

# Computer Repair

By Jeska Wood

## Chapter Nine:

I was a little too excited to pick Bella up before school on Friday morning. I was way too excited all the way around, as a matter of fact.

About our morning together in the car, even if it was brief.

About our date, even if it was still hours away and I would have to sit through school, a pep rally, and a football game to get to it.

About her cheerleading uniform.

I put condoms in my wallet. That was the first thing I did after I had that thought when I woke up in the morning. I knew it was kind of assuming a lot, but I was positive that keeping my hands off of her was going to be a problem. It was a far better idea to be safe rather than sorry. I loved Bella, but I did not want to be a father in nine months just because I couldn't keep it in my pants while she was wearing a cheer uniform.

When I got ready that morning, I decided to wear contacts again since we were going to a movie that night. Glasses tended to slip a lot and give me a headache while looking up at the big screen. Once again, I also did my hair. She seemed to like the day before. With a little practice, I was sure I could actually get pretty good at it. I threw on a pair of faded and slightly shredded jeans and a blue button-down before slipping on a pair of black hiking boots. I knew the football games tended to be crowded, and I didn't want my feet to be stomped on.

I came clomping down the stairs, ready for my coffee. When Alice saw me, she exclaimed, "holy crap!"

"What?" I asked, rolling my eyes at her dramatic and wide-eyed expression. My sister needed to go into acting.

My mom turned around from the stove to see what the fuss was about. A large smile spread over her face. Oh no, that was never a good thing. Before she could even say anything, I turned quickly. "Nevermind. I'd rather starve."

"I will get your picture, sooner or later!" Mom called after me loudly.

Alice followed behind, her voice cheerful, "you look nice."

"Thanks," I called back to my sister, ignoring my mom. Let her threaten all she wanted. Her good camera would go missing permanently if she wasn't careful. iPhones could be misplaced.

I grabbed my gray wool peacoat and dark shades before running out the door. *Doughnuts it is then.* There was a decent shop right before you got to the main drag, so that wasn't a problem. I was early, so I had plenty of time to get some. I was pretty sure Bella wouldn't mind some either. She seemed to be willing to try anything.

At the shop, I picked one of just about every flavor just to be on the safe side though. I wanted to make sure she did get something she liked if she even ate a donut at all. I grabbed a huge coffee for myself and a hot chocolate for her. I knew for sure she would like that at least.

The morning was foggy, a slight mist in the air. The air had a slight chill to it. I was glad to have the warm coffee in my hands. I drank about half of it before I even got to her driveway.

When I pulled into behind her rusted truck, I was going to be a gentleman. I was going to go to her door, knock, take her book bag, and open the car door for her. But, she wasn't going to let me do that, not that I minded what happened instead.

Bella came walking out of the fog like out of some sort of bad fantasy eighty's teen flick. She was wearing a halter style top that was a soft baby blue, showing off just enough cleavage to make me drool for the rest of the day. But that wasn't the best, or maybe worst, part. The halter cut off right at her hips, a small part of her stomach showing before it got to the pleated baby blue skirt. It *barely* covered her ass. With every step her cute little ponytail and breasts bounced, the skirt moving slightly in the wind.

I was going to die. Forget her father. She was going to kill me. She was far more dangerous than her dad in that outfit. She was literally heart-stopping.

She opened the door and slipped in, a small smile on her face. "Mm, good morning. Something smells lovely in here."

My mind screamed *YOU*, but I kept my mouth shut. Instead, I cleared my throat and pulled the box of pastries from the backseat. "Breakfast?" I offered her quietly. Tapping the lid gently, I showed her the hot chocolate that I got her as well. "For you, too."

"Edward! That's so sweet! Thank you!" She said happily, leaning over to kiss my cheek. I leaned into it for a moment before I realized something.

The chief's cruiser was parked in the driveway.

"We better not do that. If your father looks out here, he might figure out that we're dating and he'll kill me," I muttered as I pulled the car into the reverse. Bella giggled softly, picking one of the doughnuts from the box and taking a little bite. "What's so funny?" I asked quietly. My death, though worth it to even be with her, was not funny.

"He already knows we're dating," she informed me. I nearly slammed on the brakes in shock.

"Really?" I asked. "Did he know last night?"

"Yup," she popped the word before taking a sip of her chocolate after putting her half-eaten donut on the lid. "Mm, this is so good. Thank goodness, too. I didn't have breakfast this morning. I was running behind. You are a literal angel."

I blushed softly, smiling to myself. "I'm glad you like it."

She leaned over while I was driving and pressed a very warm kiss to the side of my neck. It was a battle to keep my eyes open. "You look so sexy right now, by the way. If the chief wasn't around today, I would have told you to just come inside with me."

I groaned loudly, taking a deep breath. "You'll be the death of me, you know that?"

She giggled, running her hand over my thigh. When we got to a red light, she actually cupped my erection through my jeans. At least she waited until then. "Also, you know you forgot your panties last night. I wouldn't mind returning those to you."

"Are you wearing them right now?" I whispered hoarsely.

She nodded her head, kissing my neck again as she did so. In my mind, I kept chanting '*we will get to school soon. Just don't wreck the car. Do not wreck the car.*' As soon as I pulled into space, I attacked her mouth while placing both hands on the side of her face. She moaned loudly into the kiss, her hands on my shoulders to keep herself from falling into my lap.

If she did fall into my lap, she might have been stabbed to death. Who knew erections could be so dangerous?

When she pulled away, Bella had a huge smile on her face. "You get the drinks, I'll get the doughnuts."

With that, she was out of the car.

*What the hell,* I whimpered to myself.

Of course, she could get out of the car quickly. She wasn't the one with the hard-on shoved into ultra tight pants. I took in deep breaths. *Baseball. Basketball. Football. Cheerleaders...* Okay, trying to get it to go away by thinking about sports wasn't working. Like Bella knew what I was thinking, she tapped on my window, an innocent expression on her face. "Edward, no one will be able to tell. Your coat is more than long enough."

I smirked slightly and sighed, giving up on hiding anything. Hell, half the guys there would probably have boners because of the cheerleaders that would be walking around that day.

I got my bag and grabbed both warm foam cups, quickly falling in step with Bella as she walked to the courtyard with the iron picnic tables. Angela was already sitting at one, Ben by her side. Well, that was nice to see.

"Hey, guys!" Bella said brightly as she sat down. She took the pastry she had nibbled on earlier off of the top of the box and then passed it to me. I took one for myself and offered the open box to the couple sitting across from us. But, they just gaped at me.

"Um, hi," I smiled back, curling my fingers in their direction. That seemed to get them out of their fog.

"Oh! Hi!" Angela giggled suddenly, laughing a little embarrassed. She took a bear claw with a small thanks and shoved it into her mouth.

Ben snickered, picking a jelly filled. "Man, Bella... you worked some real magic over on him. Good job. You can almost not tell you're a major nerd underneath it all."

I snorted then flipped him off, giving him a smile to show that I was joking. He winked, taking a massive bite out of his breakfast. Angela rolled her eyes, leaning into Ben slightly. "Be nice you two. You do look good, though, Edward."

"Thanks," I said quietly, blushing as I looked down at my half-eaten pastry.

"Ben," Bella said in a quiet but fierce voice. "I didn't ask him to change anything, just to let you know. I like him just the way he is. I loved the way he looked before, and I love how he looks now. I just want him to be comfortable and happy. That's all that matters to me."

*Oh. My. God. Awwww...*

Not to sound too much like a sap, but it was the sweetest thing I had ever heard a person say about me. Without a single thought, I leaned over and kissed her temple firmly,

letting my nose bury in her hair as my arm wrapped around her waist. "Thank you," I whispered into her ear.

My eyes were actually prickling with tears. I blinked them back quickly, really glad I was wearing sunglasses at that moment.

Ben and Angela sat quietly, eating their food and allowing us to have our moment. Bella nuzzled my neck before placing a light kiss on my cheek. "It's true," she whispered.

"I know," I answered back sincerely. I knew, without a doubt in my heart that she was being entirely truthful. And, I knew with those words that I was totally and head over heels in love with her. I would always be. She was the girl for me. I didn't give a damn that it had only been a week. It was enough time to know that she was it for me. She was my soul.

Bella pulled away from me and decided to try to actually eat breakfast. It seemed like a great idea to me. I finished off my first and grabbed another doughnut. There was no sense in letting them go to waste.

But, our morning peace was interrupted. The nasty nasally voice of Lauren pierced my eardrums. "Oh, my god! I didn't know we were getting a new student. I'm Lauren Mallory, and you are?" She actually brought her hand up to me and cocked her hip to the side, flipping her hair over her shoulder. Everyone stared at her in quiet confusion for a long beat.

Ben burst into nervous laughter, and I heard Angela scoff. It almost seemed like a foreign sound coming from her lips. Bella stiffened beside me.

"Are you serious?" She mumbled under her breath. Lauren either didn't hear her or ignored the comment.

I didn't take her hand. Instead, I pulled off my sunglasses and set them on the iron table. "Morning, Lauren."

I was surprised her jaw didn't hit the floor. She really was dumber than a bag of rocks. "Oh, um, hi Eddie. Love what you did with your hair and glasses. Makes you look like a whole new guy."

"Thanks," I said, looking anywhere but her. I glanced over at Ben, who widened his eyes.

"Well," she said quickly, embarrassment filling her face. I almost felt bad for her but then she sent Bella a nasty look, ruining that. "I'll see you at the rally."

She didn't even bother to wait for anyone to say anything. She just kind of skipped off. "Bitch," Bella muttered under her breath. Ben burst into another fit of giggles.

"Bro, was she just about to straight up hit on you in front of your girlfriend?" Angela slapped him hard on the shoulder, making Ben shut up. We all decided to ignore him. It was all for the best.

"I'm going to hit her," Bella sighed quietly. I chuckled, giving her a kiss on the lips.

"You have nothing to worry about," I whispered quietly in her ear. "I am all yours, my love. No one else's. You have my heart."

She flushed brightly, pulling back to look deeply into my eyes. She gave me a small smile, running her fingers over my cheek. Bella looked like she wanted to say something, but the bell rang.

"Gym," she gave me a small smile. "Well, at least we don't have to dress out today."

"Thank goodness for small favors," I smiled. I had forgotten that you didn't have to dress out on days there were pep rallies. They had been decorating the gym, and they didn't want anyone messing it up. That was fine with me. I hated doing it. "Why don't you take the doughnuts with you?" I offered.

Bella nodded her head and lightly kissed my cheek. "See you in a little while."

When gym class came, I decided it was a good time to talk to Ben about Angela. I had no idea what was going on there, especially after that morning. They seemed awfully cozy together. I sat on the bleachers beside Ben, who had pulled out a huge box of Magic cards. He was the one dork still playing. He raised an eyebrow at me, waving his hand over the cards. "Wanna build a deck and play?"

"Only if you don't take for fucking ever," I teased him, pulling out all of his blue cards. Ben had a massive collection and liked to carry his 'duplicates' with him so we could play. Hell, he even had his favorite ones in frames on his walls in his room.

It was kind of funny. Even I wasn't that nerdy.

I started to build an 'all seeing' deck, first getting all my mana needed before shifting through the cards to pick the best. "So, Angela," I began lamely.

"Ah-huh. What about her?" He asked dimly as he began to sort through his white cards. He was building an angel deck of some sort most likely. Those tended to be his favorites. That and green elf decks.

"What's up with that?" I rolled my eyes, finishing up with my cards pretty quickly. I always

took far less time than him.

"Ah, um... well," he gave a little nervous laugh, rubbing the back of his neck. "She's awesome."

"I gathered that," I smirked as I picked a purple twenty-sided dice from his small bag of tokens. "Are you together? Are you two friends? What?"

"You sound like a little bitch," he muttered under his breath as he began to shuffle. He couldn't even hold my gaze, and he was beet red.

"Oh! I see. So, I take it that you two are together?" I chuckled. He looked up, his eyes wide. "Or do you just want to be?"

"I'm not really sure. I mean... God, Edward. She's great! I mean, really great! Guess what she wants to major in when she goes to college?"

"What's that?" I asked in amusement. So, this is what I must have sounded like to everyone. No wonder they seemed so surprised by me.

"Computer technology! Edward, that's so fucking hot. I'm serious, man." He shook his head and gave a little sigh. "We're going to have pizza tomorrow."

"That's awesome," I assured him with a little smile, getting my cards ready. Okay, too much chatting about feelings. We needed to fix that. "You go first, Romeo. Prepare to have your ass kicked."

Okay, I admit it. I had skipped every single pep rally our school ever had up until that point. It was kind of a forced thing. I never understood it. Shouldn't it have been for the people who actually had school spirit? I mean, I knew I had none. I was just waiting for the time where I could blow out of this trash heap of a town. At first, I just hid in the bathroom, but when I got my car when I turned sixteen I just went home early.

I had no idea what to really expect.

I saw Jasper and Ben coming out of whatever class they had together. I would have walked with Bella, but she was excused from our final class together to help the other cheerleaders get ready. Alice danced over from whatever class she had, going to hold Jasper's hand. "Are you excited?" She asked me with a big smile.

"Why?" I asked, narrowing my eyes in confusion.

"Um, because you're about to watch your fine ass girlfriend hop and jump around in a

tiny little outfit?" Jasper replied. Alice glared at him, frowning at his choice of words. I expected Ben to laugh, but he didn't. Instead, his eyes got wide, and I think he just then realized that he was going to see Angela doing the exact same thing.

"She looks good whatever she's doing and whatever she's wearing," I informed Jasper. Alice grinned, tugging on my arm.

"Good answer, brother." She pointed at him with a severe expression. "Learn from him."

"Ah, he's just in a new relationship. He'll stop being so sappy in a little while. Just give him time," he teased my sister just to annoy her. She stuck her tongue out at him, even as she did press herself closer to him. They might not have been as openly mushy as some couples, but you could see the love in their eyes. It kind of made you feel like you were invading their private time together when they were looking into each other's eyes. I looked away, clearing my throat.

We sat in the middle, just above the football players. Alice gave Emmett a hug just as Jasper sat beside him. Ben sat beside me, totally feeling as out of place as I was at that moment.

"This thing only lasts like thirty minutes, right?" He whispered to me.

"I think so," I shrugged. "Are you going to the game tonight? You know, to watch Angela?"

"There is something sick about just going to a football game to watch the cheerleaders," he gave a soft sigh, looking off at the gathering band.

"I take that as a yes," I chuckled. He nodded his head, smirking slightly. "We can sit together and not know what the fuck is going on together."

"Sounds good to me," he sighed just as the band struck up, the noise grating on my ears. Everyone began to cheer around us, even Alice. I felt so out of place.

But none of that matter when Bella, along with the rest of the cheerleaders, came out the door. She did a little flip, as did Angela. The other girls jumped or did little dances. A song came on that I didn't hear because all the blood was rushing past my eardrums to my groin. Then they all began to do a dance together, which all ended beautifully with Bella doing the full splits in the very front.

"Fuck me hard," Ben muttered beside me, gazing at Angela hungrily as she panted and smiled in his general direction.

“All kinds of hard,” I answered in agreement.

They continued to dance, and the coach gave a speech. The band played, and the crowd cheered. When Bella caught my eye, she winked and blew a small kiss before going off to do whatever she needed to next. By the time she was done, you could see a light sheen of sweat covering her skin, her chest rising and falling rapidly from all her exercise.

I was in pain in an awful way.

Finally, after what seemed like decades, the rally ended with the singing of the school's motto. Bella got lost in the crowd as I looked for her, walking around the throngs of people. I was about to give up and wait outside when I felt a tug on my arm. She had me by the hand, and she was pulling me to, of all places, the boy's locker room.

“What are you doing?” I asked her in shock. “Aren't the football players going to be in here soon?”

“They use a stadium locker room. Once they finish clearing out, no one will come in here,” she said with a wicked look in her eye, dragging me into one of the shower stalls into the very back hidden corner. With a sharp shove, Bella pressed me against the tile and kissed my lips firmly. “I've wanted to do that all day.”

She tasted sugary sweet with a hint of salt. My hands went to the small of her back, pulling her closer to me. “You taste so good right now,” I moaned against her neck, lapping my way up to her ear. She groaned softly, her body melting against my own. “I want to taste you *everywhere*.”

“Edward!” She gasped as my hand slid over her ass, making her hips flush against mine. “*oh*, yes! Please?” She pleaded as I kissed down her cleavage. That was something she was never going to have to ask me to do twice. I turned us slightly so I could place one of her feet on the shower seat. Sinking down in front of her, I looked deep into her eyes as I pulled down the little shorts like things down her legs, along with the sexy as hell panties that she had bought for me. I was pretty sure I wasn't going to forget those this time.

I moved her foot up gently, carefully so as not to lose her balance and placed it on the ledge. She was opened up for me perfectly. I gave a little hum of pleasure, leaning forward to lick her lips lightly. Bella gasped softly, her legs shaking a little. I wrapped both of my arms around her thighs to keep her steady, burying my tongue within her.

She groaned loudly, the sound echoing throughout the locker room. I didn't give a damn though. *Let her scream out my name*. Bella's fingers wove into my hair, pushing my face deeper into her flesh. “Oh, god! That feels so good! Right there, Edward. A little harder,” she instructed in a husky voice, breathless and panting.

So, I did what she asked. I laid my tongue flat against her clit, rubbing it hard as my hand massaged her ass. She came wholly undone above me, shaking and shivering as she moaned. I was surprised at the force that she yanked me upwards. I attacked her lips, pushing her against the tile this time.

"Fuck me," she pleaded roughly against my lips. "Please tell me you have a condom."

"Wallet," I mumbled, pulling it out quickly. I snatched out one of the silver squares and Bella took it from my grip. Dropping the wallet to the seat, she began to kiss my neck wildly. Her fingers went to my jeans, pulling them down quickly as she did. One of my hands massaged one of her breasts through the top while the other went to her bare thigh as I kissed her neck. When she got the condom on me, I asked, "how?"

I couldn't come up with any other words at that moment, and I hoped to God that she understood what I meant. Both of her hands went to my shoulders as one of her legs wrapped around my waist. "Against the wall. Take me against the wall."

I wasn't exactly sure how I was going to do that, but I sure as hell was going to figure it out. My cheerleader girlfriend just asked me to fuck her against the locker room wall. I don't think any teenage boy in the history of high school had gotten that lucky. I didn't care if they did the same things, they weren't with Bella. And I was.

Placing my hands on her thighs, I lifted her up. She seemed so light against me. Both of her legs wrapped around my waist, guiding me to where she wanted me to be. Bella's arms curled around my neck, kissing me firmly on the lips. I could feel her literally soaking against my thighs.

And then I slid into her. I had never felt anything so... *tight*, before. We both groaned, her head falling back as I began to move within her. My hips pumped upwards towards her. One of my hands settled against the wall to keep myself stable as I began to move faster. Bella slid easily against the wall, her body completely flushed, and her mouth opened in pleasure.

"You are so damn sexy," I moaned against her neck.

"I'm so close already," she panted out, her head falling against my shoulder. "You're rubbing against me. It feels so good."

"Let go," I whispered to her. "I want to feel you like that again. Please," I whimpered, beginning to lose myself already. Bella's body instantly reacted, tightening up on me considerably. I groaned, my eyes closing tightly as I tried to last through the feeling. I wanted to ride it out until the very end. She hissed loudly, liquid dripping down her legs and onto my own.

I was only clinging to reality by a string when Bella began to whisper in my ear huskily, "Edward, oh god, *Edward*. That feels so good. Please don't stop. Don't ever stop. I'm yours, too. Make me yours."

With every word, I began to pump harder and harder. And then she began to shake, tightening up again. She literally screamed, holding onto me for dear life as I gave up and gave in to her words. I came so hard that I felt like my knees were going to give out. I stopped as soon as both of our orgasms lulled, laying my head on her shoulder as I tried to calm my breathing.

Gently, I set her down to her feet and made sure she was stable before pulling up my own pants. I went to fetch her some towels. Kneeling down in front of her, I gently wiped her legs down. She looked down at me lovingly, tugging me upwards with a kiss when I was done.

"How long before you have to go get ready?" I asked her quietly, kissing her neck softly.

"Four thirty," she said, looking at her watch sadly. It was just before four, so we had a little bit more time. I brought her over to the seat, pulling her down onto my lap. My arms went around her, my hand settling on her bare upper thigh.

We kissed lazily, unhurried. We knew we would have more time that night to do it some more. My fingers dragged from her thigh all the way to her back underneath her skirt, refusing to let her put her underwear back on yet. Bella smiled against my lips, playing with the ends of my hair.

"Edward, I think that I-" she began, but she was cut off by a disgusting sound.

Mike.

"Oh, my god! You are both fucking freaks. You know that? Why don't you put some damn panties on, you fucking slut?" He growled as he stared openly at us.

Bella and I both stood quickly. I was going to punch the son of a bitch, but she pushed me back with her hand and walked forward. With a movement so quick I barely saw it, she slapped Mike hard across the face. "Get out of here! Just because you're jealous doesn't mean you have to be a prick. Why don't you go out on the field and actually practice? God knows you need it. Go find somewhere else to juice."

"Whore," he muttered as he stomped off, leaving us alone again. Bella sighed heavily, running her hand over her face as she leaned against the wall.

"I'm going to kill him," I said, going to make my way after him but she stopped, grabbing my arm.

"Don't. Don't get yourself arrested for that son of a bitch. Seriously, it's fine. It's just a case of sour grapes anyway. Just... stay with me and then walk me to the field, okay?"

"Of course," I said quietly. She gave me a tiny sad smile before bending over to pick up her panties and shorts. She put them on, tugging them up her legs quickly. Bella offered me her hand, and we began to walk together in silence. "You know he's not right, don't you? You're not any of those things he's called you."

"I know," she smiled at me, nodding her head. "It's just frustrating. I know the reasons that I'm with you, and he doesn't. And frankly, it doesn't matter that he doesn't know. That's our business. But, it doesn't give him the right to act like some crazy prick."

"Hey," I said, pulling her to a stop before we went into the gym. "We both know, and that's all that matters. Bella, you have no idea how much I care about you."

"I care about you too, Edward," she smiled, leaning up on her toes to plant a kiss on my lips. Bella gave another little smile and let go of my hand. "I need to get going. Where are you going to sit during the game?"

"Uh," I shrugged, not really knowing the answer. I was going to be there early enough so I could sit anywhere I wanted. "Our side to the left, I guess."

"Okay, I'll look for you." She pecked my cheek before whispering her goodbyes. I really didn't want her to leave. I wanted her to stay and talk about what just happened. I was just hoping like hell that it didn't upset her too much. It just pissed me off that he said some pretty horrible things about her. I was used to that kind of abuse. Bella was too sweet to deal with all of that bullshit.

I had some time to kill before the game started so I went to the small gas station to pick up a drink for Ben and myself, since I knew he was going to be there, along with a bag of pretzels. It was going to be a long time before I would actually get dinner and I didn't want to get anything from the nasty looking concession stand. It was just around five o'clock when I settled into the stands. I pulled out my phone and began to listen to music just to kill some time. About fifteen minutes later, my friend was there and then not long after that, my sister.

"Drink," I offered as I practically shoved the bottle in his direction. Ben thanked me, taking a big swig of Dr. Pepper. My baby sister stole a pretzel from my bag before taking a sip of her own drink. "Alice," I began, "you go to all these things to watch Jasper play. What's it like?"

"Um," she cocked her head to the side. "As much as I love Jazz, the marching band and the dancers are the best part. I mean, they win, but I think this is a stupid game. So it means little to me. I'm just here to be supportive."

I snorted at her answer, and she smiled over at me innocently. "Don't worry, I won't tell Jasper."

"Oh, he knows!" She laughed. "Don't tell Em. He may get mad."

About fifteen minutes before the game was supposed to start the band began to play, and the cheerleaders came out onto the field. They were pretty much just bobbing to the music, saving their energy for the game itself. Bella was talking to Rosalie, smiling every once in a while. Like she could sense that I was looking at her, she looked up into the stands and smiled at me brightly.

It made me feel instantly better.

Alice was right. The best part of the game was the band, surprisingly. And, the cheerleaders, not at all surprisingly. I was amazed at how flexible Bella really was. She did flips and cartwheels with grace and ease, the strength in her entire body evident with every move she made. Every once and awhile, she would wave at me or smile. She even winked a time or two. I noticed as well that Angela was doing much the same thing to Ben.

"We are lucky bastards," I mumbled to him.

"Yes, we are," he agreed with a chuckle.

My friend and I sat in silence for a long time after that, just staring at the girls. I could have watched Bella all day long. She was so lovely and graceful, the long lines of her body flowing into beautiful shapes as she moved.

"Man, I'm going to have to rub one out when I get home," Ben muttered to himself. I don't think he meant to say it out loud, though. At least, I hoped not. I would pretend so either way.

"Ew! TMI!" My sister shouted at him. I just laughed. I couldn't say anything, really. I knew exactly how he felt about the matter.

Thankfully the game ended shortly after his moment of oversharing. I think we won the game. Everyone seemed excited, so I could only assume that we did. I couldn't have cared less. I came to the edge of the seating, standing right in front of where Bella was on the field. She seemed to sense I was behind her and she turned, a tiny grin on her face.

"I'm going to go get changed," she shouted up to me. "I'll meet you by the entrance, okay?"

"Sure, love!" I called back loudly. She just grinned at me before running off towards

somewhere I couldn't see.

I said goodbye to Ben and my sister before going down to the entrance area of the small stadium. People filed out past me to get to their cars, talking amongst themselves. I noticed that a lot of people were giving me weird looks. I wondered if I looked that strange. I ran my fingers through my hair before sticking a mint in my mouth for good measure. I was planning on kissing Bella a lot that night, so it was a good idea either way. If I did look strange, there wasn't really that much I could do about it right then anyway.

I closed my eyes and took in a few calming breaths, slipping my shades over my eyes for good measure. Leaning my head against the fence, I let my mind wander. This was sort of our first official date. We hadn't done anything out together. But, somehow it felt like we had already been together forever. I couldn't imagine a past or a future without Bella in it. And every second we spent not touching seemed like a second wasted.

A warm set of hands slid underneath my shirt along my waist as an even warmer set of lips found my jaw. I hummed quietly, bringing my hand to the back of Bella's neck to guide her mouth up to my own. I kept my eyes closed as we continued to kiss, letting the people move around us. Let them fight traffic. Making out seemed like a better idea to me anyway.

"What did you think of the game?" Bella asked against my ear.

"What game?" I asked playfully. She giggled softly, letting her hands slide up my back.

"You know, the one with the ball and the field. Throwing, kicking, running," she teased me, letting her sharp nails drag deliciously down my skin.

"I didn't notice. All I saw was this stunning cheerleader. She really took my breath away," I answered her as I dragged my tongue over her earlobe. She shuddered lightly, leaning her head back. "It was hard to notice anything else."

"You know, you shouldn't lust after your brother's girlfriend," Bella said in an emotionless voice. My eyes snapped open to see her smiling broadly. I swatted her bottom hard, making her squeal and laugh.

"That's wrong. Very very wrong," I accused her. "Rosalie is like my bitchy older sister who's mouth needs to be surgically sewn shut."

"Oh! That's harsh!" She laughed, taking my hand as we began to walk out towards the car. Most of the people were gone, only a few vehicles dotting the parking lot.

"It's true. And trust me, Bella, you were the only cheerleader I was looking at tonight."

She was quiet after that as we began to drive up to Port Angeles. It actually made me kind of nervous. She was staring absently out of the window, picking at the pair of jeans she had changed into. About twenty minutes in, I gave up waiting for her to say anything. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," she replied too quickly. She gave me a forced smile before looking out the window again.

"Bella, please. Something is bothering you. Please tell me."

"I'm-" She began but shook her head before starting again. "I'm sorry about earlier, with Mike."

"Why are you apologizing to me? It's not your fault," I told her as I glanced in her direction. I put my eyes back on the road. "That's not it, is it?"

"I'm... I'm just wondering when you're going to figure out that I'm too much trouble, you know?" She said in a strained voice. "You're already changing yourself for me, and I don't want you to. Not at all. I don't want you to feel like you have to do that and then resent me for it later. I like you just the way you are, Edward."

I sighed heavily before I pulled over to the side of the road. Bella didn't say anything else as I turned to look at her. "I know that you didn't ask me to change. I didn't buy these clothes or contacts just for you. This is a part of who I am too. I'm not just a nerd. I'm not just into video games. I'm not just into karate. I'll admit I did my hair for you, even if that does sound kind of girly. But, there isn't anything wrong with changing. There isn't anything wrong with trying to look good for someone you like. You do it too, don't you? I mean, obviously with last night. You put a lot of effort into that. Do you resent me for it?"

"Of course not! I loved every single second of it!" She said, biting her bottom lip.

"Look, I like who I am with you. I may change a little, but you know... I'm still a kid. I've got some growing up to do before I'm everything I'm going to be. If what I become is something better for you-"

"I don't want it to be for me though," she sniffled, wiping a tear away from her eye. "I want it to be for you."

"Aw! God! Don't cry!" I said, cupping her face in my hands before kissing her firmly. "Jesus, I'm saying all the wrong things."

"No," she disagreed, once again sniffing. "It's just right. How do you always know the right things to say? You always make me feel so good and so special. I want to make you feel

that way, too.”

“You do, love. God, you don't how... how... *honored*, I am that you allow me this time with you. That you allow me to touch you. Allow me to kiss you. Every second I'm with you is special.”

“You're too much,” Bella smiled through her tears, kissing me firmly on the lips. After a few moments, she wiped her eyes gently, sniffing a final time. “Sorry, I'm just feeling emotional, I guess. Why don't we go get something to eat? I'm starving. That's probably part of the problem.”

We had dinner at a small diner that was opened twenty-four hours a day. It wasn't that busy, thankfully. It was actually nice and quiet. Bella sat on the same side of the booth as me, allowing me to wrap my arms around her. She let her head rest on my shoulder as we talked about nothing important. We both had a burger and some fries, along with a chocolate milkshake. It was actually delicious. We probably sat for another thirty minutes, just laughing and talking. I left a good tip to our waitress for taking up her table for so long.

After we ate, we decided to just walk over to the theater since it was just a couple blocks over. When the movie was over, we were going to stop in for some dessert and maybe coffee anyway, sugaring ourselves up for the ride home. Bella clung to my side, my arm draped over her shoulder as we walked and talked. The streets were dark, only a street light here and there. The small town seemed to shut down at nine o'clock, if not earlier.

We had just turned down a back alleyway right beside the theater when I heard a crunching noise behind us. Bella seemed to notice it too, the smell of liquor floating past my nose harshly. She stiffened beside me, and we both turned to see what the source of the sound was.

“Oh, look! It's the freak and the slut!”