

Friends and Family

Chapter 3

It's not easy living a lie. Every day, speaking words that aren't true and pretending that everything is fine when it's not. Years of practice, and still it wore at me and drained me. My marriage, my life, all of it. A lie that I had no choice but to maintain.

Growing up, I had three friends. No. Not three friends. Two friends and someone who was *more*. My crush, my destiny, my soul-mate. Her name is Jen, and she is my one and only. We were *meant* to be.

And yet... We weren't.

She chose *him* instead.

The four of us had always been inseparable. Me and Jen and Andy and Laura. We'd always known it'd be the four of us forever.

I'd always pictured marrying Jen, and keeping the siblings as close friends. But fate fucked me. Screwed me over in the most egregious of ways. Instead of placing Jen on my lap, where she belonged, it'd paired her up with Andy instead.

My best friend and the love of my life started dating when we were in high school. And, when it became apparent that it wasn't some short-term fling and that they were in it for the long haul, I had no other choice but to hook up with Laura.

The four amigos became the two couples.

It was the only way to make sure we didn't drift apart, the only way to ensure I remained a part of Jen's life forever. If she was with the brother and I was with the sister, of course we'd always have reasons to be close.

I didn't want Laura. Attractive though she may be, I knew my heart would always belong to Jen.

I didn't want Laura. But I'd dated her all the same.

And, if I'm completely honest, the night I took her virginity was one I'll always remember. The dark thoughts that'd been racing through my head that night – about how Andy was defiling my love, so it was only right I defile his sister – fuelled every thrust and motion. It was a passionate fuck, one of the best, and love – despite what Laura may believe – had *nothing* to do with the intensity. Or, at least, not my love for *her*.

Eventually, rings were presented on both sides, vows spoken and contracts signed. And just like that, I was married to a woman I didn't love. And the woman I *did* love was married to another.

Worse than that, though, was the ever-growing distance.

Careers drove away free time like the plague, and that fading free time meant seeing Jen and Andy less and less.

Despite my best efforts, despite all I'd done and given up to prevent it from happening, the woman I loved was disappearing from my life. And I knew; if I didn't act, if I did nothing, I would lose Jen forever.

And so I hatched a plan. A wild, impossible, insane plan.

If it went wrong, I'd lose everything.

But I was losing everything that mattered to me anyway.

What other choice did I have, really?

And so I took the risk.

My heart raced in my chest as I pulled into their driveway. My nerves, as usual, were out of control. If I hadn't become such a skilful deceiver after years of being married to a woman I didn't love while lusting after a woman I could never have, I might have shown signs of my nervous anticipation. As it was, though, I revealed nothing but a pleasant, friendly smile.

"Hurry up, slowpokes," I called from the driver seat. "Holiday'll be over by the time we get there at this rate."

The chuckle Andy let out grated at me, his joy was like poison in my veins. "What're you talking about? You guys are the ones that're late. What kept you?"

"Alarm clock," I groaned theatrically. "Didn't go off."

"Excuses, excuses," Andy laughed, opening the car boot and dumping his and Jen's bags inside. "You're getting old, Cole. Used to be you were always the first one up."

The urge to climb out of the car and beat my 'friend' to a bloody pulp was strong. But my desire to be around Jen far overwhelmed my baser desires. Instead of putting Andy on the floor, I grinned at him in the way a real friend would.

Soon enough, we were all seated inside the car – me behind the steering wheel and Jen in the passenger seat with maps piled on her lap. The siblings, as usual, were in the back-seat.

That hadn't been a part of my original design, more like a happy and helpful coincidence.

Jen always wanted to be navigator, which meant she always took the passenger seat besides me.

One couple in the front of the car, the other in the back.

I pulled out of the driveway, turned on the special 'playlist' I'd made, focussed my attention on the road ahead of me. As soothing and calming as the music was, I had to stay awake. While the others dozed, listening to my recorded voice, I'd drive the hours away. Just like last time, just like the time before.

And, when we arrived and the three of them woke up, the world would be a brighter, better place.

Much time later, I pulled up outside a wooden cabin. An hour of bumpy dirt roads hadn't been able to snap any of the three out of their respective trances. But, the moment the car stopped moving, all of them blinked awake instantly.

"We there already?" Andy yawned from the back-seat.

"Huh? Wha-?" A confused and disoriented Laura mumbled.

"Did I fall asleep again? I'm sorry Cole," my love said softly.

My hands left the steering wheel, my body relaxing as a warming blossom of joy sprouted inside me. I allowed myself to slump in the driver's seat, a smile spreading my lips.

"We're here," I said, turning to look at Jen.

She saw my smile, returned one of her own.

My wife, if only for the weekend.

"Come on," I told her, opening the car door and stepping out into the cool country air. "Lets get unpacked, maybe make some breakfast. I'm *starving*."

And, just like that, our third holiday had begun.

A lake-side cabin, miles and miles from civilisation. Out here, it was just the four of us. Two couples, free to do as we wished from Friday morning through to Sunday evening.

I took my love's hand, walked over to the cabin. Behind us, the brother and sister – completely unaware of their familial relation – cuddled and kissed in the back seat of the car. They would join us when breakfast was ready, I had no doubt. But, save for that, I suspected I wouldn't be seeing much of either Andy or Laura this weekend.

Unlike last time – the mountain hotel – we wouldn't be sharing a single room. Each pair would have their own bedroom, with privacy aplenty.

Much as I'd enjoyed that shared hotel room – watching the brother and sister fuck like rabbits, knowing the horror and disgust both would feel if they knew the truth – now I wanted some alone time with my one true love. Andy, the sister-fucking freak, had sullied Jen's body for far too long. Now was the time for me to claim Jen as my own, show her what a *real* man could do.

A weekend. Me and Jen sharing a room and a bed. No interruptions. No Andy or

Laura to get in the way – they'd be far too busy entertaining each other.
I could hardly wait.

"Someone's eager," Jen giggled.

My lips trailed kisses down her neck and shoulder, my hands roaming her body freely. Every inch of her was amazing. A perfect fit for me. The scent of her filled my nostrils, the feel of her smooth, flawless skin filled my every thought.

"We haven't even unpacked yet," she breathed, not resisting as I began unbuttoning her blouse.

"That's fine," I whispered into her ear. "We won't be needing clothes this weekend anyway."

Jen's laughter was music to my ears.

We found our bedroom for the weekend quickly enough. Stumbling and laughing and giggling and grinning, we landed on the king-sized bed together – lips locked while our hands roamed the other's body.

Clothes were tossed aside haphazardly, revealing our naked bodies.

And boy, did Jen have a body worth ogling. I stopped mid-grope just to stare at her for a few silent, amazing moments. With the shape and tone of her body, she must work out – though where she found the time to do so I had no idea. A lean, strong figure. Athletic and beautiful. Her bust, unlike the oversized balloon tits my wife possessed, were the ideal shape and size. Perfect handfuls.

I reached out, gently massaged those two globes.

"Having fun?" Jen giggled, tilting her head to one side. She was smiling, eyes twinkling. "You look like a kid at Christmas. All excited and happy. It's kinda cute."

I *felt* like a kid at Christmas. Finally getting to play with presents I'd waited so long for.

"You're beautiful," I told Jen, staring into her eyes. "So, so, so beautiful. I've been in love with you from the first moment I laid eyes on you."

Jen giggled a girlish, happy giggle.

"What's gotten in to you today?" She asked, leaning her face forward. "Did you finally make your decision?"

Our lips met. Heat and pleasure washed over me as we kissed freely, tongues teasing and toying with each other. My world, in that moment, was complete. I was happier than I'd ever been before.

This. *This* was how it was supposed to be. Me and Jen. *We* were meant to be.

When the kiss finally broke, I smiled over at my darling love.

"Decision?" I asked, warm and fuzzy inside. "Refresh my mind. What was I supposed to be deciding again?"

Jen rolled her eyes.

"On, nothing big. Just if you're ready to be a father or not."

I blinked, mind not quite registering what my love had just said. Then, in a rush, it hit me. My stomach twisted and knotted, the realisation crashing into me like a ton of bricks.

Jen wanted a baby. She was waiting on Andy to give her a yes or no on if they should start trying for one or not.

The thought that crossed my mind, the very *idea* of Jen being impregnated with Andy's child, was almost enough to make me hurl right there and then. I must've shown a fraction of my horror and disgust on my face, because Jen's eyes widened.

"Cole? Are you okay? You look-"

I took her hand, eyes intent on hers.

Never. I refused. I would *not* allow Andy to knock up Jen. No matter what it took, I'd prevent that at all costs.

And, right now, in order to prevent the love of my life from bearing another man's

child, there was only one thing I could do. And that was to make sure she carried *my* child instead.

“Let's do it,” I said. “Me and you, this weekend. Let's make a baby.”

The drive home was always the worst part of these little holidays. Hearing my recorded voice undoing the changes and restoring the three of them to their usual selves. It was an hours-long reminder that I wasn't Jen's actual husband. That she wasn't mine.

I couldn't make the changes permanent. Too many people knew who was who. If I tried to keep things as they were – Jen as my wife and Andy with Laura – it was only a matter of time before someone outside the four of us figured it out. Chances were, the lie wouldn't even last a week before someone challenged it and it all came crashing down.

For now, these holidays were all I had. My only chance to be with Jen.

But someday, I'd make it happen. Make the changes permanent.

Jen would be happier with me. I *knew* it was true.

And, with how much seed I'd pumped into her belly over the last few days, there was no doubt in my mind that my love would be giving birth my child in nine months time. It was only right that a child should grow up with its father and mother.

Yes. Somehow, I'd do it. I'd make Jen mine in truth.

And, until then, we'd just have to plan more little holidays – just the four of us.