

Computer Repair:

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Chapter Eight

Bella greeted me that morning sleepily with a firm kiss on the lips. I held her against me, her back against my chest with my arms draped over her shoulders as we waited for the bell to ring. I was surprised neither one of us fell asleep at the rate we were going. I actually think I was nodding off at one point. She gave me a soft kiss on the jaw before walking off to her classroom with a slight smile on her face just before I fell completely asleep.

She didn't know how beautiful she was, even when she was tired.

At lunch again, we sat together as a group. Ben and Angela did the same thing they did the day before. They just stared at each other with big stupid grins on their faces. I think even Emmett noticed. It was kind of impossible not to. I reminded myself once again to ask him what the hell was going on. It would have been kind of nice if they got together. I wouldn't feel like such a stranger in a strange land.

After school, Bella walked me to my car while holding my hand. Just before I had to leave, she kissed the hell out of me. And I mean that in the best possible way. It was spectacular. I loved her lips. The way they felt against mine was like magic. I had never felt anything better in my life before. I wondered if she knew she had this magical power. Because that's precisely what it was. It was *power*. She could lord it over me anytime she wanted though.

But, because of the sensational kiss, I had to rush home to get changed for karate. I wanted to take Bella out somewhere nice maybe later on during the weekend, or the weekend after that. And besides that, I wanted to save up some money for her birthday. I was considering taking her up to Canada for the weekend if her father would allow me. We could stay in a charming bed and breakfast for a night and just... *be*. I doubted it, though. It was a nice thought though.

I was sounding more and more like a sap by the hour.

I didn't mind in the least though. Not if it made Bella happy.

Aro greeted me with a huge smile when I got to the karate school. "Hey, my man... How's it hanging?"

"Good, besides the fact that you talked to my dad," I sassed him, throwing my stuff in the corner of the room. The class, which was mainly girls and one lone boy, was already stretching. It was mostly higher belts that day, and they knew what they were doing. I would have a few minutes to talk to my teacher.

"Did you expect anything less?" He laughed as he crossed his arms over his chest. "Honestly, Edward, we've been friends since before you were born. What am I supposed to do? Omit the fact that I caught his extremely shy son making out with a gorgeous and apparently very flexible cheerleader? *Hello*, I'd be shouting that from the rooftops if I were you."

"So glad I'm not you," I muttered under my breath as I threw off my shoes.

"He's just happy you've found someone that you connect with, Ed," Aro said earnestly. I was surprised he had a serious mode. It was something I rarely saw in him.

"I'm happy about that, too," I answered back as I straightened my belt.

"Well, it doesn't hurt that she's smoking hot either, by the way. That girl has got a nice ra-"

"Finish that sentence, and I will stomp you into the ground," I warned him. "Don't look at my girl's anything, you perv."

Aro started laughing again, patting me on the shoulder. "Protective already. You make for good boyfriend material. Well, Romeo, go attend to your class. You've got a busy day ahead of you."

That was the truth.

Three hours later, I was dead tired. I wanted nothing more than to get showered and eat something, then perhaps melt into a chair and not move for a little while. I would, for sure, go to bed early that night. There wasn't going to be another choice besides that one.

I grabbed some fast food on my way home, opting to eat in my room because I didn't want to offend anybody with my sweaty stench. The house was pretty quiet, which was nice. Only Jasper and Alice seemed to be around, and they were doing their homework. My parents went out to dinner alone, wanting a romantic evening. I couldn't blame them for it. It seemed like a good idea to me, too.

I ate my chicken nuggets, bacon cheeseburger, fries, and chocolate frosty in my room quickly. I was just glad to have something in my stomach. I probably ate too much, but I really didn't care. It was just all so good and greasy.

You can't eat game hen and grilled salmon all the time.

When my fingers were good and covered in salt, I decided to take a shower. A relaxing bath sounded better, but that would take more work and time, and I was fading pretty quickly at that point. I was so glad that I had already gotten my homework done, otherwise, it wouldn't have happened.

I showered, scrubbing all the grime from my body. I think at one point I actually fell asleep against the wall because after what only seemed like a couple of minutes the water turned to ice, waking my ass up.

"I shouldn't be this tired," I mumbled to myself as brushed my teeth. I even had circles underneath my eyes. Leaving my glasses in the bathroom, I wandered back into my room to search for some sleep pants.

I was bent over in the nude, shifting through my bottom drawer when my phone vibrates loudly. I almost jumped out of my skin. It was like I had been caught doing something really bad, not looking for clothes in my own room.

When I picked up the phone to see the text, I smiled.

"Is it sad that I already miss you?"

"It's not sad at all. I miss you, too. I can't wait to see you in the morning," I typed back quickly.

The reply was almost instant. *"I can't wait to be with you alone tomorrow night."*

I shivered. Well, I would have to take care of a personal problem before I went to bed. I was too easy. Did she know what she did to me?

Wow, I had been thinking that a lot lately.

Well, two could play that game. Or, at least, I could try to play that game. I would probably lose. *"I promise that it will be a great night, my love. For both of us."*

I think the next reply was even faster. I wasn't sure how that was even possible. *"You are a cruel, cruel man, Edward Cullen. You shouldn't tease me so."*

"It's not teasing, it's a promise," I wrote back.

"Perhaps I need to go on to bed then. Need to make sure I have enough energy for

whatever you're planning to do to me. Goodnight, Edward! ;)"

I smiled back happily at the message. "Goodnight, love," I typed back.

After our little bit of texting, I felt more awake and it was frustrating. Truthfully, I wanted to go to bed and dream about her, but that looked like it wasn't going to happen right away. So, I decided to do something I hadn't done much of in a few days.

Play a game.

It wasn't anything hard. Just a simple turn-based strategy game. I wasn't in the mood to play Fortnite. That would take too much effort. I just wanted to mellow out for a while. So, with a plate of cookies and a glass of milk by my side, I played Civilization for about an hour before finally deciding to call it quits. I was starting to just stare at the screen, and that was never a good thing.

I climbed into bed, pulling Bella's panties from underneath my pillow again. But, when I looked at them, I didn't get aroused. Well, okay, that was a lie. I did. But I felt more than that. I missed her. I wanted to be with her. I wanted to love her like she deserved to be.

Love. There was that word again.

I fell asleep holding them in my hand, wishing I was holding her instead.

I was eager to see Bella the following morning. So much so that as soon as I saw her, I kissed her wildly on the lips. She laughed against them, throwing her arms around my neck. "Someone is enthusiastic this morning," she teased quietly.

"You have no idea," I told her truthfully, running my fingers through her hair gently. She hummed in pleasure, leaning her head back. I brought my lips to her ear and whispered quietly, "I fell asleep last night thinking about what it would be like to hold you in my arms, cuddling you close all night long."

Bella's eyes opened slowly, and she blinked, biting her bottom lip. "Really?"

"Is that a bad thing?" I asked quickly. "I'm sorry. I'm probably moving too fast."

"No! Not at all! That's such a nice idea. I wish we could," she answered as she leaned her head against my chest, her arms around my waist.

"Maybe we can soon. Maybe for your birthday," I answered, speaking against the top of her head. Bella nodded her head against me, speaking into my chest.

“I would love that.”

“Consider it done then,” I said just before I kissed her forehead. I would just have to find a way to make it happen.

The day had never dragged on like that before. I mean *ever*. Time must have known that all I wanted to do was see Bella that night. It was torturing me for some unknown reason. I didn't know what I had ever done to it, that was for sure. But finally, by some miracle, the day ended, and I left Bella with a kiss at the gym doors.

“So, tonight then?” She asked shyly before I left, giving me a rueful grin that could have made me do anything she asked. “Around six thirty?”

“Six thirty on the dot, I promise,” I said, giving her a quick hug. I knew she had to go. I kind of wished I could have stayed and watched her but I knew I would be nervous if I did. My dad said cheerleading was dangerous. I didn't know what I would do with myself if I had to watch her do all those stunts and possibly mess up. Hopefully, they wouldn't do anything too risky at the game.

When I got to the car, there was a note on the windshield, surprising me. I picked up the folded up piece of notebook paper and read it quickly. *“Just to let you know, you'll need to bring those panties tonight if you want to exchange them. ;) You might also want to pick up some other items while you're at it.*

Love,

Bella”

I flushed a bright fire engine red and smiled like a horny moron. How the hell did she even do that? When did she have time to put the note on my car window? I would have to ask her later. I couldn't believe how adventurous she was being.

“What do you got there, Romeo?” Jasper asked from behind me, making me jump a mile high. I placed my hand over my heart, willing it to calm down. “Sorry,” he snickered.

“Um, a note from Bella,” I answered back. Before I could fold it up and put it away, it was out of my hands. “Shit! No!”

“Oh, my god...” Jasper breathed and then whistled. “Very nice. What does she mean *exchange*?”

“I could give you the dictionary definition of it if you'd like,” I answered back quickly, ripping it from his fingers before my sister could see it. There was no telling when she would pop

up. "To trade one item for another."

"So, it would figure that she perhaps has something of yours that she'd like to trade you for. Something of equal value? Perhaps another pair of roos?" He teased, leaning against the side of his truck. "Yours, perhaps?"

"No." I shoved the note into my pocket. "I, um, ended up with her panties in my pocket after we almost got caught going at it in her living room. I've kinda kept them since then. She likes that particular pair though and offered to trade me a pair in my favorite color."

"Hopefully, you'll be able to retrieve them after they've been on her body," he said as he wiggled his eyebrows. I flushed an even brighter shade and pinched the bridge of my nose. "Hey! There is nothing to be ashamed of. Bella is a beautiful girl. I'm surprised you haven't been shouting it from the rooftops. Does Emmett know?"

Everybody and their damn rooftops!

"He walked in on us," I mumbled, rubbing the back of my neck. Jasper burst into laughter. "Do you know how embarrassing that was?" I asked of him. "Your dumbass big brother walking in on you losing your V card?"

"I'm surprised he hasn't told everyone yet," he continued to laugh, giving me a small smile. "Thank God for small favors, huh?"

"Isn't that the truth," I laughed in return just as my sister walked up. "Tell no one," I told him before she could hear us. He nodded his head with a slight smirk.

"What's so funny?" She asked, narrowing her eyes on me.

"Nothing at all," I smiled at her happily. "I'll see you at home."

I didn't have time to chat with my sister. I had some things to do before I went over to Bella's that night.

I ran up to my room before my mother had a chance to get to me. I wanted to hurry. It was already three thirty, and I didn't want to be late to Bella's. I had to find a couple of things, and I wasn't totally sure I would find what I wanted in this crapshoot of a town.

I washed up and shaved, going over my face twice just to make sure it was smooth. I also decided that my glasses would get in the way, so I decided to wear my contacts. Also, I wanted to look nice for Bella, so I dressed in a pair of black slacks and a nice shoes. Picking out my best white shirt, I pulled on my leather jacket. It was getting close to September, and it was getting colder. Hell, I even slicked back my hair with this balm stuff my mom had forced upon

me the year before. I don't know why I didn't throw it away, but right then I was glad I didn't.

Of course, my attempt to avoid Mom may have worked the first time, but it did not work the second.

"Oh, my god!" She gasped loudly, clapping her hands together. "You look so handsome! Carlisle! Come here and bring my phone so that I can take a picture."

"You act like I'm going to frickin prom, Ma. I'm just going to hang out with Bella. Do not take my picture," I commanded her. My father came in just as I said it, and he instantly started laughing.

"Wow. What we do for women, eh?" He asked, handing my mother the rose gold iPhone.

"You're both nuts!" I proclaimed as I went running out of the door, the flash of a camera behind me.

"Damn," I heard Mom curse as I got to my car. "I missed. I'll get him when he gets home."

Well, that meant I was going to have to figure out a way to get into the house without alerting her. Maybe I would just sleep outside in the woods instead.

But I would think about that later. I had other things to do.

First stop was easy enough, I thought. Pharmacy. Condoms.

Um... I thought to myself as I gazed at the selection.

It was harder than I expected, no pun intended. Or, maybe pun a little bit intended.

Why on God's green earth would you need four million different kinds of condoms? The larger sizes I got, but flavored, ribbed, textured, scented and blah blah blah. I just wanted one that would keep me from being a daddy in nine months.

Finally, after about twenty minutes of reading boxes, I picked out some basic ones that seemed to fit what I would need. If Bella wanted something fancier later, then we would pick that out together. Or she could just tell me what to buy next time.

Next stop was the florist. I wanted to get Bella some kind of flowers, and I had no idea what to get her. It didn't help that the nearest flower shop was like thirty minutes out of town. I was already running a bit short on time after my search at the pharmacy. I would have to be quick to pick something out if that was possible.

"Hi!" The florist said brightly. "Can I keep you?"

"Excuse me?" I asked in the hopes that I misheard him.

"Can I help you?" He smiled brightly, looking me over. I felt like meat for a second.

"I'm looking for something nice for my girlfriend," I told him quickly.

"How long have you been together? What's her favorite flower? What message are you trying to send?" He asked in rapid succession.

"Um, not long, not sure, and that I really care about her."

"Hm," he said, tapping his chin thinking. "Do you love her?"

It surprised me how quickly I said it, "yes, very much so."

"Aw!" He gushed and clapped his hands. "That's so sweet. Okay. I've got the perfect thing for you. It'll take about ten minutes, and it'll be thirty dollars. Can you handle that?"

I looked down at the leather banded watch on my wrist. "Yeah, I think so. Thanks."

"I bet you can handle it," I heard him say to himself as he walked into the back. I flushed and ran my hand over my face. I had never been hit on by a guy before. I couldn't believe how grateful I was that Emmett was not with me right then. I would never ever live it down.

Ever.

Somehow, by the grace of God perhaps, I made it to Bella's house by six twenty-five. I shoved the condoms into my pocket, along with the panties that were hidden in my glove box, and grabbed the flowers from beside me. I was so nervous that I was shaking. I wasn't sure why. I guess because I normally knew what I was walking into with her. Right then, I wasn't at all.

I had to knock only once before Bella opened the door. She peeked from the other side before opening it fully and giving me a beautiful smile. "Wow! Well, hello there."

God help me... She was only wearing a robe. A short, thin, satin robe that was only kept in place by a slippery satin tie.

I think I actually drooled a bit.

I rubbed my mouth roughly, trying to make sure that I hadn't before I spoke. Not that much came out. "Wow..."

Bella giggled softly, "come in. Are those for me?" She asked, pointing to the flowers in my hands.

"Oh, yeah! I hope you like them," I mumbled out stupidly. Talking was not my strong suit when she was wearing that robe. My brain was too focused on not shutting down from the lack of blood.

"They're lovely. Here, I'm going to put them in a vase. You go up to my room and wait for me there, okay?" She instructed as she took the flowers from my hands. But, before I could get away, she stopped me with a hand on my arm. Bella leaned up and lightly kissed my cheek. "By the way, hi."

I chuckled and returned the kiss, whispering my hello, before going up to her room. I was blown away at what I saw there.

The room was decorated with candles spotting every single surface except for the bed. Music was playing in the background, but it wasn't like some cheesy romantic pop lovefool mixed tape. It was a little dark and very sexy. I took a step forward, shrugging out of my jacket before throwing it onto her computer chair.

"Take off your shoes and socks then lay on the bed," Bella whispered in my ear as a song I loved came on. I felt my heart thump with the heavy beat.

I turned around slowly and held her gaze as I pulled them off, tossing them so they wouldn't be in the way. I went to touch her, but she stopped me.

"Let me do it my way," she whispered to me, looking at me through her thick eyelashes while biting her bottom lip. I nodded my head, unable to speak for a moment, and walked over to the bed. I laid down on it, letting one of my legs hang over the edge. I rested up on my elbows, watching her. "Thank you. Do you have the panties?"

I flushed as I pulled them out of my pocket, along with the box of condoms. I placed them both on her nightstand, careful not to accidentally light them on fire. That would have been a great way to ruin the evening.

The song changed, one I wasn't sure of the tune, but it was sexy as hell... especially when Bella began to take off her robe. Each movement was slow, sensual, and deliberate. She let the fabric drop to the floor, puddling around her feet.

I was surprised I didn't cum in my pants right there.

Fuck me... my brain screamed. It was going to be a good thing that I was a teenage boy and could recover rapidly because I was going to lose it very quickly. Maybe even if she just came any closer. Bella ran her fingers through her curly hair, shaking it out slightly, so it spilled over her shoulders before running her fingers between her breasts. "I hope you like it. I got them just for you. It took me two hours to find them yesterday, but I wanted to find the perfect thing. I wanted to make tonight unforgettable for you."

"You didn't have to do all this to make it unforgettable for me. Just being with you is... *God, Bella,*" I breathed out her name. *She did all of this for me? How the hell did I get so lucky?*

Bella was... *fuck*, there were no words. She was just mouthwatering. She was wearing a dark navy blue corset thing that was lace and completely see-through except for the cups that held her breasts. It had hooks all along the front, and it stopped about two inches above her belly button. And the panties. Oh... my... Those panties were going to be mine. I could have jumped for joy on the bed. They were lace and barely there. And they had a bow. She was wrapped up like a gift.

For me. No one else. She was a gift just for me.

"Do you like it, though?" Bella asked as she did a little turn.

Her ass was amazing. I wondered briefly if she would bend over for me to get a better look before I remembered that she asked me a question. "Bella, I love it."

She began to walk forward, and I heard a clicking noise. She was wearing heels. *Oh.* My eyes lingered at her legs and moved their way up slowly, skimming over the creaminess there. Just before she got to the bed, she stopped and picked up her other set of panties. She gave me a little smile before throwing them into a hamper. "You look so handsome tonight. You do normally but... *wow.* I do miss your glasses though," she said as she leaned down, running a tiny finger over my nose. When it skimmed over my lips, I kissed her fingertip.

"You really like them?" I asked, taking her hand in my own and bringing her wrist to my lips. I peppered it with kisses before running my lips over her palm. She moaned softly, slowly coming onto the bed with me. Gingerly she straddled my waist, careful to not pull her hand out of my grasp.

"Yes, very much so. You have gorgeous eyes," she answered as I began to suck on her thumb, rolling my tongue over the very tip.

"You're gorgeous, Bella," I answered, pulling her down to kiss her sweet mouth. She was so soft and warm against me. The feeling of lace and skin under my fingertips made me feel like I was on was fire. I got so lost, letting the music set the pace.

"You are the one," it sang. *"My sweet prince. You are the one. You are the one."*

I let my fingers dip along the edges of her panties, caressing the curve of her ass while my other hand knotted with the hair at the very back of her neck as we kissed for a long time.

Okay, I wasn't a virgin anymore, but I had a strong feeling that Bella was going to make me feel like a real man that night. In fact, I already did. I wasn't some teenage boy kissing a pretty girl. I was a man about to make love to a beautiful woman for the first time.

Slowly and carefully, I rolled Bella over on the bed, so I was on top of her. I settled on my knees between her legs, taking in her entire body. I placed both of my hands on her sides, slowly sliding them downwards until I reached her ankles. Bringing one of them to my lips, I kissed the top of her foot as I pulled it from the shoe and dropped it to the floor. Doing the same to the other, I could feel Bella tremble underneath my lips.

"Are you okay?" I asked her, leaning down so I could look into her eyes.

"You are so much more than I deserve," she answered, pulling me down for a kiss. It was her turn to touch, not allowing me to reply back. Bella let her hands roam my back as she pulled my shirt up and over my head. Her nails dragged over each muscle before she actually grabbed my ass with both of her hands. Somehow I held in my squeak of a surprise, but I wasn't able to keep my hips from bucking forwards. She groaned softly, her head thrown back.

She changed our positions again, taking control as she kissed down my chest. Bella lapped at every muscle in such a way that I felt myself begin to shake. It was so *perfect*. Her nimble little fingers pulled at my pants, freeing the button. She slid the slacks down my legs, taking my boxers with them. Then, just to tease me, she placed a slow kiss on my belly button before coming to kneel beside me on the bed. "I believe these panties are yours now," she teased in a light voice that was still laced with the smokiness of lust.

"I was hoping that it was all mine," I answered before I could stop myself. My arm wrapped around Bella's waist and pulled her down on top of me. "Tell me you're mine."

"Is there any doubt? Edward, I'm yours." She smiled as she sat up. "All of me." She popped each hook out of place, making her breasts spill out of the corset. When her fingers came to her panties, I stopped her. She looked at me in confusion until I took over, pulling the fabric down to her knees. Bella laid on the bed beside me, and I quickly sat up to remove them the rest of the way.

I was going to cover her body with kisses, especially her breasts, and worship her but she shoved me onto my back roughly. She straddled my hips, and it was the best feeling ever to have her warm wetness against me. I hissed as she adjusted herself so that she slid over my

erection. My eyes rolled up into the back of my head. "Stop it or I'll cum all over you before we even start," I warned her.

"Maybe you don't remember, but I like it when you cum on me," she answered back with a sassy little smile. My hips bucked upwards, wanting to find a warm wet place to bury the raging hard-on that I had.

Oh, no. That was it. I was done with being teased. Normally I would have laid back to let her have her way with me, but I wanted to feel some control for just a little while. I had been wanting and waiting for her for days. I missed her body. And, after all the sexy clothing and music, I was done in completely.

I flipped her onto her back, holding her arms above her head while I kissed her wildly. Finally, I freed them as I began to nip at her earlobe. "Get. A. Condom," I commanded her in a rough voice, my erection rolling against the warm flesh between her milky thighs. The spot was wet and warm... and just *heaven*.

I didn't watch her reach for the box, but I could hear her scrambling to get it as I suckled her nipple roughly, massaging the other one with the palm of my hand. My other hand slid down her body, cupping her. She moaned, grinding herself against my palm. She was soaking wet. I slid my middle finger over her clit over and over again until she was shivering underneath me.

"Condom," she finally whimpered out. I looked up and smiled as she showed me the little square. Kneeling back, I took the wrapper from her fingertips. Bella spread her legs a bit further apart, rubbing herself as she watched me roll the latex over myself. I stroked myself for a moment as I watched her, transfixed by the way her fingers dipped inside.

"I love watching you do that," I mumbled, moving my fingers over her own very lightly. She gasped loudly as my fingers brushed over her clit again, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

"Edward, now. Please? I need you..." Bella whimpered, her cheeks red hot. I leaned down quickly, my hands on either side of her head as I pressed myself deep within her warm body. She gasped loudly again. "Edward..." She chanted my name over and over again as I moved with her. We rocked to the slow, steady beat of the music.

I brought one of my hands to her thigh, pulling it up and over my hip so I could hit at a different angle. When I did, all noise stopped short in her throat, coming out only as a strangled cry. I was almost worried that was hurting her as I took in the fact that she was clutching the sheets and her mouth was shaped into a big O. Her foot dug into my ass, forcing me to move again.

And boy did I *move*.

It wasn't quick and shallow pumps. No, it was better. I moved slowly, letting every inch of me slide into her before pulling almost all the way out. I let my hips press against hers with every pass, pushing in as deeply as possible. I felt like I was being swallowed whole.

"You're beautiful," I breathed against her neck as I slid one of my hands between us where we were joined. As best I could, I massaged her in time with my strokes.

I felt hot liquid pour from Bella's body, spilling all over my thighs. She began to milk me, crying out for me to cum inside of her. I felt every muscle in my own body flex and tense as I let go of myself for her. My fingers dug into her thigh as my head fell forward into her shoulder. I cried out, shocked at how *awesome* it felt. I was in literal awe.

Slowly, I rolled beside her. I began to take in deep breaths, blowing them slowly out through my mouth. Bella snuggled in close to me, her entire body hot and flushed. I brushed my fingers through her hair, smiling a little bit too brightly. "Are you okay?"

"I think I need to change the sheets," she muttered into my chest. "God, I am so embarrassed."

"There is no reason to be," I laughed despite myself. I was overjoyed with my performance. I lifted up her chin so I could look into her deep and beautiful brown eyes. "You know, women do that as well? Ejaculate, I mean," when I said the words, Bella scoffed and nearly turned purple in the face. I snickered, kissing her nose. "I have to say, it's kind of...umm... ego boosting. I know you're not faking it. That would be kind of impossible to fake, I hope. If so, bravo."

She laughed, smacking the side of my arm. I laughed again, pulling her on top of me. "Edward, one thing I would never do is fake it. I'm not about to *try* to boost your ego. I want to feel good, too. Just like you... And, I know you'd do *everything* in your power to do that," she said in a soft sensual tone.

"Well, I do like to strive for excellence," I teased her, running my hand over the curve of her lovely ass. "You know, it takes loads of practice and studying to be good at anything. Sometimes, I have to study all night. I am willing to put in the hours of practice to perfect the craft."

"Yup, you already don't need your ego enhanced," Bella smirked teasingly as she stood up from the bed. I instantly missed the heat of her body. "I'm going to get cleaned up and then I'm going to order some pizza. How does that sound?"

"Hm, can it not involve clothing?" I asked hopefully. Instead of answering, shaking her head she turned and wiggled her ass at me as she walked to the bathroom. *Well, damn.* It was

worth a try. It was a beautiful parting view, though.

I got up off the bed and waited my turn to get cleaned up. I looked at the bed and couldn't help but smile at the fact that it was all kinds of ruffled. After straightening the sheets and blankets, I picked up my clothes from the floor.

"Now, that is a view you don't get to see every day," I heard Bella say from behind me. I nearly jumped a mile high. She giggled, running her hands over my back as she wrapped her arms around my waist. I could feel cloth against my back. *Damn clothes.*

I brought Bella around to face me, lightly kissing her neck. She was wearing a pair of purple plaid pajama pants with a matching solid purple tank top. "You know, you could if you wanted to," I said as I nibbled her ear.

"Oh! That's a lovely thought. Hm, will you come every morning before school and strip down for me? I can't think of a better way to start the day," she said jokingly, kissing my chest lightly.

"I was thinking of holding you all through the night then we could wake up together, nude," I spoke against the top of her head, not really wanting to let her go, ever. "Get up, shower together. Eat breakfast in the nude..." I trailed off.

"I like your idea better," Bella answered softly. She lightly dragged her nails over my back, gently kissing my pec. "Go get cleaned up. I'll order us some pizza. Is pepperoni okay?"

"Sounds great," I assured her as I gathered up my clothes.

After getting dressed, we went downstairs. Thankfully the pizza didn't take long. I was starving. By nine that night, we were stuffed full and lazing happily on the couch watching TV. She placed her legs over my lap, a blanket over both of us as we laid in opposite directions. I wasn't sure what we were watching, but Bella seemed to enjoy it. She giggled and smiled, hugging the blanket to her chest.

And then we fell asleep, again.

We really needed to stop doing that. We just kept wearing each other out.

I felt a hand on my shoulder, but when I opened my eyes, I couldn't see anything. Dimly I realized that I had my arm over my eyes. Slowly I moved it and looked around. I was greeted with the sight of Bella's father's face. It scared the hell out of me.

Oh, Jesus! I sat up quickly. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to fall asleep. I'm sorry. Don't kill me," I begged him. I was completely confused when he started laughing.

Death was no laughing matter.

"Son, I'm not going to kill you. Do I have a reason to?"

"No!" I answered quickly and a little too loudly.

"You're acting like I caught you in bed with her, not asleep on the couch in front of the television. It's fine, son. I trust my daughter. She's a good kid. But, I do have one very important question to ask you."

"Y-yes-s s-sir?" I stuttered out. Oh, I knew the question he was going to ask, and I knew my face would give it away. I thought it was going to end so badly. I was sure I was going to die that night.

"Is that pizza from tonight?" He asked, pointing at the box on the table. I sighed in relief, relaxing somewhat against the couch.

"Yes, sir. It is."

"Oh, good!" He smiled happily. "I should probably get Bella up to her room first."

I stood up, running my fingers through my hair. I glanced over at the clock. It was just after midnight. Hopefully, my mom wouldn't be too mad at me for being so late. "You know, I'll get her up to bed. Enjoy your pizza."

"Thanks a bunch, kid," he said, plopping down in his Laz-E-Boy without even bothering to get a plate. He put the box on the lap and began to devour a piece.

Carefully, I brought my arms underneath Bella's light body. She hummed softly, resting her head against my chest as I hauled her up the stairs. She didn't even stir until I laid her on the bed, pulling the covers over her body. I leaned down and lightly kissed her forehead.

"Where are you going?" Bella mumbled sleepily.

"Home, love. I need to get going. It's really late," I said sadly, putting the box of condoms in my pocket. It was a good thing Charlie didn't take her up to bed. I would have been dead then.

"No. Bed. With me. Naked," she whimpered, tugging on my hand. I chuckled and leaned down to kiss her on the lips. She returned the kiss eagerly, wrapping her fingers into my hair. "Stay."

"Your dad is home."

She shook her head before kissing me again. "I don't care."

"Well, I like my testicles, and I want to keep them from being shot off of my body. Someday soon, I promise. Sweet dreams," I said, brushing my fingers through her hair.

"Goodnight, darling," Bella mumbled before rolling over and falling back asleep. It was so sweet. I tucked the blanket perfectly around her tiny body before going down the stairs.

"Goodnight, Charlie!" I called from the front door.

"Night, kid. And thanks for keeping an eye on Bella lately. I hate for her to be alone so often," he called through a mouthful of pizza.

"It's not a problem at all," I assured him. "It's my pleasure."

I played my music loud to keep myself awake until I got home. The only light that I could see on was the one in the foyer, so I decided it was probably best to go that way. I was about three feet in the house when I heard my father's voice calling to me. *Damn*. I sighed heavily and turned towards the room with the noise, the living room.

"Hey, Dad," I called to him quietly, sitting beside him on the couch. He had been watching ESPN in the dark. He was in a pair of scrubs, probably going in for the late night shift soon.

"You were out late," he said quietly. It wasn't an accusation or anything. It was just an observation.

"Yeah. I fell asleep at Bella's on the couch again," I told him truthfully.

"You really like this girl, don't you?" He asked, muting the sound to turn so he could talk to me. He had such a concerned look on his face. It was kind of sweet. I smiled a little bit, rubbing my knuckles under my chin as I considered how to answer him.

"I... do..." I said carefully. "She's just... Bella is everything I expected her to be and more, you know? She's kind and generous and just so damn beautiful. Every time I'm with her, I just feel so... content. I didn't know I could feel like this. It's so awesome."

"That's how I feel when I'm with your mother," he said thoughtfully, looking down at his clasped hands. "You know, I met her when I was just a bit older than you, but I knew she was the one right away. I saw her for weeks before I finally got the courage to ask her out. And then that first day together... I knew then that I never wanted to go another day without her. Edward,

you are young, though. I want you to be careful."

"Bella won't break my heart," I shook my head in thought. I bit my bottom lip before looking at him. "I'm afraid of hurting her, though."

"How so?" He asked, his eyebrows knit together in confusion.

"Bella... She should be with someone like Emmett, you know? A pretty popular football player. I mean, he's not as much as he was last year, but he's still ten times more popular than me on my best day. And she's gorgeous. A literal ten. She's going to wake up one day and realize she's stuck with just me, and she'll be too sweet to tell me to go away."

I leaned back on the couch, looking up at the dark ceiling as he processed what I said. "I saw the way she looked at you on Tuesday. Edward, she's already head over heels for you. I don't think Bella is going to pop up one day and go 'huh, he's not popular enough.' I don't think she is shallow like that, do you?"

"Of course not!" I said quickly. "That's not what I mean."

"Son, trust that you're a good guy. There is no point about worrying about that anyway. She's a big girl, and she can make choices for herself. Just be the best man you can be for her and everything will work out," he said as he patted my leg before standing up. He turned off the television before stretching his arms above his head. "Now, it's late, and you should get to bed. I've got to work. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon."

"Alright, Dad," I said as I followed him out of the living room into the foyer. "Thanks."

"For what?" He smiled, slipping on his jacket.

"For everything," I said as I began to walk up the stairs. "Especially for not getting the phone to Mom quick enough this afternoon."

He laughed, the noise echoing through the tiny room. "You better learn to sneak out better if you're going to keep dressing like that. She's going to get you one day. I hid the actual camera from her, but that'll only work for so long."

"Thanks," I laughed before telling him goodbye. I went to my room and collapsed onto my bed, hating the empty space beside me. I missed Bella so much already.

I'm on facebook! Jeska Elizabeth :D

Thanks for reading!