



## Chapter Twenty

Wednesday morning, I woke up early and put on a t-shirt and jeans, along with a pair of slip-on shoes to remove easily at the doctor's office. I drove over to Edward's home, leaving a message on Seth's phone to remind him he would have to come to pick us up at Mr. Masen's at nine. I also checked with Angela to make sure he still had the appointment.

He did.

I didn't feel comfortable with just going in, not at the moment. So, I knocked on the door, waiting patiently for someone to answer. When Edward opened it, he instantly smiled, but it rapidly faded away as his eyes turned cloudy.

"What are you doing here so early?"

"I'm right on time," I told him with a smirk. "I should have just enough to make you breakfast, though you should hurry to get ready. Your doctor's appointment is at nine forty-five."

"I don't have one," Edward quickly lied with his ears turning pink, stepping back from the door. I went inside past him, throwing my purse onto the table. I could hear his bare feet padding behind me as I made my way to the kitchen.

“Bullshit.”

“I have to work! That trip put me a day behind here. There are papers I need to fill out and-” He continued to argue as I got the eggs from the fridge.

Once again, I responded with...

“Bullshit, Edward. Angela said you’d do this. I’ve already called her and confirmed you have NOTHING to do but go to the doctor.” I removed a skillet from the cabinet, beginning to heat it so I could fry him some eggs and bacon. There were several plates in the sink, all of which used to contain meals I had cooked. The maid had yet to come in for the day.

“Why are you doing this to me?” He complained, whining like a child.

“Stop acting as if it’s that bad. Honestly,” I scoffed, shaking my head at his tone. I wouldn’t put up with anything from him. If he needed to go to the doctor, he needed to go. I may have been mad at him, but I didn’t want him ill. “I am too, and you don’t see me bitching.”

“You are, too?” Edward asked in a quiet voice, then sighed heavily. “Fine. I’ll go get a quick shower. Thank you for making breakfast.”

“Yeah,” I muttered, starting a pot of tea.

I had just arranged his plate on the counter and poured him and myself a cup of hot green tea when he came down from his bath. His hair was still slightly wet, curled at the ends around his ears. His skin was pink from the heat, the fresh scent of his soap filling the air. I sat down across from him on the other stool, nursing my mug.

“We should talk,” Edward said as he studied his eggs, picking up his fork.

“Ya think?” I sarcastically answered.

“Bella, please.” He peered at me with those damn sad green eyes. It was tough to be sarcastic to them. Hard, but not impossible.

“We should have Friday night, but we don’t have time for it now.” I took a swig of my tea, swirling it around in the cup. “And we’re not canceling the appointment. You’re not getting out of this.”

“Can we after?” He asked seriously.

Frowning, I didn’t wish to look at him at the moment. “If that’s what you want. You’re the boss.”

“Don’t be like that,” Edward whispered. “I am so sorry about last night. I wanted to talk then, but the meeting... I didn’t have a choice. Will you let me make it up to you?”

“There’s nothing to make up.” I got up from my stool and put my mug in the dishwasher. “Hurry up and eat. Seth will be here soon.”

The ride to the doctor’s office was the most awkward and uncomfortable in my entire life. By the time we got there, the atmosphere was so thick I could hardly breathe. I popped out of the car so quickly I nearly hit Seth with the door. The fresh air didn’t help. My chest ached as if there was a hole being punched into it.

The physician didn’t make us wait long, even with the filling out of paperwork and weighing in. When they checked Edward’s blood pressure, it was high, much to the nurse’s displeasure. She wrote it in the file and mumbled that the doctor would have to look at it.

He allowed me to sit on the table in the office while he rested in a chair on the opposite side of the tiny space. We both sat with our arms crossed, not looking at each other. We were acting like such children.

“Good morning, folks,” the cheerful older man said with a big smile. He was as tall as he was wide, his pale white head balding. “Let’s see, Ms. Swan? Mr. Masen?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered as he came by to shake my hand. With a welcoming nod, he shook Edward’s too.

“You’re both here for check-ups, I see. I’m going to have some blood drawn on you both. You’re both overdue for an MMR vaccine, and a flu shot. I’ll get that ordered up right away. Let’s see, Mr. Masen,” he continued to read from the chart. “Your blood pressure is extremely elevated. That has me concerned.”

“It’s always high when I go to the doctor,” he grumbled. “I hate going.”

“I see,” the man frowned. “I’d like for you to calm down for me if you can. If you would, Ms. Swan, hop down. Mr. Masen, if you could lie on your left side. That will help lower it. If it’s still high afterward, I may want you to get more tests done.”

Looking like a dog that had just gotten in trouble, he walked over to the examination table with his head hung low. He crawled onto it and laid down, frowning to himself the entire time. Edward looked so awkward with his legs hanging three feet off the end. He was honestly too big for the whole room.

“Very good. Just lay like that for a little while, and that should help. Is there anything else either of you needed to talk to me about?” He asked, writing quickly on his chart.

“Uh, yeah,” I flushed. I didn’t know if it was the right time to do it, but I wasn’t sure when I would go to the physician next. And it was something Edward and I talked about when we first started this whole mess. It was something he wanted. “I wanted to ask about birth control.”

“What about it?” The doctor inquired as he cocked his head to the side, leaning against the counter.

“I’d like to start taking a low dosage pill,” I told him, feeling my cheeks heat with embarrassment. “To control my period better.”

“Are you currently on any?” He asked as he pulled out my file and clicked his pen, ready to write my answers. I had a suspicion I would have to answer a few.

“No,” I replied quietly, trying very hard not to look at Edward as I did.

The man cleared his throat. “Are you sexually active?” He continued reading off questions in my file. It was probably the same for every woman.

“No.” And not because I didn’t want to be.

He nodded, writing the answer. “And when was the last time you were sexually active?” The doctor glanced at Edward. He probably assumed we were boyfriend and girlfriend. Or something. I didn’t know, and I wasn’t about to ask. I hoped he didn’t bring it up either.

“It’s been over three years now, I think. I’m not sure of the exact date or anything.” I flushed a brighter shade, looking away from both of the men.

“Do you know the date of your last cycle?” He continued to scribble.

“I started last Thursday, and it ended this Monday. So, whatever those days were,” I answered, not knowing the dates on the calendar. I hadn’t kept up with it that well. I only knew it was close to Halloween.

“Oh...” I heard Edward whisper from the table. And then what I had just said really dawned on him. “Ohhhh...” he drew out, and this time it was a whole different word with so much more meaning behind it.

Thankfully, the doctor didn’t notice as he looked up the dates on the wall. “I don’t think that will be an issue,” he remarked. “You mentioned you’re interested in the pill, correct?” I only nodded my head. “We have to do a urine test just to double-check you’re not pregnant. It’s

standard, and I have to do it with everyone. I'll write you a prescription. We'll see how it works for you, and if it doesn't, feel free to make another appointment. Alright, the nurse will come in a moment to check your blood pressure, and then I'll send the vampires in to get your blood," he chuckled as he walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him. Neither of us laughed at his lame joke. I don't think he needed us to because he didn't wait for a response.

As soon as it closed, Edward curled up on himself and covered his face with both of his arms. "And that's why you were sick before. Shit. I am such a fucking douchebag!"

"Huh, did you just realize that?" I asked as I leaned against the wall, my arms and legs both crossed. I was a little vengeful, yes, but I was feeling vindicated.

"Why didn't you just shout it at me?" He demanded from behind his arms, his fingers dug into his hair. "Why didn't you make me listen?"

"Oh, Edward, don't shove your hand down my underpants! It'll be a bloodbath! Yeah, okay. Why didn't you let me talk? Why did you keep interrupting me?" I growled. Apparently, we were going to have that conversation right then.

"Because I never thought you wanted me in the first damn place! I was waiting for it to happen. I was too drunk to think about how I was acting or if it could be anything else. But I convinced myself, and I didn't want to hear it from your lips. My ego was so bruised that I needed to forget it happened. I never even considered it could be something like that. That it could be something else..."

"You never gave me a chance! It was so fucking childish! And then I was too angry to deal with you. Honestly, how could you say that?! Do you think I would have let it go that far if I didn't want you too? What about all those other times together? You treat me like a princess, so I know it's not because you think so little of me. Why, Edward? Why would you think that?"

His fingers pulled at his locks. "I don't know," he sighed, unable to look at me. "I just don't see how you... someone like you... could."

I threw my hands up in the air, my answer a whisper-yell. "I do, you fucking moron! Of course, I want you!" I had more words in me, ready to spew out, but the nurse came in with the blood pressure machine. "I'm sorry, I don't think he's ready for that yet. Can we wait a few more minutes?" I asked without looking at her, but staring at Edward instead.

"Yes, ma'am." She was rather taken aback by the forceful delivery of the words. I wouldn't take no for an answer, and she could tell that from my stern tone.

“How could you even think that?” I demanded, sniffing quietly and rubbing my arm absently across my nose. “Do you think so little of me? That I’m faking how I feel. Or, is it really just business to you?”

“No! No!” Edward exclaimed as he sat up instantly when I asked the question. “It’s not. God, this is so much more. If this was only business to me, do you think I would have reacted the way I did?”

“You can’t do that again,” I warned. “You can’t ever act like that. I can’t stand it. It hurt so much. I’ve missed you.”

“I won’t, I promise. I am so sorry I didn’t let you explain things,” he declared. “I’ve missed you, too.”

Pausing, I let his words sink in. He was sincere and fully apologetic. “I’m sorry I didn’t make you listen in the first place.” I frowned to myself. “And for letting it go on as long as it did.”

“I am too,” Edward breathed. Smiling at me sadly, his expression was bashful. “Are you going to let me make up yesterday to you? Will you let me take you out tonight?”

“I thought this was your time,” I quoted, using the words he did when Alice caught us.

“Can’t we make it ours?” He proposed. It was impossible to say no to those gentle, sad green eyes. I would have done anything he asked if he looked at me with them.

“I suppose.” I pushed off the wall and walked over to him. He thought he was about to get a kiss or something, I could tell by the way his lips twitched at the corners, but instead, I shoved him back onto his left side with a great heave. “Now, calm down! Or they’ll put you in the hospital. Do you detest it that much?”

He reached out and took my hand. “Yes. But I hate needles more,” he remarked. “I’ve despised them ever since I was a boy.”

“Oh,” I said, realizing the real reason he did, and it had everything to do with his mother. I could only imagine what it was like for such a young child to lose his mom. To him, they were probably killers, not healers. I stroked his hair until his eyes closed, his breathing slowed. The pink that had filled his cheeks most of the morning faded, and I knew he was ready for the nurse to try again.

“Do you promise you don’t hate me?” Edward asked quietly, not bothering to open them.

I pushed a curl away from his forehead. “I couldn’t, ever. However, I can loathe the way you behave.”

“I won’t do it again. It’s just so hard not to let my ego take over,” he whispered in embarrassment. “I should have trusted you, but I was so embarrassed and drunk, and I don’t think clearly when I am. Obviously, I don’t hold my liquor very well.”

I leaned over and lightly kissed his cheek, hushing him. I didn’t want him to get upset again. Sighing quietly, he squeezed my other hand tightly. That’s when the nurse came back in to check if he was ready. She cringed when I turned to look at her, but I told her to go ahead.

His blood pressure was much better after that.