

Cold

Sweetheart

By Ria F

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WORK OF *fiction*

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COLD *Sweetheart*

Two years after coming out of a coma, Catherine finds out that she has a daughter who her snobby parents thought was an embarrassment and sent to live with her father. Now Catherine wants a relationship with her child, even while her daughter's father thinks she's just like her parents. And maybe, she wants more than her daughter in her life too.

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Thank you for reading

CHAPTER *one*

“Oooh, look at that dress. It’ ll be perfect for a night out,” Catherine’ s best friend, Quinn, said. Catherine followed Quinn’ s gaze to a strapless, black tube dress that looked way too short to be considered moderate for a 23 year old woman. She scoffed, “That’ s for women who like to party.” Quinn frowned at her, “Have you ever been to a party before?” “Of course I have!” “Not one of those black tie events where snobby, rich people try to one-up each other while sipping champagne. I mean a real party: dancing, loud music, real drinks, sweaty bodies, hot men- that party.” Catherine made a gagging noise then realized it was un-ladylike. She shook her head, “No Quinn. Why in heaven’ s name would I want to go to one of those?” Quinn shook her head with a sad smile, “You’ re my best friend but you have no life.” “What do you mean?! I’ m here shopping with you!” Quinn scoffed, “This hardly counts. In fact,

my brother told me about his club on the outskirts of the city. He said it was the best club he's been to. We should go check it out." "No." Catherine would not be caught dead in a club. It would ruin her family's image that had been cultivated over generations. Quinn rolled her eyes, "See, you have no fun." Catherine's other best friend, Tara, rejoined them after she made a stop at the restrooms. "Who has no fun?" "Cath," Quinn said. Tara smirked, "True." "Hey! I do have fun!" "Have you been to a club before?" Tara asked innocently. Catherine grumbled; she did have fun dammit. Quinn and Tara thought otherwise. "What could be so fun about a club anyways?" she asked. Was she really missing out? Quinn grinned, "Tara and I will pick you up and take you to that club I was telling you about." Catherine opened her mouth to object but peer pressure is an evil thing. "Fine," she muttered. Quinn and Tara's faces lit up. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

That evening, she couldn't decide what to wear. She was 22, yet her closet mostly consisted of pants suits, as she worked for her father's cooperation, and evening gowns, for all the 'black tie events where snobby, rich people try to one-up each other while sipping champagne'. She didn't own even a pair of jeans! Maybe Quinn and

Tara were right: she didn't have any *real* fun. She called Quinn. "Hello?" "I don't have anything to wear." Quinn snickered, "Okay; I'll pick you up in 20 minutes and we'll find something in my closet." "Thanks," she said. She hung up and found a black purse that should match with whatever Quinn found for her to wear. Sure enough, 20 minutes later, the doorbell rang. Catherine grabbed her purse and headed downstairs where the butler had already let Quinn inside. They headed back out and to Quinn's flat. It was a nice apartment that was very modern. Quinn led her to the closet. Half an hour later Catherine found herself in the skimpiest dress she'd ever seen. It was worse than the black one she'd seen earlier. That one at least had a back; this one's back was cut so low an inch lower and her butt would be out. "Quinn! I can't wear this!" "You can and you will. You look great. Now let's go pick up Tara." "But..." "No buts. Tonight you are going to have fun." Catherine grumbled, starting to regret her decision to go with them in the first place.

They arrived at the club around 9:00pm. Things were just getting into full swing. The music was loud but not too loud. The neon lights added a disco vibe that, admittedly, Catherine liked. "Let's kick this memorial night off with shots!" Tara, the drink lover

in the group, said. She drug Catherine to the bar and Quinn followed. They claimed three stools and Tara waved the bartender over. He motioned that he' d be there in a minute. While she waited, Catherine looked around. It was pretty packed but there was breathing room. "You see any hot men I can snag for the night?" Quinn asked.

Catherine giggled; Quinn was the one who liked to sleep around. The bartender worked his way over, "What can I get for you ladies?" he asked. Catherine shivered. His voice was like caramel running over her body, heating her to her core. She looked up and found he was looking directly at her. He was muscular under that black T-shirt, she could tell. He was tall too. He had caramel colored hair and eyes. She' d never felt more feminine in her life. And she wasn' t complaining. Quinn nudged her, "Got a little drool on your chin." That snapped her out of her haze. The bartender smirked and looked at Tara. She ordered their shots and he went off to make them. "He' s hot," Tara said. Catherine found herself nodding. Quinn shook her head. "You don' t think he' s hot?!" Catherine hissed. "Oh, I do. It' s just a rule of thumb never to get involved with the bartenders because what happens when you come back to the club? It' ll be awkward. One-night stands are a one-time thing and you' re not supposed to see the guy afterwards." "Oh," Catherine deflated. Had she been thinking about a

one-night stand with the sexy bartender? No. Who was she kidding: of course she had. Then the thought hit her: she was never coming back to this club again. She smirked as he brought their shots back over. “When do you get off?” she asked him. His eyebrow quirked then he looked at the clock, “Normally when this place closes at 3 in the morning, but I could ask my brother to take over if it’s urgent.” She nodded, “I’ll be here for about an hour.” He grinned, “10 it is.” He walked away without further comment. Quinn and Tara were gaping. Proud of herself, she tossed back her shot, stood, and headed to the dancefloor.

Jackson watched the woman he’d just agreed to have sex with head to the dance floor. He smirked. He liked her confidence. Most women just pushed their tits at him and expected him to ask them to hook-up so they could go running back to their friends and say ‘he asked me out’. But not her. She asked him straight up, and he liked it. His brother, Jacob, came from the back. “Hey, could you cover for me for about an hour?” he asked. Jacob nodded, “Sure. What time?” “10.” “Okay.” He stole one last glance at the woman before getting back to work. At 10, he found her relaxing on one of the comfortable couches. She smiled when he came into view. “Let’s go,” he

said, holding out his hand. She placed her hand in his and he hauled her to her feet.

They headed out of the club into the cool night air. It was October so it wasn't hot or

cold: just perfect. He led her to his car and they climbed in. He took her to the nearby

hotel where he took every hook-up. It was convenient. It was a fairly simple hour after

that. They'd fucked for the majority of the time. He could tell she didn't do this often:

she was too inexperienced and didn't know what she wanted. After her 10th orgasm,

or something like that (he'd stopped counting at 5), they were both exhausted, and fell

into a restful sleep. He awoke around 11:30 and remembered his brother was covering

for him. He slid out of bed and took in her form. She was beautiful. He quickly and

quietly dressed then left and headed back to work. Tonight's fuck: complete.

CHAPTER *two*

Two months later

Catherine parked her car in the parking lot and headed inside the mall. It was nearly Christmas and she wanted to get some last-minute shopping in. She loved Christmas shopping nearly as much as she loved the holiday itself when she got to spend time with her family. They had big Christmas parties every year, inviting all their known family and friends. She headed into Louis Vuitton and picked out a scarf for her mother. Her mother loved scarfs, and this was one she didn't have yet. After purchasing the scarf, she headed on to the next store. After around an hour of shopping, she took her accumulated bags to her car. She saw the food court across the parking lot and decided to grab a bite. On her way across, she heard tires screech. She looked to her left and saw a car barreling towards her. Next thing she knew, everything went black.

Patrisha Belford and her husband Samuel had been putting some presents underneath the tree when her phone rang. It was a number she didn't recognize. "Hello?"

"Mrs.Belford?" "This is she?" "Your daughter, Catherine Belford, was hit by a car and is being rushed to the hospital." Patrisha grabbed Samuel's arm for support,

"What do you mean? How did this happen?!" She put it on speaker-phone so Samuel could hear. The man explained what happened and told her what hospital Catherine was being taken to. On their way out of the house, Samuel called up his lawyer. He was going to sue this man who had the nerve to hit his daughter! When they reached the hospital, they were told which floor she was on. She was in the ICU and had gone into emergency surgery. While waiting, Samuel talked to their lawyer. About two hours later, the doctor came into the waiting room. "How is she? If she needs better medical care, we will pay for it," Patrisha said. "She survived the surgery. So did the baby. We're still in the unknown zone so we'll have to wait and see if she pulls through." Patrisha didn't hear back 'baby' . She looked at Samuel and he looked angry. "What do you mean 'the baby' ?" he asked. "She's pregnant." "With whom? She's not married!" "We can't tell you who the father is just by knowing she's pregnant." Samuel got back on his phone.

Patrisha looked at the doctor, “Can I see her?” “You can look through the glass but we want to make sure the room stays sterile.” She nodded and followed him to the room. There Catherine lay, bruises covering the few unwrapped places on her body. She was hooked up to so many machines. Patrisha dabbed the tears in her eyes away. So much for a *merry* Christmas season. Meanwhile, Samuel called one of the private investigators on his speed dial and told him to look into who Catherine had associated with lately. He was going to find out who had the nerve to sleep with his daughter out of wedlock.

The following morning, he got a call back from his PI. “You better have good news,” he said. “I found him.” “You did?! Who is he?” “His name is Jackson Forester. He’s 23 and works at a club not too far from here. From what I found, about two months ago he and Miss.Belford had a one-night stand at a nearby hotel.” “Do you have his contact information?” “I do.” “Email it to me.” “Will do.” Samuel hung up. He headed back to the hospital with Patrisha. When they arrived, the doctor looked grim. “What happened?” Patrisha demanded. “Miss.Belford has gone into a coma.” Samuel could feel the blood drain from his face.

8 months later

Knock knock. Jackson rolled over and looked at his phone. It was 10 in the morning.

Everybody who knew him knew not to come knocking at 10am: he was trying to get his

sleep! He worked until the club closed at 3 and then helped clean up. He'd gotten

home at 4! He grumbled, "This better be important." He pulled on a T-shirt and some

shorts then headed to the door. He swung it open, expecting to see Jacob or one of his

friends. But instead there stood an older man in a suit who looked a little pissed at

being made to wait for one-minute. Jackson felt underdressed. "Yes?" he asked in a

clipped tone, to show the man that he wasn't the only one who was irritated. This

seemed to irritate the man further. "Are you Jackson Forester?" "Yes. Who's

asking?" "I'm Richard Smith- personal lawyer to the Belford family." Belford.

Weren't they some ultra-rich family? What did they want with him? "Okay...?"

"Do you remember her?" He held up a picture of a woman. He instantly remembered

her. It was the assertive chick who he'd slept with almost a year ago. He'd hoped she

would come back for repeats but she never did. He nodded, "Yeah, I've met her

once." He nodded, "This is Catherine Belford." Well shit. Were they going to sue him

or something? They did send their lawyer. And now he really felt underdressed. “Do you remember sharing a bed with her?” They were going to sue him. He gulped, “Yes, the night we met.” “When was that?” “Uh...last October.” He nodded, “She got pregnant.” His heart stuttered. What? Is that why they were here? To get him to sign over complete custody because he wasn’t rich enough to be the father? He clenched his fists, “If you think-” “Miss.Belford has found herself in an unfortunate situation and is signing over complete custody of your one-month-old daughter. Please sign here.” Jackson blinked. Did he hear correctly? “Are you telling me that she wanted to give me the baby?” “Yes. Exactly. Also, because of the circumstances and the Belford wealth, they have given the naming privilege to you. You must put her name here so I can have it submitted to the courts as well.” Jackson was in shock. He signed his name then moved up to put his daughter’s name. The name that jumped out at him was Belle, because this guy kept saying Belford, so he put Belle Forester down. The man nodded and walked to his car. Out of the backseat he extracted this high tech looking carseat with a sleeping form in it. He brought it to Jackson and handed it to him, “Congratulations Mr.Forester and good luck. All her papers will be mailed to you. You will get them within the week by UPS. You’ll receive an email when they arrive and

you' ll have to sign for them.” With that, he turned, walked away, got into his car, and backed out. Jackson looked down at the sleeping baby. She had her mother' s blonde hair. “I wonder if she has my eyes,” he mused. He took her inside and closed the door. That' s when it all came crashing down. He was a father. He had a daughter. He didn' t know the first thing about raising a child. He didn' t have any supplies either! Shit. He called Jacob. “Hello? I' m surprised you' re awake.” “I have an emergency!” “...What is it? The chick you took home is already clingy?” “What?! N-” Belle chose that moment to wake up and let out an ear piercing scream. He cursed under his breath. “Was that a baby?” Jacob asked. “Yes dipshit- that was a baby. Correction, that was my baby. And I need help!” “On my way.”

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