

# Computer Repair:

By: Jeska Wood

## Chapter three

I was pretty happy when I got home. Okay, that was an understatement. Cloud nine didn't cover how high I was at that moment. I was probably skipping like a freak, but no one could have blamed me. I just spent the afternoon with a beautiful girl that liked me. There was no better thing in the world.

*None.*

This even beat out every video game combined. By a mile. By a million miles. That was saying something.

"Hello, parental unit," I said cheerfully to my dad as I came into the living room. My father was sitting on the couch, flipping through some large book with a marker, a pad, and a pen. I propped my feet up, snatching up the remote. I really didn't want to watch television, but I needed to do something with my hands.

"Hello, offspring number two," he answered back distractedly. I was blessed with understanding parents. They knew I was strange and they just ran with it. "Where were you this afternoon?" He asked, highlighting something in his medical journal.

"Mom didn't tell you?" I asked in surprise.

"Your mom and sister went out for manicures before I woke up," he explained, closing his book with a snap and picking up his coffee to give me his full attention. I think honestly he was looking for an excuse to stop.

"Because they're not *gorgeous* enough." I rolled my eyes, trying to skip over his question if I could. I loved my dad, but I knew instantly where this would lead, and it would probably be embarrassing for both of us in the end.

"I know," he scoffed. "So, where were you?"

I frowned before sighing. *Embarrassment it is.* "I had lunch with a friend."

"Oh, who?" He asked, looking rather interested. I didn't go out a lot, and I only had a couple of friends.

"Um, this girl that I fixed a computer for yesterday," I told him truthfully. "It was slow, and she didn't have the money to get a new one, so I offered to kind of boost it," I explained to him, trying to distract him with details. I could tell instantly that it wasn't working.

"Oh, well. That was nice of you." He smiled like he was proud. I think sometimes they, my parents, forgot that they taught me how to be a gentleman. I knew it didn't soak into Emmett's thick skull, but I was smarter than that. "So, what's her name? Is it anyone I know?"

"Bella Swan," I said quietly.

"Swan? The police chief's daughter?"

"One in the same." I shrugged. I tried to look around for an escape route, but it wasn't happening. I didn't have homework to finish, and he knew that. Also, Mom wasn't around to 'need my help.' Video games wasn't a good enough excuse. I was doomed.

"She's a very... *pretty* girl," he said, trying to be diplomatic. I could also tell that he didn't want to sound like an old pervert. "I've had her a couple of times in the E.R. She's a cheerleader. Dangerous sport."

"Yeah, I know." I nodded my head thoughtfully. I never really thought about it like that way. I suppose it could be rather dangerous. That just made me worry for her more.

"A cheerleader, huh?" He said proudly.

"Oh, come on, Dad," I said at his instant change into... well, basically Emmett. "She's more than a cheerleader."

"Are you two dating?"

*The million dollar question...*

"I... uh... I- I don't know," I said, running my fingers through my hair roughly. "I mean, I love spending time with her, and she seems to like me, but we haven't called it anything yet. And she's great-" I stopped myself before I could say anything else. Anything stupid anyway. He raised an eyebrow at me, waiting for me to answer. "She's a great girl and a good friend."

"Ah, huh," he said in a chuckle.

"Don't look at me like that," I said nervously.

"Like what?" My dad smiled.

"Like you know what I've been doing," I accused.

His smile grew even wider. "Is there a reason I should know what you've been doing?"

"God, no!" I nearly shouted before collecting myself. "That's kind of private. She's just a great girl, and I like being with her. Shall we leave it at that?"

He picked up his book again, a rueful smile on his face before he adjusted his glasses. "Do I need to have the birds and the bees talk with you again, son?"

"Argh," I growled as I got up from the chair in a flash. Dad was snickering on the couch, amused by my embarrassment. I could see where Emmett got *his* sense of humor from.

That night I kept true to my word and fantasized about Bella bent over, except in my fantasy I was behind her doing some amazing things. It involved nudity, lube, and lots of pleasurable screaming on her part. Hopefully. I fell asleep thinking about her. And then I dreamed about her.

None of this was helped by the fact that I still had her panties from earlier.

I think I was becoming slightly obsessed.

*Only slightly, right...*

I woke up in an odd mood. I didn't know how to feel truthfully. I was worried about what school would bring. Bella was a popular girl, and I could ruin that for her. I wasn't going to put her in that position either. I didn't want her to have to choose between me or her status. That wasn't fair. And even though I wanted very badly for her to be my girlfriend, I could deal with being just her friend or hell, her fuck buddy if she wanted. Being with Bella in any way was better than no way at all.

And, in my heart, I knew that Bella wasn't like that. She didn't care about status and popularity, but what she felt and did could be totally different things.

I walked down the stairs to the kitchen. I could hear quiet talking in there, and I knew it wasn't Emmett. He had football practice before school. It wasn't Alice because I knew she was still getting ready. I heard the hair dryer when I passed her door. She always took the longest, of course.

"So, what do you think about all this?" My mom asked Dad in an excited voice.

"I'm not sure what to think, but you should have seen how happy he was when he came home yesterday afternoon. It's been a long time since I've seen Edward smile like that. Hell, Esme, he was practically glowing."

"He was happy last night too. Usually, he just stays in his room. But you're right... he was *glowing*, to use your wording," Mom said before I heard a slurp, probably her morning cup of espresso. My mom was an energetic woman, and half of that came from her morning dose of black sugarless sludge.

"Afterglow, perhaps?" My father offered. I held in my groan of annoyance. My father knew me too well. I would have to hold that in or something. Was it possible to mask an 'afterglow'? What the hell was an afterglow anyway? Was I that obvious?

Would I even have to worry about it again?

"You don't think...?" My mom said in a surprised voice. My father must have nodded. "Really? I've never seen this Bella girl, but Emmett said that she was very, very pretty and that she was a cheerleader."

"I've seen her, and she's gorgeous. Big brown eyes, full lips, long shiny brown hair and she's got a great personality to boot. She's been nothing but sweet when she's seen me. Even when I reset her shoulder earlier in the year after she fell and dislocated it. It's hard to be nice when you're in that much pain, Esme."

"Do you really think that they're together?" My mother asked again.

"You shouldn't be surprised. He's a Cullen after all. Beautiful women come to us naturally," he teased her, and I heard her giggle loudly. I gagged a little, not wanting to know what my father was doing to her at that moment. I was so glad I couldn't see through walls.

"You think too much of yourself, Dr. Cullen..." Mom cooed. I had heard enough, and they weren't talking about me anymore. I was about to go back up the stairs to get my messenger bag when I nearly ran into Alice.

"Geez!" I shouted at my little sister. "You scared the hell out of me."

"You know what they say about eavesdroppers, Edward Anthony," she said in a chiding voice that she did too well. I worried about my future nieces and nephews.

"Yes, I do. But, in this case, I didn't hear anything terrible. Besides, I was just curious," I explained to her as I walked past her.

"Mom drilled me for information on Bella yesterday," she warned me. Alice was my best friend, and she understood me more than anyone else. I was glad that I had her on my side. She could be a dangerous enemy when she wanted to be though.

"What did you tell her?"

"That she has to meet her but that she was a wonderful person. That's it."

I smiled, "you're a good girl."

"That's my job. Oh, Jasper is picking me up today, so you don't have to worry about giving me a ride," Alice said as she hopped down the stairs to the kitchen. "I've got ballet after school. What about you?"

"Karate at five." I shrugged before running up to my room. Everyone in my family was always busy.

I was really looking forward to karate that day. I wanted a good workout. Especially after Bella seemed to like how 'solid' I was. I mean, I knew I was pretty well muscled even though I was lanky, but I had never gotten that kind of reaction before. It was kind of flattering and flustering all at the same time.

Also, I needed to let some tension out.

After a quick breakfast of toast and milk, I ran out of the house. I usually had Alice in the car with me, but it was a nice change. She had her own car, a gift for her sixteenth birthday, but she hardly ever drove it. She preferred for others to drive for some reason. Maybe it was her hardcore case of princess syndrome.

I turned on some soothing music, trying to gather myself. I didn't know how to speak to Bella at school. We had almost every class together, except for Gym and Spanish. Could we speak to each other openly? Would she want to sit beside me? Would she like to hold my hand? Would she tell people what we were?

What were we?

*Ah, that question again.*

As I got closer to Bella's house, I saw that her truck was still in the driveway. The red rusted thing was hard to miss, even in the rain. As I was just feet away, I realized that the hood was up and smoke or steam was coming from it. I didn't know all that much about cars so I wasn't sure why it would do that, but I knew it wasn't a good thing. I saw the big black umbrella

leaning over the engine, but I noticed that the cruiser wasn't there. It must have been Bella.

I turned into the driveway and pulled the car to a stop. Bella leaned over, and when she saw me, she smiled.

"Engine trouble?"

"Yes. Boy, am I glad to see you! I tried to start it, and then it just started doing... this," she waved her hands over the engine.

"You should have called me. I would have given you a ride," I said a bit nervously, walking towards her. The rain wasn't that heavy, but it was a little cold. The end of August was hard to gauge how the weather was going to be.

The words made me nervous. Why hadn't she called me? I guess she really didn't want to be seen with me. I gave Bella a small smile when I saw her biting her lip. I was just going to tell her nevermind, she didn't need to answer me, when she spoke, "well, I did try to call your house, but your mom said you already left. I don't have your cell phone number."

*I am such an idiot.*

"Oh! I'm sorry! Well, I'll program it into your phone in a little bit. Why don't we get you into the car before you get too wet?" I offered.

Bella nodded her head before running to the truck to pull out her backpack. She slung it over her shoulder as I took the umbrella from her. With a hand on the small of her back, I walked her to the passenger side door, opening it for her.

"Edward?" She started out shyly after she put her backpack down, standing at the opening of the door. Her eyes were so innocent and wide. They were beautiful.

"Hm?" I hummed with a smile as I looked at her.

"Can I have a good morning, kiss?"

My grin grew as I leaned down, kissing her fully on the lips. With the hand not holding the umbrella, I brought her in closer to me so that our bodies were touching. She leaned against me, her arms going around my waist. "Good morning," I whispered. "How are you?"

"Better now." She smiled up at me sweetly.

"Me, too," I agreed, smoothing some hair behind her ear. I couldn't *not* touch her. I had to. She was just too beautiful not to. I leaned down again and kissed her softly. "We better get to

school."

"Yup, I suppose so," she agreed with a slight nod. Bella slipped inside, buckling herself safely into my car. She looked so good in it. Like she fit perfectly.

I stood there simply looking at her for a moment. It was the first time I took in her appearance that morning. She was wearing tight dark blue jeans with sexy black boots that went up nearly to her knees. She was wearing a short-sleeved white button-down with the top buttons undone and a silky black vest. Her hair was braided, draping over her right shoulder. When she noticed me staring, she smiled. "Coming?" She asked.

"Yeah, yeah, sorry," I mumbled as I shut her door and ran to the other side. We were still going to be on time, maybe even have a few minutes to spare. I pulled the car out into the street and booked it to school, just trying to keep my eyes on the road. It was hard with Bella beside me. We rode in silence, the classical music flowing softly around us. I pulled into the senior row, the parking area reserved for the seniors only and killed the car.

"You drive fast," Bella mumbled as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

"Maybe it only seems that way because your car doesn't go over forty?" I offered with a teasing smile.

"It goes to fifty-five," she defended it quickly.

I laughed, unable to stop myself, "at the moment, it's not going anywhere."

"Yeah, I'll have to call a mechanic," she said in a dejected voice. It was easy to see that she really did love her truck, even if it was a piece of junk. She told me the day before that her father had gotten it for her as a homecoming gift and that it was the most precious thing that he had ever given her.

There was an uncomfortable silence between us, the first we ever had. I had to say something, and I wanted to get it out without upsetting her.

"Look, Bella, I understand if you don't want to be seen with me," I started out.

"Why wouldn't I want to be seen with you?" She asked with her eyebrows knit tightly together.

"Because look at me and then look at you. We're not exactly even on the scale. I just want you to know that I understand that if you don't want to worry about me. I understand and-"

Bella leaned forward quickly and smashed her lips to mine, her fingers going into my

slightly damp hair. "I see you. And you're right, we're not even. You are so much better than me. I love being with you. Can you please understand that?" She asked seriously.

"No," I told her truthfully, "but I'm grateful."

She ran a soft fingertip over my cheek before giving me one more kiss. I looked out onto the yard, the dark tinting of my windows giving us the last bit of privacy for the morning. What would everyone think once we got out of the car? I looked back at Bella and sighed heavily. "Are you okay?" She asked in a tender voice.

"I think so. I hope so." I gave her a small smile. "Come on. Let's get it over it?"

She nodded her head and got out of the car, throwing the backpack over her shoulder once again. I got out as well, throwing my messenger bag over mine. I walked to the front of the car where she waited for me. I was completely shocked when she offered her hand to me.

At that moment, I realized that I needed to trust Bella and what she said.

But, it was the others in the school that I didn't trust not to be cruel.

I could feel so many eyes on me for once. Usually, I felt so invisible, but I didn't like it in the least. I fought the urge to walk faster, but I forced myself to stay in time with Bella. She seemed completely blind to the attention. I wondered how she could be so strong. She looked over at me, shyly, biting her bottom lip. I gave her a small smile, feeling my nerves ball up in my stomach.

*The first order of the day, do not throw up. Second order... Don't throw up.*

"Hey, Bella!" Jessica, the snottiest of bitches, called from the breezeway. When she saw me, she looked confused. "Uh, hi... Edward?"

"Hey," Bella said with a half smile. I could see her annoyance dancing just behind the surface.

"Good weekend?" Jessica offered in the way of conversation as she looked over at me. Well, it was more like gawked at me. I shifted uncomfortably, wondering if I had spilled something on my favorite gamer tee shirt. It was a Final Fantasy shirt, special from Japan. My dad had gotten it for me when he had to go to a conference there a few years ago.

"The best," the sweet girl holding my hand said as she smiled at me.

"Oh, you'll have to tell me all about it," Jessica said with slight disdain. "I'll see you in the gym."

Bella clicked her tongue as the other girl walked away, turning her attention to me. "What are you going to tell her?" I asked before she could say anything.

"Can you read my mind?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, I'm sure Jessica is curious to what the hell is going on between us. She's probably going to ask if we're dating or not."

"Oh, and what should I answer to that particular question?" Bella said with slight innocence, but I could see the wickedness in her eyes. I smiled at her, feeling a little bit of my confidence return. She wanted me. I had to believe in that.

"I'll be waiting to find that out myself," I told her just as the bell rang. The first and Fifth period were the only classes we didn't have together. I knew she had gym class and I would have to run off to my Spanish class all the way across campus. It was worth it if I got to spend just a little more time with her.

Spanish was so boring. I was actually great at the language and already spoke it fluently. The teacher never called on me for fear of me correcting her. So, I just sat, twirling my pencil while I daydreamed about Bella. I couldn't wait until my next class, which was our second and third hour English. We had assigned seating, alphabetical order, but I could look at who I was fantasizing about, at least.

I hopped out of my seat, excited to at least see Bella when the bell rang. I practically ran to my next class. She was already there, a sweet little smile on her face. I grinned back, unable to help myself. She nodded her head towards my desk, and I realized there was a note waiting for me. My smile grew. I picked up the note as the bell rang again.

"Mr. Cullen. Why don't you take your seat so we can begin?" Our English Lit teacher called to me. I flushed and ignored the snickers as I sat, or really sank, down into my seat.

When all the attention was safely off of me, I opened her note.

*Edward,*

*Well, you were right. Jessica wanted to know what was going on between us. I gave her the answer to that question. I hope it's the right one...*

*Bella*

Well, what the hell did that mean? Women could be so confusing. I scribbled on that back in large letters so I could just hold it up when the teacher wasn't looking. We were both on

the very back of our rows, two rows apart.

*What answer was that?* I asked in large letters.

Bella stifled a giggle before she wrote something on her own paper, holding it up for me to see. *That's for me to know and for you to find out.*

I pouted a little bit. I'll admit it. She flushed a little, biting her bottom lip as she smiled over at me. I felt like a dopey lovesick fool when I looked at her.

"What do you think, Mr. Cullen?" My cow of a teacher asked. She never liked me for some reason. Maybe because I corrected her as well. It just bothered me when the teachers got it wrong.

"Excuse me?" I stumbled out, looking up at the front. "I'm sorry, could you repeat the question?"

After that, I actually had to pay attention in class. I already had a full ride scholarship to Dartmouth, and I wasn't going to ruin it my senior year because I was lovestruck. I really liked Bella, and I knew she would understand. Anytime I would sneak a peek at her, she was working as well, which made me feel a little better. One day I actually wanted to be the kind of man worthy of her, and going to Dartmouth was a good way to start that.

When the bell rang, I felt her by my side. I couldn't help but arch an eyebrow in her direction when I glanced up after picking up my stuff. "So, are you going to give me the answer?" I asked her bluntly.

"Nope," she said, popping the P with her lips. "Like I said, for me to know and for you to find out."

"Well, that's no fun," I whined as we began to walk to our next class together. This was where I first made a fool of myself the other day. We didn't have assigned seating in there. Where she would sit would give me a bit of my answer. I sat down at the large desk where I normally sat by myself. The classroom was only two down from our last class.

"Oh, do you think I'm going to make it so easy for you?" Bella teased quietly.

"One could hope. You do realize I am a novice. A tutorial would be handy," I said to her truthfully. She sat beside me, placing her purple binder on the desk. Jessica didn't even look back at us.

"You're a smart boy. You'll figure it out."

She was going to end up killing me. That was all there was to it.

Biology two was beyond boring to me as well. I didn't go for that kind of science. I liked the technical side to it, and I liked chemistry. I was surrounded by plants and trees all the time already. I was kind of sick of them by that point. The best part of the whole thing was that we had a project we had to do with lab partners.

And Bella picked me. She would have normally picked Jessica.

She put a slide into the telescope and looked into it before pushing it over to me. She got the right answer right away and allowed me to do the next one. We worked so well together. Anything I didn't know, she knew right away and the same in reverse.

We were the first ones done in the class by at least ten minutes.

"So..." Bella started off after she handed in the paper. "I was kind of hoping that you'd sit with me at lunch today. What do you think?"

"I think I'd love to." I smiled brightly. I normally sat with my siblings, but I don't think they would mind. I was normally on the edges anyway. Emmett was more popular than I was, but he should have graduated the year before. A bad injury prevented that. He had missed too much school. Alice was an outsider, kind of like me, but just in a different way. She was an artistic type. I was just a nerd. We were an interesting combination- when it was just us. Then throw their girlfriend or boyfriend into the mix, and I was the fifth wheel. I was looking forward to not being that for once.

"Hey, Bells," Mike Newton said as he came over to our desk after he finished his project. I never liked him. He was a phony and a jackass. Plus, his hair was greasy. Did he not know how to take a bath? "How's it going?"

"Fine, Mike, how are you?" Bella asked politely, but she really wasn't that interested. You could tell by the look in her eyes. He, on the other hand, was drooling like a dog.

"Fine." He smiled that cheesy smile that just made me roll my eyes. "So, I was wondering if you'd like to go to Homecoming with me?"

*Wow, well, that was blunt.* I wondered if he realized that I was trying to burn a hole through his heart with my mind. I was, of course, invisible to him. Nothing new there.

"Nope. Thanks for asking though," Bella said right away. I almost laughed when Mike's jaw dropped open like a fish. Like no one would be able to turn down his good looks and charm.

"Why not?" He asked, rudely. Wow, he had zero tact.

"Because, I don't want to," she almost laughed meanly. "I was trying to be polite about it, but I can go into all the reasons why I wouldn't like to go to Homecoming with you. Would you like me to list them?" When he didn't say anything, Bella lifted up her hand, holding up a single finger. "One, you hump anything in a skirt. Two, you think anything in a skirt will let you. Three, I'm wearing jeans today."

Mike just turned around and walked away silently.

I barked out a laugh, covering my mouth quickly. "Wow," I chuckled out.

"What?" She asked with narrowed eyes.

"That was awesomely harsh. Thank you. Mike had that coming. He's a man whore," I explained with a cocky smile.

"Mike isn't my type. We went on a date once last year, and he put his hand under my dress. I stomped on his foot and slapped him. Apparently, he's forgotten about that already."

"No, he's just gone through everyone willing, and now he has to start back at the top," I said quietly. Jessica turned around and gave me a nasty look. When she turned back around, I whispered, "I bet she's next."

"I bet she says yes," Bella whispered back. I laughed, and she shrugged. "It's true."

I brought my head a bit closer to her and whispered in her ear in a low voice, "I love seeing you all... *harsh*. It's very... *appealing* for some reason."

As I pulled back, I realized that she shivered, her entire face flushed red as she stared at my lips. She licked her own, and I could tell exactly what she wanted. I wanted to kiss her, too.

I wanted to get up and dance on the table because she wanted me to do it to her and not Newton, one of the most popular guys in school.

She wanted me to kiss her.

*Take fucking that, Newton!*

I leaned in a little closer, going to try and sneak a kiss if I could when the bell rang. How was time flying so quickly? Maybe it knew I was having too much fun. Bella began to gather her things, so I did the same. Gym class was next.

*Great...*

"Um, so... I'll see you at lunch?" She asked hopefully, her eyes still dancing up and down from my eyes to my lips. I felt my cheeks heat and something else harden. I placed my binder in front of the strain, trying to hide it. I doubted I fooled her.

"Of course." I smiled, clearing my throat.

"I'll see you then," Bella said as she began to walk out of the room. She was gazing over her shoulder at me like she didn't want to take her eyes off of me for some reason. She stumbled a little bit over nothing before correcting herself. Her cheeks turned a bright shade, and she laughed nervously. "Bye..."

Wow. What just happened?

**Thanks for reading!**