as she wilted down on him. She gasped against his neck, her body trembling.

Jughead rolled them and her hands pushed at his boxers, reaching in to pull him out. He was huge and hard and she wrapped her hand around him, slowly moving over him, stroking him. Jughead let her for a while, his mouth ravishing hers, his hips bucking against her hand.

“Put me inside you,” he gasped after a while and she quickly lined him up with her core and he dipped in, groaning at the wet heat surrounding him. Betty dug her nails into his hips and he thrust forward until he was buried to the hilt. Jughead braced on his hands and dipped his head, licking his tongue over her nipple, and she arched into him, her body meeting his thrusts, her breast pressed against his lips. He sucked the nipple into his mouth as he pressed into her, pulling out and pressing deep, over and over. He licked between her breasts, his tongue raking through the fine sheen of sweat that was building and she dug her nails into his back, moaning and pressing up against him.

“Juggie,” she gasped, her hands moving over him, raking down his back with her nails, across the muscles of his stomach. She could feel them contract under her touch and she ran them up over his chest and settle against his jaw line.
“I love when you touch me like that,” he breathed against her mouth, his hands moving to cup her head as he stared down at her. She ran her hands over him again and felt him tremble beneath her touch. Jughead held her gaze as he moved in her, his pace quickening and her moans filling his ears. Betty gasped, the pleasure coiling once again as she clung to him. She wrapped her legs around him and his kiss turned consuming and erotic, his tongue sinking into her mouth and warping around hers. He reached down between them and stroked her, moving her to release as he felt his body start to tighten and he held back, desperate for her to find orgasm first.

Betty felt it build and she moaned and tightened her hold on him, all the pleasure rushing and pooling between her thighs and it snapped and she fell over the edge and Jughead let go, falling with her, emptying himself inside her. He moved through it, not stopping until she had taken everything from him. He slowed and she clung to him, still quivering around him. He lowered down and lay against her, trying to catch his breath. Her hands stroked down his back, her legs loosening and slowly lowering.

“I love you,” he whispered against her ear and she smiled and hugged him tight.

“I love you too, Jug.” Jughead eased to the side and she rolled into him, resting her head on his shoulder, her arm across his waist. She made slow circles on his skin and his hand rubbed up and down her arm.

“Remember the day you told me you loved me for the first time?” Betty asked softly.

“Mmhmm.”

“Did you mean what you said? About loving me right from the start?”

“I don’t know how else to explain how I was feeling only minutes after meeting you and why I felt such awful regret that I just walked away without leaving you my number,” Jughead said quietly. “I was actually thinking about it one time and I should have driven right back to New York. I knew where you lived, I should have found you.”

“I moved a week later.”

“So, I had a week,” he said, sounding regretful. Betty looked at him and touched his cheek.

“It’s ok Juggie, we found each other, we’re together now.”

“I know, I just wish I hadn’t missed so much with Jackson,” he said with a sigh. Betty leaned up and kissed him.

“You’re a sweetheart. I don’t know many guys who would have wanted to be in a baby’s life at the age of 20 without being married,” Betty said smiling.

“I would have loved it,” he admitted. “Especially with you.” She kissed his chin and lay quietly for a while. Jughead spoke again. “So, my dad called the other day,” he said slowly. “He’s wondering if we can make it out any time soon.”

“Sure, I could probably get some time next week if that works? We could leave Thursday after work, come back Sunday?” she suggested. Jughead shifted and leaned up on his elbow, looking down at her in surprise. “What?” she asked as he stared at her.

“You really want to go? Just like that?”

“I guess I just – I mean with everything that happened…,” Jughead began.

“What? You thought I’d still feel weird about going to see your dad?” He nodded and shrugged.

“He’s done a lot of dumb shit Betty, even worse than what your mom did,” he said quietly.

“Yes, but he wasn’t trying to destroy my family when he did some of that stuff. He was trying to save it and if he hadn’t, I wouldn’t have you and I wouldn’t have Jackson,” she replied firmly. He smiled and gave her a kiss.

“You have to be the best catch on the planet,” he said when he pulled away, tucking her hair behind her ear.

“I just love you,” she said smiling, as if that explained everything. And surprisingly, it did.

Five days later, they were pulling into the trailer park where FP lived.

“So, how do you know he’ll be home and he won’t be busy?” Betty asked, slightly concerned. They had decided to surprise his father and now Betty was worried it wouldn’t work out.

“I kept tabs. We’ve been talking and I was casually asking about his plans for the rest of the week and he has nothing up and today is his last day of work for the week, so we should be good. I’m pretty sure he’ll be home already.” Jughead pulled up and nodded toward FP’s truck. “So far so good,” he said with a chuckle.

They got out and Jughead grabbed Jackson and Betty grabbed the kitten carrier and they headed to the front door. Jughead knocked and they waited.

A few moments later the door swung open and FP stood there, an incredulous look on his face.

“What the fu -,” he began.

“Language,” Jughead said quickly.

“What are you doing here?” the older man exclaimed, pulling both Jughead and Jackson into a long embrace. He stepped back and ushered them inside. Once in, he also grabbed Betty in a tight hug.

“Hi FP,” she said with a smile. “I hope we’re not interrupting anything.”

“No, no you’re not and I wouldn’t care if you were. I can’t believe you guys are here!” he said, still looking stunned. They got undressed and were soon settled in the living room, Jackson on FP’s lap.

“Hi grandpa,” he said happily. FP’s eyes got misty and he looked at Betty.

“He remembers?”

“Well, we show him your picture a lot and make sure he doesn’t forget,” she explained. He nodded in understanding and gave Jackson a squeeze.

“You’ve gotten bigger, Jackson. I think you’ll be as tall as daddy soon.”

“I’m 2!,” Jackson said happily, raising his hand above his head. “I’m a big boy.”

“Yes, you certainly are,” FP said laughing. Betty pulled her feet up on the couch and leaned into Jughead, wrapping her arms around her knees.

“He was excited to come visit,” she said with a laugh.
“I can’t believe you guys are here,” he said looking at Jughead.

“We wanted to surprise you,” Jughead said with a smile.

“I was wondering why you were so chatty and wondering what I was doing all weekend,” FP laughed.

“Had to make sure you were home.”

“Well, you certainly made my week. It’s so good to see you.”

“We’re happy to be here,” Betty said honestly. “I almost wish we had told JB and invited her.”

“She’ll be around at the end of summer, you guys can come then as well,” FP said.

“We’ll see what we can do,” Jughead offered.

“We’ll be here,” Betty insisted. Jughead smiled and wrapped his arm around her and pulled her closer. She smiled at him and he winked.

“So, things are good back home?” Jughead and FP started talking and getting into guy stuff and Betty pulled out her phone and took a pic of FP and Jackson and posted it on Instagram with the caption “FP loving on his grandson.” She knew her mother would see it and got a little delight in that fact. Maybe it was mean, since Alice hadn’t seen him since the day she apologized to Jughead, but Betty wasn’t ready yet to let her back in her life. Funny, she thought, now Alice was a criminal as well as FP. Betty was about to put her phone away when there was a comment on her pic. It was Veronica.

OMG!!!!!! You’re in Riverdale??? Girl, we need to do lunch!!!!

Betty smiled and PM’d her.

**B:** I would love to do lunch. Tomorrow?

**V:** Absolutely!! Pop’s? 12:30?

**B:** I’ll be there :)

**V:** Archie says Jughead can drop you off and come by our place to spend time with him if possible. You’ll head there with me once we’re done?

Betty showed Jughead the message and he nodded.

**B:** Jughead’s in.

**V:** Awesome! See you guys then!

Betty put her phone away and went to open the carrier Fluffy was in and let her out and set up her litter. Jackson had insisted on calling her Fluffy and she certainly was that. She immediately jumped on Jughead’s lap and curled up and went to sleep.

“She’s always stealing my spot,” Betty said with a laugh.

“I got room for both of you,” Jughead said with a wink. “You don’t mind that we brought her, do you?” he asked FP.
“Not at all, she’s sweet.”

“She’s lazy and eats too much,” Betty said laughing.

“Kitty!” Jackson said happily and slid off FP’s lap to claim his pet. He grabbed the sleeping cat and marched back to his grandfather and held out the furball. “Look grandpa, kitty!”

“Oh, she’s a pretty kitty,” FP said with a smile, pulling them both onto his lap. Betty’s phone buzzed and she pulled it out and saw a notification from Instagram. She opened the app and saw the comment.

*AliceC: Sweet picture. Grandma misses you Jackson.*

Betty wasn’t sure how to react. She felt surprised by the comment and wondered if it was sincere. She showed it to Jughead who raised an eyebrow.

“Interesting,” he muttered, studying it. “Think she means it? Or is she foaming at the mouth in anger?”

“I have no idea. It’s quite possible this whole thing knocked some sense into her. I mean, she lost her boyfriend and for the time being, lost me and Jackson. I’m hoping she has changed her ways.”

“You going to find out soon?” he asked.

“I’m not sure,” Betty said with a sigh. She put the phone away and turned back to FP. “Did you have any plans for dinner? Shall we make something?”

“Sure, let’s see what we have?” he said, getting up and walking into the kitchen. “Mind if I borrow your girl?” he asked Jughead.

“Not at all,” Jughead said, stretching out on the couch and grabbing the remote. He found a cartoon to watch with Jackson and settled back with him and the kitten on his lap.

They found ingredients to make spaghetti and set to it. Betty on the sauce and FP in charge of the noodles and garlic bread.

“So, you’re doing alright? After all the business went down with my mom?” Betty asked, not meeting his gaze, feeling sorry for all the trouble it had caused. FP paused in what he was doing and looked at her.

“Maybe I should ask if you’re alright,” he said quietly. Betty looked at him and sighed.

“I’m really sorry, Mr. Jones. What my mother did was terrible and I only hope it didn’t cause any unnecessary stress for you.”

“Well, it did cause some stress, but it’s over now and they destroyed my files so they can’t be found by anyone now. I’m just glad she didn’t succeed in what she was trying to do,” FP said softly. “My son is the happiest I’ve ever seen him his whole life and he loves you very much. It would have broken him if he had lost you guys.” Betty’s eyes filled with tears and she nodded.

“It would have broken us too,” she whispered.

“I’m sorry that my past came up like that. I’m sorry for all the things I’ve done and wish I could take them back but I can’t. The fact that you can see past all of that stuff and still allow me to be in Jackson’s life overwhelms me,” FP said honestly.
“You did it for your son, because you loved him. That’s the kind of love that Jughead has for Jackson,” Betty explained.

“Yes, but even before that. I didn’t lead a good life Betty. I wasn’t a good man. It took all of that, almost losing my son to change me.”

“Than some good came of it, yes?” she asked with a gentle smile. “We all deserve a second chance and you made good of yours.”

“Will you give your mother a second chance?” he asked curiously. Betty chewed her lip while she stirred her pot of sauce.

“In time,” she said quietly. “It’s not easy to forgive someone who tried to rip the person you love away from you for no good reason.”

“Good point,” FP muttered. Betty leaned over and gave him a hug. He was surprised and hugged her back.

“Thank you for loving your son,” she said when she pulled back.

“I should say the same to you.”

“He’s very easy to love,” Betty said with a flush. She looked over at Jughead and found him watching her. Her heart skipped a beat at the look on his face. There was so much love in his expression, she suddenly wished they were alone.

“Perhaps I should take Jackson and go for a walk,” FP said with a laugh. Jughead actually flushed at the suggestion, realizing that his dad could read his thoughts. Betty giggled in embarrassment and turned her attention back to the pot.

They got dinner on the table and enjoyed it over much laughter at Jackson attempting to eat the messy dinner. He had more sauce in his hair than on his noodles by the time Betty took his plate away. He needed a bath. Jughead insisted she go give him one while he cleaned up with FP. Once she was in the bathroom, Jughead turned to his dad.

“You guys have a good chat?” he asked smiling.

“Yeah. You’ve got yourself a good woman there Jughead. Not sure how you managed to find her in the giant that is New York, but Jesus, you got lucky,” he said with a laugh. “She’s wonderful.”

“Gotta thank everyone’s need to party at NYU at the end of the year,” Jughead said laughing. “We ended up in the same space.”

“I’ll say,” FP laughed. Jughead rolled his eyes and piled dishes into the dishwasher.

“Don’t say shit like that, you’re my dad, it’s gross.” FP laughed harder and Jughead sighed and closed the appliance.

“What? That’s how you got here. Your mother and I occupied the same space.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jughead muttered and headed back to the living room. FP found himself hilarious and laughed until his eyes were wet.

“And by the way,” FP said when he finished laughing. “You guys are staying here this time. No hotel. If you want to have sex, just do it quietly, cause these walls are paper thin.” Jughead sighed
and turned the TV up. FP laughed once again.

The following day, Betty sat in a booth with Veronica at Pop’s Diner. She loved the place and made her wish there was something like it in New York. Something simple, with great food and nothing pretentious.

“I’m so happy to see you again,” Veronica said happily. “Social Media interaction just isn’t enough. How are things going? You and Jughead are obviously doing great.”

“Yes, really great,” Betty said with a flush and a smile. “We officially live together now, in a new apartment. I love him so much!”

“Ahhh, you finally got that said, did ya?” Veronica laughed.

“He said it first, actually,” Betty giggled. She told the story and V sat with her hand on her heart.

“Oh my word, that’s the sweetest thing. He just casually said he loved Jackson’s mom too? Well done Jughead! Some guys are so afraid of the words and I don’t know why. I said it first with Archie and he honestly looked like he was going to pass out. It was the oddest freaking reaction. He actually didn’t say a thing to me for a whole day after I blurted it out. I got so nervous that I back tracked and said I hadn’t meant to say it, that it just slipped out and he freaked out again. He grabbed me and was like…..no no no, I love you Ronnie, I love you so much. Please don’t take it back. And then of course I had to have sex with him,” Veronica said with a sigh, as if it had been a chore. Betty burst into giggles.

“So how have things been here? I really missed this place. I like the peacefulness of it. The people too. I don’t have many friends in New York. Mostly just people at work.”

“Why on earth not? You’re so lovely and so pretty. You didn’t even have guy friends? Before Jughead I mean.”

“I can’t have guy friends with Jughead?” Betty asked, laughing.

“Well, what I mean was, you must have had guys all over you.”

“Nope, a lot of guys, not fans of babies unless it’s their own,” Betty said with a shrug.

“Well things here are good. Same as always I guess. It’s a nice quiet life. I do have to say though, if you don’t mind me bringing her up, Ethel has gone bat shit crazy.”

“What do you mean?” Betty asked nervously.

“Well, her Instagram got really weird after you guys left. Her boyfriend dumped her cause he heard about the scene she made at Pop’s the day you guys left. Apparently Jughead told her off pretty good and she was furious.”

“He never told me what he said to her and I never asked.”

“Well there were a couple of people in here and she was trying to justify herself and then dared to ask if he would be with you if you hadn’t had Jackson. Jughead told her that yes he would because he loved you.”

“He told her he loved me?” Betty asked in surprise, a grin breaking out on her face. “That bitch
knew before i did?”

“Oh hon, then she fucking asked him if he loved you like he had loved her.” Betty made a face. “His answer was amazing. He told her that he didn’t love you the same at all because the way he loved you was something he would never walk away from.”

“Oh,” Betty said, a happy smile on her face.

“He’s in it for life Betty. That man’s going to marry you.”

“Can you move to New York?” Betty asked with a sigh. “I need someone like you around to have conversations with that are exactly like this.”

“Better yet, why don’t you move here?” V asked with a smile.

“I have a really great job and Jughead is doing what he’s always wanted to do. He’s about to get published and I’m so proud of him. I could never ask him to give that up and move back here. He’s finally made it to where he wanted to be.”

“You know he’d do anything for you, right? Of course I totally understand and you're right, he deserves all the wonderful things that are happening for him, but if you guys ever want a change, Riverdale would love to have you.”

“I’ll pass on the info,” Betty said with a laugh.

“Anyway, back to miss crazy, her Instagram got so moody after you left. Ethel was furious with Jughead. She was posting shit and old pictures of him and saying things like ‘who knew he’d turn into such an asshole’, ‘doesn’t know what love is’, ‘got suckered into being a dad and now he’s a loser’, ” Veronica explained angrily.

“What?” Betty gasped, her eyes getting teary. “What terrible things to say.”

“Oh I know. People are so angry with her. Not one person liked or agreed with what she said because everyone loves Jughead. I really don’t understand why she is so unhinged. I mean, sure, you can regret a decision to break off a relationship, but Jesus, move on. I think having Jughead speak to her like that is what really stung for her. She realized he never loved her like he loves you and that’s a hard pill to swallow.”

“Still, it’s been so many years. I just don’t understand it.”

“Jealousy sometimes turns people crazy, I guess,” Veronica said.

They spent the next hour talking and laughing and Betty felt like she had found a best friend. They were completely different but for some reason they just clicked and she wished they could have these wonderful lunches on a weekly basis. They were getting up and heading out when Veronica grabbed Betty’s arm.

“Crazy alert,” she whispered, nodding toward the door. Betty sighed when she saw Ethel. She really didn’t want to see the woman.

“Well, we can wait and avoid or we can keep walking and hopefully she doesn’t say anything stupid,” V said.

“I’ve spent a life being afraid of my mother, I refuse to let anybody control my actions anymore,” Betty said angrily and began to walk toward the door.
“God I love you,” Veronica said excitedly. Betty was going to walk right past Ethel but the anger inside her made her stop right in front of her. The idiotic woman smirked which pissed Betty off even more.

“Hello Ethel, how are you?” she asked with a bright smile. Ethel’s eyes narrowed and she took a step back.

“Don’t you have a kid to take care of? Or do you just dump him on Jughead while you prance around town?” Ethel sneered.

“What is wrong with you?” Betty demanded, not caring at all who heard her. “You dated Jughead years ago and you know what kind of man he is. He’s none of the terrible things you’ve been saying about him. You need to stop this!”

“What I do is none of your business.”

“But you’re making a fool of yourself and you’re making people not like you. I’m really just trying to understand. Jughead has a son, a family. He loves his family and you really need to stop already. It’s only making you look sad and pathetic. I know it must hurt that you never had what he has with me, but really, you need to just move on.” Ethel didn’t like hearing that.

“You know,” she began snidely. “He may be with you now, but I had him first. So live with that. Before he was between your legs, he was between mine.”

“Fuck, you’re a vicious bitch!” Veronica said furiously. Betty was surprisingly calm and she even smiled. She stepped closer to her and Ethel got a nervous look on her face.

“You mean when he didn’t know what he was doing because he was a 16 year old boy who had to figure it out? He told me that he was terrible at it when he was with you and you probably didn’t even enjoy it, so really, I should thank you for letting him practice with you, because let me tell you something Ethel,” Betty said smugly, and leaned a little closer. “We’ve never had sex where I didn’t have multiple orgasms, because Jughead is fucking amazing in bed now.” With that, Betty turned and left the diner. Ethel turned red with embarrassed anger and Veronica burst into laughter. She hurried after her new best friend and didn’t stop laughing all the way back to her place.

“Jesus, I hope I never piss you off,” she gasped, still laughing in the elevator. When they walked into the apartment, Jughead got up from the couch and looked at Betty with a small smile on his face. Archie was laughing.

“What’s going on?” Betty asked as she kicked off her shoes. Jughead walked over and smiled down at her.

“So, I got some interesting texts from an old buddy of mine who happened to be at the diner a bit ago,” he said, his eyes filled with laughter.

“Oh,” Betty said in a strangled voice, her face flushing red.

“I hear you had some info for Ethel.”

“We had a little chat, yes,” Betty said, biting her lip to hide her smile. Jughead stepped closer.

“So, I’m amazing in bed, you think?” he teased, he was closer now, his entire body brushing hers.

“Ummm guys, hate to interrupt, but if you’re going to jump each other, may I suggest the bedroom at the end of the hall on the left. I mean, if you’re ok with us watching Jackson and knowing what
you’re……” Veronica’s voice trailed off and she bit back a laugh as Jughead dragged Betty down the hall. “Well, at least it won’t be the bathroom counter this time,” she said with a smile.

Jughead walked into the bedroom with Betty and closed the door, backing her toward the bed. She was beet red in the face and he grinned at her, his hands on her hips.

“We can’t have sex Jughead, they know what we’re doing,” Betty protested with a moan, as he pushed her hair aside and nudged her chin back to give him access to her neck, trailing his mouth along it.

“You just told a diner full of people that I give you multiple orgasms and that I’m fucking great in bed and you’re embarrassed that Archie and Ron are down the hall?” he asked, laughing.

“I was in the heat of the moment,” she muttered.

“God, so am I,” he replied, sliding his hands over her backside and lifting her against him. She let out a whimper when she felt he was rock hard. “You have no idea how much it turns me on when you get possessive and sexy and put people in their place in defence of me,” he growled against her neck before dragging his tongue over her skin.

“Is that right?” she asked in a sultry voice as she moved against him.

She pushed away from him and pulled her shirt over her head and his eyes darkened at her lacy black bra. He pulled his shirt off and Betty turned aggressor and pushed him onto the bed, climbing on top of him and straddling him, pressing her core against his erection. He groaned, his hands popping open the button of her jeans and sliding his thumbs into the waist band, pulling them down slightly so he could slide his fingers in. Betty leaned down and pressed her mouth over his, running her tongue over his lips, biting and teasing and moving her aching heat against him.

Jughead grabbed her face in his hands and held her still and kissed her properly, his tongue pressing into her mouth, stroking along hers. Betty kissed him back with as much vigor as him and he rolled them quickly so he was on top, his mouth moving down her neck to her chest. Pulling her bra cup down and raking his teeth over her nipple.

“Ahh, fuck,” she gasped, aroused to a fever pitch. Jughead shoved her jeans down her legs and she kicked them off as he did the same to her panties. “Christ, are we really about to fuck in Veronica’s guest room while they’re sitting out there with our son cause we apparently can’t control our horny selves.”

“Yes,” he replied simply, as he pulled her nipple into his mouth. Betty arched into his mouth, her hips bucking up against him. Jughead reached down and fumbled with his button and zipper, pushing his jeans and boxers down far enough to free himself and he rubbed his arousal over her slick folds.

“God, yes,” she moaned, lifting to him and he thrust inside, groaning as she closed around him. Betty ran her hand up his chest, her nails raking as she went and he shuddered as he pulled back and thrust again. Her hand moved around his neck, her nails digging in, her eyes burning into his. “You belong to me,” she gasped out, her thighs falling wide as he thrust into her.

“Completely,” Jughead growled, his hands bracing on either side of her head. Betty pressed her head back and closed her eyes. She moaned as she lifted to him, her legs wrapping around him.

“I have no will power when it comes to you,” she gasped. “I always want you. Why do I always ache for you?”
“Because you’re mine, and you love me,” Jughead said gruffly. “You’re the light of my heart,” he whispered in her ear as he moved heavily inside her. Betty let out a sob and nodded, biting her lip as the pleasure mounted. Jughead reached between them and circled her clit with his fingers, and her fingers dug into his back. He covered her mouth with his to muffle her cries as she fell apart, clenching tightly on him and pulling him deep. Jughead groaned, his body stiffening as he followed her, spilling into her in a rush of ecstasy. “Fuck,” he groaned softly against her mouth, trying not to make too much noise.

Betty gasped for breathe as her body shook beneath him and she held him close. Even in this afternoon, quick few minutes of heat, she felt overwhelmed by him. Her heart pounding wildly and she never wanted to let him go. Jughead eased down on her kissing her slowly, gently, swallowing her soft moans and whimpers as her body slowly calmed down. Jughead lifted his head and smiled down at her.

“You make me forget myself,” she whispered.

“You make me slightly nuts,” he said with a chuckle. “Did I really just drag you to a guest room in..”

“Yes, yes you did,” Betty interrupted with a sigh and a giggle. “I’m slightly mortified and don’t really want to show my face.”

“Yeah, well it felt pretty fucking good,” he said with a grin.

“Jug?”

“Betty?”

“Your ex is fucking awful.” Jughead rolled onto his back with a sigh.

“Jesus, I know. I swear to God, I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with her. I’m starting to think dating her was the worst decision of my life,” he said angrily.

“Well, are there any other decisions you’ve made that ended up such a colossal mess?” Betty asked with a laugh.

“None. So she’s definitely the worst decision. I swear to God she was normal.” Betty lifted on her elbow and smiled down at him.

“I heard that you told her off pretty good when we were hear at Christmas. And that she knew before I did that you loved me.”

“Yeah, I might have told her that I loved you,” he said with a grin.

“You didn’t tell me for a few days,” she said with a pout.

“I forgot?” he suggested. Betty rolled her eyes and smacked his chest.

“I guess we should get out there and show our embarrassed selves,” she said with a laugh. Jughead laughed and stood up, fixing his jeans that had never actually made it off his legs.

“That may be the fastest, hottest sex we’ve had,” he said with a wink. Betty got up and collected her clothes and got dressed. Jughead kept stopping her and kissing her and she was getting all wound up again.

“Can you stop it,” she moaned against his mouth, even as her arms tightened around his neck.
“I can but I don’t want to,” he murmured against her neck. He backed her towards the bed again.

“No, Juggie we can’t,” she whimpered when his hands moved to the button of her jeans again. “We have to go out there,” she said with a giggle when she realized he had no intention of doing any such thing.

“I need you,” he groaned, lifting her against him.

“You just had me,” Betty gasped, realizing he was hard again.

“I know, I know,” he said gruffly, his hand pulling off her shirt. “I want you again.” Betty couldn’t resist, his hands, his mouth, her last thought before he drove her out of her mind was that she hoped Veronica and Archie knew what to do with a toddler if he started causing a ruckus.

When they finally emerged from the back room, the apartment was empty. Betty stood with her hands on her hips. Jughead grabbed his phone from the coffee table and smiled down at it.

“They took him for ice cream down the street and should be back by 4:00,” he said. Betty dropped down on the couch with a yawn. “I wear you out?” Jughead asked with a smirk.

“Yes, yes you did,” she sighed. “I can’t actually believe we did that.”

“Well, you did tell her I give you multiple orgasms, I couldn’t let you down,” he said with a wink. Betty groaned and rested her head in her hands.

“God, was I talking that loud?” she groaned. “I’ll never be able to show my face there again.”

“Actually, you apparently impressed the hell out of people and the only person who won’t be able to show her face again is Ethel,” Jughead said laughing. Betty smiled and lay down on the couch.

“Good,” she muttered and was sleeping a few minutes later.

Jughead was sitting and scrolling his phone with Betty’s head resting on his thigh when Veronica and Archie came back with Jackson.

“Wow, you put her right to sleep,” Veronica said with a smirk when she saw Betty sleeping. “I seriously can’t believe you actually dragged her to the room.”

“You offered,” Jughead said with a shrug and a grin.

“Enjoy yourself?” He just winked and picked up Jackson and settled him on the other side of his lap.

“You have fun buddy?”

“I got ice cream. It was blue,” he said in excitement.

“Ahhh, you must have had the cotton candy flavor,” Jughead said with a smile.

“I did, I did,” the little boy said in excitement.

“Jug, you’re going to have to do something if Ethel keeps this up,” Archie said, sitting on the couch. “She made a post and called Betty a whore but she got dragged pretty good and deleted it.” Jughead sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“What the hell am I supposed to do? I already told her off. Betty told her off. Everyone is telling her off. What else can we do?”
“Sue her for slander,” Veronica suggested. “Even if you don’t go through with it, scare her into shutting the hell up.”

“Do you know where she lives?” Jughead asked.

“Um, yeah, why?” Jughead got up and handed Jackson to Veronica. “Text me the address. I’ll be back soon.”

Jughead pulled up in front of the small house that matched the address Veronica sent. He sighed in frustration that he even had to do this and got out of the SUV. Walking up the path, he knocked on the door and waited. Ethel opened the door a minute later and her eyes widened when she saw him. She was smart enough to look afraid and ashamed of herself.

“I swear to Christ, Ethel,” Jughead said furiously. “If you don’t stop this bullshit, I will sue you for slander and believe me, I have a good lawyer and you will fucking pay if you say another god damned thing about me or my family. Is that clear?” She didn’t say anything, only nodded quickly, her chin quivering. “Good, now kindly, shut the fuck up.”

Jughead turned and left her standing there as he walked back to his vehicle. He had a feeling he wouldn’t be hearing anything anymore.

They spent the rest of the day with Archie and Veronica, once Betty got over her embarrassment when she woke, they had a wonderful time. They promised to come visit again soon and headed back to FP’s.

The next day, Jughead took Betty and Jackson to Sweetwater River. It was a place he visited often as a kid and he wanted to show her the place he always ran to when he needed to be alone. He hoisted Jackson up on his shoulders and walked down to the water’s edge with him.

“Daddy used to come here all the time buddy,” he told him as they looked out over the water. “It’s a great place to come and think.” Jackson wanted down and Jughead lowered him and Betty crouched down beside him and touched the water with him.

“It’s cold mommy,” he said as he dipped his hand in.

“Yeah, it’s still only the beginning of spring sweetie,” Betty explained. “In summer it’s probably nice and warm. Maybe we can convince daddy to come back here then and we’ll go for a swim.”

“We come back daddy?” Jackson asked in excitement. He reached up and took Jughead’s finger in his hand and they looked out over the water.

“We sure can buddy. Grandpa would like us to come back more often I think.”

“I wouldn’t mind at all,” Betty said, leaning against him and smiling. “I love this place Jughead, even with Ethel here.”

“She won’t be a problem anymore,” he assured her, wrapping his arm around her and squeezing her.

“I feel a little bad for her. I think she should maybe go to therapy or something. She seems a little unhinged. Although, if I lost you, I might throw a fit as well,” Betty said with a laugh.
“You’re never going to lose me,” Jughead promised, placing a kiss on her hair.

They stayed at the river for a while, until Jackson got sleepy and wanted to go to bed. They picked up some food and headed back to FP’s trailer.

“You guys heading back home tomorrow?” FP asked as they ate their food. He was feeding Jackson, who had gotten a second spurt of energy on the way back from the river.

“Yeah, work and life calls, unfortunately,” Betty said with a sigh. “We promise to come back soon though.”

“I’m so happy you guys came. Was such a great surprise. And I’m glad that things turned out okay for everyone in the whole mess we had a couple months ago,” FP said quietly, handing Jackson a fry.

“Again, I’m truly sorry about that,” Betty said, taking his hand.

“You’re a good woman Betty, and I’m thankful that you love my son. I couldn’t be more proud of him and his family. Now all he has to do is marry you. Would you marry him, please?”

“Dad, cut it out and stop proposing for me,” Jughead said with a sigh. Betty giggled and flushed. She looked at Jughead and he grinned and winked at her. She turned back to FP and squeezed his hand.

“Just between you and me,” she said in a loud whisper so the whole world could hear. “I would totally say yes.” FP grinned and Jughead smiled smugly.

Two weeks later, back home in New York, they were sitting in the kitchen eating some cake when Jughead surprised Betty with a suggestion.

“I’d really like it if you finished your degree,” he said out of the blue.

“What?” Betty asked, confused.

“When you had Jackson, you dropped out of school and I know you wanted to get your journalism degree. I want you to finish.”

“I don’t really have the time, between my job and Jackson…”

“My book is getting published and they gave me a huge advance,” he said with a smile.

“Really?” Betty exclaimed. “God, I’m so proud of you!” She grabbed his face and kissed him in excitement. “But what does that have to do with my time and finishing my degree.”

“Well, if you cut back on work and let me take care of the full rent, you will have time to finish your courses. You can do it online if you don’t want to attend school.”

“Jughead, I can’t let you take care of all the rent. This place is ridiculous.”

“I can afford it. It’s the least I can do after you took care of him all by yourself for almost 2 years and had to drop school.”

“I don’t know…” she said slowly.
“Will you think about it?” he asked, taking his plate to the sink and leaning against the counter.

“Yeah, I can do that,” she said as she pressed her fingers to her temples and started rubbing.

“Headache again?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Betty sighed. “I don’t know what the hell’s wrong with me. This damn headache just won’t go away. Ever since we came back home. I really just feel like crap the last couple of weeks. I hope I’m not getting the flu, cause I don’t have time for that.” Jughead tilted his head and studied her curiously.

“Could you be pregnant?” he asked. Betty’s head shot up and she stared at him. He had said it so calmly, she was sure she hadn’t heard him right.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Are you pregnant?” She just stared. The fact that he said it like it was the most casual of possible reasons for her to feel sick and she was completely baffled by his calm demeanor. She forced her brain to think a little and her forehead furrowed in a frown as she did a little mental math. Her eyes suddenly widened.

“Holy shit,” she said in a stunned whisper.
“How in the hell could I possibly be pregnant?” Betty exclaimed, getting up and then not knowing what to do, so she sat back down.

“How do you think you might be?”

“It makes sense I guess. This is how I felt with Jackson before I realized.”

“Did you maybe mess up the birth control?” Jughead asked, still looking completely calm.

“No, I take it every morning.”

“Did you miss a period?”

“No, but –” Betty began.

“But?”

“My last one was really mild, like just a bit of spotting, but that’s happened before, I didn’t really….” She trailed off, her face looking almost horrified. “I can’t be pregnant. I don’t have time to be pregnant!” she ranted.

“Okay, calm down, take a breath,” Jughead said softly, coming over and sitting beside her. He rubbed his hand up and down her back as she took a few breaths.

“What if I’m pregnant?” she gasped, staring at him with wide, shocked yes.

“Well, then you are,” he said softly.

“Why are you so calm?” she sputtered. “Do you want another kid?”

“Well, I don’t not want another kid. I’m assuming eventually we’ll have more, but it’s not something I was thinking about. I haven’t really thought about it at all, to be honest,” Jughead said with a shrug.

“You want more kids?” she asked.

“Well, yeah. Don’t you?”

“Yeah, I guess. I just…God, I figured the next one would be planned and we’d be ready and excited and all that stuff. I’m not ready at all to be pregnant again,” she said with a sigh. “Seriously Jughead, what will we do? We just got this apartment, it will be too small, we’ll lose the office. How can I finish my degree if I’m pregnant?”

“You finish it online, we’ll get a bigger place. I don’t know, we’ll figure it out.”

“I’m terrified,” Betty said, her chin trembling. “Last time was so…”

“Let life surprise you.
“Hey – hey,” Jughead said quickly, cupping her chin and forcing her to look at him. “This time you have me,” he reminded her softly. “I’m here and you won’t be doing this alone. Now, how about we find out if you’re pregnant before we have a melt down, okay?”

“I can have a melt down after?” she asked with an attempted smile.

“Yes, I’ll make sure you’re alright,” he said with a smile of his own.

“Okay,” Betty said with a sigh. “I’ll run to the drugstore down the street and get a test, you stay here with Jackson. He should stay napping a little more yet.” Jughead nodded and she got dressed and left the apartment.

His heart was hammering a little bit and he had to admit, he was a little excited at the thought that she might be pregnant. No, he wasn’t prepared or ready for another kid but now that the possibility was there, he found himself hoping and he wasn’t afraid if she was. He had missed so much with Jackson and the thought of helping her through a pregnancy and the child’s infancy was thrilling. If she was pregnant, they would make it work. Financially it wasn’t a problem at all. Yes, they would have to shift life a little, but they could handle it. He smiled then, at the thought of a baby. Maybe this one would look like her and would have her sass. Betty returned 20 minutes later and looked just as frazzled as when she had left. She stood with the test and stared at him.

“Seriously Juggie,” she whispered. “What if we’re pregnant?” Jughead stepped close to her and ran his finger down her cheek.

“Then we’re pregnant,” he said softly.

“You’re not scared?”

“A little, but only because I have no idea what to do with a new born, but I’m thinking you will help me with that,” he said smiling.

“And if we are, you’ll be okay?” she asked, biting her lip in worry.

“Completely,” Jughead promised.

“Okay,” she whispered. “I’ll go take the test and pray I don’t pass out from shock if it’s positive.” Jughead smiled as she walked to the bathroom, walking in and closing the door behind her. After ten minutes he began to worry a little as he heard no sound from the bathroom. His cell phone suddenly ran and he jumped about a foot and fished it out of his pocket. He glanced at the screen and raised an eyebrow.

“Hello?” he answered slowly.

“Hi, Jughead?”

“Yes,” he said, a twitch of a smile pulling on his lips.

“This is Betty Cooper. You may remember me from a one night stand we had where you knocked me up?” Betty’s voice trembled on the other end.

“Yes, I think it’s coming back to me,” Jughead said, the smile slowly spreading across his face. He looked down the hall as the bathroom door opened and Betty stepped out and slowly walked toward him. He held her gaze and she stopped a foot away from him and took a shaky breath.

“Well, you knocked me up again,” she whispered. Jughead lowered the phone and ended the call.
and she did the same.

“Really?” he asked, his voice apprehensive and hopeful at the same time.

“You have some seriously potent sperm Jughead Jones,” she said with a shaky smile. Jughead couldn’t stop the arrogant grin that graced his face and he wrapped his arms around her and lifted her to him in a tight hug. Her arms went around his neck and she clung to him and he could feel her shaking.

“It’s going to be okay,” he whispered against her hair. “I promise it will be okay. We will do this together and we’ll figure it all out.” Betty nodded against his neck and he could feel her tears on his skin. She pulled her head back and he saw the teary eyes, the trembling chin but she was smiling and a small laugh escaped.

“We’re having another baby,” she whispered, leaning her forehead on his. “You ready?”

“Not even in the slightest,” Jughead admitted. “But I’m so happy I get to do this with you.” Betty touched her hands to his cheeks and pressed her mouth to his. He returned her kiss eagerly, one arm still wrapped tightly around her while one hand slid up into her hair, cupping her head and deepening the kiss. When she pulled away she was out of breath. “Also, I’m really glad you had my number this time,” he added. Betty giggled and kissed him again.

“Seriously Jug, how the hell do you keep getting me pregnant?” she asked with another tearful laugh.

“Maybe you’re really fertile,” he said with a chuckle.

“No, for real, potent sperm. I mean, it’s jumping condoms and plowing through pill protection. Just, fucking how?” His smug look made her roll her eyes.

“I guess we’re just meant to have babies,” he offered with a smile.

“At this rate, we’ll have 30,” she sighed. “The test said I’m about 6 weeks. We’re going to have a Christmas baby.” Jughead smiled and pulled her to the couch and sat, settling her in his lap.

“Well, I can’t think of a better gift,” he said smiling.

“You’re really okay with this? Because I swear, I’m still shaking and I’m so not prepared and I’m in a slight panic. The only thing keeping me from losing it, is knowing you’re going to be here with me.”

“ar the best gift you ever gave me, besides loving me, is our child. Now you’re giving me another one. I’ve never been so okay with anything in all my life,” Jughead said, his heart shining in his eyes. Betty touched his face, her chin quivering.

“My loving you is a gift?” she asked softly, her eyes filling with tears at his words.

“Betty, you’re the best thing that has ever happened to me and I thank God every day that I let my friends drag me to that party. I am so incredibly thankful that I found you again. You loving me is what gets me up in the morning and keeps me going. I don’t think I could breathe without you.”

“Stop talking,” she whispered, straddling his lap and placing kisses all over his face. “I love you so much,” she breathed, finally stopping at his mouth and letting him kiss the breath right out of her. When he pulled away she sagged against him, her heart hammering in her chest. He held her tightly
for long minutes while she breathed him in.

“So what happens now?” he asked, his hand gently caressing her stomach. “And do you feel ok? How’s the headache? Do you need anything?”

“Which question you want me to answer there, Jones?” she asked with a giggle.

“Sorry,” he chuckled.

“First, I’m ok. My head still hurts but it’s not bad. I feel ok, but I’ll warn you, in a few days or a week maybe, I’m going to start feeling like utter shit. I’m going to need you to hold my hair if you’re around and I’m throwing up.”

“I can do that,” Jughead said smiling.

“I’m going to make a doctor’s appointment and he will do a check and we’ll probably get to hear the baby’s heartbeat. Usually we can hear it at 8 to 10 weeks.”

“Really?” Jughead asked, almost in awe.

“Yes,” she said with a smile. “There’s also a lot of things I’m going to need you to do while I’m pregnant.”

“Name it, I’ll do it.”

“Well, I’m going to need endless back rubs, and foot rubs. I’m going to have crazy cravings that you might have to run find for me at odd hours of the day and night,” Betty began.

“I can do that,” Jughead said with a smile, rubbing her belly. She kissed his neck.

“You’re going to have to tell me how beautiful I look when I’m having a really bad ‘I feel huge’ day.”

“I’m 100% sure that won’t be a problem and it will be the absolute truth,” he said softly.

“I’m going to have crazy mood swings and I will seem like I’m losing my mind and you’re just going to have to be okay with it,” she said, nipping at his jaw.

“Thanks for the warning,” he smiled.

“And, just a small fact about pregnancy and hormones,” Betty said as she wiggled against him, her lips brushing his. “They say most women either have a huge drop in sex drive or a huge increase. With Jackson mine went through the roof and all I had was myself and I just wasn’t very satisfying,” Betty whispered as she kissed him, smiling when she felt his body harden against her. “You’re going to have to have sex with me, Jughead, every time the mood strikes, and I need to warn you, it might be often.” Jughead groaned and she grinned against his mouth.

“I can definitely help with that,” he promised eagerly. His hands slipped under her shirt and his tongue pressed into her mouth and then Jackson woke up from his nap with a loud yell for mommy. Jughead groaned and leaned back against the couch, his head dropping back.

“Get used to it Jones, you’re about to have two little nuggets interrupting your moves,” Betty giggled. Jughead grinned and set her on the couch and stood.

“Let me get him. You lay down and see if you can’t get rid of that headache.”
“Mommy having a baby?” Jackson asked as he sat on Jughead’s lap. They had just told him the news but his sweet little mind couldn’t comprehend.

“Yes,” Betty said with a smile as she brushed his curls off his forehead. “Mommy is going to give you a little brother or sister.”

“Can I see?” he asked innocently.

“Not yet sweetie. The baby is in here,” she said, placing his little hand on her stomach. “It’s just a tiny little peanut and has to grow some more.” Jackson pressed his hands to her stomach and smiled.

“My peanut,” he announced.

“God this kid is possessive,” Jughead laughed. “He just claims everyone. Do you think he’ll share?”

“I hope so,” Betty giggled, giving Jackson a squeeze.

“Do you think he’ll be ok? When the baby comes? How will he do with having to share our attention?” Jughead asked.

“I think he’ll do great. He wants you most of the time anyway, so I’ll be free to deal with the baby and maybe he won’t notice?” Betty offered.

“We’ll have to see, I guess.” Jackson lost interest in the ‘peanut’ and slid off Jughead’s lap and headed to his toys.

“So, what do we do, Juggie? Seriously. We really need that office and we literally just got this place and I just feel sad about it because I love it so much. Should we try and find a new place? Put the crib in our room? Have it in the office? Like I’m all sorts of anxious now.” Jughead pulled her onto his lap and gave her a hug.

“It’s early still. We can worry about all that stuff in a few months, okay? We’ll figure it out hon,” he promised.

“I love you,” Betty said softly, giving him a gentle kiss. He smiled against her mouth and gave her another squeeze.

“I love you too, so damn much.”

“Betty, please come in,” Mr. Bender, one of her bosses, well the main boss, smiled at her and ushered her into his office. She sat in one of the plush chairs at his desk and he took his own seat and folded his hands on top of the desk. “What can I do for you?” he asked. Betty cleared her throat nervously and swallowed around the nausea swirling in her stomach. It had been 10 days since they found out they were having a baby and her morning sickness, well, all day sickness if she was being honest, had kicked in in full force.

“I wanted to talk to you about something,” she began nervously. Mr. Bender nodded and gave her his attention. “I recently enrolled in online courses at NYU to finish my degree in journalism and on top of that, I also found out that I’m pregnant,” she said in a rush, wincing at how it came out. Her boss had a surprised look on his face.
“Well, congratulations Betty, on both accounts. I’m assuming the pregnancy is happy news?”

“Yes, well, surprising and a little scary, but for the most part, exciting and happy.”

“So, what did you need to talk to me about? Do you need some time off?” he asked.

“I – well, I was actually hoping to cut back with work all together,” she said nervously. “I’d really love to finish my degree and it will take up time I don’t really have at the moment and on top of that, being pregnant, I just feel really overwhelmed. I was wondering if it was at all possible to go from full time to part time and to exclusively work from home.” Betty knew she was asking for a lot, but at this point it was either that, quit or forget about finishing schooling. “I would of course come in to the office to hand in my findings and to pick up new assignments and all that, but I wouldn’t need an office anymore…I just really don’t want to quit….” she trailed off, suddenly feeling silly for even asking her boss to accommodate her. He leaned back in his seat and regarded her silently for a moment while he thought about what she asked.

“Well, the last thing I want you to be is overwhelmed,” he said with a sigh. “And your work here is so appreciated and valuable and we would hate to lose you completely. And thanks to your training and teaching, we now have a couple more people helping you in your department. Are you ok financially to cut back?”

“Yes,” Betty nodded. “My boyfriend is insisting I finish my degree, as our first child derailed me a little and he’s just in the process of getting published and his finances have increased significantly and he really wants me to finish my schooling. I really want it so much but I just don’t know how to make it all work without either giving up that dream or quitting my job completely.”

“Sounds like you have a wonderful and supportive man in your life,” Mr. Bender said with a smile.

“He’s literally the best,” Betty gushed with a smile.

“Okay, here is what we’ll do. Instead of working for the firm, you work for yourself as a contract worker. We will send you cases and you decide what you want to work on and the other researchers here can pick up the slack and work more full time on whatever you don’t choose to research. You can work from home. Meaning, you decide what your work is valued at and you bring an invoice with every case you finish. Charge what you feel is a fair wage, depending on the amount of work you put into each case.”

“Wow, that sounds – I mean, I don’t know how I’d even begin to invoice my work,” Betty said, nervously chewing her lip. “What is a fair price?”

“Well, this actually works in your favor now. Your work in invaluable and you can take into account the stress and time and hours you put in, use the wage we paid you here as a starting point and decide what you’re worth.”

“I don’t know…” Betty said timidly. “I don’t know how to do that.”

“Betty.” Mr. Bender said with a sigh. “You need to realize the value of the work you do. Up till now we’ve been deciding that for you, as is the way of it in the work place, but now you work for yourself. Decide your worth and charge the fee. I can speak for everyone here that we’ll probably pay anything because you’re that important to us. You’ve helped put some awful criminals away working for this firm, some convictions hanging directly on the information you found. So, maybe look into it a little and take a case home with you and work on it and decide what your time is worth and let me know.”
“I would hate to think that anyone would find what I charge unfair or taking advantage,” Betty sighed.

“You don’t have a dishonest bone in your body, Betty, and you’re probably going to undercharge at first but I’m urging you not to. You’re your own boss now and that can be expensive, so invoice accordingly.” Betty smiled and nodded her head. She stood and shook the man’s hand.

“You’re a good man, Mr. Bender,” she said happily.

“I look forward to seeing you when you’re done your next bit of research,” he said with a smile. “Finish up today, clean up your office for the other two to move into and set up shop at home. We’ll be sending cases your way and feel free to accept or deny as many as you want, and you’re always welcome back here sitting at your desk.” Betty nodded and left the office in a happy daze.

“So, essentially, you’re now self employed?” Jughead asked at the dinner that evening. He was busy cutting up some chicken for Jackson while Betty told him how the meeting had gone. “How do you feel about that?”

“I don’t know,” she sighed. “I’m a little terrified. Like I kind of don’t have a job and I don’t know how I’m supposed to put a price on what I do.”

“You’ll figure it out,” Jughead said with a smile. “You’re kind of brilliant, so I have no doubt that you can handle this.” Betty flushed at his compliment.

“So, I’m really going to do this. Finish my degree, have a baby, be my own boss. It seems even more overwhelming than before,” she said, chewing her lip.

“Hey,” Jughead said softly, taking her hand. “You’ll do great. If you can’t take cases for a while, then don’t. Work at your own pace, Betty. From what you’ve told me, you have a good amount in savings, you’re smart and you’ve made sure you’ll be ok if something happens financially and you have me. I’m here, we’re in this. This is a family unit Betty and what’s mine is yours, so if you need to not work to finish your degree and take care of yourself while pregnant, I’m completely fine with that. We’re partners and if one needs to step up to support and carry the other, that’s what we’ll do.” Betty just sat and stared at him for a while and she huffed in annoyance when her eyes filled with tears.

“I don’t even know what to say to you sometimes,” she said, a tear slipping down her face. “How are you even real? How are you this wonderful? You’re unlike anyone I’ve ever known and sometimes I’m terrified I’m imagining you.”

“Well, unless an imaginary lover can get your pregnant, I’m pretty real,” Jughead said with a smile.

“How? How are you real?” Betty asked, wiping her face. Jughead sighed and urged her to stand and pulled her over to him and settled her on his lap.

“I love you Betty. You’re the only person I’ve ever loved with everything in me. The day we met, you stole my heart and I would literally do anything for you. I grew up with basically nobody and nothing. A mother that didn’t care about me and a father that was never there. I’m so thankful I have a good relationship with him now but it doesn’t take away from the fact that in all senses of the word, he wasn’t there for me when I was little. I swore, from the time I was 10, that if I ever had a family, they would be my everything and I would take care of them and I would do anything to protect them and keep them safe and love them. I found all that with you and Jackson. My family. Everything I
do. I do for you and our kids.” Jughead’s passionate speech didn’t help her tears and she buried her face in his neck and wept. He held her quietly and stroked her back.

“I love you,” she whispered. “And this is what I meant by crazy mood swings. Just so you know, everything sweet you do and say will probably make me cry like an idiot.” Jughead chuckled and gave her a squeeze.

“I can handle it,” he said softly.

“And later, when Jackson is sleeping, I’d really like it if you took care of something for me,” she whispered against his ear.

“Oh yeah?” Jughead asked with a smile. “What’s that exactly?”

“Well, my nausea seems to have settled for today and I’m extremely…”

“Horny?” he offered with a grin. She smacked his shoulder and giggled.

“Maybe,” she said against his neck.

“I’d be happy to take care of that for you,” Jughead said, nuzzling her cheek.

“Mama crying,” Jackson said as he ate his chicken and watched them. Betty sat up and quickly wiped her face.

“Oh honey, I’m okay. Daddy just said some really beautiful things to mommy and I got all happy and emotional. These are happy tears,” she explained, smiling at the little boy.

“Happy peanut?” he asked curiously. Betty let out a laugh and touched her stomach, which had started to firm up the past week.

“Yeah, buddy. Happy peanut.”

After dinner, Jughead insisted Betty settle on the couch while he cleaned up dinner and did the dishes. She decided that no matter what he said, he wasn’t real. She smiled over her silliness as she watched him teach Jackson how to dry his plastic drinking cup. When they joined her on the couch to watch a movie she cuddled into his side and hugged him tight.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

“You’re welcome, love.” As Jackson got into his Disney movie, Jughead noticed Betty was deep in thought. “What are you thinking about?” he asked. Betty sighed and leaned back and looked at him.

“Just everything that’s about to change. It’s been over a week already and I still can’t wrap my mind around it,” she admitted. “Everything was going really well, and life threw this huge curve ball and I’m all out of sorts. Aren’t you frazzled at all?”

“Yeah, I am, but at the same time, it just feels like it’s making life more concrete and settled. Like our life is getting rich and full and a year ago I had a completely different plan in my head and this is so far away from what I thought life was going to be right about now and I find myself loving it. I honestly wouldn’t change it for the world, Betts.”

“I guess maybe I’m just scared it’s happening too fast, like one day you’ll suddenly wake up and freak out,” she admitted with a sigh. “Like you just said, this isn’t at all what you imagined life
would be like for you a year ago.”

“Yes, but a year ago I was also dreaming about a girl I would have given just about anything to be with again, even my best laid plans,” Jughead said softly. He kissed her softly and she smiled into it, hugging him tight. He pulled back and they were silent for a while before he spoke again.

“Do you think you should tell your mom?” he asked quietly. Betty looked at him in surprise.

“Do you think I should?”

“Well, you’re going to tell her at some point and Jackson has been asking about her and I’m sure she misses him. I just thought maybe we could let her have a visit with him.”

“Okay, how is it you’re the one championing for her? You’re the one she was trying to hurt the most.”

“I know and she is paying for it. But honestly Betty, my dad has done a lot of stupid crap too in his life and at some point, we just have to try and make amends, but it’s up to you. She’s your mother, you decide. I just want you to know I’m okay with whatever you decide. I got to keep my family, my dad is okay, your mom got her punishment. I’m good in that area. Now don’t get me wrong, I don’t exactly love the woman now, and despite her issues, she does love Jackson, so I just thought they could have a visit and maybe we could tell her about the baby.” Betty studied him and smiled.

“And letting her know you got me pregnant again would really be like rubbing it in her face that you aren’t going anywhere,” she said with a knowing smirk.

“Well, I mean, there’s also that,” he said with a wink.

“I am so hot for you now,” Betty said with a grin. Jughead laughed and kissed her firmly on the mouth.

“Good thing Jackson is starting to yawn,” he said against her lips.

An hour later, Betty lay on the bed, with Jughead gently pushing up her shirt and running his hand over her stomach. He leaned down and started placing kisses all over it, just as he had done every day since they had found out she was pregnant. She bit her lip and smiled, her hand sliding through his hair.

“You know, in a matter of months that’s going to be like a mountain you’ll have to climb over,” she said with a giggle. Jughead smoothed a hand over the still flat belly although slightly slightly rounded and smiled.

“I can’t wait,” he said happily.

“Yeah, you say that now, but just wait till you have to figure out the best way to get at the prize down there with a big belly in the way,” she teased.

“Ahh, coming adventures,” he grinned. “It’s starting to feel slightly round,” he mentioned, pressing around on her stomach. “It used to be all soft and now it’s firm and hard and it’s the coolest thing, I swear,” he murmured. Betty stroked his hair and scratched her nails lightly on his scalp.

“You’re really loving this, aren’t you,” she asked softly. Jughead looked up at her, his eyes warm and excited.
“I really am. I can’t wait to see you get bigger and to feel the baby move.”

“Well, next week you can join me at the doctor’s appointment and you can hear the heartbeat,” she reminded him. “Now, why don’t you come up here and give me a kiss,” she suggested with a slight tug on his hair. Jughead grinned and his gentle kisses turned a little more focused and purposeful. His mouth slowly started to move lower and she tightened her grip teasingly as he lightly bit her skin.

“Where you going, Jones? That’s the wrong direction.”

“Was just thinking of getting a little south in my mouth,” he explained with a wink.

“A little….what?” she looked completely flabbergasted and then burst into laughter.

“Oh my God, the shit you come up with,” she gasped around her laughter. Her laughter turned to a moan when he ran his tongue along the crease where her leg met her torso.

“I recall you saying something about being horny,” he said with a chuckle as he hooked his fingers in her panties and tugged them down her legs. He knelt between her legs and Betty grinned at him and slowly parted her legs. Jughead glanced down and swallowed and then let out a low growl when her hand slipped between her legs. He watched for a moment as she slid her fingers through her folds, before his gaze moved up to her face. Betty giggled at the hungry look on his face.

“Better get to it, Jug, before I take care of it myself,” she teased. Jughead grabbed her wrist and lifted her fingers to his mouth, licking off the moisture she had gathered and she whimpered at the feel of his tongue licking between her fingers. “That’s not where I want your mouth,” she breathed, her breathing hitched in anticipation. Jughead grinned and moved over her and gave her a deep, heated kiss. His hands pulled her shirt up over her head and his mouth moved down, placing gentle kisses on the swell of her breasts. He teased and tormented while she squirmed. “Stop teasing,” she moaned and he smiled and covered a nipple with his mouth and suckled gently on her. After a moment he moved to the other one, leaving it wet and puckered as his hand moved up her thigh.

“I love the way your skin tastes,” Jughead murmured as he kissed his way down again.

“What does it taste like,” she wondered.

“Like Betty.”

“That’s not a taste,” she giggled.

“Oh, but it is,” he insisted softly, finally reaching where she wanted him, his tongue flicking lightly between her legs. “And Betty tastes so so good,” he whispered as he places soft kisses and licks against her slick folds. She let out a ragged groan as he licked deeper into her, his tongue pressing deep before moving up and swirling around her clit.

“Fuck,” she gasped, his words as arousing as his actions. Her hormones were in overdrive and she came so quickly, she had almost no warning and he groaned as she tightened around his fingers, her wet release coating his tongue. “Again,” she moaned, lifting her hips to his mouth. Jughead eagerly gave her what she wanted, his hands pressing her thighs wide and his mouth devouring her. She came again as he curled his fingers and sucked her clit into his mouth, his teeth gently grazing, his tongue soothing and swirling. Betty was shaking as he pushed his boxers down and moved quickly up her body, taking her mouth in a tongue filled kiss as he thrust inside her. She was still fluttering
and he groaned at the feel of her tight wet heat.

“Fuck,” he gasped. “You feel as good as you taste,” Betty gripped his hair and kissed him back eagerly as she moved to meet his thrusts. She lifted her legs and pulled her knees back and he slid in deeper and he shuddered against her, bracing on his hands, his mouth never leaving hers as he pressed into her, over and over. He let go of her mouth after a while and she gasped for breath as he moved down and licked and sucked at her nipples. He lifted his head and stared down into her eyes and lifted her hands to his face.

“I love you,” she whispered breathlessly. He lowered his forehead to hers, his thrusts picking up speed.

“Come for me again,” he said gruffly. “I need to feel you tighten on me.” Jughead reached down between them, his fingers circling her clit, driving her to release. Betty went wild against him, her legs wrapping around him, pulling him deeper. She could feel it uncoil inside her and she dug her nails into his back.

“Come with me,” she begged and he nodded, moving his hand and hips faster and when she fell apart and pulled on him he stiffened and paused for a moment to feel the tight clenching of her body, then he thrust quickly and groaned as his orgasm rushed through him and he emptied himself inside her. Betty wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close as he lay gently over her, keeping his weight off her belly. His body gave a few spasms, and he groaned as he shuddered against her.

“Shit, if the sex is this good for the entire pregnancy, I may not survive,” he muttered against her neck.

“Only when I’m really really horny,” she giggled.

“So, like every time?”

“Basically,” Betty said with a smile. Jughead eased off her and rolled to the side.

“Well, I’ll see if I’m up for it,” he teased, a content smile on his face. “Also, there is zero chance I knocked you up tonight,” he said matter of factly. Betty laughed and pinched him and he shrugged away with a laugh. His hand went back to her stomach and he caressed her gently. They lay for a few minutes as their breathing slowed and everything was once again calm.

“What do you think it will be?” he asked softly.

“I don’t know,” Betty smiled, resting her hand on top of his. “Maybe a little girl who will torment her older brother, or another boy who will follow around his brother and dad and try to be just like them. What do you hope for? Should we find out or wait until the baby is born?”

“I’m happy with either boy or girl and I’m not sure, did you find out what Jackson was before you had him?”

“No, I liked the surprise of it.”

“Well, then we wait. I like being surprised,” Jughead said with a smile. He gave her a slow kiss and rested he forehead on hers. “I love you so much and i can’t wait for this little peanut to join our family.” Betty smiled and wrapped her arms around him.

“I’m so glad you’re here,” she whispered, hugging him close. He held her tightly and they fell asleep wondering about the little surprise growing inside her.
Betty sat beside the toilet and leaned her forehead on the edge. It wasn’t the best place to rest your face but if she moved, she would probably heave again. She had forgotten how awful the morning sickness had been with her first pregnancy. Although, she didn’t remember it being quite this bad. Two days after she essentially became ‘self employed’ the morning sickness had literally taken over and she had been doing nothing but moaning and throwing up for 2 weeks straight. She had moved her doctor’s appointment to when she felt better because she could barely drag herself from the apartment.

Jughead, of course, was the picture of patience and support. Since he was mostly writing, he was home with her, working in their office and could help her with anything she needed. When he was busy and she was too sick to do much, he took Jackson to day care. He had made her laugh earlier, making a joke about wishing the vomiting would stop and they could get to the horny stage. She had laughed and ended up throwing up as a result and he was immediately sorry and apologizing for making her throw up. She didn’t blame him though, even in her nausea, the hormones were through the roof and she wanted him but she felt so sick, she didn’t want to be touched either. It was an infuriating combination.

“Hey love, how you doing?” Jughead asked softly as he came into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the tub. He rubbed her back and she sighed, resting her head on her arm that she perched on the toilet lid.

“I really want to have sex with you,” she blurted. Jughead started to laugh and she groaned, holding her stomach that was once again turning. She reached back and shoved his hand from her back.

“Well, in order to have sex, you need to stop shoving me away when I touch you,” he said, the laughter still in his voice.

“I know,” she sighed. “I just feel so yuck and I don’t want to be touched.”

“I understand,” Jughead said, even as he once again rubbed her back.

“If you ever get me pregnant again, I’m kicking your ass,” she said firmly. Jughead bit back his laugh, thinking she probably wouldn’t appreciate it right at that moment.

“Well, I can promise you, I didn’t do it on purpose,” he said with a smile. “If you can manage to come to the living room, I made some ginger tea and it should settle your stomach for a while.”

“Thank you Juggie,” she sighed, slowly lifting herself off the floor. She declined his offer to help and made her way to the couch and lay down.

“I have to say, I’m thankful with my new work arrangements. I don’t know what I’d do if I had to go to work feeling like this,” she said. Betty hadn’t accepted any work from the firm and her former boss had sent a huge bouquet of flowers saying congratulations and wished her well and to have a

"Nausea"

Chapter Notes

Pregnancy is the happiest reason ever to feel like crap.
speedy recovery from morning sickness. She had laughed and then cried at that. Jughead brought her the tea and put some pillows behind her so she could sit up and still be comfortable.

“So, how long does this last? You’ve been feeling shitty for over a month all together now.”

“Probably another couple of weeks. I think the test was a bit off and I was probably about 8 weeks when I found out. I did the math and that seems more likely, so if we’re going with how I felt when I was pregnant with Jax, another couple weeks and I should be good, hopefully.” Betty sipped her tea and closed her eyes. “I guess then we’ll go tell my mom,” she said slowly, not sounding like she wanted to.

“It’s up to you hon. If you don’t want to tell her yet, then we don’t have to.” Betty took his hand and tugged until he sat next to her. He smiled and brushed the hair off her face.

“I’m sorry I’ve been so moody,” she sighed.

“It’s fine, Betts. You did warn me,” he said with a laugh.

“I know, but I miss you,” Betty said sadly.

“I’ve been right here, literally all day, every day,” Jughead said with a gentle smile. She was about to get weepy again, like she did every day when she apologized for not wanting him to touch her. Her chin quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

“I just feel so yucky,” she explained, once again. Jughead pulled her close and held her while she cried. “I really want you to touch me, but I can’t stand it right now.”

“I know, baby.”

“Can you not hold me when you hug me,” she requested.

“I won’t,” he promised as he hugged her close.

“Liar,” she muttered as she cuddled close. Jughead smiled and gave a gentle massage to her neck. It was the first time in two weeks that she didn’t push him away. “You’re really warm and you smell good,” she whispered. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Jughead held her until he noticed that she had fallen asleep. Jughead tucked her under a blanket and left a note for her in case she woke up and headed to the day care to pick up Jackson. When they arrived back home she was still sleeping.

“We have to be really quiet buddy, mommy is sleeping and she needs the rest so do you think you could play quietly and not disturb her? Maybe we could make something to eat together?”

“Ok daddy, I be quiet.”

“Awesome bud. What would you like to eat? Maybe we could make mommy a treat for when she wakes up?”

“Mommy throw up,” Jackson said sadly.

“Yeah, bud, mommy’s been throwing up a lot and I guess she’d probably throw up a treat as well. But, at least it would be great going down, right?” Jughead said with a smile as he sat him on the counter. “What should we make.”

“Mommy likes chocolate cake,” Jax said clapping his hands.
“Yes she does,” Jughead agreed. “Should we make her one?”

“Yes!”

Jughead looked through the pantry and found the recipe book and checked to see if they had all the ingredients for the cake. They did and he set about making a cake.

“Here, see if you can crack the egg,” he said with a smile, handing Jackson the egg. “Tap it gently on the edge of the bowl…” Jughead started to laugh when the little boy banged the egg hard enough to splinter the shell in a bunch of pieces and the egg ran everywhere.

“Uh oh,” Jackson said, making a face.

“Yeah, that was a big oops,” Jughead laughed, picking the pieces out of the batter bowl. He got the egg cleaned up and taught Jackson to crack the egg in a different bowl. After 5 busted eggs, he finally got it right.

“I did it,” he yelled happily.

“Shhhhh,” Jughead chuckled. “Yeah, buddy, you did great. Mommy will be so proud of you.” He let Jackson mix the batter and helped him at the end to make it nice and smooth. “So what do you think? Cake or cupcakes?”

“Cupcakes!” Jackson said happily.

“Yeah, good idea, easier to eat, right?”

“I like cupcakes,” Jackson said as he licked the spoon clean. Jughead laughed at all the batter on his face. He got the batter into the cupcake pan and got them into the oven and set about cleaning up Jackson.

“Is mommy sick?” Jackson asked after Jughead was done wiping his face.

“Yeah, Jax, she is, but do you know why she’s sick?” Jackson shook his head and looked at Jughead expectantly. “She’s growing a baby inside and it’s making her feel a little bit sick because it’s such hard work.”

“Is she tired?”

“She’s very tired but mommy is really strong and as soon as her body gets into the swing of things, she’ll start to feel better and soon you will have a baby brother or sister to play with.”

“Like Fluffy?” Jackson asked.

“No, not exactly,” Jughead said, laughing. He walked into the living room and sat at end of the couch by Betty’s feet and settle Jackson on his lap. He found a cartoon for him to watch, keeping the sound low. The cat jumped up from her usual spot on her cat bed and slowly walked over, stretching as she went. She jumped up on his lap as well and settled in.

Jughead smiled and turned his attention to Betty. Even in sleep, she still looked tired. There were circles under her eyes and he hoped that her morning sickness passed quickly. It was worse than she had anticipated and it killed him to see her feeling so shitty. He just wanted to make it all better for her but unfortunately there wasn’t anything he could do besides make her the ginger tea and give her back rubs when she let him touch her. God, he missed touching her and holding her and kissing her.
After a while the oven timer went off and Jughead settled Jackson on the couch and went to pull the cupcakes out. They looked pretty good and he hoped Betty would like them and manage to keep it down. He settled back on the couch and Jackson slid to the floor and went to play with his toys and Jughead took Betty’s feet and settled them on his lap. After a while she finally stirred and her eyes slowly opened.

“Hey you,” he said softly, giving her foot a squeeze.

“I smell chocolate,” she said immediately.

“Is it making you want to throw up?” he asked quickly.

“Surprisingly, no. It’s making me want to have some.”

“Mommy, we make cupcakes,” Jackson informed her, getting up from his spot on the floor and coming over to her. He leaned against the couch and kissed her cheek and hugged her torso.

“You did? Did you help daddy?”

“I break eggs,” he said happily.

“Oh dear,” she laughed. Jughead smiled at that.

“You feeling better?” he asked.

“I do, yes. How long was I sleeping?”

“A couple of hours. You needed it. How’s the nausea?”

“A lot better,” she said with a sigh. She sat up slowly and moved over and to his surprise, climbed into his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. Jughead wrapped his around her waist and hugged her close, breathing in a content and happy sigh. “You guys really made cupcakes?” she asked against his ear.

“Yeah, we really did. I thought you might like something that tastes really good going down, in case it comes back up?”

“You’re so thoughtful,” she said with a small laugh.

“You want one?” Jughead asked.

“After I’m done hugging you,” she answered, snuggling closer. “When are we going to tell everyone?” she asked after a while.

“I don’t know. I figured I’d leave that up to you to decide. It would be kind of fun to show up in Summer in Riverdale with a cute baby bump and shock the hell out of everyone,” Jughead laughed. Betty leaned back and looked at him.

“Oh, Juggie, that’s brilliant. Let’s do that,” she laughed.

“That’s what we’ll do then.”

“But I guess we’re telling my mother?”

“May as well get it over with,” Jughead said.
“My doctor’s appointment is in two days. You ready to hear the heartbeat and maybe see the peanut?” she asked.

“So ready,” Jughead smiled as he placed his hand over her belly. It was getting more round that you could only really notice when she was naked but it was thrilling none the less.

“I think I’d like a cupcake now,” she said with a smile.

“But maybe I’m not done hugging you,” he teased.

“Well, then when you’re done,” Betty replied, snuggling in closer.

A week later, with spring in full swing and the May air nice and warm, Betty, finally having some relief from the awful nausea, that had again delayed her doctor’s visit, was laying on the table at the doctor’s office, with Jughead holding Jackson beside her. The doctor was busy sliding the ultrasound wand across her lubed up belly and taking pictures of her uterus and womb and not saying much at the moment.

“Well, you are right Betty. When you did the test you were about 8 weeks along, so you got pregnant some time at the end of February. According to the measurements, I’d say you’re 12 weeks along. I’m going to give you a due date of December 10th, give or take a few days.”

“Merry Christmas,” Jughead said with a smile.

“Yes, it certainly will be that,” the doctor said. “Now,” she said with a smile and reached over to the monitor and turned on a switch, and turned the screen so they could see what she was looking at. “Let’s see what we can hear.” Betty squeezed Jughead’s hand and smiled when the sound of a fast heartbeat started echoing around the room. “There it is,” the doctor said smiling. “And if you look right here, you can see it beating.” Jughead leaned in and his face was in awe as he watched the tiny flickering on the screen.

“That’s the baby’s heart?” he asked, the wonder clear in his voice.

“It sure is and if you focus your eyes a little further out, you can see the baby.” Betty glanced at the screen and because she had already seen this all with Jackson, she was more interested in Jughead’s reaction as he realized he could see the head and torso and actual limbs. “It’s still very small, could fit in your palm, but you can definitely see it’s a baby.”

“Wow,” he whispered, his eyes filling with tears. Betty bit her lip, her own eyes welling up. “Look buddy, see that right there? That’s a little baby.”

“A peanut?” Jax asked. Betty let out a happy tearful laugh and Jughead joined her as he squeezed his son.

“Yeah, buddy, that’s our little peanut.”

“I’ll go get prints of this and then you guys can be on your way,” the doctor said with a smile and left the room.

“I love you Jughead,” Betty said softly, squeezing his hand tightly in hers.

“I love you too,” he said gruffly, leaning down to give her a sweet gentle kiss.
Back home that night, Betty got Jackson into bed and took a shower to wash off the day. When she was done, she pulled on a pair of ruffled panties and a tanktop and went into the kitchen to find Jughead. She paused to look at him with a smile on her face. He stood shirtless, leaning against the counter, his hands braced on the edge, his jeans slung low on his hips and his boxers peeking out the top. He still made her heart race after all this time.

“Hey babe,” he said with a wink at her perusal and she flushed and walked over and stood between his legs, her hands on his hips. She leaned into him and he lowered his head and kissed her temple, breathing her in. “You smell good,” he murmured, his hands leaving the counter and sneaking around her waist, pulling her closer. “How are you feeling?”

“Really really tired. It was nice to finally get out of the apartment today but it wore me out. I need to get back into the swing of things. I think the morning sickness is passing for the most part or it’s very mild and I just need to get back to life. Maybe work on a case or two.”

“Shall I keep Jackson home tomorrow or take him to day care? I need to do some writing tomorrow and I’ll be in the office most of the day and if you can’t handle him yet, I’ll bring him there.”

“You can take him. I think I’ll take one more day to just sleep and rest and then I’ll get back to it,” Betty sighed, wrapping her arms around him and hugging him tight.

“I like those panties you’re wearing,” Jughead said with a smile, his mouth leaving small kisses on her jawline.

“I wanted to look cute for a little while yet before I have to put on those sexy pregnancy underwear,” Betty said laughing. “Also, my boobs are going to get really big,” she sighed.

“I promise I won’t complain,” Jughead said, the laughter in his voice.

“Yeah, I just bet you won’t,” she giggled. Jughead took her face and lifted it, placing a soft gentle kiss on her mouth. He pulled back and smoothed the hair off her forehead.

“You look exhausted,” he said softly. “Shall we go to bed?”

“You know what sounds really wonderful right now?” Betty said with a sigh.

“What’s that?”

“Climbing into bed and you holding me close while I fall asleep,” she murmured, resting her face against his chest.

“God, Betty, I can’t think of anything better right now. I’ve missed holding you so fucking much,” he said, holding her tightly.

“I’m sorry Juggie, I just….”

“Hey, stop. I understand. You weren’t feeling good and you don’t need to apologize. I don’t want anyone all over me either when I feel like I’m dying, so I get it. I’m just happy it’s better now.” Betty stepped back and smiled at him and took his hand, leading him to their bedroom. He flicked off the lights as he passed the switch.

“Your ass in those panties is killing me right now,” he grumbled behind her. “You couldn’t have put on pajamas for our cuddle party?”
“Well, what would the fun be in that?” she giggled. They climbed into bed and he quickly pulled her close and she snuggled into him, her head on his chest. Jughead lifted her chin and kissed her. Her hand moved to his face and she kissed him back, a slow gentle kiss that made her want to climb on top of him but her exhaustion kept her wilted against his side. He pulled back and smiled and she kissed him again before snuggling further in and falling to sleep only minutes later.

Betty woke the next morning close to noon. It was quiet in the apartment and she knew that Jughead was writing and Jackson was at day care. She sat up slowly and was relieved when her stomach didn’t turn with nausea. After she went to the bathroom to freshen up and brush her teeth, she went to the office door and leaned against the door frame. Jughead was busy typing and didn’t notice her for a few moments and when he looked up, his face lit up with a smile.

“Hey you,” he said softly. “Did you sleep well?” Betty said nothing, just smiled at him and the feeling swirling in the pit of her stomach was far from nausea. She ached for him so much, she could barely breathe. Jughead closed his laptop slowly and pushed it to the side and sat back in his chair. “Come here,” he said gruffly. Betty pulled away from the door frame and walked over to him, pulling her tank top off as she went. Jughead swallowed, taking in her nude form clad only in the panties he had so admired the night before.

Betty straddled his lap and wasted no time and took his face in her hands and kissed him with all the pent up desire that hadn’t been let out for over two weeks. Jughead groaned, his hands sliding down her back and gripping her hips. Betty pulled eagerly at his shirt and managed to pull it over his head and her hands moved to the button of his jeans. Jughead felt her desperation and moved quickly, standing and sitting her on the desk, his tongue sliding into her mouth to tangle with hers. His hands came up to cup her breasts and his thumbs ran over the peaks, causing a long moan to escape her mouth.

“Please, Juggie, hurry, I need you,” she begged, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him to her core. Jughead quickly pulled down her panties and she tugged his zipper down, pushing his jeans down his hips, and didn’t even wait until he stepped out of them before she was pulling him to her. She lay back on the desk and he brought his hand to her, finding her more than ready for him. “Now, please,” she begged again and he slid inside her, their groans echoing around the office as they finally came together again. Jughead bent down and took her nipple in his mouth and Betty cried out, arching into him, her hand sliding into his hair and holding him to her. Jughead moved to the other one and licked and sucked until she was writhing and tightening her legs around him, lifting into his thrusts. Jughead straightened up and pulled her with him, one hand holding her head while his mouth devoured hers and the other on her thigh, holding her open as he moved inside her.

“Fuck I missed this,” he groaned against her mouth. “You feel so good baby, so tight and wet.” Betty whimpered, digging her nails into his side, pulling him closer.

“Make me come, Jug, I need it,” she pleaded wildly. Jughead reached down between them and stroked her clit with his fingers, watching her face as her eyes rolled back and ecstasy clouded her features. “Fuck, yes, don’t stop.” Her words quickened his pace and he pulled up her legs and he slid in deeper. She fell back as her orgasm suddenly rushed through her, her body clenching tightly on him and pulling him impossibly deep. Jughead looked down and watched her body pull him in and his body shuddered as his release rushed through him, pumping into her as he stiffened and jerked against her, her body pulling everything from him.

Jughead slowed his movements, slowly dragging back and forth as Betty regained her senses and slowly came down from her orgasm. He stayed inside her and leaned over her, his hands braced on
the desk on either side of her head. Betty grinned at him and he let out a breathless laugh.

“God damn, girl,” he muttered. “I may not survive this pregnancy.”

“Oh but you promised to have sex with me whenever I needed it,” she reminded him with a giggle.

“And are you always going to be this needy and wild?” he asked, nudging into her slightly. She groaned at the sensitive drag.

“Probably,” she said coyly.

“Fuck,” Jughead muttered, lowering himself onto her and giving her a long thorough kiss. “I guess I’ll have to grin and bear it,” he said with a mock sigh. She bit his lip in retaliation and he groaned softly, flicking his tongue against her mouth. “I will make sure you’re well taken care of,” he promised with another nudge of his hips.

“Jughead Jones, you’re still rock hard,” she said with a raised eyebrow, wiggling against him. “Did you not get enough?”

“After not having you for over 2 weeks? I definitely didn’t get enough,” he said heatedly. She let out a yell when he suddenly hoisted her, still deep inside her and lifted her off the desk, her legs wrapped around his waist. “Got any plans today?” he asked, his mouth moving down her neck as he kicked off his jeans and walked them to the bedroom.

“I was just going to lay around all day,” she said breathlessly, tilting her head to give him better access. “Don’t you have to write?”

“To hell with writing, I’m more interested in fucking right now,” he said as he bit into her neck. Betty moaned as her desire flared to life again.

“That’s some filthy talking there, Jones,” she gasped as his mouth moved down to her breast.

“Yes, and I’m about to do some filthy things,” he promised as they fell on the bed together and Betty made sure he kept his promise for a couple more hours.

A week later, Jughead and Betty stood on the steps of Alice Cooper’s town house. Betty clutched Jughead’s hand and took a deep breath.

“Maybe we should have called,” Jughead said, looking as apprehensive as she felt. “What if she isn’t home?”

“She’s home, her car is in her spot. And trust me, springing a visit on her is better than telling her we’re coming. She can’t plan anything like this.” Jughead settled Jackson against his hip and rang the doorbell. He smiled at Betty, his eyes raking over her once more. It was almost June and the weather was beautiful and she was wearing a knee length sundress that showed off the growing baby bump. When her mother opened the door, she was so surprised, she just stood there staring for a few moments.

“Grandma!” Jackson shouted, breaking the frozen moment. He reached for her and she froze, her eyes on Jughead. He held the little boy to her and she grabbed him and held him to her in a tight hug. Jughead pulled Betty into his side and waited until the woman remembered they were all standing there.
“Can we come in?” Betty finally asked. Alice nodded and stepped back, letting them into the house.

“Would you like something to drink?” she asked slowly, looking at them apprehensively.

“Sure,” Jughead said, moving to settle on the couch. Betty bit back a smile at his ease in making himself at home. Alice just stared at him for a moment and then gave herself a shake and headed to the kitchen.

“You, Betty? Lemonade ok?”

“Yes, sounds great,” Betty said, going over to sit next to Jughead. Alice came back with two glasses of the drink and placed them on coasters in front of them on the coffee table. She sat on the couch opposite them and immediately pulled Jackson onto her lap.

“Is everything alright?” she asked nervously, her arm secure around Jax. “I wasn’t expecting to see you any time soon.”

“Well, Jackson has been asking about you and we figured there was no point in punishing him for something you did,” Betty said pointedly. Alice looked down and picked at her knee. “Also, you do love Jackson and Jughead figured it was time you got to see him,” she said. Jughead smiled slightly. The fact that Betty was pointing out that it was his idea, when he was the one Alice was trying to get rid of, was calculated to sting the woman a bit and he appreciated it.

“Honestly mother, I’m not as forgiving as he is, which should tell you what an amazing man Jughead is. I mean, you tried to take his family from him and he’s the one wanting to include you again. That is how wonderful he is,” Betty said firmly.

Alice nodded in agreement.

“Thank you Jughead,” she said quietly. “And I honestly want to say that I’m sorry. I’ve been – well, I’ve kind of been seeing a therapist and I have a lot of issues it seems.”

“Seeing a therapist as in dating? Or you’re actually getting some help,” Betty asked.

“Getting some help. I apparently have deep rooted issues from my childhood,” Alice said with a harsh laugh. “Who knew, right?”

“Pretty much everyone,” Betty offered. Alice said nothing, and Jughead could see she was trying to keep patient at her daughter’s pointed attitude. He took Betty’s hand and gave a gentle squeeze. She looked at him and he smiled. Betty sighed a little and relaxed. She felt tense and anxious and she hated the feeling. She just wanted to dig at her mother a little. She decided to reign it in and settled back on the couch. Alice was too busy with Jackson to have taken any notice of Betty’s rounding belly.

“So, we also have other news,” Betty said slowly. Alice looked up and waited. “I’m pregnant.”

Alice didn’t move for a second, seeming frozen in place. She slowly lowered her eyes and for the first time noticed the slight bump under Betty’s dress and her eyes widened. She looked at Jughead and he just smiled arrogantly.

“Was that on purpose or you forgot to use protection again?” she asked in true Alice fashion. Betty sighed and took a sip of her lemonade to take a second before answering.

“It was not on purpose, my birth control failed as it did the first time. We used protection when Jackson was conceived and I was on the pill now. But we’re thrilled and can’t wait to have this baby.”

“Almost like we’re meant to be together and just pop the little guys out,” Jughead smugly. Betty
gave him a look and he swallowed a laugh. He really just couldn’t help himself.

“Well, then congratulations,” Alice said slowly. “I can’t wait to meet the little one.”

They spent an hour there, mostly watching Alice playing with Jackson and wiping a tear every now and again. Betty felt it was a good start. They left with a promise from Jughead that they would be back soon.

Later, when night had fallen and she lay in bed with Jughead, she traced the lines of his face with her fingers and he kissed the tips as they ran over his lips.

“She doesn’t deserve how good you are to her, Jughead,” she whispered.

“I know, but I’ve dealt with shitty parents before and trust me, despite the fact that they can be complete fuck ups, deep down they still love us. Well, most of them. And like she said, she clearly has deep rooted issues and it drives her to be this controlling psycho who finally got stopped.”

“You’re a good man Jughead Jones, and I’m so proud that you belong to me,” Betty whispered. Jughead pulled her closer and gave her a gentle kiss.

“How proud?” he teased against her mouth. Betty grinned and ran her hand down his torso and with no warning, reached into his boxers and ran her hand over him.

“Shit,” Jughead muttered, jerking in surprise. Betty smiled seductively as she got him huge and hard, her hand curling around him, stroking him slowly.

“Jesus, I’m keeping you pregnant for the rest of our lives,” he groaned, rolling so he was on top of her.

“Jughead Jones, that’s not a good reason to make babies,” she giggled.

“Yeah, well I’m liking naughty horny Betty,” he said, his mouth moving over her neck.

“Have I ever not been naughty and horny?” she asked slyly. Jughead lifted his head and looked down at her. He laughed and moved against her.

“Good point, Cooper, good point.” She climbed on top of him and showed him just how naughty she could be.
“Oh my God!” Betty yelled as she looked at her phone. It was Saturday morning, nearing the end of July and she was texting with Veronica and letting her know that they would be in Riverdale the following week. They had planned the trip and nobody there knew yet that she and Jughead were expecting another baby and the bump was getting quite big already closing in at 5 months and there was definitely no hiding it anymore. Jughead rushed into the bedroom from the kitchen where he was fixing breakfast with Jackson.

“What’s wrong?” he asked quickly, his face concerned.

“Look!” she exclaimed, showing him her phone. He looked at it, confused.

“What am I looking at?”

“That’s a diamond the size of friggen New York! Archie proposed to Veronica!” Betty said with a grin.

“Really?” Jughead said with a grin of his own. “It’s about time. They’ve been dating for like 100 years.”

“100 years?”

“Ok, like 7, but still. Good for him!”

“Oh boy,” Betty said nervously chewing her lip.

“What?”

“She literally just asked me if I’ll be a bridesmaid. Really? She wants me to be a bridesmaid?”

“She really likes you,” Jughead said smiling.

“I have to tell her I’m pregnant,” Betty sighed.

“Why? You can tell her next week.”

“Jughead, they’re getting married in October. I’m going to be 7 months pregnant,” Betty exclaimed. “And she wants an answer asap.”

“Well, then let her know but tell her to keep her mouth shut. I know Veronica, she’ll want to put it all over social media.”

“Something I’ve been wanting to do, but since we made this silly plan to surprise everyone, I can’t,” Betty laughed.

“Daddy, I want pancakes,” Jackson yelled from the kitchen and Jughead grinned.
“Well, you do what you want with Veronica, I have a hungry boy to feed,” he said as he headed back to the kitchen.

“I’m hungry too,” she called after him.

“On it,” he yelled back. Betty smiled and looked back to her phone. She sent V a text.

B: You sure you can’t wait a week until we’re there before I give you my answer?

V: No, I need to know now because I need all your measurements for a meeting I’m having with the dress maker on Monday.

“Shit,” Betty muttered. She skipped the texting and dialed Veronica.

“Girl, tell me if you’re going to stand with me, please. I sure hope you want to because I might cry if you don’t want to be a bridesmaid,” Veronica gushed as soon as she answered.

“Well, I would love to V, but I don’t know if you’ll still want me if I tell you my news. And I can’t give you my measurements at the moment.”


“Hold on,” Betty said with a sigh. She sent a picture Jughead had taken of her a week before in a beautiful white dress that showed off her baby bump beautifully.

“Oh my God. Betty!!! You’re pregnant? You and Jughead are having another baby? When did this happen? Why haven’t you said anything? Oh my God! ARCHIE!”

“V, stop. We weren’t going to tell anyone until we got to Riverdale. It’s a surprise. Please, you can’t tell anyone cause then FP will find out and our surprise will be blown.”

“I can’t tell Archie?”

“Well, is he good at keeping his mouth shut? It’s a small town, news will travel fast.”

“I’ll make sure he keeps it zipped. I’m so excited. Did you plan this?”

“No,” Betty said with a laugh. “It was a complete surprise but we’re very excited.”

“Gosh, you look so beautiful pregnant. It really agrees with you,” Veronica said with a sigh. “Jughead must be over the moon. He couldn’t stop gushing about Jackson last year when he came for thanksgiving and watching him with him the last couple of times. He’s a great father, isn’t he?”

“Yeah, he is,” Betty said happily. “So that brings us back to being a bridesmaid. Veronica, I’m going to be 7 months pregnant and I have no idea what the measurements will be.”

“Don’t you worry about it, Betty. I have an amazing dress maker and she could do the alterations in a few days. You’ll just come a few days before the wedding so we can get it done.”

“Are you sure V? You want an unmarried pregnant woman in your wedding party?”

“Who the fuck is going to care if you’re married or not? I certainly won’t and I don’t care what anybody else thinks. I want you in my wedding party and that’s final.”

“Okay,” Betty said excitedly.
“Yay! Oh my god, I’m so happy. Okay, I have to run, talk to you soon and congratulations! Tell Jughead I’m so happy for him!” Veronica hung up before Betty had a chance to say anything else. She chuckled and put the phone down and headed into the kitchen where Jughead had a plate of pancakes waiting for her.

“Hi beautiful,” he said softly, leaning down to kiss her and rub his hand gently over her belly.

“Hi hon,” she replied, pulling him closer for a longer kiss. He pulled back and winked at her.

“Hi mommy,” Jackson said as he took a bite of his pancake.

“Hi sweetie, you having a good breakfast?”

“Yummy!” he replied as he chewed.

“So, Veronica is okay you being pregnant for her wedding?” Jughead asked as he handed her the syrup.

“Yes, she was so…” Betty cut off with a gasp, her hand flying to her stomach. “Jug,” she gasped in a whisper, her eyes wide.

“You okay?” he asked quickly.

“The baby,” she said, her eyes wide and excited. “Come here.” She grabbed Jughead’s hand and tugged him around the table and lay it over the side of her stomach. “You feel that?” she whispered.

“Oh wow,” Jughead breathed, his eyes wide and shocked. “It’s moving?”

“Yes,” she laughed happily. “Oh, there it is again.”

“I feel it,” Jughead said, his voice filled with wonder. “Have you been noticing anything lately, or is this the first movement.”

“I’ve noticed some fluttering but nothing I could feel with my hand, just flutters all the way inside. Now it’s really kicking.” Jughead squatted beside the chair and kept his hand on her stomach, a smile on his face. After a moment he rested his forehead on her stomach, his hand caressing gently. Betty touched her hand to his hair, letting her fingers slide through the ebony locks.

“Hey,” she said softly. “You okay?” Jughead lifted his head and smiled at her. She noticed the sheen of moisture in his eyes and touched his face.

“I just –,” Jughead sighed and pressed a kiss to her stomach. “I am so happy I get to experience this with you now and I still get upset that I missed it all with Jackson,” he confessed quietly.

“Juggie, please don’t,” Betty said, her chin quivering. Her eyes were filled with tears and Jughead quickly nodded and kissed her softly.

“I’m sorry,” he murmured. “Don’t cry, please,” he begged, taking her face in his hands.
“You have to promise you won’t think about what you missed anymore. We can’t go back Jughead and there is nothing we can do, so thinking about it and feeling bad isn’t going to do any good. You’re here now, you’re experiencing this all now and with any more babies we’ll have.” Jughead smiled and kissed her.

“How many more you thinking?”

“Well, I have no idea. Unless we find a birth control that works, probably more than we can handle,” she said with a laugh. “Now, why don’t you tend to the little mischief maker we have now, because he’s pouring the syrup all over the table,” Betty suggested.

“Oh shit,” Jughead said, moving quickly to grab the bottle from Jackson, who had already dumped half of it.

“Shit,” Jackson repeated.

“Oh man,” Jughead said with a sigh. Betty covered her mouth to hide and muffle her laughter.

“Jackson honey, you can’t say that word,” Jughead said quickly.

“Why?” the little boy asked, eating a piece of drenched pancake.

“Because it’s for mommy and daddy,” Jughead said in frustration.

“Jax, listen to daddy ok? You can’t say that word or you won’t be allowed to watch cartoons or play with your toys,” Betty said, helping Jughead out.

“Okay mommy.” Jughead started cleaning up the mess while Betty ate her breakfast and scrolled her emails.

“What does it mean?” Jackson asked suddenly.

“What does what mean sweetie,” Betty said absentmindedly as she looked at her phone.

“Shit.”

“Oh for God’s sake,” Jughead muttered. Betty burst into laughter, unable to help herself.

“Tell that one to stay inside,” he groaned. “I’m only going to mess it up with swear words.”

“Jackson, no more using that word, you’re giving daddy a complex,” Betty said, biting back her laughter. “Good thing he’s sleeping when we have sex,” she teased and Jughead gave her a look that had her giggling.

“Sex?” Jackson repeated the word and Jughead stood up with a sigh and went to rinse the rag.

“I give up,” he muttered and Betty laughed until she cried.

The following week they were once again in Riverdale. Betty felt like a new person every time they came to the small town. The fresh air, the people, the quiet. It felt like home to her and she missed it more and more every time they left.

“Jellybean is here already, so we can let them both know at the same time,” Jughead said with a smile. Betty smiled and smoothed a hand over her rounded stomach. She was five months along and
had a nice round belly. It wasn’t in the way yet, but there was no hiding it, especially with the cute sundresses she had. She found out rather quickly that Jughead liked her in a dress. She suspected it was more the easy access than the way they looked, although he swore that she was stunning, every time she put one on.

They climbed out of the SUV and Betty squinted against the bright sunshine. Riverdale in summer was stunning, even Sunnyside Trailer Park. There were flowers everywhere, even along FP’s trailer.

“Does your father have a girlfriend?” she asked with a smile, looking at the flowers.

“Not that I’m aware of. Probably one of his neighbours planted them.”

The door to the trailer suddenly flew open and Jellybean came flying out and down the stairs. She threw herself at Jughead, and he laughed and picked her up in a tight hug, twirling her around. She gave his cheek a few kisses and he made a face and pulled back.

“Ok, stop slobbering on me,” he insisted. She laughed and gave him one last squeeze before stepping back and turning to Betty.

“Oh Betty, I’ve missed you so….,” Her voice trailed off and her eyes went wide. “Oh my God! Are you pregnant?” she exclaimed in shock. Betty grinned and nodded and Jellybean rushed over and gave her a huge hug. “May I?” she whispered, her hands moving to the belly.

“Of course,” Betty said as Jellybean gently placed her hands on it. Jughead got Jackson out of his car seat and set him down on the ground and the little boy took his finger and stood beside him quietly, looking around curiously.

“My brother knocked you up again?” she asked with a laugh.

“Yes, he sure did,” Betty laughed.

“Ohh, Jackson,” Jellybean exclaimed and moved away from Betty to crouch in front of the boy. He was a little shy, as he hadn’t seen her since Christmas. “Hey buddy, do you remember me? I’m your auntie, Jellybean.” Jackson smiled and wrapped his arm around Jughead’s leg.

“Jellybean? Like candy?”

“Yes, exactly like candy,” she laughed and ruffled his hair. “You want to come inside and see grandpa?” Jackson nodded and took her hand and followed her to the door. Jughead smiled and held out his hand to Betty and she took it and they followed the other two inside.

FP came out from the back once they were all in the living room and of course he first spent five minutes hugging and loving on his grandson before he even paid attention to the adults. He gave Jughead a long hug and turned and smiled at Betty.

“Hello my dear, how are you?” he asked.

“Well, I’m...” Betty’s voice trailed off as he enveloped her in a tight hug. She bit back a smile when he froze and she knew he realized that she wasn’t quite as slim as she had been the last time. He took a step back, looking down at her stomach.

“Are you...?”

“Pregnant? Yes, yes I am,” she laughed. FP looked at Jughead, and laughed at his arrogant grin.
“Well, isn’t this something,” FP exclaimed, scratching his head and shaking his head. “Were you planning on this?” he asked.

“Not exactly,” Jughead shrugged, still grinning. “Kind of a surprise oops, but we don’t mind.”

“Wow, two surprise babies. Good work son.” Betty burst into laughter at Jughead’s blush.

“Yes, I told him he had potent…”

“Okay, okay,” Jughead muttered with a glare in her direction.

“Swimmers?” Jellybean offered with a smirk. Jughead sighed and sat on the couch. Betty sat beside him and he wrapped his arm around her and pulled her into his side.

“Well, congratulations!” FP said with a broad smile. “I think it’s absolutely wonderful. I still can’t believe I have one grandchild and now I’ll have two. You’re making me feel like an old man,” he laughed.

“You are an old man,” Jughead joked.

“Help me out with something outside, Jughead. Need to lift the air until up higher,” FP said with a nod to the door. Jughead got up and followed him out the door. Jellybean came over and sat beside Betty.

“Oh B, I’m so excited.” she said happily. “I hope it’s a little girl. We need another girl cause we’re out numbered at the moment.”

“Yes, we are, aren’t we,” Betty laughed. “Well, here’s hoping this little one makes the teams even.”

“Will you find out before hand?”

“We want to be surprised,” Betty said with a smile.

“When are you due?”

“Beginning of December. So we’ll have a little one for Christmas.”

“Oh my gosh, I’m so freaking excited!” Jellybean exclaimed. “I can’t wait to shop and buy stuff. Hopefully in pink!” Betty laughed and then grabbed Jellybean’s hand and placed it on her belly.

“Feel that?” she asked.

“Ohh,” the raven haired young woman breathed. “It’s moving. It feels like little flutters on my hand.”

“Yes, he or she isn’t kicking that hard yet, but you can feel the flutters. Give it a month or two and you’ll see my stomach moving around.”

“Really?”

“Yes, it’s so neat. Feels amazing too. Nothing quite like having a little person kicking at you from the inside. Especially when you get a good kick in the ribs.”

“Oh boy, ouch,” Jellybean laughed. She leaned back on the couch and let out a happy content sigh. “I’m so happy for you and Jughead, Betty. I just wish I could see you guys more. New York is too far,” she said with a laugh. Betty took her hand.
“I’m sorry, JB, I hope one day it will be easier to get together. Especially when we need a babysitter,” Betty teased.

“Ha ha,” Jellybean said with a smile.

Jughead lifted the air unit for FP and stood as he fastened it in place.

“So, another baby, huh?” FP asked with a smile.

“Yeah, was a shocker but we are happy about it,” Jughead said with a grin. FP studied him while he tightened the screws.

“I hate to be old fashioned son, but don’t you think it’s time you got your family nice and secured?” Jughead looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“What the hell does that mean? We’re pretty secure. She isn’t going anywhere and neither am i?”

“You know what I mean,” FP said quietly.

“You telling me I need to propose to Betty?” Jughead asked with a smile.

“Yes, son, that’s what I’m telling you. She’s given you a beautiful son, she’s carrying another baby and she clearly loves you. Do right by her and put a ring on her finger. Unless you don’t want to get married.”

“Of course I want to marry her,” Jughead said with a sigh. “And I don’t need you to tell me when to do it.”

“Do you have a ring yet?” FP asked pointedly.

“Jesus, really?” Jughead sighed. FP stood with his hands on his hips, glaring at him. Jughead picked up the tool pouch.

“I’m meeting with a ring designer next month, now shut the hell up,” Jughead muttered. FP grinned and slapped him on the back.

“Good boy,” he said happily. Jughead shook his head and rolled his eyes but the smile still stretched across his face.

The next morning, Betty informed Jughead that Veronica wanted them to meet her and Archie at some place called Moonstone Manor.

“Really?” Jughead asked in surprise. “Why? That place is a shit hole and has been sitting empty for like 10 years. I’m surprised it hasn’t been torn down.”

“I don’t know, she just said to meet us there at 10:30, so that’s where you’re taking me since I have no idea where that is.”

At 10:30, after leaving Jackson with Jellybean and FP, Jughead and Betty pulled up in front of Moonstone Manor.

“Wow,” Betty breathed as she climbed out of the vehicle. The large 2 storey home was old and
looking like it wanted to fall down. Despite it looking like it was about to blow away in the next
wind, she thought it was beautiful. “This must have been stunning back in its day,” she commented.

“I’m sure it was, but it hasn’t looked livable or nice in all the years I’ve been alive. I think the
previous owners just abandoned it because it’s just a money pit at this point. Nobody wants to take
on the mess of fixing up and restoring this monster,” Jughead said with a laugh.

“Betty!!” Veronica called out in excitement as she and Archie came around the side of the house.
She ran over to Betty and wrapped her in a huge hug and then stepped back, her eyes and hands on
the baby bump. “Oh my goodness! Look how cute and pregnant you are. I can’t stand it,” she
squealed. Betty grabbed her hand and stared at the huge diamond and they spent the next five
minutes squealing over each other’s exciting news.

“Congrats, man,” Jughead said with a smile to Archie.

“Same to you,” Archie said with a grin. “I’m seriously shocked that in a few months you’re going to
have two kids. Out of all of us, you’re going to have two kids at 24.”

“Hey, nobody is more surprised than me,” Jughead laughed. “And honestly, I wouldn’t want it any
other way,” he said happily.

“Well, family looks good on you,” Archie said. “I know things didn’t always go so good when you
were growing up and it’s great to see life working in your favor for once.”

“Thanks Arch.”

“So,” Veronica said as she walked up to the guys, holding Betty’s hand. “Follow me to the back
please.” They walked to the back of the house and Veronica spread out her arms. “This is where we
are getting married. I know the house looks like shit but my god, look at this yard.”

Betty looked around and V was right. It was beautiful. The towering hundred year old trees scattered
around the yard and gave the place a beautiful, park like feel. Sweetwater River ran past the end of
the yard and one had to walk a beautiful path through the trees to get to the water. She turned and
looked at the house. It loomed like an eye sore and she wondered what kind of stories it had to tell.

“Who owns this place?” Betty asked.

“The bank at the moment. Nobody wants it and I think it might be slated for demolition after my
wedding. I got my father to talk the bank into letting me have my wedding first before they destroy
the place. Don’t you think this yard is spectacular?”

“It sure is V. Your wedding will be stunning.”

“Hey, you wanna go inside the house? When we were teens we always used to come here and hang
out. More than a few hook ups happened in that old place,” Archie laughed. They walked inside and
despite the condition of the place, it was magnificent. High ceilings, gigantic doors, hardwood floors,
tall windows. Betty walked along the kitchen counter, her hand running over the top, a smile on her
face. Jughead leaned against the door frame and watched her, a smile on his face.

“So, what kind of trouble did you get into in this old place,” Betty asked him with a smile.

“Oh you know,” he said with a shrug. “Got good and drunk and almost fell off the second floor
balcony.”

“Jesus, seriously?”
“Unfortunately,” Jughead laughed. “Archie wasn’t as drunk and managed to grab me before I fell over.” Betty walked over to him and ran her hand down his torso.

“I definitely would have hooked up with you here,” she said coyly. Jughead grinned and leaned down to kiss her.

“I had a girlfriend at the time,” he teased.

“I’d have stolen you,” she teased back.

“Chick fight?” he asked with a grin.

“Men,” Betty muttered with a roll of her eyes. He laughed and pulled her close, kissing her again.

“Alright lovebirds, let’s go to lunch and talk babies and weddings and Jughead, there is something I need to talk to you about,” Veronica said firmly. They headed to Pop’s and had lunch and Veronica went over all the plans she already had. Betty wouldn’t need to worry about her baby belly because the dresses had flowing skirts that started right under the bust and they would be strapless and pale pink.

“All we will need to alter is your boobs, if they grow bigger,” Veronica said happily.

“Can I help measure?” Jughead asked. Betty smacked his arm and they laughed. “So what did you have to talk to me about, V?” he asked. Veronica suddenly lost her smile and exchanged a look with Archie. He gave her an apprehensive look and she sighed.

“Well, I hate to be a downer after such a fun morning, but I need to talk to you about Ethel.”

“What the hell did she do now?” Jughead asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Nothing, but you need to talk to her,” Veronica said. Jughead sat back in surprise, his arm resting on the table.

“Now, why the hell would I do that?” he asked.

“I talked to her mother a while ago. Ethel is in therapy…”

“Good,” Jughead muttered.

“Jughead, you know how we’ve been saying all along that the way she was acting wasn’t like her? Well, there is a reason she was acting so crazed and you need to talk to her.”

“Why?”

“I can’t tell you, it’s her business to tell,” Veronica said with a sigh. Jughead leaned forward, his face angry.

“V, I’m not going to talk to her until you tell me what is going on. So either tell me, or it’s a ‘no’.” Veronica sighed at his words.

“Ethel reacted really badly to you having a baby because she is dealing with guilt over something she did.”

“What she do?”

“Jug, I shouldn’t…”
“Spit it out, V.”

“She had an abortion Jug, when she was with you.” Betty didn’t know who was more stunned. Jughead, or herself. Her eyes flew to him and he was so stunned, he shook his head in denial.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” he asked, his voice sounding a little strangled.

“She got pregnant, and she didn’t tell you and she got rid of it.” Veronica said quietly. Betty took Jughead’s hand and he squeezed hers tightly. It hurt a little but she didn’t complain, smoothing her thumb over his fingers.

“No, she would have told me,” he said, even though he sounded very unsure.

“Well, she didn’t and apparently when she saw you with Jackson and saw how much you loved him, she became wracked with guilt and she couldn’t deal and somehow, to make herself feel better, she started dreaming about ‘what ifs’ and then starting going after you two.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jughead muttered.

“Did you guys not use protection or how did that happen you think?”

“We didn’t always use protection,” Jughead admitted with a sigh.

“What the fuck, Jug,” Archie said with raised eyebrows. “Why not?”

“Cause we were stupid kids and didn’t think past our hormones. I swear to God, I didn’t even know what the fuck I was doing for most of the times we were together. Seriously, I was terrible at it and I wasn’t kidding when I said I don’t think she enjoyed it,” Jughead said, looking at Betty. Veronica looked at her too, a question on her face.

“Yes, V, he’s good at it now,” she said with a roll of her eyes. She turned to Jughead. “Are you okay?” she asked quietly.

“I’m just stunned,” he said quietly. “I don’t know why she wouldn’t have told me.”

“Well, obviously she didn’t want to have a baby. What would you have done if you had known?”

“I don’t know, honestly. I mean, we were 16, 17. Certainly not old enough to have a kid and be good parents to it,” he said slowly.

“But…..i sense a but coming…” Veronica said.

“I probably would have wanted her to keep it,” he sighed.

“And she probably knew that and therefore she just dealt with it and that was it.”

“So why do I need to talk to her?” Jughead asked with a sigh.

“I don’t know. Forgive her maybe? Apparently she has just been beating herself up over it and maybe if you let her know you are okay, she would be as well,” Veronica said quietly.

“I don’t know what I am, V. I can’t even process this right now,” Jughead said sadly.

“Well, at least think about it,” V suggested with a gentle smile. Jughead looked at Betty and squeezed her hand again.
“What would you suggest?”

“It’s up to you Juggie, I can’t tell you what to do.”

“I want you to be honest Betts. If you were in my shoes, what would you do?” Betty chewed on her lip for a while as she searched his face.

“I’d probably talk to her,” she said softly. “I mean, I actually feel bad now for being so mean to her last time we were here. I mean, she deserved it, but still, I was mean.” Jughead sighed and leaned back in his seat.

“I’ll think about it,” Jughead said quietly.

“Are you sad about it?” Archie asked softly.

“No, not really. I mean, I still can’t wrap my head around it but it’s kind of pointless to be sad about it. It was years ago and I have Jackson and another on the way, so I can’t really be sad about something that never was. I mean my life would be so different. I probably wouldn’t have gone to NYU, I wouldn’t have met Betty, I wouldn’t have Jackson and the one coming. I’d literally have a kid with a woman I never loved and probably wouldn’t even be with. Seems like a sad life for a child.”

“You’re a wonderful dad, Jug. You may not have been as great as you are now at 17 but you would have learned and you would have loved that kid with everything in you,” Betty said softly. Jughead smiled and pulled her into his side.

“Thanks for that,” he said softly.

“So, if you don’t mind my asking, and I know this is totally the worst timing to even ask this” Veronica started. “If you claim to be so terrible with Ethel and Betty says you are now great at it, where exactly did you learn to do things right in bed?” she asked curiously.

“Seriously, V?” Archie said with a roll of his eyes.

“NYU girlfriend,” Betty and Jughead said at the same time. They looked at each other and Betty giggled while he flushed.

“Apparently she was wild in bed,” Betty said with a grimace.

“Stop it,” Jughead said with a chuckle. Betty turned to look at him.

“Hey, like I’ve said to you before, maybe I should call her and thank her,” Betty laughed.

“Or see if she has a kid,” Veronica said dead panned. They all looked at her in surprise. “What? Too soon?” she asked.

“Seriously Ron?” Jughead said with a glare.

“Well, clearly you’re an expert at the baby making, even if you claim to not know what you were doing,” she said with a shrug. Jughead sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“This is some fucked up bullshit,” he muttered. “I honestly don’t know if I even want to go talk to her. Why? So she can feel better after treating Betty and me like shit?”

“Cause it’s the right thing to do, I think,” Betty said softly.
“Will you go with me?”

“Um, Jughead, I’m pregnant again and she already feels guilty. I don’t think showing up like this will help,” Betty said slowly. “And I don’t really think she would be as open to talking if I was there, to be honest.”

“Well, I still follow her on Instagram and she just posted a picture of her garden that apparently she is working on, so maybe you could head there now and get it over with?” Veronica suggested. “We can take Betty back to your dad’s.”

“I don’t get time to process?”

“Maybe it’s best if you don’t. You might suddenly get really angry and I don’t think that would help,” Betty said gently. “Maybe hearing it from her and what was going on at the time would help you understand so you can process better?”

“Alright,” Jughead sighed. “But if she’s rude when I show up, I’m leaving and she can fucking stew in her guilt for the rest of her life for all I care.”

“I’ll be waiting for you at your dad’s trailer,” Betty said softly, her hand rubbing his arm. Jughead nodded and hugged her closer a while longer.

Jughead pulled up in front of Ethel’s house and sat looking at it for a minute. He turned off the engine to the SUV, but he didn’t want to get out of the vehicle. The more he had thought about it as he drove here, the angrier he had gotten. He slammed his hand on the steering wheel.

“Fuck,” he muttered. He sighed and got out and walked up the front walk. He rang the doorbell and shoved his hands in his pockets, waiting for her to open the door. She did a few moments later and she looked shocked to see him.

“Jughead. What – what are you doing here?” she asked hesitantly.

“Can I come in?” he asked.

“Why?”

“We need to talk.”

“I haven’t said anything more, Jughead,” Ethel said quickly, looking suddenly afraid.

“It’s not about that.”

Ethel regarded him for a moment and then reluctantly stepped back and allowed him inside. He didn’t look around too much cause he really didn’t care how she lived. She led him to the living room and he sat on the couch and she sat across from him on a chair.

“Why are you here?” she asked in a whisper, her hands clenched tightly in her lap.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Jughead asked angrily.

“Tell you what?”

“About the abortion.” Jughead winced. He hadn’t meant to start this conversation like that and Ethel looked horrified and like she was going to burst into tears.
“How did you…”

“It doesn’t matter how I know. I want to know why you didn’t tell me.”

“Jug, it was years ago,” Ethel said, her chin trembling.

“And yet here we are. So explain it to me, and while you’re at it, explain why you’ve been so awful since me and Betty came to Riverdale.” Ethel looked at her hands for a moment and when she lifted her face, her eyes were swimming with tears of regret.

“I found out I was pregnant 5 months before you left. I was terrified. I was only 16 Jug and you were leaving in a few months for NYU. We both knew already that we weren’t meant to be together and I think we were both too nice to end it. It was the first time I was thankful that you were older than me and would be leaving. It gave me an out without hurting you. I had another year of high school and you were headed off after your graduation and in my head that took care of the relationship problem. I just had to wait a few months.”

“Seriously Ethel? Why the fuck would you keep dating someone you didn’t want to be with? You should have just ended it.”

“Well why didn’t you?” she asked. “I knew you weren’t into it anymore either.”

“I guess you’re right, I didn’t want to hurt you,” Jughead admitted. “Clearly we had an issue with being honest with each other. And if memory serves me correctly, that seems to be around the time we stopped sleeping together.”

“I found out I was pregnant and I told my mother I didn’t want it and she helped me make the appointment. I was so scared Jug. I certainly didn’t want to have a baby and I didn’t want it with someone I didn’t love, so I had the abortion. You were leaving and I didn’t think it would matter. I was fine with it and I didn’t think you needed to know.”

“You should have told me,” Jughead insisted. “That’s not the kind of thing you keep from someone who helped you get into that situation.”

“Yeah,” was all Ethel said as she once again looked at her hands. “When you came back from NYU, and I saw how handsome you had got, well I admit I crushed on you a little but after a few dates, I realized there still wasn’t anything there. Handsome or not, I was meant to be friends with you, that’s it. It solidified in my head that I had done the right thing.” She said, looking back at him. “But then you came back with your son and girlfriend and I saw how much you loved him and out of nowhere came this god awful guilt that I had taken something from you. I became so horrified by what I had done, I started to try to find reasons to justify my actions. I started thinking of what my life could have been and somewhere in my delusions, I created this fantasy and you became the bad guy.”

“That doesn’t even make any sense,” Jughead said flatly.

“No, it doesn’t, but when you go to this dark place of guilt, it’s amazing what you can make yourself think and believe. Somewhere along the way I made myself think you rejected me and that it was somehow your fault that I’d had the abortion. When that didn’t ease the guilt, I started talking shit and when you told me off at Pop’s and you told me how much you loved your son and Betty, I swear it only made it worse. Not because I wanted you but because I felt so awful and it made me realize how much you would have loved the baby I got rid of and it felt like you could see my lies all over my face.”

“So, all that stuff you said that made it seem like you wanted me…”
"More lies," Ethel said, a tear slipping down her cheek. "When you came back a second time, I had been harassed for my behaviour and I wasn’t in a good place at all and when I saw how happy you guys were, I became jealous. Not of your life together, but of the fact that you were doing so well and my life was going to shit around me. None of it makes any sense, even to me, if I’m going to be honest, but something inside me just snapped and then it was Betty’s turn to tell me off and at that point, I was drinking and my mother realized I needed help. I started seeing a therapist and she actually told me that I had to let you know what I’d done because I couldn’t seem to shake the guilt. Of course, working up to that would have probably taken a while, so maybe you showing up was a good thing."

“What about before I showed up with Jackson, did you feel guilty?” Jughead asked.

“There was always a small amount of it in the back of my mind, but until I saw you with your son, I didn’t pay attention to it and then it just slammed into me and I just didn’t know how to handle it. I’m so sorry Jughead. For not telling you about the abortion and for how I acted when you came back with your family.”

“Yeah, you should have told me.”

“What would you have done Jughead? I certainly wasn’t ready, nor did I want to be a mother and I had a feeling you would have….” She trailed off before she finished her thought.

“I would have what? Protested the abortion? I probably would have, but it’s not like I would have forced you to have the baby if you didn’t want to. What could I have done?”

“I guess I didn’t want you to hate me, Jug. If you had wanted me to keep it and I didn’t? You would have hated me.”

“I don’t know what I would have done Ethel. We didn’t love each other and having a baby certainly wouldn’t have changed that.”

“I’m sorry Jughead. I truly am and I wish I could go back and do it differently, or at least tell you about it.”

“I don’t really know what to say about all this Ethel. The shit you’ve been doing really upset Betty and I and despite knowing the reason behind it, it doesn’t make it just go away. You should have told me about the baby, but it was all years ago and I have no idea what to feel about it except to say, you should have told me. I could never say I’m glad you did it, but if you hadn’t, I wouldn’t have the wonderful life I have now and I can’t even think about that. So I honestly am torn and confused about it all and I don’t know what to say. But I don’t want you to beat yourself up about it in regards to me. I can’t tell you not to feel guilty about the abortion because I don’t know how that makes you feel, but as far as not telling me, just let it go. I forgive you and it’s in the past.”

“Thank you Jughead,” Ethel said quietly. “And please tell Betty that I’m sorry. You guys are still doing well, I see.”

“Yeah, we’re….” Jughead trailed off, not wanting to say anything else.

“Pregnant again?” Ethel said with a smile.

“How did you know that?”

“I saw you guys at the old Moonstone place this morning. I was driving by when you walked outside. Saw the bump. Congratulations.”
“Thank you,” Jughead said with a smile. “Well, I guess I should go. I’m sorry I barged in on you but I guess some things needed to be said.” Ethel nodded and got up with him and walked to the door.

“Take care of yourself,” he said softly.

“You too, Jughead,” Ethel said as he walked out.

“So it went okay?” Betty asked softly as they lay in bed that night. They were whispering as FP’s trailer wasn’t sound proof in the least.

“I have no idea,” Jughead sighed. “I don’t know what to say to her to make her feel any better and I don’t think our talk did more than confuse both of us. I forgave her, she seemed happy about that and that’s it, I guess.”

“Are you okay?”

“I think so. I mean, should I feel sad? Angry? I don’t know what to do with this information. All I know is that I don’t want to spend any time thinking about the past because nothing about it will change, so what’s the point. You made me realize that over my guilt of not being there when you were pregnant with Jackson. She should have told me, she didn’t, and it’s just confusing.” Betty touched his face and smiled.

“You aren’t thinking about what could have been?”

“No, because then I wouldn’t have this and Betty, I wouldn’t give up you and Jackson and this little one for anything.”

“So, you’re maybe glad she did it?”

“I honestly don't know.”

“Yeah, I see what you mean by confusing,” Betty said quietly. "So, to be clear, she doesn't want you?"

"Nope, doesn't want me," Jughead said with a laugh. “Now I’m almost tempted to call my ex from NYU,” he said.

“Oh Juggie,” Betty giggled and then stopped with a hand over her mouth. “Is it okay to laugh?”

“I don’t know that either.” He turned to look at her and they both started laughing, hiding under the blanket to muffle it.

“Jughead Jones, baby maker extraordinaire,” Betty giggled.

“Oh Jesus,” Jughead groaned, hiding his face in her neck to muffle his laughter. They didn’t stop for a few minutes and the release calmed them down. “I love you,” he whispered against her ear, hugging her close.

“I love you too,” Betty whispered. His hand caressed her belly and he ducked down and pulled up her shirt and placed a kiss on it.

“And I love you, little one and I can’t wait to meet you,” he said against her skin. Betty touched his hair and he came back up and kissed her softly. He pulled away and gathered her close. “If we weren’t in this damn trailer, I’d make love to you,” he said gruffly.
“Well, maybe tomorrow we stay at a hotel,” she whispered against his chest. “I’m going shopping with your sister all day and I might find some cute lingerie for pregnant women,” she added.

“Mmmm, I’m in,” he said happily. “I’m going to meet Archie for lunch tomorrow.”

“Oh? Talking wedding stuff? You’re the best man, after all.”

“Yeah, wedding stuff,” Jughead said softly. Betty hugged him close and smiled. She loved being in his arms when she fell asleep. Their apartment, a hotel, FP’s trailer; it didn’t matter, in his arms, she was home.
Celebration

Chapter Summary

I wrote half of this feeling icky, I hope it makes sense lol

Chapter Notes

Remember this moment, cherish this story, celebrate this life.

Betty lay on the hotel bed in Riverdale and watched her stomach move around. She giggled at the summersaults the baby seemed to be doing. She was seven and a half months along and back in Riverdale for the Andrews/Lodge wedding. She had a long day tomorrow and she really hoped she could keep up. It wasn’t easy hauling around a big baby belly on a normal day and tomorrow would be a challenge. Today the seamstress had finally finished altering her dress and it fit perfectly.

She hadn’t seen Jughead in his tux but Veronica had told her that he looked amazing and she couldn’t wait to see. At the moment he was laying beside her, finalizing some details with Archie over text and Jackson was asleep in the crib the hotel had provided. He wasn’t in one anymore at home but that was all they had here.

“Wow, that baby is dancing in there,” he said with a chuckle as he put the phone down. His hand moved to caress the bare skin, keeping it still as the baby kicked at it. It was his favorite thing to do, just lay and feel the tiny life kicking at him from inside the love of his life.

“You know, I can’t see my toes right now,” Betty said, looking down at her feet. She had to lift her head to look over the belly.

“You’re not as big as you think,” Jughead chuckled.

“Says the guy who doesn’t have to carry this around 24/7,” Betty sighed.

“You’re tiny, Betts,” he laughed. “All you’ve gained is baby belly and it’s like a little basketball. A very cute one,” he added, leaning over to place a gentle kiss on it. “It hasn’t gotten in the way of fun mommy and daddy times at all.”

“Of course you would think about that,” she laughed.

“Just sayin,” he said with a wink. “As long as I brace on my hands and not my forearms…”

“Okay, I get it,” she said with a roll of her eyes. “Just give it another month. With Jackson I was tiny right until 8 months and then boom, huge belly.”

“It will be beautiful, I’m sure,” Jughead said with a smile. He draped his arm over her, rolling her to her side and pulling her close.

“I miss being super close to you where we’re almost melting into each other,” she said softly.
“We are right now,” he said with a smile.

“There is a ball between us,” Betty reminded him.

“And it’s kicking me in the stomach,” Jughead laughed. Betty giggled.

“Sorry, this little one is super active tonight.”

“I love it,” he said, his hand running down her side. “Seriously the most amazing feeling in the world to have our baby kick at me while still inside you.”

“I have to pee,” Betty sighed. Jughead laughed and stood up and helped her up.

“Way to break the mood,” he teased.

“We are in a mood?” she asked with a smirk as she walked to the bathroom. Jughead let his eyes wander over her and decided nothing was sexier than Betty 7 months pregnant, wearing lacy underwear and a tanktop that sat above her stomach because she couldn’t pull it down over the bump. When she came back, she cuddled into his side and he held her close.

“You ready for tomorrow?” he asked, stroking her arm.

“I think so. It’s going to be a long day and I’m so thankful FP and Jellybean are going to take care of Jackson for us. That’s one less stress off my brain.”

“I’ll be close by all day, as soon as you’re ready. Make sure you let me know when you need a break and to rest, okay?”

“I will.”

“The place looks great, where they are having the wedding, doesn’t it?” he asked.

“Yes, oh my god, we went there today to check on some flower issues and it’s amazing. I can’t believe what Veronica managed to pull off. I was shocked to see the outside of that old house fixed up. Veronica said someone purchased it and decided to restore it. I was so happy to hear that, cause what a waste that would have been.”

“Yeah, it looks amazing. You like the color?”

“The blue and white? Yes, it suits it and it’s so beautiful. I heard the inside was still under construction and nobody was allowed in. I was a little bummed,” Betty said with a laugh. “I wanted to snoop.”

“It probably wasn’t safe if it’s still under construction,” Jughead said, tucking his hand behind his head.

“Well anyway, we have a long day tomorrow hon, and as much as I’d love to climb on top of you right now, we should get to sleep.”

“You want to climb on top of me?” he asked with a grin. “Who needs sleep? I say go for it.” Betty smiled and kissed him. He was enthusiastic with his response and she found herself clinging to him and breathing heavy by the time he pulled away.

“Sleep,” she insisted, even as she kissed him again. His tongue rubbed against hers and she melted into him. “Sleeeeeep,” she groaned out as his hand moved over her backside. He slipped it into the lace and squeezed the round softness.
“Are you sure?” he murmured, his mouth moving down her neck, licking teasingly at the skin.

“Jughead Jones, stop it right now,” she insisted, even as she leaned her head to the side to give him better access. He growled against her skin and pulled away.

“Fine, but just so you know, I’m pretty sure you’re going to look insanely gorgeous tomorrow and I will be ripping that dress off of you at the end of the night,” he informed her.

“Okay,” she giggled, wrapping her arm around him. Jughead smiled and pulled her close and reached over to click off the light. Tomorrow was going to be a long, crazy day.

It started nice and early for Betty, who was picked up and whisked away to get ready with the other members of Veronica’s ladies. Jughead gave her a lingering kiss and promised he would make sure Jackson was alright and safely in the arms of Jellybean before he went to get ready himself.

“She has his suit?” Betty asked again, making sure.

“Yes, hon, she has everything, please don’t worry and go enjoy your time with the girls. I’ll see you soon,” Jughead said, giving her a hug before she headed out.

Betty was taken to the Lodge hotel to the spa where they were going to get ready. It started with nails, makeup and hair. She sat sipping on a sparkling water and eating fruit while someone made her nails look like she never worked a day in her life.

“Are you happy V?” she asked softly, watching the raven haired beauty fuss with her nails, telling the technician just how she wanted them. Veronica looked at her and smiled.

“I’m so happy Betty. I’ve been with Archie for what seems like forever and this is all I’ve wanted since we were 16. And really, thank you so much for being one of my bridesmaids. I’m sorry you don’t get to walk with Jughead, with him being Best Man, but I couldn’t really kick my oldest friend out of her Maid of Honor position,” V said laughing.

“It’s perfectly okay, I don’t mind. It’s just down the isle, right? And for pictures?”

“No, for pictures I’m going to put you together when it’s the whole party,” V said smiling. “Josie won’t mind.”

“No, I don’t,” the woman said, smiling over at them. Betty had met them all the day before and she loved every single one of them. They told her stories of Cheryl, who would have been included had she not been in hiding.

“So, I’ve been meaning to tell you something, but wasn’t sure how to say it,” Veronica said slowly. Betty looked at her, waiting for her to continue. “Since Jughead got this whole mess with Ethel as fixed as it can get, she’s been around town and has been back to her usual nice self and I kind of invited her to the wedding,” Veronica said, a scared look on her face.

“V, it’s your wedding, you can invite whoever you want. I’m sure it will be fine,” Betty said smiling.

“Well, I sure hope so and in case I didn’t tell you yesterday, you are stunning. My god, pregnancy looks good on you. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a pregnant woman look as beautiful as you.” Betty blushed and sipped her water.

“Thanks V.”
“Yeah, and Jughead can’t stop staring at you. Archie said he couldn’t get his attention for shit yesterday at the rehearsal dinner,” Veronica laughed.

“He’s so excited about this baby,” Betty said softly.

“Girl, I think it was all about you,” Veronica said with a knowing smile. Betty blushed again and ate some fruit.

“You know, it’s so funny,” Josie began. “Jughead was such a weirdo back in school. He was a loner, didn’t talk much, always had his headphones on and typing away at his laptop. I was actually surprised when he got a girlfriend. Then he went to New York and comes back 2 years later and we all did a double take. That city agrees with him,” she finished with a laugh.

“Yeah, while you were all sitting here drooling over the new improved Jughead, although I’ve seen pictures, he was seriously cute in high school as well, you all just didn’t notice, but while you all were drooling over him, I was sitting in New York dreaming about him and having his baby,” Betty laughed. “Thank God I can sort of laugh about it now.”

“Oh girl, he was dreaming about you too, obviously. Except those few dates with Ethel, he didn’t go near any girls. He was clearly hung up on someone. Valerie and I made bets that he had someone he was in love with in New York and it hadn’t worked out or something,” Josie said with a smile. “Turns out the ‘in love’ part was correct.”

“Oh, I don’t know if it was love at that point,” Betty laughed.

“Honey, please,” Josie said with an air of authority. “Boy was gone for you, that was painfully obvious. Thank God he found you again.” Betty just bit her lip and nodded. “And may I add, your son is ridiculously adorable.”

“Thank you Josie,” Betty smiled.

Four hours later, Betty was trying desperately not to cry as Veronica was buttoned into her dress. She was stunning. The shimmering white dress such a contrast to her black hair, it was simply stunning. Betty herself felt like a million dollars in her pale pink strapless gown. It was light and airy and floated around her, falling gently over her pregnant belly. She walked over to Veronica and took her hands. The woman was trying not to cry and Betty squeezed her hands and smiled.

“Take a deep breath, V,” she said gently. Veronica nodded and took a deep breath. She leaned forward and touched her forehead to Betty’s, seeming almost to be drawing strength.

“Thank you so much for being here,” she said, squeezing Betty’s hands. “You don’t even know what this means to me. I know we haven’t had that much time together but honestly, if I didn’t have a life long loyalty to Josie, you’d be my maid of honor.”

“It’s ok V,” Betty said with a soft laugh. “And you’re welcome. You are quickly becoming the best friend I’ve ever had.”

Jughead and the rest of the groomsmen had been ordered to pick up the women, while Archie waited at the wedding site. They had opted to forgo the limo and instead have a few vintage cars that the groomsmen and best man would drive. He walked into the spa to tell the women they had arrived and he stopped short when he saw Veronica and Betty. They were standing toe to toe, foreheads
together and Veronica looked like she was about to have a panic attack. Betty was doing her best to calm her and he smiled. He had just had a similar moment with Archie but his way of getting his friend to snap out of it was much more simple. He had simply slapped him on the back and told him to suck it up, he was about to get hitched. Archie had glared at him but it had worked.

“Cars are here,” he announced softly and the girls pulled apart and Betty turned to him in surprise. He swallowed the hunger that roared to life inside him. God, she was beautiful. The dress flowed to the floor and the hint of cleavage above the bodice made him want to run his tongue over it. Her hair was simple and shining and beautiful as it floated around her shoulders. Her makeup was subtle and he appreciated that because it enhanced her features instead of mask them. She walked over to him and he swore the earth stopped spinning. His head was spinning instead. She stopped a foot in front of him and smiled up at him.

Jughead momentarily got lost in her green eyes. He suddenly remember the conversation he had with the ring designer a few weeks ago. The man had asked him to describe Betty and Jughead had started with ‘she has the most beautiful green eyes I’ve ever seen..’ That had started the process and now he just had to wait until the ring was ready.

“You’re so pretty, it almost hurts to look at you,” she said in a hushed whisper.

“Oh yeah?” he asked gruffly, a teasing glint in his eyes. “You are stunning,” he returned and was about to lean down to kiss her when a hand appeared between his mouth and hers.

“Seriously Josie?” he muttered.

“You will ruin her lipstick and that shit took like fifteen minutes.”

“Lipstick took fifteen minutes?” Jughead asked, clearly confused.

“There were brushes and liners and pencils and all sorts,” Betty said with a giggle. Jughead sighed and stepped back.

“Fine,” he muttered. “But she’s in the car with me and the bride,” he insisted.

“Jughead, the maid of honor goes….” Betty began.

“Oh it’s fine,” Josie laughed, “Go ahead and go with him. I’ll ride with my man.” Her man being Reggie Mantle, another groomsman. Jughead turned to Veronica and smiled.

“You look beautiful, V,” he said. “Are hugs allowed?”

“Yes, just don’t kiss me,” Veronica teased. Jughead laughed and pulled her close, giving her a long hug, his hand rubbing her back.

“Is Archie doing okay?” she asked, sniffing against his jacket.

“Yes,” Jughead said as he pulled back. “He can’t wait to marry you.”

“You’re just saying that,” she said with a sigh.

“I’m really not,” Jughead insisted. Betty smiled and took Veronica’s hand, giving it a squeeze.

“She’s nervous,” she said softly.

“Well, nerves or not, we’re here to collect you beautiful ladies, so shall we?” Jughead asked with a smile, offering arm to Veronica and Betty. They all headed out to the cars and everyone stopped
what they were doing as they watched them all walk by. Veronica and Betty sat in the back of the car with Jughead acting like the chauffeur. His eyes caught Betty’s in the rear view and he winked, then grinned at the flush that spread over her face. He looked ridiculously good and she had a feeling by the time the day was over, she would be desperate for him. Jughead Jones definitely looked amazing in a tux.

“Can you two stop eye fucking and pay attention to me,” Veronica asked with a sigh. Betty giggled and bit her lip, turning to her friend.

“Sorry V, what can I get you?”

“Is there any water in here?” she asked, her hand on her throat. Jughead handed a bottle back and Betty opened it for her.

“Are you sure you’re okay, V?” She asked, concerned. “You want Jughead to keep driving and we’ll just head out of town?” Veronica looked at her in surprise and then burst into laughter.

“Oh goodness, thank you for that,” she said after a while. “Just nervous and excited and it’s making me feel a little nauseated,” V said. “Also…”

“Also?” Betty asked.

“Oh God, Betty I’m fucking pregnant,” Veronica cried out, her eyes shimmering with tears.

“Holy shit,” Jughead muttered, almost driving off the road.

“Drive carefully,” Betty said with a frown and turned back to Veronica.

“Are you serious?” she asked, unable to stop the smile that spread across her face.

“Yes, B, and I’m terrified. I wasn’t ready for this, dammit. I haven’t even told Archie. What if he doesn’t want it.” Jughead pulled the car over and put it in park. The other cars parked behind him and waited. He turned in his seat and frowned at Veronica.

“Why the hell wouldn’t he want it? Of course he will,” he insisted. “When did you find out about this and why haven’t you told him?”

“I found out a week ago and I was too scared to tell him. I figured we’d get married first and then he can’t run away.”

“Oh V, he’s not going to run away,” Betty said, squeezing her hand.

“She’s right, Ron, Archie will be thrilled,” Jughead said softly.

“Well, now I can’t tell him before the wedding because he can’t see me in my dress,” Veronica said, blinking furiously to keep from crying.

“Well, we could set it up where you could tell him through a screen or something, so he doesn’t see you?” Jughead suggested.

“Okay,” V agreed, clenching her hands in her lap. Betty looked at Jughead and nodded and he pulled back on the road.

“Well, it will be so wonderful, cause we’ll both have kids close together and they’ll be best friends then,” Betty said with a smile.
“You’ll be in New York,” Veronica said, disgruntled. Betty sighed and gave her a hug.

“It will all be alright, I promise,” she whispered.

They got to Moonstone Manor and there was tent set up beside the house for the bridal party and there was a section curtained off where they ushered Archie into so he wouldn’t see the bride. Jughead and the other groomsmen joined him and Veronica and her ladies primped in the area for them. There was nothing but the tent wall in between and it wasn’t sound proof.

“You can tell him now,” Betty said softly. Veronica nodded and Betty led her over to the wall. “Juggie?” she called out.

“Yeah, babe?” he answered almost immediately. “Need anything?”

“Veronica would like to talk to Archie,” she stated. There was a bit of shuffling and murmuring.

“Hey beautiful, what’s up? You doing ok?” Archie’s voice came through the divider.

“Yeah, I just need to tell you something,” Veronica said, her voice trembling. Betty took her hand and squeezed.

“Okay, I’m listening…”

“Arch, I’m pregnant.” There was a collective gasp from all the bridesmaids followed by excited ‘what?’ and ‘oh my god’ reactions. From the other side of the wall there was silence.

“Seriously?” Archie finally said, his voice sounding shocked.

“Yes and I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I was too scared.”

“Why on earth were you scared?” Archie asked quickly.

“I don’t know,” Veronica said with a sigh. “I was just so surprised and had all sorts of weird thoughts. You’re okay with this? I mean, we aren’t even married yet.”

“Well, Jughead and Betty aren’t either and they’re doing alright with babies,” Archie said, his voice happy and teasing. “I think it’s great and if it wasn’t for this dumb tradition of not seeing the bride, I’d be hugging you right now.”

“Okay,” Veronica said happily. “I’ll see you at the end of the aisle.”

“I’ll be there,” Archie said softly and Betty smiled at the radiant look on Veronica’s face. She led her over to a table and helped retouch her makeup and then they were ready to go.

The next hour went by in a blur. As Betty walked down the aisle to her spot, she spotted Jackson sitting on Jellybean’s lap, and she sat next to FP. Jackson yelled to her and waved and she smiled and waved back. His cute reaction getting a laugh from everyone in attendance. Even though he wasn’t the one to take her hand and lead her to her spot when she reached the front, she kept her eyes on Jughead and his wink and smile made her ache with want. He mouthed ‘I love you’ to her as she took her spot and she mouthed it back.

Archie was a mess when Veronica walked towards him. Between how stunning she looked and the
fact that he had just found out he was going to be a father, Archie was beaming with happiness.

Betty was thankful for the expensive water proof makeup Veronica wore because she was crying a river of joy by the time she reached him. Betty giggled along with the laughter when he grabbed Veronica’s face and kissed her before they even stood before the officiant.

Betty didn’t pay much attention to the ceremony, her eyes on Jughead for most of it. He was so good looking, it was almost a sin. Sin was a good word because all she could think about was his hands and mouth on her. She let her eyes travel up his body and when she got to his face, the knowing smirk on his face made her blush. He knew exactly what she was thinking. He winked and she bit her lip and smiled.

After the ceremony, Betty and Jughead spent a few moments with Jackson, making sure he was alright and didn’t miss them too much and then headed with the bridal party to take photos. By the time the dinner and party were in full swing, Betty was exhausted. Jughead led her to one of the couches strewn around the place and sat down, pulling her down beside him and tucked into his side.

“You doing okay love?” he asked, placing a kiss on her hair. Betty leaned her head against his shoulder and smiled.

“Yeah,” she whispered. “I could use a foot rub,” she said with a laugh. Jughead immediately moved to the other end of the couch and grabbed her feet and hauled them into his lap.

“This is not very dignified,” she giggled, thinking they must look ridiculous. She didn’t care though and let out a groan as his fingers and thumbs dug into the bottom of her feet. “God, that feels good,” she breathed. As he massaged her feet she watched Jellybean twirl Jackson around the dance floor and laughed at his squeals and giggles. After a while, Jellybean danced her way over to them and deposited Jackson in her lap.

“Mommy, I’m dancing,” he announced, pulling on his tie as he said it. Betty helped him remove it and brushed his hair off his forehead.

“Yes, sweetie, I saw you. You’re very good at it. I think you’re so handsome and quick on your feet that auntie Jelly was blushing.” Jackson giggled and peeked at Jellybean and she grinned.

“Oh my God! You’re the cutest!!!” she exclaimed and picked him up again and proceeded to squeeze him until he let out a yell.

“Daddy, come dance,” the little boy demanded, pulling on Jughead’s arm.

“Go ahead, I’ll rest a couple more minutes and I’ll join you,” Betty said with a smile. Jughead headed to the dance floor and was soon busy twirling his sister and son around the floor. She sat for a while and then when her back got sore, she stood and swayed gently to the music.

“Hello Betty,” came a soft timid voice behind her. Betty turned and was surprised to find Ethel standing there. She had seen she was at the ceremony and hadn’t really seen her since. She looked nervous and almost afraid.

“Hi Ethel,” Betty said softly.

“I um…” the woman started and faltered a bit and took a breath. “I wanted to say that I’m sorry, Betty, for what I did to you and Jughead. I’m sorry for the awful things I said, especially the last time I saw you. There was absolutely no call for it and I’m so sorry.” Betty watched her eyes fill with tears and she quickly touched her arm.
“Don’t do that, you’ll ruin your make up,” she said quickly. Ethel blinked in surprise and let out a sad laugh. She steeled herself and gave a small shake of her head and smiled. Betty smiled and dropped her hand. “I’m sorry too, Ethel. Obviously I didn’t understand why you were saying the things you were saying and of course I was quite angry, but I really shouldn’t have said what I said to you, even if you did deserve it,” she added quickly. Ethel nodded and looked down.

“And I promise, I have no interest in Jughead,” Ethel said quickly. “I just lost my head for a while and again, I’m truly sorry.”

“I forgive you,” Betty said quietly. Then to the other woman’s surprise, she gave her a quick hug. “I hope you find peace and happiness. I truly do,” she said when she pulled back.

“I’m getting there,” Ethel said with a smile. “I guess it would be too weird expecting us to be friends,” she said quietly.

“Well I’ll be honest, I don’t exactly want to be buddies,” Betty said with a sigh. “It’s just a little too weird, with your history with…” her voice trailed off and she sighed.

“Understood,” Ethel said quickly. They both turned and looked at Jughead, who at the moment was standing with Jackson in his arms, talking to Archie. “Can I just say though, good thing for you, he got better at it.” Betty turned and stared at her in surprise. Then, much to Ethel’s relief, she burst into laughter.

“Yes, he certainly did,” she said, looking back at Jughead, who happened to be glancing in their direction.

“I won’t bother you any more and thank you for allowing me to apologize,” Ethel said softly. “You have a wonderful family, Betty and this new little one is lucky to be joining you.” With that small praise, she turned and walked away. Betty turned and headed across the grass to Jughead. He smiled when she walked up to him.

“Everything is wonderful,” Betty said happily.

“Yeah, seeing you hug and then laugh with Ethel threw me a little, not gonna lie.”

“It’s all okay,” Betty said with a smile and took his hand. Jughead walked to the dance floor with her and with one arm holding Jackson on his hip and his other arm wrapped around her, they swayed slowly to the music.

“I love you,” he said softly. Betty smiled and kissed him softly.

“I love you too,” she replied in a whisper. “And I think our son is about done with all the fun,” she added. She looked around and caught sight of Jellybean and waved her over. Jackson had fallen asleep on Jughead’s shoulder.

“He’s ready to go home,” Betty said softly. “Were you and FP going to head out soon? If not, that’s alright, I can find a place in the tent for him.”

“No, dad actually just asked if it was almost time to go. He’s not much for these big parties and I’m pretty tired myself.”

“We’ll pick him up when we’re all done here,” Jughead said, placing the sleeping boy in her arms.
“No, we won’t,” Betty said softly. Jughead looked at her in surprise. “He will stay with JB and your dad tonight. We have the hotel to ourselves,” she said with a smile. Jughead grinned and helped Jellybean get Jackson to the car. Betty glanced around the party and sighed with happiness. Archie and Veronica were pressed close on the dance floor. You couldn’t fit a paper between them. Night had fallen and all the lights in the trees and everywhere else Veronica had put them made the place glow and everything looked so beautiful.

“May I have this dance,” Jughead said softly behind her. Betty smiled and turned, placing her hand in his. He led her to the dance floor and pulled her close, his arms around her waist. Betty wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled up at him.

“You are very handsome,” she said, her fingers playing with hair at the nape of his neck.

“And you are very beautiful,” he replied, his mouth brushing over hers and moving over her jawline. “And I really like that dress,” he murmured softly. Betty glanced down and rolled her eyes when she saw where his attention was. Her arms around his neck lifted her chest, making her show more cleavage than she intended.

“You’re terrible,” she giggled, snuggling closer and tugging at his hair.

“Mmmmm, you love it,” he teased, his hand rubbing gently on her back. “Are you doing alright? You’ve had a really long day and you didn’t get a nap in.”

“I did actually. When we were getting ready I managed a half hour nap on a couch.”

“That’s good, I worried about you.”

“I know you did and that’s why I love you. You take such good care of me, Jug,” she whispered against his chest.

“You mind if we cut the dance short,” he asked suddenly. “There is something I want to show you.” Betty glanced up and him and stopped moving.

“Sure, what have you got to show me?” Jughead smiled and took her hand and led her off the dance floor. She grew puzzled when he walked past the tent and walked around to the front of the house. When he led her up the stairs onto the porch she looked at him curiously.

“What are you doing?” she asked with a laugh.

“Well, I know how much you wanted to snoop, and I may or may not have procured a key,” he said with a smile.

“No, you didn’t,” Betty gasped in excitement. Jughead pulled the key from his pocket and she clapped her hands in excitement. He chuckled at her enthusiasm and unlocked the door.

“Now, we have to be careful. Everything is being redone and there is a lot of stuff sitting around. We can put on the front lights in the great room and I don’t think anyone in the back will see.” They walked into the house and Jughead turned on the light and Betty looked around in excitement.

“Oh my gosh. It’s so beautiful, even in all this mess.” The floors were stripped and there was new drywall being hung and the kitchen across the wide entrance was being redone. The gigantic fireplace in the room they stood in was done in stone all the way to the ceiling. It was stunning.

“Wow, look at that amazing fireplace.”

“It actually goes all the way up to the second floor and connects to the one in the master suite,”
Jughead said, leaning against the mantel.

“It must be so beautiful,” Betty said with a smile, running her hand along the stone.

“It is,” Jughead said softly. She looked at him curiously.

“How do you know all this,” she asked with a tilt of her head.

“Well, when we were here in summer you seemed really sad that this place was going to get torn down and I realized you were right. It was a huge waste and I realized that if someone was to take it off the bank’s hand and restore it, they could sell it for a huge profit,” Jughead explained. “So I bought it.”

“What?” Betty gasped. “Are you serious?”

“Yes. The bank let it go for what they were owed, which wasn’t that much and I talked to Archie and hired his crew to help restore it.”

“Jug, how… I mean… I understand it was a steal, but this restoration must be costing a fortune. How can you afford this?” Betty asked with a shake of her head.

“Well, right before we came for the summer, I signed a 5 book publishing deal.” Betty stood and stared in stunned silence.

“What? Why didn’t you tell me?” she asked with a shake of her head.

“Well, I was planning on it, while we were here and then when I saw how much you loved this place, I decided to keep it quiet and do this and surprise you with this instead.”

“You are surprising me by fixing up a house and selling it?” she asked in confusion.

“Yes,” he said with a smile. “If it sells for what the realtor says it’s worth, I’ll be making a killing.”

“Well, that’s good,” she said, running her hand over the mantel.

“Or…”

“Or?” Betty asked, turning to look at him, not following.

“Or, we could move here when it’s finished and raise our kids in Riverdale.” Betty didn’t think Jughead could have stunned her anymore if he had a year to figure out a way to try.

“What?” she whispered.

“Well, you keep saying how much you love Riverdale and you love all the friends you’ve made here and all my friends are here. Literally the only thing for us in New York is your mother.”

“And my job,” Betty said slowly.

“You are self-employed and you can do your job anywhere. There’s this handy little thing called email and over night delivery,” Jughead said with a smile. “But seriously, Betty, it’s up to you. I’ll go anywhere you want to be and I’ll live anywhere. I just know how much you loved this house and either way it’s a win.” Betty’s eyes filled with tears and she could only stare at him. She walked over to him and touched his face. He held her gaze, his hand moving up to settle over hers.

“This is a really huge house,” she whispered. “Like, we could fit our apartment in here at least 3
“I know,” he said with a nod. “But funnily enough, the mortgage payment is less than our rent in New York.”


“You’ve lived in New York your entire life, Betts. It’s literally 100 times more expensive to live there than any small town. How much would this house cost in New York?” he asked.

“Oh God, if you could find one this size that wasn’t in an exclusive neighbourhood, a few million.”

“Well, it’s considerably less here,” he said with a chuckle.

“So, we can afford it? Like if you wouldn’t have signed the book deal and we were pooling our income from before…”

“We could still afford it,” he said with a smile. Betty smiled and walked around the room, taking in the beauty and thinking about what it could be. She turned and looked at him, a smile on her face.

“When will it be done?” she asked.

“On schedule for a week before Christmas, hopefully a week sooner.” Betty walked over to the window looking out over the front yard. She turned and chewed her lip while she studied him.

“I want our Christmas tree to go right here,” she said in an excited whisper. Jughead grinned and reached her in two steps, his arms around her and lifting her off the ground. She giggled at the awkwardness, as the baby bump didn’t allow for it to be effortless.

“Really?” he asked, putting her back down and resting his forehead on hers.

“Jughead Jones, I would love to move here with you and raise our babies in Riverdale.” Jughead took her face in his hands and gave her a long lingering kiss.

“I love you so much,” he breathed against her mouth. Betty wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him eagerly. When she pulled away she was smiling coyly.

“You know, Jug, this house has…how many bedrooms?”

“5 and an attic space that could be one,” he said with a laugh.

“Well, that’s good, cause you are very good at making babies,” she giggled.

“I believe it’s, baby maker extraordinaire,” he offered. Betty pulled his head down for another kiss and neither came up for air for quite a while. When Jughead finally pulled back they were breathing heavily, his hands cupping her face, his mouth still brushing hers.

“I need you,” he whispered. She whimpered and leaned into his mouth and he brushed against it again.

“I don’t suppose the master suite is finished,” she asked with a sigh.

“Unfortuantely no,” he whispered, his mouth brushing along her jaw and coming back to tease hers once again.

“Kitchen counter?” she moaned, when his body brushed against her, his obvious arousal brushing
against her heat.

“It’s dusty and dirty and you are far too beautiful right now for a dirty fuck on a dusty counter,” he murmured against her ear.

“Dammit, then stop teasing me,” she sighed when he licked her ear lobe. Jughead grinned and stepped back.

“Let’s get back to that party and before you know it, I’ll be laying you down on some clean sheets and my mouth…”

“Okay, stop,” Betty said quickly, covering his mouth with her hand. “I believe we have a dance to finish,” she said with a smile. Jughead smiled and put his arm around her waist and pulled her close. He took her hand with his free one and started to sway to the faint music drifting through the house. Betty smiled and lay her head on his shoulder. They swayed quietly to the music, holding each other close for a while.

“There you guys are,” Veronica exclaimed, causing Betty to jump and bump Jughead’s chin. “We’ve been looking everywhere for you. How did you get in here?” she asked. Archie smiled and leaned against the door frame of the great room.

“You tell her?” he asked. Jughead smiled and stepped back from Betty.

“Yes, I did and we’ve decided we won’t be selling,” he said happily.

“Sell what?” Veronica asked. “I’m confused.” Betty walked over and took her hands.

“This house, V. Jughead is the one fixing it up. We’re moving to Riverdale.”

“What?” Veronica gasped, turning to look at Archie. “And you knew about this?”

“Well, I didn’t know if they were going to live here or sell it, but yes, I’m the one doing the renos. It was a secret.”

“I can’t believe you two,” she frowned, feeling put out for having been out of the loop. She turned to Betty. “You’re going to live here? For real?” Betty nodded happily and Veronica grabbed her in a tight hug. “This is literally the best wedding gift ever,” she said with a teary smile. She suddenly stepped back and clapped her hands. “Oh my god, we need to start planning. Colors, finishes, furniture…” Veronica launched into a decorating frenzy and Betty stared at her with wide eyes. She stepped back and looked at Jughead and he just grinned.

“I have to make all those decisions?” she asked, bewildered.

“Well, unless you want me to decorate it,” he said laughing.

“We’ll talk about all this tomorrow at brunch,” Veronica announced excitedly. “Right now, we have a party to get to. I’m about to do the old bouquet toss.” She pulled Betty along behind her and Archie smiled at Jughead.

“Look at you, weirdo from the south side, about to sit on your Riverdale throne,” he said with a laugh.

“Yeah, it’s about fucking time,” Jughead said with a grin. Archie laughed and they followed the women outside.
“You know, I saved you from having to marry me by not catching that bouquet that Veronica tossed directly at me,” Betty said with a giggle as she stood and waited while Jughead unzipped her dress back in their hotel room. He stood behind her, his hands moving slowly down her sides, taking the dress with and watching as it pooled on the floor. He moved her hair to the side and dipped his head and pressed a kiss to the side of her neck, moving down and across her shoulders.

“There should have been a redo, that red haired woman almost tackled you,” he murmured as he grazed her skin with his teeth. Betty shivered and leaned back against him. His hands moved around her front, sliding gently over her belly and up to cup her breasts, which to his delight had started to grow with the belly. “Is there any way we can keep these after the baby is done with them?” he teased. Betty giggled and then gasped when he pinched the nipples.

“You and your boobs,” she said, arching into his touch. “Careful, they are sensitive,” she whispered and he immediately gentled his touch. Jughead turned her around and lowered his mouth to hers, his tongue stroking across her lips and dipping inside. He stepped back and shed his clothing and backed her toward the bed and gently lowered her, settling beside her, his hand moving up her leg.

“Did you want to catch that bouquet?” he asked as his mouth moved down her neck, and trailed across her collarbone.

“Doesn’t every girl?” she asked softly. Jughead raised his head and smiled down at her.

“Is it important to you when it happens?” he asked softly, his hand teasing circles along her thigh.

“No,” Betty said, sucking in a breath when his mouth trailed across the curve of her breast. “It doesn’t even matter if it happens at all.” Jughead went still and lifted his head again.

“You don’t want to get married?” he asked.

“Yes, I want to get married,” she said with a smile. “I would marry you today if you wanted to elope. And I also know that at some point, we will get married. I’m just saying that that isn’t important to me. You and our children are important to me and even if we never got married, I would be perfectly fine growing old with you in this house, just the way we are.”

“I’m going to marry you Betty Cooper, because I can’t imagine anything better than you being my wife,” Jughead said softly, his hand trailing up the inside of her thigh. Betty bit her lip, her legs falling apart under his touch.

“Are you proposing right now?” she asked with a giggle.

“No yet,” he whispered against her breast, his tongue teasing her nipple. Betty moaned, lifting her chest to his mouth and her hips to his hand that was brushing lightly over her panties.

“Jug, please touch me, before I lose my mind,” Betty pleaded, her nails digging into his arm. Jughead slipped his hand inside the lace and latched on to her nipple as his fingers slid into her folds, finding her wet and warm. She drew in a gasping breath and pulled his head up, wanting his kiss. He kissed her eagerly, his tongue sliding into her mouth as his fingers moved slowly inside her.

Jughead broke the kiss and watched her face as she built toward release. When he felt the flutters begin he lowered his forehead to hers, breathing her in, holding her eyes as he applied more pressure. She fell apart and he groaned when her walls clenched on his fingers, pulling them deeper. He pulled
them out and shoved her panties down her legs and moved down and licked through her folds as she shook with release, his tongue lapping up the moisture her body offered.

“Jug,” she gasped out as he worked her with his tongue. She fell apart again and he growled against her, his mouth latching to her as she covered his tongue with her heat. After a few tender moments, he lifted up and knelt between her legs and grabbed a pillow and settled it beneath her, lifting her pelvis. He leaned over her and brushed his erection over her folds and she lifted to him with a whispered “Please.” He slid inside and groaned as she wrapped around him. He moved gently, his hands on her hips, pulling her to him as he thrust forward. He braced on his hands, taking her mouth in a heated kiss and she strained as close as she could, meeting his thrusts with her own. After a long day of subtle touching and promising looks and stolen kisses, their need for release was high and Jughead knew he wasn’t going to last long.

“Do you have one more in you?” he asked with a groan against her mouth.

“Yes,” she gasped as his fingers found her clit once more and she built quickly. Jughead tried to hold back but his body didn’t listen and he stiffened and spilled inside her with a groan, his fingers moving quickly to get her there with him. She followed soon after, pulling on him once again and he had to steady himself so he didn’t fall on her stomach. He winced as her nails dug into his back, as she shook beneath him. When she released her grip on him, he eased to the side, his breathing still heavy. She lay for a while, a small smile on her face.

“Your nails about filleted me,” Jughead muttered, picking up her hand and looking at the gel nails that the spa had done for her.

“Sorry,” she said with a laugh, rolling to the side and throwing her leg over his stomach. He grunted and ran his hand along her leg, his other arm wrapping around her and his hand caressing her backside. “Maybe I’ll keep getting them done as a way to punish you,” she suggested wryly. She jumped and giggled when he slapped her ass. “Ouch,” she said with a mock pout.

“Shall I kiss it better?” he asked with a teasing smirk.

“Mmmmm, yes, I think you should. After I catch my breath.”

“Deal,” he grinned.

“So, we’re really going to do this? Move to Riverdale?” she asked softly. Jughead turned his head and smiled at her.

“Only if you want to. I meant what I said; if you don’t want to move here, we can sell it and maybe buy a place in New York.”

“We would never get this in New York and be able to afford it. I would absolutely love to move here. That house and the whole place is so amazing and I can’t think of a better place to raise our kids.”

“You don’t mind leaving the city?” he asked softly.

“Not at all. It’s big and loud and I’ve been there long enough and I’ve visited here often enough to know I prefer the peace and quiet over the noise. I can’t wait to move. Of course I’m sure my mother won’t be thrilled, but that’s not a factor in my decision making at all.”

“You sure?” Jughead teased. “We won’t see her as much.”

“Well, there is that,” she said with a grin.
“Will you be able to handle it?” Jughead asked. “December is going to be pretty intense with having a baby, moving, Christmas. I don’t want to wear you out.”

“Oh please, I have Veronica. She wouldn’t stop talking about it when we went back to the dance. I’m putting her in charge of half the decorating and the move. I’ll sit and watch,” Betty laughed. “Now, I know I said I wanted you to kiss a certain body part, but I’m pretty sure I’m about to pass out, so rain check? Also I have to pee.”

Jughead laughed and helped her up and she went to take care of herself. He pulled on his boxers and when she returned to bed, he pulled the sheets up around them and held her close.

“Go to sleep love, it’s been a long day and you need rest,” he said softly.

“I love you,” she whispered, her eyes already closing. Jughead kissed her forehead and closed his eyes.

“I love you too,” he answered, his words washing over an already sleeping Betty.
“Jughead!” Betty called out in frustration. He appeared almost immediately, trying to get Jackson into a shirt.

“What’s up babe?”

“I can’t put on my socks,” she sighed. Jughead grinned and set Jackson down and walked over to her. He squatted in front of her and held out his hand and she gave him the socks with a huff of annoyance. He put her socks on for her and ran his hands up her legs to her belly, which she had been right about, had gotten huge after she hit the 8 month mark. He moved his hand gently over it and smiled when he was rewarded with a flutter of kicks.

“I seriously cannot wait to meet this little peanut. Why does this take so dam long?” he muttered.

“Because I’m growing a human Jughead, it’s a delicate science,” she laughed. He leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on her stomach and she touched her hand to his hair.

“Mommy is having a baby,” Jackson announced, placing his hands on the belly as well. He laughed in delight when he also was rewarded with a kick.

“Daddy, she kicked me,” he announced.

“She?” Jughead asked with a smile.

“I want a sister,” he announced. “A girl like auntie Jellybean.”

“Oh yeah? Well, maybe auntie Jellybean wants to be the only special lady in your life,” Jughead said laughing.

“I share myself,” Jackson announced.

“Figures,” Jughead says with a sigh. “He won’t share us, but he’ll share himself with all the ladies.” Betty burst into giggles and immediately had to go pee. Once she was done she headed out to the kitchen and grabbed a water bottle from the fridge.

“Still want to go for that walk?” Jughead asked.

“Yes, I need the fresh air and walking is good for you when you’re pregnant. Keeps things nice and loose.” They got dressed as it was middle November and although there was no snow yet, it was quite chilly and they all got their knit hats out. Jughead’s beanie had been through the ringer already with Jackson always playing with it and Betty laughed at how floppy it looked.

“Jax has ruined that cute hat of yours,” she said as she tried to shape it.

“It’s alright, it’s probably time I put it away anyway. It was always a security thing for me and I
haven’t needed it at all the last year.” Betty smiled and wrapped her arms around his waist. He hugged her back and let out a laugh. “Damn, this belly is completely in the way now, isn’t it?”

“I told you,” she laughed as they left the apartment. They got outside and walked down the street with Jackson between them, each holding a hand.

“How are things going at the house,” she asked Jughead as they walked. “Are the guys still on schedule?”

“Falling slightly behind because there was a wiring issue,” Jughead said with a sigh. “The entire top floor needed to be rewired and since they were doing that anyway, I told them to do the entire house.”

“Gosh, is that expensive? And how long will it take?”

“Couple of weeks, so honestly, I don’t know if it will even be ready at Christmas. I told Archie he doesn’t have to push that hard, but he’s determined to get us in there because apparently Veronica found the perfect tree growing in the woods and said we just had to be finished so she could put it right where you want it.”

“Gotta love Veronica,” Betty said with a smile. “She text me this morning and her morning sickness is kicking in. I told her to stop with the house stuff immediately and she informed me that throwing up isn’t going to stop her.”

“That does sound like her,” Jughead said with a grin. They were walking by a truck that was selling hot cider and he stopped to get a couple of them and some cooled down hot chocolate for Jackson.

“Mama, carry me,” Jackson said, tugging on her jacket. Betty picked him up and he frowned when he couldn’t get as close as usual.

“Sorry buddy, this is a little awkward and I’m surprised I could even lift you.” Jughead turned around and handed her a cider and took Jackson from her.

“Mommy can’t carry you sweetie, it will make her back hurt. Is it okay if I carry you?” he asked, handing Jax the drink. Jackson nodded and took a sip of his hot chocolate and grinned.

“Yummy.”

“Thanks love,” Betty said as they continued their walk.

“So, have you been thinking about names for the little one?” Jughead asked as he sipped his cider.

“Have you?” she asked smiling.

“Maybe.”

“Tell me,” she insisted.

“Well, I was thinking if it’s another boy, maybe Logan?”

“Logan,” Betty said, trying the name on her tongue. “Not bad, that’s a good contender. And if it’s a girl?”

“Annie?”

Betty smiled at him.
“That’s so cute, Jug. How did you choose those names?”

“Well, I was watching the Wolverine the other day…”


“Tell me.”

“Well,” Jughead sighed. “When I was 14 I had a dream that I’ve never forgotten. I had a dream I was playing in the park with a little girl and her name was Annie and in the dream she called me ‘Daddy’,” he said, a flush creeping up his neck. Betty stopped walking and touched his arm. He paused and looked at her.

“I hope it’s a girl,” she said softly. Jughead grinned and leaned down to kiss her.

“Well, a wolverine sounds good too,” he informed her. Betty rolled her eyes and they kept walking.

“By the way, next week the photographer is coming to do the pregnancy photos with us. She said she found a beautiful location for them. I’m really really hoping for a beautiful day that’s not too cold because I want to do it outdoors.”

“Okay, sounds good. Should be fun” Betty looked at him and smiled.

“You love every single thing that has to do with this pregnancy, don’t you,” she said with a laugh.

“I can’t lie, Betts. I’m in love with every single aspect of it. Even posing for pictures,” Jughead admitted.

“Will you be in love with no sleep and diaper changes?” she asked teasingly.

“Absolutely,” he insisted.

“You know, I believe you,” she said as she drank her cider.

“Veronica, I want the walls white. I don’t like all that color. Whites, pale blues, creams. I want the house airy and bright, not dark and mysterious. No reds and browns!” Betty rolled her eyes as Veronica launched into why she should have at least one red room. “No, absolutely not and if I come and find a red room, I’m never inviting you over.”

“Okay, fine,” Veronica muttered and hung up the phone.

“Everything alright?” Jughead asked with a smirk. He knew Betty was having a hard time convincing Veronica of what she wanted because Veronica was like a whirlwind who thought she had all the best ideas. She seemed to forget it wouldn’t be her house. Not even her morning sickness slowed her down with this decorating business.

“She’s driving me nuts, Jug,” Betty huffed. “It’s really annoying that I live so far away.”

“She’ll do what you want, don’t worry,” Jughead assured her as he adjusted Jackson’s clothing. It was picture day and even while yelling at Veronica on the phone, she looked stunning. Her gown that she was wearing flowed around her and she looked like a stunning pregnant goddess and he wanted her so badly he couldn’t stand it. Of course with her closing in on her due date, the fun in the bed was dwindling a little because for her it was just hard to move and there weren’t a lot of
positions that worked anymore that didn’t make her uncomfortable. They managed though because he just couldn’t help it, the way her body looked, carrying his child turned him on and she always laughed and said he had a pregnancy kink. Jughead informed her he just had a Betty kink and he wanted her in any which way. Pregnant or not pregnant, she was the sexiest woman on the planet.

They spent three hours taking pictures and by the end of it, Betty was exhausted. She had changed twice as per the request of the photographer and Jughead knew all the pictures were going to look amazing. After they were done, Jackson announced he wanted ice cream.

“Really honey? But it’s so cold out,” Betty said, shivering in her coat.

“You’re only cold because you weren’t dressed warm enough for these pics,” Jughead said with a frown. “As stunning as you looked, I’m sure hoping you don’t get sick.”

They went to a lovely café down the street from their apartment, that also happened to serve homemade ice cream year round. Jughead and Jackson both had bowls and she settled for a cup of hot chocolate and smiled when the warmth seeped into her. She went through some texts from Veronica and grimaced at the length of explanations she had.

“I can’t concentrate on this,” she sighed, looking down at the screen. “All my brain is thinking about is the baby and what I all need to do yet to get ready. And we have to pack yet, which comes after the baby. I don’t know how I’m going to do this all, Jug,” she said, feeling slightly panicked.

“Hey,” Jughead said quickly, reaching across the table and taking her hand. “Let me worry about all that. You just concentrate of taking care of yourself and the baby when it comes.”

“You’re going to help Veronica decorate?” she asked.

“Yes, if you’ll let me. I’ve seen all your design things and the papers you have, and I know what you want. Let me do this.” Betty chewed her lip and studied him. “Do you trust me?” he asked softly.

“Yes, completely,” she said immediately. Jughead smiled at that and squeezed her hand.

“Then let me take care of it. Text V and let her know to send me any concerns from now on.”

“Don’t let her convince you to change anything,” Betty said firmly.

“Got it,” he said with a nod. Betty passed along the info and Jughead’s phone immediately started buzzing. He rolled his eyes and put the phone in his pocket. “She can wait. Now, as for packing; Betty we can hire a moving company to do that. There is nothing you have to do except tell them what to do and what to pack with what.”

“What would I do without you?” she asked with a smile.

“Well, for one, you wouldn’t be in this predicament,” he said laughing.

“That’s true and doesn’t sound like any fun at all,” she admitted, taking a sip of her hot chocolate. “Jackson honey, hurry with your icecream, it’s melting on you,” she said, watching him playing with the treat more than eating it.

“Well, then it’s ice cream soup,” Jughead said with a wink. “Who doesn’t like that?”

“Stop encouraging him,” Betty said with an eyeroll. Jughead laughed and Jackson climbed into his lap and kissed his cheek.
“I love you daddy,” he announced before shoving another spoon of ice cream in his mouth. Betty smiled at the soft look that came into Jughead’s eyes as he squeezed his son close. She still sometimes couldn’t believe what had happened in the past year; that she was with him, completely in love, expecting another baby and moving to a beautiful new house in Riverdale.

“What you thinking about mama?” Jughead asked.

“The last year and everything that is happening and wondering how I got so lucky.”

“It has been a really great year, hasn’t it,” he said softly, a happy smile on his face. They sat in silence for a while and Betty’s phone buzzed and she looked at it and sighed.

“My mother,” she said quietly. Things with Alice had slowly been improving. They had started with monthly visits with Jackson and now they were allowing her to take him for the night sometimes. She was always nice, always said the right thing, and being very careful to not make them angry in any way. She was civil towards Jughead, even offered him a smile every once in a while. It had suddenly dawned on Betty a couple weeks earlier, that her mother was scared of Jughead. She had tried her best to get rid of him and it hadn’t work and his anger at her had terrified her and when he could have taken revenge on her, he had showed mercy. To Alice, that made him dangerous because she was certain, he wouldn’t be so kind the next time. So she was on her best behaviour. Betty sent back a text and put the phone down.

“So what’s the plan, she’s going to take Jackson when you go into labour?” Jughead asked.

“Yes. I told her to be on call and ready for him at any time over the next 2 to 3 weeks.”

“Wow, it seems like it’s taken forever and now it’s that close?” Jughead asked in surprise.

“You ready?” she asked with a grin.

“Not in the slightest, but I can’t wait,” he answered with a smile.

3 days later, Betty woke in the middle of the night to a tightening around her middle. She lay quietly a while, taking note of the time and drifted off the sleep for a bit before she felt it again. She looked at the time. Fifteen minutes had passed. After two hours and feeling it every 15 minutes, she knew she was in active labour.

“Juggie,” she whispered, touching his face. He mumbled in his sleep but didn’t move. She poked him harder and he slowly opened his eyes.

“You okay?” he asked, his voice rough from sleep.

“I’m in labour,” she said calmly. He stared at her for a moment and then sat up quickly.

“What? How are you in labour? You’re not due for another 2 weeks?”

“Baby has other ideas,” she said smiling. “It’s okay, just relax. It just started.”

“So what do we do?” he asked.

“We can wait a bit. It’s 4:00 and I’ll keep checking on the time between contractions and let you know when we need to go. Try to sleep a little yet.”

“Yeah, that’s not going to happen,” Jughead said, running a hand through his hair. She tugged him
back down and rolled to her side, her hand touching his face.

“I’m so happy you’re here with me,” she whispered. Jughead leaned in and kissed her softly, and she didn’t let him move back for a while, losing herself in his gentle kiss. When he finally pulled back she was breathless. “Soon I’ll be able to melt into you like I’ve been wanting to for months.”

“Really Betty?” he groaned. “Now is not the time to get me excited.” She giggled and kissed him again, letting his tongue tangle with her own for a while.

“Kissing relaxes me,” she said when she pulled away. “So, you’ll just have to bear with me.”

“I’ll give you all the kisses you want,” he promised, leaving a few on her mouth as he spoke.

“There it is again,” she breathed, her hand on her stomach as she felt the tightening deep on the inside.

“They don’t hurt yet?”

“Not really, just feels like I’m getting squeezed really hard. They build over time. I’ll be yelling at you for getting me pregnant in no time,” she teased.

Two hours later, Betty was having to breathe through the contractions and Jughead got on the phone to call Alice. She promised to hurry over and he got Jackson up and ready to go.

“I’m going to grandma’s house?” he asked, slightly confused in the early morning.

“Yes buddy, mommy is going to have the baby today I think and you need to go to grandma’s house so we can go to the hospital. Once the baby is here then you and grandma can come visit.”

“Okay daddy,” he said, still half asleep and leaning against Jughead.

Betty was leaning against the island, breathing through another contraction when Alice showed up. Her water had broken when she had taken a shower and the contractions got a little more intense after that. Alice hurried over to Betty and took her hands.

“You’re alright?” she asked in a rush. “Do you need anything?”

“I just need you to take care of Jax for me,” Betty said between breaths. “I’ll be okay. I’ve done this before,” she said with a smile that quickly turned into a wince. Alice nodded and gave her a quick hug. She gathered up Jackson’s things and took his hand to leave. She paused and looked at Jughead.

“Take care of her,” she said softly.

“Count on it,” he replied. Once she was gone he walked over to Betty and helped her straighten up.

“Shall we go?” he asked, concern on his face. “I have to tell you now, love. I don’t enjoy seeing you in pain.”

“It will be okay Juggie. I promise,” Betty said, trying to ease his mind. He didn’t look convinced and they grabbed their things and headed out.

Betty called the hospital and the doctor on the way and by the time they got to the hospital, her contractions were 6 minutes apart. Jughead parked the SUV and wanted to run get a wheelchair.

“No, walking is good. It’s ok Jug, I can manage.” He didn’t argue but kept a firm hold on her as they walked to the front door. They were waiting for her and with them she couldn’t argue about the
wheelchair as they whisked her away to the maternity ward. A while later she was settled in bed, hooked up to baby monitor and chewing on ice cubes.

“You doing good?” Jughead asked, sitting on the edge of the bed. A contraction hit just then and Betty grasped his hand and dig her nails in as she breathed through it. Jughead rested his forehead on hers and whispered to her as she rode it out. When it was over, she noticed his hand trembled a bit.

“I’m okay Jug. I did this with Jackson too. I promise I’ll survive,” she said, trying to reassure him.

“I know, I just hate it,” he sighed, placing a kiss on her forehead. “We’re going on 6 hours now. How long were you in labour with Jackson?”

“I think it was 13 hours, but I progressed a lot slower than this, so I have a feeling this little peanut is not only two weeks early, but it wants out as soon as possible.”

“Hurry up little one, I don’t like seeing mommy in pain,” Jughead whispered to her belly. Betty would have laughed if another contraction hadn’t slammed into her.

“Shit, that was a big one,” she gasped when she was finished. The doctor came in a while later to check to see how things were going. After the inspection he smiled and nodded.

“It’s going quite nice. The baby’s heartbeat is strong and you’re at 6 cm. I don’t think it will take long at all,” he said softly. Betty nodded and the doctor left. For the next hour, Jughead kept Betty in ice chips and back rubs when she wanted them. Other times she shoved his hand away, not wanting to be touched when the contractions were strong and hard to breathe through.

“I love you,” he whispered as she lay trying to catch her breath. He brushed the wet tendrils of hair off her forehead and toweled the sheen of sweat away and kissed her softly. “You’re doing so good,” he said, swallowing his agony at seeing her in so much pain. He wished now he had talked her into an epidural, but she was stubborn. She had refused one with Jackson and she refused one now.

“I’m so glad you’re here,” she whispered for the tenth time. Jughead smiled and kissed her again.

“Me too,” he replied again. “I am going to ask about better birth control,” he added with a sigh. “I don’t know if I can handle this again.”

“Jughead Jones, you bought me a huge house and we are going to fill it with children,” Betty insisted.

“I just had to do that, didn’t I?” he muttered. Betty would have answered but she was busy almost dislocating his hand as she was hit with another contraction.

An hour later, the doctor informed them that Betty was ready to push. Jughead breathed a sigh of relief because Betty seemed exhausted and he wasn’t sure how much more he could handle.

“You ready to meet the baby?” the doctor asked, settling at the foot of the bed.

“More than ready,” Jughead said happily. Betty just smiled weakly and nodded her head.

“You did great Betty. Now I need some good pushes and it will all be finished. This little one seems over eager, so I’m sure it won’t take long at all. In fact, I see the head and a lot of hair already. Looks like it’s going to take after daddy,” the doctor chuckled.

“Figures,” Betty muttered with a small laugh. Jughead grinned and squeezed her hand.
“Well, I know just by looking at you that you’re the father of Jackson as well,” the doctor said knowingly. “You’ve got some strong genes, son.” Betty sucked in a breath as a contraction came and the doctor nodded. “Okay, big push Betty.”

Jughead was amazed as he watched and held her hand. He had no idea how she was doing this, and he wanted to cry every time she started to push. It looked painful as fuck and she told him as much after a particularly long push.

“Okay, the heads out,” the doctor announced as he looked up. “Betty I need your next push to be big. We need to get the shoulders out, okay?” She nodded and took a few breaths. Jughead held her hand and started rubbing her back as she began to push. He was sure his fingers would be swollen from the death grip she had on them. This push was the hardest and a yell slowly built as she strained and the doctor spoke his encouragement.

“Okay, shoulders out, keep pushing, push……and we have a baby,” he said happily. Betty fell back with a sob, taking deep breaths to try and calm herself.

“Have I evened the odds, or am I seriously outnumbered?” she asked in an exhausted whisper. Jughead was staring at the screaming red wrinked baby wiggling in the doctors hands.

“It’s a girl,” he whispered in awe, unable to look away.

“Thank goodness,” Betty breathed. “Now I have a fighting chance against you and Jackson.” Jughead grinned and the doctor lay the baby on her chest. Betty started to cry as she looked at the black haired screaming infant. “My god, she looked just like Jackson and you. I’m still out numbered.” Jughead laughed, his shaking hand touched the tiny head. The doctor and nurses gave them a moment and then grabbed the baby and got her weighted and measured and cleaned up and soon she was wrapped in a blanket and in Jughead’s arms.

“She’s so tiny,” he whispered, turning and handing her to Betty. Betty held the little girl to her chest, the tears running down her face.

“Hi sweetie,” she whispered. “I’m so happy to finally meet you.” The doctor finished up with her and soon she was settled in a more comfortable room and bed, with baby girl Cooper Jones having her first meal. Jughead sat beside her on the bed and he couldn’t seem to stop staring.

“She’s so beautiful,” he said, still in awe. “I’ve never seen someone so tiny.”

“You need to call my mom,” Betty said softly, her finger trailing down the baby’s cheek. Jughead pulled out his phone and got on it. Alice told him she and Jackson would be on their way immediately.

“I’m so proud of you Betts,” Jughead said softly. “That was the most amazing thing I’ve ever seen. You’re like a god damned warrior.”

“You were a huge help, Jug. I love you, so much.” Jughead leaned down and kissed her softly. Betty dozed off as the baby suckled at her breast and Jughead settled his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close. He couldn’t stop staring at the baby and was content to lay there and watch all day.

When Betty woke from her nap, she saw Jughead sitting in the chair, staring down at the baby in his arms.

“Hey you,” she said softly. Jughead looked up and grinned.

“She opened her eyes. They are blue,” he said excitedly.
“Of course they are,” Betty laughed. “We couldn’t let our kids have any mommy features.”

“They do,” Jughead said. “Jackson has your smile and laugh and when he gets mad you guys have the same face.”

“I guess you would know,” she smiled. Right then, Alice and Jackson walked into the room. Jackson ran over to Jughead, taking no notice of the baby and was about to jump in his lap when he skidded to a stop and stared.

“Hey buddy, would you like to meet your sister?”

“A girl?” Alice exclaimed, her eyes shimmering with tears. “Oh Betty.”

“I have a sister?” Jackson asked curiously, stepping closer and staring at the baby. He lifted his hand and touched her hair.

“Careful,” Jughead murmured. “She’s brand new and we have to be gentle.” Jackson nodded and smiled.

“You want to come sit with Mommy, Jax?” Betty asked and he smiled and hurried over and climbed on the bed. She tucked him into her side and got rewarded with a kiss on the cheek. Alice stood quietly and Jughead got up from the chair and walked over to her. He smiled and placed the baby in her arms and a tear slid down her cheek as she held her close.

“You guys did really good,” she whispered, placing a gentle kiss on the baby’s forehead. She sat in the chair and spent the next half hour alternating between whispering to the baby and congratulating them on a job well done. Jughead had taken a seat on the bed on the other side of Betty and kissed her hair.

“How are you doing, love?” he asked gently.

“Good. Getting tired, but I’m doing good.” Alice got up from the chair and walked over to Jughead and handed him the baby.

“I’m going to give you guys some time alone,” she said with a smile. “I’ll come back later and pick up Jackson.”

“Thanks mom,” Betty said, squeezing her hand. Alice smiled and quietly left the room. Betty sighed and leaned on Jughead. “How long will it be weird, you think?”

“A while,” Jughead said. “It will all be okay eventually.” Jackson leaned close and peered down at the baby again.

“What’s my sister’s name?” he asked curiously. Jughead smiled and looked down at the beautiful little girl in his arms.

“Jackson,” Betty said softly. “Meet Annie Cooper Jones.” Jughead looked at her and felt a couple of tears escape his eyes. They hadn’t actually completely finished the name discussion and his heart filled to overflowing. The only thing left to do was to make this amazing woman his wife.
It takes only one moment to change your life.

Betty woke to the sound of Annie crying in the middle of the night. She lay her hand on Jughead’s arm, who was in the process of getting up.

“It’s ok hon, I got it,” she said softly and got out of bed and walked over to the bassinet. She picked up the tiny infant and walked back to the bed, settling back on the pillows and placing her to her breast for food. She was two weeks old already and such a sweet and calm baby. While Jackson had been on the fussy side, she was quiet and rarely fussed unless she was hungry or needed a diaper change. Betty found that ironic, as now she had Jughead to help with a fussy baby and with Jackson she didn’t.

Annie rested her fist against Betty’s breast as she suckled and Betty trailed a finger down her cheek. She was so beautiful and she was so in love with the little girl. She had to smile over the fact that once again, her baby looked just like Jughead. Black hair and blue eyes and she thought it was perfect. She loved people knowing just who the father of her children were, just by looking at them.

“How are my beautiful ladies?” he asked in a whisper, as he slowly woke.

“Good,” she whispered softly, smiling down at him. Jughead lay a hand on her leg and watched his daughter nurse. Even that fascinated him. The parts of Betty's body that he loved to touch to give her pleasure, also gave their daughter nourishment and life.

“She’s so beautiful,” he whispered.

“She sure is; she looks just like you,” Betty smiled.

“She’ll have your sass and fire,” he predicted with a smirk.

When Annie finished nursing, Betty patted her back to get her to burp, which she did almost immediately. Jughead laughed and lifted his head to press a kiss to her hair. She was already sleeping again as Betty put her back in the bassinet. She came back to bed and curled up against Jughead, her head resting in the nook of his arm and shoulder.

“How are you feeling?” he asked, wrapping his arm around her and pulling her close.

“I’m doing good, the bounce back seems quicker with her. Probably cause she’s such an easy baby and cause you’re such an amazing help.” She kissed him then and immediately his arms wrapped around her, hauling her closer, his mouth moving eagerly over hers. When he pulled back, her hands were tangled in his hair.

“I see what you mean now about melting into me,” he whispered against her ear. “I missed having you so close to me.” Betty pressed even closer, her entire body touching his. “Mmmmm,” he groaned against her cheek.
“I wish I was ready for more,” she whimpered when his tongue flicked across her mouth.

“Soon love,” he whispered, even though he wanted her more than anything. It had been 3 weeks since they had made love and all he could think about was making her fall apart. Her body was still recovering from giving birth and until the doctor gave her the all clear, he would wait.

“I can help you,” she suggested, her hand moving down his body, finding him responding to her nearness. He grabbed her hand and shook his head.

“Not until you can join me,” he insisted. She pulled her hand away and slipped it into his boxers anyway, wrapping around him. “Christ,” he groaned, unable to help himself as he moved against her.

“Let me,” she pleaded, already kissing her way down her chest. Jughead opened his mouth to argue but a groan slipped out instead as she nipped at his stomach and ran her tongue along the line of his boxers. She pulled them down and all reason and thinking left his brain as her hands and mouth wove their magic over him.

A few days later, Betty was finishing up putting some of her more precious items in boxes, stuff she didn’t want to leave to the movers. She closed the box and taped it shut when she heard Jughead talking in the front room. She walked down the hall and leaned against the wall on the end of it and watched him cuddle Annie close while he talked to Jackson, who was perched beside him, asking questions.

“Are we going to give her back?” Jackson asked. Jughead chuckled, and brushed the little boy’s curls off his forehead.

“No, bud, we’re not giving her back. She is here to stay.”

“She has black hair, like me and you. Not yellow like mommy’s. Is she just ours?” Betty bit back her laugh, crossing her arms over her chest and holding her hand to her mouth.

“First of all, mommy’s hair is blonde, not yellow, although I guess I can see why you’d say yellow. And she belongs to all of us. Maybe she belongs to mommy the most, because she was inside mommy for a long time and mommy did all the work, so she definitely belongs to mommy the most.” Betty smiled. She didn’t agree at all with his statement but she figured she’d let them have their time without interruption.

“When will I be able to play with her?” Jackson asked, touching his sister gently on the head.

“Well, probably when she can move around and crawl. You will still have to be careful though. She is very tiny and she needs to grow and get strong before she can play.”

“I’m strong daddy, I’ll keep her safe.”

“I have no doubt that you will, Jax,” Jughead said with a smile. He adjusted Annie to his other arm and pulled Jackson onto the other side of his lap, his arms around both his children. Betty pulled her phone from her pocket and muted it and took several pictures. “You and I have to be her champions, buddy. We have to make sure she always knows how special and beautiful she is. We have to take care of her and protect her. When you guys get older, I want her to be able to count on her big brother when she needs help or gets in trouble. Do you think you could be her hero when mommy or daddy aren’t there?”
“I’ll be a super hero like the Hulk. I’ll be all big and green for her.” Jughead started to laugh at the determined look on Jackson’s little face.

“Well, that sounds real good buddy,” he said softly, giving him a squeeze.

“Do me and you take care of mommy too?” Jackson asked.

“We sure do, Jax. I will always take care of mommy and protect her and keep her safe. You can help me. When daddy isn’t there, you have to be her hero and Annie’s hero.”

“Does mommy take care of us?”

“God, does she ever,” Jughead said with a chuckle. “Mommy is the biggest super hero. She is fierce and loyal and she would do absolutely anything for us. She loves us very much buddy.”

Betty wiped the tear that slipped from her eye and ran down her cheek. She didn’t know if it was possible to love them any more than she did right then. Her family. The loves of her life. Annie stirred awake and was soon wailing for her next meal. Betty walked over and gave Jughead a soft kiss before taking the baby from him. He winked at her and was content to sit and watch as she nursed. Jackson had no interest in that and went to play with his toys.

It was nearing the second week of December and Jughead had told her that the house was on schedule to be ready in time for Christmas. Archie and Veronica had apparently had no mercy with the workers and had pushed, despite Jughead insisting that they can take it easy. His concerns fell on deaf ears and the work had gone on day and night. Jughead promised a Christmas bonus for all the workers and although Archie insisted it wasn’t necessary, Jughead had been adamant about it and of course the workers weren’t going to complain.

“So, are you really not going to let me see any pictures to see how things are going with the house?” Betty asked as she gently bathed Annie in the baby bath set on the kitchen island.

“I want to surprise you,” Jughead said with a smile as he sat and scrolled his phone and answered texts from both Archie and Veronica.

“But what if I don’t like what you’re doing,” Betty said, chewing her lip.

“You said you trust me,” Jughead reminded her gently.

“I know and I do, but I feel so out of the loop. Like I’m not part of the process.”

“I’m using all your ideas and colors and furniture,” he said with a smile. “Trust me, it will be exactly how you want it.”

“Well, okay then, but if I end up not liking it, I’ll have to think of a way to punish you,” she said with a grin. Jughead put the phone down and smirked.

“Please, enlightened me,” he said with a wink.

“You’ll just have to wait and see,” she said with a grin.

“So, Archie says that we can send our things, the stuff we’re actually bringing, on the 20th because that’s when the house is getting all the furniture and finishing touches. We will be staying at the Lodge Hotel and he says we can have the keys on the 23rd and just to warn you, Veronica has
planned an Christmas party for the 24th,” Jughead explained.

“Really? So we get one night before our house is filled with people?” Betty asked with a sigh.

“Well, my dad, sister, and Archie and Veronica, basically,” Jughead said with a laugh. “Maybe some of the other friends you’ve met, but it will be small.”

“And my mother,” Betty said softly. “As per your suggestion.”

“Well, she’s alone and no, I’m not a fan of hers, but she’s civil and I don’t think she will want to miss Christmas away from her newest grand kids.”

“If she decides she likes Riverdale and wants to move there, I’ll never forgive you,” Betty said laughing. Jughead laughed and leaned over the counter and gave her a kiss.

“I have to finish up some stuff in the office and we’ll get dinner going,” Jughead said as he stood. He gave her another kiss and a soft look that made her flush and disappeared into the office. He closed the door and pulled out his phone and made a call.

“Hello,” Alice picked up on the other end.

“Hey, Alice, it’s Jughead.”

“Oh, hello,” she said, sounding a little confused. “Is everything alright?”

“Yes, I was just wondering what day you were planning on arriving in Riverdale? You’ll be flying, yes? It’s only an hour’s drive from the nearest airport.”

“Yes, I booked a flight already and I’m going to arrive the morning of the 24th.”

“Okay,” Jughead said softly. “There is something I need you to do for me and I’m trusting you with this, so let me know if you’re willing to help or not, or I’ll figure something else out.”

“You can trust me,” Alice said quietly. “What do you need?”

On December 20th, early morning, Betty leaned against the door of their now empty apartment and gazed around, taking it all in. She remembered being so excited to get this place and finally moving in with Jughead, and now, they were once again leaving. She was beyond excited to move to Riverdale and with her job, Jughead had been right. The research she did for her firm paid well and they told her they had no problem overnighting cases and emailing. She really could move out of New York and still make a good living. She had delayed her finishing her degree by a few months, but was enrolled in online courses, set to start in January.

She wasn’t going to miss the city. She had been here her whole life and she longed for the quiet and peace of Riverdale. She longed to be surrounded by friends who she could call on, no matter what. Jughead adjusted Annie in the removable car seat and Jackson stood beside it, keeping watch like he enjoyed doing. Jughead wrapped his arm around Betty, pulling her into his side and pressing a kiss to the side of her head.

“You okay?” he asked softly.

“Yeah,” she smiled, leaning into him. “Just taking a last look. I really loved this place and it was so exciting when we finally got to move here.”
“Well, now we’re going to our forever home and we never have to move again.” Betty turned and wrapped her arms around his waist and smiled up at him.

“Forever, huh?” she asked cheekily.

“Mmmmm, yes,” he said, lowering his mouth to kiss her softly. She sighed into it and let herself get lost in his kiss for just a moment. She pulled away and smiled. After one last look around the place, she slowly closed the door. Jughead picked up the baby carrier and took her hand, heading to the elevator that Jackson ran ahead to push the button for. Betty bit her lip and glanced at Jughead. She had gotten the all clear from the doctor the day before. They could resume their husband and wife fun. She hadn’t told Jughead and decided to keep it as a surprise for their first night in their new house. Or maybe a Christmas Eve gift. She hadn’t decided yet. She wasn’t sure if she could hold out that long to begin with because it had been 7 weeks and she was going nuts.

She almost laughed when she remembered the conversation she had had with Veronica the week before, who was still learning the ins and outs of pregnancy. When Betty had informed her that after having a baby you had to wait a few weeks because it was like the body was having a super long period that never seemed to end and could get an infection if one had sex, she had been extremely annoyed.

“So, I have to push out a baby and then my husband can’t thank me for giving him a child by making love to me for over a month?” Betty had laughed and then informed her that some women, depending on the childbirth, had to wait anywhere from 4 to almost 12 weeks. Veronica had said a firm “Fuck that!” to that bit of information and Betty had laughed about it the entire day. She did seem to calm down when Betty told her if she really was that desperate, she should make sure they used a condom to avoid infection. Veronica had seemed pleased with that. Betty didn’t bother telling her she’d probably be too exhausted the first couple of weeks to do that anyway.

They got out to the SUV that had some of their more precious items that they didn’t trust to the movers and once everyone was buckled in, Jughead turned to her and took her hand.

“Are you ready, my love?” he asked with a smile. Betty touched his face and leaned over and kissed him. Again, when his tongue flicked ever so lightly against her lips, she wondered how she was going to not jump his bones for 4 more days.

“I’m so ready, I can hardly stand it,” she said breathlessly when he pulled away.

“How about you buddy?” he asked Jackson, who was busy paging through a book in his car seat.

“I’m ready daddy. Where are we going?” Jughead laughed and put the vehicle into drive.

“We’re going home, buddy. We’re going home.”

They arrived in Riverdale late in the evening and they were all exhausted. Travelling with two small children was no easy feat and Betty was sleeping on her feet as they unpacked into the hotel. They didn’t tell anyone they had arrived, as all they wanted to do was sleep. The kids were sleeping already and just had to be put in their bed and crib and after a shower, Betty and Jughead fell into bed and sighed with relief over the comfort.

“The Lodge Hotel has the best beds,” Betty sighed, curling into Jughead and wrapping her arm across his waist.

“In 3 days we’ll be in our own bed,” he said, giving her a squeeze.
“We left our bed in New York,” she reminded him with a laugh.

“Well, Veronica said it didn’t match our master suite,” he said with a shrug.

“How the hell does she know that?”

“I may or may not have sent her a picture,” Jughead admitted. Betty laughed and ran her hand over his stomach.

“Have you been working out more than usual?” she asked, her fingers trailing the lines between the muscles.

“No, just the regular amount,” he said with a chuckle. “You just haven’t felt me up in a while.”

“Mmmmm, how silly of me,” she muttered, her hand making slow circles. Jughead stopped her movement by placing his hand over hers.

“You’re making me hard,” he said bluntly, a sigh escaping his lips. Betty giggled and threw a leg over his lap. He let out a painful groan and grunt. “You’re going to pay for that,” he threatened.

“How?” she teased.

“As soon as it recovered from this pointless assault, I’m going to need to warm it up, slowly, and then a little faster and then…. Betty pressed her hand over his mouth, her body heating up at his teasing. “Go to sleep, you little tease,” he smiled, hugging her close. She laughed and they were fast asleep a minute later.

The next morning, after making some phone calls, FP, Jellybean, Archie and Veronica showed up at the hotel. Since they were in a suite, there was plenty of room and FP got the honors of holding the new baby first. He unashamedly cried as he held her. Jellybean pretty much acted the exact same way, unable to keep her tears in as she placed kisses all over Annie’s little face.

“My God, Jug and Betty, she is just gorgeous. And may I say that I’m very proud that the Jones genes are so strong?” she said with a laugh. Jughead smirked arrogantly and Betty rolled her eyes.

“Don’t stroke his ego,” she said laughing. Veronica held her next and she cuddled Annie to her chest and went and sat down on the couch, staring down at her in awe. Annie gazed at her, her blue eyes wide open and Betty sat beside them.

“Oh Betty, she is so gorgeous! Look at those eyes!” Veronica exclaimed.

“Just like her daddy’s,” Betty said with a smile. “Before you know it, you’ll be holding your own little one,” she whispered. Veronica looked at her, her eyes teary and nodded.

“I’m a little scared,” she whispered, so only Betty would hear. Betty wrapped her arm around her shoulders and gave her a hug.

“I will help you,” she whispered back. Jellybean sat down on the other side of V and they all sighed and giggled over the little angel in her arms. The men stood off to the side and Archie patted Jughead on the shoulder.

“You did good buddy. You have a beautiful family” he said softly.

“Thanks Arch,” Jughead said with a smile, feeling his heart swell. He looked over at FP and smiled.
when he saw him already stretched out on the floor playing with Jackson, who seemed extremely happy to see his grandfather.

“We going to head over to Moonstone?” Archie asked, pulling out his phone and scrolling through some schedule things. Veronica lifted her head and nodded.

“The U-haul arrived last night and is waiting to be unpacked, so as soon as we have brunch, we can go see about getting stuff into the house and let Betty spend some time with Jellybean for the day.”

“Wait,” Betty said with a frown. “I’m not allowed to come and see?”

“Well,” V said biting her lip. “I kind of want to make it all ready and on Saturday, when it’s all ready, I want Jughead to bring you and you can walk into your new home and you don’t have to do a thing. Of course if you want to change things and placements around, that’s completely up to you, but I’d love to surprise you with this. Please?”

“My goodness,” Betty sighed. “I feel so out of the loop since giving this over to Jughead to handle and you guys literally aren’t allowing me even a peek. I’m very nervous about this entire thing.”

“Jughead wanted you to have the most beautiful home and he took great care in doing exactly what you had envisioned from all your papers. It’s beautiful, Betty. I promise you,” Veronica said with a smile. “The final inspection is the morning of the 23rd and then the house is yours. Can you wait?”

“Yes, I suppose,” Betty sighed. After they had a wonderful brunch, Jughead pulled Betty close and placed a soft kiss on her mouth.

“I promise you will love the house. If you really are upset at me for keeping you out, you can come with if you want. I don’t want you to mad,” he murmured.

“It’s okay, Juggie. I won’t want to take away your fun,” she said with a smile. “I can wait.” He smiled and kissed her again and soon they were all gone, leaving her with Jellybean and the two kids.

“I’m so excited you’re going to live here now,” JB said happily. “Now I’ll see you much more often and who knows, maybe I’ll even move back home one day. I do love Riverdale.”

“Well, you can come as often as you like to visit. We have more than enough room,” Betty laughed. Annie started fussing and Betty settled down to feed her. She had a lovely afternoon with Jughead’s sister, who took great delight in taking pictures of her niece and nephew.

Two days later, Betty stood beside the SUV, looking up at the huge house that was now her home. She was nervous and excited and she could feel herself trembling a little bit. The house was now surrounded by snow, but still looked as beautiful as it had in the fall at Veronica and Archie’s wedding. It was Christmas day in two days and by some miracle, despite all the delays, they were going to be in their new home for Christmas. Veronica had already taken Annie and Jackson inside, giving Jughead a minute with Betty.

“You nervous?” he asked softly. He took her hands and lifted them to his mouth, kissing them softly.

“A little,” she said with a shaky smile. “I can’t actually believe this is real.”

“Well, may I show you your home, my lovely lady?” he asked with an exaggerated bow. Betty giggled and took his hand, following him up the steps to the front door. He smiled at her and opened
the door, stepping aside as she slowly walked in. Betty was rendered speechless. She had been in the house in the middle of renovations but she didn’t for a second picture it looking so grand. The Foyer was huge, the stairs going up one side so grand, Betty decided she was in the wrong house. Jughead didn’t say anything as she slowly walked around. FP, Jellybean, Archie, Veronica and the kids were settled in the living room and the tree that had been decorated in front of the window was majestic. Betty walked around the first floor, leaving her boots and jacket by the door. The kitchen, the living room, the office, the dining room, the bathroom, the laundry room. She slowly climbed the stairs, her hand sliding along the wood banister. She still wasn’t speaking as she looked into the bedrooms. Jackson’s and Annie’s rooms were beautiful and there were two other bedrooms that would serve as guest rooms until another child or two came along. Before he let her in the master suite, she went up to the rather large attic room which was a beautiful play room.

They walked back down to the bedrooms and Jughead opened the door to the master suite and she walked in and stood in the middle of the room and looked at everything. It was spectacular and Betty had a hard time taking it all in. The furniture was new, but their things were there. The pictures, the decorative items that she loved. The closet had all her clothes put away and it was astonishing in it’s own right. Almost as big as their bedroom back in New York. The bathroom was like a marble palace and she thought the entire house was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She walked back into the bedroom where Jughead waited for her, leaning against the door frame.

“So, what do you think?” he asked softly. Betty shook her head, her eyes filling with tears, unable to speak. Jughead pulled away from the door and hurried over to her. “Hey, what’s this?” he asked, lifting his hand to her face to wipe the tears that spilled over.

“It’s too much Jughead,” she whispered. “This is too much. This house, this year, my life now. I can’t comprehend how this all happened.” Jughead held her face, his thumb stroking against her cheek.

“I’ll tell you how it happened,” he said with a smile. “You went to a party and teased me with your beautiful eyes and nothing could keep me away from you. I was like a moth to a flame Betty and I truly believe it was destiny or fate or whatever, but we are meant to be together and I will give you the world if you ask for it. You loved this house and I was determined to make it beautiful for you, just to see you smile because of it.” His words, once again beautiful, didn’t help her tears and she wrapped her arms around him and held him close. “I love you so much,” he whispered.

“I love you too, Jug,” she whimpered against his neck. “Thank you so much for this. I have no idea how I’m going to top this gift.”

“You already did,” he said softly. “You gave me two beautiful children.” She lifted her head and smiled up at him.

“Well, to be completely fair, I didn’t really plan on giving you either of them,” she said with a giggle. Jughead grinned and wrapped his arms around her, lifting her off the ground and twirling her around.

“Welcome home, my love,” he whispered before taking her mouth in a heated and thorough kiss.

Alice arrived the next morning and when she walked into Moonstone Manor she was quite astonished. Betty bit back a smile as she walked around, looking at everything. The first night in the house had been amazing. Jackson adored his room and Betty swore Annie slept better in her beautiful nursery. The bed Veronica had chosen for their master suite was so comfortable, Betty had slept almost till noon. Jughead had let her sleep and took care of the kids. Now Alice walked around, looking like she had entered a new world or something.
“This is amazing,” she finally said when she was back in the living room staring up at the tree. “This whole place is amazing. Back in New York this would cost a bloody fortune,” she mentioned.

“Yeah, who knew small town was so affordable?” Betty said with a smile. Alice smiled back at her and to Betty’s surprise, gave her a hug.

“I’m proud of you Betty. You have a beautiful family and a beautiful life and I’m really proud of you. I’m sorry for trying to keep this from you,” she said softly. Betty just smiled and gave her another hug. “Now, where can I find Jughead?” Alice asked.

“I think he’s in the office,” Betty answered as she went to settle down to feed Annie. Her mother nodded and went in search of him.

Jughead stood by the desk in the office and was finishing up an email when Alice walked in. She smiled in greeting and looked around.

“This place is beautiful Jughead,” she said softly.

“Thank you.”

“Now, about that favor you asked of me?” Alice mentioned. Jughead put his phone down and nodded. Alice reached into her bag and pulled out the small package Jughead had asked her to pick up and walked over to him and placed it in his hand. “I have to say Jughead, the jeweler you sent me to for this package is a very prominent ring designer. They say every ring is one of a kind. I’m assuming that’s what this is?”

Jughead opened the package and pulled out the small velvet box. He didn’t open it but handed it back to her. “Go ahead,” he said with a nod. Alice opened it and gasped as she stared down at the brilliant emerald and diamond ring.

“Wow,” she said quietly. “This is stunning.”

“Do you think she’ll like it?” Jughead asked nervously. Alice laughed.

“Jughead, she is so in love with you, I think if you gave her a ring with a river pebble in it, she would love it. Trust me, she will like the ring.”

“You’re not going to interfere, are you?” he asked, digging a little.

“I guess I deserve that,” Alice said with a sigh. “No, Jughead, I won’t interfere.”

Later that day, everyone came back to the house for a Christmas eve party that Veronica had organized. How she managed to do all this with the morning sickness she was constantly complaining about, Betty had no idea. The food was amazing, the company was wonderful and everyone was having a wonderful time. Betty was still trying to wrap her head around everything and was starting to feel overwhelmed. She wanted to take off the lovely cream dress she had on, wash off her makeup, take the pins out of her hair and snuggle with Jughead in her pajamas, or better yet, naked. It was Christmas Eve and she had managed to keep her hands to herself but not anymore. She was aching for him and watching him walk around and talk with people, his smile and laugh, his winks in her direction; she was an achy mess the further along the day went.
She excused herself, telling Veronica she was going to take a breather and to only let Jughead know if he was wondering and nobody else. She went up to the master suite and closed the door, shutting out the noise. It was a really mild Christmas weather wise and the sun was just starting to set and the balcony off their bedroom had a spectacular view of it over the river and trees. There was a light snow falling and she wrapped a blanket around her shoulders and went out on the balcony. She stood for a while, feeling content and peaceful, watching the snow fall and the sun set.

“Hey you,” Jughead said softly, coming up behind her. Betty smiled and turned around. She didn’t say anything, just took his face and pulled him down for a long, deep kiss. He wrapped her in his arms and responded eagerly, his mouth hungry on hers. She whimpered into his mouth and his tongue sank in, rubbing against hers. When he pulled away, she gasped for breath. “Wow,” he breathed, resting his forehead on hers. “Please do that again.” She did, happily. When they pulled apart, his was hard and pressing against her. “God, Betty, I need you. I don’t know how much longer I can wait before I lose my fucking mind.”

“Not much longer,” she whispered, smiling as she thought of the wild night he was in for.

“Are you happy?” he asked softly, brushing back her hair.

“So happy, I swear this is all a dream. It can’t get any better than this,” she said softly.

“It could you know,” he said with a smile. She leaned against him and hugged him close.

“I don’t think so, this is just perfect.” Jughead tilted her head up and gave her a soft kiss.

“Do you know how much I love you?” he asked. She bit her lip and nodded. “I love you so much it hurts. The day I met you my life changed. I knew it the moment our eyes met. I didn’t know how much it changed, but something shifted and I wanted you like I’ve never wanted anyone or anything in all my life. When I left you the next day, I left my heart behind and until the day I die, leaving you that day will always be my biggest regret.” Jughead took her hands and smiled down into her face. “I am so incredibly grateful that I found you again and the day I saw you sitting on that bench, I immediately started walking toward you. When I saw Jackson and realized he was mine, I was stunned but it didn’t sway me in the least. I wanted you, I wanted him. I wasn’t walking away again. Now you’ve given me Annie and Jesus Christ, Betty, I didn’t know I had this much room in my heart. I love them so much and I love you more than life. I can’t imagine my life without you and I would honored, honored and blessed, if you would be my wife.” Betty, already with tears streaming down her face at his words, gasped, as a little black box suddenly appeared in front of her. She took the box with trembling fingers and slowly opened it.

“Oh my god,” she whispered, looking down at the ring. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. “Jug,” she gasped, her eyes flying to his. Jughead took the ring from the bed of velvet and lowered to one knee and she stood with her hands over her heart, a sob spilling out. He took her hand and smiled up at her, his own hand shaking.

“Betty Cooper, will you marry me?”

“Yes,” she whispered. “Yes, yes, yes!” He slipped the ring on her finger and to her surprise it was a perfect fit and rose up quickly, wrapping her in his arms and swinging her around. “I love you so much,” she cried, her mouth placing kisses all over his face.

“I love you too,” he said, his own eyes welling up, his mouth trying to catch hers. He finally grabbed her face and kissed the breath right out of her. When he pulled away, she clung to him, her fingers in his hair.
“Juggie?” she whispered against his mouth.

“Betty?”

“I had the all clear from the doctor the day before we came to Riverdale. I’ve been saving it so I could give you a gift on Christmas Eve,” she said with a happy sigh. Jughead lifted his head and looked at her, the heat in his eyes making her ache.

“We need to get those people the fuck out of our house,” he said gruffly, his hands already starting to wander over her. Betty giggled and took his face in her hands, the emerald sparkling at her in the fading sunset.

“First lets tell them we’re getting married, then we’ll have some food and drinks, then we’ll spend the entire night making love and I promise my love, it will be a very satisfying night,” Betty promised. Jughead groaned and gave her another long kiss.

“Okay, let’s go, but I can’t promise I’ll behave,” he said with a sigh. She smiled, expecting nothing less.

Everyone was ecstatic at the news and the women were in tears and crying over the ring and the men slapped Jughead on the back and started pouring shots. Jellybean took over babysitting duty and soon had Jackson down for the night and Betty fed Annie and then JB carried her off to bed as well. Jughead made good of his threat and had her trembling with need before the evening ended. His subtle touches and winks and stolen kisses were driving her insane and she just wanted to throw everyone out. It was Veronica who noticed the couple looked like they were ready to just jump each other in front of everyone. She called a halt to the party and told everyone it was time to leave.

After a few grumbled protests, the guests filtered out with hugs and congratulations and happy Christmas wishes. JB and FP would be returning the following day, as well as Alice, who had refused a guest room and opted for the hotel. When the last person was out the door, Jughead locked it and turned around, leaning back against it. Betty walked over to him and ran her hand down his chest.

"Why don’t you turn off all these lights and meet me in the bedroom,” she whispered against his ear. He could only nod and watched as she climbed the stairs and then hurried around, making sure all the lights were out and the doors locked. He took the stairs two at a time.

Betty stood in front of the fireplace in a sheer robe, the flames behind her illuminating every curve of her body. She wore no underwear and he saw the coral tips of her breasts straining against the material, his eyes moving down and coming to a stop at the V between her legs. He swallowed, his body hardening in a rush. He walked over to her slowly, and she watched, her lip pulled between her teeth.

He took her face in his hands and kissed her until she was moaning into his mouth and pressing against him. His hands slipped into her robe and he groaned at the feel of her smooth skin.

Betty’s hands went to the buttons of his shirt, making quick work of them and he broke the kiss long enough to shrug out of it before taking her mouth again. Moving aside the robe, he groaned as he pulled her close, her breasts pressed against his chest, his hands moving down over her hips and around to cup her backside. Jughead lifted her and her legs wrapped around him as he walked over to the bed. He lay her down gently and he took his time looking at her, the robe falling to the side. Betty felt only a little self-conscious, she hadn’t gained that much weight during the pregnancy but she was still soft and round and she knew she had a few more stretch marks.
It didn’t last long as Jughead raked his eyes over her slowly, taking in ever part of her, his eyes darkening with desire the more he looked. His hands moved to his belt and he held her gaze with a sexy smirk as he undid it and his zipper and pushed his pants down. She looked at him in his boxers and the huge bulge made her mouth water. She sat up and reached for his boxers and he took her hand and shook his head.

“No,” he said softly. “You’ve done that a few times now since Annie has been born. I need to touch you.” Betty trembled and fell back on the bed and he came down over her, kissing her frantically, his tongue stroking against hers. She whimpered when he moved lower and sucked the skin at the base of her throat, before moving lower and gently swirling his tongue over her nipple. She arched and moaned, wanting more and he sucked gently on her, while his fingers lightly pinched the other.

“Jug,” she gasped, writhing beneath him, her arousal pooling between her legs. Jughead moved his hand down and ran it down her leg and up the inside. When he reached her thigh, she parted her legs, eager for his touch. He brushed his fingers over her and groaned against her breast as she all but dripped over him.

“Fuck,” he muttered. “You’re so wet.”

“More,” she whimpered, lifting her hips to his hand. He stroked over her, gently circling her clit and her body jerked in reaction. Jughead lifted his head and watched her face as he moved lower and slid a finger slowly inside her. She was so incredibly tight and he lowered his forehead to hers, taking care not to hurt her. He let his thumb slowly circle her clit and she suddenly grabbed his wrist, her legs clamping on his hand as her body suddenly clenched on his fingers. She cried out in surprise at the unexpected release.

“Well, someone was eager,” Jughead teased, placing soft kisses on her neck.

“Shut up,” she whispered, parting her legs to free his hand. She grabbed his face and gave him a searing kiss, tugging on his lip with her teeth. He groaned, swiping his tongue across her mouth, biting back lightly. She pulled back and the look in her eyes made him twitch in his boxers.

“I want your mouth between my legs,” she said, her voice laced with desire.

“Fuck,” he muttered, the seductive and lusty look in her eyes making him want to come in his underwear. He kissed his way down her body and parted her thighs with his hands. He wasted no time teasing her, his tongue raking over her and she moaned loudly, her hips lifting to him. Jughead groaned and his tongue pushed inside her and his thumb rubbed her clit, quickly bringing her to orgasm again. He replaced his tongue with a finger and then eased another one in, stretching her, preparing her body for him, his tongue lapping at her swollen nub while she writhed beneath him.

“Jug,” she gasped, her body covered in a fine sheen of sweat as she strained for release again. Jughead slowly moved his fingers, curling them as he stretched her, twisting into her and she sobbed in pleasure. “More,” she moaned, her fingers clenching his hair. “Please,” she begged. He latched his mouth and sucked on her clit as he pushed deep with his fingers and she fell apart in a moaning, writhing mess. “Fuck,” she gasped, clenching hard on his fingers. Jughead lapped up her body’s release and then ran his tongue up her body, stopping at her breasts, placing kisses all over the swollen globes, teasing her nipples until she was pulling on him. “I need you,” she demanded. She could feel him shaking and knew he was desperate to be inside her.

“Shit,” he groaned when she reached down and shoved his boxers down his thighs, her hand wrapping around him. She stroked him, shifting so she could rub her wet heat over him.

“Please Juggie,” she moaned. She had released a few times already but her body wanted him with a desperation she could barely contain. “Please,” she begged again, lifting to him. Jughead rested his
forehead on hers, trying to be careful, slowly easing inside her, his body shaking with desire, holding back slightly so he wouldn’t hurt her.

“You feel so fucking good,” he groaned. “Baby, just…..wait, I don’t want to hurt you,” he gasped against her mouth as she bucked against him.

“Please Jughead,” she cried out. “I need you to fuck me!”

His control vanished and he thrust inside her, sinking to the hilt and they both groaned at the pleasure that consumed them. Betty felt the burn of his thrust, her body tight and hadn’t held him in weeks and she didn’t care. She wrapped her legs around him and arched wildly into him. He was still trying to go slow and she grasped his face and her eyes burned into his.

“Fuck me,” she said hoarsely. “Please Jughead, I need it.” Jughead braced his hands on the bed on either side of her head and began to move, hard and fast and he knew he wasn’t going to last. It had been too long without her body wrapped around his. Her moans and cries spurred him on and he thrust into her again and again, his mouth devouring hers, his tongue thrusting deep, tasting her dark corners. “Jug, oh my god….it’s…im….Jug, I’m coming,” she whimpered, and he lifted his head and watched her, her eyes glazed over and the fact that he didn’t have to use his hands to get her there turned him on more than he thought possible, swelling impossibly hard inside her. “Fuck!” she gasped as her orgasm slammed over her, her body tightening like a vice on him.

“Holy shit,” he groaned, her body pulling him so deep. He thrust hard, once, twice and then he was coming, deep and hard, spilling inside her almost violently, his body shuddering and jerking against hers. “Jesus Christ,” he all but sobbed into her hair as he collapsed on her. He meant to hold himself up but he couldn’t do it as she pulled everything from him. Betty was wrapped around him so tightly, he couldn’t have moved away from her if he wanted to. In his daze he heard her whispers against his ear.

“I love you, I love you, I love you.” Jughead managed to gasp it out in reply and she tightened her hold. Long moments later he finally managed to ease to the side, both groaning at the drag of their bodies against each other. She stayed plastered to him, clinging tightly.

“That was insane,” he whispered. “Holy shit.”

“I was desperate,” she sighed. “I needed that so bad.” Jughead laughed softly, his hand caressing her skin.

“You and me both,” Jughead muttered. “How about we go shower and fucking do it again.” She giggled and pressed closer.

“Let’s take a nap first,” she suggested, her eyes already drooping.

“Whatever you want sweetheart,” he said softly. She was sleeping a few moments later and he lifted her hand and looked at the beautiful ring he had made just for her. She was going to be his wife and he had never felt happier. He fell asleep with a grin on his face.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter after this one, thank you for taking this journey with me :)
Laughter

Chapter Notes

If love is the treasure, laughter is the key.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

~~~This is a collection of moments that happen over the span of two and a half years.~~~

Betty woke up to her phone buzzing on her bedside table. She sighed and reached over to grab it, squinting at the screen. It was Veronica.

*Christmas on our end was cancelled cause my parents decided to fly out to Paris last night for some stupid reason and Archie’s father is with his mother trying to rekindle the old romance, so we’re coming over to crash your Christmas. Be there at noon!*

Betty sighed and lay the phone down. She rolled over and curled into Jughead and placed soft kisses on his cheek.

“Mmmmmorning,” he grumbled sleepily as he rolled and wrapped his arms around her. She sighed happily and snuggled closer. “Hi baby,” he said softly, giving her a gentle kiss. She frowned at him when he pulled away and he laughed and kissed her again, more thoroughly until he was laying between her legs and she was fisting his hair. He pulled back and she gasped for breath.

“That’s better,” she said, somehow managing to get her wits about her. Jughead grinned and nuzzled her nose with his own. She could feel him getting aroused against her core and giggled. “Stop that, Annie will be awake for feeding in a few minutes,” she chided.

“I only need a few minutes,” he murmured against her neck, his mouth teasing kisses along the length. He got to her collarbone and licked it with his tongue and she moaned and moved against him in spite of herself.

“Juggie,” she said with a sigh, pushing against his chest, even as she wrapped her legs around him. “Didn’t you get enough last night?” Betty asked with a grin. Jughead lifted his head and smirked.

“Maybe I should ask you that,” he teased, nudging against her. “You woke me twice.”

“I was horny,” she said with a giggle and a shrug.

“Damn, I love it when you’re horny,” he growled against her neck. He suddenly went still and lifted his head, looking down at her. “Did I get you pregnant last night?” he asked seriously.

“Well, I have no idea,” Betty laughed. “It would be far too soon to tell, they probably still swimming.”

“I’m being serious,” he groaned.

“Relax, sweetie, I went back on the pill 4 weeks after she was born and just to be extra sure, I got a diaphragm and I put it in last night before you got upstairs.” Betty explained.
“What the hell is a diaphragm?” Jughead asked with a raised eyebrow.

“What?” she asked laughing.

“Seriously Betty, I’m not Mr. Experience here, I don’t have years of loving making under my belt,” he said with his own laughter. “I didn’t take a crash course in birth control.”

“Maybe you should have,” she said slyly. He pinched her side and she shrugged away in a fit of giggles. “It’s this little bendable silicone thing that I insert and it forms a barrier so none of your gentlemen get through.”

“Like a girl condom?”

“Yes, like a girl condom,” Betty said, rolling her eyes and laughing.

“And you have to put it in every single time?”

“Yes.”

“What if we forget?”

“Then we hope the pill works. The doctor says this one is stronger or something…. ”

“Or something,” Jughead laughed. Annie’s crying suddenly sounded through the monitor and he sighed, rolling to the side. “We don’t need birth control, we have children,” he laughed.

“We had sex for half the night,” she laughed, throwing a pillow on his head.

“We paused so you could feed Annie once,” he reminded her, peeking out from behind the pillow. “Go get her and bring your fine ass back into bed,” he smirked. Betty giggled and added extra wiggle as she headed to the nursery, Jughead’s groan following her. She changed the baby and brought her back to bed and settled against the pillows beside Jughead who was sitting up and had thoughtfully piled them up for her and settled into his side, his arm around her. Annie latched immediately and Betty smiled down as she watched her.

“By the way, Archie and V are crashing Christmas, they’ll be here at noon.”

“The more the merrier I guess,” Jughead said, picking up his phone and scrolling his messages. “Archie asks if they can bring anything.”

“No, I think my mom and Jellybean planned it all out yesterday. They will be here in an hour to start on all the food.”

“Mommy!” Jackson’s yell from his room echoed into their room.

“Come in here Jax,” she called back. The little boy wandered in pulling his blanket and climbed up on the bed and settled himself on Jughead’s lap.

“Hi daddy,” he said sleepily, leaning into his chest.

“Hi buddy, you sleep well?” Jackson nodded and yawned.

“You ready to open presents?” That woke the little boy up and he straightened in excitement.

“I forgot!” he exclaimed. “It’s Christmas!”
“Let’s let Annie finish eating and then we’ll go downstairs, okay?” Jughead suggested. Jackson nodded and clapped his hands happily.

Soon they were sitting around the tree and opening gifts. Jackson was delighted with his toys and the brand new bike. Annie of course was oblivious, but Betty got teary over the pink stuffed monkey Jughead got her and a cute pair of tiny diamond studs for whenever Betty decided to pierce her ears.

“You’re so ridiculously cute,” she laughed. “You’re really giving our 5 week old diamonds?” Jughead just grinned in response. Betty handed him his gift. It was a distressed leather laptop carry bag with his name burnt into it and a brand new, top of the line laptop.

“Wow,” he said as he ran a hand over it. “I’ve been thinking of upgrading but hadn’t gotten around to it.”

“I know,” Betty said smiling. “Figured I’d help you out.” He leaned over and kissed her and handed her a small package. Betty bit her lip as she opened it and found another small jewel box. “Oh Jug, this ring would have been more than enough,” she whispered as she opened it and looked down. Nestled in the velvet was a matching pair of chandelier earrings. The emeralds and diamonds glittered up at her. “I think I’m set for wedding day jewelry,” she said, her eyes shimmering with tears. She took his face and pulled him close for a kiss. “You spoil me,” she whispered.

“You deserve to be spoiled. You’re an amazing girlfriend, an amazing mother and you’re going to be an amazing wife.” Betty rewarded him with a few more kisses.

The rest of their Christmas day family and friends started showing up half an hour later and soon the house was smelling like roasting turkey and all sorts of other yummy foods. Betty helped with some of the food and after she got her pie in the oven, she wandered into the living room and smiled at the guys entertaining the kids. Archie and FP were rolling a ball around with Jackson and Jughead was sitting on the couch, staring down with utter adoration at the little girl in his arms. He was whispering to her and Betty walked over and sat beside him.

“She’s going to have you wrapped around her little finger, isn’t she?” she asked with a laugh.

“Probably,” he sighed and smiled. “I just can’t get over how tiny and beautiful she is.”

“Treasure this stage hon, they grow way too quickly,” Betty said, laying her head on his shoulder. He adjusted Annie so he could wrap his arm around her.

“Mommy look, grandpa taught me how to catch,” Jackson yelled at her, showing her the ball he had just caught.

“I saw sweetie, that’s really good. I’m proud of you,” Betty said with a smile. Jackson beamed and walked over.

“Did you see me, Annie?” he asked the baby.

“She sure did,” Jughead said firmly. “I think she said you are a very good ball catcher.”

“Can I hold her?” Jackson asked suddenly, sounding a little unsure. Jughead looked at Betty and she nodded. She moved over so Jackson could sit between them and Jughead gently placed Annie in his lap.
“Hold her gently, but not too tight, just enough so she doesn’t fall,” Jughead instructed, making sure his hand was only inches away in case it went wrong. Jackson surprised them both as he held her with his little arms wrapped around her. He leaned his head down and kissed her hair.

“I love you Annie, you’re my baby sister,” he said quietly. Jughead met Betty’s gaze over Jackson’s head and saw her eyes misty with tears. He winked and squeezed her shoulder.

“I love you,” he whispered softly. She nodded, unable to speak. Jellybean was busy taking pictures of the moment between them all and promised to send all copies to them.

The day passed in a happy blur with lots of presents, food and family. Jughead leaned his shoulder against the window frame and watched the snow fall outside. Behind him, his family and friends were talking and laughing, the kids drowsy and ready for bed, Betty giving him soft and loving looks. He had never felt so content in all his life. It was an amazing way to end what had been the most amazing year of his life.

“Betty, now that Christmas is wrapping up, I’m going to be over first thing Monday morning and we’re going to start planning that wedding!” Veronica said happily.

“No.”

Betty said the word so calmly and firmly that everyone stopped what they were doing and looked at her. Jughead turned and watched her as she turned to face Veronica. Everyone seemed horrified and he just felt a smile twitching on his lips. He knew she would have a good reason and he was wanting to hear it, but the fact that she had so effectively shut everyone up was impressive.

“What...what do you mean?” Veronica said, looking like she was going to cry. “You don’t want me to help plan your wedding?”

“Of course I do,” Betty said with a smile. “I just don’t want to plan it right now. This year has been so amazing and overwhelming for me, I can barely wrap my head around it. I found the love of my life, I moved, twice, I have a beautiful new home, I got pregnant, I had a baby, I became self employed, I am getting my degree, I got engaged; I’m just done for a while. I need to relax and breathe and you need to concentrate on your pregnancy. You worked on this house during the worst part of it and I don’t know how you did it, but we just need to breathe, you and I. Jughead and I need to breathe. I want to just enjoy being with my family, in my new house, in my new town, and just relax for a while.”

“Well, how long exactly do you plan on being engaged?” V asked curiously.

“I don’t know, V. When everything is settled and I feel like throwing myself into something that will consume a lot of my time. Right now is not that time.”

“Well, maybe Jughead wants to be married quickly,” Veronica suggested in a last ditch effort to get her planning under way. Betty looked at Jughead and smiled. “I’ll do whatever Betty wants,” Jughead said, winking at her.

“Of course you’d say that,” Veronica muttered. “You practically worship her.” Jughead grinned. “I plan on it once you all leave,” he said with a sexy smirk.

“Gross,” Jellybean muttered, rolling her eyes.
“Where do you think your beautiful niece and nephew come from?” Jughead laughed. “I worshiped Betty, like, a lot.”

“Jughead!”

Betty wasn’t sure who yelled his name louder, Jellybean, FP or Alice. Archie was too busy laughing and Veronica was still trying to come up with a way of convincing Betty to start planning. Jughead just smiled and walked over and took Annie from Betty. She was fast asleep and Jackson was ready for bed as well.

“Let’s go buddy. Time for bed,” he said softly.

“I’ll be up in minute,” Betty said, giving Jackson a kiss. She watched Jughead take his children up the stairs to bed and smiled. It didn’t matter when she married him, as long as he was with her every day until it happened.

“Well, I guess that’s our cue to head out,” FP said, standing up. Betty said her goodbyes and headed upstairs to tuck Jackson in while Jughead came down and said his as well.

Later, with the children sleeping, the house silent and dark and the snow gently falling outside, they lay curled into each other under the covers.

“Is it okay that I want to wait a bit until we start this wedding stuff?” Betty asked quietly.

“It’s perfectly fine, Betts. I’m not ready for all the chaos either and I completely agree with you. I just want to enjoy our new home and baby and our lives here for a bit without all that stuff in our heads. I just want to enjoy you.”

“You just finished enjoying me,” she teased. Jughead smiled and pressed a kiss to her neck.

“I am just giving myself a minute so I can enjoy you again,” he said gruffly. Betty cupped his face and looked into the sea blue of his eyes.

“I love you,” she whispered, brushing her lips over his. “You make my heart smile.”

“I love you,” he replied, pressing his mouth to hers. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close, letting him enjoy her one more time.

Betty and Jughead did in fact enjoy their new home and their children. The fact that they both got to work from home made it all the more wonderful. Sure on days when Jughead was writing he spent most of his hours in the office, but he ventured out frequently when lured by giggles and laughter and more times than not, when Betty was trying to study, those same giggles and laughter brought her out as well.

She sat one afternoon on the couch, lounging around in tights and a sweater and holding 6 month old Annie on her lap and chewing gently on her cheek, the little girl squealing with laugher. Jughead came out of the office and flopped down on the couch, taking Annie from her and laying back, holding her above him and she wiggled and squealed in delight and he was rewarded with a cheek full of drool.

“Serves you right for stealing her from me,” Betty laughed as he wiped at it.

“Daddy, look what I made!” Three year old Jackson came running into the living room, having
wandered down from the play room with a lego car he had managed to put together. In his excitement he jumped on Jughead’s lap, his knee connecting with a delicate area and Jughead let out a grunt of pain, almost dropping Annie onto his chest. He lowered her quickly and took a deep breath.

“Bloody hell, this kid’s going to turn me into a eunuch,” he groaned, doubling over a little. Betty quickly grabbed Annie in the midst of her laughter.

“Well who needs birth control?” she asked. “We have kids that can make sure we never reproduce again,” she laughed.

“Yeah, laugh it up Betts. He’s damaging your toy.”

“My toy?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Your lolly pop,” Jughead grinned.

“God, you’re so nasty,” she said with a smack to his leg and a laugh. “Stop talking like a horn dog in front of the kids.”

“You like it,” he insisted with a wink.

“I like you,” she replied, feeling herself grow warm at the soft heated look that came into his eyes.

“Show me later?”

“I thought the goods were damaged,” she teased.

“Oh, there’s feeling, trust me.” Betty laughed and stood up with Annie.

“This one needs a diaper change and that one needs some lunch, so hop to it daddy, you have work to do. Stop lazing around on the couch. I ain’t going to do your work for you!” Betty ordered with extra sass.

“I love you, you’re the best,” he called after her as she headed upstairs.

“Yeah, yeah, put it in writing,” she called back.

“I put it in diamonds and an emerald,” he yelled back, laughing.

“I love you too,” came the yelled reply. Jughead looked at Jackson, still on his lap and grinned.

“I love mommy,” he told the boy with a happy sigh.

“I know, daddy, you kiss her a lot too,” Jackson said, his eyes on his lego.

“You’re very observant,” Jughead laughed. “What would you like for lunch?”

“Mac and cheese?”

“Yeah, I can probably manage that,” Jughead said, pulling himself up. “Let’s get to it then.

Spring came quickly and Betty was happy to see the grass peeking through the snow. She couldn’t wait to enjoy their outdoor space as much as the inside. She was home alone with Jughead for an
evening, as Archie and Veronica, closing in on their due date, had wanted some practice at taking care of children, and taken Jackson and Annie for the night. Betty had tried to tell her that having your own child was vastly different than babysitting someone else’s and to not use this as a guide for what it would be like. Veronica had insistend anyway and now, her and Jughead had a glorious evening and night all to themselves.

“I need food,” she sighed, laying on the couch, reading a book. Jughead got up off the floor where he was trying to put together a broken toy and pulled her up. She let out a squeal when he lifted her up and she wrapped her legs around him, holding on while he kissed her, walking toward the kitchen. “You should put on a shirt,” she sighed against his mouth, her hands roaming over the smooth skin of his back.

“Why?” he smirked, his mouth moving down her neck, biting gently at the skin. They got to the kitchen and he set her on the counter, his mouth continuing its gentle assault on her neck. She whimpered and tilted her head, giving him access.

“What are you doing?” she groaned when his hands moved to the button of her jeans.

“I’m hungry too,” he breathed against her shoulder as he slowly tugged on her jeans. She lifted a little and he pulled them down and soon she had her legs wrapped back around him, his jeans brushing against the delicate lace of her panties.

“Really babe? Kids are away so naughty Jughead comes out to play?” He chuckled against her neck and his hand moved under her shirt, pulling it up and over her head. He gazed down at her, perched on the counter in nothing but white lacy bra and panties and his jeans were suddenly very tight.

“You are so fucking sexy,” he growled, his head coming down, his mouth nipping at her breast through the lace. She moaned when his teeth gently bit at her nipple, his lips smiling when it puckered under the lace. Betty lifted her hand and pulled the material down, freeing her breast, his mouth and tongue warm and wet over the straining peak. He sucked gently while his hand squeezed the other, his fingers hooking the material of that side and pulling it down as well. He moved his head over and sucked her into his mouth and she pressed against him, the ache between her legs intensifying as she rubbed over him.

“Mind if I snack?” he teased, lifting his head and brushing his mouth against hers. She whimpered when his fingers brushed over her, sliding into her folds. “You’re always so wet for me,” he said gruffly, his arousal getting painful as he felt her silk cover his fingers. Jughead kissed his way down her body, smiling up at her when he got to her thighs. He spread her legs, his mouth moving to the crease of her leg, sucking a bruise into it. She rested her hand in his hair, tugging gently, trying to get him to where she wanted him. He bit her thigh in retaliation. She jumped and let out a giggle that caused him to groan and finally move his mouth over, his tongue licking into her.

“Shit,” she whispered, her hips jerking at the sensation. Jughead looked up at her, holding her gaze as he pressed his tongue inside her. Betty’s head fell back and the loud groan that escaped her made him chuckle against her, the vibrations tickling into her. He moved to her clit, flicking his tongue over it while he sank two fingers inside her. Betty gripped his hair, maybe too hard, but she was already spiraling and he had barely begun. He felt it and curled his fingers and sucked on her and she fell apart, clenching hard on his fingers, coating his tongue in release. Jughead gently ran his tongue over her as she rode her orgasm and when she started to come down, he kissed his way back up and as soon as she could reach, her hands were undoing his belt and opening his jeans, reaching
inside for him.

“Somebody is very eager today,” he murmured, licking at her lips, leaving tastes of her arousal on her tongue. When she got him free, Jughead spread her legs and brushed against her, sliding in an inch and coming back out. Betty moaned and shifted towards him and he did it again, teasing and pulling out. She grabbed his face and forced him to look at her.

“Stop fucking around,” she demanded. He grinned and slid in a little again.

“But you like fucking…..around,” he said with a smirk. Betty wrapped her legs around his hips and jerked him forward and he slid in to the hilt. “Fuck!” he gasped, her tight walls gripping him.

“Move,” she demanded and he covered her mouth with his and did exactly that. He braced one hand on the cupboard behind her head and one held her thigh wide and he thrust into her, again and again, until her legs were shaking and her nails were digging into his skin. She lifted her knees and he slid in further, his growl against her neck fueling her desire.

“Touch yourself,” he demanded hoarsely and she reached down and circled her clit while he slammed into her, his eyes down between them, watching her fingers, watching himself disappear inside her. He lifted his head and held her gaze, watching her eyes widen, her face glaze over with pleasure. She lifted her hand away from herself, gripping his shoulders.

“Make me come Jug, I want your hand on me,” she begged. His hand let go of her leg and moved between them, his fingers rough and demanding and she arched her back, pushing against him, locking her legs back around him. “Yes, just like that, don’t stop,” she moaned, straining toward him. Her head fell back as her body tightened and clenched on him, pulling him deeper as she shook with release, her cries echoing around the kitchen.

She lifted her hand away from herself, gripping his shoulders.

“She just had sex on our kitchen counter,” she muttered, her hands still buried in his hair.

“Figured we should break it in,” he offered. She laughed and bit his shoulder.

“We’ve lived here for 5 months, I think it’s broken in,” she said wryly. Jughead slowly pulled away and grabbed a paper towel and wiped her gently, leaving small kisses on her lips. She slid of the counter and pulled her shirt back on and he handed her the panties with a satisfied smirk.

“You are far too smug whenever we have sex,” she said with an eyeroll.

“I like how I make you fall apart. Strokes my ego,” he said with a grin and a shrug. She leaned against him, her hand stroking down his side.

“That’s not all it strokes,” she said, biting his lip.

“We eat and then we take it upstairs,” he said, his eyes darkening at her words. She laughed and went about making dinner, not bothering to put her jeans back on.

The beginning of summer brought Vivienne Rose Andrews. A screaming, sassy red head that had her parents falling in love with her the minute she was out. Archie’s arrogance over the red hair
matched Jughead’s over his children’s black hair. Betty and Veronica decided they had managed to find the two most conceited men on the planet, but neither of them complained.

They were sitting in Archie and Veronica’s living room, enjoying the brand new baby and having coffee and cake. Jughead was laying on the floor, playing with Annie who had recently started crawling. She was grinning happily, wearing only a diaper and drooling all over her chest.

“She has another tooth coming,” Betty laughed, constantly having to wipe the mess. Annie crawled over to Jughead, who lay on his back and proceeded to start chewing on his chin. “She’s also like a puppy, chews anything she can get her mouth on.” Jughead grabbed her and moved her so she sat on his chest and she squealed in delight, showing a toothy grin in the process. Jughead laughed and ruffled her hair.

“She bit me yesterday,” Jackson said with a frown, walking over to Archie and climbing into his lap. Betty smiled, loving how Jackson loved all their friends now like they were family and not being shy around them at all.

“Oh boy, she did?” Archie asked, looking very concerned. Jackson showed him the finger and although there was nothing to see, Archie showed great concern and kissed the finger.

“Maybe teach him to stop sticking his finger in his sister’s mouth,” Jughead said laughing.

“I wanted to see her teeth, daddy, and she bit me!” Jackson exclaimed again. Betty bit her lip to keep from laughing, as Jackson felt betrayed by his little sister inflicting pain on him.

“Jax, never stick your finger in a girl’s mouth,” Jughead said firmly. “Unless she wants you to.”

“Jughead!!!” Betty yelled.

“I’m just saying,” he said with a smirk. Betty shook her head and Archie started laughing.

“Men are idiots,” Veronica sighed, adjusting Vivienne in her arms. “You guys have little girls to raise, stop being perverts.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll teach them how to sack a guy,” Jughead insured them.

“Jesus Christ,” Betty muttered. “I give up.”

“Let’s go to the nursery with our girls and leave these weirdos alone,” Veronica said with a laugh. Betty leaned down to pick up Annie and Jughead grabbed her and pulled her down for a kiss. She lost her balance and fell next to him.

“Jug,” she sighed. “You’re a brat.”

“Yeah, but you love me,” he smiled, helping her back up and handing her Annie. She winked at him and followed Veronica down the hall.

“Don’t teach Jackson any bad words,” she yelled back and was answered with laughter.

It was almost a year later when Jughead’s second book hit the best seller list. Betty was so incredibly proud of him. She had finished her degree and was now in the process of trying to work in journalism. In Riverdale it was not an easy feat but she kept looking for the opportunity.

“I’m so proud of you Jughead. You have no idea. We have to do something to celebrate,” Betty said
as she prepared plates of food for Jackson and Annie. Jackson was 4 and growing into such a sweet little man. He was incredibly patient and kind and it was such a blessing to them both. He was always willing to help and Betty could see his father in him more and more every day. Annie at one and a half was a little hellion and it was thrilling to watch her discover the world. She was always in a hurry to get to the next thing and was growing up far too quickly for Betty’s liking.

“Well, actually, I was kind of thinking we could do something for you,” Jughead said softly. Betty looked at him, confused.

“How is doing something for me going to celebrate you being on the best seller list?”

“It won’t but I’ve kind of been sitting on something for a while.”

“Jughead, you’ve surprised me enough times since we’ve been together to make my head spin, what do you have up your sleeve now?” she wondered.

“You know how you’ve been trying to get into journalism in this town?”

“Yes…..”

“Well, this town is old school. People aren’t a fan of technology. People like papers and books. The old Riverdale Register Newspaper place has been up for sale for years with nobody wanting it. What if we bought it and you could start the paper up again.” Betty just stared at him for a few moments, not really sure if he was serious or not.

“Are you serious?” she asked in shock.

“Why not? I’ve been asking around and there are a lot of people excited about the idea of having a town newspaper again and honestly, I’m making more than enough money, what the hell else will we do with it?”

“College funds, weddings, that sort of thing,” Betty said with a smile.

“We got that covered for up to five kids,” he said with a grin. “You could run the paper and do your research. You make really good money too Betts, and I think this is a really good idea.”

“Okay,” she whispered happily. Jughead came around the table and wrapped his arms around her. “You’re so good to me,” she said, her eyes brimming with tears.

“We’re good to each other,” he answered, kissing her softly.

“I know something else we can do to celebrate,” she whispered against his mouth.

“What’s that?”

“We can start to plan a wedding.” Jughead lifted his head and looked at her, the smile in his eyes.

“Oh yeah?” he asked softly. Betty wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed against him.

“How about next June? Annie will be 2 and a half, old enough to not completely muck up being flower girl,” she giggled.

“Sounds great,” Jughead said happily.

“I’m sorry I took so long. I just was needing a break and then finishing school….”
“Hey, stop. It’s perfectly okay. I’d wait 50 years if you wanted to. I think of you as my wife already anyway, a ceremony isn’t going to make a bit of difference.”

“Jughead Jones, I love you.”

“I love you, Betty Cooper.”

“Soon to be Betty Jones,” she smiled. He grinned and lifted her, twirling her around.

“Veronica will be very happy to finally meddle in your wedding plans,” Jughead laughed.

“I’ll call her in a bit. Let’s sit with our babies and have some food first, shall we?”

“Sounds great,” Jughead said, pulling out her chair.

“My God, Betty you look incredible,” Veronica said, wiping at the tears welling in her eyes.

Betty stood in her master suite, in front of a full length mirror, in her wedding gown. It was finally here, the day she would become Mrs. Jones. She wore her hair down, with curls on the ends, a simple jeweled headband on her head. The chandelier earrings that Jughead had given her when they got engaged sparkled in her ears, peeking between strands of hair. Her makeup was simple and flawless. Veronica had insisted on fake eyelashes and she had to admit, it made her eyes stand out more. Her dress was a glorious creation. Tight bodice with spaghetti straps that flared into a full skirt that had delicate pale pink flowers woven into layers of lace that wound around the skirt. It was stunning and she felt amazing.

“Jughead is going to have a stroke,” Veronica said with a sigh.

“I certainly hope not,” Betty laughed, taking the bouquet of spring flowers Veronica handed her. Jackson walked into the room right then and Betty smiled at him. At 5 he was quite the handsome young man and was looking smashing in his suit. He walked over to her and she bent down and gave him a hug. “Hi sweetie,” she said happily.

“Mommy, you look like a princess,” he exclaimed.

“Why thank you. You look like a handsome prince.”

“So does Daddy. Auntie Jellybean saw him and started crying. She said he looked like a model. What’s a model?”

“Your father apparently,” Betty said with a laugh. “Aren’t you supposed to be with him right now?”

“He wanted me to bring you this,” Jackson said, handing her a box. It was long and velvety and Betty sighed.

“That man is not going to stop till I’m a walking jewelry store,” she said, opening the box. Her eyes filled with tears anyway and Veronica gasped when she looked inside.

“My God, I think Jughead officially has more money than me,” she exclaimed. It was a stunning diamond bracelet.

“His third book is set to release and go straight to number 1,” Betty said proudly, pulling the bracelet from the box. Veronica fastened it for her and it glittered on her wrist. Betty went to the
dresser and grabbed a box she had sitting there and turned to Jackson. “Take this to daddy and tell him it’s from me,” she said with a smile. He nodded, kissed her cheek and headed out again. She turned and found Annie sitting on the bed playing with a doll. She was all ready in her pretty gown and curled hair and Betty bit back a laugh when she saw her flowers already missing half the petals.

“Annie, sweetie, can you go find Daddy as well? You have to wait for me with him by the pretty archway you helped Daddy build.” The little girl climbed off the bed and wandered over.

“Mommy, are we princesses?” the 2 and a half year old asked.

“Well, of course we are. And daddy, our prince is waiting for us.”

“I go find him!” she said excitedly and ran out the door, dragging her flowers behind her. Betty laughed and Veronica sighed.

“I told you the flowers wouldn’t make it to the actual ceremony,” Betty said.

“Young daughter is going to be the death of me,” Veronica groaned.

“Yours was eating dirt yesterday, so don’t talk,” Betty laughed. She turned and looked into the mirror one last time, running a hand down her bodice and taking a deep breath. The last year had been a whirlwind of starting up the Riverdale Register, which much to her delight had been a success from the get go and planning a wedding. Everything was set in place now and it was time to become Mrs. Jones.

Jughead was in the study when Jackson and Annie came running in. He laughed at the limp bouquet Annie held and her hair bow that was already falling out. He squatted down and did his best to fix it.

“Daddy, my hair is broken,” she said with a sigh. He cupped her chin and kissed her cheek.

“Your hair is perfect,” he assured her, tucking a stray strand behind her ear. He stood and looked at Jackson.

“Did she like the present?” he asked.

“She said you weren’t going to stop until she was a jewelry store but then she cried, so I think she liked it,” Jackson said, sounding unsure. Jughead laughed and bent down to straighten his bowtie. “She said this is for you.”

Jughead took the box and smiled as he opened it. “Wow,” he breathed as he stared down at the Rolex. It was stunning and he had never owned anything so spectacular.

“Jesus, I need to become a writer and whatever the hell Betty does. You really are the king of Riverdale,” Archie said coming up and glancing in the box. Jughead took the watch from the box and saw the inscription on the back.

One night stand to forever.

Jughead laughed and put it on. He couldn’t have agreed more.

“You ready?” Archie asked with a smile.

“Completely.”
Betty waited behind the curtains that had been hung for her to stand behind before walking down the aisle. The yard was once again decked out for a wedding and all was ready and everyone was eager to see the bride. The bride was eager to see her groom. Jellybean had cried all over her earlier and had had to have her makeup redone. She was so thankful for a sister and Betty couldn't have been more thrilled to be added to the Jones Family. FP had hugged her while he cried as well. She hadn't really understood much of what he said, but 'new daughter', 'proud of his son', and "couldn't be happier" were phrases she caught and she understood what he was trying to say.

The string quartet started to play and Veronica and Jellybean, her Maid of Honor and bridesmaid, walked down to Archie and FP, who were Jughead’s best man and groomsman. Jackson holding Annie’s hand went next and Jughead felt his heart was going to burst as his children walked toward him. Annie refused to walk slow and grinned when she saw him.

“Daddy!” she exclaimed and ran the rest of the way. Jughead grinned and bent down to pick her up and held her while waiting for Jackson, who went as he had been told to. Jughead held out his hand and took Jackson’s and he stood with them, their eyes on the curtain. The music switched then and the curtain slowly opened and Jughead forgot to breathe.

Betty felt her heart racing as looked at Jughead because he looked breathtaking. She honestly didn’t think there was anybody better looking on the planet and he was all hers. Her eyes filled with tears as she saw him holding their children, waiting for her. She took a deep breath and started towards her family and her future. She walked down the grass carpeted flower petal strewn aisle and her smile got bigger the closer she got. The look on Jughead’s face made her ache. So much love and heat and happiness in his eyes, he took her breath away.

Betty reached the end and Jughead came down to collect her, their children in tow.

“Hi baby,” Betty said with tear filled eyes as she gave Annie a hug and handed her off to Jellybean. She bent down and embraced Jackson and he kissed her cheek before moving over to stand with FP. Jughead, his eyes swimming with tears gave her his arm and they walked over to the officiant.

They faced each other and Betty gave a slight shake of her head as the man about to marry them started opening his mouth to speak. He nodded and took a small step back.

“You look so handsome,” she whispered, reaching up to wipe a tear that slipped from Jughead’s eye.

“You are stunning,” he whispered back. “So beautiful, it actually hurts.” Betty let out a teary laugh.

“Before we start, I just needed you to know something,” she said in a whisper that only he could hear. She leaned closer and he lowered his head so his ear was next to her lips. “We have an extra guest at this wedding, that kind of wasn’t invited and it’s quite a surprise.”

“Who?” Jughead whispered back, lifting his face to look at her. Betty gripped his hands and grinned.

“I’m pregnant.” Jughead raised an eyebrow and looked down at her still flat stomach.

“Are you kidding me?” he whispered softly, his lips twitching. Betty’s eyes sparkled with mirth and he simply couldn’t help it. Jughead threw his head back and laughed. Betty joined him and they couldn’t seem to stop and ended up their arms around each other, tears of joy and laughter rolling down their cheeks. Everyone stared stunned, having not the foggiest idea what the hell was going
“Well, it’s happened,” Alice said with a sigh, as she sat in the front row fanning herself. “Jughead Jones has caused my daughter to lose her bloody mind.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, that is the end of Daddy. Thank you all so much for taking this journey with me. I hope you loved it as much as I did and I can't wait to see you on my next fic. Stay tuned for future codas :)