

Computer Repair:

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Chapter Four:

I walked to gym class, contemplating what was up with Bella. She seemed flustered and flushed and just... *I don't know*. The way she looked at me was so... *I have no idea*. I had no experience, and I was working blind. All I knew was that it was good. Very good.

I didn't notice a thing as I walked to the gym, everything and everyone just blended together. My mind was consumed with thoughts of Bella as I stumbled into the locker room to get changed. I shoved my backpack into the locker that was mine, or at least I hoped it was mine, and began to change on autopilot.

"Hey, Edward!" My only real friend in school, Ben, called to me. This was the single class we had together, so I hadn't seen him any to tell him about my weekend. I wasn't really sure what I would have told him anyway. I wasn't one to kiss in tell. Or, well, I didn't think I was.

"Hey, man. How are you?" I said, yanking up my shorts.

"Awesome. Got a new game on Friday. Played it for thirty hours. Pissed my mom right the fuck off," he laughed. "Anyway, I heard some *rumors* about you. They're fucking crazy. Wanna hear them?" He asked, excitedly. Well, he certainly had my attention.

"What's that?" I smirked, pulling on my Spartans t-shirt. It was a little too big on me, but at least it was comfortable. I ran my fingers through my hair, rolling my head to pop my neck.

"Well, you know how you helped Bella this weekend, or you were supposed to, right?" He began cheerfully, already amused.

"Yeah." I rolled my eyes and sat down on the bench to put on my sneakers. I wished he would hurry up and get to the good parts. "What about it?"

"Well..." he said, drawing out the word. "I heard that you and Bella were a *thing* now."

"A *thing*? Really? And, who did you hear that from?" I asked, shutting the locker once

again and giving him my full attention finally. Ben was already dressed, so we began to walk towards the gym floor. We stood next to each other anyway because our names were so close together. It was handy. That was part of the reason we were friends. When you stand or sit, by a person for about eleven years, you get to know them.

"I overheard Jessica Stanley telling Mike Newton. She was being all sarcastic about it. Mike didn't believe it and said he was going to ask Bella to homecoming to prove that she was wrong. It was kinda funny. Jessica was trying to convince him that it was Bella that told her that. Told him that she said you were her boyfriend. She just *loves* to spread fake shit. Crazy, right?"

"Yeah, crazy," I smiled, feeling the heat fill my cheeks as I looked down at my feet. "Mike asked her in Bio."

"Oh, really? What did she say?" He asked with mild interest.

"She told him no," I said, fighting the urge to do a victory dance. Bella was my girlfriend. She told the biggest gossip in the school. Everyone would know it by the following day.

"Did she say why?" Ben asked, with his eyebrows raised up as he looked at me. I loved leading him along like this. *This is so much fun.*

"Well, she gave him a few. Including the fact that he's a complete dog, but that's not the *only* reason she told him no."

"And, what's the *other* reason, Edward?" He said with excitement in his voice. His only girlfriends were usually virtual ones so he could appreciate how awesome this actually was for me.

"Because, she's got a boyfriend obviously," I stated plainly, trying to not look at him when I said it. I had to fight to keep from jumping up and down like an excited little kid at Disney World. I sounded like a sap, but I didn't give a flying leap. I was happy.

"Oh, my god!" He shouted. "You've got to be *shitting* me! Are you serious?" I simply turned to him and raised one of my eyebrows. I gave him my best cocky smile that I didn't get to use very often. Well, when it came to women. Okay, maybe it was only for things involving computers or music. Maybe, martial arts, too. "Holy fuck, balls! How did you manage that?"

I laughed openly. "Damn good question. I'm wondering that myself. But I will tell you this... Bella is... she's just... ugh," I sighed in happiness. "She's *it*, man. She's just awesome. She's understanding and sweet and beautiful and... and... *everything*," I finished lamely.

How could I explain her goddess-like perfection to a mere mortal? *Fuck, I'm a sap.*

"You are so wrapped already, aren't you?" He snorted just as the teacher came in. He was like fifteen minutes late for his own class, not that I was surprised by that. The man already looked half in the bag, and it was barely noon.

"You wouldn't mind being wrapped around someone like Bella," I whispered, and his eyebrows shot up in surprise. I wiggled mine at him and grinned widely. Okay, I wouldn't kiss and tell but I sure as hell would hint about it to him. I earned that.

"Un-fucking-believable," he muttered, and I snorted. *You have no idea.*

"Class, line up!" The coach shouted, effectively ended our conversation.

The coach let us change fifteen minutes sooner than usual, which I was thankful for. He slunk back into his office, probably for another drink. I hopped into the shower, scrubbing myself down quickly. There was no way I was going to smell like sweat when I was going to have lunch with Bella.

"Bella Swan?" Ben accosted me as soon as I got out, standing by my locker. "Are you fucking serious?"

"What?" I demanded. "What about that is so unbelievable? The fact that I'm a total loser or she's the *hottest* girl in school?" I said in mock anger. Ben scoffed at me.

"The whole thing," he challenged.

"Yeah, it is, isn't it? But, doesn't make it any less true."

"I don't believe you for a second. Sorry," he said in a sarcastic voice. I sighed and nodded my head. I wouldn't believe me either.

"Don't blame you. But, what if I prove it to you?" I asked as I finished getting dress and running a comb through my hair. This was as good as it was going to get at that moment. It would have to do.

"And, how do you plan on doing that?" He asked, very seriously.

Instead of answering him, I picked up my bag and slung it over my shoulder, walking out of the locker room. He followed behind me just as the bell rang. It didn't take me long to spot Bella walking out of one of the hallways, talking to another cheerleader. I think her name was Angela, one of the ones Emmett said was alright. When she saw me, she instantly smiled.

I flicked my eyes over my shoulder to make sure Ben was watching. He was totally enraptured. It was good to know that I had his attention. I made my way out to Bella and offered

her my hand. Angela bid her a happy goodbye and left for the lunchroom so to leave Bella and me alone.

I liked Angela already.

"Hi." I smiled, standing closer to her. She took another step and was practically pressed against me. I could feel the heat rolling off of her sweet little body. "Would you be horribly offended if I kissed you hello?"

"No, but only if you promise to do it every time you say hello." Bella smiled with her large deep brown eyes shining up at me brightly. She somewhat reminded me of Scarlet from *Gone with the Wind*, the way she tilted her head up for a kiss with her chin jutting out. It was one of my mother's favorite movies, and she made us watch it with her at least once a year.

I leaned down and kissed her, no one else in the world existing or even mattering in the least. "Hi," I breathed, then pressed another kiss to her forehead. "Hello." Then another kiss to her nose. "Hi." And then finally a soft kiss on her lips. "Hola, novia."

Bella giggled, "hola, novio."

"Why am I always the last one to know?" I asked sarcastically as I wrapped an arm around her shoulder and began to lead her into the cafeteria. She giggled again, putting her arm around my waist. We walked past Ben, who looked like someone had just slapped him stupid. I grinned like the moron I was.

The whole cafeteria seemed to stop for a moment when we walked in, or at least it seemed that way to me. It started up again with a pop like everything was working in fast forward. Bella didn't even notice. "What would you like to eat?" She offered.

"Whatever you want is fine with me. I'm not picky." I shrugged, letting her lead me to the hamburger line. I placed a couple of hamburgers on the trays for us, along with some fries, an apple and a banana, and a couple of chocolate milk cartons. Bella seemed to approve, grabbing some veggies for the burgers along with other condiments. "Where do you want to sit?" I asked after I paid for the food.

"Come on. Over here," she said, practically dragging me over to the left side of the room. I knew exactly where she was taking us, and it scared the hell out of me.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked in a harsh whisper. She looked up at me, surprise. I cleared my throat, "Bella, I don't think your friends will be so accepting of me."

"Why? You're a great guy," she complained, standing still in the middle of the room. She seemed genuinely confused by my comment. Was she that blind to what I was? It was part of

the reason I liked her so much, but it could be *dangerous* for both of us.

“Be that as I may,” I said, trying very hard to hold back any nasty comments I may have had about myself at that moment, “I don't think they'll be so willing to find that out.”

“Don't be silly. Angela will love you,” Bella offered. I felt like asking her about the like fifteen other people at the table, but I wasn't going to argue with her any longer. I simply braced myself for the horror of what was about to come. “Hi. Scoot over a bit,” she said to Jessica, who sneered a little bit, but did as she asked. Every single person at the table looked at me in confusion except for Angela. “Guys, this is Edward... my boyfriend.”

Mike's eyes got huge. Tyler looked surprised, as well. Lauren, Tyler's girlfriend, made a little gagging noise. Jessica clicked her tongue like Bella had done something disgusting and should have been ashamed of herself. James, one of the other football players, looked totally amused and his girlfriend Victoria didn't even seem to notice. Angela reached over and shook my hand. “Hi, I'm Angela. It's nice to formally meet you. Don't we have trig together next hour?”

“Yeah, we do,” I offered with a shrug, trying to ignore the stares. Bella picked up a fry and nibbled on it absently as she watched me interact with one of her friends. It was the only decent one from what I could tell. “I think we have computers together, last hour as well.”

“Oh, yeah! That's right! Ugh, that class is so boring. Come on! Everyone knows how to type nowadays. Couldn't they teach us something more useful than that?” She said in annoyance, pushing around her salad with her fork. “I could type at like ten. It's rather insulting.”

I snorted and nodded. “Yeah, but they don't have the equipment to teach us anything useful. I've taken a few college level computer classes during the summers. There is a huge difference in what they're teaching us from high school to college..”

“Wow. You've already taken some college courses? Just computers or anything else?”

“Uh, no. I've taken some basic math and some basic English. It'll help me out some. You know, so I don't have to do the prereqs. I'll get my degree sooner,” I explained to Bella's friend. My girlfriend smiled slightly, taking a sip of her milk as she watched.

“Do you have a college you want to go to?” Bella asked, spreading ketchup on her burger. “I'm still looking.”

“I've already gotten a full ride to Dartmouth, as long as I maintain a three point nine, anyway. It shouldn't be a problem though,” I shrugged nervously.

“Why don't you hurry up and go there?” I heard someone mutter at the end of the table. Bella's eyes snapped to where the noise came from, her eyes narrowing on Mike. “What, Bells?”

Why are you with this freak?"

Well, that was brazen and rather out there. We were just talking like to mature human beings. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. They usually spoke behind my back, but I stepped into their area. I had it coming. Mike was never quiet about anything anyway.

"He is not a freak, Micheal. You're just jealous that he's already got a plan for the future. Maybe if you stopped smoking so much pot, you could get a B in some other class besides P.E.," Bella snapped at him. His eyes got a bit clouded and, I swear to god, he *growled*. What was he? A literal dog?

"Well, if I knew you were so desperate, I would have helped you out... Seriously? Can't get attention from anyone else?" He clapped back. I began to stand up to say something, but James, at the end of the table, stepped in for me.

"Hey, Mike..." He turned his head towards him in confusion. "Would you shut the fuck up? You're just mad because she's turned you down flat. Again. For the... What? How many times is it now? Like thirty? Get the fuck over it. Leave it be," James told him, his arm wrapping around Victoria who was paying more attention to her hair than to him.

"Whatever," Mike grunted, picking up his tray and stomping out of the room like a pouting child.

"I should go," I said hoarsely, picking up my tray. My new girlfriend grabbed my arm and looked up at me with sadness. "Bella, it's fine. Really. I knew this would be a bad idea. I don't mind. Enjoy your lunch."

I shrugged out of her grasp and threw the untouched food on my plate away. I wasn't hungry anyway. I began to leave when I felt a hand on my back. "Edward, wait? Please?" She asked quietly.

"Look, I'm not going to ruin your reputation. It's fine. I don't mind sitting with my brother and sister. It's cool."

"The hell it is!" She all but shouted. "Mike is a jackass. He's a nobody, and he knows it. That's why he dislikes you so much. He can already tell that you're going to outdo him in every possible way. He's going to be stuck in this backwash of a town while you're out there taking over the world. Don't let him bother you."

"How can I not?" I demanded of her. "How can I not let something like that bother me? Maybe he's right, Bella."

"No! He's not. You shouldn't let it bother you because... Because I care for *you* and I

want to be with *you*. How about tomorrow we just sit at our own table? That one is too crowded with assholes anyway.”

“I don’t know,” I said in a quiet sigh.

“We can sit with your brother and sister if you want. Or your friends? Maybe Angela could join us?” Bella offered, her hands running up and down my arm soothingly.

“I... I don’t know. What about them?” I asked, waving my hand over at the table where we were just sitting.

“Lauren is a stuck up bitch. Victoria is vapid as fuck. Jessica just likes to talk trash. Look, I don’t care about them. I care about you. Tomorrow can we, please?”

I nodded my head, swallowing back a lump in my throat. Bella was putting a lot on the line to be with me. I didn’t understand it. What did she see in me?

“You’re really serious about being my girlfriend,” I said in surprise, mostly to myself.

“I am. I wasn’t lying to you when I said I liked you. I’ve liked you for a very long time. Please. Can we try this? I don’t want to mess this up with you because of someone so stupid. You are worth more than three dozen of them. If not more, Edward.”

“Bella,” I breathed out her name and leaned down to kiss her, but the bell rang. It had perfect timing; it would seem. *Stupid thing*. Instead, I wrapped my arm around her waist and led her towards our next class together in silence. Math would be hard to concentrate on that day.

The rest of the day crept by far too slow for my pleasure. Bella couldn’t sit beside me in either class, which was probably a good thing. No work would have been done if she had. It was probably best for both of us. I was so glad when the last bell rang though, signaling the end of the day. I began to gather my stuff, shoving my notebook into my bag.

“If you have stuff you need to do after school I can walk home,” I heard Bella offer in a sad little soft voice.

“Even if I did have something to do right after school, I would never allow you to walk home in the rain,” I answered in return.

“Edward, look at me,” she said quietly. I glanced up and saw a sadness in her eyes that pulled at my stomach. I was making her upset. I hated myself for that. “Do you want to give me a ride? If not, I really do understand.”

I cupped her cheek and shook my head. “Of course I do. When we get to your house, I’ll

give you my number. That way if your truck breaks down again, you can call me. I'll give you a ride as well tomorrow."

"Okay." Bella smiled slightly as we began to walk to my ride. I opened the door for her, letting her slip gracefully inside. I got in quickly, bringing the car to life. "Mm, I like this song," she said in a quiet voice as the music changed.

"I do too," I offered with a smile, backing up and throwing the car into drive. I decided to go a bit slower than I had in the morning so as not to scare her. "Clair de Lune is one of my favorites. It's very relaxing."

"My mom used to play it in Phoenix," he said in a soft sigh. I didn't understand the noise. It was almost doleful and full of a kind of longing. It made me realize that I didn't know very much about my new girlfriend. I would have to change that very soon. I wanted to know everything about her.

"Why did you move up here?" I asked as we pulled into the driveway of her place. It was just about three thirty. I had a few minutes I could stay and talk to her.

"Long story." She smiled. "It involves baseball, my mom's new husband, and my childish mom. It's kind of stupid. Don't worry about it."

"It seems to bother you though," I said thoughtfully. "When you're ready to talk about it, will you with me?"

Bella gave me a little smile, unbuckling her seatbelt and sitting at an angle towards me. "Sure. One day. Do you want to come inside?"

"I'm afraid if I go inside I won't want leave... ever," I told her truthfully. "I have to go home around four though to pick up my stuff for later. I've got class tonight."

"Class?" She asked in confusion.

"Oh, yeah... Remember, I told you I was into martial arts? I've got a karate class tonight. I'm teaching at five, and then I've got a private lesson after that."

"You teach it?" She said in slight amazement. "Wow, that's really cool. Maybe you could teach me a thing or two?"

"I'd love to," I chuckled, "but the age I normally teach is slightly younger than you."

"What age is that?" She said with a scrunched up nose. I just wanted to kiss it. It was adorable.

“Oh, I have the nine and ten-year-olds. Mixed- girls and boys, though it's normally just girls it seems,” I explained with a fond smile. “They're a lot of fun. Though, it's rather embarrassing having your ass kicked by a gaggle of giggling ten-year-old girls.”

“Oh, I bet you let them win,” Bella grinned, leaning into me a little bit more with a cute expression on her face.

“Are you kidding me? Preteen girls are mean. They use claws and teeth,” I explained, making her laugh. She leaned in a bit more, kissing me on the chin before kissing my lips. I began to kiss her back, weaving my fingers into her hair. She hummed quietly and all but crawled into my lap. I groaned softly, loving the way she tasted. It was so sweet and sinful all at the same time.

“You know something? I like you a lot, Edward Cullen,” she said when she pulled away with a tiny half smile, brushing my hair out of my eyes.

“I like you a lot too, Isabella Swan,” I teased her back, pressing a kiss to her nose. “I wish I could spend the day with you.”

“Me too,” she said a bit sadly. “Oh yeah, I forgot... I wanted to ask you something. Do you have my panties?”

I instantly flushed. “Um...”

Bella laughed quietly. “I wondered where those went! I guess you didn't have anywhere to hide them after my dad came in.”

“Yeah. That and god, I love having them,” I all but moaned out in embarrassment. She giggled lightly, making me frown a little. She was teasing me.

“How about this? Those are one of my favorite pairs. I will get something more... *special*... and I'll trade you for them. I'll even model them for you. Give you a private show.”

Instant hard on. That what it was. **Instant**. A lot of things were happening instantly around Bella. I wasn't sure how I felt about that. It was embarrassing.

“Hell, yes! I mean.... yeah, that would be great,” I said, clearing my throat slightly.

She brought her fingers to the back of my neck, rubbing her fingers in a slow, soothing circle as she brought her lips up to my ear. “What's your favorite color, Edward?”

“B- b- bl- blue,” I stuttered out, a shudder ripping through my body.

"Blue it is." She smiled, kissing my ear before moving down to my neck. She glanced back at the clock and sighed. "It's almost four. I bet you have to get going, huh?"

"Yeah," I said regretfully, "but I can call you later if you want?"

"I'd love that," she smiled. "I have to call my mechanic anyway. I hope he can come down and fix this thing without too much trouble. I don't want to burden you."

"Burden me? Are you serious? I love being with you. I kind of like the idea of picking you up for school and dropping you off."

"Yeah, but I have cheerleading after school on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and then there are games on Friday," she said with a tiny frown.

"We'll figure something out," I told her, pressing a kiss to her forehead which progressed into a little firmer kiss on her lips. After about ten minutes of making out, she finally got out of the car and went up to her house. It was so tempting to just run in after her and make out for hours and hours. That's what the evil monster in my pants wanted.

I would have to beat him down later.

I sped home, probably going close to a hundred. As soon as I ran into the house, I heard singing...

"EDWARD'S GOT A BRAND NEW GIRLFRIEND!" I heard the words practically screamed at me, the thick southern drawl of Jasper mixed in with Emmett's idiotic and horrible singing. I put a hand over my eyes and sighed. Alice and Rosalie were laughing, leaning against each other.

"Shut the hell up," I shouted back at them.

"Oh come on, Eddie! This is fantastic!" Rosalie said happily. "Bella is an amazing girl. You need a girlfriend like her."

Of course, my mom would pick right then to walk in. "What? Edward and Bella are dating? Why didn't you tell me?!"

"I just got home!" I threw my arms up in the air. "Hell, I just found out today myself. Look, I've got to get ready for class."

I tried to make a run for the stairs, but my mother caught me by the arm. "Invite her over to dinner tomorrow. Rosalie's already coming. Jasper can come, too, and we'll make it a thing."

"No, Mom, I don't want a *thing!*" I complained. Then my mother began to pout. It was horrible. She went from being a forty-five-year-old woman to a three-year-old in less than ten seconds. "Don't do that face. That's not fair. No *things.* "

"I want to meet her!" She said, rocking on the soles of her feet.

"You'll want to meet her next week too," I said, wanting to put it off. I didn't want to scare off Bella already. She jutted out her bottom lip further. "Mom, come on now! Please?"

"Tomorrow. Dinner," she said firmly. There was no arguing with that face.

"Give it up, Edward. Just go with it. Jasper and Rosalie had to do it too," Emmett called from the living room. Then I heard snorting and laughter.

I had an evil family. Wicked, simply *wicked.*

"You are the worst brother ever!" I called loudly.

"You still love me, though. Come on, we're not that bad. Bella will love us," he called right back. "I promise I will be on my best behavior."

"Which isn't saying much," I mumbled. I sighed and nodded my head at my mother. "Fine, but only if she wants to. If she says no, then I am not pushing it. And you better make sure Dad and Emmett behave like human beings if she does. Humans."

"Cross my heart," Mom replied, running her fingers over her chest dramatically in the form of an X. All I could do was roll my eyes.

"I'm going to get ready for class," I sighed, shaking my head.

What the hell had I just gotten myself into?

I couldn't really think about it that long though because I had to get changed. I was running later than I normally liked to. I wanted to be there early to stretch out. I threw on my pants and a tank top, leaving my belt and my jacket in my bag with the rest of my equipment. After putting in some contacts, I slipped on my flip-flops and practically ran out the door. All I could hear from the living room as I left was the giggling of the girls as they planned out my doom the following night and Emmett and Jasper playing some sort of sports game.

I arrived with only five minutes to spare, most of my class already there. The kids were in a little circle, stretching their arms and legs. I kicked off my shoes and put on my jacket before tying my belt. I bowed to my Master who just smirked. "You're cutting it close there, Edward,"

Aro said with a slight smile. He was dressed in his black pants and belt, along with a tank top. His long thick black hair was tied back at the base of his neck.

If I didn't know Aro, I would have thought he was nothing but a skinny old hippie. But, I *did* know him, and I knew he could kick my ass if he wanted to. He had been in this racket a very long time, and he had a lot he could teach me.

"Yeah, I know. My mom was hassling me," I mumbled. He raised an eyebrow in question, and I just shook my head. "It's stupid. She's giddy over something. Trust me, you don't want to know."

He chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. He knew my mother pretty well since he and my dad were good buddies. "Are you going to stay for training after class tonight or has she recruited you into whatever she's planning yet?"

"Training, thank god. She'll do it soon though, I think."

"You poor, *poor* boy. I am so sorry," he said, patting my shoulder. He acted like I was going off to war instead of helping my mother make cookies or something like that. Aro was a bachelor through and through. I smiled and chuckled to myself as I walked onto the floor. My class was all girls that day and they all turned their attention to me, all of them smiling. It was nice to see them so excited to learn.

"Okay, everybody... line up!"

Thanks for reading!