

# Computer Repair

by Jeska Wood

## Chapter One:

"Idiot, idiot, idiot," I muttered to myself as I paced around the room. I, Edward Cullen, one of the biggest geeks in Forks, was about to be stuck in a room with one of the prettiest girls in school. Bella Swan was beyond pretty. Who was I kidding? She was *perfect*. And I had a crush on her since she had arrived at the school. *Idiot idiot idiot, what have I done to myself? I am going to make a fool of myself!*

It was my own stupid fault, too. I wasn't thinking before I spoke a couple of days before in class. I shouldn't have been eavesdropping on her and her conversation. It was rude. I was always watching her as it was, but when she started to talk about computers, my ears perked up. That was right up my alley. I *adored* computers.

"*Yeah, my computer is a piece of junk. It takes a month to turn on and forget about surfing. It's more like crawling,*" she complained to Jessica Stanley, who was just boasting about her new laptop just a couple of moments before. I wasn't going to be the one to tell her that she got screwed and her new computer wasn't all that great. That's what she deserved for being a boastful brat.

"*You should get a new one.*" Jessica shrugged like it was the easiest thing the world to do. I rolled my eyes at her words.

"*Don't have the money,*" she sighed softly, resting her chin on one of her palms. She didn't seem too embarrassed by the fact. It was just that, not a part of who she was. Jessica was obsessed with her *things*.

"*You know, I pick up a lot of old computers from garage sales for parts and stuff. I'm sure if you let me take a look at your computer I could speed it up. Give it a boost at the very least,*" I blurted out before I could stop myself. I closed my eyes as the girls turned to look at me. I felt my cheeks flame red, completely embarrassed by the fact that I had spoken out loud at all.

Jessica looked at me like I grew a second head, but Bella was different. She smiled at me sweetly. "*Really? You could do that?*" She asked brightly, completely excited by the thought.

*"Oh yeah, I bet I could speed it up quite a bit,"* I smiled in return. It was hard not to. I wondered if she noticed that I was blushing even more. It was hard to keep her gaze. I had to fight the urge to look down at my hands nervously as I picked at them under the desk.

*"Anything would be an improvement,"* Bella said with another sigh. *"You really wouldn't mind taking a look at it?"* She asked as she looked at me from underneath her thick black eyelashes. She bit her pouty bottom lip, sucking it into her mouth. She did that a lot, and it killed me every time.

*"It would be my pleasure. Why don't you come over to my place this weekend? Just bring over your computer and your power cord. Oh, and any disks you may have for it."*

*"Great! It's a date then! What do you say to Saturday at noon?"* She was practically bouncing in her seat. Her computer really must be a piece of junk if she was excited to have me look at it.

It wasn't until I got into the car that afternoon that I remembered about the camping trip my family was supposed to be going on that weekend. I would just *have* to get out of it. I simply was not going to NOT help Bella that weekend. It was like a fantasy come true. Just to spend any time with her would be awesome.

My parents thought it was strange, especially since I loved to camp, that I didn't want to go. But, they let it pass. It was actually easier than I thought it would be. My parents trusted me, though. Besides, what trouble was I going to get into? I was a computer geek that barely left my room. My mom made me promise that I wouldn't play Fortnite for twelve hours straight without getting something to eat and some sleep. I wasn't going to tell them that I had a sort of date that weekend. They didn't need to know. It wasn't like anything was going to happen anyway.

But then, on Saturday at eleven forty-five, I wasn't so sure of what I was going to do. I had every single computer I had out in my room lined up in a row, little bits of computer parts arranged on top of them. I had my tools and disks arranged perfectly on my desk, just waiting to be used. I was starting to panic when my hands weren't busy anymore. I felt like pulling my hair out.

I went to the bathroom mirror to check out of the reflection. My hair was a mess, not that it was unusual. I put on a black t-shirt and some boring blue jeans. *Way to stand out, Edward,* I thought to myself. It wasn't like I had much in the way of options when it came to my clothing. Jeans and t-shirts were my norms, but it didn't feel like enough right then.

This wasn't a real date. I didn't know why I was freaking out. She would never be interested in me. I pushed my glasses back up my noses, closing my eyes and looking up to the ceiling. I paced in front of the door as waited for her to arrive, my bare feet slapping against the

tile. I was starting to get nervous that she wouldn't show up, but it was still early.

As soon as I heard her truck pull up, I wrenched the door open. I was not going to have her carry a thing while I was around. I rushed down the stairs, barefooted still.

"Hey Edward," she said sweetly as she came around her truck.

"Did you have trouble finding the place?" I asked as I watched her move. She looked stunning in a short khaki skirt and a blue low cut shirt. It was hard not to stare. I had to remind myself that I didn't have a chance.

"Not too bad. I thought I got lost in the woods for a minute though," she giggled as she opened the passenger side door. It was a musical sound, and it made me smile. Sitting in the seat was her computer, buckled in I might add. She reached to get it, but I quickly stopped her.

"I got this. Get the other stuff," I directed, nodding my head towards the items. She shrugged her shoulders and gathered the stuff in her arms.

"Wow, your house is awesome," she breathed as she followed me up the stairs.

"I'll give you a tour later," I promised her.

"How many floors is it?" She inquired. I could tell she was thunderstruck.

"Three altogether. The top floor is all mine, Alice and Emmett have the second and my parents are at the bottom," I explained.

"Where is your family, by the way?" She questioned quietly, moving beside me as we reached my room. I pushed the door open with my foot.

"Camping trip," I said simply, shrugging my shoulders.

"Oh, no! I'm not keeping you from that, am I? I feel awful. I'm so sorry!" She began to ramble, on and on, her face slightly panicked.

"Bella, stop. It's fine. I didn't want to go." *Half lie.* "I'd rather be here, with you, doing this." *Complete truth.*

"Oh," she let out a soft breath. "Are you sure?"

"Positive." I smiled at her.

Without another word, I hooked up my wireless mouse and keyboard to her old

computer, along with my new twenty-eight inch flat screen LCD monitor. I sat down at my big desk and flicked her computer on.

"Wow, mine looks like a piece of crap next to all your pretty new stuff," she said in an embarrassed tone.

"This is one of my main hobbies besides music. Don't feel so bad." I smiled at her reassuringly. "So, I'm going to start a virus and spyware scan. It's going to take a while. You can leave me to it, if you want," I winced at the last part. I didn't want her to leave, but I had to give her the option.

"No, that's okay. I want to help in any way that I can. But, I'll leave, if you want me too," Bella said a bit sadly. Her eyes shifted to the floor, her hair falling around her.

"No!" I said a bit too quickly. I cleared my throat before speaking again. "No, I'd love to have your company. I was just about to suggest some lunch while that scans if you want."

"Sounds great," she answered cheerfully.

I was no master chef, but I could cook some things. I broiled some hamburgers and made some mac and cheese. Bella helped by slicing the onions and tomatoes along with setting the table.

It surprised me how easily the conversation flowed between us. It was like there was no social difference between us at all. She was simply a sweet, smart girl with a big heart. It occurred to me that maybe she didn't know there was a difference. Perhaps I was the only one who noticed. Maybe I overthought everything.

We talked and ate for almost an hour. I totally forgot about the computer in my happiness to chat with her. I darted up the stairs once I finally did remember. Bella followed eagerly behind. She really didn't help with the computer, but she kept me company and turned on music for us to listen to. She patiently watched, asking questions every once in a while.

Three hours, two taken apart computers, and one liter of Mountain Dew later I was finally done. I motioned for Bella to come and sit down at the computer. I pulled out the chair for her, and she sat down carefully.

I had turned the computer off to restart it. "Turn it on now," I said softly, standing behind her, leaning over her shoulder. I watched with open fascination as she bit her bottom lip, her tiny finger pressing the button. I found her too beautiful not to watch her every move.

The computer quickly came to life, everything loading up within a matter of a couple of minutes. "See, what I did was increase the size of your RAM, doubling it. Also, I put a faster

processor in it. I saw that you didn't have a lot of hard drive space, so I used one of my clean ones and added it to what you have. You have a bunch more free storage space now to use. It really doesn't make it faster, but it makes working on the computer easier." I rambled on until I noticed her expression. Her mouth was hanging open, her eyes wide. "Bella?" I asked gently.

She swiveled quickly in her chair, her arms wrapping around my neck as she stood. Her lips pressed against my cheek. "Oh, Edward! This is so amazing! I don't know how to thank you. How much do I owe you?"

*She can't be serious.* Being with her all afternoon was more than enough payment. Her kissing and hugging me was more than I could have ever imagined. "Not a dime," I said firmly.

"I have to give you something," she whined, her bottom lip jutting out in a heavy pout.

"I won't accept anything," I said, waving my hands in front of me in between us.

"I feel guilty, though. You wasted your entire Saturday on me and my sorry computer."

"It wasn't wasted at all!" I told her. Why was she being so stubborn?

"Please?" She pleaded softly, her eyes looking up into mine. I realized her arms were still around my neck. I shifted a bit uncomfortable, but not moving from her grip.

"Fine," I sighed heavily. I thought for a moment. I quickly figured out what I wanted. "Another kiss?"

I blushed as soon as the request left my mouth. She was going to think I was a pervert. *Idiot, idiot, idiot,* I chanted to myself. I closed my eyes, preparing to get slapped or something. I had it coming.

"Okay," she said slowly with a light laugh in her voice. I expected her to pull away, but her arms tightened around my neck. I opened my eyes to see her moving towards me. I closed my eyes again, not wanting to make her nervous by staring. I expected her lips to brush my cheek again, but Bella was just full of surprises.

Her full pouty lips molded to mine. I gasped in surprise, my mouth opening slightly against hers. The kiss did not end, though. She kissed my bottom lip, then the top before slipping her warm little tongue into my mouth. It took me a moment to realize what she was doing, but when I did, I responded eagerly with my own tongue massaging hers. She hummed against my mouth, sending a wonderful vibration through my lips.

I awkwardly realized that my arms were hanging limply at my side. I had to do something with them. I carefully rested my hands on her hips, afraid to touch much else. I had so little

experience with girls. It was so new but so nice.

She slowly pulled away. Her face was flushed, and her lips slightly swollen and red. She gazed up at me, her brown eyes half-lidded. "Wow," she breathed.

"Yeah," I agreed.

"You taste as good as you smell," she said to me in a whisper. Bella looked away quickly, her face filling up with blood as she furiously blushed. I knew she had said more than she wanted to, a trait we seem to share. She looked down slowly, swallowing hard. She did not pull away, though. Maybe she wanted to be in my embrace as much as I wanted to be in hers?

I brought my hand to her chin and lifted it up, so she was looking up into my eyes. "You taste far better than you smell, and that's saying something because I think you smell absolutely delicious," I told her honestly.

She blushed even more brightly and bit her lip. Her big brown eyes bore into my own green ones. We stared at each other for a long time. Our breathing was matched, our chests rising and falling at the same time. Her fingers did not move from their spot on the back of my neck, and my hands did not move from her curvy hips. I don't know what snapped, or who snapped first, but we pounced on each other. Our lips crashed together with terrific force.

She moaned loudly as my hands worked up her back as we kissed fiercely. Her tiny fingers moved to my hair, massaging my scalp. I felt myself responding in ways that would normally embarrass the hell out of me, but right then, I didn't care. I wasn't going to stop doing it for anything in the world. I backed us up some, our lips still connected, until we reached my big wooden computer desk.

We stood there a long while, simply kissing. It was intense, and I felt as if my heart was going to explode in my chest. She tasted amazing. I hated when she pulled away, but her hands guided my mouth towards her neck. I happily obliged, kissing down the side of her jaw. She moaned softly, her head tilting to the side to give me better access. I watched as her eyelashes fluttered as my tongue worked its way up to her ear. I kissed the lobe gently and began to whisper my praises, "I have thought you were beautiful since the first moment I saw you in the cafeteria. On your first day of school. I almost died when you sat beside me in biology. I've wanted to nothing but to do this..." I trailed off.

I pulled her back to gaze into her beautiful brown eyes before bringing my lips against hers roughly. She moaned loudly, her tiny hands drifting to my shoulders. She gripped them tightly, slowly pulling away from my kiss. I wondered if I had done something wrong for the briefest second before she used my shoulders to help herself hop onto the desk, her bottom on the very edge. Her legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me closer.

One of her hands came to the side of my face, her fingers grazing across my ultra hot skin. "I've always thought you had the most beautiful eyes."

I smiled at her compliment but didn't say anything. I lowered my lips to hers again, this time being a bit more gentle about it. Her ankles locked around my waist, pulling me down somewhat. I leaned down and placed my hands on her bare knees. She pulled back, the sexiest little smirk spread across her full lips.

She brought her hands on top of mine and slid them up her thighs. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think. All I could do was watch as my hands inched up her bare creamy flesh. As her skirt slipped up, I could see more and more of her simple little white cotton panties. She started to move my hands from the outside of her thighs to the inside. I felt myself begin to tremble.

She released my hands and leaned forward. She whispered in my ear, "touch me, Edward."

I instantly blushed and began to ramble. "I've... um, never..."

I expected her to scoff or roll her eyes, but she sweetly smiled. She took one of my hands and led it the rest of the way. She began to massage herself through panties, using my fingers. I felt them start to soak through, and I groaned as I felt the moisture. I was doing that to her. I needed no more encouragement. I was a smart guy. *I can figure this out.*

I took back control of my hand to rub her for a moment before slipping my fingers inside of her panties. Bella moaned loudly, throwing her head back. I put my free hand on the back of her neck and pulled her roughly to my lips. Her hot mouth and the heat between her legs did nothing for my self-control. I groaned to myself again. I couldn't let this go too far.

I pulled away panting, "if we don't stop now, I don't think I'll be able to."

"I don't want you to stop," she said in response, a wide smile spreading over her face.

"Oh, god," I muttered to myself. I had forgotten how to breathe, I think. "Really?" I squeaked out.

"Well, unless you don't want to..." She pouted a little bit, her bottom lip jutting out slightly again. That was going to seriously kill me.

"Do I look stupid? Of course, I want to," I answered before I could stop myself. She giggled in response.

"Do you have any... *protection?*" Bella asked, her hands trailing up and down my chest. It was very hard to think.

"Um, well, no. I think I know where I can get some though. I think my brother Emmett has some. Not that I go nosing through his stuff or anything, but I know him, and his girlfriend are, you know, pretty... *active*. Not that I'm a pervert and listen-" She cut me off, thankfully, before I could make a bigger fool of myself.

"Shut up and go get some," she giggled, pushing on my shoulders some.

"Yeah, okay." I grinned at her before darting out the room.

I flew down the stairs to the second level. I threw myself into Emmett's room and went straight to his nightstand. There is nothing worse for an erection than going through your brother's porn collection in the search of condoms. Of course, they were at the very bottom, and I grabbed a quick handful, not even looking at what I had.

I took the stairs a little slower this time. *Is this really happening? Was I dreaming? Was this a cruel joke? I couldn't be a joke. She was far too sweet to do something that mean to me. A dream was for sure a possibility though. Best dream ever.*

*I must be dreaming*, my mind screamed at me as I entered my room again. Bella was sitting on my leather couch in nothing but her white cotton panties and bra. The erection that had disappeared when entering my brother's dirty room reappeared with a vengeance, straining to the point of pain. She stood up when she saw me, a small smile playing over her beautiful features. My eyes hungrily roamed her body.

"Is everything okay?" She asked softly, her hands resting on my hips.

"You are..." I let out a little breath, unable to think of a good word that would suit her. She was perfect and beautiful. "So sexy."

"And, you're wearing too many clothes," she said as her hands moved up the back of my shirt.

"Have you done this before?" I asked, not wanting to offend her, but I had to know.

"Once..." She trailed off, shrugging her shoulders. She was blushing lightly, her eyes downcast.

"You're going to have to show me what to do," I told her honestly.

Bella nodded her head and pulled my shirt off. It felt so strange standing in front of her like that, but it was soon forgotten when she leaned forward to kiss my chest. Her fingers worked the buttons on my jeans until they were pushed to the floor. I was standing there in

nothing but my boxers, my erection extremely *noticeable*.

“Wow,” she mumbled as she took in the view.

“What?” I asked, looking down nervously. Was I a bigger freak than I thought?

“You're, um... really *big*,” she said quietly, blushing a bright shade of magenta.

I had to stop and think a minute. Wait... *What?* “Is that a good thing?” I asked.

She nodded, grinning. She led me over to the couch without a word. She forced me to sit when my knees hit the back of the leather, and she knelt in front of me. Her tiny hands pulled me free from my boxers. I stopped breathing again. She licked her full lips before wrapping them around the hardness she had in her hands.

I moaned loudly and jerked in surprise. She giggled with me still her mouth. *Was she really enjoying it, too?* I had to wonder. All thoughts left my head as she began to work me with her hot little mouth. She licked, swirled, and sucked, her head bobbing up and down. I clenched my fist tightly, trying to control myself. My eyes shut tightly.

She pulled her mouth away, and I dared to open my eyes again. One of her hands was pulling something from my fist, one of the condoms I was still holding. She tore open the package, holding it carefully between her fingertips. One last time she ran her tongue over my length, kissing the very tip before sliding the condom on.

Bella stood before me and slid her panties down, exposing her lower half. I ran my hand over my mouth to make sure I wasn't drooling like an idiot or anything. She straddled my lap, pressing herself down on me in one smooth movement, surprising me with her quickness. I groaned out my satisfaction. She put her hands on my shoulders, giving herself more leverage to adjust.

Her eyes locked with mine as she bounced up and down on me. Her breast swayed with the movement, but they were still covered by her damn bra. I reached behind her and popped the hooks with my fingertips. I figured I would have had to struggle with it longer, but I think the hooks knew I was in no mood for a fight.

Bella gave me an encouraging smile as I pulled the cloth from her body. Her breasts were the perfect handful, her stiff nipples pleasant against my palm. She threw her head back in approval as I worked the sensitive skin with my fingers.

I had to taste her. They looked too creamy smooth not to. I leaned forward and brought her nipple into my mouth. Sucking until it was hardening point, I flicked my tongue against it. I could have done it for... *forever*. Her arms wrapped around my neck, holding me in place.

She cried out and tightened around me. It took me a moment to realize what was happening. She was orgasming. Because of me. Because of what I was doing to her. I sucked her nipple harder, trying to make the feeling last as long as possible. It may have felt good to her, but it was heaven to me.

She practically screamed my name, her walls constricting around me to nearly the point of pain. I felt my boxers soak with the liquid that was seeping from her tight little body. *I made her do that.* I grinned to myself happily. I pulled away from her slick body to look into her eyes.

I felt bold suddenly. "I'm not done with you yet," I stated as I picked her up, my hands resting on her firm bottom. I carried her to the bed, still inside of her. Her legs tightened around my waist, her arms still wrapped around my neck. She pressed herself firmly against me.

I laid her down carefully, my knees in between hers. I lovingly kissed her lips as I slowly began to press inside of her. She whimpered softly as her legs lifted from the bed, wrapped around my waist. Bella's eyes closed and her mouth opened in a soundless moan. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. "Tell me what you want me to do," I whispered in her ear. "I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel."

Bella actually shuddered at my words. "Harder," she breathed.

My body responded to her words instantly. I thrust my hips forward, plunging myself deeply into her. My hands gripped the sheets tightly as I moved my body. She lifted hers up to meet my every action.

"Yes!" She cried out, my ego growing ten times its normal size.

"Please don't let this be a dream," I mumbled to myself. I don't think she heard me, which was a good thing. I kept a steady pace, my heartbeat strumming loudly in my chest. Bella dug her nails into my shoulders as her body thrummed again beneath me. Panting and sweaty, I followed quickly behind her second orgasm.

I didn't move for a long minute, my body still craving hers. I was sure she needed a moment to collect herself, though. Finally, I rolled beside her, throwing the condom in the trash can beside the bed. I moved the blankets so they would cover us both. She snuggled against my body, one of her bare legs hitched over mine.

Her fingers traced my hips, causing me to shudder. "It's always the quiet ones," she giggled.

"You started it," I laughed, holding her close to me. My arm snaked around her waist, resting my hand on her back.

"Is that a bad thing?" She lifted up to look into my face, her eyebrows raised. Her eyes were glowing with mischievousness.

"Not at all," I told her truthfully. "You just may have me trailing behind you like a lovesick puppy now," I joked. "I'm pretty sure you own me now."

She smiled at me widely. "That's not a bad thing." Bella leaned forward and kissed me again. "Though, I'd rather have you walk beside me, holding my hand."

I fisted her hair, pulling her closer to me. She smiled against my mouth, her foot running up and down my leg as we began to make out again. I felt myself start to harden again as she moved her hand higher lower down my chest.

"Hey, Eddie! Have you been in my fucking room? These things are not toys-" My brother barged into my room. His eyes widened, and his jaw dropped. "Whoa!"

"Jesus! Knock! How many times have I told you!? What the hell are you doing home, anyway?" I shrieked at him, trying to cover myself and Bella better. Bella curled into my side, hiding her body under the blankets.

"Dad had an emergency at the hospital. Had to come home early," he explained, taking a step forward. "Hi, I'm Edward's brother, Emmett," he stated in a cocky tone. He was going to torture me.

Bella's face was pressed against my chest as she mumbled, "I know who you are, Em."

"Bella?" He asked in confusion. He smiled wildly as he realized. "Good job, man!" He congratulated me. "Well, carry on. Don't let me bother you. I was just about to head to Rose's. Alice went to Jasper's, and Mom went to the store, by the way. Have fun!" He said before heading out the door. It shut with a little click, the silence filling the room.

I wanted to crawl in a hole and die. I was so embarrassed. "I am so sorry," I told her, my eyes pleading with her.

"It's not your fault," she said, her eyes glowing wickedly. She leaned forward and kissed my neck lightly. "So, where were we?"

