Paramour

by TheOriginalSinner888

Summary

Chief of Police, Charlie Swan, of Forks, WA, was not prepared for a girl like Holly, from nowhere.

Notes

So, I usually don't post until a work is done or I at least have a definitive idea of where the story is heading. But this first chapter has been rolling around in my head for a few days that I had to write it down. I figured I'd post what I have first and see if anyone is interested in seeing more, or if more inspiration strikes. Let me know what you think in the comments.
Charlie could swear that some of the trouble maker kids in town were trying to make him go gray. He was constantly called out into the field because some kids tagged the library, or shoplifted, or brought a knife to school to impress their friends. But he guessed that without their shenanigans, being Chief of Police in Forks, Washington, would be a pretty boring job. Nothing truly big and dangerous really happened.

Still, most days he could do without playing therapist for a young couple in strife causing a disturbance in a shopping center or pulling over a series of drunk drivers on the more scenic roads where they thought they could get away with it.

Today had been a longer day than most. It was dark by the time he’d gotten home. Back to an empty house. He had enjoyed having his daughter with him for the last couple years. But now she was at college. She was close by, and split her summers between him and Renee, but he still missed seeing the light on in her room when he pulled in at the end of the day.

He sighed as he got out of his car and headed to his front door. His head turned when he heard squeaking breaks and saw an old truck that would Bella’s rust-bucket to shame pulling in front of the Henderson house across the street. The Hendersons had moved into an assisted living facility a few years ago and it seemed that their children finally got around to selling the family home. He hadn’t even noticed a for sale or sold sign.

He was surprised to see a lone woman jump out of the truck and start to pull out bags of groceries as she headed up the brick walk way to the front door. Before he could think better of it, he called across the street, “Need some help?”

She was squinting when she turned to face him, but she had a wide smile, “Sure!”

Thinking himself an idiot, he jogged across the street and grabbed a few bags from her back seat and followed her through the open doorway. He found the kitchen easily enough. It was the only room with the light on.

“I’m Holly by the way,” she said as they walked back to her truck, holding out her hands for his to shake.

He took her hand said, “Charlie. You just move in?”
She nodded as they picked up the last of the bags, locking her car. “Earlier today. Unpacking will be a bitch. I’m the Queen of Procrastination.”

He hummed noncommittally and set the bags on her counter. “What brings you to Forks of all places?”

She chuckled, “Small town like this doesn’t get a lot of new people, huh?”

He scratched his chin and shook his head. Her smile was a little infectious and he could feel his lips twitching up.

“Well, you’re looking at the new Forks High student teacher for Literature,” she grinned, resting her palms on her island counter top. “With the understanding that I’ll be taking over the full-time position once I finished getting my credentials.”

“I didn’t realize that Mrs. Crabapple was gearing up to retire,” he commented. He awkwardly glanced at the counter full of shopping bags. “Need help putting these away?”

Holly smiled brightly, “Aw, you’re such a gentleman. Sure! Um, I haven’t decided how I want to organize things so just put cold things in the fridge and toss anything else in the pantry. I’ll sort it out later.”

He nodded and started sorting into a bag. He watched as she first grabbed a couple cases of beer and put them in the fridge, along with popsicles in the freezer. He was stuck with breakfast cereal. With the two of them trying to unload the bags, they bumped into each other a few times. Charlie always stammered a quiet apology. But Holly just smiled easily and gave him a little wink.

“I gotta say,” she said conversationally, “I feel much better being a young woman alone in a new town now that I know a big, strong policeman lives across the street.”

Charlie blushed, something that easily happened to him. “I don’t know about big and strong. I do my job to the best of my ability.”

“Aw, you’re a humble one, aren’t you?” she grinned at him as she tossed bags of rice into the
pantry. “That’s cute.”

Charlie shook his head as he put bottles of water into the fridge. “So, where are you from?”

“A bit of everywhere,” she said easily. “Military brat. Never really got to put down roots. Other than the occasional vacation, it’ll be nice to stick around one place for the foreseeable future.” She put her snacks away before speaking again, “Are you one of the small townies born and bred, or someone who meant to pass through and just stuck around?”

He had never heard it put that way, but he guess towns like Forks were really made up of those two kinds of people. “Born and bred. A little too sediment to explore.”

“I bet police work keeps you busy, even in a place like this,” she commented after the last of the groceries were put away and they were simply standing and talking.

He shrugged, “We get the odd lost hiker. Other than, pretty much just stupid kids doing stupid things.”

“Because they’re stupid,” she grinned. She pushed herself off her leaning perch against the kitchen island and said, “What do you say to a few beers as a thank you for all your help? I also have microwavable pizza pockets.”

Charlie flushed in the spot, “Oh, that’s all right. It’s getting late...”

She checked her watch and giggled, “It’s getting seven-thirty. C’mon, you’re my welcome committee! It’s my first night in a new town. Have a crappy beer.”

She just seemed to have a way of making anything sound fun. He found himself agreeing and she pulled a couple bottles out of the fridge. She handed him one and a Swiss-army knife from her pocket. She pulled out the box of pizza pockets and unloaded some onto a paper plate before tossing them into the microwave. They clinked their bottles together before taking gulps of their beer. Holly smacked her lips at the taste, “It’s cheap, but it tastes good after a long day. You must have had a long day too, coming home when you did. Lucky for me as it happens, though.”

“I’m usually earlier,” he shrugged. “And this beer is fine.”
“You need German beer if you think this is fine,” she chuckled, still drinking hers like water.

Soon they were on their third beers, sitting on her cushy red couch across from a TV that wasn’t set up.

“I’ll have to get that done tomorrow,” Holly lamented at the black television. “Setting up all the technology has always been the worst thing about moving around so much.”

The alcohol seemed to loosen his dumb lips because Charlie found himself offering to help her set it all up on his next day off. Which happened to only be the day after next. And as embarrassed as he felt for blurting all that out, her answering smile made him feel better as he eagerly took him up on the offer. She promised to feed him and pour more beer in his belly as another thank you.

Without the distraction of a television, and the more they drank, conversation lulled every now and then and Holly just stared at him while she sipped her beer. While he stared off into space, she asked him, “What are you thinking about right now?”

Without his fully functioning brain to help filter his thoughts, he answered her, “That since my daughter left for college, this is the first time I’ve been alone with a woman.” He instantly turned red once the words were out of his mouth. Hoping to creep passed his embarrassed, he asked her back, “What are you thinking about?”

Unashamed, she said, “What you might look like under that uniform.”

If he wasn’t red before, his face was scarlet now. He even choked on his beer and gasped for air.

Nonplussed, Holly giggled and leant forward to tap on his back until he was done coughing. She seemed to find his reaction hilarious. “My, my, you’d think you were never hit on before.”

Charlie coughed once more into his elbow and stammered, “Well, no, that doesn’t exactly happen often.”

She hummed, “I like making you blush.”
“It’s entirely too easy to,” he excused his pink skin.

“Are you married?” she asked boldly.


“Good,” she grinned, swinging her leg over his lap and settling in to straddle them. She gave him another saucy wink and chugged the rest of her beer before setting it on the coffee table behind her. She then peered down at him with a smile and asked, “Would you mind me find out – what you look like under that uniform?”

Charlie couldn’t seem to figure out what words were anymore. He just stared up at her dumbfounded. She didn’t seem to mind his school-boy nervousness, before soon she was bending her head down and pressing her lips to his. He was frozen. He’d never been in anything close to this situation before. This girl was too young for him! Or rather, he was too old for her.

But his reaction time was drastically slowed by the alcohol and he found himself doing what he actually wanted to do. Kissing her back. It had been years since he even kissed someone. He wasn’t celibate by any means. He had dated after his wife left. He just had different priorities, especially after Bella came back, and didn’t put himself out there so much. But he liked the feel of her lips on his and her hands on his cheek and chest. He found himself wrapping his hands around her waist.

Soon her fingers tugged on his shirt collar. He had already taken his jacket off. It was tossed over the back of the couch. Her dainty fingers carried on down his shirt, unbuttoning it the whole way until she was untucking it from his belt. And then she was undoing his belt.

Charlie mentally sighed. He had to put a stop to this. They’d been drinking. They just met. She was his neighbor, it’d be awkward later on. But he just couldn’t seem to stop his hands from dipping under the hem of her shirt and feeling her soft skin.

He had to remove his hands when she started slipping his button down over his arms and was then stripping off his white undershirt. She brushed her small fingers over his uncovered chest. He didn’t have time to be self-conscious before she grinned cheekily and said, “You’re welcome to undress me too, Officer.”
“Actually, I’m Chief of Police,” he quietly corrected her, at a loss for what to do or say.

Her grin widened. “Well, then you’re welcome to undress me, Chief.”

He found himself doing so simply because of that grin. She was so confident and in control. It made him believe that she actually wanted him – for whatever reason that may be. He grew less shy as he trailed his hands up her stomach, bringing the hem of her shirt up with them, until the whole thing was off and on the floor with his shirt. It had certainly been a long time since he’d seen a woman’s bra. Hers was a solid satin red.

She suddenly stood over him, leaning awkwardly so she could still press her lips to his. She quickly undid her jeans and slipped them down her legs, revealing a matching thong. Without taking those off, she straddled him again.

When her center landed on his lap again, he knew she felt the distinct hardness hiding in his jeans. She pulled back from his lips and smirked, “Now, I know that’s not your gun.” Before he could respond with something that would have just embarrassed him and probably killed the mood, she was undoing his button. Then his zipper. Then reaching into his jeans and briefs and pulling his hard cock out. She wrapped her hand around it and stroked up and down slowly, just feeling him for a moment. “But it is big.”

He suddenly cursed when he remembered something, and reached down to still her hand. “I don’t have any condoms.”

She just chuckled. She wordlessly reached into the side table next to them at the couch and returned with a little square packet. “Didn’t the police academy teach you to always be prepared?”

He grunted his response because she was already rolling it onto him. “That’s boy scouts.”

“Whatever,” she said, holding his cock up and tilting her hips over him. She pulled aside the crotch of her thong and started rubbing his head against her already wet slit. “I’m not really in the mood for long, drawn-out foreplay tonight. So, I’d like to get right to the good stuff. What about you?”

His voice was stuck in his throat, so all he could do was clench his hands around her hips and slightly tug to give her the go-ahead.
She seemed to understand his meaning as she smiled and said, “Perfect.” She held his head steady, aiming it for her entrance, and then slowly sank down over him with a low mewl rising in her throat, until her hips were flush with his.

He groaned deep in his chest at the feel of her warmth encasing. It had been a long time. And now he was worried that he wouldn’t last more than a few minutes and come off like an inexperienced boy. But she started off by slowly rolling her hips without lifting them, laying her forehead on his. “You feel good...”

He didn’t know what to say back. ‘You feel good too?’ Her arms wrapped around his shoulders against the couch as she started lifting her hips and he let out an embarrassingly loud groan. But the sound only seemed to egg her on as her breathing hitched and she started moving faster. As she started making little noises, he started feeling more confident, and surer of his own actions. He gripped her hips, his pinkies and third fingers cupping the tops of her ass, and started helping with her movements on top of him. He started groaning more openly too, sharing in her enjoyment.

She felt heavenly on him. She was warm and wet, more so she was tight as a vice. He found himself fighting for even breath as their movements grew more and more rapid. He could feel her inner muscles squeeze him every once in a while, when he guessed he was hitting a certain spot inside of her.

After a few minutes – in which he was surprised he didn’t blow his load early – she grabbed one of his hands and pulled it off of her ass. He was about to apologize for having his hand there, as if that were more inappropriate than having his cock shoved up her cunt. But she wasn’t pulling it off to push him away. She was guiding his hand to the apex of her thighs and pressed his fingers into her bulging clit.

“Touch me here,” she begged sweetly.

He was only too happy to oblige, because he could feel himself getting closer to his end. He pressed his thumb into her clit and rubbed it up and down as she gyrated on top of him, watching her face go slack as she threw her head back and moaned. She looked glorious. And he just wanted to stare at her for the rest of the night.

She suddenly threw herself over him again and crashed her lips to his as she came. He could tell because her whole body clenched over his. Her hands were gripping his neck and shoulders. Her thighs were squeezing his hips. And her cunt was clutching onto his cock like a second skin. All while spilling her juices over him.
All the sensations caught up with him as he finally let go and came himself. His groan was muffled against her lips as he shot his cum into the condom. Her hips were still rolling over his, but slowly, all movement stopped. And they were just left panting into each other’s mouths.

Taking a minute or two to compose themselves, the silence was broken by Holly’s cheekiness. “That’s a hell of a welcome to Forks, I’ve got to say, Chief.”

Charlie let out the first unabashed bout of laughter of the night. “Well, it is my job to serve the citizens of Forks.”

Holly gave him a humorous grin, wiggling her eyebrows at him, “In that case, I’m going to enjoy being neighbors.”
Charlie didn’t fully remember how he’d gotten home last night when he woke up early for work the next morning with an almost dead cell phone battery. Not because he’d been drunk. But because he’d fallen into shock at what happened at his new neighbor’s house. But somehow, he’d put his clothes back on and made his excuses to leave without getting a slap in the face for running out on the girl.

He didn’t really have time to dwell on it, but he felt extra awkward leaving his house that morning. He saw her truck in front of her house, so he knew she was still home. But he didn’t see her. He jumped into his cruiser and headed to the station without thinking about it.

But once he got to the station, it was all he could think about. He felt like a different person than the Chief that had come to work the day before. He felt ridiculous for feeling that way. It’s not as if he’d lost his virginity – became a ‘man’ per se – last night. He’d just had sex. He’d had sex before. It’s wasn’t that novel to him even if it wasn’t a super often occurrence.

He felt like everyone was staring at him, even if he knew realistically that they were just looking over at his entrance and going through their usual morning greetings. He gave a nod to the front desk and made his way to his office without saying a word for fear that his vocal chords would crack. Once inside, he sank into his chair and stared into space for a few minutes. Trying to put his finger on why he felt so different. It wasn’t him or what he did. It was her.

She was young. She had to still be in her twenties. She was lively and bold. She fearlessly pursued him. She wanted him.

He’d been out on dates. Had short relationships that fizzled out on their own. Hell, he’d been
married. He’d had sex with nearly all of those women over the course of his life. But they were always his own age, or close to it. Sometimes they were divorced too, had kids too. After Renee left, he dated woman who were looking for stable or a second try at getting marriage or relationships right. They were just sort of doing what was done, what they’d always done, over and over again.

But with Holly, it all felt new. She probably had never been married before, given her age and what she’d said about moving around growing up. And they didn’t meet at a town hall meeting or a blind set up. They met in such a clandestine way he wasn’t sure it was real. And they hadn’t ended up in bed by starting at the door at the end of a date. Him awkwardly trying to gauge how the woman was feeling about him before inviting himself into her home. Whether he’d get laid or a kiss at the door. Holly invited him in, invited him to stay, and invited him inside her.

He’d never really thought of himself as sexy or desirable before. He was a man. He wasn’t bad looking. He had a respectable position in the town. He knew what he was doing in bed. Some women were attracted to him because they thought he was broken after Renee left and wanted to be the woman who picked up the pieces.

But Holly didn’t know anything about all of that. Sure, she knew he was divorced, but she didn’t know the extent of his sordid past. She wanted him as a man, not as a project.

It all made him feel more self-assured than he’d ever felt about himself before. He felt confident. He felt desired, desirable. All because of her.

He didn’t know if it was a onetime thing or if she was waiting by the phone for his call – even though they didn’t exchange phone numbers. But he knew that he felt good about it right then. Later on, he’d feel like a dirty old man who wasn’t good enough for her.

When Charlie got home that night, earlier than last night, her truck was gone. He didn’t know what that meant. Maybe she was at work. Teachers always seemed to keep more hours than the students. Even if she wasn’t a full teacher yet, she could probably be staying late to work. He wasn’t going to worry about it. He was going to worry about what the hell he was supposed to say to her when he did see her.

As his day had dragged on, he had gone from sexy and desirable to old and dirty the more and more he thought about his night with Holly. She couldn’t be that much older than Bella! He could have been her father. He couldn’t have impressed her compared to however many younger lovers she might have had before. They should just dissolve into friendly neighbors who waved from across the street when they were outside at the same time, and leave it at that. He didn’t want to make a fool of himself and he wasn’t interested in a mid-life crisis.
Ultimately, he was glad he didn’t run into her. And he carried on into his empty house to make a microwave meal and watched old sitcom reruns until he was tired enough to sleep. Luckily, it was his day off the next day and he’d get to sleep in.

Alas, his body’s inner alarm clock woke him up at eight in the morning. He stumbled downstairs to eat something for breakfast and ended up sitting at his table with cereal. He opened up his blinds, and cursed himself as he did. Just across the street, Holly’s door was opening and she was stepping out. Not only that, but she was stepping out in workout gear. Tight fitted pants and a sports bar under a sheer tank top. He could see most of her torso through it. Including the glittering naval ring he hadn’t noticed before.

His blinds seemed to be too open. Because she noticed him right away watching her. She smiled, unbothered, and gave him a little wave. He awkwardly waved back, and she was jogging off. He couldn’t help but watch her perky butt as she jogged away.

He spent most of the morning of his day off trying to distract himself from that image. But that plan was shot to hell when just as he was deciding what kind of sandwich to make for lunch, there was a knock at his door.

And there she was, bringing every inappropriate image in his mind raring back with a vengeance.

She seemed amused at his befuddlement. “You look confused.”

“Because I am... confused,” he said it more like a question. Like he wasn’t sure how he was feeling.

She just laughed lightly. He liked the sound. “Well, I have pizzas in the oven, a series of DVDs on the coffee table, and better quality, colder beers. Because someone,” she twirled her finger towards him, “promised to help me set up my television and sound system on their day off.”

Charlie inwardly cursed himself. He did offer to help her with that. And he wasn’t going to be an asshole and back out. But his doubts were still niggling away at his brain. “Um, how old are you?”

He expected her to tell him straight, or make a funny comment about how one is never supposed to ask a lady that kind of question. He didn’t expect her to turn it into a sexual innuendo. But she smirked and wiggled her eyebrows at him. “Is this an interrogation? Do you have your handcuffs?”
He couldn’t help but laugh anyway. “No. Just wanna know. For my peace of mind.”

Her face dawned with realization, “You want reassurance that you’re not a pervert, you mean. Don’t worry – I’m twenty-six.”

That didn’t really reassure him. He still felt so much older than her. “Jeez, I’m forty-one! What are you doing hanging around me? I could be--”

“If you’re about to say my father, I call bullshit,” she cut him off. “My father had me at thirty, not--” she took a break to ponder the math, before nodding at her mental work, and concluding, “fifteen. You’re not a pervert, I’m not jailbait. We’re both adults, and it’s not like I’m on my knee. I’m just here, offering free food and beer, in exchange for your handy services with my dubious electronics.”

Even without saying a single sexual word, she managed to make that whole thing sound more sensual than it should.

But he still found himself agreeing, gathering his jacket and keys, and following her across the street and into his home. He was surprised to find it looking different than the sparse house he’d seen littered with boxes the other night. There was a table to prop up her television now, with freshly built shelves flanking it. The couch was less crooked, and the foam packing corners were removed from the coffee table, that now had chilled beers on top of coasters.

Of all the things he could have said or commented on, he found himself pointing out the shelves, “Did you build those?”

She laughed, “Oh, the befuddlement in men when faced with a handy woman. You know, I’ve lived alone for the past six years. I have a tool box and everything.”

He fell into a hole of stammering. “I didn’t mean – I mean – I just--”

Her gleeful giggles cut him off. “Oh my gosh, Charlie. It is way too easy to make you blush.” She approached him and affectionately patted his cheek. “But way too fun.”
He grumbled to himself. And she laughed at that too.

“Come on, the pizzas will be done in like twenty minutes, beers are already cold, and all the mumbo jumbo of cables and stuff that I’m not handy with are out for you to finagle into magic movie pictures,” she spoke easily and casually. Like they were already old friends. Used to each other.

To him, they were still practically strangers. That was probably the crux of his struggle with their first meeting. He’d never been the guy to sleep with a person he’d just met. Not that he never wanted to. Not that he never tried, when he was younger. It just never happened. But here was this young woman, who he knew how she felt inside, but didn’t know her last name.

So he found himself asking what it was while he took inventory of the mess of tv cables.

“Rayne!” she answered easily while checking on the pizza. “Yours?”

“Swan!” he called back as he set to work.

“That’s adorable,” she commented as she wandered back in and folded onto the couch. “Charlie Swan. Is Charlie a nick name for Charles?”

“Yeah, but I literally never went by Charles,” he said, carefully tilting the tv on its stand so he could access the back. “Don’t know why my dad bothered putting it on the birth certificate.”

“I can’t remember a time where my mom called me Holly and wasn’t scolding me for something,” she said. “It’s always some sweet term of endearment from that woman. Honey. Sweetie. Baby girl. She’s southern – go figure.”

“Is that where she met your dad?” he found himself asking. It wasn’t any business of his. But it was so easy to talk to her, and she was so open with her answers.

“Nah, she ran into him on Spring Break vacation in Florida. He was on leave, ended up helping her get her drunk ass friend into their hotel room, and talking her ear off for hours about all the places she’d get to see if she let him take her. She said that he’d better make his way to Alabama when she finished college. Sure enough, two years, hundreds of letters later, he was at her graduation.
ceremony and they got married six months later.”

He had no idea how to react to such a story.

“And guess what?”

“What?” he grunted as he started plugging in wires.

“They’re names are Noah and Allie.” She said it with an outrageous laugh, slapping her thigh. When he just looked puzzled, she frowned at him for the first time ever. “Like in The Notebook?”

“What notebook?” he asked.

She huffed as if he’d said something in an alien language. “The Notebook! The movie? Based on the Nicholas Sparks novel by the same name? I’ve seen your house, it is not a rock. There is no excuse for not only never seeing the movie, but never hearing about it either.”

He shrugged, “I think it’s obvious I don’t get out much. Dinner at the diner, fishing some weekends, watching the game with some buddies. Definitely not going to the movie theater to watch a chick flick.”

“I resent that term.” She narrowed her eyes playfully at him. “As if romantic comedies aren’t legitimate film experiences just because men can’t get their heads around them half the time.”

“Whatever you want to call it, I still haven’t heard of that movie,” he said as he worked.

She bent forward to fiddle with the pile of DVDs on the table and the floor around her. He made the mistake of looking over when she moved, and caught an eyeful of her cleavage in her V-neck shirt. Blushing, he looked away before she noticed.

She found what she was looking for, a certain DVD, and held it up. There was a couple embracing, soaking wet in the rain, on the cover. “Then this is what we’re watching first once you connect the DVD player.”
Charlie groaned. What had he gotten himself into? She just laughed. She seemed to find everything he did and said amusing on some level. It made him blush. But also made him puff a bit, with pride.

“How’d you end up Chief of Police?” she asked after a bout of silence.

There she went, confusing him again. He’d never really been asked that. Mostly because he knew most everyone in town, and they all knew him. Or didn’t care.

“Um, always wanted to be a cop,” he said. He didn’t take his eyes off his work. “Got there and then it just seemed the normal path of ascension to get to be the guy in charge. Fell into it. How’d you know you wanted to be a teacher?”

“I pretty much already was by the time I could talk,” she laughed fondly. “Always telling people how to do things, always hosting discussions about any new topic I was interested in. Then I got to High School and soaked up any book I touched. I was the worst teacher’s pet, always wanted to get my two cents in on any question or discussion point. It seemed only natural to teach myself.”

“And how’d you end up doing that in Forks of all places?”

“There was the guarantee of a job here for one,” she chuckled. “It’s an impacted profession despite the horrible hours and less-than-stellar pay. I wasn’t attached to any piece of geography, so I applied all over the place. When I got the offer here, I googled the place and fell in love with the trees. Growing up on army bases, there were never a lot of trees you could just get lost in. So, I jumped on the job, got it, and here I am.”

“Here you are,” he muttered, mostly to himself, as he looking at her over the tv.

She smirked at him, noticing, but didn’t comment. “I don’t start officially for another few weeks, you know. They thought it would be harder for me to find a decent place to live. That I could afford anyway. It was just destiny that this place fell into my lap. The snot nose Henderson kids were just desperate to unload it and stop paying the property taxes. I had money from grants, and my dad helped me out to take it off their hands. One flat price to buy the place since their parents paid the mortgage off decades ago.”

“Wait, so you own this house?” he asked, pausing in his work.
“Thanks to the good graces of my father,” she said. “He’s always liked the idea of me settling down. His job moves him and mom around so much. If I moved around too, we’d never see each other. Now he has one dot on the map whenever he wants to visit me.”

“Is it just you or do you have siblings?” he asked, returning to his work.

“Two brothers, younger,” she said. “They’re set in their ways-types. Graduated High School while living in Boston, ended up going to college there. They’re twins, by the way. They’ll be finishing up their Bachelor degrees in finance and molecular biology in a couple years.”

“Wow. Some family.”

“Are you an only child, Charles?”

He groaned. “Don’t tell me you’re gonna start calling me Charles.”

She giggled. “Just to annoy you sometimes. When I feel like it.”

He had a feeling she would feel like it often. “Yup. Only child.”

“And only the one child yourself?”

“Yeah, just my daughter,” he said. “Though she constantly reminds me that she’s not a child anymore.”

Holly heaved a dramatic sigh and fell down the length of her couch, laying the back of her hand against her forehead. “I sympathize with her plight.”

He found himself at ease. Laughing at her antics. Talking to her. He wasn’t as shut off as he was with new people, or people he didn’t know well. She made it easy to know her. And she somehow made it easy to know him.
Soon enough, her tv and DVD player and speakers were all set up once she decided to get off the
couch and help. Then the pizza was ready, if a little crisp. And they were two beers into The
Notebook.

“This is an awful movie,” he felt comfortable enough commenting.

She playfully smacked his chest with her hand. But then she agreed with him! “Yeah, you’re right.
Still kicks you in the heart though.”

“And that’s a good thing?” he questioned.

She nodded resolutely. “Yeah. Everyone needs a good heartbreak at least once. Otherwise they’d
all be godforsaken cocky sons of bitches thinking life just hands you what you want. People won’t
work anymore. Least of all to keep someone in their life.”

“I guess…” He didn’t know what else to say. He’d had his heart broken by Renee. And he
probably could have gone without that. But it did some shaping of who he was as a person.

The next film she offered him his choice. “Next film?” he asked. “How long are you planning to
punish yourself with my company?”

“All day, I’m bored and putting off unpacking,” she quipped around a bite of pizza. “Pick a movie.”

He ended up picking Blazing Saddles, and was rewarded with an excited squeak from her as she put
it in. He could feel his trousers stir at the sight of her bending over to put the disk in the player. He
awkwardly shifting his thighs to try and hide the bulge forming.

She didn’t seem to notice as she hopped back onto the couch and started sipping her beer as the
movie started. But that was perhaps wishful thinking on his part. Because about twenty minutes into
the film, he hadn’t gotten any softer, and her hand had fallen on the lump with precision for a woman
who wasn’t even looking at him.

She started moving her hand up and down over his jeans, slowly but surely raring his boner to life.
Still without glancing over at what she was doing, she undid his button and zipper, and pulled him
out of his boxers to wrap her hand around him.
He didn’t know how to react other than to groan. Should he stop her? He still felt weird about them having sex when he was just helping her with his groceries. How was he going to feel after she jerked him off watching a comedy?

That should have been the least of his worries. Because a moment later, she was leaning over his lap and taking him into her mouth without the slightest struggle. He let out a strangled moan of shock and pleasure as her mouth closed in around his cock and her free hand started massaging his balls underneath. The movie was still going when he came into her mouth like a burst pipe.

She swallowed it all and pulled off with a satisfied smile, tucking him back in and sitting up. She leant her back against his side and casually sipped at her beer.

“Because I wanted to,” she answered the question he didn’t ask.

About an hour later the movie was over and she was refreshing their beers, also returning with a sleeve of Oreos. “Now -- a classic,” she decided as she picked up a new DVD, holding it up for him to see. Rear Window. She popped it in and settled back at his side on the couch, already chewing on a whole Oreo. She washed it down with beer and asked him, “Have you seen this before?”

“Yeah,” he said around a gulp of his beer.

“Good,” she said and a millisecond later she was straddling him on her couch again.

“What are you doing?” he asked, startled at her sudden move.

She rose one eyebrow at him, “And you call yourself a cop?”

She cut of his respond with a kiss. And he found himself falling into the same spiral of feeling sexy and desirable, but also old and dirty, that he’d been in for the last twenty-four hours. He shouldn't be doing this. He didn’t know her well enough. They’d only known each other for a few days. He was over ten years older than her.

But she wanted him. She wasn’t a child. She didn’t seem to mind the age difference. And he’d learned more about her, her life, and her family on this afternoon than he had known about Renee’s
in their first month of dating.

Simply put—her wanted her. So, he let himself have her.

He wrapped his arms fully around her waist and pulled her closer, already feeling his cock resurrect its erection in his pants. She let out a pleased sound as she kissed him harder, cupping his face. Their actions seemed to go by quicker than the last time. In seconds his flannel and t-shirt were off and so was her sweater. He even got to take her bra off this time and marvel at her breasts and hard, dark pink nipples pointing at him.

She stood to take off her pants, nodding at his lap for him to do the same. They were actually going to be fully nude this time. Her jeans and panties fell into a heap at her legs just as he was getting down to his boxers. And then she sat on the couch next to him, lying back, instead of getting back in his lap.

“I want you on top of me.”

Feeling his cock tent his boxers at her words, he eagerly crawled on top of her. Putting most of his weight on his forearms by her head, he leaned down to kiss her again. But she had another surprise in store for him today. She pulled at one of his arms until he gave into her, and led his hand to her breast, squeezing his fingers around the mound. He followed her lead and fondled her, pinching at her nipple in between squeezes. Then he moved his hand to her other breast to do the same. Eventually, she reached for it again to lead it lower.

Heat emanated from her folds as his fingers hovered outside. Reminding himself that she wanted this, wanted him, pushed him to reach forward and start stroking her. There was a tinge of wetness seeping out of her that he was able to spread across her lips and onto her aching clit. When he hit the little nub, she let out a whimper that encouraged him to focus on that spot.

Her hips started jerking up after a few minutes, and one of her hands palmed his cock in his boxers. Somehow, he knew that was her signal to move things along. He let her fish his dick out while he tested her with his finger, sliding it into her cunt. She flexed around him, mewling under her breath. She reached behind her blindly, somehow coming back with another condom. She finally opened her eyes to look down as she rolled it over him. She then spread her thighs out for him to fall into like a puzzle piece and slide his dick into her pussy.

She moaned out and threw her head back, “Fuck me, Charlie!”
The order made his hips involuntarily snap into her with a hard thrust. But that seemed to work for her based off of her little shriek. So, he gripped one of her thighs to hold it against his side and continued to roughly move into her again and again. He felt himself hit the back of her channel, and her walls squeezed around him in response to every hit. Her juices paved his way with zero resistance.

He followed the pull of her arms to press himself completely against her. He felt her breasts press into his chest as her head bowed back. Seeing the creamy skin of her neck, he had to taste it. She let out a small sigh when his lips started laying down kisses on her neck and shoulder, clutching as his back as he struck his cock into her cunt with vigorous ardor. Her head even hit the couch arm with the force of his thrusts.

She felt so good around him. So wet and warm, pulling him into her. He briefly imagined what it would feel like without the condom, but tossed that thought aside. This was amazing to him by itself, as it was.

Holly moved her knees further up, bending herself in half, pressing her heels into his lower back. This made her feel tighter to him, and made him feel deeper to her. Her nails started to dig into his upper back as she cursed out, “Fuck, Charlie, I’m gonna cum!”

He heeded her exclamation as incentive to work faster, and really started pistoning his cock into her cunt with a symphony of slapping sounds from their skin. He could feel himself gaining in on his end too. He wanted to get her there first. Remembering last time, he reached down between them and pressed his thumb to her clit, roughly flicking it up and down.

It only took a few flicks before Holly was tossing her head back and screaming his name as she exploded around him. She tightened up so much he had trouble moving. But that only served to trigger his own end as her fluttering walls milked the cum out of him, unaware that it would only empty out into the condom he had on. He let out a series of low grunts as he slowed down his thrusts to get the last of it out before he pulled out and sat up against the other arm of the couch.

He was still panting when she crouched in front of him to take the condom off and tie it, tossing it into a waste basket nearby he hadn’t noticed before. She then crawled onto his chest and laid her head in his shoulder.

“You’re a good neighbor.”
Chapter Summary

Charlie is continually confused on what his relationship with Holly is.

Chapter Notes

Just writing this and putting them up. With proof read and edit later. This whole profile and the stories I put up here are different than anything I've ever written so I'm trying to see what I can do.

Again, somehow, Charlie found his way home after another night with Holly. This time, he left with a kiss at her door and crickets chirping outside as he crossed the street. And he fell into the deepest, most satisfied sleep he'd ever had before. He almost slept through his alarm the next morning.

Holly seemed to be running in and out of her house for the next few days, so he didn’t see her. He caught sight of her leaving at the same time as him in the morning. She waved and blew him a kiss before driving off. And as it turned out, she had snuck her number into his phone while he had been getting dressed the other day and called herself. So, he'd gotten a few casual messages from her. Things like;
To which he responded with the most popular ones he’d often hiked on when he was younger.

She also sent him classic Holly humor.
But she also asked him about himself. They’d had short conversations once he got used to texting. About what it was like being Chief of Police. About how Bella was doing at college. Even about fishing. He in turn learned a little more about her. About her failed attempt at fishing one camping weekend when the hook got caught in her grandfather’s cheek. He still had a scar. About her excitement to be starting student teaching in a couple weeks. She even revealed with an emoji grin that his contact name in her phone was ‘Charles.’
He felt he knew her enough not to be surprised by the next message he got from after five days of not seeing her.

He barely had time to blush before his cock came alive in his pants and he was marching across the street. Within three minutes of getting into the door, he was kneeling and digging his face into her wet cunt while she sat on her kitchen counter. It only further served to turn him on as he did so. She was so responsive and encouraging, telling him exactly what he needed to do and what he was doing right.
She moaned when his mustache bristled against her clit as his tongue swiped inside her pussy. Her juices spilled into his mouth as one of her hands gripped his hair and pulled him closer to her. He had to grip one of her thighs to keep it away from his head so she didn’t suffocate him with the way they clenched around him.

When his tongue started getting tired, he quickly replaced it with two fingers and started wrapping his lips around her clit and sucking on it. She let out a sharp shriek as his teeth grazed it. “Oh, fuck, Charlie! I’m gonna cum! I’m gonna cum in your mouth!”

He answered her moans by hooking his fingers inside her and just focusing on that spongy patch inside her. He wanted her to cum. More than he had wanted to cum when he was inside her. It was different this way. He wasn’t getting an orgasm at the same time she was or just after. He wasn’t getting pleasure, he was just giving it to her. He was in control. He was her pleasure.

Her thighs suddenly clamped around his head as her cunt clenched around his fingers. Juices flooded into his mouth as he removed his fingers and dipped his tongue back into her flapping walls. He dug in until she came down and then he licked her clean. He stood up, still between her shaking thighs, and started to wipe his mouth. But she stopped him, pulling his hand away and pulling him in for a kiss. She moaned at the taste of them and slipped her tongue into his mouth. He ended up pressing against her on the counter and passionately returning the kiss.

They were thrown apart when a shrill alarm went off. He jumped and looked around for the noise. But she just laughed. “It’s the oven. Brownies are done.”

She hopped off the counter even with her weak knees and didn’t even bother pulling her panties back on under her sweater dress. She grabbed oven mitts and pulled out the tray of delicious smelling brownies. She set them on a cooling tray and then turned back to him with a sultry grin. “They need time to cool down before we can dig into them.” She pressed her hands on his still-clothed chest and gently led him backwards until his back was flush with the refrigerator. He stifled a groan as she dropped to her knees and worked on his belt. He couldn’t seem to move. He just stared at her as she shifted his jeans open and fished his hardening cock out.

She stroked her hand over it a few times, bringing it fully to life, before she stuck her tongue out and liked the tip. He groaned out loud and her eyes flashed up to his. A smirk settled on her lips as she set to licking her tongue up and down his length and coating it thoroughly in her saliva before wrapped her lips around his head and sinking her mouth down onto him. It took her a few pumps of her mouth until her lips were flush with his base and he was deep in her throat.

His head collided with the door of the top freezer door as his eyes fell shut at the sensation of her wet
mouth completely enveloping his cock to the hilt. He could feel himself hitting the back of her throat. He could almost feel her eyes on his face too. He forced himself to open his to check. Sure enough, she was staring right up at him. Watching his reactions as she moved her mouth over him.

Gaining more confidence every time he encountered her, he reached down to wrap his fingers into her hair and guide her mouth to the rhythm he liked. She seemed to like him taking a bit of control, because she hollowed out her cheeks to suck them in around him and make her mouth feel tighter. He groaned as her moved her head back and forth on his cock until he was fucking her face. Their eyes remained locked until he lost control and slammed into her mouth, shooting his cum down her throat. His head fell back and his eyes fell closed as he let out a long, low groan at the feeling of her swallowing his cum. Her throat massaged around his head as she did.

When she’d sucked the last of his cum, she licked his cock clean and gently tucked it back into his pants. She then stood, pressing her body against his, and pressed sweet kisses to his collar. With a slight sigh of satisfaction, she rested her head on his chest. “Want a brownie?”

“You okay, Chief?”

Charlie was startled from his stupor at his desk by the appearance of one of his deputies in his doorway. “What?”

“I knocked but you didn’t answer,” the deputy frowned. “You seem distracted.”

Clearing his throat awkwardly, “No, just don’t wanna do all this paper work. What do you need?”

“Nothing, sir. There’s someone here to see you.”

Charlie frowned, “Who?”

“Your neighbor.”

That seemingly innocuous word stirred something in him he thought had faded away years ago. Excitement. “Let them through,” he said, trying to see casual.
Holly whistled lowly as she walked into his office and closed the door. “Nice digs, Chief. You got a loyal crew out there too. Think I got the stink eye a few times.”

“Um, small town,” he excused. “What brings you here?” He was afraid of the answer, but also anticipated it.

She rolled her eyes at him playfully though. “I’m not here to steal your virtue, Charles.” He grumbled at the name as she reached into her canvas bag and produced his wallet. “I noticed this on your driveway on my way out this morning. Figured you might miss it.”

Charlie blushed at his absentmindedness and gratefully took his wallet from her. “Oh, uh, thank you.”

She smiled easily and produced a white box from her bag too. She held it out in front of her and slowly opened the lid to reveal an assortment of donuts. She had a shit-eating grin on her face at his deadpan reaction. “I couldn’t resist. I was coming to a police station!”

He couldn’t help himself. Everything about her was fun and innocent and alive. He had to laugh. It was a chuckle that built into his chest until it belted out of his mouth and then she was laughing with him. It was so easy.

He accepted the donuts, and asked her what she had planned for the day.

“Well, I finally organized my kitchen how I like it,” she said, perching against his desk. “I need to arrange my DVDs, and get a new bookshelf because the movers trashed mine. And I keep putting off putting my bedframe together. What about you? Pow wow with the Joker?”

He chuckled, “It’s not that exciting around here. Paperwork, patrol, maybe scare a dumbass kid out of tagging trees.”

“What about this weekend?” she asked, startling him. They had never planned ahead with their encounters.

“Um, no plans,” he mumbled, unsure of why she was asking.
She nodded, satisfied. “Good. I want to try this steak recipe my mom told me about and I can’t eat the whole thing by myself. Seven on Saturday work for you?”

Dumbfounded, all he could do was nod.

“Perfect,” she grinned. She shouldered her bag and stood up. “Now, I’ll be on my way before I am tempted to really steal your virtue, right here and now, on your desk. See you this weekend.” With a slow kiss to his cheek that had him struggling to breathe, she was out the door.

He felt like he was going to faint. Not manly pass out. But faint. He went over it in his head once Holly left his office the other day and realized that she may have asked him out on a date. What the hell were they doing? What was he doing? What was he supposed to wear? Was he supposed to bring flowers? It really had been too long.

He ended up dressing how he usually did, but he did pick up a case of beer. He felt weird and strangely giddy as he rang her doorbell.

He was immensely relieved to see her dressed in jeans and a graphic Jurassic Park t-shirt tucked into them. She smiled brightly when she saw him. “Punctual Chief of Police. Come on in. Steak’s almost done. Also made salad because gross green things are good for you.”

He chuckled and held up the beer he brought, “I got drinks this time.”

“Yay,” she said, taking it from him to put it at the fridge. “I don’t have a table so we can either eat at the island counter or the couch.”

“Either is fine,” he mumbled, standing awkwardly in her kitchen while she checked the steak on the stove.

Soon, dinner was set out on the kitchen counter and they each had a beer each, clinking the bottles together before they dug in. Charlie had to admit this steak was better than anything he’d tried to make. But he was a lethal addition to the kitchen on his best days. The salad wasn’t too bad either, he could swallow it. The beer helped.

“This is really good,” he felt compelled to say.
Her radiant smile made the comment worth it. “Thank god mom taught us all how to cook. Otherwise I would have starved or gone broke once I moved out.”

“I can’t cook worth a damn,” he admitted. “I’m chained to the microwave or eating out. Bella could cook. She made dinner often when she lived with me.”

“She spent most of her time with her mom?” she asked, taking a sip of her drink.

“Yeah, yeah,” he murmured. “Renee hated Forks. So, Bella hated Forks. But Renee got remarried to a travelling ball player so Bella decided to come here. I think she liked it all right once she got used to it. She ended up picking a close college. Surprised the hell out of me.”

“Maybe you are what she liked about here,” she suggested softly.

He blushed. “I don’t know about that.”

“You’re so adorable, Charlie,” she cooed as she picked up their cleared plates to put them in the sink. “Even if you don’t seem to think much of yourself.”

He followed her to the sink to offer his help with the dishes but she waved him off. “Those can wait. I don’t want to.”

“Huh?”

His befuddled sound was answered with her slowly pressing her body against his, reaching up with her fingers to play with the hair at the back of his neck. Then she was stepping up on her toes to press her lips to his. He was so tempted to just lose himself in her again. It was easy to do. But he didn’t want to spend so long being confused about what he was doing with her.

“Wait, wait,” he murmured as he pulled on her shoulders to end the kiss. “What are we doing? Is-is this a date or...?”

“You’re blushing again, Charles,” she said, purposefully winding him up it seemed.
“I told you I’m old. I don’t do this stuff,” he excused himself, bashfully scratching at his neck.

“Look, Charlie,” she began patiently, “I have no big, grad expectations that you have to live up to. I’ve never been the damsel waiting for a prince to come sweep her off her feet and marry her. I don’t even think I want to get married ever. I’m not trying to map out my life that way. Call me a free spirit or whatever, but I go on what I want in the moment regardless of what other people have to say about it.”

“And what you want is me?” he asked, not wholly convinced that could be possible.

She smiled and took his hand. “I find you attractive. Sexy as hell, really. I like talking to you. I like making you blush. And I definitely like fucking you. I would like to fuck you right now. Can it just be that simple?”

He answered her with his first attempt to take the initiative and craned his head down to kiss her again. She sighed into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. One of her arms left the position to trail her hand down his chest and cup his dick in his pants. He smothered his groan with her mouth.

She pulled away an inch to whisper, “Take me to bed.”

And he was scooping her up in his arms, her legs instantly wrapping around his hips, as he walked for the stairs. She clumsily guided him to her master bedroom, where her newly made up bed was ready for them to fall into.

As he fell on top of her, her hips instantly started grinding up against his dick, as she hooked her knees around him and guided his head to start kissing her neck. She reached down to cup him again, ready to pull him out. But then she titled them over onto their sides and stood up to quickly strip off her clothes. He watched as she took her shirt off, revealing that she hadn’t been wearing a bra and he was gazing at her creamy breasts. She smirked at him and said, “This is where you start taking off your clothes too.”

He fumbled to do so as she continued taking off her jeans and panties. Just as he was naked, she was straddling him on the bed and asking, “What do you want?”

He was completely thrown off by the question. And just ended up emitting a confused grunt.
She gave him a look. Not frowning, not smiling. Warm and serious. “I’m not the only person here with wants and desires and turn-ons. There are two people in this bed and you are allowed to ask or tell me what you want, to feel good.” When he still didn’t seem to know what to say, she reached down and wrapped her hand around his hardness, lightly stroking him. “Do you want me to ride your cock? Do... you want to pound me into the mattress? Or fuck me from behind?”

When his cock practically jumped in her hand, she grinned, knowing she’d landed on something that would please him. She leaned down to kiss him, “Perfect. I’ve been ready for you since I visited your office.”

She crawled off his lap and got onto all fours in the middle of her bed. When he didn’t immediately follow her with anything but his eyes, she teasingly reached behind her and pulled one of her ass cheeks to the side, spreading her glistening cunt to his gaze. “Come fuck me, Chief.”

Following her instructions, he found himself flush behind her, pressing his head against her entrance, and slipping in without resistance. She really had been ready for him. And she felt glorious this way, deeper. He immediately curled his hands around her hips and pulled her back into him. It was easy to fall into a rhythm with her. A series of slapping sounds fill the air as he filled her cunt over and over again, groaning at the feeling of entering such a tight and warm channel. He thrust into her with a ferocity he thought he lost. He almost thought he was being too rough on her.

But she was screaming in pleasure, “Fuck, you’re so deep! I love it. I’m gonna cum!” And a second after she said that, she added, “I’m cumming!” and a river of juices coated his cock as her pussy flexed around it.

He was surprised when he didn’t immediately follow her. He was starting to build a tolerance. But the brief flush of their unmoving hips while she came down from her high allowed him to look at her clearly and take her in. He noticed a tattoo he’d never seen before on the back of her right shoulder. It looked like a peach, being carried in the air by birds on strings. He didn’t really bother wondering about it when her pussy let up on him and he could move freely again, chasing his own end.

Soon, he watched her arms weaken and fall to the bed, most of her upper body going with it, pressing to the duvet. This changed the angle of her hips in a way that made him almost cum right then and there. But he loved the feeling of being inside her too much to not milk it as long as he could. He became more vocal with his pleasure, knowing Holly was never one to judge. He even threw her name in there.

She was mewling into her pillow and whimpering, “Fuck, I’m gonna cum again!”
He could already feel her walls pulsing around him, getting tighter around him. He could feel himself propelling closer to his own orgasm too. “Me too, Holly. Cum with me!”

That caused a gush of fluids to spill out of her as she keened. “Yes, yes, Charlie, cum with me!”

As she clamped onto him and screamed into her pillows, he let himself go and slammed his hips into hers. He grunted as he felt her walls pump the cum out of his tip and take it all deep inside her. His own legs grew weak and he collapsed onto her, barely able to catch himself on his arms so he didn’t crush her. After a moment, he was strong enough to pull out of her and flop onto his side next to her. She remained on her stomach, smiling at him with half of her face in the pillow.

After he caught his breath, he cursed with a damning realization. “We didn’t use a condom!”

She didn’t seem worried in the least. She giggled. “Don’t worry. I have an IUD. And I’m clean, just so you know.”

He let out a sigh of relief, offering lamely, “Uh, me too.”

“The IUD, or being clean?” she asked him cheekily.

He scoffed at her and lightly shoved her shoulder.

She laughed and leaned up on her arms, peering down at him. “You’re coming out of your little shell, Charlie. I like it.”

He blushed bashfully. “All right, all right. I get it.” They were quiet for a moment, simply breathing, after she rested her head on his chest. He traced her fingers along the ink on her back. “What does this tattoo mean?”

She huffed into his chest hair, “We really need to get you caught up with the cinematic world, Charlie. It’s James and the Giant Peach. It was my favorite story growing up. And the best film. Watched it every day when I was eight. Drove my brothers crazy. Got that ink when I turned eighteen. Pissed my dad off, but mom thought it was adorable. He got used to it soon enough. You got any ink?”
“Um, no,” he mumbled, feeling drowsy.

She seemed to sound sleepy too, but still found the strength to speak. “You know, you can pursue me too. For what you need. If you’ve got energy to burn or frustration to release. Or you’re just horny. I’m right across the street.”

He let his arm fall limp against her back. He would keep that in mind.
Chapter Summary

Charlie puts his foot in his mouth.

“You and your neighbor are fuck buddies!?”

Charlie was glad they were out on the boat, or else the whole town would hear Billy’s shout. “Quiet down, old man. I didn’t say that.”

“You’re having sex with your neighbor, but you aren’t dating,” Billy said slowly. “I’ve been around Paul enough to know that that is called ‘fuck buddies.’ And you said she’s what? Twenty-six? You are too young for a midlife crisis.”

“That’s not what it is!” he protested. “It just... happened. It’s not like I’m trading in the cruiser for a Ferrari.”

Billy muttered to himself. “Just didn’t know you had it in you, old man!”

“Well, neither did I,” he answered back, still staring out at the water.

“You’re okay with that arrangement?” Billy asked after a lull.

“Wouldn’t any red-blooded man be?” Charlie replied sarcastically, focusing on his fishing line.

“Maybe,” Billy mused. “But that just doesn’t seem like you. You’re whole whirlwind thing with Renee was out of character for you then, and we were all still kids. This Holly person is barely older than we were when we were having our kids.”

“I know all that,” Charlie snapped, steadfastly not looking over at him. “It’s not like I’m gonna marry her or something. I’m not stupid. She’s gonna get tired of me soon enough. I know that. She’ll find someone she has more in common with and could have a real future with. Or she’ll blow
through town and to somewhere bigger. It’s just... fun, for now.”

“Fun,” Billy chortled. “Charlie Swan... having fun.”

Holly’s first week at Forks High started and Charlie didn’t see her much on the weekdays. He thought it would be okay and leave him to clear his head and really think about what they were doing. But mostly he just found himself watching her door to see if he could catch her on the way out in the mornings.

Sometimes he did. And when he saw her, she smiled and waved and jumped into her truck, taking off for work. Then he thought about it for most of his day.

By Friday, just fifteen minutes after he’d gotten home, she was knocking at his door. He was still confused when he saw her there, like he wasn’t really expecting to see her again. She was wearing a black skirt to her knees and thick cable knit sweater with outrageous looking lime green rain boots with frogs on them. And she didn’t look all bright and bubbly as she usually did. She looked irritated.

“Um, hey,” he muttered. What else was he supposed to say?

“Hi,” she said in a huff like she’d been holding her breath. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

A little stunned, and embarrassed of his house now, he stepped aside to let her in. “Is something wrong?”

As she walked in and shut the door after her, she regarded him with her hands on her hips. “Do I look like a stupid little teenage girl? That’ll just swoon at a cocky smirk and some lame line?”

Charlie gaped at her. She was red in the face and glaring expectantly. “I have no idea how to answer that.”

She huffed and rolled her eyes, “The stupid little boys at that High School have seemed to make it a game to see who can get me to go out with them. Every class, every break, I can’t get away from them. And today it seemed to be a contest to see who could get a look up my skirt.”
Now he understood. She was coming to him to rant about her bad week. “Well, they’re stupid boys. I’m sure you could put every single one of them in their place. You’re... tough.”

She suddenly broke out into giggles. “Look at your face! Big, strong, Chief of Police, doesn’t know how to handle a heated woman.”

He shrugged helplessly, “It’s not in my DNA.”

“Well, your DNA is what I came for,” she said, stepping up to him and pressing her hands on his chest. She stepped up to her toes to press her lips along his chin. “How do you feel about a rough fuck against the wall?”

His eyebrows shot up into his hairline. “I’m not as strong as you seem to think I am. Or as wild.”

She pulled away and smirked at him, “I can fix that. Come on...” She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her lips. She slowly stepped backwards until her back was pressed against the wall behind them and he found himself pressing her against it. It was too easy to get swept up in her.

It ended up being a good thing that she was wearing a skirt, because when he slipped his hand up her thigh, he felt no panties. He groaned into her mouth at the feel of her bare skin and moved her up the wall. She reacted by hitching her leg around his hip and pressing her foot to his ass to pull him closer to her.

He answered her energy with his own, pulling the hem of her skirt up while she undid his belt and zipper. She was pulling him towards her core but he slipped his hand over her lower lips first, testing to see if she was ready. She whimpered as his finger slipped into her walls and started massaging the inside of her.

“You’re learning,” she whispered into her ear as she started kissing his neck. “Fuck, you get me soaking in my panties every time I see you in that uniform, or these flannels you love so much. You’re so sexy.”

He grunted as her hand wrapped around his dick and started pumping it. While her words spurred his actions, he didn’t know what to say back. He wasn’t very vocal in the sack. He didn’t have the confidence for it. He probably wouldn’t know what to say to her to turn her on, and would end up just making a fool of himself.
She nibbled onto his earlobe and panted, “Please push me into this wall and fuck me hard, Charlie.”

He groaned in his throat and found himself grabbing the back of her thighs and pulled her up until her wetness was sliding against his cock. Her thighs flanked his hips and squeezed. He grabbed his head and pressed it into her, sinking into her heat with a deep grunt.

She tossed her head back against the wall and clenched her eyes shut. “Fuck, Charlie!” she moaned, gasping as he started thrusting up into her. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders and her nails started digging into his back. “Don’t stop, please!”

He had no intention of stopping. He wouldn’t stop until she told him to. He wouldn’t be done with her until she was done with him.

Her cunt squeezed him and he found himself liking the sound of her back thumping against the wall. She squealed as he hit the mark inside her and let a flush of fluids drip out. “Not strong, my ass. Keep going!”

He obeyed easily, finding the strength within him to press his elbows under her thighs and fold them further up. Practically bent in half, she felt as tight as a Chinese finger trap. He kept thrusting into her, hearing the smack on their skin join the thump of their bodies against the wall. He found himself letting the odd exclamation out, “Fuck! Ugh, tight...”

She sighed sensually as his hissed words in her ear, “Fuck yes, and you’re so fucking deep. You’re gonna make me cum, Charlie. You wanna feel me cum on your cock?”

He grunted loudly, because yes, he wanted to feel her come apart on his cock. He wanted to feel her pulsing walls milk all of the cum out of his balls and hear her scream his name – again. He wanted all of it.

“Tell me,” she gasped, trailing her teeth onto his shoulder. “Tell me you want that.”

He could feel his whole body blushing. Did she really want him to say all that out loud? Like a porn actor or something? He’d sound like an idiot. His voice would probably make her laugh and ruin the mood.
“Please!” she keened, her walls fluttering around him.

Hearing her beg him made him want to give her everything she wanted. So, he tried his best. His voice was gravelly as he growled into her ear, “Yes, I do! I want to feel you cum on my cock and then I want to pump you full of my load!”

He was scarlet red at forcing the words out of his mouth but he was rewarded with her wailing with her head thrown back and mouth gaping open as she screamed, “Charlie! Cum inside me, please! I want to feel you!”

With the way her pussy was gripping his cock, it was easy enough for him to follow her over. He grunted, laying his forehead on the wall beside her head and slamming his hips up into her cunt, shooting off his cum straight into her until his cock fell limply out of her.

They didn’t put in an effort fixing their clothes as he led her to the couch where they fell in lumps. He ended up stretched out with her laying between his legs, head on his chest, panting softly. After catching their breath, Holly turned her lips into his chest and laid soothing kisses through his shirt. “Did I push you too much? With the talking thing?”

He tapped his fingers on her hips, not looking down at her, “It’s not something that comes naturally, I gotta admit.”

She hummed thoughtfully, “Well, it set me right off. Your voice is sinful.”

She had a way of making his chest puff up. Like it was doing right now under her praise. Everything was simple with her. He never had to guess what she was thinking. She’d tell him. She didn’t play games. She didn’t laugh at him, but she got him to laugh with her.

He knew it wasn’t the novel feeling of being with such a younger woman. It wasn’t even just the most regular sex he’d gotten since his divorce. it was her. The kind of person she was. She was rejuvenating to be around.

But she blew through like a hurricane sometimes. Not twenty minutes after they were done, was she out the door. But not before somehow getting him to agree to go jogging with her the next morning. She was hypnotizing.

Charlie was roused Saturday morning to her knocking at his door. He groaned when he saw his
missed alarm on his phone and remembered that he’d promised to go jogging with Holly. He was just in flannel pajama pants, his bare feet padding on the floor as he went to the door to sheepishly greet her. He nearly gaped at her attire. She was dressed in tight red pants and a matching sports bra, a light jacket tied around her waist.

She didn’t seem surprised at his lack of attire. Just amused. “You do not look dressed, Mister. Do I strike you as the kind of gal who *forgets* about plans she makes? Did you think you were gonna get out of this?”

He bashfully scratched the back of his neck. “I slept through my alarm.”

She rolled her eyes, “Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie. Invite me in, I’ll wait while you get dressed, and we’ll get going.”

He grumbled a bit but willfully went back to his room to slip on his sweats and a t-shirt. He dragged his cold sneakers from the back of his closet and slipped them on. The only good thing about being old was that he didn’t really outgrow his clothes anymore unless he put on too much weight. He clambered downstairs to see her gazing at a family photo he never bothered to take down of him, Renee, and baby Bella.

He wasn’t sure if he expected her to be put off, seeing a photo of his ex-wife up in his house. But she had a thoughtful smile on her face when she noticed him approaching. “Is this baby Bella? She was so adorable.”

He nodded.

She pointed to the photo next to it, one of him and Bella at her High School graduation that Renee had insisted on taking. Even if they were both camera shy. “And this must be baby Bella all grown up. What a looker.” Her smile turned affectionate as she turned to him and cupped his cheek. “You’re a looker too.”

“She says you,” he blushed, taking her hand off his face.

She clicked her tongue at him, “You’re too adorable for words. Shall we?”

“I don’t know, shall we?” he retorted back.
She rolled her eyes and grabbed him hand, “Let’s go, Charles.”

He grumbled at the name but followed her out the door. It was easy enough to keep up with her. But he suspected that she was going easy on him. Luckily, she had brought along two bottles of water. Because he desperately needed a drink once they got a mile away from their neighborhood.

“Don’t cops have to go through, like, physical training?” she asked him while he panted.

“Do I look like a cadet in training to you?” he asked her back. “It’s been years since I went through the academy.”

“You’re Chief of Police, and a father to boot,” she told him, laying her hand on his shoulder. He didn’t know how she could still be close to him when he was sweating like a pig and panting like a dog. “You still have to take care of yourself? Eat right, exercise!”

“You sound like Bella,” he huffed, starting the walk back.

She followed. “She must sound smart. What’s wrong with wanting you to be healthy and happy?”

“What, you want me to live forever?” he joked lamely.

“It’s a thought,” she bumped her shoulder into his. “Is that such a bad thing? That people want you around. I never see you have people over. Your house is like a little island.”

“You don’t have people over,” he shot back.

“I’m new here!” she laughed. “And I have had you over!” She looped her arm through his and shook her head with affection, “Charlie, you’re a good man. A great guy. A sweetheart. If a little... anxious. I don’t want to see you pass through life. I want to see you grab life and fuck it! In the good way, of course. Like we did last night.”

“We’ve knew each other all of three weeks,” he pointed out. “Why do you care so much?”
She shrugged. “It’s just who I am.”

“What? A fixer?” he asked.

She stopped dead then, her arm through his yanking him back so he was stopped in front of her. He turned to her and saw her looking as serious as she ever had, no hint of a smile on her face. It almost made his heart drop into his stomach. She didn’t look right – not smiling.

“You’re not a yo-yo, Charlie. And you’re not broken,” she spoke evenly. “I’m not trying to fix you. I like you, that’s it.”

“I don’t think you sound like a fuck buddy, gotta say.” He regretted the words the moment they were out of his mouth.

She grimaced. “Is that what you think? That because we fuck, I can’t care about you. I can’t want to see you outside of it?”

“Well, how am I supposed to know?” he asked, exasperated. “I don’t do this!”

“This, this!” he gestured wildly between them. “Casual, physical. Whatever you call it. I don’t know what to call it.”

“Why do you have to call anything, anything?” she asked him, finally showing an emotion other than bright happiness and sensuality. “Why are people so consumed with labelling everything instead of actually enjoying life? Would you really rather agonize over some term to call me than just enjoy the ride?”

“Is this a ride?” he asked rhetorically. “I don’t understand. I don’t know how to navigate something like this.”

“Then don’t!” she yelled. “I’m not a map, Charlie. I’m a person. I told you I didn’t have any grand expectations. But it seems like you have some idea in your head of what I should be and I’m not living up to it.”
“I have no idea in my head, that’s the problem,” he grumbled. “I don’t know what I’m doing.”

“That’s quite apparent,” she snapped. She let out a long breath of air through her nose. “Charlie, let me ask you something. Would you be this worked up over what we’ve been doing together if I wasn’t fifteen years younger than you?”

He didn’t know how to answer that honestly and not sound like a bastard. Truth was, he didn’t know that he would question this kind of relationship with a woman his own age. Even given the way Holly heavily pursued him, he still felt like he was taking advantage somehow. She was young and bright and shiny. He was dull. Just dull.

His silence was answer enough.

“That’s a no,” she huffed. “Look, Charlie. I don’t play games. I don’t mess with peoples’ heads. And I couldn’t give a crap about what people think or trivial things like labels. I’m twenty-six, you’re forty-one. I don’t care, but it seems that you care too much. And I don’t want to force my company on you if you really don’t want it.”

“I didn’t say that,” he said.

“You’re not saying much of anything,” she pointed out. “And we have a morning job to get through.”

Charlie didn’t get a chance to respond before she was jogging off, back in the direction they came from. He groaned to himself – *idiot* – and jogged after her. He’d try to salvage what his stupidity spoiled when they got back to their street.

Only, when they did jog back into their neighborhood, she jogged right up to her front door and went home. Didn’t even look at him. Maybe instead of her getting tired of him, he went ahead and burned them out.
Chapter Summary

Holly plays with Charlie.

Charlie knew after not seeing or hearing from Holly for three days that he had really wounded her. Somehow. He didn’t think she care that much about him. He never thought of himself as someone with power in their situation. She just always seemed so confident and self-assured, like nothing could rattle her. Invulnerable. But that was stupid of him to assume. Everyone had vulnerabilities. They were just human.

He also knew after not seeing or hearing from her after four days passed, that he would have to be the one to break the silence. He knew enough to know he’d have to apologize. But he also assumed he would get the opportunity to do so in person, when they just ran into each other in their neighborhood.

When he finally got a bit of a break from work, he fiddled with his phone at his desk. What was he supposed to say? He didn’t think woman took just ‘I’m sorry’ and left it like that. Nowadays they wanted to know that men knew where they screwed up. So, they didn’t do it again. Knowing himself, he’d put his foot in his mouth again anyway. But he also didn’t want to be a stubborn asshole.

So, he dialed her number and hoped she’d answer. It just rang out. He noticed the clock and assumed she was probably in class at the moment. But he didn’t want to give himself time to chicken out and wait another week to speak to her. So, he did the very un-Charlie thing, and texted her.
He pressed his phone screen-down on his desk so he wouldn’t be forced to constantly look over and see if he got a text back from her. Luckily, he got distracted with his deputies dragging it a drunk and disorderly and had to walk the newbies through the booking process. He took over their paperwork just to make the hours go by faster.

He was still a few hours from the end of his day when his phone started buzzing. He immediately abandoned his work and grabbed his phone, seeing four messages from Holly waiting to be opened.
He wondered if that amount was a good thing or not. But he just opened them to find out.

He flushed at the reminder of their first meeting. It was so bizarre and out of character for him. But he couldn’t deny the bulge starting to form in his pants. He quickly texted her when he would get home and left it at that, trying to force his erection away.

The hours passed by slower than ever now, and he found himself watching the clock way too much.
That only made time pass by slower. It frustrated him. When it was finally time to leave, he was out the door before anyone could problem him with last minute work. And he was taking off for home.

When he got home, her car wasn’t at her house. He sort of hovered in his cruiser for a few minutes, unsure of himself again. Should he go inside and just wait to hear from her? He was finally getting out of his car when he heard her squeaky breaks again, and turned to see her truck pulling up. She didn’t look directly at him when she got out, in a long sundress, but he could see her smirking as she walked to her backseat and started pulling out bags of groceries.

Fighting a grin of his own, he called over to her, “Need some help?”

She finally met his eyes, and gave him her bright smile he wasn’t aware that he missed. “Sure!”

He quickly jogged over and helped her get the rest of the groceries into the house. Standing in her kitchen idly for a moment, he wondered if she expected and more thorough apology in person. But she just said, “I’ve got this place organized the way I like it now, so I will be bossing you around a bit this time, Chief.”

He didn’t complain and made sure to put everything away where she said it went. She didn’t have a lot this time, more settled in the new house with food already in it. They were done in a couple minutes and she smiled at him and said;

“What do you say to a few beers as a thank you for all your help? I also have oven ready chicken nuggets, and Ghostbusters on DVD.”

“Sounds perfect,” he readily agreed.

They were soon lumped on her couch, on their third beers and second plates of dinosaur shaped chicken nuggets, watching the Stay Puff Marshmallow Man terrorize New York. Holly was reclined against the opposite arm of the couch from him, legs stretched out and feet kneading against his thigh like cat paws.

During the credits, they finished off their fourth beers and Charlie almost spit his out when her foot started rubbing up and down his crotch. He didn’t dare speak or even look at her. Everything was in her hands. He definitely wanted her. But he didn’t want to assume. If she wanted to turn him on and leave him high and dry as some sort of punishment, he would take it with grace and a really cold shower.
“What are you thinking about?” she broke the silence.

He flashed back to the night they met again. She had been so brazen and blatant in what she wanted with him. He had been powerless against her. And he had been okay with that. He would be okay with whatever happened tonight too.

“The first time you asked me that,” he finally answered. “You?”

She smirked at him as he finally looked over at her. “What I’m going to do to you tonight.”

That said, she set to her plan for the night. Or at least he thought it was a plan. Her eyes were too mischievous and filled with glee for her not to have a plan. She swung her leg over his legs and settled into straddling his lap, grinding into his crotch. His breathing instantly roughened and deepened as he instinctively hitched up into her.

She leaned in closer, as if to kiss him, but once he tilted his chin up to meet her lips, she pulled away with a teasing smile. “I’m just getting started, Charlie. Do you trust me?”

He frowned, confused, “...yes?”

She regarded him skeptically, and seriously, “Charlie, do you – trust me?”

Recognizing that the answer actually meant something to her, he told her, “Yes, I do.”

She smiled, leaning in to finally kiss him. She whispered, “Good, the safe word is red,” before reaching over into the side table drawer for condoms and a pair of red fuzzy handcuffs. She shook the metal cuffs in his face before standing up and saying, “Take off your shirt, Charlie.”

He didn’t want to seem like an overeager schoolboy. It wasn’t his thing to be dominated. But her telling him what she wanted him to do, didn’t feel like domination. It just felt like communication. So, he slowly pulled off his shirt and undershirt, not daring to do another thing until she made her move.
Her eyes raked up his chest. He didn’t think it was anything to take a second look at, but she seemed to be enjoying herself, licking her lips. She sensually climbed back onto his lap and gently took one of his hands, wrapping the cuff to it. “Lean forward?” she requested softly.

He did so, his eyes unable to keep from imagining what her breasts looked like under her blouse. She pulled his cuffed arm behind his back and tugged the other wrist to join it, cuffing his hands behind his back. She started to run her hands over his shoulders and chest, eyeing him up as she went. She must have seen the slight trepidation on his face because she smiled at him softly. “Don’t worry, Charlie. I’m not planning any S&M stuff. Just a bit of relentless teasing before I get you off.”

He groaned at her words. He was glad she wasn’t gonna do anything crazy like pull a knife out. But he didn’t look forward to her dragging things out either. He’d take it over nothing anyway.

She had first started peppering kisses everywhere she could reach. His jaw, chin, shoulders, chest. She circled her hips into him as she did, rubbing against his hard dick in his pants. He kept most of his noises under his breath, not wanting to seem like he was pushing her to move on to the next step. He didn’t want to risk incurring more teasing than she had planned.

Soon enough, she did move on. She undid his pants and pulled his erection out of it, slowly wrapping her hand around the base and slipping her hand up to the tip. She ran her palm around it before encasing him again and sliding her hand back down. She did this, ever so slowly, keeping him hard but not giving him any real stimulation closer to orgasm. He held back his groans, determined not to complain. But she still smirked at him, like she knew he wanted her to go faster, do something else. But she wouldn’t. She wanted to tease him. And he couldn’t even touch her.

His cuffed fists clenched behind his back, desperate to grab her and kiss her. If he really tried, he could probably break out of them. But part of him was curious to see what she wanted to do. He’d never been in this position before.

Her hand moved just slightly faster, not squeezing too tight. She pressed her forehead against his and asked, “Are you enjoying yourself, Chief?”

He grunted as her hand suddenly gripped him hard and stroked him quickly. “Ah, yes!”

She smirked, “Very good. Now, we do have something to discuss. To prevent further confusion.”
He looked up at her quizzically. What was she talking about?

She giggled at his expression. “Come on, Charlie, you must know what I’m talking about. You’re all freaked out over labels, and what to call us. ‘Whatever this is.’”

“I’m not exactly thinking about that right now,” he groaned, focusing on how her hand felt on him.

She licked her lips. “I bet you’re not. But this is important to you.”

“Not now!” he protested as her hand twisted around him.

She chuckled as her lips started kissing around his chin and ear, whispering into it, “I’ve never really used labels like girlfriend or boyfriend. Too many rules. It’s too juvenile. Fuck buddies is too crass. We don’t always just fuck. Friends with benefits has been ruined by television and movies.”

He hissed again as her palm slid along his swollen head. “I don’t care anymore!”

“I think you might later,” she said. “And I don’t wanna have another fight. What about lovers? Mmmm, maybe not. Sounds like an extramarital affair.”

“Yeah,” he agreed, trying to breathe evenly.

Her face was suddenly in front of his, her eyes lit up, “I got it now! Paramour!”

His eyebrows screwed up, “Paramour?”

She grinned. “It’s classy, I like it. Now – do you agree to the little term so we can get on with tonight’s activities?”

He would agree to anything if she put it like that. “God yes!”
She chuckled, deeply, in her throat, and smiled at him, “Well, now that that’s settled...”

She gathered up her skirt and pulled the crotch of her panties off to the side. She rubbed his tip against her moist slit before slipping his head into her hole and slowly sinking down onto him until the insides of her thighs were flush with his body. Charlie groaned at the feeling of finally being buried inside her. But she didn’t move once she was on him.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and grinned at him, “So, how was your day today?”

“What!” he asked a little too loudly.

She looked at him skeptically, “You didn’t think the relentless teasing would be over that soon, did you?”

Charlie groaned a whole different kind of groan now, his hand landing on the back of the couch. “You’re killing me.”

“That’s the idea,” she giggled, shifting her hips a bit.

He was painfully hard inside her, and wanted desperately to thrust up into her. But he knew if he made a move, she would probably stop. So, he breathed calmly through his nose and muttered, “Please move, Holly.”

“Oh?” she perked up. “I never thought to make you beg.” She leaned over him and pressed her lips to his throat. “Tell me how I feel. Tell me what you want me to do.”

“You’re... you’re so...” he tried to get his thoughts in order, get into the mood he needed to actually speak to her like this. Before, against the wall in his house, they were at each other hard and he could hide his face in her neck while he said what he secretly wanted to say. Now, he was deep inside her but not moving, and she was looking right at him.

“There’s no such thing as judgement from me, here, Charlie,” she told him softly, flexing her muscles around him again to feel his hardness inside her. “Don’t worry about sounding stupid or to explicit. Just tell me.”
He groaned as her inner muscles rippled over him again and the words sort of tumbled out. “You’re so tight and warm around me that I never want to pull out of you! Fuck, Holly, you have no idea how good it feels to be inside you. I want you to bounce on me, ride me until I can’t cum anymore and fill you up so much that my cum is dripping out of you, around my cock still inside you.”

Holly looked completely taken aback, as was obvious by her wide eyes and slightly gaping mouth. But Charlie could tell by the way her pussy clenched around him on and off while he was speaking, that she enjoyed his words. Her eyes became dark and lidded as her breathing deepened and her nails slightly dug into his shoulder. “You’ve got it, Chief.”

With that said, she used her knees to pull her hips up and then let gravity bring them back down, their skin slapping slightly. She let out a slight mewl at the feeling, “I’m gonna milk all your cum out of you, promise!”

She began riding him hastily, her cunt squirting down onto him as her juices spilled onto his hips. Some of the fluids felt like they were seeping into the fabric of his jeans, but he couldn’t care less. He watched her as she bounced on his cock, her breasts jumped and jiggled with every rebound. He wanted to grab her hips. He even wanted to throw her onto the couch and take over. He thought he’d lost this kind of passion inside him. But maybe she awakened it.

“Fuck, Charlie, I love your cock!” Holly moaned as she rode him erratically. She leaned closer to him, voice deepening as she added, “And your lips,” and kissed him. She pulled away just long enough to say, “And the mustache,” before kissing him again as she grinded her hips onto him, her cunt squeezing the life out of him as she moaned into his mouth and came. It was glorious, but not enough to make him cum just yet.

Holly seemed to need a break, because she laid her head on his shoulder and panted for a while. She was so quiet that he almost asked her if she was still awake. But her soft lips started pressing into her skin as her hips tilted back and forth over his raging hard cock. Her lips reached his ear and skated over the shell of it, whispering, “You want to cum, Charlie?”

No longer embarrassed, he was quick to answer, “Yes!” as he ached to touch her.

“Don’t worry,” she cooed. “Soon.” She flexed her walls around him as she circled her hips over him, feeling him throb inside her. Once she regained a bit of strength, she started lifting her hips up, sticking to the circle pattern as she fluttered back down. She started out slowly, but her momentum racked up and she moved faster before long. Her whole front was pressed against his chest this time so instead of getting to watch her breasts bounce as she rode him, he felt them pressed against his skin. She used the leverage of being pressed against him to drop her pussy on his cock over and over again.
He suspected she was squeezing him tighter on purpose with every drop back down on him. He didn’t care. He loved every second of it. With her so close to him now, his lips had access to her skin, skimming over her shoulder and neck before latching onto the spot behind her ear. She let out a sensual sigh at the contact.

She curled her fingers into the hair at the back of his head and combed through it, stroking his head and neck as she rode him. He tried to answer each drop down with a thrust up of his own, feeling his cock start to throb and swell. He was close. And he was desperate to pump into her.

He could feel her walls start to pulse around him, and knew she was close to another climax as well. Feeling braver than ever, he growled into her ear, “Are you going to cum on my cock, Holly?”

She whined in her throat at his words, “Yes, yes, yes! Fuck, but I wanna feel you cum too!”

“You got it,” he hissed, thrusting up into her good and hard.

Holly grasped at his shoulders and bounced on him hard until she was closing in around him and wailing out his name, “CHARLIE!”

Feeling her hot walls contract around him impossibly tight, Charlie couldn’t even attempt to hold off. He grunted and pumped up into her, shooting off his cum, splattering against her inner walls. His head lolled back as her cunt massaged all of his cum out of his cock, down to the last drop. But her gentle fingers led his head to loll forward, looking down at where they were joined. Holly slowly pulled up, not enough for him to fall out of her, but enough that her juices and his white cum started dripping out of her pussy and along the skin of his cock.

He groaned at the sight. He didn’t realize how erotic it would look when he said it in the heat of the moment. But it stirred something primal and passionate in him that he didn’t want to let fade ever again.

Holly eventually pulled off enough for his now-limp cock to fall out and sink against his stomach and thigh. He laid his forehead on top of her shoulder as she cuddled into his chest, and they just caught their breath together.

After a few minutes of just sitting against each other, Holly straightened up and grabbed a small silver thing from the side table. She reached behind him and gently uncuffed his hands. She pulled
his wrists up to her face to check and see if there were any marks. “They didn’t hurt?”

He shook his head as he watched her pressed slow kisses to the skin of his wrists. “No, not really. It’s just funny – I’m usually the one putting people in cuffs.”

She smirked up at him, wiggling her eyebrows at him, “Promise?”

He chuckled. A sound that forced itself out of his chest. “You’re going to be the death of me.”
Bonfire

Chapter Summary

Charlie is pressured to invite Holly out to a bonfire and meet his friends.

“You want me to what?”

Charlie had not expected to hear the words Billy was saying to him as they sat out on the boat again. Did he have something in his ears?

“Bring her, invite her, entice her, whatever,” Billy shrugged, unbothered. “You’ve got us all curious about this girl. We want to see who got Charlie Swan all hot and bothered.”

Charlie glared at his friend, “Who is ‘us all?’”

Billy just smirked. “You know nothing stays secret on the Rez for long, Charlie. I let a bit slip to Sue, who mentioned how excited she was for you to Harry and Seth. Seth took it from there.”

Charlie groaned frustratedly. “Billy! She isn’t my girlfriend, it’s not meet the friends time. I don’t even know if she’d be interested.”

“It’s a bonfire party on the beach,” Billy responded. “She seems like the kind of girl that would enjoy a fun night out. And she’s new to town. It would be good for her to meet more people. Make friends.” Billy suddenly smirked at his friend, “Unless you’re afraid she’s gonna trade you in. And that’s why you’re keeping her to yourself.”

Charlie rolled his eyes, “It’s not that. We just got over my freak-out about labels and shit. Don’t want to make her think I’m pushing for a... a commitment or something.”

“Charlie, you’re a commitment guy.” Billy pointed out wisely. “Eventually, that’s what you’re gonna want. If not with her, then you’re gonna have to let her go. You’re having fun, doing something different and you do seem livelier. But this isn’t a forever thing unless it turns into commitment.”
“I’m not really thinking that far ahead,” Charlie grumbled. “For once.”

“That’s great. You deserve to have some fun,” Billy said quickly. “But can’t a friend worry? And wanna check the girl out that’s responsible?”

“I’ll think about it,” Charlie muttered.

Charlie couldn’t do anything but think about the bonfire coming up the following weekend. He had seen her a couple times. They had had sex against her front door and then again in the shower. One night in, they fell asleep, drunk on her couch, watching old Drunk History episodes. Then had a morning quickie before racing to work.

Still, he had yet to mention the bonfire, or that his invitation had been extended to her. He had no idea how she would react or what she would say. He also didn’t know why he was turning it into such a big deal. He should just ask her if she wanted to come. It didn’t have to be a huge thing. She was a fun girl. She didn’t seem to know a lot of people yet. Other than spending time with him, she was always working, whether at the school or at home grading. He could stand to spend time with her outside their respective houses. Maybe it would be nice.

Or maybe Billy’s words were haunting him a bit. He was a commitment guy. He married Renee when they were still practically children, and it hadn’t gone well. He just never remarried because he couldn’t find someone that he thought it would work better with. But still, he never thought of himself as casual.

Paramour – that’s what they were calling it now. Holly even told him she’d changed his contact name to Paramour in her phone. Sometimes she whispered the word in his ear as he slid inside her. It definitely sounded better than fuck buddy.

Finally, he forced himself to drag his phone out of his pocket and text her, knowing she would be in class and he couldn’t call. Of course, it still came out as a bit of a mess.
But he only had to wait about twenty minutes for a response.
And her response was pretty standard. Agreeable with a hint of teasing. He almost expected her to call him Charles. Billy’s words still echoing in his mind, he answered her.
He was interrupted by a deputy at his door so he didn’t worry waiting for her response about ten minutes later.
He couldn’t suppress the smile on his lips at her final answer. Like it was a given. He really had been turning nothing into something. His mind eased, he could carry on with work until it was time to go home, more than likely, Holly’s home.

Charlie insisted on driving them to the party, so she insisted on bringing a dish to the party when he said that Sue and Sam’s wife, Emily, would be cooking for everyone.
“Everyone likes chocolate chip cookies!” she had declared when he tried to talk her out of going through too much trouble.

He'd given in and arranged to have her meet him at his house so she could help him dress.

“You need the help!” she had laughed. “And after a long week at work, I need to watch you strip for me.”

He still had a shift during the day this weekend so he didn’t see her until he got home at four. He had left a key under the mat for her – idly thinking to himself that maybe he should just give her the extra key before killing that thought process short. So, she was already in his home, having used his kitchen to make her army of cookies that filled three large Tupperware containers.

When he entered his home, seeing her pull her final tray of cookies out of the oven, he gaped at her in disbelief. How she could look so at home in his kitchen she hadn’t set foot in before, he had no idea. She also looked beautiful. Her hair fell down in waves along her mostly bare shoulders. Her off the shoulder yellow dress looked wonderful on her. Perfect for her sunny personality.

She smiled brightly at his entrance and called out teasingly, “Honey, you’re home!” She set the cookies down to cool and took of her lobster claw shaped oven mitts from her own home and walked over to land a kiss on his lips. “Now, out of the admittedly-sexy Chief of Police get-up, and into some party clothes.”

“It’s outdoors,” he warned her, eyeing her bare shoulders. “At the beach. By the water.”

“I know,” she rolled her eyes playfully. “You’d think a place with beaches would have good weather for it in April. But not Forks. Don’t worry, I have a sweater to wear. And I’m not gonna shove you in LA club clothes. Charlie clothes, with a Holly touch.”

He ended up getting talked into wearing a plain white t-shirt – which was just asking for an accident by the water – and jeans. She then pushed a black and red flannel shirt onto his arms. He complained a bit on that one. It was an old shirt and felt too tight.

She just clicked her tongue at him. “It’s not too tight, it’s just not over-sized like every other shirt in your closet.” She folded over his sleeves so they cut off half-way down his forearm. She stepped back, hands on hips, pursing her lips at him as she eyed him up and down. “You look like the sexiest lumberjack I’ve ever seen.”
He blushed at her praise and grabbed his warm jacket, slipping it on along with his boots so they could get going. He helped her carry out the containers of cookies to the car before setting off for La Push.

Once in the car, Holly set to asking questions. “So, your best friend, Billy. You’ve mentioned me to him then?”

Charlie awkwardly cleared his throat. “Um, yeah. You know, old guys like us don’t have much to talk about while we’re fishing.”

“You’re not that old,” she said, patting his thigh. “But I’m guessing you agonized over labels with him like you did with me. Should I expect some overly protective friend interrogation?”

Charlie shrugged, “I don’t think so. Maybe more like, ‘novel at the new person in town’ kind of questioning, more like. They’re just curious.”

“Okay. So, I know there’s Billy, Sue, and Emily. Anyone else I should be aware of?”

“Billy’s son, Jacob, will be there,” he said. “It’s mostly his friends and then some of us elder folks. Most of them are in their last year or so of High School. Others are a bit older. Sue’s kids, Seth and Leah. Emily is Sam’s wife. I’m sure the rest will introduce themselves, probably fight for your attention.”

She giggled, “Can’t wait. It’ll be nice to get out of the house this weekend. See you in your world rather than my living room.”

“You saw me at the station,” he pointed out.

“For like five minutes,” she complained. “I’d love to just hang out and watch you do your Chief thing. But it would probably just give me sinful thoughts.”

Charlie’s face colored at her words, instantly imagining her folded under his desk, mouth swallowing his cock down to her throat. It wasn’t a bad fantasy, even if he would never take that risk in a million years.
By the look in her eye, she knew what effect her words had on him. “Too bad you’re a cop right now. I’d be giving you some serious road head if I didn’t think you’d threaten to arrest me.”

He had to admit to himself as his hands clenched around the steering wheel, that it was extremely tempting to let her do what she wanted. She seemed to notice this too.

“Do you want me to take you in my mouth, right in this car, right now, while you’re driving, Chief of Police?” she whispered, shifting down the seat, closer to him. Her hand slid down the inside of his thigh, stroking up and down, closer and closer to his hardening cock with each stroke up to his hip. “I know we’re about to take a fairly deserted road. And you can always pull over if you need to. Nothing but trees for miles until we get to the Reservation. Can I put my mouth on you, Charlie?”

He desperately wanted her to, and the more she spoke about it, the more she convinced him. He could feel his resolve diminishing the closer her hand got to the tent in his jeans. Finally, he broke, grunting, “Yes.”

She grinned, pecking his cheek as her hands diligently fished him out of his jeans and started pumping him up and down. “Gladly. Just tap my head if you need me to stop.”

With that agreed, she ducked her head down and started licking his shaft up and down, coating it in her saliva. Charlie tightened his grip on the wheel and kept his foot from pressing down on the gas. Some old song was playing on the radio, but it sounded so far away.

She started open mouth kissing the head of his dick, letting out teasing moans for his benefit he was sure. He let out a loud groan that caught him off guard when her mouth sank down on him. It was different to feel when he wasn’t looking at her and knowing what she was doing and what she was probably going to do next. His foot stepped down a little on the gas out of reflex to lay out, but he quickly let up before his car could go into a lurch forward. He cruised along the street as she started bobbing her head up and down on his cock.

She moaned as her throat closed round his tip, sending vibrations down his cock. It throbbed in her mouth and twitched almost violently. At this rate, he would be done embarrassingly quickly.

But she seemed to have a plan – as always. She would let up, slowly stroking his spit covered cock with her hand as she leaned up to kiss his neck and chin. But then she would sink over him again and bob on him so vigorously that his knuckled were turning white. She would bring him to the
edge and then back off again. It was almost as agonizing as the handcuffs.

When he warned her that they had ten minutes of driving left, she set right to work. He thought he heard her gagging a couple times, and could swear he felt himself hitting the back of her throat on those times. He had to keep his foot well away from the pedal when he came, thrusting up into her mouth and holding her head in one hand as she swallowed every drop of cum he pumped into her throat. He could even feel the process of her swallowing around his tip. Her tongue swirled around him as she slowly pulled off of him and wiped him against the fabric of his boxers. She then gently tucked him back into his jeans and did them up before sitting up back in her seat.

“Naughty, naughty, Chief,” she teased, licking her lips. “I love it.” He watched in the sides of his vision as she pulled down the mirror to reapply the light-colored lip-gloss she had been wearing and check to make sure nothing was smudged. She put it back up when she was satisfied and sagged into her seat, very satisfied with herself. When they were pulling up to the beach, he noticed her grab a mint out of her small purse and pop it in her mouth. He smirked to himself.

He could hear a couple people call out his name as he and Holly grabbed the cookies from the backseat and turned to see Sue wheeling Billy up to them. Billy was grinning like he’d caught them at something. “Well, there you two are! We almost thought Charlie chickened out, what with how nervous he was to invite his... friend.”

Charlie grumbled at his friend, “Yeah, yeah, keep exaggerating – I'll wheel you into the ocean.”

Billy smiled mischievously, “Right after I ram you in the ankles!” and started rolling towards Charlie.

In his attempt to dodge Billy’s ‘attack’ he almost dropped the two containers of cookies he was carrying. Holly laughed and reached for his arm to steady him, “Whoa, hey, watch the cookies, man!”

The man laughed as Sue next to him stepped forward and carried on with introductions. It was a surprise when she led with a hug for Holly, but Charlie wasn’t the least surprised that Holly readily accepted it.

“I’m Sue, and I’m sure you can guess that this is Billy,” the woman said. “I’m assuming you’re the gorgeous Holly. I’m ad libbing a bit. Charlie is tight-lipped by nature.”
“Oh, I know,” Holly agreed, smiling widely.

“I don’t know if he mentioned how excited we’ve been to meet you since Billy told him about the bonfire last Saturday,” Sue gushed.

“Saturday, huh?” Holly commented, giving Charlie a sly side look. “I’ve been excited too. I was a bit surprised that a place as cold and rainy as this would have a beach party at night. But a party is always fun. I brought cookies.”

“I see that,” Sue smiled. “That’s so sweet. They look delicious. Homemade?”

“Nothing but,” Holly grinned as Sue ushered her onto the beach and started introducing her to some others. As Charlie expected, some of the young boys practically tripped over themselves to get to her first and try to flirt with her. He was surprised by the heavy feeling in his gut at the sight.

He ignored the feeling, dropping the last containers of cookies in Billy’s lap and wheeling the old man down onto the beach where he was set up before. He then made sure to grab some beers.

Holly and Sue had quickly ducked in front of them to swipe the remaining cookies before Billy could sneak one out. Holly gave him a playful look, sticking her tongue out, as Sue led her to the table where they were going to be setting out the food.

Billy let out a whistle as they made off. “Well done, old man. I have no idea how you did it.”

“Trust me, neither do I,” he muttered, quickly opening his beer and taking a big gulp. “She kinda just came out of nowhere.”

“Sometimes the best women do that,” Billy mused.

Charlie watched as Holly instantly clicked with Sue and Emily. He watched her get introduced to Emily’s cousin and her cousin’s little girl. Claire, he thought. He watched Holly instantly get attached to the little girl and start playing paddy-cake with her. She looked like she just naturally fit in with anyone she met. Everyone once in a while, some kid sauntered over and tried to sweet talk her. She took it all in stride, and seemed to have a smart remark every time they fed her a line. Every time they approached her, she looked at him first, fond smile lighting up her already glowing face.
Jacob soon approached, under the guise of saying hello to his father and father’s friend. “Hey dad. Charlie.”

“Jacob,” Billy hummed with a grin, knowing exactly why Jacob was talking to them.

“How’s it going?” Jacob asked casually. “Nice night, huh?”

“Just ask what you want to ask, son,” Billy chuckled.

Jacob adopted an incredulous expression as he looked between Holly at the table, and Charlie right in front of him, “.... how ?”

“I don’t really think you want the answer to that, son,” Billy chortled, knowing it was an explicit beginning to their relationship.

“I don’t really know the answer myself,” Charlie admitted. “She just seemed to like me for some reason.”

“You’re a lucky man,” Jacob sort of sighed out. “So, um, how’s Bella doing in Seattle? She coming back for summer?”

Charlie smuggled a smirk on his face at the turn in questioning. It was quite obvious that Jacob carried a torch for Bella since they were little. He could tell that while Bella cared about the younger boy, she didn’t seem all that interested in dating him. He couldn’t imagine how her interested in dating may have changed now that she was away at school, unchaperoned. But as a father, he didn’t want to imagine that.

“She’s doing well, liking her classes,” Charlie answered. “Doesn’t know what major she wants to choose but she’s got some more time for that. She’ll be splitting her summer between me and Renee. Hasn’t decided who she’ll see first, but it’ll probably be here since it’s just a drive down from Seattle.”

Jacob seemed to light up at the prospect that Bella would be back in Forks soon. Charlie hoped the poor boy didn’t get his heart trampled on.
Curiosity eventually got the better of Charlie and he and Billy ambled over to the table to see if the girls were interrogating Holly. The girls were laughing and having a grand old time, though, it seemed. Holly seemed completely at ease, in the middle of telling them how her parents met and fell in love.

“And guess what?” she asked them.

“What?” Emily asked back.

“Their names are Noah and Allie,” Holly revealed.

Emily, Sue, and Emily’s cousin, May, all let out simultaneous ‘aw’ sounds, clutching their hearts.

Holly gave Charlie a look, “See? They know what I’m talking about.”

Sue gave Charlie a scandalized look, “You’ve never seen The Notebook?”

“He’d never even heard of it before I got to him,” Holly revealed. “He’s seen it now. I made sure of it.”

“Good,” Sue praised. “He’s needs a feminine influence since Bella went to school.”

“How is Bella?” Emily asked, looking at Charlie.

“Good, enjoys classes, gearing up for Finals,” he answered.

“That’s great,” the woman smiled. Her eyes went over his shoulder for a second and she smiled even wider, “My boys are here!”

Everyone looked over to see Emily’s husband Sam wandering onto the beach with a little bundle in his arms. Holly let out a gasp, “There’s a baby!”
Emily smiled as Sam handed her the baby boy and sat next to Holly, holding him up for her to see, “This is little Adam Uley. About three months old.”

Holly readily accepted him into her arms and cooed at the little thing, “He’s so precious.” She grinned at Emily, “And you have a rockin’ bod for someone who just had a baby three months ago.”

Emily blushed at the compliment and introduced Sam before declaring that the food was ready and warned Holly to get a plate for herself. The woman refused to relinquish baby Adam right away, so she tasked Charlie to ready a plate for her. He grabbed her a burger and fruit, as well as one of her cookies. She grabbed beers for them as they settled onto foldout chairs. She spent time that her food was going cold, cooing and tickling baby Adam before Emily took him to give him a feed.

“So, how bad were they?” Charlie asked as he munched on his potato chips.

She eyed his plate distastefully, dropping a big slice of watermelon on it, “You sir need to eat healthier. And they weren’t bad at all. I don’t know what you were agonizing over this time.”

“Who said I was agonizing?” he hedged.

She rose a brow at him, “The fact that you were told to invite me last Saturday, and waited until Wednesday to tell me about it. Despite having seen me several times between those two days.”

Charlie turned red, because of course he did, and drank his beer.

“You didn’t need to worry about anything, Charlie,” she teasingly smacked his arm. “Not about me possibly saying no to coming. Or how I’d be once we got here. So, I seem like a recluse to you?”

“No, that’s not a word I would use to describe you,” he agreed with her, coughing into his hand. A few people commented across the fire to thank her for the delicious cookies. Some of Jacob’s friends – Quil and Paul, he thought – ostensibly winked at her. She just laughed. But it gave him that same heavy feeling.

“What?” Holly said, as if she knew he was getting that feeling.
He didn’t say anything. What could he say? He didn’t even know why he got that feeling, or how it was written all over his face.

Holly always seemed to know exactly what to do and say. She took his mostly eaten food out of his hand and gingerly placed it on the ground between their chairs. She then steady climbed onto his lap, oblivious or uncaring of their public situation that night. She loosely wrapped her arms around his neck and regarded him seriously. “You’re insecure, is that it?”

He didn’t say anything. She hit the nail on the head.

“Billy made some joke about me ‘trading you in’,” she put air quotes around the phrase. “A bit out of touch. But I can tell you I have no plans in the works on replacing you. These amusing little boys aren’t going to change that.” She teasingly butted her forehead into his to get him to look up at her. “Do you understand, Charles?”

He grumbled at the use of his real name but begrudgingly nodded, “Sure, sure.”

“Oh, you’re so cute,” she cooed at him, leaning down to capture his lips. Forgetting himself, he immediately kissed her back. Some of the rowdy guys around them started catcalling and whistling at them, but when he peeked an eye open to start waving them off, he saw Holly already giving them the finger as she pivoted her head to block their view of her slipping her tongue into his mouth. They could stand to watch for a minute, and see that they wouldn’t swipe her away with some flirty looks and quick words.

She took more than a few minutes to pull away and give him a wink, “Now, I’m going to get some cookies. If you finish off the fruit on my plate, maybe I’ll even let you have one.” She hopped off his lap and gave him the plate half-full with watermelon, grapes, and apples slices, and skipped away.

He quickly finished it off, if only to make her smile, and picked up their plates to toss them into the trash bag hanging off the table. Holly grinned at his effort from across the table talking to Emily and cooing at baby Adam when they all heard a distant voice calling out, “Miss Rayne!?”

They all turned to see three teenagers, two boys and a girl, approaching sheepishly. They heard one of the boys smack his friend’s shoulder and whisper, “I told you it was her!”
The girl seemed shiest of all but smiled tentatively at Holly and waved, “Hi, Miss Rayne, sorry to bother you. Just wanted to say hi.”

Holly waved her off and gave the girl a hug, “Oh, Amy, you’re not bothering me. And outside of school, feel free to call me Holly.”

“So, Holly--” the first boy started to say with a little grin that didn’t sit well with Charlie.

But Holly held out a finger in his face and said sternly, “Not you, Chet. To you, it’s always Miss Rayne.”

Chet colored as his friend laughed at him. “That’s what you get for hitting on a teacher, dude!”

Amy blushed as well, embarrassed for Chet, and quickly said, “Well, it was nice running into you. See you on Monday!”

“See you later, Amy,” Holly smiled warmly before turning back to her friends.

Emily smiled, “I didn’t know you were a teacher.”

“You didn’t ask,” Holly pointed out teasingly. “But really, I’m a student teacher. I finish my credentials over the summer and will be taking over full-time next Fall.”

“That’s great, what subject?” Sue asked as she had just wandered over.

“Literature,” Holly grinned as they launched into a discussion on her favorite author picks for using in class. She almost had a whole new lesson plan planned for when she started her full-time position to shake things up. As she spoke, she slipped a cookie into Charlie’s hand and gave a wink before carrying on as if nothing happened.

The night dwindled down on its own. First to go were Emily and Sam with baby Adam, then her cousin and little Claire. Claire had latched to Holly’s legs, crying that she wanted to stay. But Holly walked her to the car to help her in with her mother so she could get to bed. When Jacob took Billy home, Holly and Charlie bade their goodnights and got into his car to head back to Forks.
About ten minutes into the drive, Holly said, “Charlie, could you do me a favor and pull over?”

Fearing that maybe she was feeling sick, Charlie quickly pulled off the road into the trees and looked at her. “You okay?”

“Perfect now,” she said, breathless as she tossed herself onto his lap and straddled his legs, reached down to unbuckle his seat belt, as well as his jeans’ belt. Her hand was inside his pants and stroking his dick to full hardness before he could say a word.

“Holly!” he groaned. “You couldn’t wait ‘til we got to your place?”

“Fuck no,” she hissed, squeezing him as she pressed hot kisses to his chin and neck. “I’ve been a puddle since we put on our little show for the others.”

He had to admit it gave him a certain feeling of pride to make her feel so desperate for him, especially when he wasn’t trying, and it was usually the other way around. So he swallowed all of his protests about the illegality of their actions and indecency and just threw himself into her kiss when her lips landed on his.

Holly shifted up on her knees to pull her dress up around her waist as she aimed his cock up. He helped her out by pulling aside the crotch of her panties and leading her to sink down on him, groaning deep in his chest as he felt her warmth surround him. Her breathing paused completely as she sat on him.

Her head dropped on his shoulder as she started writhing her hips back and forth, just feeling him inside her for a minute. “Fuck, this never gets old,” she hissed into his skin as she started lifting herself up and down on him. His strong hands helped her along as his head landed back on his seat. He could hear a light suction cup sound as she bounced on his cock, like her tight cunt was trying to keep him inside despite her movements.

He grunted as she pulsed around him, moving faster than he’d ever seen. He could feel volatile pleasure threatening to push him over the edge. “I’m not gonna last long, Holly,” he warned her.

She whimpered and tilted her hips forward so her clit scraped along the front of his shirt where his pelvis was. “Pull my hair,” she breathed in his ear.
“What?” he grunted as his hands folded over her ass.

“Pull my hair, please,” she whined. “Not too hard. Just a little.”

Complying, Charlie threaded his fingers through the hair at the back of her head and started lightly tugging on it until she started keening and thrusting down onto him even harder. He was going to blow in just a couple of minutes at this rate.

Luckily – for her pleasure and his pride – she careened first. “CHARLIE!” she screamed as she writhed onto him uncontrollably, her cunt squeezing the life out of his sensitive cock.

That was all it took for him to lose it as well. He grabbed her hips and yanked her down and flush with him as his dick twitched inside her and his cum sprayed up into her until he softened inside of her.

She pressed soothing kisses into the side of his face as she slowly rose off him and slid back into her seat, fixing her panties and giving him a sated smile. “Better hurry back, Chief. I want another taste of you when we get to my place.”
Charlie was almost the angriest he had ever felt. Well, he didn’t want to say he was angry. Frustrated, annoyed, heated. Anger sounded too big and too violent for him. But today had just decided to pile it on and on. He got a new deputy who thought he was the big cheese. Didn’t take orders without questioning them, always needed to be told twice how to do something simple, and bragged about his spot as number one of his class. Just a grade-A entitled asshole that grated on Charlie’s nerves all day. He already wanted to dismiss him.

He was steaming by the time he got home – later than ever recently – and pulled into his driveway. He paused when he noticed Holly’s truck in her mirror. So, she was home. He hadn’t heard from her that day. She had once told him that he could come to her. That he could go to her to work out frustration. He was pretty fucking frustrated right now.

But could he? Really? He had initiated some contact with her. But he’d never taken this kind of initiative. He wasn’t as bold and cocksure as other men. Definitely not as confident as her.

But still, his feet acted before his mind could say ‘stop’ and carried him over to her house. His traitorous hand also knocked on the door, even as he cursed himself for it. At least he still had a scowl on when Holly opened the door.

Her smile waned when she saw it though. “Can I help you, Officer?”

“I don’t know -- I don’t think I should be here,” Charlie stammered, ready to back out. “I’ve had a shit day and--”

“Ah,” Holly dawned with an understanding smile. She pushed the door open wider and looked at
him expectantly, “Well? Coming in?”

He was in the house and on her before the door shut. Even he was surprised by his intensity as he crashed his mouth to hers. He swallowed her gasp and turned to push her back into the door. He could tell she was shocked. He’d never been the aggressor before. He’d never been rough without her goading him. But he’d had a really bad day and just wanted to get his frustration out. By the way she was eagerly kissing him back, but not arching into him, she was okay with him taking the reins for tonight.

To really shock her, he wanted to do something he’d never tried with Renee or any other woman before. He reached down to cup her ass and drag her up the door until she wrapped her legs around his waist. He wrapped his arms around her waist to hold her to him and started walking blindly to her kitchen, innately knowing where it was.

Once inside, he plopped her down on the island counter and set to work her jeans down her legs. He didn’t want to waste time. But he also didn’t want to be the guy who only cared about his own end. So, he slipped his hand into her panties and started stroking her warm, soft folds while he trailed kisses down her neck. She arched into him, making no move to take over.

He dug his tongue into her mouth, not having time to doubt himself while he usually did as he gave into the lust cloud that always overwhelmed him when he was with her. He let out all the energy he couldn’t use to yell at the good-for-nothing deputy, into being with her right now.

As she started feeling hotter and wetter on his fingers, he aimed one for her entrance and slipped it inside her, hooking it against her front wall. She keened into his mouth, her thighs falling apart as wide as she could so he had room to work her. Her arms were gripping his arms as his thumb pressed circles into her clit like he noticed she liked, and a new wave of wetness flooded his fingers.

Feeling she was ready enough, he ripped off her panties and pushed down his pants before pulling her hips to the edge of the counter and thrusting inside her. He worked into a quick rhythm, pounding into her. She made no complaints, hugging his hips with her thighs and gripping his arms, nails biting into his skin.

Their skin slapped together in a symphony of human beats and wet sloshing sounds. Neither said a word, just grunting and whining into each other’s lips and skin. Holly just held onto him as he did what he needed to do.

It was quick for him now that he was used to being with her. It was probably only fifteen minutes before he came inside her. But as he knew it was coming, he was sure to press into her clit and pull
her hair to ensure that she came too. Which she did, arching her chest into his and clenching all around him as he squirted his cum into her pussy.

“Oh, wow,” Holly muttered as her head lolled forward onto his shoulder. “Remind me to thank whoever pissed you off so much.”

He chuckled hoarsely, gently pulling out of her and helping her onto her feet. He fought his blush—that was coming anyway—and awkwardly cleared his throat. “Sorry if I was, uh... too—too rough.”

“Charlie,” Holly whispered, pulling his face down to hers so she could kiss him languidly. When she pulled away, she spoke just as softly, “I loved that. Every millisecond of it. Do that more often.”

He blushed even more at her words, though his chest puffed up in pride. He followed her as she tugged on her jeans and then tugged him to the couch where they lied out and watched television for the rest of the night.

Charlie was always a little more nervous when Holly was at his house. He didn’t know why. Maybe he was a little embarrassed. It was a small house, but it was just him now. It wasn’t messy, but it could probably be cleaner. He didn’t have nice things. Maybe that was it. He had a little house that matched his little life.

She made him want more. Gave him ideas of what more he could do with his time. He enjoyed his fishing, and seeing his friends. But he could tell by the photos that were starting to go up around Holly’s house that she did so much more. She’d been bungee jumping, hang gliding, and even surfing. She’d gone to Hawaii and hiked up a volcano. She’d gone to Boston and participated in an old Civil War reenactment event. She had traveled and done things and had fun. And now she was in small, little Forks, being a teacher, being with him.

She didn’t seem like the kind of girl to have a little life. She was only twenty-six and already it seemed like she was living a full life. What would someone so larger than life possibly find with someone as stagnant as him?

But did he want to be as... stuck as he was? He always felt such finished with moving forward in life. His work was done. He’d gotten a career, a wife, a daughter, and friends. now he got to live. But was he immune to evolution even at his age?
It seemed that since meeting Holly, he’d been plagued by these kinds of questions. He didn’t think he lived wasted life. But maybe he could live an improved one.

Now, however, was not the time to dwell on that. Not when he was balls deep in Holly’s throat.

He grunted quietly to himself as she leisurely swallowed him whole while he lounged on his couch. She had pushed him into it soon after entering his home when he absentmindedly mentioned having a headache.

“I know something that works wonders for headaches,” she had said with a cat-like grin.

He cursed when his phone rang and pulled it up to see a number he didn’t recognize. But there was always the chance that it was someone who had his business cards from the station and needed help. “Hold on a minute,” he told her, answering the call as she pulled off of him. “Hello?”

“Charlie! How’s it going? We need to discuss Bella’s summer plans!” Renee’s overly excited voice answered.

He frowned, “Renee? What number are you calling me from?”

He didn’t like the little grin on Holly’s face when he said Renee’s name.

“Phil’s phone,” she said like it was obvious. “I misplaced my charger... again. So, about Bella... she just called me but she had to rush to class and asked me to update you on the plan.”

“Oh!” Charlie exclaimed when he felt Holly’s wet mouth encase him again. He looked down at her, gaping slightly, and flushed when she winked at him deviously. He tried to recover on the phone, “Oh, okay. Did she decide where she was going to go first?”

“Yes, and she decided to drive to Forks first,” Renee said quickly, like she was in a rush too. “She’s yours until mid-July, and then she wants to know if she can leave her truck at your house when she flies out to Jacksonville until the new term starts?”

“Of course,” he mumbled, trying hard to rein in his groans as Holly’s tongue twirled around the head
of his cock. “Has she booked any flights?”

“Not yet, we’re going to touch base over the phone to pick her flight details together when she gets out of class,” Renee said. “Now, is her room gonna be ready for her? You need to air it out, maybe clean it up a bit, get some candles in there or something.”

“I have time to get it done,” he grumbled, holding back a grunt as Holly sucked on his tip and started fondling his balls with her hand. “I did manage to set up her room when she moved here.”

“That’s true,” Renee admitted. “I’m sure you’ll do fine. I’m so excited to see her! Our baby girl is all grown up and almost done with her first year of college! Can you believe it!?”

He muffled his groan with his hand as Holly deepthroated him, squeezing his balls and eyeing him from her knelt position. “Yeah, of course I am. She just – grew up. When we weren’t looking.”

Renee kept yammering on about how sad it was that their little girl wasn’t so little anymore but Charlie was barely listening. And when he felt like he was going to explode, he quickly gave Renee an excuse about having a call on the other line from the station and hung up on her. He then sagged into his couch and exclaimed, “Holls, I’m gonna cum!”

Holly redoubled her efforts and bobbed faster on his cock until he was shooting down her throat and she was swallowing every ounce of his cum. She grinned like the cat that ate the canary as she licked him clean and left him hanging out of his pants while she jumped onto the couch and reclined next to him.

“That,” Charlie panted, side-eyeing her, “was not fair.”

She giggled, “But it was so fun. Come on, Charlie, you know how to walk on the wild side.”

He flushed as he remembered sleeping with her when he just met her, the blowjob and sex in his car, and the rough sex in her kitchen when he let a beast take over. He had gotten more adventurous since meeting her. So, to her point, he just chuckled and said, “Yeah, maybe.”

“So, Bella’s coming home for the summer,” she said. Renee spoke loud enough that she could probably hear the whole conversation. “Or at least half of it. Are you excited?”
“Of course, I am,” he admitted readily. “I mean, I practically missed her growing up. She and Renee always hated it here that she stopped coming for a few weeks over the summer when she was in Middle school. Then suddenly she was living with me when she was seventeen and practically a grown woman. Now she’s gone again.”

“And you feel like you never got any real time with her,” Holly guessed, leaning her head on her hand, held up by her elbow on the back of the couch. “But, Charlie, that’s not your fault. And looking to the past constantly, blinds you of the future. Bella is coming back here for a month and a half! You guys can hang out, spend time together.”

“I don’t think I’m much fun for a nineteen-year-old girl to hang around with,” Charlie muttered. She’d probably be bored here since he wasn’t sure if any of her high school friends were coming back for the summer.

“You’re her father, that’s good enough,” she told him gently, kissing his cheek. “Take her out to eat, catch up about school. Sue mentioned wanting to throw a little welcome home party for Bella once she got back. Another bonfire I think. That’ll be fun.” she then gasped dramatically and clutched his chest, her face lighting up, “You two should go on a little trip together! Something for the two of you to share and have fun and do something new. That would be so sweet. My dad used to take me out for the day to have father daughter bonding time. It was always really fun memory making time.”

“It sounds nice, in theory,” he agreed reluctantly. “I just wouldn’t know where to go. We’re kind of in the middle of nowhere.”

Holly mulled it over in her head for a moment, before she smirked at him. “Portland.”

“What?” he asked.

“Portland!” she repeated like it was obvious. “It’s such a great spot. They’ve got gardens and tours and boat rides, great coffee. Not to mention...” she mimed smoking with her pinched fingers at the corner of her mouth, with lidded eyes. “It’s legal now.”

Charlie gaped at her, “You... want me to smoke pot... with my teenage daughter?”

“What better memory could you create than a father and daughter getting so high together!?” Holly
giggled. “I would pay to see you smoke a joint.”

Charlie scoffed, “You act like just because I’m a cop, I’ve never done... things before.”

Holly stopped giggling to arch an eyebrow at him, “Oh? Have you smoked the Maryjane before, Mr. Chief of Police?”

Charlie flashed back to his coughing fit after smoking his first joint in High School. “Yeah.”

“And how long ago did you last?” she asked, somehow knowing the number would be high.

“Well, it was before Bella was born,” he hedged.

“Oh, my dear, sweet, Charlie,” she cooed, curling into his shoulder. “Pot has changed so much! And hey! This way, you can be there for Bella’s first time – well, hopefully her first – smoking pot and show her the safe and responsible way in a controlled environment with her father. And she’ll see another side of you. Now, I wanna see you high. Bring me back some edibles, will you?”

“Why don’t you just come?” Charlie said before he could think better of it.

“Because it’s you and Bella time!” Holly laughed into his chest, drawing little patterns into his shirt with her fingers. “And she hasn’t even met me yet. Here – why don’t we start with the bonfire party, you spend time with her here in Forks, and then plan a trip out to Portland before she flies out to Jacksonville? So, she’ll have a big welcome, and a big farewell.”

“I’ll think about it,” he answered, idly stroking her hair with his fingers as he really thought about it. A trip to Portland with his daughter and his... paramour. Maybe.
Charlie had been practically buzzing with energy he couldn’t burn all day. Bella was driving down from Seattle, today. He was still so nervous about her making the trip all alone, and make her promise to call him from the road to update him on her location. She hadn’t even left yet, having to pack up her dorm room first, but he knew she’d be there by five, and they were whisking her straight to her welcome home bonfire, that she’d been warned off ahead of time, courtesy of Holly’s good thinking.

“She might be dressed schluppy to be comfortable for the drive,” she had warned Charlie when he suggested keeping the party a surprise. “She’ll want to be either already party dressed, or ready to change and get ready quickly when she gets here. Call her and tell her about the party.”

He obeyed and Bella had been glad he told her ahead of time so she could pack an overnight bag with what she needed to get ready quickly.

He had been surprised when Holly suggested not letting Bella know that they were ‘together’ right away.

“While I don’t care about something silly like age difference or what other people think, I do care about what your daughter might think about a new younger woman in your life,” she had explained. “And I don’t want to crowd you guys on her first night here, at her party. I’ll take my truck to the shin dig and hang out as your neighbor. And that’s only if you want her to know at all. She’s your kid, that’s your call.”

Charlie wasn’t sure at all. He had never been faced with the situation of introducing a new woman to his daughter. He’d never dated in front of her at all. Mostly because she hadn’t lived with him and once she was living with him, he had pretty much stopped dating on his own. He didn’t want to have to explain to his daughter that he was having some kind of loosey goosey relationship with his
neighbor that started with and centered around sex.

Maybe it was best for Bella to infer that Holly was a neighbor and a friend. If only he was confident that he could keep his hands off of her for a whole night. He’d at least give it a valiant try.

Holly somehow knew how anxious he was because she came over, party ready, and distracted him by instructing him how to make the perfect brownies. She didn’t even help him other than telling him what to do. She had even stuck her lobster claw oven mitts over his hands and taken a photo with her phone to set as his new contact picture.

It was almost four when he was pulling them out to cool on the counter and got the last update text from Bella that she was an hour away. Under Holly’s glare, he reminded himself not to text her back. The updates were meant for his eyes and he didn’t want to send her messages that would distract her from driving. So, he put his phone back in his pocket and carried on waving the lobster claw mitt over the brownies to help them cool.

But he couldn’t seem to stop checking his phone for that ‘I’m here’ text. He kept pulling it out to see the same series of messages with nothing new. It was almost five when Holly caught him staring at his phone while she cut the brownies.
She smirked to herself and swiped his phone out of his hand, climbing onto his lap on the chair and straddling his legs. “You need to stop stressing. She’ll get here. And the party can’t possibly start without her anyway. She’s on her way. I’m sure she’s almost here.”

Charlie huffed, “I still need my phone. What if she forgets her key?”
“Like she can’t knock and you won’t let her in?” Holly giggled. “Charles, you’re very sweet. It’s a father’s prerogative to worry about his little girl. But she’s a capable girl and she’ll be here soon.”

He made a show of sighing and seeming to agree with her. But she hadn’t fallen for it. So, she was ready when he made to grab for his phone and held it out of his reach behind her. She leaned back too far and almost fell to the floor but he caught her around her waist and pulled her into his chest. They both laughed at the near disaster and leaned into each other. Of course, like every other time they got close to each other, they ended up kissing.

She sighed as their lips melted into one another and he pulled her as close as he could, getting lost in the kiss.

They hadn’t noticed Bella until she was already in the kitchen entryway and clearing her throat loudly.

Charlie cursed under his breath as Holly laughed and jumped off his lap. “Well, guess the cat’s out of the bag.”

Bella was still staring at them, eyes wide.

Holly covertly wiped her lips and put her other hand out for Bella to shake, “Hi, I’m Holly. I live across the street.”

Bella awkwardly shook her hand. “I’m Bella.”

Holly smiled brightly, “Oh, I know. Your dad has been talking nonstop about you the closer it got to you coming back. He’s so excited, it’s so cute.”

Charlie blushed as she ratted him out, coughing into his hand as he stood to hug his daughter. “Glad you got here safe, honey.”

“Hi dad,” she said as she hugged him back. She still eyed Holly as they let go of each other. “So, are you guys, like, dating or something?”
“Or something,” Holly laughed. “We obviously didn’t mean for you to walk in on what you did. Sorry!”

Bella shook her head, “That’s okay.”

“Great!” Holly cheered, sensing Bella was still a bit uncomfortable. “Well, how about we have your dad and I bring your stuff in while you do what you need to do before we head out to the party. I hope you like brownies, because I forced you dad to bake a lot of them.”

Bella gave her dad an incredulous look, “You baked?”

Charlie blushed, “Well, she told me what to do. I’ll start getting your stuff for you.”

Bella quickly grasped her overnight bag and went upstairs to her bedroom – that Charlie had aired out while Holly picked out great scented aroma candles she had lit already – to change. Charlie had taken it upon himself to unpack her car and set her stuff in the living room while Holly finished cutting out all the brownies and putting them into Tupperware containers.

When Bella was ready and Charlie and Holly were done, they were getting ready to go. Bella asked, “Are you riding with us?”

“If you don’t mind,” Holly said.

Bella shook her head, “No. I may take a nap in the back seat though.”

Charlie chuckled, “You’re welcome to.”

Bella did help carry the brownies out to the car and did fall asleep for a bit over the journey to La Push. But Charlie gently woke her up when they arrived while Holly brought the brownies out to the table and greeted Sue and Emily with little baby Adam that Holly immediately started cuddling and kissing.

Bella was instantly swarmed by people wanting to greet her and ask her how school was going, and say it was good to see her back home. Jacob was practically glued to her side, but she seemed happy
enough to see him. Sam and Paul had taken to grilling burgers and hotdogs for everyone as well as a veggie burger for Bella, while Sue set out fruit salad and Holly and Emily set out the brownies and chips.

Holly did flirt with Charlie when Bella was socializing with Jacob and his friends, but excused herself to play with baby Adam when she saw the girl approaching her father.

“So, Jacob told me she’s twenty-six,” Bella said awkwardly. She looked like she was forcing herself to have this conversation. “That’s not even ten years older than I am.”

“I know,” Charlie replied, feeling guilty for some reason. “I didn’t plan–”

Bella held up her hand, “Yeah, Jacob let slip how that started too.”

Charlie flushed in irritation that Jacob knew that, and had blabbed it to his daughter of all people.

“I’m just... surprised?” Bella said. “I kinda wondered why you never remarried or anything. I was afraid you’d kind of given up on that. I definitely didn’t expect you to be with some woman almost half your age in what sounds like a friends with benefits kind of situation.”

“It’s not... that,” he replied lamely. “I’m not really sure what it is. I’m trying not to get caught up on that stuff.”

“Still,” Bella cut in. “I just don’t want you to get hurt, dad. Just be careful, please?”

Charlie was touched at her desire to watch out for him and put his arm around her shoulders, pulling her into a hug and kissing her head. “Promise.”

Bella had fallen asleep again in the car when the party ended and they drove back to Forks. She didn’t wake up easily when they got back so Holly offered to help get the stuff in the house while he carried Bella up to her bed. She even pointed out which bag he should bring up for her in case she wanted to change, and reminded him to make sure candles were blown out in case Bella didn’t before they left.
She had been in the kitchen wrapping the leftover brownies in foil – there were only three left – and setting aside the Tupperware's by the sink.

As Charlie approached once he settled Bella, his mind was plagued with their conversation about him and Holly. Was he just kidding himself with her? Passing time until she moved on? Renee had been a free spirit too and that lead to her blowing through town, and him, with his daughter. He had baggage, and it seemed like Holly had none. She was too good for him.

But her smile still nearly blinded him when she noticed him walking over. “Brownies and plastic are put away. How’s Bella?”

He was frozen by the front door and she had to walk down to him to speak to him. “Still sound asleep. I think the drive and the party really took it out of her.”

She nodded. “It’s been a long day for her, I gather. You were a bit quiet in the car though. Well, quieter,” she chuckled a bit. “Something on your mind, Chief?”

“Isn’t there always?” he joked weakly.

“Why don’t you say it out loud?” she suggested softly. “That could help.”

Charlie didn’t want to get into it. It was always the same thing. He was insecure. She was too good for him. And she always disagreed, for some reason. He just couldn’t get his head around it. So, he said that.

“Can’t get your head around what?” she asked him, frowning confused.

“This,” he gestured widely between them, “us. Label or no label, this doesn’t make sense in the real world.”

She rose an eyebrow at him, “*Forks* is the real world?”

“You know what I mean,” he said, trying not to raise his voice.
She put her hands on her hips, staring at him patiently, “No, Charlie, I don’t. Why don’t you just tell me what you mean?”

“What are you doing with me?” Charlie asked, exasperated. “Forks is small, but I can’t be your only option. I was just the first guy you met.”

Her lips pressed into a firm line. “I know you didn’t mean that how it sounded, so I’m gonna give you an opportunity to walk it back.”

He flushed. He hadn’t meant to imply what he did. “Not like that. Just – I’m old. I’m set in my ways. I’m divorced, got a kid in college. Life is done with me. New is done with me. You – you’re new. Life is all ahead of you. You’re starting your career. You’re starting your life. You can find a guy that is still new to have a life and kids with if that’s what you want.”

“I don’t want just any guy who doesn’t know what he wants, or how to treat me,” she countered. “Other than your obvious pitfalls, you know how to treat me. You get to know me.” She stepped closer to him, gripping the ends of his flannel. “You’re not a kink of mine, Charlie. I’m not attracted to you because of some unresolved Daddy issues. Though, I have to admit, the cop thing works for me.”

He stifled a chuckle at her words.

“Can’t you get your head around the fact that I might actually be attracted to you, and enjoy being around you?” she asked. It sounded more like a plea for him to believe her.

And he wanted to believe her. Sometimes he did. But he just didn’t see what she seemed to see in him. “I just... don’t understand how this all happened.”

Holly sighed heavily and let go of him, pacing away from him and dragging a hand through her hair frustratedly. “You know what I don’t understand, Charlie?” she turned back to him, hands stern on her hips. “I don’t understand how you could get to believe that you’re not worthy of affection and devotion. Or love, even. I don’t know if it’s because your ex really did a number on you or something, but you need to get it through your head that you’re an amazing man who is worth all the affection and devotion and love in the world.”

Charlie, as usual, was at a loss for words.
“But I can’t keep fighting to get that through your thick skull,” she said, seeming the most defeated he’d ever seen her. “You need to believe that for yourself. And then you need to act like it.” She stepped up to him and cupped his face with sad eyes. “So, when you do, I’m right across the street.”

With her piece said, she slowly walked out the door.

Neither realized that Bella was at the top of the stairs, and had heard everything.
Charlie didn’t know when his life became so dramatic and whirlwind. He somehow stumbled his way into a relationship with Holly. It was new, exciting, pushed him out of his comfort zone, pushed him forward in life. And it was loose and no strings or labels. Now it seemed to have gotten serious when neither of them were paying attention and now it may even be over before it barely had the chance to get started.

She hadn’t reached out to him. No calls or texts. He busied himself with spending time with Bella at first, taking her to the diner, helping her cook at home, talking to her about what she might want to major in. Sometimes when he had to go to work, Holly would be leaving at the same time, and she’d give him a polite smile and wave before taking off.

He’d been a chicken and hadn’t reached out to her either. He had no idea how to go about giving her what she seemed to need. He had no idea how to go for what he wanted from her.

It was all he thought about at work, even when that annoying deputy got on his nerves. His thoughts seemed to be such a tangled mess he had no idea how to articulate them.

He also knew that this wasn’t something he could text. He needed to see her and put in the effort if he was going to say what he needed to say.

But then the doubts wiggled in and wouldn’t leave. Maybe it was better this way. Just neighbors. Less complicated. If they’d let it drag on more the inevitable drop would just hurt more. He couldn’t have hoped to keep her forever.

He still found himself staring out the window that next Saturday, knowing she would go out for a run soon. Even if she didn’t look at him, or know he was there, at least she wasn’t being polite. She didn’t look like herself with a polite smile, and not her signature bright one.

She did appear while he and Bella were eating breakfast at the table. Bella was reading something on her tablet, but he was staring out the window, feeling like a creep. Holly came out in a bright and...
sparkling silver running outfit, sipping her water as she stretched her legs and finally started to jog off for her morning workout.

Charlie didn’t know Bella had caught him looking until she cleared her throat and said, “Dad, you’re drooling.”

Charlie quickly turned to her, wiping at his mouth only to feel nothing there. He gave her a look, “Nice one.”

“Why don’t you just go talk to her and tell her you’re sorry?” Bella asked, exasperated.

Charlie frowned at her, munching on his toast, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Bella rolled her eyes, “Really, dad? I heard you and Holly after the welcome home party. Everything.”

Charlie narrowed his eyes at her, “You were listening in?”

“Like that’s the biggest issue here,” she snorted. She then sighed, serious, “Dad, when I asked you to be careful, I didn’t mean break up with her.”

Charlie flushed, dropping his fork on the table, his appetite abandoning him. “I don’t think you could even call it that. Not like it was a real relationship.”

“Who says?” she asked him. “A relationship is just something between two people. The name of it doesn’t matter as long as it works. As long as you’re happy. I saw you guys together, you looked excited and smiling and content. And she looked pleased to be around you, completely at ease. I only said what I said because you’re my dad and I don’t want you to get hurt. But I heard her that night. She obviously really cares about you, regardless of what you would have called your relationship. That’s something worth trying to keep.”

Times like these, Charlie wished he had a woman friend he could talk to. Bella was, of course, a woman. And had a point. But – and as a father, he hoped he was right – he didn’t think she had much experience with relationships and how to apologize. Billy wouldn’t be any help. He would just tease him about screwing up every other old man’s greatest fantasy by questioning it. Which was true, to a point. He didn’t think any of the deputies would be of any help, and he wasn’t particularly close to most of them. He had even reached the depths of desperate that he almost called
Renee. But was able to resist.

He just wanted to know how to apologize, and ask for what he really wanted without it all coming out wrong. His mind was so clear sometimes, but got so muddles the closer he got to home, knowing she was right across the street. How was he supposed to tell her what he wanted without it coming out in a mess that just made things worse?

There was a reason he was divorced. And still single.

He tried to take his mind off of it for another week. Distracting himself didn’t help unless there was real work to be done. Berating himself over his stupid mouth did nothing. Attempting to come up with the right thing to say in his mind didn’t seem to leading to any great solutions.

With pretty much no other choice, he turned to Harry Clearwater for advice. He was still married. Sue was five years younger than him. Maybe he’d know something.

But his advice was cliché at best. “Just talk to her honestly, Charlie. Lay everything out on the table so there’s no more confusion.”

“He’s right,” Sue had chimed in, eavesdropping from the kitchen. “All any woman really wants is open and honest communication. Even given how everything took off with Holly, she obviously adores you and I highly doubt she’d reject more of a commitment with you.”

Charlie huffed to himself.

Sue just rolled her eyes. “Don’t deny how sweet on her you really are, Charlie Swan. You like her a lot and you want to be with her in a real way that you understand. She’ll understand what you need, and I’m sure she’ll be receptive.”

“How can you be sure about that?” Charlie asked.

Sue gave him a smirk, “A woman knows, Charlie.”

Charlie had pounded two beers down when he got home, sitting in the kitchen, waiting to see Holly’s truck pull up. He desperately needed the liquid courage. Bella had wandered into the
kitchen, smirking at her dad, amused at his nerves. “You know, she might take pity on you if she sees you waiting on the porch like a stray puppy.”

Charlie jumped at her words, unaware that she was even there. Then scoffed. “Cute. Not in this rain.”

It was coming down particularly hard that day. Even in the summer, Forks wasn’t safe from the onslaught of showers. He didn’t like the idea of waiting out in that, even for her.

“Do you have any idea what you’re going to say to her?” Bella asked, smiling widely as she sat at the table across from him.

Charlie turned back to the window, waiting. “None at all. I think if I have anything really rehearsed, I’d just screw it up somehow anyway.”

“From the heart usually works,” Bella sniggered. She enjoyed seeing her dad this way. It was amusing. He was always a bit awkward, a man of few words. But she’d never seen him actually nervous. And to be frank, she thought he needed someone in his life. Someone like Holly suited him. She seemed to push him out of his comfort zone, push him to accept that he was wanted. The fact that she was so young seemed to make little difference to her manner with him.

Both of their thoughts were broken up by the sound of squeaking brakes and saw Holly’s truck pulled up. Dressed in a bright purple raincoat, they saw her jog up to her door and let herself into her house.

Bella coughed into her hand and gave her dad a look, “Well? Go!”

Charlie quickly shuffled out of the chair, scraping it across the floor as he left. He was quickly out the door and across the street. Her door had been closed by then, so he had to knock, already soaked by the rain.

The door opened to reveal a perplexed Holly, having just hung up her raincoat and was left in an oversized sweater and jeans. “Charlie?”

He had absolutely no idea what he was doing. It wasn’t a good start. But he did manage to blurt out actual words. “You should really get those brakes checked out.”
Holly patiently smiled, crossing her arms casually and leaning against the door frame. “Oh? I’ll get right on that.”

Charlie awkwardly scratched the back of his head, wincing at the cold water that managed to drench him. “Um, good. Don’t want them failing you while you’re driving in weather like this.”

She smirked. “That would be bad.”

“Yeah,” he muttered. Why had he come to talk to her again?

“Was that all?” she asked him slowly, eyebrow arched.

“No, um,” he stammered, “well, I wanted to say… Can I come in?”

She eyed him for a moment first before standing straight and opening the door wider. “Sure.”

Charlie walked in, scraping his feet against the matt first.

Holly chuckled, “Let me get you a towel.” She disappeared into the small hall between the kitchen and the laundry room and bathroom and came back with a towel from the linen closet between them. “Here.”

He thanked her awkwardly as he hung up his jacket and dabbed his head with the towel. “Um, thanks.”

“Um, you’re welcome,” she teased lightly, crossing her arms in front of her again. “Did you have something you wanted to tell me?”

Charlie started his next sentence a bunch of times and never got it going. He sputtered and stammered and grasped at straws. What eventually came out was, “You’re the most frustrating woman I’ve ever met!”
Her eyebrows rose in surprise. “Pardon?”

Charlie blushed at his frankness, but it was out now. “You’re always so cool and calm and collected, like nothing gets under your skin. But you manage to get under mine within minutes of meeting you. And I never seem to know what you’re thinking.”

She finally scoffed, “You never let on what you’re thinking. You’re not exactly the poster child for easy to read.”

“I know that,” he agreed. “I know that I’m awkward and quiet. I know that I’ve lived in Forks my whole life and never been further than Oregon. But you – you’ve moved around all your life, been placed and done wild and adventurous things. I see them in the photos around. Hawaii, bungee jumping, volcanoes. I’ve never done anything like that.”

“You could if you wanted to,” Holly told him. “It’s not that hard. I’ve never believed that people are trapped by their circumstances. At least not in this century. They get trapped by themselves.”

“So, that’s it, I’m trapped,” Charlie readily agreed.

“Then set yourself free!” she argued. “What did you actually want to say here, Charlie?”

Charlie swallowed, speaking slowly, attempting to force the words out clearly without getting them all messed up and muddling what he really wanted to say. “I just – I know we’re different. Different ages, different lives, different characters. Different everything.”

“I get it,” she said quietly. “We’re different.”

“You’re a free spirit, go with the flow, follow your instinct kind of girl,” he said. “But the thing is that I’m not a go with the flow kind of guy.” He started pacing nervously in front of her, muttering, “I-I don’t want to be neighbors with benefits or-or no strings. I want strings. I want commitment. That’s just the kind of man I am.” He stopped just in front of her, staring at her, lips pursed, “And I want all of that – with you.”

He thought maybe that he’d said the wrong thing again when she didn’t immediately respond. She never ran out of something to say. But maybe he’d waited too long and she’d given up on him. He barely realized she was smiling before she was pressed against him and kissing him.
Taken aback, he was a statue for the better part of two minutes before he sprang into action and reaction, kissing her back with the most intensity he’d ever used with her. He weaved his fingers into her hair and held her close as he kissed her. Crushing her to him, he walked them back until her back was flush with the wall.

She dragged her lips away long enough to rasp, “Upstairs. Bed. Now.”

“Gladly,” he exhaled, picking her up so her legs were wrapped around him and carrying her up the memorized route to her bedroom.

They fell into a heap on the bed and Holly was able to use the momentum to turn him on his back and crawl on top of him. She had already stripped off her sweater to reveal her bare chest before he knew what was happening. She pulled his hand up her stomach and led it to cup her breast and she grinded her hips over his jeans. She hummed in her throat when he took the initiative to tease both of her breasts with his calloused hands.

She quickly undid his jeans enough to reach in and start stroking his half-hard cock to full mast. She squeezed him once particularly tightly to emphasize her words as she said, “Next time you mess up and wake two weeks to make amends, I’m giving you blue balls.”

Charlie groaned at both the threat and the feeling of her hand on his cock after what felt like an eternity without her touch. He felt like he was back to the drawing board in terms of his tolerance. He hoped he could last enough not to make her regret being with him.

He quickly took over things, turning her over onto her back and stripping her of the rest of her clothes. He shuddered when he felt her wet folds and heard her whimpering for more. He eagerly obeyed her every whim, kicking off his jeans and boxers while his other hand slid finger after finger inside her, testing her readiness.

She had made a small wet patch on the sheets below them by the time he was aiming his cock for her pussy and sliding in until his skin smacked against hers.

She groaned, tossing her head back, eyes clenched shut as he throbbed inside her, “Charlie! Just fuck me!”

He had no qualms with doing so, rearing back his hips only to snap them back against her, filling her
to the hilt. He gripped her hips with one calloused hand while the other finger her nipples while his hips split her thighs apart as his cock invaded her cunt. He knew he would never get tired of any part of her.

Without prompting this time, Charlie began to mutter into her ear as he piston into her. “Fuck, you’re so tight it feels like you’re going to break my dick off.”

She moaned, arching her back, fluttering around him. “Please! Please, Charlie!”

He fucked her faster, their skin slapping loudly again and again, listening to her cunt squirt around him as she dripped over his cock and the bed. “Fuck, you make me forget my name! Forget the English language. I’m supposed to be Chief of Police and you make me a stammering school boy.”

She giggled breathlessly before letting out a little yelp as he hit her insides particularly roughly, “Oh, I’m gonna cum!”

“Do it!” he growled into her neck as he pitched her nipple and slammed into her until she was screaming his name.

Again, taking initiative, Charlie pulled out of her and turned her onto her stomach, picking her ass up and pounding into her without missing a beat. Her resounding cry of pleasure only egged him on. He curled his hands around her hips and ass as he pulled her onto his cock with a series of squelches and smacks.

He could feel the pleasure threatening to overtake him. But he had to make sure she came again too before he did.

“You feel so good on my… cock,” he slightly hesitated to say, trying to get lost in the haze of lust. He groaned, guttural and low, as he pounded her pussy.

“You feel so good in my pussy,” she moaned, her inner walls clamping onto his shaft, pulling him in with every pulse of her racing heartbeat.

He reached around, under her hips, to rub his fingertips against her swollen clit. Her responsive body clenched all around him as she let out a slew of mewls and murmurs in pleasure. He circled it quickly and roughly, almost crushing it back into her body.
She had no issue, for she cried out, “Oh god, I'm gonna cum again!”

“Do it,” he growled again. “And then I'm going to fill your pussy up!”

She wailed out his name as she clamped around him, pouring over his cock with a flood of her juices as she sagged into the pillow and panted as he finished himself off. As he came too, he buried himself within her and let rope after sticky rope of semen flow into her. He nearly collapsed onto her back as he rasped for air, turning onto his side next to her.

They took their time to get their breathing even. Holly slowly shifted onto her side so she was facing him, with a smile that made his dizzy. “That… was amazing.”

He wheezed as he laughed. “Worth putting up with my shit?”

“Oh, Charlie,” she sighed, cupping his face with her hand. “You are worth the shit. Your cock is just a… big part of the package.”

He blushed at her innuendo and pulled her into his chest, closing his eyes with a content sigh.
With Holly firmly by his side, Charlie has a new lease on their relationship. After legitimizing their relationship – for lack of a better term for it – Charlie seemed more at ease. He would always have some insecurity being with a younger woman. But at least he was confident that she wanted all of him. She had shown him as much three separate times the night he came to her, hat in hand. Enthusiastically.

He was surprised at Bella’s visible relief and happiness for them. She and Holly had instantly bonded over their tendency towards baking and love of literature. When Charlie had to work, Holly was there to entertain her. That could mean baking a kitchen-full of cookies, donuts, and cakes. It could mean a trip to the bookstores in Port Angelus. Or even just a small movie marathon on the couch – chick flicks.

Bella’s friend Angela had come home for the summer from Seattle too, so they hung out. And every few days Bella drove down to the reservation to hang out with Jacob and his friends for the day. She had even recruited Holly to try and convince Charlie to go cliff diving with them before Bella left for Jacksonville. He was adamant against it, but Holly had her ways of bringing him around.

Which brought him to now, sitting in the passenger’s seat of Holly’s truck, Bella in the back, all on their way to La Push on a rare sunny day with the temperature over 70. Holly had even taken him to get new swim trunks so he couldn’t use that as an excuse not to come. Bella had been so excited to see him try something new, that he couldn’t deny her once they were already driving, even though he wanted to.

He was not surprised to see a bunch of shirtless guys waiting on the beach. It seemed whenever the sun was out, so were their chests. He was, however, surprised to see his own friends waiting on the beach as well. Billy, Harry, Sue, even Waylon. He could see that Harry and Billy were fully dressed and probably only going to watch and drink beer on the sand. But Sue was wearing a suit and wrapped in a sarong and Waylon was in surfing garb. Apparently, they were joining.

“We couldn’t miss the show!” Billy grinned widely when Charlie had given them a questioning look as he and the girls got out of the truck.

“We’ve got bets going on whether you’ll chicken out or belly flop and need to go to the hospital,”
Harry chortled, earning a warning smack from his wife.

Holly smiled and grabbed his hand, “Ignore the children, you’ll be fine.”

He wasn’t so sure.

But Holly was already tugging him after the others as they hiked up the cliffs. There were two drop points and settled on the lower one. Paul and some of the others wanted to keep going to the top. But Sue reminded them that there were some new divers to the group, and that they had all day.

Jared was the first to go. He let out an excited whoop and charged for the edge of the cliff, jumping off and doing a few flips through the air before diving into the water head first with practiced ease. Paul and a few others cheered him on when his head broke through the water and he started swimming for the shore.

Paul went next, actually flipping off the edge backwards before diving in. When his head broke through and he swam to meet Jared on the beach, they could hear him cackling to his best friend to ‘beat that!’

“Who wants to go next?” Sam asked.

Holly was practically bouncing on her heels, “Ooh! I’ll go!”

“Do you need someone to go with you?” another boy, Embry he thought, offered eagerly.

Charlie was relieved when she shook her head and told them she’d done this kind of thing before.

Sam just nodded and stepped aside for her to go. “Just make sure to get enough distance from the edge so you don’t hit the rocks.”

“Gotchya,” she said, stripping off her jean shorts and tank top, ignoring the looks from the boys as she revealed her itsy-bitsy red polka dotted bikini. Charlie almost drooled like them when he saw her. If he’d known that she was wearing that under her clothes, they would not have arrived on time this afternoon. When Holly looked back at him, she caught his eyes on her ass and smirked as his
face was overtaken by a blush. She then took a few steps back from where they were standing and took a running start for the edge. Charlie’s heart leapt up into his throat when he saw her jump off the cliff. He raced to the edge to see her spinning in the air and diving feet first into the water with a yelp and loud splash.

She took a little longer to come back up than the guys, so Charlie breathed out in relief when her head broke the surface of the water and she was brightly shining up at him. “Come on in! The water’s fine!”

Charlie just shuffled away from the edge and awkwardly asked the others, “Any of you wanna go next?”

“Oh, come on, Chief!” Waylon goaded his friend. “Not like a shark’s gonna eat ya!”

Taking pity on her dad’s obvious trepidation, Bella shyly stripped off her t-shirt, but left her swim shorts on over her bikini bottoms and asked Jacob if he would jump with her. The boy eagerly agreed and took her hand, averting his eyes from the Chief’s stare. Bella gave her dad a look and said, “I want to see you dive for the first time so you have to wait until we hike back up.”

“Will do,” he muttered before Jacob and Bella took a running start for the cliff. Bella had wrapped her arms around Jacob as she screamed in fright, but the boy made sure they landed safely into the water and popped back up in no time at all. Holly had waited for them at the beach and walked up with them. Paul and Jared had already arrived back and practically thrown Embry off the cliff by the time the girls and Jacob got back up.

Sue and Sam jumped off together and Waylon barely waited for them to swim out of the way before he leapt off the cliff with a loud cry of, “Canon ball!”

“Do you want to go with me next?” Holly asked Charlie quietly as she took his hand, mindful that he was still in his shirt and she was soaked from the ocean. “You’re not afraid of heights or the water, are you?”

“I’m a cop, I’m not afraid of anything,” he mumbled jokingly as he curled her into his side. He didn’t care if she got his shirt wet.

“Except dirty talk,” she quipped, stifling her snigger into his chest. “But we’ve gotten you over that little hump, haven’t we?”
“You’re gonna give me a heart attack,” he hissed without malice. “Let’s jump before I change my mind.”

Holly clapped with excitement. “Bella! Peer pressure won!”

Bella laughed from between Jacob and Sam at the side and asked, “Dad, you’re really gonna jump?”

“I don’t think I really have a choice,” he quipped, taking his shirt off quickly and smothering his embarrassment at being half naked in front of everyone. Holly’s low whistle at the sight of his chest only served to make him and Bella blush at the situation. But it did help his pride.

She held her hand out to him, “Ready, Chief?”

He finally grinned himself and took her hand, following her to the trees before running quickly with her when she started off for the cliff. His heart gave a heavy thump when their feet were no longer on solid ground, but it wasn’t as horrifying as he thought it would be. It was like a roller coaster. Scary on the start, but fun and exhilarating on the way down. His ears were ringing from Holly’s excited wails as they kicked their feet until they dived straight into the water. It was colder than he thought it would be with how hot it actually was today, but not pinprick cold. He kept a firm grasp on Holly’s hand as they swam back up to the surface.

Holly shook her wet hair out of her face and let out a squeal, “Wasn’t that awesome!?”

He begrudgingly admitted, “Okay – so it wasn’t bad.”

“Oh, Charles,” she sighed at him, swimming to his side and wrapping her legs around his waist. “Oh, the things I could do to you in this water. We should make a fuck-it list.”

He guffawed, taken aback at her words, “A what list?”

“You know, like a bucket list. A fuck-it list. It rhymes,” she grinned with pride. “A list of things we want to try together in bed. Or the kitchen, the couch, the wall, the water… etcetera, etcetera. What do you think?”
“I think you’ll write one whether or not I think of anything to put on it,” he answered, gently sliding his arm around her bare waist and pulling her closer to his chest.

She giggled, kissing his cheek, “You’re probably right. I’ve already got some ideas in my head.”

Whatever else they would have said was cut off when Paul shouted from the cliff down to them to, “Hey! Cut out the free peep show and meet us at the higher drop off.”

“You’re just jealous little boy!” Holly yelled back up with mirth without missing a beat. They could hear distant laughing as the others walked off. She turned to Charlie again, “Ready for the higher cliff?”

Charlie nodded and they swam off to shore. They were waylaid on their way up by some teasing from Billy and Harry. Charlie threatened to carry Billy up and toss him over the cliff himself, while Holly threatened to sic Sue on her Harry. The men shut up and the couple clasped hands, climbing up to meet the others on the higher cliff.

Charlie ended up really liking cliff diving, much to the others amusement. He jumped with Holly, jumped with Bella, even jumped alone. And it was fun every time. He wouldn’t do this when the weather was its usual dark, cold, and rainy, but today it was fun.

On the way back to the car to dry off before meeting the others at dinner at Sam and Emily’s house, Holly bumped her shoulder into Charlie’s and smirked at him, “I knew you were wrong.”

“Wrong about what?” he asked as they climbed into the car.

She quickly started her engine and started driving for Emily’s house, with Bella directing her. “You just went cliff diving. Something you’ve never done before, correct?”

“Yeah…” he said slowly, knowing there was some sort of catch to this conversation. “What’s your point?”

“That cliff diving was new!” she laughed. She looked over at him with a soft smile, “New isn’t done with you.”
He heart seemed to stutter at the sight of her smiling at him like that and making something positive out of their fight – if one could call it that. Maybe she was right and new, and life wasn’t done with him. Maybe he could still have new experiences, move forward, have a different future than the one he’d fallen into.

“Is this where I say that you’re always right?” he asked her, grinning himself.

She winked at him, “Oh, you’re good. But we started you off on cliff diving. You need to go bigger for the next new thing.”

“Like what?” he asked even slower than before, not liking the glint in her eyes.

She pinched her fingers and brought them to the corners of her lips, miming smoking once more with humorously lidded eyes.

Charlie turned a scandalized look to Bella to see if she saw what Holly was insinuating. He flushed when he saw his daughter grinning maniacally in the back seat.

“Dad, she already told me about the Portland trip idea. And I love it!” Bella said from the back seat. “And I insisted that she come with us.”

“I thought Portland was a good idea, not smoking pot with my teenaged daughter,” Charlie quipped from his seat just as they pulled into the front of Emily and Sam’s house.

“But I am so curious to see how you are high!” Holly shook his shoulder before climbing out.

“Me too!” Bella said as she followed them to the open door.

Charlie turned on his daughter, “Do you already know how you are high?”

Bella smothered a laugh at his expression. She rolled her eyes. “Dad!” But his look didn’t waver. “Fine, I’ve had beer, never pot, and I’m still a virgin. Happy?”
Charlie flushed at the thought of his daughter and sex in the same context but just nodded and said, “Actually, yes,” and turned to enter the house with a cackling Holly.

A few days later, Holly had corralled both Bella and Charlie to her house for dinner.

“I found a new recipe for chicken bacon alfredo lasagna and I need opinions,” she had declared. “So, bring empty stomachs and critical tongues.”

When Bella heard the word ‘alfredo’ she agreed quickly. She was also curious to see Holly’s house since she had only seen the girl around Charlie’s house or the reservation. Charlie told her it was definitely more personal and just slightly bigger than their house. Bella had given him a little grin when he told her about all the pictures and massive number of DVDs and books she had lying around all around the house if they weren’t on shelves.

“You really like her, don’t you?” she had asked.

He had been confused by her question. “You got that from me telling you how her house is decorated?”

“Dad, you told me the context of the photos in her house, which film is her favorite and which was the first you watched together, along with the first book she’s ever read and has three editions of,” she had told him slowly. “That’s not decoration, that’s just her. And stuff you’ve noticed and made the effort to learn about her.”

“She’s not hard to learn about,” he had grumbled over his coffee. “She’s an open book.”

“Still, you care enough to ask and remember,” Bella had pointed out. “And the way she is around you and what we’ve talked about when you’re at work, she cares just as much about you and learning about you. I’m sure you also know her favorite food and her middle name.”

Charlie begrudgingly admitted to himself that her favorite food was her dinosaur shaped chicken nuggets because she always reenacted scenes from Jurassic Park with them. But there was something he didn’t know. “I actually don’t know her middle name.”

Bella snorted, “That’s actually shocking.” But she still genuinely smiled and added, “I’m happy for
you, dad. You found a good woman.”

“I don’t think I found her,” he had replied. “I have her squeaky breaks to thank for that.”

Bella had simply laughed at his words.

Now, he was at his desk at the station doing paperwork – thrilling – and got a text from Holly.
He grinned and quickly texted her back, saying he’s be sure to remember picking it up on his way out of work. It wouldn’t be hard. He passed the grocery store on his way home anyway. Knowing him well, Holly texted him again before his shift was over to remind him. Just the smile she’d put on his face was worth a pricier bottle of red wine as well as a tub of her favorite strawberry cheesecake ice cream.

When he got home, he saw Holly’s truck outside, and as he approached the door, he could hear both
her and Bella’s laughter inside. Having been instructed to do so when she was expecting him, he let himself inside without knocking and announced himself by calling in, “Wine’s here.”

“Oh, thank God!” Holly’s humorous groan answered him before her bright smile did. Her smile grew brighter when she saw the ice cream next to the bag of shredded mozzarella cheese in the bag and gave him a firm kiss. “You’re amazing.” As they walked back into the kitchen where he saw Bella stirring a pot of cooking pasta, Holly held up the wine and ice cream with pride and declared, “Drinks and dessert have arrived, along with your handsome father.”

Bella smiled and greeted her dad. “Hey, dad. Do I get to have wine?”

Charlie gave her a look.

Holly held up the bottle he brought with a subtle smile, “Yes, dad, does she get to have wine?”

Bella grimaced and looked at Holly, “Please tell me you don’t call him daddy or anything in bed.”

Charlie spluttered, “Bella! No!”

Bella just shrugged at his response to her questioning.

Holly smiled and agreed with Charlie, “Nope. I call him Chief to be sexy, Charles to be annoying.” She turned back to him and said, “One glass won’t hurt her. This is too good a bottle to not share with her.”

Charlie grumbled under his breath but finally acquiesced. “I guess one’s okay.”

Both girls smiled at his answer and told him to make himself comfortable while they finished getting the dinner ready and layered to put in the stove and cook. It had to bake for half an hour, so Holly had prepared pita chips for appetizers and poured their glasses of wine. With a wink, she poured a generous amount into Bella’s one allowed glass of wine. For the duration of their wait, they chatted about various things.

“How did it go at the garage?” Charlie had asked.
“Well, my squeaky breaks won’t alert you to my arrival anymore,” Holly grinned. “It was an easy fix, they’re just old.”

Bella snorted, “Yeah, that thing is older than my truck.”

“But classic,” Holly cheered as they clinked glasses.

Soon dinner was ready, cooled off, and served with sides at the table as the three had a nice night. Bella told them that she had finally picked a major – English Education – and that she wanted to be a teacher. Holly joked about Bella following her footsteps, but eagerly offered to help her through the program, just finishing up hers this summer to be a fully-fledged teacher by the new school year. Bella thanked her for the offer and joked back about Holly retiring early so Bella could take her job when she was done with her certification. Charlie was just floored at the veiled implication that Bella would stick close to Forks after graduation college.

“I’m thinking of knocking down that wall,” Holly mentioned, gesturing to the wall that cut off her kitchen from a small hallway that held the laundry room, linen cabinet, and back door that led to her backyard. “I’ve checked since moving in that it’s not low bearing or important and needed, and it makes that whole area of the house feel small and cramped.”

“Yeah, I see that,” Bella agreed, looking over.

Holly took a sip of her wine. “I’m gonna knock it out and get double doors for the back door with windows to let in more light. But I’ve got to leave room for a doggy door on one side.”

“You’re gonna get a dog?” Bella smiled, looking almost more excited than she had when Charlie had surprised her with her truck.

Holly nodded, “I’ve grown up with very little pets bigger than a fish or hermit crab because of moving so much. I’ve always wanted a husky. And Forks is the perfect environment for one being usually chilly. Eventually, I’m gonna renovate most of the house. Not that it isn’t nice, it’s just a bit old fashioned for me.”

“What else are you gonna do?” Charlie asked over a sip of his glass of wine.
“I’m going to replace the tile in the kitchen with some patterned blue tile to match with the cupboards. Repainting the walls in the living room. Build a porch out back. Redo the bathrooms to match the kitchen. Better appliances in there too. And install a skylight for the upstairs loft area so it’s not so dark. It’s going to be my office space too.”

“That sounds like a lot of work,” Bella commented. “Expensive too.”

Holly grimaced and nodded, “Yeah it can be. First with be knocking down the wall and doing the new doors. Painting and fake tile won’t be too much. I’ll probably save the bathroom and skylight for last.”

“Knowing you, you’ll do most of it yourself anyway,” Charlie guessed.

She narrowed her eyes at him playfully, “Oh, I’ll be enlisted your services. And you better wear a hard hat and tool belt.”

Bella chuckled at the image and ate her food. Once dinner was done, Holly asked Bella to pick out a movie and she would grab them bowls of ice cream to gorge on for dessert. Charlie nearly groaned when he caught Bella looking at Pride and Prejudice but didn’t complain when she eventually picked it and he was sandwiched between her and Holly to watch the period drama over strawberry cheesecake ice cream.

Once the film was over, Bella declared that she was tired and going to walk home and go to bed. She stressed that her dad did not have to come home just because she was, and was out the door with goodnight kisses for them both.

Holly had giggled. “She was not subtle, was she?”

“What do you mean?” he asked her.

She rose an eyebrow at him and tsked under her breath before stretching her leg over his lap and settling in to straddle him. “And you call yourself a cop. She was giving us privacy, Chief of Police Charlie Swan.”

All the blood instantly drew out of his brain and to his lower head as his hands settled on her hips and pulled her closer. The longer he’d been with her, the less shy he was to be forward when it
came with intimacy. It also came easier to him once they’d verbally agreed to a more solid commitment with each other. Boyfriend and girlfriend felt like trivial terms. He just thought of them as Charlie and Holly.

“Oh,” he said as her implication sunk in just as her hips gyrated on his lap.

“That’s a smart daughter you have,” she breathed, smirking at him before planting a kiss on his lips and jumping right into the thick of things by digging her hands into his jeans and encasing his cock in her hands to pump him to full mast.

He let a growl that surprised them both and turned her over onto her back across the couch before quickly ridding her of her jeans and panties. He pulled her legs apart, watching her pussy lips spread at the movement. Holly let out a little squeal of excitement when his lips dived in and wrapped around her clit as he started to suck on it. Her fingers weaved into his hair to hold his face against her pussy as her hips titled closer to his lips.

When he licked and sucked her to a good wetness, he was quick to add his fingers to the mix. He had figured out what she liked with her guidance over the weeks together and crooked his fingers against her g-spot and hit it over and over again until she was keening, back bowed and mouth gaping open as she groaned in completion and clamped her thighs around his head.

She was panting when her thighs relaxed enough for him to lift his head from her and lean up to remove her blouse and bra, as well as his shirt. He laid across her body and latched his lips around her nipple, earning himself a low moan from her. Again, she gripped his hair to hold him to her as she squirmed underneath him. She seemed to like being pressed down by his body. And if he had any doubts, she had vocally let him know that several times.

Switching back and forth between nipples for a while, he was forced to move onto the best part by Holly’s flailing hips into his pelvis and hard-on. Finally, she simply reached down to wrap her hand around his cock and point it at her sopping pussy lips until the head slipped into her.

“Fuck me, Charlie,” she moaned, letting out a little yelp of surprise when he slid into her promptly at her command.

He grunted deeply as his cock was surrounded by her already pulsing molten walls. His forehead landed on hers as he gripped her thighs to press her knees up against her upper body and the couch. Her calves cradled his sides as her ankles crossed over his lower back. Even with her legs wrapped around him and holding on tight, he was able to rear his hips back, pulling his cock out of her until just the tip teased her entrance, and then he slowly sank back into her until his pelvis was flush with
the back of her thighs and ass.

Foreheads still pressed together, Charlie watched as her eyes fluttered closed and her inner walls fluttered around him, as if trying to hold onto him and keep him inside of her. Still, he retreated and thrust back into her, quicker this time, until they created a rhythm.

He’d come to appreciate and even enjoy the wet squishing noises her cunt made when his cock plunged into her. And the sound of their skin slapping together. And the choked sighs that fought to escape her lips. Those kinds of things had always just seemed as part of the mechanics of sex, but now he reveled in each and every little thing that had to do with fucking her. It made him even harder inside her as he started to piston his hips rapidly, earning a sharp cry from her mouth.

Her little fingernails bit into the skin of his shoulders as she held onto him. He was distracted from the pinching pain by the sheer pleasure of his cock being swallowed hole by her pulsing pussy, and her face tilting under his to press their lips together. Her lips cradled his before her tongue snuck into his mouth and curled around his.

She keened into his mouth and whispered against him pleadingly, “Oh fuck, Charlie, please, please. Faster baby.”

He was a gentleman. He would oblige the lady.

His gripped her hips and ass with his hands and started plunging into her faster, rewarded with her head tossing back as she let out loud yelps of pleasure. Her nails carved little half-moons into his skin and her thighs tightened on his sides as she mewled and moaned.

He growled in his chest, pressing harder into her and practically pulling her hips up to meet him while he thrust down into her with a squelch and slap every time. A violent shudder ripped up his spine as pleasure built in his gut and he knew he’s be emptying inside her soon enough. But she had to cum first.

Letting up on his weight over her a bit, one of his hands left her hips and trailed to her breasts, pinching and pulling on her nipples until they were hard enough to wrap his mouth around.

“Charlie!” she yelped as he lightly bit her.
His hand then trailed down her stomach until he came into contact with her engorged clit and settled over the swollen little nub. He flicked at it with his thumb, pressing down and circling it every few strokes. He could feel her juices spilling around his cock and adding to the splashing sound their skin made when they slapped together.

“Fuck, Charlie, don’t stop!” Holly keened.

He had enough blood in his upper brain to chuckled into her breast, “I didn’t plan on it.”

Her hips writhed under him as he could tell the pleasure was beginning to overtake her. He cunt clenched onto him like a vice so tight he could barely keep thrusting into her, but he did. Her head tossed back against the couch cushion as she yelped, “Fuck, I’m cumming!” loudly as she cried out, her whole body wrapping around him and squeezing him like an anaconda.

It was all too much for him as her fluttering walls demanded his cum. His thrusts stuttered a bit before he finally slammed into her cunt until he was flush with her hips and started spilling sticky white ropes into her. He grunted at the sensations of her cunt milking his load out of him as he settled over her, face in her neck, as her body still jerked with aftershocks of her orgasm.

Her legs were still shaking as they both came down. He felt a surge of pride as the feeling of them practically vibrating against the sides of his torso. He tried to hold up his upper body on his arms as he fell limp over her, but ultimately decided to turn them over so he was on his back and she was splayed over him, both panting heavily.

He cradled her to his chest as they caught their breath. After a few moments of just breathing and resting together, he felt Holly shifted over him, reaching for something on the floor. He caught sight of her pulling her cellphone out of her jeans and then holding it up to her face and typing on it.

He asked her, “What are you doing?”

She didn’t look at him as she answered, “Letting Bella know that you’re spending the night here.”

He chuckled at her words. “Oh, I am?”

She still didn’t look at him as she typed out her message, laying her head on his chest with a smile, “Yes, you are.”
Chapter Summary

Charlie brings Holly into his life more.

Chapter Notes

Just a little smut. The plot is taking over. I'm sorry!

The next morning, Charlie hadn’t woken up the shrill ringing of his alarm on his phone. He hadn’t woken up to the sunlight streaming in, even though it was. And he hadn’t woken up to Bella puttering around the house – since she slept in while on summer vacation. Instead, he woke up to a soft hand fondling his balls while another equally soft hand slides up and down his shaft as he began to harden. He grunted himself awake when he felt a warm wet tongue curl around the head of his cock. He blinked his eyes open to see Holly hovering over his nude lower half, having pulled his boxers down to his knees.

His voice was still gruff with sleep when he asked her, “What do you think you’re doing?”

She pulled her tongue away from him to aim a mischievous grin in his direction. “I noticed what time your alarm was set for and turned it off. Figured you deserved a better wake up call.”

He couldn’t answer with words when her mouth started sinking onto his cock. He choked on air when he saw her lips kissing the base of his hips, her throat swallowing him deep inside. He could feel her throat capsizing on the head of his cock as she swirled her tongue over him and hollowed out her cheeks, so her mouth felt tighter around him.

He groaned loudly at the sensations enveloping him and reached down to thread his fingers through her hair, moving with her head as she bobbed up and down on him. He was a little embarrassed by how quickly he reached his end. Because in no time he was moaning like an animal and shooting into her mouth like a fire hydrant. And she settled over him and swallowed every drop. When she pulled her mouth off of him, she licked her lips and hummed out in content as if she’d had a cold glass of water after being stranded in the desert.

Charlie panted, chuckling out, “Well – I’m awake.”
Holly giggled, settling onto his bare chest and twirling her fingers lightly through the hair there. “Good. Because you have to shower and head to work, Mr. Chief of Police.”

Charlie was walking through cloud after cloud for the rest of the day. It fogged up his head, but it also made him feel lighter than ever. He hadn’t even felt like this when he asked Renee to marry him and she said yes. Sure, he’d been over the moon then, but not the kind of ease and bliss he felt now.

He didn’t want to believe he needed a woman to be happy. He wasn’t unhappy before. And he didn’t believe people needed a relationship to feel complete. But Holly built him up to a higher level that he’d tried to reach when he was younger and just fell short and gave up on. Everything was new and fun again. Even sitting on the couch and watching a movie. He felt like he was fun. For once.

And unlike before, he looked forward to leaving work. He had a house with people now. His daughter was visiting from school. His ‘girlfriend’ – that term still sounded weird to think about – was either hanging out with Bella or at her own house and would be over the second he got home if he wanted her too. With it being Summer, Bella being a student and Holly being a teacher, they both had time off. And he was the one stuck behind the desk at the station.

At least he knew now that he had something to look forward to other than dinner at the diner every night.

This weekend, however, he had more to look forward to. There was a big game tonight and they were watching it at his place over beer and appetizers. Harry and sue would be coming, along with Waylon and some guys from the station. Billy was bringing Jacob, who would bring some of his friends. So, Bella would be entertained despite not liking baseball. What he had been really worried about was Holly’s reception.

“Do you like sports?” he had asked her while they had lunch during his break.

She had shrugged, “I never played them. Never had the hand-eye coordination. Dad is really into baseball. Has a fantasy league and everything.”

“But you don’t like baseball?” he had questioned nervously. She probably wouldn’t want to hang out with a bunch of guys immersed in a game she didn’t enjoy.

“It’s America’s pass time. I can’t not like it,” she had giggled. “Why are you asking?”
He had taken a sip of his water to buy time before he actually asked her about the weekend game. “Well, there’s a big game on Saturday. Some of the guys usually come over, you know, drink some beer. Yell at the TV. Eat bad food.”

By her knowing smile, she had guessed where he was going with this. “And you want to know if I would like to join?”

His cheeks had turned red as he averted his eyes.

“Come on, Charlie, we’re in an adult committed relationship now.” Her voice had been soft and light. He looked up to see her smiling just as softly, eyes alight. “My boyfriend can invite me to watch the game with him and his friends. All he has to do is ask.”

She had been looking at him so patiently and gently. He felt secure enough to finally ask, “Would you like to come watch the game Saturday?”

She had smiled at him. He should have known it wouldn’t have been a difficult thing to ask her. “You’re going to have to explain a lot of what’s going on in the game to me. Can you handle that?”

He had chuckled into his fist, relieved. “Yeah. I can do that.”

Her face had turned stern then, “But you guys are not eating bad food with crappy beer. I will be in charge of that, Chief.”

Now, at his desk Saturday afternoon, he chuckled at the memory. Holly had been texting him all day asking if anyone was allergic to anything, how many people would be there, when they would be arriving. He really hoped that she wasn’t going through too much trouble. But she assured him she would have fun sneaking healthy food down their gullets.

When he finally got off work, he stopped at the grocery store getting the exact kind of beer she’d recommended. He found himself taking to it more and more, but he still had his old beer in the fridge too. He quickly made his way home, seeing Holly’s truck parked on the street in front of his house surprisingly. When he walked into the house, he was less surprised to see Holly and Bella laughing in the kitchen as the former took a tray of something out of the oven.
They both smiled widely upon his entrance. “What’s cooking, good looking?” Holly had greeted him with a kiss on the cheek as she set aside a tray of little green balls to cool.

He raised his eyebrow questioningly at the green food. “Shouldn’t I be asking you that?”

She tutted and lightly smacked his chest. “Don’t look like that. They’re zucchini bites. You can’t have steak and burgers for every meal, unless you want to have a heart attack. I, for one, would like to avoid that.”

“Me too,” Bella said from her place across the counter, driving a large knife into a watermelon.

“What are you doing to that thing?” Charlie asked wryly.

She gave a look. “Cutting it up.”

“Oh,” he responded dumbly. “Do you guys need any help?”

Bella chuckled, “Not from you, dad. No offense.”

Charlie laughed lightly. “None taken.” He really couldn’t make something that didn’t involved the microwave or milk in cereal.

“Oh, I think we can find a use for him,” Holly teased. “He did get the beer after all. Charlie, why don’t you grab bowls for the food and lay it out in the living room? Bella said that Jacob and Billy were already on their way.”

Charlie harrumphed at the chore he’d been inside. Didn’t seem so useful. But anything to help after they’d been working in the kitchen for the afternoon. So, he dug into the lower cabinets to find some big plastic bowls he’d used before for chips and dip. He still made a face when he scooped the little green balls into a bowl and carried them out into the living room to set down.

He heard a phone ringing when he re-entered the kitchen, seeing Holly putting a tray of something into the oven. He checked his phone but it was dark. He saw Holly pulling hers out and holding it to her ear with a smile, “Hi, Dad.”
Charlie gulped. He had no idea if her parents knew about their relationship. He had no idea how her parents would even react to the concept of her dating someone so much older than her. He knew how he’d react to Bella dating a man who was in his thirties. But Holly seemed at ease, smiling happily, as she talked to her dad.

“Summer break is going great,” she said into her phone as she started chopping green jalapenos. Bella had dumped the chopped-up watermelon into a bowl and was grating cheddar cheese. “Almost done with the final paper for my certification. One exam later and I’ll be all set to take over for Crabapple in the Fall.”

“I am actually in the middle of something,” she said later. “Making appetizers for the big game.”

She set aside the jalapenos and laughed at whatever her father was saying, “I do mean baseball. I’m watching it at my boyfriend’s house with some friends.”

Charlie froze when he heard her mention the word ‘boyfriend’ and Bella seemed to notice. She was smirking at him.

“I thought mom told you about him,” she was saying to her dad. “Not too long – Charlie – a little bit – that’s a rude question Mr. Rayne.”

“Probably asked how old you were,” Bella chortled.

Holly gave her a wink that told them she was right. Still, she addressed her father, “That’s his daughter, Bella.” She gave a faux gasp of shock, “My word, Mr. Rayne. That’s even ruder. She’s a lady.”

“Now he wants to know how old you are,” Charlie murmured. He turned to Holly, waving for her to go on, “Just tell the man what he wants to know.”

She childishly stuck her tongue out to him before asking, “Can you manage a few strips of bacon, Mr. I-Could-Burn-Water?”

He playfully flicked at her ear before occupying himself with cooking bacon at the stove.
“Well, if you’re that desperate to know, you’re gonna have to come visit me,” she told her father. This made Charlie really gulp. “Oh, right, you’re going to Tokyo for the next month and a half, aren’t you?”

This made Charlie sag in relief.

“Darn, maybe next time,” Holly laughed. “Meanwhile, just be impressed that I bagged myself an officer of the law that can get me to sit and watch sports when you never could.”

Charlie’s chest puffed up a bit at hearing that. He knew her dad had a fantasy league. Apparently, he’d tried to get Holly interested in the game, but she never was. Yet, she was going to sit and watch it for him. She had a way of using the smallest things to make him feel good about himself and their relationship.

“Very much so, but that’s between us,” she was laughing now. “I gotta go, I have jalapeno poppers to get into the oven. I’ll email you once you’re in Tokyo – Love you, too. Bye.” She hung up her phone and stuck it back into her pocket, “Whew, thought he’d never let me go. Sorry about that. Rude to be on the phone right in front of you guys.”

Bella waved her hand, “Don’t worry about it.”

“How old is your dad?” Charlie asked. He couldn’t help it.

“Why, thinking about trading me in for the older model?” she replied without missing a beat.

Charlie grimaced at the image. “Not by a long shot.”

She chuckled. “Dad’s fifty-seven. Mom’s fifty-three. But my mom’s parents are eighteen years apart. She’s always said age is just a number, and crow’s feet are just signs that you’ve lived a happy life, laughing away.”

“That actually sounds pretty sweet,” Bella commented.
“That’s Allie,” Holly said as she put the poppers in the oven to cook. Then there was a knock at the door. “That must be Billy and Jake.”

“I’ll get it,” Bella immediately hopped off her stool and went to the door.

Once she was gone, Charlie felt the collar of his shirt being pulled and then Holly’s lips were on his, moving languidly. His cheeks reddened as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He pressed his hands over her hips and held her closer. This was a greeting he could get used to.

“All right, break it up before I get the hose,” Billy’s jovial voice interrupted them as Jacob wheeled his father into the kitchen.

“I will only agree to those terms if you’ve done what I asked you to do,” Holly replied with a smile when she dragged her lips away from Charlie’s mouth.

Billy rolled his eyes and waved at his son. Jacob grinned and handed Holly a bag of baseballs.

“You asked him to bring baseballs?” Charlie asked her, confused.

She grinned and nodded her head yes. “I figured maybe before the game actually started you can attempt to cure me of my severe lack of hand-eye coordination and teach me how to throw a baseball. You have a mitt up in your room, and Jake’s old one will fit me. Food’s almost done, and we have another hour before it starts.”

“And I have to play witness,” Billy laughed.

Bella set an alarm for the food on her phone and followed the group out into the backyard. Holly declared that she would try to not hit Charlie in the face. “It would be a shame to damage that handsome mug.”

“I can handle it,” Charlie laughed after he retrieved his old mitt from his room and started walking her through the motions of throwing a ball. It was somehow rapturous to teach his girlfriend how to throw a ball. Something she’d never really done or been interested in but asked him to teach her because she knew baseball was a part of him. She had brought new into his life. And it made him feel good that he could bring new into hers.
She did get close to nailing him in the eye when they finally started playing catch. She got him in the shoulder and his right knee, but mostly he just had to jump or dive a bit to catch the balls she lobbed at him. And she only caught it twice when he tossed it back. The first time was one accident. She hadn’t been kidding when she said she didn’t have great hand-eye coordination.

The rest of their group eventually wondered through. The deputies even started tossing a ball in a circle while they chatted about work and idle bets about what would happen in the game tonight. Billy, Charlie, and Harry planned another fishing trip while Sue, Bella, Holly, and Emily went to get the rest of the food and beers for themselves from the kitchen.

Some of the guys bellyached about the lack of BBQ wings or pigs-in-blankets. But Sue and Emily quickly jumped on Holly’s healthy crusade and told them to cook next time if they had issues. “Besides, there’s bacon!” Holly pointed out.

“Wrapped around green beans,” Sam pointed out.

“There’s also bacon in the jalapeno poppers,” she sniffed with attitudes. “You’re all men, act like it. Eat the healthy and delicious food and yell at the baseball players that can’t hear you.”

“You yell at fictional characters for not saying ‘I love you’ instead of fighting,” Charlie quipped.

The minute he said it, he was worried he’d be in trouble with Holly as some of his friends laughed at his ‘burn’ and patted his back. He thought she’d glare at him and ignore him for the rest of the night. Instead, she threw her head back in laughter and lifted her hand up in the air for him to high-five her.

The game started and everyone congregated around to watch. Billy sat in his chair next to the couch, where Charlie sat at the end. To the envy of every single man in the room, Holly was curled into his side, legs pulled underneath her body. Harry and Sue took up the other end of the couch. Others grabbed chairs or spots on the carpet. The game was slow to start, which gave Charlie plenty of time to explain the basic rules and his favorite players to Holly. Ironically, Jacob was doing the same with Bella, but also talking to her about college and how it was in Seattle. When the game picked up, he could tell that Holly didn’t really understand everything that happened in the game, but she played along whenever the others cheered or groaned at the different plays.

The game ended up going into overtime, and all the food had been gobbled up. No one complained about the lack of wings or hot dogs, instead complimenting Holly and Bella on the food. She
accepted them graciously, with a bragging ‘I told you so.’

When the game was over, all the men celebrated victoriously when their favorite team won. They threw back some more beers and talked about the great plays and their predictions for the rest of the season. Some of them even volunteered to help clean, leaving Holly to cuddle into Charlie’s side, half on his lap. She did excuse herself to talk to the other girls. And he could hear her inviting them over to her house next Saturday night for a girls’ night in.

By the time the night wrapped up, and most everyone went home, Holly was nodding off with her head on Charlie’s lap while Bella walked Billy and Jacob out. Bella snuck a picture of them and commented, “You two are so cute.”

“The cutest,” Holly mewled tiredly, blinking to try and keep her eyes open.

“I think it’s bed time,” Bella teased the older woman.

Holly groaned, “It’s cold and dark outside…”

Bella scoffed. “I’m not naïve. I know you and dad sleep together.”

“Bella!” Charlie complained, blocking his ears.

She rolled her eyes at him. “What I mean is – Holly doesn’t have to go home just because I’m here.”

“I don’t think she could if she wanted to,” Charlie joked, standing slowly and bending over to pick Holly up in his arms to carry her upstairs with a ‘goodnight’ to his daughter. The movement woke her up enough that she could stand to brush her teeth – with her extra toothbrush kept at his place – and wash her face before stumbling into his room.

Charlie chuckled to himself when he walked in after her to see she already passed out on the left side of his bed. Quietly, he toed his shoes off before taking her sneakers off of her feet. She was wearing jeans and he seriously doubted that she’d be comfortable sleeping in those. But he felt weird taking off her clothes while she was sleeping.
He was startled when she opened her eyes and sleepily smirked at him. “You can undress me anytime, Chief.”

Narrowing his eyes at her playfully, he quickly undid her jeans and worked them off her legs before pulled the blankets over her body. Her tired eyes watched as he stripped off his own jeans and took his shirt off, tossing their clothes in the corner for the night before climbing into bed beside her.

She rolled over and rested her head on his chest, twirling her fingers in the hair there. She tossed her leg over to tuck it in between his. She let out a sigh. “Tonight was fun.”

He pushed his arm under her shoulders to hold her, “Yeah, it was. You were a team player, joining in.”

“I enjoyed it,” she told him, her voice getting drowsier and drowsier.

He smiled up to the ceiling. “I’m glad you did. Go to sleep now.”

She burrowed her head closer to his neck and hummed. “Okay. Goodnight, Chief.”

“Goodnight, Holly Shit.”
Road Trip

Chapter Summary

Charlie, Holly, and Bella are on their way to Portland.

“Mmmm, Charlie, fuck me,” Holly murmured breathlessly.

Charlie was breathing raggedly as he aimed his cock for her entrance from above her, supporting himself on one arm by her head as his whole body pressed down on hers. She pleaded under her breath for him to sink into her until he did. He grunted deep in his chest as he felt himself enveloped by her warm cunt. He’d never tire of doing this with her.

“Oh, Charlie!” Holly sighed out in pleasure. “Oh, you feel so good. Don’t stop.”

“When have I ever stopped?” he chuckled with a groan as he pulled his hips back and plunged back into her. He worked up into his normal rhythm and fucked her.

She giggled into his lips and kissed him deeply, sliding her tongue along the sides of his mouth. Her hands traveled up and down his back, intermittently gripping his ass as he thrust into her. She arched her back off her mattress, tilting her pelvis under his so he hit her at a deep angle.

He pounded into her, loving the way it interrupted her moans of pleasure when he knocked the breath out of her. Sweat built on the curve of his back and his forehead as he pressed kisses onto her neck. Without prompt, one of his hands slid up to the pillow under her head and he threaded his fingers through her hair. He gripped the dark tresses and tugged slightly, bowing her head back, giving him more access to her throat.

She let out a guttural noise of appreciation. “I love the way you think, Chief.”

“I just take notes,” he chuckled into her kiss as he pummeled into her pussy.

She keened as she arched into his body. Her eyes were clenched shut and mouth gaping open as she gasped and mewled. “Can I give you a new note, Chief? If you’re comfortable with it.”
He had no idea what she meant, but she had yet to completely turn him off with any of her requests in bed. “Lay it on me.”

“Will you put your finger in my ass?”

That made him freeze, buried to the hilt inside her, but still hard and throbbing. “Did I hear that right?”

He had never seen her look so shy as she did when she looked up at him right then. “You know, get your finger wet in my pussy and just, ease it into my ass. While you fuck me.”

Charlie kept his eyes locked on hers as he slipped his middle finger into her next to his cock and pulled it out while he started pounding into her again with a renewed vigor. She choked out a moan as his fingertip started circling her tight little rosebud. Every so gently, he eased the tip in.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Holly chanted. “Thank you, Charlie!”

She didn’t need to thank him for a thing. He rocked his fingertip in and out of her asshole as he rocked his cock in and out of her cunt before sinking it in to the second knuckle.

Holly rocked her hips back and forth between his cock in her pussy and finger in his ass as his leftover hand still gripped and tugged on her hair. “Oh, don’t stop, Charlie. You feel so fucking good, like you’re everywhere. I’m gonna cum so hard on your cock.”

Charlie managed to hilt his finger in her ass and wiggle it around as he focused on pounding her into the bed with his cock as he felt electricity race up his spine as his orgasm threatened to take him. He needed her to always cum first.

Suddenly, Holly let out a sharp shuddering gasp as her whole body seized up. Her legs clamped around his waist as both of her holes clamped around his limbs. Her pussy clutched his dick like a vice as her juices squirted over him. She tossed her head back, her whole body bowing into an ‘n’ shape as she came hard and screamed his name. “CHARLIE!”

Charlie let himself go then. He buried himself into her to the hilt and grunted and writhed on top of
her as his cum emptied into her pulsing pussy. She dragged every drop out of him until he was boneless. He sagged, resting his head on her chest as she ran her fingers through his sweat-soaked hair.

“That’s a good way to start the day,” Holly laughed breathlessly as she scratched her nails over his shoulder blades.

Charlie chuckled into her chest, eyes closed. “Yes, it is.”

“Once I get control of my legs again, we have to jump into the shower,” she murmured.

“I’m good here,” he muttered back. And he was. He felt like he could fall asleep again, in her arms.

“I would agree,” she said, her chest rising and falling gently under his head, “but we have to finish packing for Portland and get on the road.”

Charlie groaned childishly as she twisted under him to get out of bed. “It’s too early!”

“It’s six in the morning!” she laughed as she opened the door to her bathroom to start the shower. “We want to get on the road by eight.”

“Five hours is too long to drive for a weekend trip,” Charlie carried on complaining. “What was I thinking when I agreed to this?”

“Four and a half hours,” Holly corrected. “And it’s a four-day trip, not including driving days. It’s all gonna be worth it. You’re gonna create so many new and fun memories with your daughter. And we are going to expose you to some quality pot.”

Charlie was only half listening to her as he watched her naked figure saunter into her clear glass shower and step under the water. Like a mummy waking from the grave, he rose out of her bed and followed her in to ‘clean up.’

“I don’t need a whole suitcase for not even a whole week,” Charlie pointed out as Holly started emptying out what he packed in a duffel bag and deposited it into his larger suitcase.
She gave him a look, “You need extra room for souvenirs and new clothes you bring back! Everyone who has ever gone on vacation knows to always leave empty space when they leave.”

“She’s right, dad!” Bella chimed in from her room down the hall.

“We need to de-flannel you a little,” Holly added as she refolded the last of his shirts and placed them in. “I mean – you look sexy as fuck in them. But I’d like to see you in some solid colors and a jacket without moth holes in them.”

“My jacket doesn’t have moth holes in it,” Charlie muttered as she dropped his toiletries bag – which was just a plastic Ziplock bag – on top of his clothes.

“Jacket is still singular,” she pointed out. “You need more than one, some variety. And your jacket is your work jacket. The same one you’ve had for years since you made Chief and the pockets have had to be re-sewn in by Sue twice!”

“You and Sue talk too much,” Charlie griped as she zipped up his suitcase.

She giggled, “Doesn’t change the fact that I’m right. Or the fact that you deserve to spoil yourself on occasion.”

Charlie huffed and grabbed his suitcase to start carrying it downstairs. “Bells, you almost ready?”

“Yeah!”

Charlie dropped his suitcase next to Holly’s by the door. They’d be taking her truck to Portland.

“Have you ever been there before?” Bella asked Holly as the two women came downstairs with Bella’s things.

She shook her head, her ponytail swinging behind her, “Nope. This’ll be a first for me too.”
“But not pot?” Bella guessed, laughing.

Holly playfully shushed her with a finger over her lips and winked before joining Charlie in the kitchen. “We gotta clean these dishes before we head out.”

“You mean I do,” Charlie took the syrup covered plate out of her hands. “You made the pancakes, I’ll clean the dishes.”

Holly gave him a kiss on the cheek and started gathering water and snacks for the road. Soon the dishes were clean, trash was taken out, and car was loaded up with their things. Holly insisted on taking the first shift as driver so he and Bella could enjoy the anticipation of heading out on their first trip together. She was confident in her abilities for a long road trip.

“I drove myself to Forks from Massachusetts,” she had pointed out.

“You what!?!” was Charlie’s stunned response.

She ended up driving for three hours before they stopped to get gas and take a toilet break. Then Charlie insisted that he would drive the rest of the way and the whole way home. And she could see what she could do about it then, ha!

Bella had managed to fall asleep sprawled across the back seat behind them with her earbuds in. Charlie smiled fondly at his snoozing daughter in the rearview mirror about an hour out of their destination.

“So, what are we supposed to do first when we get there?” he made idle conversation as he re-focused on the road.

“Lunch,” Holly declared. “There’s a lakeside café near our bed and breakfast that supposedly has to-die-for mimosas and sourdough philly cheesecake.”

“My daughter is not drinking mimosas with you in the middle of the day,” Charlie said sternly.

Holly jokingly stuck her tongue out at him, “Spoilsport.” They drove in companionable silence for a
few minutes before Holly turned her head to look at him seriously, “Charlie?”

“Yeah?” he answered back.

“I’m not… stepping on your toes, am I?” she asked. He had never heard her sound like the insecure one. “I know I kind of bulldozed into your life and I’ve been around a lot even when you and Bella should be spending father daughter time together. And now I’m tagging along on this trip when it was just supposed to be the two of you…”

“Hey, stop that,” he tried to reassure her as much as he could while keeping his eyes on the road. “I wouldn’t say you ‘bulldozed’ into my life. It was more like the Tasmanian devil from the looney toons.”

She giggled and half-heartedly smacked his arm, “I’m actually being serious here.”

“I just don’t get where you all of the sudden started thinking you weren’t welcome, sweetheart,” Charlie told her. “I want you around. Bella likes you. She insisted you come because she likes you, not because she didn’t want to be cramped with her dad. We both want you here. And besides, we all know you’re the fun one in this relationship.”

She pouted at him, “You’re fun! Might I remind you that we had sex within two hours of knowing each other? That was really fun.”

Charlie blushed at the reminder. “I know but I didn’t initiate that. You did.”

“So? You had all the chances in the world to turn me down and you didn’t,” she pointed out.

He gave her a side look as he drove. “Only a fool would have turned you down.”

She smirked. “Point taken. But you are fun, Charlie.”

He shook his head, “I smoked pot once as a teenager and never touched the stuff again because I didn’t want to get in trouble. I went cliff diving for the first time in my own home town at forty-one. My spare time is spent watching baseball and going fishing. That doesn’t describe a fun, good-time
guy.”

“Charlie, you enjoy those things. They’re fun for you,” she told him earnestly. “I had fun watching the game with you and your friends. And that’s not all you do. You have the bonfires at La Push. I see the way you and Billy joke and play around. You don’t have to be anyone but who you are.”

Charlie just shrugged.

“Charlie, I know Bella and I have joked around about you smoking pot with us this trip. And that we’ve talked about how you can do new things and have new experiences still. And that’s all still true. But I swear I didn’t mean to make you feel bad about what you have done or haven’t done,” Holly told him seriously. “I like you just the way you are.”

“You didn’t make me feel bad,” he told her honestly. “I do that just fine all on my own if you haven’t noticed.”

“Oh, I have,” she said, most likely remembering their many more tense discussions over his insecurities. “But despite my big mouth sharing my big opinions and jokes and smart-ass comments, you are Bella’s father, you are my boyfriend, and I respect you.”

While it didn’t need to be said, he was happy that she took the time to say it. His chest inflated and a smile played on his lips as his posture straightened up and he sat up against his seat.

“It usually because of your big mouth and opinions that I respect you too,” he told her softly. “And trust you.”

He smiled more as he felt her take his hand in hers and pull it up to her face, pressing a kiss to the back of it before settling their joined hands in her lap.

Roughly twenty minutes of comfortable silence later, they were pulling up to the quaint bed and breakfast Holly had booked two rooms in for the weekend. It looked like a large cottage with a beautiful garden surrounding it. Holly woke Bella in the back seat while Charlie got their bags from the back.

As they all had hands on their suitcases, Holly squeezed Charlie’s hand, “Ready?”
The three of them made their way up the cobblestone path to the painted white door and let themselves in. The owner of the inn was a portly elderly lady with a big smile. She absolutely gushed over how nice it was to see a father treat his daughters to a weekend trip.

Charlie flushed at being mistaken for Holly’s father when he was her boyfriend. Bella even frowned for her father’s embarrassment. But Holly, being Holly, took it all in stride. “Actually, I’m the lover,” she corrected with her bright smile. She put her hand out for the woman to shake, “Mrs. Tate, is it? Holly Rayne, we spoke over the phone when I made the reservations.”

Now the woman, Mrs. Tate, looked rightly embarrassed, “I’m so sorry, I just…”

Holly waved her off, “I look younger than I am. Shit happens. We’d like a quick check in so we can get our stuff stowed away and head to lunch.”

“Of course,” Mrs. Tate rushed. She had Holly and Charlie sign a guest book and gave them their keys. They said they could find their way to their rooms on their own and climbed up the wood stairs to put their stuff down.

When in their own room, Holly grabbed Charlie’s hand and tugged him closer to her once he put his suitcase down at the foot of their four-poster bed. “You’re not letting it get to you, right?”

“I half-expected someone to make that assumption at some point,” he admitted, voice weak and low. “But so far we only ever go to La Push and our own houses.”

“You know it doesn’t matter,” she told him softly, looking into his eyes. “None of it matters.”

“We can say that, but it matters to someone,” he rebutted.

“Not to us,” she pointed out. “And we’re the important ones in this relationship.”

“You’re right,” he reluctantly agreed with her. Logically he knew that she was right. He may just never be able to fully let go of his own insecurities. “Are you hungry?”
“Starved,” she sighed out, dramatically swaying in his arms.

He chuckled out and caught her. “Okay, let’s get Bells and go.”

A quick drive later, they were seated by the lake with a nice lunch. He got a philly cheesecake sandwich he thoroughly enjoyed. Bella got a nice vegetarian omelet she seemed to like. And Holly got her to-die-for mimosas to go along with her seafood.

While they sat and digested their food, enjoying the breeze by the water, Charlie turned to the women and asked, “All right, what did you guys plan for this trip that I wasn’t allowed to ask about until we left?”

“I’m glad you asked, Charles!”

Bella laughed at Charlie’s groan when Holly called him that.

“Today we’ve been on the road all morning so we’re going to take a nice walk through the Crystal Springs Rhododendron Garden,” Holly smiled. “Then a quiet dinner in the backyard gardens of our Inn.”

“And tomorrow?” he asked as he sipped his light beer.

Bella chimed in then, “Powell’s City of Books,” with a big smile.

“As well as a quick trip on the Portland Aerial Tram and the art museum,” Holly added. “Then the next day we’ll go shopping in China Town and the Pearl district where we can also have lunch. And then the museum of science and industry.”

“On our last day we’ll check out the International Rose Test Garden,” Bella said. “Apparent Portland is called ’Rose City.’”

“I also arranged, for your benefit, a biking beer tour of midtown Portland,” Holly smiled, patting his
hand on his lap. “I already called ahead, and Bella will be allowed to ride with us. They’ll drop us off at this center with food trucks so we can get a bite to eat before they return us to our cars. Then I’m bringing you guys to a dispensary in the same area to get whatever we want as long as we at least get one joint each. Mrs. Tate allows smoking in the gardens as long as we pick up after ourselves and don’t get too loud.”

Charlie grimaced a little at the reminder that they’d be getting marijuana on the trip. Truth be told he didn’t have any moral issues with those who did smoke pot. He just wanted the people in his town to be safe. But he was just worried that if he did get high, he’d do or say something to embarrass himself. And he didn’t want to do that in front of his much younger girlfriend and his daughter.

But he also didn’t want to turn it into a big deal for Bella. He didn’t want her to be tempted to lie to him about the stuff she does in her life, if it had to do with pot, beer, or sex. He was glad to hear that she was still a virgin though.

With their bill paid, by Charlie as he insisted, they drove out to the Crystal Gardens and walked through. It was a beautiful place. Charlie got to leisurely stroll with his arm over Holly’s shoulders while Bella marveled at the beautiful plants and took pictures. Soon, Holly joined Bella and the girls started doing a little photoshoot. Bella was shy in front of the camera, but Holly made her pose with the beautiful nature around them in good light and showed her how beautiful she was. Charlie couldn’t help but agree. His daughter was very beautiful. And so was his Holly.

“Now we have new profile pictures,” Holly cheered as they exited and stopped in a small café for a small dinner before heading back to the Inn to sleep off the excitement of the day.

“I can’t wait for tomorrow,” Bella admitted.

“I know – Powell’s books!” Holly exclaimed as they parked and headed inside.

Charlie smiled as the girls idly chatted about their favorite literature on their way upstairs to the room. He was shocked when Holly got a side hug goodnight before Bella kissed his cheek and went into her room.

Charlie sagged on their frilly bed after just stripping down to his t-shirt and boxers. He lied against the headboard as he watched Holly dig into her suitcase to pull out a red satin nightgown that was a little see-through around her breasts. He watched as she stripped off all of her clothes to replace it with the nightgown before going to the bathroom to wash up. He tiredly stood to join her in brushing their teeth, looking at her in the mirror. She winked at him when she caught him staring.
But then his eyes trailed to bubble of her butt sticking up as she bent over the sink to spit out her toothpaste. He quickly did the same before she caught him staring there too. But then she bent over again to wash her face after taking off her makeup. And her bent body blocked him from leaving the bathroom without brushing against her. Life was cruel.

He saw the hem of her short nightie riding up and saw the bottom of her bare ass peeking out. He didn’t think. He just acted on what he was seeing and suddenly his hands were also under the hem of her nightie, cupping her bare ass.

Holly let out a surprised little squeal as she looked up, quickly grabbing a towel to dry off her face. She smirked at him through the mirror, “Don’t start something you can’t finish, Chief.”

Feeling bold and uninhibited – they were on vacation after all – Charlie held her firmer and kicked his knee in between her legs to separate them as he groped her. Holly sighed out and rocked back against him, feeling his cock come to life in his now-tented boxers.

He trailed his hand around her body to start stroking her clit until it swelled out from under its hood and throbbed under his stimulation.

“Charlie!” Holly breathed, resting her elbows on the bathroom counter so her ass pressed flush with his hot and hard cock.

Charlie took charge, feeling embolden more than ever after spending a lot of time learning about her and her tells and what she liked. She mewled when he slid his fingers through her now-wet slit and dipped them inside to see if she was ready. Her hot walls thumped around his fingers with her heartbeat.

Charlie pulled away from her long enough to push his boxers down to his knees and shift the hem of her nightgown up to reveal her lower body. He pressed both of his knees between her legs to spread them. In response, she arched up and stood on her toes to bring herself level with him, supporting her upper body with her palms on the counter. She watched him with expressive eyes as he pressed the head of his cock against her folds and slid in with a grunt.

Her mouth dropped open at the initial penetration. “Charlie, fuck,” she whispered.

Charlie gripped the front of her hips and thighs and held her fast as he thrust up into her. He tried not
to get too loud with his noises. But he couldn’t stop the slapping sounds from making contact with her ass and his thighs as he rocked into her.

He watched her face in the mirror with focus he usually reserved for work. He watched as her eyes glazed over. As her body rocked up and down as he fucked her. As her breasts bounced in her nightgown. As her lips moved while she whimpered, “So fucking good, Charlie. Don’t stop.”

He had never had the intention of stopping.

He reached up with one hand to thread it through her hair and tug until her head bent back. He thought he saw her eyes roll back at that. He carried on at a steady pace, not wanting it to be over too quickly. But she was too hard to resist. He just wanted to bury himself into her over and over again.

He rocked faster into her, jerking her body up high enough that she jumped a bit before landing back on her toes. He tightened his grip in her hair as well and groaned when he felt her cunt pulse on him, gripping him tighter as he thrusted.

He felt that he wanted to cum. Sometimes it just came over him quicker, sometimes he was able to last two hours and get her to speak gibberish. This time was ending up on the quicker side.

He took his hand not occupied in her hair and brushed his thumb over her lips, trying to dip it into her mouth. She opened up and took his thumb in her mouth, twirling her tongue around it and coating it in her saliva. Once he was satisfied, he took his thumb away and started pressing the tip of it into her asshole.

Holly keened, biting her lip to keep her volume down as she practically melted against the mirror. “Fuck, Charlie, I’m gonna cum now!”

Not three seconds after her declaration did she tighten around him like a vice, mouth open and gaping against the glass of the now-fogged up mirror as she gushed around him. Her juices spilled on his cock as he pistoned into her, finding his own end. He let out a strangled groan as sticky ropes of cum shot out of his dick and into her. He thrust up into her a few more times, pumping out the last of it, before heaving a satisfied sigh and pulling out. He washed his hands and wiped himself off before Holly brought him down for a languid kiss.

“I love it when you’re spontaneous,” she whispered before she kicked him out of the bathroom so
she could use the toilet. A few minutes later she sauntered out and crawled into bed with him.

At first, Charlie didn’t understand why Bella and Holly were excited about a book store. There were book stores in Forks, and Port Angeles. But he understood once they walked inside. It was like an emporium, a Costco for books. It was two stories or shelves after shelves of books. Maybe every book ever written. The girls were like excited kids at Disneyland. They both grabbed tote bags from the front and ran off in different directions. He idly followed one or the other, but often he was just trying to keep them in sight while perusing the History aisle or the fishing aisle.

He lost count of how long they’d been in there, until bright and smiling Bella and Holly approached him with bags full of books. Bella reached him first, “Hey, did you find anything?”

“Did you?” he joked, eyeing their full bags.

Holly chuckled, “Let’s see your picks.”

Charlie held out the few books he picked out so they could read the spines.

“The Blood of Emmett Till, Unbroken, and 1776,” Holly read out loud. She pursed her lips and then nodded with approval. “I am pleasantly surprised.”

“You girls ready to head out?” he asked gruffly.

They nodded and made it quickly through line to buy their belongings. Holly insisted on paying for her own books. So Charlie insisted on paying for her ticket to the tram and art museum. It was funny to see Bella get a little nervous on the tram at how high they were, but he sat with her and made sure she was okay. It was only about a four-minute ride anyway.

The art museum was an experience Charlie actually enjoyed. It even made him think of finding some art to hang up in his house. To break up the family pictures and fish paraphernalia. He and Bella seemed to have the same taste in art. Where Holly liked the outrageous pieces, some with nudity, he and Bella enjoyed nature pieces.
They were beat by the end of the day, getting a nice and quick dinner before returning to the inn with all of their purchases, including books and souvenirs from the art museum. Bella looked dead on her feet when they left her at her room’s door and went into their room.

They got ready for bed without the sexy detour they had the night before. Charlie reclined on the bed and tiredly rubbed his eyes. Holly crawled over him, straddling him the most nonsexual yet amorous way he’d ever been straddled. She gave him a peck and asked, “Did you have fun today?”

He lightly chuckled, wrapping his arms around her waist to pull her closer. “Yes. You don’t have to keep checking on me, making sure I’m having a good time.”

“Why not?” she pouted childishly. “What if I want to make sure you’re having a good time?”

“I’m with you and Bella,” he said. “Anything we do, I’ll be having a good time, spending it with you two.”

“You’re so sweet, you’re gonna give me cavities,” Holly whispered, smiling softly down at him, pecking his lips again.

He lightly kissed her back before joking, “Although I could do without shopping trips.”

Holly feigned a wounded gasp and playfully smacked his shoulder. “What happened to sweet Charlie? You need to treat yourself. When was the last time you got new clothes?”

“Mine still fit,” he shrugged.

She guffawed. “You don’t get new clothes just because nothing fits. You get them because clothes get old, the pill, they get holes, they wear out, they fade. I could go on. And every once in a while you just get yourself a little something nice. You deserve something nice.”

“You’re nice,” he retorted.

“But you didn’t buy me,” she stuck her tongue out at him. “It’s okay to spend money on yourself for more than the necessities. I know you have bills and Bella’s college, but a few new shirts and some
jeans without holes in them isn’t gonna make or break you.”

“I know you’re right,” Charlie sighed.

“It just goes against your nature to take care of yourself before everyone else,” she said knowingly. “It’s a sweet characteristic, and part of what makes you attractive.”

“Seriously?” he asked doubtfully.

She settled into his chest and kissed his chin, “Seriously.”
“This place is interesting,” Charlie admitted as they all walked through Old Town Chinatown. They started by exploring but when Bella caught sight of a sign that listed Classical Chinese Garden listed on it. She and Holly had another pseudo-photoshoot among the beautiful sights. They even forced Charlie to join in. Holly took plenty of pictures of him and Bella, and Bella took some of him and Holly as well.

They got a few souvenirs while walking through. Charlie got himself a little nic knack here and there. It made Holly smile when she saw it.

Shopping in Pearl district was another deal altogether. Both Bella and Holly wouldn’t let him get away with not getting anything.

“Look!” Holly held up a thick thermal navy-blue button down against his torso. “I like this color on you. This shirt will keep you warm too.”

“Fine,” he grumbled, taking the shirt. But inwardly, he was touched that she thought so much about him to think about what colors looked good on him and that he would value clothes that served a purpose, like keeping him warm in Forks’ weather. She also picked out a forest green shirt and dark black one. And if she or Bella caught him looking at something twice, they picked it up off the racks.

“You need jeans too,” Bella said, eyeing the tear in the knee of the ones he was wearing.

Charlie rolled his eyes but followed them and let them pick out a few pairs for him to try on. He was actually relieved when he got to stand there and wait for them to walk through the women’s sections.

He was shocked more than anything when Holly actually picked out a dress that Bella liked.
wasn’t a dress girl. But it was long and flowy with long sleeves. She seemed to like the green color on it too. Holly grabbed a few dresses and sweaters as well. At a different store, she even picked up decent hiking boots after getting his opinion on them. She mentioned them going on hikes or going camping before school started again and she returned to work.

The real headache was when they insisted on trying everything on before leaving. That included him.

“Give us a little twirl,” Holly sang as he came out in a pair of new jeans and shirt. He blushed at her words but slowly turned around when she kept singing it. She laughed gleefully as he did and decided he looked sexy as hell. Both he and Bella blushed at that.

Bella and Holly had a little more fun with their fashion shows, giving each other their opinions on what they were wearing.

“Charlie, babe, what do you think of these?” Holly asked, twirling around in a deep burgundy shirt-dress. She was also gesturing to the long sleeve green maxi dress Bella had tried on.

“I think you both look beautiful,” he said honestly.

“Teacher appropriate?” she questioned, peering at him and her outfit.

Charlie more readily gave his opinion this time, “Yeah, it’s appropriate for work.”

“Let’s take a little pity on him,” Holly giggled. “I am getting hungry too.”

“I saw a little Italian place on our way here,” Bella mentioned.

“Let’s get these and go,” Holly said.

To Charlie’s relief – even if he held most of their bags – they were sitting at lunch and eating. And then they were walking through the museum of science and industry. That was actually more interesting to Charlie. When they got back to the Inn, both Holly and Bella were complaining about how much their feet hurt. He hid his smirk as the girls immediately took off their shoes and toed
upstairs silently.

“Are you girls hungry for dinner?” Charlie asked as they hovered outside their doors.

“We should have something to eat,” Holly mused. “Then I want a bubble bath.”

“I know, right?” Bella agreed.

The girls switched to comfier shoes and walked around the corner of the Inn where there was a quaint diner. Charlie finally got some greasy food while Bella had a tofu salad and Holly got grilled chicken and a strawberry milkshake. Which made Bella want a vanilla one. Charlie eventually got cajoled into ordering himself a chocolate one and trading sips between the three of them. Then they walked back to the Inn and made their ways to their rooms.

“Can I interest you in a bubble bath, Chief?” Holly asked, giving him a little wink as she started taking off her shoes and running the water in the old-fashioned looking tub in their bathroom.

“I would be a fool to say no to that,” Charlie said, already following her into the bathroom like a trailing puppy. He watched as she started to slowly strip her clothes off. Pants and shirt first. Even after spending so much time with her, he always almost fell over when she started to reveal her body. He couldn’t get over how beautiful and sexy she was. Or that she’d chosen him.

She looked over her shoulder at him and smirked, “Are you going to bathe fully clothed, Chief Swan?”

He shook his head and took his shirt off first.

“I could help you,” she coyly offered, turning around and teasing her fingers into the button of his jeans. “You seem to be having some trouble.”

He growled at her half-heartedly as she unbuttoned him and he was free to push his pants down, leaving him in his boxers and her in her underwear. He lightly shuddered as she ran her fingers over his chest, humming to herself.
“I love the amount of chest hair you have,” she mused, leaning in to kiss the skin of his chest over his heart. “You make small town cops look sexy.”

“How many small town cops are you looking at?” he playfully snapped at her, resting his hands over her hips and pulling her closer to him.

She smirked, “Oh, just this Chief that lives across the street from my house,” as she palmed his dick over his boxers. He had been growing just looking at her almost bare body, but she was quickly stroking him to full mast. “He’s older and oh so sexy. Tall, dark, and handsome. And bashful and sweet – which just makes him sexier to me.”

He gasped slightly when her hand tucked into the hem of his boxers and wrapped around his hard cock.

“I love the noises he makes when I touch him,” she hummed, squeezing her hand over the head of his dick before stroking down to his base as he breathed heavier. “I love it when he loses control and fucks me as hard as he really wants to without holding back. I love how soft and hard and thick his cock is. I love how it feels when it fills up my cunt.”

He groaned at her words and the way her hand squeezed him as her other hand started tugging his boxers down.

“I also love the taste and feel of it in my mouth,” she whispered, slowly lowering herself down his body until she was on her knees and her mouth was sliding onto his cock.

He let out a choked grown as he bottomed down her throat, her warm tongue swirling around his shaft. He immediately threaded his fingers into her hair and moved with her as her mouth started bobbing back and forth on his dick. He could see the shimmer of her saliva on his shaft when her mouth pulled off and sucked on his head. He could feel himself throbbing until, with a smirk, she pulled her mouth off of him and stood, tugging on his hand so he followed her to the tub.

“Get in, Chief,” she ordered with lust in her eyes.

He quickly obeyed, getting into the tub and sitting down. His eyes darkened as she turned her back to him and got in over him, settling between his legs and resting her back against her chest, his hard cock pressed between her lower back and his abdomen. She laid her head back on his chest and shoulder and let out a sigh.
“Perfect…”

Charlie found himself humming under his breath as the warm water caressed their skin while his hands caressed Holly’s hips. He pressed his lips to the crown of her head. “Yeah, it is.”

After a moment of silence, he could practically feel her mischievous grin as she pressed her lips to his neck. “Well, almost.”

He was about to ask what she meant but he really didn’t need to. She languidly reached back and began stroking his cock again. It had barely waned before she coaxed it back to full mast and started tilting her hips up until her center hovered over his tip. He held her hips steady to help her sit back down, groaning as he slipped into her pussy and her ass sat against his pelvis. The water lightly ebbed around them and he was glad she hadn’t filled it too high.

“Oh…” Holly sighed out as she spread her legs and flexed her inner muscles around him. “The only bad thing about staying in a B&B is that I can’t scream your name without mentally scarring the other guests.”

Including Bella, but he didn’t want to think about his daughter right then.

He expected her to start writhing over him or lifting her hips up and down. But she held still over him and continued to squeeze his cock with her pussy. He groaned, leaning his head back. She was teasing him! And it was maddening.

He grunted to himself, it was payback time. He wrapped one arm around her waist, holding her down, with the other hand reached down her abdomen and started lightly teasing her clit. He held back his noise as he felt her clench around his dick, pressing tight circles over her nub.

“Oh, Charlie!” Holly hissed, trying to tilt her hips to move with his fingers, but he held her still. Her hands reached up to hold his hair and the arm holding her down on him, weakly writhing in his grip as he flicked her clit quickly, the water lightly splashing around them.

He could feel her inner muscles rippling. “Are you going to cum?” he whispered raggedly in her ear as he continued to abuse her clit.
“Yes, yes, yes, oh god,” she gasped out, still trying to fight his grip as her hips flailed over him. Her head fell back against his shoulder and he took in her expression. Mouth gaping, letting gasps and mewls out, eyes shut, and brow furrowed. He could feel himself throbbing just for having put that look on her face.

He nearly sank his teeth into her shoulder when he felt her start to cum, trying to hold back his own orgasm.

“Ugh, fuck,” Holly breathed as her cunt massaged him and he could feel her warmth against every ridge of his shaft, pulsing. She sagged in his lap, stroking the skin of his arm and his hair where she was gripping him. “You want to fuck me, baby?”

“Damn right,” he hissed, squeezing her hips in his hands.

“Maybe we should move over to the bed then,” she suggested.

He groaned in disappointment when he allowed her to slip off of him, quickly pulling the bathtub plug and following her to the bed. Before she could turn around, he grabbed her hips again and positioned her on her hands and knees on the bed. She didn’t have time to really react before he was slipping his cock back into her cunt with ease.

Her upper body flopped to the bed as she groaned into the sheet, “Oh, Charlie! Oh, fuck.”

He saw her trying to hold herself up on her upper arms as he began pushing into her. He grunted as he repeatedly entered her warmth, feeling her pulsing over his dick. He rocked her back and forth, their skin slapping together. They were still soaking wet and dripping over the bed, but he didn’t care.

He tried not to think about the noise they were making. He wasn’t groaning too loud, and she was muffling her moans into the bed. But if someone walked by their door, they would hear their skin smacking against each other and definitely know what they were doing.

He found himself distracted from those thoughts by the feel of her cunt clenching over his cock as she came apart again. He could hear her moaning his name into the pillow. As she tightened around him, he could feel his balls swelling and his shaft throbbing as he prepared to cum too. It washed over him like a hot tidal wave and then he was emptying his cum into her.
He groaned as he finished, limply falling onto the bed next to her.

He could hear her lightly panting next to him, and then felt her turn to lay on his chest, cuddling her head against his neck. “Hmmm, excited for tomorrow?”

“You had me a beer tour,” he murmured, already feeling sleep set into his muscles and face.

“Oh, I had you long before this trip,” she teased lightly, pressing a kiss into his chest.

But it was the truth. She probably had him the moment he met her. He just didn’t know how to accept that he had her as well. But now… even if he would think about their age difference and how different they were, he wouldn’t do anything to let her get away.

“Now I get why they call it Rose City,” Bella murmured to Charlie and Holly as they trekked through the rose garden with bagel breakfasts in hand. Along with a very large coffee for Charlie. It was beautiful around them, lines of roses everywhere.

“It’s so beautiful here,” Holly agreed. “I can see Jane Austen writing a book on the grass.”

“Like a better Pemberley here,” Bella surmised.

Charlie frowned, “Pemberley?”

Holly and Bella both gaped at him and slowly said, “Pride and Prejudice.”

He shrugged, “That’s your favorite book, right?”

Holly let out a breath, “Well – I guess I know what movie I’m making you watch next.”

“The Kiera Knightly or Colin Firth version?” Bella asked her.

“Oh, I’ll take pity on him and do Kiera Knightly,” Holly giggled.
Bella laughed along as they kept walking. Soon they’d had their fill and walked off their breakfast calories and Holly declared that they needed to get to the start point of the biking beer tour in midtown. Charlie was actually more excited about that. Especially when Holly explained they were riding individual bikes.

Charlie was more in his element while on the tour. He explored different beers, paid attention when the guide talked about the differences and what tasted better with different food. Bella enjoyed the sights. And some of the tastes Holly gave her of her own ciders she drank. It was probably the most Charlie laughed and initiated conversation in his life. He also seemed excited and hungry when the tour stopped a food truck hub.

Holly made a face when he ended up getting a corn dog and sausage pizza.

“I’m on vacation!” he said as his excuse for the unhealthy meal.

Holly rolled her eyes and took a bite of her truffle mac and cheese. Bella made a point not to look at her dad’s food while she had her Mediterranean salad.

“So, dad, how do you feel about visiting the dispensary later?” Bella asked as they ate.

Charlie made a face then, “I’m resigned.”

Bella guffawed. “Oh come on! I think you’ll like it. Total relaxation. You work too hard; you need to give yourself a break.”

“Hear, hear!” Holly agreed.

“Fine, fine,” Charlie said, wiping the grease from his food off his hands with his napkins. “But I’m not going overboard.”

“We’re not going to go overboard, babe,” Holly assured him. “Let’s get some ice cream before we leave.”
The Swans agreed, following her to another food truck that made ice cream desserts. Charlie got a no-nonsense scoop of rocky road while Holly got an inverted banana split, and Bella got salted caramel vanilla on a cone. They walked around the food truck hub that was in the middle of yet another garden in Portland until they were finished with their sugar concoctions and the beer tour came to take them back to their cars.

Holly hopped in the truck and drove them to the dispensary she’d thoroughly researched. She also downloaded a few coupons. Charlie would have never thought of taking coupons to a marijuana dispensary. It looked more like an apple store when they walked in. Neat shelves, glass cases, uniformed employees with tablets walking around. It was better than whatever he had been imagining.

“I was thinking we’d pick out some pre-rolls and candy,” Holly suggested. “And just browse.”

“Sounds good,” Bella said, already peering into some glass cases with chocolate inside.

“They have chips, honey,” Holly pulled Charlie’s attention over to a glass pantry of sorts against the wall where there were rows of snack food apparently infused with marijuana. “You won’t even know you’re getting high.”

“I think I’d like to be aware of something like that,” he told her with humor.

She chuckled, “Oh, fine. Let’s get you a joint at least.”

He followed her as she tugged him to a table with joints under glass and pointed out all the different kinds. With the help of an employee, they picked out a couple. Bella had picked out a bar of chocolate and pre-roll, and Holly had grabbed a bag of gummy bears. Charlie was taken aback at the total but didn’t dispute it as they checked out and got back to the car.

They decided to get dinner on their way back at this nice water side restaurant. Then returned to the bed and breakfast. Then came the point in their vacation Charlie had been half dreading.

There was a nice little garden and seating area behind the bed and breakfast where Holly set them up, laying out joints and candy on the table while she pulled out a bright lime green lighter.

“All right, who wants to go first?”
“Are we all using our own joint?” Bella asked.

Holly shook her head, “We can take hits off the same one, I think. Save the bulk for future fun.”

“Then you,” Bella said with a smile and pointed finger.

Holly smirked and poised the joint at her lips, holding the lighter at the tip. She clicked it on, Charlie watching as the small flame illuminated her eyes. She lit the joint and he saw her taking a deep inhale before holding the joint out to Bella. She held her breath for a moment before slowly letting it out, smoke puffing from her mouth into the air.

Bella turned to her father, eyes searching. “Last chance to forbid me from smoking this.”

Charlie chuckled and shook his head, “I think you can handle less than one joint. And we are not leaving this Inn tonight, no matter what.”

Bella nodded and put the joint to her lips, taking a deep breath like Holly did.

“Good, hold it in for a second there,” Holly instructed quietly, taking the joint back. “Now let it out.”

Bella coughed loudly as she let the smoke out of her chest and mouth, covering it with her hand. Charlie grimaced, remembering how he felt like an asthmatic after smoking his first joint. “You okay, hun?”

“Yeah,” Bella choked out, still coughing.

“At least now you know for sure it’s her first time,” Holly joked, handing Bella a bottle of water. “Here, sweetie, take a drink.”

Bella quietly thanked her and took a few big gulps before relaxing into her chair. “Not fair. You made it look so easy.”
“Girl, I’ve been smoking these since I was sixteen,” Holly laughed. “A little teen rebellion from my very anti-substance father. He’s relaxed since then but doesn’t partake. Military and all that. Drinks plenty of lager, though. Hypocrite.”

Bella laughed at her tone. “Dad, it’s your turn. Ready?”

“Ready, baby?” Holly added, holding the joint to him.

He tentatively took it, wishing it didn’t look like a cigarette at first glance. “Is it still lit enough?”

Holly gave him a big smile, “Yeah, just take a little hit. Ease in.”

He put the joint to his lips and started breathing in, feeling the heavy substance fill his throat and lungs. It burned.

“Hold for a few seconds, I wanna see it hit you,” Holly guided him. “Slowly let it out.”

Charlie couldn’t help but cough and wheeze and pound his chest as he let the smoke out. It swirled in the air between the three of them as he tried to swallow the burning feeling away. Bella handed him the bottle of water and he nearly chugged the whole thing.

“Good thing I brought more water,” Holly joked as she patted his back. “You okay, honey?”

“I think I’ll live,” he coughed out. “But I don’t feel any different.”

“Give it a minute,” she said with a smile. He looked over as she pulled the joint back to her, taking another hit like a pro. He was a little bewildered that she didn’t even struggle.

“Do you smoke at home?” he asked.

“Not near the trees,” she said as she handed the joint to Bella. “I listen to Smokey the Bear.”
Bella giggled as she took another hit, still hacking loudly as she let it out. Charlie could see her eyes were a little watery. “It’s hilarious, dad. You’re dating a pothead.”

“It’s legal!” Holly whined indignantly. She held out the joint to Charlie. “Do you want another hit baby?”

Her words were started to come out slower. Or at least, that was how it sounded to him. Everything felt like it took twice as long. But not in a so bad way. It would be slowly killing him if he was stuck at his desk. But he was here in the fresh air with his paramour and daughter, watching them laugh and smile.

So, he said, “Sure,” and took the joint from her. He inhaled deeper this time, not wanting to waste the material. He felt more burning in his lungs and coughed, waving away the smoke with his hands. He handed the joint back to Holly.

Holly was leaning back in her seat, eyes lidded and lazy smile on her red lips. She looked relaxed and cute. Charlie turned to see Bella with red tired eyes and a half-smile on her face, leaning her chin in her fist on the arm of her chair. Little giggles were pressing their way out of both women’s mouth as they chatted over how the green of Portland was different to the green of Forks. It seemed inane as a conversation, but soon Charlie found himself laughing along.

“I think Forks has real forest green. Here in Portland, it’s still a deep green,” Holly was saying slowly.

Charlie chuckled, “Trees are trees.”

“Are you feeling it yet?” Bella asked him.

It felt like an eternity for her to get the question out to him. His head felt fuzzy, like his skin had turned to fur. A fraction of the feeling he’d get when a limb fell asleep. It actually felt good. He could still speak, nothing was spinning, he didn’t feel drunk.

“Yeah, I think I am,” he said slowly, voice deep and guttural.
“Feeling good?” she asked, tapping her hand on his knee.

Leisurely, he nodded. “Yeah, feels pretty good.”

Holly let out a chuckle and turned to Bella, “I think we’ve successfully corrupted him, Bells.”

Bella mutedly cheered and clapped her hands. “Yay!”

Charlie chucked as they passed around the joint until it was burnt out. They laughed and chatted about the most ridiculously mundane things that he had never given a second thought to. Like birds, the best film in the Final Destination series, or how someone came up with the sport of bowling. Bella asked Holly about some of the places she’d lived being a military daughter. Holly highly recommended that Bella travel while she was young and experience life.

Charlie agreed that he wanted Bella to experience life and grow up in a way he didn’t get to by settling down too quickly. He was worried when Bella got into a relationship with Edward Cullen the year, she moved to Forks to live with him. She seemed to be getting too serious and too dependent on that boy. As hard as it was to watch his little girl go through her first heartbreak, he was relieved when the Cullens moved out of town for her senior year.

Now Bella had room to blossom into a beautiful young woman who was getting educated and figuring out what she wanted from life. He didn’t want her to have any regrets.

“So, are you liking getting high?” Holly asked him, bringing him out of his thoughts.

He nodded leisurely, a deep relaxation settling into his body. “Um… er… yeah. I think so.”

“Oh, you’re so cute!” Holly gushed, brushing her hand against his cheek. “Look at that handsome smile on that face!”

“You look the most relaxed I’ve ever seen you,” Bella commented, laying her cheek in her palm. “It’s nice to see. If anyone deserves to be stress-free, it’s you.”

“Thanks, hun,” Charlie said loopily.
Holly let out a long sigh, “I think it’s bedtime. We’re driving back tomorrow. Honey, you won’t believe the good sleep you get after getting high.”

Bella stood, “I could fall asleep right now.”

Charlie helped walk Bella up the stairs and into her room. He then tripped his way into his room with Holly and stopped dumb when he saw her stripping off her shirt and bra and pulling out a tanktop to sleep in. He found himself stumbling over to her and throwing his arms around her waist, pulling her back into his chest and laying small kisses on the back of her neck. He felt a little touch of pride when he heard her gasp.

“Is someone feeling frisky, Chief?” she asked him playfully as his hands traveled up her stomach to her chest, idly playing with her nipples. “Oh…”

He didn’t answer her verbally. He grunted into her skin and nibbled on her earlobe. His hands fell down to her jeans and he tried to push them down. But they were still done up. He fumbled with the button and zip for a bit before finally undoing them and successfully pushing her jeans down to her shins.

She giggled as he led her to flop onto the bed on her back. He bent over to try and get her jeans off, but they stuck around her shoes. She giggled louder as he groaned in frustration and took her shoes off with a little trouble. Only then did he finally get her pants off. He then crawled over her, pressing his lips to every piece of skin he could reach until he began sucking on her nipples, drawing out little noises from her lips.

“Oh, Charlie…” she sighed out. He felt her hands tug at the collar of his shirt. “You are wearing too many clothes, baby.”

He made a low sound of agreement and briefly leaned up to take off his flannel and T-shirt. He pressed his bare chest directly down onto hers and smashed his mouth to hers, groaning as he slid his tongue along her lips. She keened in response, and a little surprise. He cupped her face as he kissed her with wild abandon. She wrapped her bare legs around his jean-clad hips and bucked up into him.

“I want to fuck you so bad,” he rasped, losing his filter with the amount of weed in his head. He teeth and tongue laved at her throat.
“Do it, baby,” she whispered, writhing under him, her hands unbuttoning his jeans. “Fuck me, Chief.”

Charlie growled low in his chest and kicked off his shoes, shoving his pants and boxers down his legs. His cock was already swollen, but he needed her to be ready too.

She was still wearing panties though, blocking his view of her beautiful cunt.

He curled his fingers into the fabric and tugged so hard it tore under his grip. He was worried he’d irritated her by doing so, looking down at the tattered pieces of her fabric that fell off her body now. But he was surprised to hear her let out a rapturous squeal as she said, “So fucking hot. Fuck me!”

“In a bit,” he groaned, digging his face into her pussy and flicking his tongue against her clit. He loved the sound of her mewls as he dipped his tongue inside her and nibbled at her folds and clit while she hiked her hips against his mouth. He could feel juices building against his tongue as he licked her. He loved the taste of her.

He could hear her voice getting higher and knew that was a sign she was getting close to orgasming. He attacked her pussy with more vigor, wanting to feel her come undone. He curled his fingers into her cunt and hooked them inside her, reveling in the squeal she made. Her legs squeezed his head as he felt her walls squeeze his fingers as she came with a cry of his name.

She was panting as he kissed up her body to her lips, reaching to hook her legs around his hips. She angled her hips until his tip hit her opening, whining into his mouth until he slipped inside of her. “Oh, Charlie!”

He grunted into her neck and started thrusting into her, holding her legs tight to his body and he pounded her into the mattress. He sank into her, wholly. They were wrapped around each other, holding each other tightly. Sweat crawled over their goose bumped skin.

He managed to squeeze his hand between their bodies so he could press his thumb into her clit and start flicking up and down. He watched as she threw her head back and keened, her face screwing up in pleasure as he felt her cum around his cock.

He groaned and pushed into her, holding there and kissing her neck before he abruptly pulled out and turned her around onto her stomach. Holly let out a whimper as he pulled her up to her knees
and sank his cock into her from behind. She readily pushed back into him and rocked on her knees as he fucked her with a firm grip on her hips and ass.

He wanted to feel her really explode. With one hand, he curled his fingers into her hair and pulled her head back, a little roughly. But she mewled and seemed to love it. With his other hand, he dipped his finger into her mouth, making her suck on it and slather it in her saliva before he pulled it back and teased her asshole with it. He played with her back entrance, lightly thrusting his finger into her as his cock invaded her pussy.

He didn’t care that the slapping of their skin was loud. He didn’t care that people could probably hear his grunts and groans and the moans Holly made that were slightly muffled by the pillow. He didn’t care that they were making a mess for the cleaning staff to clean up. He didn’t care that they were both going to be sore and tired for the drive home tomorrow.

All he cared about was the feeling of Holly wrapped around him and the joy of making her cum again on his cock before he pressed her deep into the bed and filled her with his cum.

Tired down to his muscles and bones, Charlie sank into the bed next to her and pulled her onto his chest. They were both panting and sweaty, feeling hot and sated. He felt her lips press sleepy kisses into his chest. She briefly had to leave his arms to go to the bathroom, but immediately fell back into his embrace when she returned, pulling a sheet over them.

“I love you,” he blurted out, eyes already drooping as he drifted off to sleep. The words startled him enough to open his eyes wide and peer down to see her reaction. But her eyes were closed, and her breathing was deep and relaxed. She was asleep. What a relief. He could take the words back. It was too soon to say. Maybe he was still high and saying things he didn’t mean. But his head didn’t feel foggy anymore. And the more he thought about it, the more he realized he did mean the words. How could he not?

Sure, she may be younger. But she brought a vibrancy back into his life he had sacrificed when he settled down with Renee too quickly and went straight into his career. She took the time to learn things about him and get to know his friends and his hobbies. She was open and easily told him about her life. She made him explore himself as well as new things. She made him want new things and think about the future outside of Bella’s future. She made him laugh and share. She made an effort, made him want to put in effort. He missed her while he was at work. He wanted to make her happy, and proud to be with him. The way she made him feel.

So, yes, he loved her.
“I do love you.”

Chapter End Notes

A bit cliche, sorry.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!