

Computer Repair:

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Chapter Seven:

I felt like dancing. I felt like singing. I felt like screaming at the top of my lungs. I felt like doing about three dozen things all at once, and I wasn't sure which I wanted to do first. The day had been such a good one, and I hoped it was just going to get better from there. Bella was coming over. It *had* to be a good evening. I didn't care what my brother did or what my father said. Let them be idiots. As long as she was around, I was going to be fine.

I came humming into the living room, hanging up my messenger bag on the hook on the wall after leaving Bella at the school. I was greeted by the wonderful smell of baked goods. Just as I was about to run up the stairs, my mother came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on her filthy apron. I couldn't even begin to make out she was cooking by the mess she had made on it.

"Hi, Edward!" She called to me brightly, "you seem *chipper*."

"Yeah, I am," I chuckled stupidly. It was like I was stoned and yet hadn't smoke a thing.

"Well... that's *good*," Mom said slowly, kind of surprised by my attitude. "Bella still on for tonight?"

"Yup!" I smiled at her, walking up the stairs. Well, it was more like skipping like a moron but who really cared?

"Edward! Your shirt is all dirty. And you've got grass in your hair. Did you get in another fight?" She said in a shocked and worried voice once she took in my full appearance. *Oops, forgot about that...*

"No," I told her truthfully as I took the steps faster.

"What? Have you been rolling around in a pile of yard clippings, then?" She yelled after me. I knew she was being sarcastic, but I was having a hard time holding in my laughter. I lost that fight quickly.

I started giggling, the sound low and a little hysterical. "Something like that, Ma. I'm

going to take a shower, and then I'll come help, okay?"

"Okay," she said, a bit dazed and confused. Not that I could blame her. I wasn't acting like myself, that was for sure. I wouldn't have been surprised if Dad had another 'drug talk' with me in the next few days. Not that it would have ended up a serious one. It would have been more like my father asking me if I was a junkie, and then I would tell him *no*. Then he would say to me that if I were, I would have to share. Or perhaps he that he knew where to get the good stuff if I was interested, you know being a doctor and all. He was funny like that.

I took a quick shower, washing my hair, and scrubbing my body clean. There was a bunch of grass circling the drain, and I couldn't help but laugh when I saw it. No wonder Mom thought I was crazy. After that I got dressed, I didn't even bother with my hair. I started bounding down the stairs, going to help her with dinner as I had promised.

"Carlisle, it's just so amazing," she said to my father in the kitchen. Apparently, it was my week to listen in on conversations. I wondered just how many conversations they had listened in on. It was only fair, of course.

"What do you mean?" He asked distractedly as I heard the newspaper, or whatever it was, turn. It was the local paper, I was pretty sure.

"Edward, he's just- Oh, *Carlisle*. Honey, I don't think he's picked up one of his video games in five days. "

Okay, she shouldn't have been so amazed by that. I did have other hobbies. And it wasn't entirely true. I had played some. Just not as much.

"Really? Huh. Well, Bella seems good for him. I talked to Aro yesterday. He says he likes her a lot and that she seems to be really interested the boy as well," my father explained. I would have to talk to my teacher about keeping his mouth shut later. I would have to do that the next day as a matter of fact.

"I suppose so. I mean, muffins! He made this girl muffins!" Mom explained in a girly squeal that sounded like something from a bad romantic comedy. "How sweet is that?"

"What's sweet about that was that they were actually edible," he snarked. There was a sharp smack. "Ow. What?"

"You could do that now and again, you know. Would it kill you?" She snapped back at him. "Maybe you could take a lesson from your son."

"Well, you know, *darling*, there are things that I can do instead..." I heard him trail off in that nasty seductive voice he liked to use on her. I would have to put that to an end.

I came stomping into the kitchen loudly, my mother in his arms. "Can we break up the love fest? Seriously. Virgin eyes around. Please don't scare the children."

She smirked, slapping at me with her kitchen towel. Dad chuckled, leaning down and burying his face in my mother's stomach. He started making playful, gnawing noises until Mom squealed. Then she began to whack him in the head with the towel. They were a bizarre couple, but at least they were happy. Not a lot of people could say that.

"Get out of my kitchen. I've got to cook," she ordered him when she backed away, pointing at the den.

"Yes, ma'am," he saluted, glad to get away. He wasn't the best cook in the world. I wouldn't want him making muffins for me, that's for sure. The only thing I would trust him for is to order pizza or Chinese.

"Don't get too comfortable," she shouted at him. "You'll be starting the grill very very soon, young man."

"Ah, how you flatter me so," he called in a thick British accent, waving his hand over his shoulder. Mom huffed before turning her attention to me.

"What can I do to help?" I offered with a slight smile. I was trying to be as good as possible. This was for my girlfriend after all, even though I didn't really want to. But, I figured if I were any kind of bad right then it would come back to bite me in the ass sooner rather than later.

It is never a bad idea to suck up to your mother if you have the chance...

Mom bit her lip as she thought, then glanced at the clock. It was just then four in the afternoon. "Those hens on the countertop, the ones that have already been prepared, need to be put in the brine. There is a bucket for that underneath the island. Get that for me," she instructed, picking up a few things and hulking them over to the counter.

I did as she asked, not sure what to do next. "Now, what?"

"Fill it about two-thirds way full with cool water," she said distractedly, pouring what looked like pink salt and red peppercorns into a bowl after measuring it. By the time I brought the water back over, she had added something that looked like seeds and something that looked like one of the ferns outside. I wasn't going to ask, though. I learned to trust my mother's cooking at a young age. "Bring it over here and get me a big spoon."

I put the bucket in front of her and then went to go get a large wooden spoon to stir. She

poured the bowl of stuff inside of it and started to mix slowly. Mom then took the mini-chickens from the other counter and put them inside the water. "Remind me to take those out in an hour, okay?" She asked.

"Of course," I smiled at her. "Oh, and Mom?"

"Yes, baby?" She said as she went over to the sink to wash her hands. I came to stand beside her and placed a soft kiss on the top of her head. I was probably a full foot and a half taller than her when she wasn't wearing her heels.

"Thanks for this."

Mom looked up at me slowly, looking somewhat dazed once again before she smiled sweetly. "You're very welcome."

Emmett, Jasper, Alice, and I waited impatiently in the living room for Rosalie and Bella. I knew they got done with practice around five o'clock, but Rosalie always arrived by around six. I knew they would want to shower and change before coming over. Emmett and Jasper played some football game that I totally didn't understand while Alice and I played chess. My mom had waved me out of the kitchen not thirty minutes after she put the chicken in the water, claiming that I asked too many strange questions and then ordered my father to start up the grill. The smell of poultry was just starting to perfume the air. My stomach growled loudly, demanding food.

"So, you got home fast this afternoon," Alice said conversationally as she moved her white knight to take my black pawn. She was walking perfectly into my plan.

"Oh, did I?" I asked, not really looking at her as I did so. I moved my bishop to take her rook, which was left open by moving the knight earlier.

"Yes, you beat me by a full twenty minutes at least," she answered, taking the bishop with another knight. Her king was almost totally open. It was only a matter of two more moves, and the game would be over.

"Hm," I mumbled, moving my own knight.

"Want to tell me why?" She smiled at me knowingly. Damn her and that face. Why did she have to pretend she knew everything?

"Nope, not really," I answered back with a smirk before waving my hand at the board. It was still her turn.

"Ah huh," she laughed, moving her queen nearly across the whole board. "Check and

mate," she answered as she stood, flicking her tiny finger over the little marble piece.

What the hell just happened? I growled in my head. I frowned, replaying the game in my head. She totally got me. That was rare, but it still happened. It frustrated me, though. I swear she could see my moves before I made them sometimes.

I was about to ask how she did it and what strategy she used when the doorbell rang. I jumped up from my seat a little too fast, bumping the chess board and knocking down most of the pieces. Both Jasper and Emmett started laughing.

"A little excited there, Ed?" Jasper asked with a smile.

"A tad," I told him truthfully.

"I don't blame you," he whispered as I passed by. "She's hot." Alice smacked him on the shoulder with a deep frown on her face. With her tiny fists on her waist, she looked so fierce. "What?" He asked.

"Behave," she mumbled to him.

I rolled my eyes at the displaying, walking towards the front door. My mother was waiting for me there, which frightened me slightly. She waved at the door, wanting me to answer it.

And there stood Bella.

She was all I could see. She was my entire world for that long second.

Rosalie walked past me, mumbling a hello that I didn't answer. I heard some talking around me, but I couldn't make out any of it. It was just *Bella*. She was standing there in the cutest little tights and a long baby blue tunic that went to her thighs. Her hair was French braided, tiny little curls and wisps of hair coming free from the hold around her neck and ears. Silver hoop earrings dangled from her ears, drawing my eyes to her neck which I so desperately wanted to kiss.

Parents. There are parents around.

"Edward," Bella smiled, biting her bottom lip as she looked at me from underneath those long curly eyelashes.

"Bella," I replied back, smiling like a total and utter idiot.

"*Edward*, well, aren't you going to invite the girl in?" My mother called behind me, pulling me out of my fog.

"Oh, Jesus, yes. Please, come in," I said, stepping aside so she could move past me. Mom almost instantly pounced.

"Hello! You must be Bella! I am so excited to meet you!" She gushed, wrapping her arms around the poor girl. She looked like a deer in headlights at being squeezed by the random crazy woman.

"Mom," I muttered in embarrassment, pinching the bridge of my nose.

She ignored me, stepping back but leaving her hands on Bella's forearms. "You are such a pretty girl! Oh, where are my manners? I'm Esme, and this is my husband, Carlisle."

"Mrs. Cullen, Dr. Cullen, it's so nice to meet you and to see you again," my girlfriend offered with a warm and casual smile. She glanced back at me, her smile brightening slightly.

"Please, honey. Call us Carlisle and Esme," my father said as he took her hand. Much to my horror, he brought it up to his lips and kissed it. I glanced over at my brother and sister who were trying to hold in snickers. Rosalie was actually pressing her lips together and closing her eyes in an effort to hold in her laughter.

"Of course, if you insist," Bella said, stepping back by my side. I was wondering at what part of the evening I could take her and hide up in my room alone. I had a strong feeling though that wasn't happening anytime soon though. "Something smells wonderful. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Oh, no, dear! You're a guest!" My mom assured her. "Edward, Emmett, why don't you two get the girl's something to drink? Dinner will be in about ten minutes."

I nodded my head and pressed my palm against the small of her back to guide her towards the dining room. We already had a couple of types of drinks set up in there. When I was pretty sure I was out of hearing range of my parents, I leaned down and whispered, "hi," into Bella's ear before pressing a kiss to her temple.

She turned her head up towards me and gave me a gentle smile, running her fingers over my cheek before leaning up on her tiptoes. With soft sweet lips, she pressed a kiss to my jaw. "Hi," she said in return.

I heard a girlish squeal behind me, and I turned just in time to see my father pushing Mom into the kitchen. I sighed, pinching the bridge of my nose once again. "You aren't too overwhelmed?" I asked as I grabbed a cup full of ice for her. She pointed to the pitcher of lemonade, and I poured her some.

"No, it's kind of sweet actually. Your parents seem really nice," Bella answered as she took the glass from my grip. Rosalie came with Emmett trailing behind. He had lipstick all over his mouth, Rosalie most likely kissing him senseless. That probably didn't take very long.

"Em, you got a little something right here," I said, making a circling motion with my finger over my entire face. He rolled his eyes, grabbing a napkin from the table. Rosalie snatched it from him and began to wipe off his face like she was his mother and not his lover. I leaned into Bella really close and whispered in her ear, "I bet you a dollar she licks her thumb and wipes the corner of his mouth."

"That's not a bet I'm taking," she said ruefully.

I chuckled and began to lead her into the living room. Just as we were out of the room, I heard my brother exclaimed, "oh, gross! Rosie, did you have to do that?" We both laughed.

We cuddled up on the couch while Jasper and Alice flipped through TV channels. Dinner was smelling so good right then. I think Bella would agree with that because I heard her stomach growl loudly. I chuckled as she blushed with embarrassment, running my fingers over her cloth covered stomach. "Do I need to get you something to eat now?" I asked playfully.

"Apparently so," she muttered through her hands as she rubbed her face. I pulled her hands away and softly kissed her lips.

"Don't be embarrassed. You've worked up an appetite today. I'm pretty hungry myself. Oh, and speaking of getting you food, I wanted to ask you something."

Bella wrapped an arm around my waist, leaning her head against my shoulder as she pulled her legs underneath her. "What's that?"

"Would you like to go out with me on Friday?" I said in a quiet voice. She pulled back slightly, looking at me a bit confused for a second.

"There is a pre-season game on Friday," she frowned slightly, biting her bottom lip.

"Oh," I said even more quietly. "Nevermind, then."

"No, no. I want to. Let me think for a minute," she said, bringing her finger up and closing her eyes while scrunching her nose. It was all very adorable. "The game starts at six so it should end by nine, maybe a little sooner. So, maybe you can go to the game, and we can leave directly from there and go to Port Angeles?"

I nodded my head, pursing my lips. "What can we do there, though?"

“Well, we can grab a quick bite to eat then go to a late movie,” she began before turning around. I hadn’t even realized that my parents had been standing there. I was far too focused on Bella. “I mean if you don’t mind if I keep him out that late.”

“No!” My mom said excitedly. “You two have a good time. It sounds like fun.”

“What movie do you want to see?” Dad asked conversationally after my mother told us the food was ready. We all got up and started to head into the dining room where Emmett and Rosalie were already sitting. Everything was on the table, and my brother already started to fill his plate. Rosalie was trying to be polite, but she was eying her favorite potato salad.

“Well, I wanted to see that new Tarantino movie. I mean, if that’s okay with Edward? I’m not picky.” She looked over at me expectantly.

It’s something I had wanted to see, too. Knowing we had similar tastes in movies made me feel like I had just fallen in love with her a little bit more.

Wait, love?

I blinked my eyes, trying to concentrate on what Bella had just said and not that I said I was in love with her. The phrase was blinking like a neon light in my head, but I quickly shook it away. I would have to deal with it later. “That sounds amazing. You don’t think your dad will mind you being out that late?”

“No, he works. He wants me to have a life.” She shrugged her shoulders delicately. Bella then licked her lips slowly as she looked down at the table. “Um, so... wow. There is a lot of food here.”

“Mom goes a little overboard,” Emmett chuckled, his face covered in barbecue sauce already.

“Shut up,” Mom answered him quietly in a defensive voice before clearing her throat and turning her attention towards my girlfriend. “So, we’ve got Filet Mignon, grilled barbecue game hens, or grilled salmon for your choice of meat. There is potato salad, slaw, sweet honey baked beans. Um, what else...” She looked over the table to see what she forgot. “Oh! And cornbread with honey pecan butter. And for dessert-”

“Hey, Mom?” I called with a slight smile.

“Yes, darling?”

“Why don’t we get to dessert later before the food gets cold?”

Dad snorted but then masked it with a cough. She was not fooled and sent him a nasty glare. "Sorry," she apologized to Bella. "I just get a bit excited."

"No! You should be! This is a wonderful meal! Everything smells so good," she giggled softly. "I'm a little worried that I'll overeat and end up looking like a pig. I want to try everything!"

"Rosalie eats enough for three people. Feel free to," I whispered loudly. Rose smirked and threw a piece of ice at me. I grabbed it midair and popped it into my mouth with a smile. "Mm, refreshing." She rolled her eyes but smirked.

Dinner was a flurry of talking, eating, and joking. Bella and I should have just shared one big plate because we were picking stuff off of each others. She would try a bite of steak off of mine, and then three more before I tried her fish. It was easy to see that both of my parents loved my new girlfriend, and she liked them as well. Actually, everyone got along really well. It was all so natural. I didn't feel worried. I didn't feel like I had to be anyone else, for once.

I felt like I was home. I mean, complete at home. I had everything I would ever need in this world right there around me. My friends, my family, my girl, and delicious food in a safe and comfortable space.

My mother brought out three desserts. A caramel flan, chocolate cake, and mini strawberry tarts. Once again, we should have just gotten a big plate and shared. It would have been easier that way. But, we did at least share a glass of milk. By the time dinner was done, Bella had her legs across my lap and had turned completely towards me.

"Ugh... I am so full. Mrs. Cullen, I need all your recipes if your cooking is always this good," she said, her hand on her stomach.

Mom laughed happily, her cheeks flushing slightly at the compliment. "Thank you, dear! I would love to give them to you, but only if you promise one thing."

"What's that?"

She gave her a warm smile. "If you promise to call me Esme."

"Okay, *Esme*." Bella smiled slightly. "What can I do to help you get cleaned up?"

"Please! You guys go on! Hang out! I've got this," she said as she shoed us away. Dad stood up as well. "Where do you think you're going, Dr. Cullen?"

He pouted out his bottom lip. "I guess I can't go hang out too?"

"What do you think?" She asked in a sarcastic voice as she snapped a set of tongs in his

direction. He threw a dirty napkin at her, and she laughed loudly. I decided to pull Bella away from the line of fire before it turned into a makeout session between the paternal units. Because that's where it was headed.

"So..." Emmett said, dancing around excitedly like a little kid on Mountain Dew and Pixy Stix. "Lets, rock!"

"Ugh, you always want to do that," I complained from the couch. Bella sat beside me, pulling her legs underneath her once again. "What year is it again? 2005?"

"Shut up, you baby. You're just mad because I'm the most awesometastic at it," he stated as he flicked on the TV.

"First, awesometastic is not the word. That sentence is all kinds of wrong, babe. Hate to tell you that," my girlfriend started in a hilariously sarcastic voice, "and two, what in the world are you guys talking about?"

"Guitar Hero!" My brother cried, doing terrible air guitar as he did so.

Rosalie leaned over slowly and whispered loudly, "I'm so sorry. He's had too much sugar. This is his favorite game."

Emmett glared at her, but Jasper decided to step in before he said anything stupid. He knew his best friend too well and knew that it would probably end up to those two fighting before making out. Nobody wanted that visual. "Have you ever played, darlin?" He drawled in his thick southern accent. He could melt butter with it, and most girls just oozed. But not Bella.

She looked at me nervously, biting her bottom lip carefully between her white and very straight teeth. *Man, I like way too many parts of her*, I thought to myself, but I couldn't help it. "Um, I think I'm just going to watch for a while if that's okay?"

"That's more than fine with me," I assured her. "I don't want to play that much myself."

"You will play me, bitch! I challenge you!" Emmett cried stupidly. Jasper snorted, and Rose rolled her eyes as Alice clicked her tongue. Talk about an ego that was trying to inflate itself. He knew he always lost to me. I don't know why he ever bothered even really trying. Rosalie was going to have to spend the rest of the night letting him win to stroke his ego.

I looked over at Bella and sighed. She just smiled. "Play for me?"

"Sure," I nodded my head thoughtfully. "Fine," I told Emmett in a grunt. "But, I get to pick the song."

“Fine, whatever. It doesn't matter. I'm still going to beat you,” he said to pump himself up. I rolled my eyes and stood, grabbing my favorite black guitar controller and turning the game on. Emmett took the white one that was covered in stickers, hopping in place like a maniac.

This is going to be interesting.

I scrolled down the list, looking for the perfect song. I smiled to myself as I selected it. Stellar, *perfect*.

I knew this song by heart anyway. I could have played it with my eyes closed on the game. I looked over at Emmett, who was biting his tongue in concentration as he waited for the song to begin. When it did, Jasper snorted.

“Oh, this song has *no* meaning *whatsoever*. It's not directed towards anyone,” he said sarcastically.

I flipped him off quickly before beginning to kick Emmett ass. Like Emmett even had a chance on expert. He needed to practice up a bit more on medium or hard before he challenged me again.

Alice and Rosalie started singing along behind us, making me laugh. Bella giggled, starting to sing along with them as well even though she didn't know the words very well. We had all heard these songs a million times Emmett played it so much.

“Fuckity, fuck... shit... shit...shit...” He muttered to himself over and over again as he missed like every third or fourth note.

“Make me feel like you do... How do you do it... It's better than I ever knew...” I heard Bella sing behind me, and my grin grew as blood filled my cheeks.

I did the star power, throwing my score well over double that of Emmett's. It didn't help that I hadn't missed a single note either.

Okay, I'll admit it... I was showing off for Bella. Everyone knew it, and if they said a single word about it, I would beat them all the hell up.

I began to mouth the words towards the end of the song, really getting into it. *“You are stellar... How do you do it? Make me feel like I do. How do you do it? It's better than I ever knew...”*

The song ended, and Emmett muttered fuck again before putting his guitar down and sulking over to the couch. Rosalie sat beside him, whispering something in his ear which made him smile. He nodded his head, and she giggled before kissing his nose. I took my own

controller off, fighting the urge to gloat and passed it off to Alice and Jasper who played next.

“That was amazing,” Bella whispered to me, snuggling into my side with her arm draped over my stomach.

“Okay, remind me to actually play the guitar or the piano for you sometime? That’s far more impressive than pressing buttons,” I teased her, lightly pressing a kiss to her nose. She smiled up at me, her big brown eyes shining. “Can I kiss you?” I asked suddenly, the words just tumbling from my mouth.

“God, yes. Please do,” she answered back, leaning up quickly and pressing her lips to mine. I gathered her up in my arms as her fingers dragged over either side of my jaw.

We kissed like it would be our last. Passionate and full of emotion, soft and slow but with so much urgency right below the surface.

My tongue was halfway in her mouth when I realized that we had a crowd around us... and they were clapping wildly and loudly like jackasses. I pulled back, beet red. Bella looked down shyly, just as red as me.

“I didn’t know Eddie had it in him,” Jasper snorted, looking back at us from his position by the television with Alice, who was also staring slack-jawed.

“It’s always the quiet ones,” Rosalie waved off his comment, winking over at my blushing girlfriend. “He’s had it building for a while. *Right*, Bella?”

“Oh, my god,” I muttered in embarrassment as my family continued their teasing banter. I buried my face in her neck, hiding it from them. She started to giggle, holding me close to her.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” she whispered in my ear, her lips brushing against the lobe. It felt so good. “Let them say what they want to. I’ll deal with them.”

“And, how do you plan on doing that?” I asked into her skin. I felt her shiver against me.

“Watch and learn...” she instructed. My girlfriend pulled back, looking very seriously at everyone. “Shut the hell up and play your damn game.”

Jasper snorted again and rolled his eyes before turning back to the screen. Emmett and Rosalie were already distracted by each other. I chuckled, getting more into a position so that I was holding her instead of the other way around. Bella settled into my side.

“So, it’s that easy for you, is it?” I asked.

“Yes, sir, it is,” she said with a yawn. Her head went to my shoulder, her hand resting on my stomach. Her fingers curled slowly, very gently scratching over my abs.

“Tired?” I asked, feeling my own yawn come on.

“Very,” she yawned again.

I pulled the blanket from the back of the couch and wrapped us both up. Resting my head on top of hers, I closed my eyes. The length and the activity of the day came crashing down on me. It was amazing how quickly I fell asleep, but I felt so safe and warm with Bella by my side. She just fit right there perfectly, at my side. Even if we were on the couch, I don't think I had ever been so comfortable before in my life.

I wasn't really sure how long we slept for, wrapped up in each other's arms. But, when I opened my eyes when I felt the tapping on my shoulder, I realized that it was dark in the living room. I sucked in a deep breath, rubbing my hand over my face roughly. I felt a pleasant weight against my shoulder and realized that Bella was still dead sleep, her face totally peaceful. I smiled at the sight.

Then there was that tapping again.

“Edward, honey,” my mom whispered quietly. “Edward, wake up.”

“I'm awake,” I said rather drunkenly.

“I'm sorry. I hate to do it when you look so comfortable, but it's almost ten thirty. I'm sure Bella needs to get on home or at least call, so she doesn't worry her father,” she explained, actually looking apologetic about having to do it. I smiled up at her.

“Yeah. Thanks, Mom. We didn't mean to fall asleep. I think we both got up early and after so much good food... And, we're just so comfortable. You know how it is,” I said, rubbing some of the sleep out of my eyes. I honestly felt a little heavy with it. I wanted nothing more than to curl up and go back to sleep with Bella. But, in my bed and completely nude. *I wonder if we can ever arrange that...*

“Alright, sweetie. I'm heading up to bed. I'll see you in the morning,” she said, rubbing her hand through my hair affectionately. She left me alone to wake up Bella. I was grateful for that.

“Love,” I whispered quietly as I pressed a kiss to her forehead. She hummed softly, curling up against me even more. “Love, it's after ten. We need to wake up so we can get you home.”

"I don't want to go home," she mumbled in her sleepiness. "I want to stay here with you. I don't want to be alone."

"I don't think your father will like you sleeping with some loser he doesn't know," I teased her, pushing her hair behind her ear.

"Can I see you tomorrow afternoon?" She asked with such large sad eyes that my heart broke a little bit for her. She was really sad to be leaving.

"I have two classes to teach tomorrow, and then I have a private lesson," I explained to her, hating myself as I did so. "Thursday, maybe?"

"I've got cheer in the afternoon, but we can see each other in the early evening if you want to? If you want, you can come over to my place and have dinner. My father will be working late again."

"That would be fantastic," I whispered against her forehead before leaning down to kiss her soft and warm lips. Her fingers worked their way into my hair, tugging it so gently that small shivers ran up and down my spine. Placing both hands on the small of her back, I brought her closer to me. After a few minutes, I finally had to pull away. "Come on, before I haul you over my shoulder like a caveman and take you up to my room."

"What if I want that?" She asked in an innocent voice even if the words totally weren't.

I groaned softly, "woman, you tease me so..."

Bella stood slowly, grabbing my hand and tugging me upward. "It's not a tease. I would love nothing more than for you to do that right now. But I think your parents would mind. And my father would get mad if I got home after him."

We walked to her truck in silence after that, hand in hand. The moonlight floated over her skin, kissing it with the lightest of glow. I could see her eyes shining up at me as her fingers traced my jaw with sweet gentleness. My thoughts of love earlier struck me again, and before I could say anything stupid like declaring my undying love for her, I kissed her.

Her hand settled on my fast beating heart as she pulled away. Bella looked like she wanted to say something more, but instead, all she said was, "goodnight, Edward."

"Goodnight, my love," I whispered as she drove away.