

Mad Monday AU

by Pan

Lacey

“Forget it, it’s too risky.”

Spike rolled his eyes. We’d been dating for...well, we’d been hooking up for about a month, but we’d only been “dating” dating for a few days now. Before that, he’d technically been dating my best friend.

Ex-best-friend now, I guess.

I felt bad about it, kinda. I mean, look, I like Belle. I love Belle. But, like, she...there’s no nice way to put this.

She was a total prude. An ice queen. She had a body count of zero.

And like, Spike is only human, y’know? He has needs. We all do.

Except Belle, apparently.

So yeah, I should have felt bad about it. But she sort of brought it on herself. And...look, it’s hard to feel too bad for Belle. She’s basically perfect.

No, seriously – I’m bi, and even though she’s my friend, even I’d found myself flicking the bean thinking about her more than once. She has these tits...and her hair...and her ass! And more than that, just this whole like, *energy*.

You look at my girl Belle and you just can’t help but imagine throwing her down onto a bed and having your way with her. It’s like she emits ‘fuck me’ energy with every breath.

Even though she knew I liked Spike, even though I saw him first, I couldn’t even be mad at her for dating him. Or him for dating her. Like, on paper, they’re a perfect couple.

Except Perfect Belle didn’t put out. And like I said, Spike’s only human. So when he came sniffing around my door...ew, not literally.

I mean, when he threw eyes at me, I threw them right back. And soon we were...well, I can tell you, everything Spike wasn’t getting from Belle, he was definitely getting from me.

Unlike Belle, I’m not a prude. Honestly, I’ve had trouble in the past because some guys have found me too...adventurous. You name it, I’m up for it. I mean, how many eighteen-year olds do you know who already have their own collection of handcuffs?

I didn’t feel *bad* bad about what we were doing behind her back, but I definitely felt better when

we could be public about it. Like, I didn't feel good about how Belle reacted. She was heartbroken, which I get – my man is a catch, and he knows it. And honestly, that's kind of what's hot about him. He knows what he is and he flaunts it more than a little.

Part of me wondered if I should be jealous, but I just wasn't. Like, even when we were hooking up behind Belle's back...I never minded that he was still making out with her.

I kind of found it hot. Is that weird? I know, that's weird.

But it's true. Maybe I'm polygamous or whatever; I liked the idea of Spike fucking other women.

I liked the idea of fucking other women with Spike.

Like I said, I'm adventurous.

Anyway, I was talking about Belle. And the fact that – aside from her chronic case of “won't open her legs”-itis – she was basically perfect. Perfect body, perfect life.

Like here we were, parked outside her house. I didn't even realize it was her house until we pulled up. It's huge, like the house in *Home Alone*. Spike sells pot – not, like, big-time. Just to college kids who want it. He has a hook-up through his cousin (not like the kind of hooking up we'd been doing...his cousin sells him weed) and so sometimes when we're hanging out, he'll get a text to go somewhere and...I dunno, make a sale.

He doesn't smoke it. I asked him a few times if we could share a spliff or whatever, but he gave me that cheesy line about not getting high on your own supply. God, is it dumb that I found *that* sexy? Not the line, but the self-control.

I sometimes felt like having such a crush on Spike was dangerous, like he could use it to hurt me. But at the same time...I dunno, I was hot, and he was hot, and I liked him.

I *really* liked him.

So we got the text, and we stopped what we were doing (I'll give you three guesses what that was) and we drove out to the suburbs. Spike was saying it wasn't that unusual – as well as college kids, some of his clients were, like, soccer dads. When their kids went to sleep, mom-and-pops would get high together. Lame, but also kind of sweet.

Would Spike and I have kids someday, and get high together when they went to sleep?

Ugh. Yeah. I had it bad.

But when we pulled up, I recognized Belle's house. I asked him who the text was from.

“New buyer. Mary.”

Yeah. Mrs. Rodgers.

A few days after breaking up with her daughter, Spike got a text from Mrs. Rodgers? C'mon. That smelled rotten.

I told him that we shouldn't do it, that it was too risky, but he just rolled his eyes. "I'm serious, Spike," I insisted. "If you get busted..."

"You think that because I broke Belle's heart, they're going to have me sent to jail?"

His tone was light, but I saw it in his eyes.

Spike felt bad about what we'd done too.

Yeah. It was shitty. But I mean, I dunno, what the fuck we were meant to do? Belle didn't want him, I did. It's not like we ran over her dog or anything.

It sucked to lose a friend, but...am I the worst if I say 'it was worth it'?

Because yeah. Not gonna lie: it was worth it.

"Let's just drive back to where we were," I said, moving my hand onto his leg. "Keep doing what we were doing..."

Spike threw me that lopsided grin of his, and my heart sped up a little, and I swear he was *just* about to listen to my excellent advice when we saw it.

When we saw *her*.

Belle and I had only been friends for the last year or so, but I'd been to her house a couple of times. Her parents were still together...and if that wasn't weird enough, it felt like they were still into each other. They weren't, like, making out in front of guests or anything like that, but I saw the way her Dad would touch her Mom's back as he passed by her, or the little smiles they threw each other.

Would Spike and I be smiling at each other when we were that age?

I shook my head. Ew. As if I'd ever be that old. I planned to be dead by thirty. It was something Spike and I agreed with. I couldn't imagine myself as an old person.

Although if I *did* last that long, I definitely hoped I'd still be with Spike...

"We should *go*," I said through gritted teeth, but my boyfriend shook his head. I threw my head back; I knew there'd be no getting out of here now. Spike is stubborn as they get.

"If she was going to call the cops, she wouldn't be coming out here on her own. And I want to move this batch, I think it's shittier than the usual stuff."

He rolled down his window.

“Um. Um. Hi.”

I’d never seen Mrs. Rodgers this nervous before. She was one of those women who always looked like she was completely in control, y’know? Not like my mom, who could barely answer the door without forgetting how the handle worked.

No, Mrs. Rodgers was definitely a step up from my mom. But now here she was, shifting her weight nervously, sort of reminding me of the first time Belle had talked to Spike.

“Hi Spike,” Belle’s mom said, a slight blush appearing on her cheeks. I raised my eyebrows – I didn’t know Belle had even told her parents she was dating, let alone her boyfriend’s name.

Ex-boyfriend, now, I told myself a little smugly.

“I got your number from my...my daughter’s phone,” Mrs. Rodgers said, a little too quickly. Spike just nodded, playing it cool. Smart. I’d seen enough cop shows to know, if they asked you for the drugs, you couldn’t be charged. Entrapment, or whatever.

“I’d like to buy some drugs,” Mrs. Rodgers continued. “Can I come in?”

Again, I was surprised by the comment. Like, Spike’s van opens up – there’s a cosy little setup in the back (it’s where we’d been fooling around, before the text came in) and he often used it for his deals. Y’know, so no one could see what he was up to. How the fuck had Belle’s mom known about it?

I think Spike was surprised too, but he played it cool, and nodded. He pressed a button and the side-door opened; Mrs. Rodgers got in as if she’d done it a hundred times before, and Spike and I made our way to the back to join her.

“What do you want?” Spike asked, and Mrs. Rodgers’ eyes flicked to me for a second, before returning to Spike’s. Her blush was back, and I suddenly had a weird feeling. Not a ‘this is a sting, the cops are gonna come get us’ feeling, but, like...something was off.

Something was really off.

Just like it was hard to imagine Spike and me as old people, living in the suburbs, raising two-point-five kids, it was easy to imagine us running a drug empire. He’d be the leader, but I’d be the brains. My intuition would save us, and our enemies would rue the day they tried to go up against us. Our love would be our secret weapon...but it wouldn’t be enough, and when Spike got too ambitious, a rival gang would gun us down. That’s why we’d never live to thirty, but the streets would remember us forever.

Did I mention I have a pretty active imagination?

But I wasn’t imagining this. Mrs. Rodgers was definitely acting weird, and it took me a few

seconds to realize what it was.

She was acting like Belle.

My eyes widened as I put it together. Oh, shit. Holy shit.

Belle's Mom was into Spike.

It was all I could do not to laugh out loud. Like mother, like daughter, I guess. Who would've known that Belle and her fifty-year old mother would have the same type?

I glanced at Spike, trying to see if he'd worked it out. The fucker had a, like, sixth sense for when people were interested in him. I thought I'd done *such* a good job of hiding how I felt about Spike, especially after he started dating my best friend...but sure enough, the first time we were alone, he'd shot me that little side-smile of his, moved up close to me, and without either of us saying a thing, I knew exactly what was about to happen.

It wasn't the first time I'd kissed a boy, obviously. It wasn't even the first time I'd kissed a boy who was dating one of my friends. Does that make me a terrible person? Whatever, it's true.

But it was the best first kiss I'd ever had. It was so hot; he kissed me so hard and I felt him pressing his hips into mine, and I just melted. I felt so *right* being with him, and the way he kissed was like...I don't know, it was like the most amazing drug. I couldn't get enough of it, and from then on, every moment we were alone, even if Belle turned her back for like, a *minute*...

Yeah. It felt that good every time.

If he had picked up on Mrs. Rodgers' interest, he was playing it super cool. He was just showing her the different options – I mean, really making a dog-and-pony show of it. He had exactly one kind of weed; the kind he got from his cousin. But the idiot parents out in the suburbs didn't know that.

“You have one kind of weed,” Mrs. Rodgers said. “The kind you got from your cousin.”

That, I saw, unsettled Spike. “How do you know that?”

Mrs. Rodgers blushed again, looking like she wished she hadn't said anything. “My daughter told me,” she mumbled, and Spike shot me a glance.

Apparently Belle was closer to her mom than we'd thought. Or maybe after the breakup, she'd told her everything. I could imagine that – I wasn't even that close to my mom, but after a breakup it was nice to have someone to just completely spill your guts to.

“How much do you want?” he asked, and there it was again, that slight look of insecurity that didn't quite look right on Mrs. Rodgers' face.

“How much will get me high?” she asked, glancing down at her body like she was...ashamed of

it?

No, that wasn't quite right.

Like she was unfamiliar with it.

"I can roll you a spliff," Spike said. "Half tobacco, half weed. Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"N-no," Mrs. Rodgers said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Then you might cough a bit, but it'll be watered down. If it was all weed, it might be too much for you."

Mrs. Rodgers paused, and Spike continued:

"Fifty bucks."

I had to bite my lip to stop myself from laughing aloud. I'd seen enough of these deals to know that he was charging way, way too much...and I think Mrs. Rodgers knew that...but she pulled out her purse and handed over a fifty-dollar note.

"Plus delivery fee," Spike said, but she shot him a look. God, it was uncanny how much she looked like her daughter in that moment. I wondered if anyone ever thought my Mom and I looked the same.

I shuddered at the thought.

"Can't blame a guy for trying," Spike said, and I suddenly knew that he knew.

He'd worked out that Mrs. Rodgers was into him, and he was flirting back. I knew he wouldn't do anything, not with me in the van, but he was absolutely flirting with her. The mother of his ex-girlfriend.

I was...look, I was kind of into it.

The age gap was weird, but like I said: I'm adventurous. I'd fucked a guy who was in his late twenties, and he'd really known what he was doing.

I couldn't help but wonder what Belle's mom was capable of...

"I wasn't born yesterday," Mrs. Rodgers shot back, and Spike couldn't resist – as I knew he wouldn't be able to – pulling out a line.

"You don't look a day over thirty."

It landed exactly as it deserved to: with a thump. She shot him another glare, but this one seemed genuinely annoyed, and Spike – uncharacteristically – actually looked a little thrown.

"You want to smoke with us?" he asked, and now it was my turn to be surprised. "Just, y'know,

to make sure you're okay.”

“I'd love that,” she replied.

And that was how I got high for the first time with my boyfriend. Off ‘his own supply’, in the middle of suburbia, with his ex-girlfriend’s mother in the van with us.

But that’s not all we did.