



Stephenie Meyer owns Twilight

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NFW

~No Fucking Way~

Introducing...

Edward Cullen – The President of the Music Club.

strums on his guitar before looking up with an arrogant expression

"You're probably not worth my time."

~o~

Emmett McCarty – The Quarterback.

replaces goofy grin with a menacing glare

"I'm either your friend, or your enemy. Take your pick."

~O~

Jasper Whitlock – The Stoner.

fist pumps the air

"Anarchy all the way!"

~O~

Bella Swan – The New Chick

adjusts boobs and speaks flatly... still focusing on her boobs

"Don't expect me to shut up. I speak my fucking mind, *comprende?*"

~O~

Alice Brandon – The Stuttering Bookworm

gulps and pushes glasses up

"Um... well, you see... I'm j-just me."

~O~

Rosalie Hale – The Bitchy Cheerleader

chews gum and inspects her new French manicure

"Like... whatever. Get out of my face, loser."

~O~

3 chicks + 3 dudes = 6 virginities...

Let's pop some cherries!

~o~

...Can't we all just get along?

Another class of seniors had finally graduated. Principal Banner sighed as he took the seat behind his desk, missing the peace and quiet he'd had in the little town of Forks. Seattle was nothing like it. He was tired, utterly spent, and already dreading the next semester.

He was sick of the fighting. The cheerleaders against the shy girls, the jocks against the nerds, and the stoners and the other no-gooders against... well, everybody.

This year, the police had been called to Peninsula High forty-seven times.

It couldn't go on.

So, he needed a plan.

And when Principal Banner returned after the summer break, he actually did have a plan.

A plan so good that the school board had praised him for his initiative.

Now he was going to observe for the next few weeks. He was going to watch and learn; he was going to find out about all the crowds, the groups, and the "gangs." Then he was going to take the seniors camping. He was going to divide them all up into smaller teams. They were going to learn how to coexist.

They were going to learn how to work together.

It would all work out.

Right?

Prologue

EPOV

"What the *fuck*?" I yell in frustration, pushing off the damn life jacket. The rain is pouring down again; I'm fucking soaked. It's cold and that chick just won't quit bothering me. "Where the hell is the damn campsite!"

I pull at my hair as I look around, but I see nothing. It's too dark. Christ, it's gotta be near midnight or something.

Then I hear her laugh. Behind me. Only, it's not really a humorous laugh.

Spinning around, I squint through my lashes to see her standing by the fucking canoe. She's soaked too, and I see her teeth clattering thanks to the flashlight she's holding. Camping sucks, by the way. It sucks!

"Can't fucking believe this!" she laughs, holding *something* up. I think it's the map. "Of *course* this *has* to happen to *me*! Ugh!"

It's wrong to hit a girl, Cullen; it's wrong to hit a girl.

"Swan! Get to the fucking point, will ya?" I snap.

Then she's in my face.

Worry rushes through me again as I see her pouty lips turning blue, but all that vanishes when she smacks me in the chest with the rolled-up map.

"You picked the wrong island, you fucktard!" she screams. "Thanks to *you*, Mr. I-better-take-the-map-unless-we-wanna-get-lost, we're on the wrong fucking island!"

Fuck my life.

Oh, it gets better.

The next morning, we can't find our fucking canoe.

Back to the beginning...

EPOV

Emmett and I just smirk at each other at first. Silently thinking the same thing. We're seniors, dude.

Oh, and... yeah, we're both taller.

I'd bet we're both closer to 6'3" now. But he's still the fucking giant. I swear he's on steroids. And I'm by no means lanky, but... fuck, he's Bigfoot.

"So, how was your summer, Cullen?" Em asks, slamming his locker shut. "It's been weird, ya know. An entire summer without you bitching about the music I play in the Jeep."

I shrug and ignore his jibe. "It was good." Actually, it has been fucking awesome. Two months in England, visiting family on Dad's side. "Still jet lagged," I chuckle. Too true. I'm fucking exhausted.

"Ah, when did ya get back?"

"Yesterday," I yawn. "What about you? What did you do this summer?"

"Arizona," he says with a grin, and I remember. He goes there for a month each summer, 'cause his family is from there. Aunt, uncle, and two cousins, I think he had there. "Our last summer there," he adds with a sigh as we start walking for class. "Gonna miss the heat."

"Whaddya mean?" I ask, frowning. We pass a few cheerleaders, and we flip them off after they cock their eyebrows in distaste at us. "Bitches," I mutter, shaking my head.

"I heard that, Cullen!" Rosalie calls over her shoulder.

"Well, I said it out loud, Hale!" I shoot back. *Bitch and a half.*

I can practically *hear* the hair they flip over their shoulders as they saunter off. It's no secret that the cheerleaders hate us. Mostly, they hate us because we hate them, and they apparently don't like to be hated. Well, if they weren't superficial bitches, then maybe we wouldn't hate... ya know? But they are. Bitches, that is.

It's a rare sight to see a cheerleader hate a jock, which Emmett is, but if those cheerleaders don't feel worshipped, they turn their claws on you.

"Anyway," I sigh, rolling my eyes. "Whaddya mean, last summer?"

"My Aunt Renee's moving here with her family," he tells me, grinning again. "Which reminds me-" He checks the time "-I need to meet my cousins out front real quick; make sure they know where to go and shit."

And without another word, we're heading for the parking lot instead of Spanish class.

"So... cousins?" I ask.

He nods. "Alec and Isabella, they're twins. And they start here at Peninsula today."

"Huh," I respond, not remembering seeing any pictures... but then again, we're usually at my place when we hang out. "How old are they?"

"Same as us. Well, they will be. They turn seventeen next week."

So, another pair of seniors then.

"Huh," I respond... again. And then I remember... and check my watch.

"Um, we start in ten," I tell him pointedly. They don't give me straight A's for nothing. I come on time – no pun intended – and I study hard. I gotta, ya know, if I wanna get into Julliard.

"Then I suggest you head to class, dude," he chuckles.

So, I do... after we agree to meet up for lunch, 'cause I know Emmett; he's gonna skip Spanish.

BPOV

I'm early, I know.

But I just had to get out of the house before I lost my mind. Mom, Dad, dancing. In the kitchen. Not kidding. Gross. Alec left too, but he doesn't have to sit in the parking lot to pass time. He's meeting with the football coach, hoping to try out for the team. But I'm here, sitting in my new Range Rover at seven in the morning, parked at my new school. Gotta love the car, though. It's black. Alec's is dark green. I've named mine Ruth. Alec laughed at me, I flipped him off, we hugged. Normal procedure.

Anyway, they were early birthday presents from Mom and Dad, and we'd gotten them yesterday after Dad came home from work. His new work. Yes, we're all quite settled in already. Dad's with the Seattle PD now, much like Em's dad, and Mom's teaching kindergarten downtown.

After a lot of sighing and banging my head against the wheel, the parking lot starts to fill up, and I curse the fucker parking so close to my Ruthie. I think it's a teacher, and I wonder why they would park here. Don't they have their own lot? Fucking Volvo.

But, uh... No, that's not a teacher stepping out of the car. Definitely a student. A fuckhot one.

Why would he drive a Volvo?

Whatever. He heads for the school, and I narrow my eyes, already hating him as I see just how fucking closely he parked. I can't even get out on my side. Fucker. So, I grab my bag and crawl over to the passenger side

and step out, all while cursing the sexy guy who looked like he'd been electrocuted. What? His hair was all over the place. Not that it didn't look good, because it sure did, but damn, it was all wild and shit.

I round my car, eager to curse at the soccer mom car, but before I reach it...

"Fucking shit," I hiss as I collide with a body.

My boobs hurt, 'cause that chest is all hardness. The one I collided with, that is. Don't worry, though. My boobs will make it. They fucking better. I've waited long enough for them to grow. But now I'm finally past that awkward stage where I'm flatter than a fucking stamp. Proud owner of C-cups now, yes, I am. I can't even zip my hoodie past my chest. That makes me smile. Sue me.

"Whoa there, little thing," I hear someone chuckle, and I look up to see... a surfer dude. He looks the part, anyway. And I can't believe he's in shorts. Seattle in September isn't warm enough for that. Hell, I'm wearing jeans, a t-shirt, and a hoodie, and I'm all but freezing my suntanned ass off. "You okay?"

"Uh, yeah," I say dumbly, taking a step back. "Thanks."

"My pleasure," he drawls. "Name's Jazz. And you are, pretty lady?"

I almost snort.

"Pretty Lady works, but it's Bella, really," I tell him, shaking his hand.

"Bella Swan. New here."

"Welcome to Peninsula then." He winks and smiles lazily. "And a word of advice, New Girl." He whispers behind his hand, "Don't park near Cullen's car." He nods at the damn Volvo, and I see red. "He'll go apeshit if anything comes near it."

"Maybe he should get his own fucking space then," I say dryly. "Besides, I pulled in way before that dude."

Jazz chuckles and motions for us to walk, so we do. "Let me fill you in a little about how things work around here at Peninsula, young one..."

BPOV

Jazz lights up a smoke, offering me one, but I decline. "Here's the thing," he says lazily.

And then he speaks.

The. Dude. Can. Talk.

No. Seriously. He can talk. A lot.

Which he does.

He tells me about the jocks, and how I should stay away from them, and I stifle laugh after laugh, considering telling him about my brother – as well as Emmett – but I decide not to. Then, he tells me about the rich kids, and this is where he mentions Volvo Driver again. Apparently he hangs out with very few people, because he thinks he's better than everyone else. But when Jazz mentions my cousin as Cullen's best friend, I'm about to lose my shit. First of all, Em's not a rich kid. Second of all, ewww. I don't want the dude who almost killed my Ruthie so close to my cousin. After all, I have a feeling I'll hang out with him often. Emmett, that is.

Anyway. Jazz proceeds to tell me about geeks, the bad guys, the cheerleaders, the "library groupies" – AKA, the shy girls with books stuck to their faces – and then about his own little clique of friends. Yes, I know. I know, because I see. I have eyes, and it doesn't take a genius to figure out that Jazz's little group are what we in Phoenix called "The Stoners." And when I think about it, and when I sorta, ya know, lean in a little, I can definitely smell the pot on The Dude.

Briefly, I wonder if he's seen *The Big Lebowski*, and I'm about to ask him just that... when he opens his yappy mouth again.

"Whatever you do, New Girl," he turns to me with a serious look, "stay away from the authorities."

And I'm like... what the fuck?

He continues. "Don't let The Man corrupt you, all right?"

So, I'm curious. In this little high school world, is he talking about actual authorities? Like, police or even teachers? Or is he high, and talking about jocks and cheerleaders? 'Cause I've heard of Cheerocracy. I mean, who hasn't seen *Bring It On*? Right? Right. But if he's talking about *real* authorities, maybe I should tell him that my dad is a police officer. Yeah, that oughta shut The Dude right up.

"What are you smoking, Jazz?" I ask, arching a brow.

He grins. "The best shit, of course. But that's neither here nor there." Oh, the serious look again. "Stay away from Jacob Black, Seth and Leah Clearwater, Emmett McCarty, Riley Biers, Emily Young--"

"Whoa, whoa," I say, cutting him off. "What's wrong with Emmett?"

And he gives me this strange look, like maybe he's wondering if I already know Emmett.

Which I fucking do.

"They're police-kids," he tells me gruffly, taking a step back. "They have parents working for The Man."

Um. Right. So, The Man is the government.

Wow.

This dude is tripping.

"You're weird," I tell him.

"Nah, I'm just chillin'. Know what I'm sayin', sistah?" He smirks.

To which I cock the bitch-brow. "And you're white. Remind yourself of that the next time you open your mouth, *brotha*."

Before he can speak up again, I hear him. Him. As in, my goofy cousin.

"Whitlock!" Em barks out, walking toward us. "You stay the fuck away from Bell!"

I give Jazz a sweet-ass smile.

And Jazz gives me *that* smile. The one full of sadness, saying oh-you're-already-a-lost-cause.

Then he leaves after flipping Emmett off.

Oh, sigh.

"You okay, little Bell?" Em asks, now standing before me. I nod with a grin, and he mirrors my expression before enveloping me in a bear hug. "You're finally here, cuz!" he bellows... in my ear. Ouch. "Where's Alec?"

"With the coach," I wheeze out.

He takes the hint and soon I'm back on the ground again.

Phew.

"Fucking A. He'll be on the team in no time." He's grinning, and I still find myself wondering if it isn't Em and Alec who are the twins. 'Cause they're so alike. Same build, skin tone, height, and features. "Anyway, let's get you settled, 'cause we have important shit to talk about at lunch."

Oh, yeah? "Such as?"

"Well, you only turn seventeen once, little cuz. Obviously, we're gonna throw a kickass party for you and Alec."

"Sounds good," I chuckle. "Mom and Dad can spend the night at your house."

They better, 'cause I don't want parents at my party.

EPOV

After dropping off my bag in my locker, I meet up with Diego again before we head to the cafeteria. The three of us – Diego, Em, and I – have Spanish together, but since Em's not really into Spanish, Diego and I usually end up by ourselves, which is just fine by me, 'cause Em's Spanish is cringe-worthy.

"So, I heard we have some new students," Diego mentions as we walk through the crowded hallways. "I was with Coach before class, and there was this new dude trying out."

Yeah, I don't really care.

I love football, don't get me wrong, but I'd rather watch than play. So, I leave that talk to Diego and Emmett.

"Maybe it's Em's cousin." I shrug. "By the way, have you seen Alice?"

Our group of friends isn't big, and I can't say I love having Alice around, but she's Mom's best friend's daughter, so I'm sorta obligated. And unfortunately, Alice needs the protection. She's one helluva awkward chick.

"I saw her earlier with Bree," he sighs.

I smirk at him. "Still not over Bree, are ya?"

See, this is why I stay away from the high school drama. All the bitching and moaning when people break up. So fucking pathetic, ya know? I mean, I'm not shy or whatever, and believe you me, I have my fair share of girls to pick from. But if I'm not interested, I'm not interested. That's that. Sure, I've kissed a few girls, but that's pretty much it. They're just not worthy of my time.

"Shut up, Cullen," he grumbles.

I chuckle and say nothing as I push the door to the cafeteria open.

It's... loud.

And the line is... long.

Fuck my life.

But we still stand there, waiting to get our hands on the slimy slices of pizza we usually go for.

"Yeah, that's the dude," Diego says, nudging me. He nods in the direction of our table in the corner, and sure enough, we have two new people sitting there. Obviously Emmett's cousins. "Who's the chick?"

"The dude's twin sister," I mutter.

I can't really see, 'cause we're too far away, but if those are the twins... *Damn.* Let's just say I wouldn't wanna share a womb with... *what was his name?* Right, *Alec.* 'Cause that's another Bigfoot right there. And it sure looks like he grew freely during those nine months, because the chick sitting next to him is tiny. Like... Alice-tiny.

Anyway, Diego and I finally get our fucking pizza plated up, and after purchasing sodas too, we walk toward the table where we've sat for the past two years.

Our group hasn't changed, apart from last year's seniors leaving, and we're a solid group of six people. Emmett and Diego – two jocks hating cheerleaders; Ben and me – musicians aching for Juilliard; Bree and Alice – two shy girls who will tip over in mortification if you so much as look at them. Diego is the only exception for Bree. But now... *I dunno*... will the Twin Mini and Twin Massive join in?

As I get closer and closer, though, I notice that there's something on Twin Mini that is so far from Mini.

Dude, her boobs.

"Whoa, she's hot," Diego says quietly.

I nod, 'cause... *yeah*. She's hot as hell.

But, seriously. Her rack.

Fucking. Spectacular.

EPOV

"Cullen! Rivera! *Hola*, bitches!" Em booms out, beckoning Diego and me to come over. Just gotta mention that Em doesn't know that the "h" is silent in *hola*. Yeah. "I want you to meet my cousins, Alec and Bell." He does the hand gesturing for them, and Diego and I reach over the table and shake their hands. Fuck, the chick's really goddamn hot. "Alec, Bell, this is Edward," he grins at me, and I'm fighting the urge not to ogle the chick's titties again, "and Diego. He's also on the team, Alec," he finishes.

"Nice to meet ya," I say, sitting my ass down.

"What's your position, Alec?" Diego asks him.

"Linebacker." Alec smirks cockily.

Awesome. Football talk.

Where the fuck is Ben?

I scan the cafeteria as I open my Coke, but I can't see him anywhere.

Whatever. I shrug to myself. Maybe he's stalking one of the stoner-chicks. I know he has a thing for the badass preacher-girl. Angela, I think her name is. Don't really pick up on shit like that. The only thing I know is that she's hanging out with that Whitlock. Damn hippie.

"Em," I say. "You seen Alice around?"

"And Bree," Diego adds.

Em and I both chuckle at him. He sure as hell ain't subtle.

"They're probably in the library." Em shrugs. "Where else would they be, eh?" He snickers.

True. They'd marry the library if they could.

"Damn, this is disgusting," I mutter, chewing on my pizza. Seriously, we need some real food around here.

The guys give me grunts in agreement.

I swallow the shit down before taking a sip of my Coke to get rid of the greasy taste, and that's when I notice Tittie Girl staring at me.

Like what you see, baby?

She's looking a little flushed as I set my Coke down, and I'm thinking... *fuck yeah.*

And for the first time, I pay attention to her face. Statement's still true; she's fucking hot.

Then, she speaks. For the first time.

"Wow, that hair," she says, as if she's in awe.

I smirk, quite cockily.

That's right, I know I look good.

"Yeah," she chuckles dryly. "That wasn't a compliment, Cullen." I arch a brow at her in question. "It's quite the clusterfuck you have on that head of yours." She points. "It makes you look special."

She gives me a onceover... then stands up to leave.

Fucking bitch!

"You gotta excuse my sister," Alec chuckles. "She can be quite the bitch."

Yeah, no kidding.

And for the record, my hair looks *good*. Girls go crazy for it.

"What the hell is her problem?" I ask.

Emmett laughs. "Apparently you parked too close to her car this morning. She's just moody."

Say what?

"Yeah, I'm not following," I say, furrowing my brow.

What fucking car?

"I found her talking to Whitlock this morning," Em explains. "And Bell told me that he filled her in about the school. He mentioned that you hate it when people come close to your car." I nod, 'cause I really do hate that. "Well, apparently you parked so close to her car that she couldn't get out on her side. Don't worry, though. She's got a temper, but she doesn't hold a grudge. It'll be forgotten in an hour or two."

Um.

Wow.

That's... juvenile. Seriously, she's pissed about that?

Jesus. Grow up, Tittie Girl.

And seriously, what kind of nickname is Bell? Please.

Whatever.

The rest of the lunch hour passes, and I have to admit, Alec seems to be a good guy.

Apparently there will be a party at their house next Friday.

But more on that later; it's time for Chem now.

BPOV

"No fucking way," I say under my breath.

"Did you say something, Ms. Swan?" Mr. Molina asks. "Is something wrong?"

Only so many things.

Okay, so I have chemistry now.

And my partner is Edward Cullen.

I didn't think he'd be so fucking hot, ya know. I mean, I saw him this morning when he almost killed my baby Ruthie by parking so closely, but he was hiding behind Ray-Bans then. And then when I saw him at lunch... *ungh*. Ya know? So, I did what I had to do. I acted like a brat. This is coming back to bite me in the ass now, that's for sure. 'Cause sitting there with a fucking smirk is Cullen. Yeah, he knows what's going on. I mean, it doesn't take a genius to figure it out. There's only one spot available, and that's the one next to him.

"No, it's fine," I mutter to the teacher, begrudgingly walking over to the table I'll share with Cullen.

I don't look at him as I plop down in my seat.

"Okay, listen up, class," Mr. Molina says, clapping his hands together. "It's our first day back, so how about we take it easy today, eh?"

Oh, I like this one. Yes, let's take it easy.

I can doodle. Pretty fucking good at it.

"Ms. Denali. What can you tell me about hydrogen?"

For the love of...

Looking over my shoulder, I see the girl in question. Cheerleader. Popping chewing gum. Sitting next to Rose *Something*, who Jazz pointed out earlier this morning.

"Umm..." She shrugs. "Like, I dunno."

Clever, that one.

"This sucks," I sigh to myself, turning in my seat again.

Hello, desk. Meet forehead.

"Lighten up, New Girl," I hear the dude next to me whisper. *Cullen*. "You can PMS on your own time."

Excuse me?

He chuckles as I glare at him. "Oh, please. The only thing you'll manage with that glare is going prematurely grey."

"Big words for a big head," I mutter.

Another smirk. "There's a lot about me that's big."

I yawn. "You mean your hair?"

Annoyance flashes in his eyes, and I smile.

"Mr. Cullen, Ms. Swan," I heard Mr. Molina bark. "Anything you'd like to share with the class?"

And it's moments like these where my mouth gets me into trouble.

"Cullen was just telling me how big his dick is."

Sometimes, I really wish I had a verbal filter.

EPOV

Emmett, Alec, and Diego are all laughing their asses off.

Me? Not so much.

It's only *Monday* – the *first* day back from summer break – and I'm already losing my mind.

I slam my locker shut and face them with a glare. "Seriously!" I exclaim. "She's fucking insane!" I throw my hands up in frustration, still a bit in disbelief over what happened in class. "Can't believe she's your cousin, Em," I mutter. Well, a part of me can believe it, because he's a blunt fucker, too. But this is just... too much. At least Emmett's a nice dude. Facing Alec, I gotta ask, "Does she not know when to shut up?"

He shakes his head, looking like a balloon with his cheeks ready to explode as he tries to keep the guffaws to a minimum.

I *still* can't believe it happened.

Her words are pretty much echoing in my head.

"Cullen was just telling me how big his dick is."

"Cullen was just telling me how big his dick is."

"Cullen was just telling me how big his dick is."

And yeah, we both got detention for it, which just pisses me the fuck off.

'Cause I've *never* gotten detention before. Ever!

One day with Tittie Fuck-Up, and I'm spending my afternoon with rejects.

Awesome.

I wanted to confront *Bell* about it after class of course, but she had taken off like her ass was on fire. It wasn't, though. I should know, 'cause I watched it as she ran out.

Fine fucking piece of ass.

Just sayin'.

"Are you done yet?" I ask them dryly.

Emmett holds a finger up, silently telling me... *No, not yet, dude.*

So, they keep laughing.

But I'm over it, so I leave the bastards. It's time for my AP music theory class.

~o~

"Join us, Mr. Cullen," Mr. Banner says. Yes, our principal is in charge of detention. "Don't just stand there in the doorway."

I still can't believe I'm here. I'm not slow, I'm just... *Jesus*. No, I mean, I'm not Jesus. I'm just... Ah, what-the-fuck-ever. I'm here now.

My eyes zero in on Tittie Girl who's sitting on the fifth row with her nose stuck in a book. *Bitch. Bitch. Bitch. You're a bitch. A sexy fucking bitch.*

She's the reason I'm here with these losers. I see a few of the stoners, a few jocks, a couple of cheerleaders... Bell...

Yeah, I gotta come up with a better name, 'cause all I hear is jingle bells.

Maybe... her last name. If only I remembered it.

Tittie Girl will have to do for now.

I've seen her around today, of course, and we even share several classes. Much to my chagrin. But luckily, I only have to sit next to her in Chem.

Whatever.

I find an empty spot in the back – away from as many people as possible – and bring out the assignment we received today in music theory. Might as well start, right? Hopefully the hour will pass quickly.

"Never thought I'd see rich boy Cullen in detention," I hear *that* voice drawl. Jasper-Fucking-Hippie-lock. "Do they give detention for kissing a teacher's ass?"

"Ah, shut the fuck up, crackhead," I snap.

"Why don't you both shut up?" Tittie Girl asks in a bored tone, never looking up from her book. "I'm trying to read here."

"Oh, so shutting up is fine now, eh?" I roll my eyes. "Maybe you should've thought about that before we ended up here."

"Whatever, Cullen," she sighs, flipping a page in her book. "Get over it."

I briefly wonder why the hell Banner doesn't butt in.

"Oh, ma *Gawd!* You're, like, all giving me a headache here!" Tanya exclaims.

Now *there's* an airhead who's very familiar with detention. She's even worse than Rosalie. I swear those fumes are getting to them all. Ya know, from nail polish, hair dye, and whatnot. I don't even know how many times Tanya's gotten herself lost when trying to find a classroom. My guess is that this is the only one she has memorized.

"Whoa, Denali. What's that on your face?" Jazz gasp in mock-horror.

"Wh... What?" Tanya asks, using the display on her iPhone as a mirror.

"Where? What?"

Jazz slumps back in his seat, very amused. "So easy. But... ya know... I think your stuffing's coming out." He points at her chest. "What are ya using? Toilet paper? Double-layered? The soft kind?"

And I can't believe I'm still paying attention.

"Shut the fuck up, loser!" Tanya shrieks.

I'm in hell.

Why the hell won't Banner tell them to just shut the fuck up?

My forehead lands on the table.

By the time the bell rings, I haven't accomplished shit, and I'm more pissed off than ever.

Much like earlier today, Tittie Girl takes off in a rush, and I mosey my grumpy ass in the same direction. I'm just too moody to run. Instead, I use the time to check out her ass until it's no longer in my view.

I yawn.

Oh, but then I see her again.

In the parking lot.

Leaning against *my* car.

That's just un-fucking-acceptable.

BPOV

He's so angry that his face is all scrunched up by the time he reaches our cars.

"Don't look so fucking constipated, Cullen," I chuckle, pushing myself off his car. "Just move it, so I can access my car."

"I... I... You..." That's all he can get out. He looks at his car like it's dying or something, and before he even tries to speak again, he brings something out from his backpack, and... *what the fuck?* "What... what did you do?"

They're wipes. No. Seriously. Wipes. That he uses to remove some imaginary spot from where I leaned against it.

I'm in disbelief as he's kneeling behind the car with the damn wipes.

OCD much?

"Are you for real?" I ask, bewildered. "You keep wet wipes in your bag for your car?"

"Shut. Up," he grits out through clenched teeth, never looking up. "Can't believe this. First detention and now you're fucking with my car?" He stands up, seemingly satisfied with his work, and shoots me a glare. "Let's get something straight here, all right? First, don't *ever* get near my car. Second, stay away from me, too. And third, how the *hell* are you related to Emmett and Alec?"

"You're shitting me, right?" I snap, walking toward him. "You think I'd be here, waiting for your hypocritical ass if I didn't have to?" Damn, he's tall. And not sexy at all. Lie. All lies. Consider his personal space invaded. But I won't back down. "Because, newsflash, Cullen: as you can see, it's a bit

difficult for me to pull out when you've parked your Swedish piece of shit an inch away from my Rover!"

I swear I wouldn't be a bitch if he hadn't been a hypocrite. It's okay for him to park wherever he wants, but if anyone gets close to his, he's suddenly on a warpath? Well, fuck that.

"Oh, yeah? Why don't you just get in on the other side?" he counters angrily. "It's not my fault your behemoth takes up half the fucking lot!"

Oh, overexaggerate, why dontcha?

How very mature of you.

Besides, there's a car on the other side, too!

"You know what? Forget it, Cullen," I say, chuckling humorlessly. "Just get inside your soccer mom car and leave."

Another glare. I'm tempted to throw his own words back to him.

So, I do. "Oh, please. The only thing you'll manage with that glare is going prematurely grey," I say dryly.

Cullen's about to give me the comeback of the year – sense the sarcasm – but Principal Banner drives by on a damn scooter, which distracts us both, even more when he pulls over and asks if everything's okay.

"Absolutely, but..." Cullen replies, smirking cockily at him. "The new girl here just offered to blow me, and she just can't take a hint, ya know? Got any advice?"

Oh, he *didn't*!

I... I can't... believe...

GAH!

"I didn't!" I all but shout at Principal Banner.

"Yeah, you did," Cullen argues lightly.

It's official. I hate him.

In the meantime, Banner's staring at us both, jaw dropped and eyes wide.

Awesome.

Then he clears his throat before he speaks. "I want to see you both in my office tomorrow at eight AM. Am I making myself clear?"

"Wait, why should *I* be there?" Cullen asks in disbelief.

And Banner says something about hearing us both out before taking things any further.

So, yeah. Nice going, asshat.

That's that.

Cullen's pissed as hell as he pulls out, but I couldn't give two shits about it because I can finally reach my baby Ruth.

God, I hate that guy.

Okay. I'm usually not this bitchy, and a part of me thinks we've just gotten off on the wrong foot. Actually, it's all ridiculous and has grown way out of proportion. Little things have grown. Insignificant has become significant.

So...

Maybe... I dunno... Shit, maybe I should just... Yeah. I could be the bigger person, and... you know... apolo-

Nope.

Can't do it.

Fuck.

What a lovely first day this has been.

BPOV

I nod firmly at Alec.

He nods back.

We bump fists.

We're on a mission.

He heads for the kitchen where Mom is.

I head for the backyard where Dad's preparing the grill.

"Daddy?" Cue puppy-dog eyes. He turns to me with apprehension and fear written all over his face. Good. The "Daddy" card still works. "See, the thing is..." I trail off, pouting a little.

"What?" he asks, eyes flicking toward the door. No, Dad. Mom's not rescuing you. "What is it, Bells?"

I give him a mega-watt smile. "The thing is that it's Alec's and my birthday tomorrow, and... well... We've made some really nice friends already, Daddy."

"Yeah?" He smiles carefully. "That's great, honey."

Yeah. Expect for Cullen, that is. Well, Alec likes him. Traitor. He even went with Emmett to Cullen's house this weekend for pizza and videogames.

We've only been at Peninsula High for a week, and they're already The Three Musketeers. Emmett, Alec, and Cullen, that is. No, wait. There's a

dude named Diego; he's in the group, too. And then there's Ben. I forgot about him. What do you call them if they're five?

Whatever.

"We want to throw a party on Friday, Daddy." There's no overusing the "Daddy" card when you really want something and Friday's only four days from now. "We really, really, really want this. And you and Mom can *totally* spend the night with Aunt Liz and Uncle Jeff."

"Wait, wait. Hold on just a minute now, young lady," he says sternly, putting his hands up in caution. "I can say yes to a party, but not to one without adult supervision."

I shove my hands into my pockets and pinch my thighs really fucking hard.

And yeah, my puppy-dog eyes water.

"But, Daddy..." My bottom lip trembles. "Don't you want me and Alec to get accepted by our friends? You know how kids are today, don't you? They're *vicious!*"

A tear rolls down my cheek.

He sees it.

Score!

He sighs.

I sniffle.

His shoulders slump.

He looks down.

"Fine, *but...* there are conditions, and I have to talk to Mom first."

And that's how it's done, people!

~o~

"Took me two minutes to get Mom to cave," Alec says proudly, plopping down on my bed. "Mom and Dad are downstairs talking now."

I sit at my desk.

"Took me a tear," I retort, not looking up from my *Cosmo*.

He laughs. "Fucking A. So, what did Dad say about conditions? I guess he has a few."

I count them off on my fingers. "No alcohol, no more than twenty people, and everyone leaves before one AM."

"Mom said pretty much the same."

Yeah, I figured.

So... "You still have your fake ID, right?" Now I look up. We both grin. He nods. "Good. You and Em should go together, 'cause you're the only ones able to pass as legal."

He purses his lips. And... oh no, Alec. Don't. "Diego and Cullen are good, too. If we bring them, we can buy more without raising suspicion."

And I return to my *Cosmo*. "Don't mention that asshat in my room."

"Who, Diego?" he guffaws before walking out.

Funny.

He knows very well.

After our first day at Peninsula, bad turned to worse between Cullen and me. But that's not my fault.

We met with the principal as told the day after Cullen let his mouth run wild, but this time we didn't get detention. No, instead we were assigned to help Banner with some parent-information-thingy he's planning in a couple of weeks. So... Wednesday, Thursday, Friday of last week, plus today, I've been forced to spend an hour at the end of each day with that fucker. We've made copies of what-the-fuck-ever Banner printed out – I didn't exactly read the shit – and we've run his errands. Not so fun when you have that asshole on your tail. Well, it wouldn't be fun, regardless, but with Cullen, it's purgatory.

Because: He. Just. Won't. Shut. Up.

See, I was thinking that I could be a bit more mature, ya know? No, I wasn't going to apologize, but I was going to quit being a bitch. But that's impossible when he's just being a bigger and bigger piece of shit with each second that passes.

On Friday, he called me Tittie Girl.

Yeah, I shoved him into a wall. Problem is, he's strong.

In other words, my shove wasn't very successful.

To which he just laughed.

In the meantime, Em, Alec, and Diego just find us very funny.

I don't.

And it sucks because I haven't really found any girlfriends yet. I've only talked with some chick named Angela a little, but I'm working on it. I've noticed the two shy girls that sit with us at lunch, of course, and tomorrow I'm definitely gonna talk to them. Alice and Bree, I think their names are. I would've tried today but they left early, and I spent some time with the stoners. They're funny, especially Jazz and Angela. Well, Angela's nicer. Jazz is a bit annoying when he tries to shove his anarchy propaganda

down my throat. Good thing I can hold my own. As for Angela, she's different. She's aloof and stoner-ish, but she can also come off as a bit shy. Not often, but I saw a glimpse of it a few of days ago when Cullen and Ben walked past us in the parking lot and it was quite obvious that she has a thing for Cullen's music-buddy.

"Dinner's ready, kids!"

Sweet. It's Monday. Grilled Fish Day.

"And Alec, sweetie? Emmett and Edward are here!"

"No fucking way," I whimper.

EPOV

"Fuck yeah! Get over here, Cullen. Alec just updated his Facebook status," Emmett laughs, fist pumping the air.

With a little less enthusiasm, I put my guitar aside and slide off the bed.

This is just normal procedure. He often comes by after football practice and usually ends up on my computer, especially if I'm busy with assignments for the Music Club.

"What's up?" I ask, standing behind him. I look closer. "Hah, that's good," I chuckle.

Alec Swan: Twin and I are about to go for the kill. Our parents are going down! Expect a kickass party at our place on Friday!

Emmett doesn't waste time to type in a comment.

Emmett McCarty: Make sure to tell Bell to use the puppy-dog eyes.

Yeah, I don't wanna think about that now. I already think about her in the daily shower. That's enough, thank you very much.

Alec Swan: Ah, you KNOW she's gonna use them, cuz!

Apparently Diego's online, too.

Along with a few others.

Diego Rivera: *digs up the fake ID*

Stupid fucker.

Jessica Stanley: It's gonna be SO epic! Wait, I'm invited, right?

"Tell him how idiotic he is," I laugh quietly.

Mike Newton: Fucking A!

Em nods. "On it."

Rosalie Hale: You better invite me, Alec! *blows a kiss*

Emmett McCarty: Way to announce your illegal shit, Rivera!

And a minute later, Diego deletes his comment.

Jesus Christ.

Oh, and Emmett seems pissed.

I know why, too. See, unlike Emmett and the rest of us, the Swans don't really belong in just one group. Alec doesn't diss anyone, and when Rosalie started flirting with our new linebacker, Emmett flipped his shit.

Who knew he had a thing for her?

I thought he loathed the bitch.

Hell, we all thought that.

But when I asked him about it, he denied it all. So childish.

I digress.

That's the Swans for ya. They're popular already. Alec is definitely closest to me, Diego, Em, and Ben, but he's also with the other jocks, and the cheerleaders, though he's fully aware of how fucking stupid they are. The cheerleaders, that is.

Anyway, I return to my bed to spend some quality time with my Gibson, and Emmett continues with Facebook, Twitter, and... all that shit. Sure, I have Facebook too, but I'm not on it very often. But I may or may not have looked up Bella on it. Yeah. Bella. Much better than Bell. Though, she's still Tittie Girl for most part. But yeah, I typed in her name. Sue me. However, she's all for privacy, that one. So, I couldn't see much, and there's no fucking way I'm adding her as a friend.

`Cause I hate the bitch.

She'll be the death of me.

Last week... I swear... I could just strangle her.

Yes, I do take blame for the shit Banner's making us do, but it would be easier if I didn't have her around. I mean, one minute she's faking politeness, only to go uber bitch on my sorry ass the next. Hell, she pushed me into a fucking wall! Well, tried to. But still. She's insane. Okay, I may have called her Tittie Girl, but that's not my fault. Her boobs were all distracting and shit. It just came out, ya know? No pun intended.

Oh, and then it got worse. I know. I didn't think that was possible, either.

Flashback

"Oi! Yuppie Dude!"

For fuck's sake. No, there's no way I'm talking to Whitlock.

So, I keep walking across the lot.

Unfortunately, he catches up and puts a hand on my shoulder.

I glare at him pointedly, and he removes it.

"So, I heard you have a thing for my dudette, Angela," he says, narrowing his eyes at me. "Tell ya one thing, Cullen. That ain't happening."

The fuck?

"Isn't it a little early to get high, Whitlock?" I ask dryly. 'Cause the dude's outta his mind if he thinks I have a "thing" for a fucking stoner.

"Don't bullshit me, all right?" he snaps. "Bell already told me. She pointed you out."

Again. Bitch!

"Yeah, well, she's full of shit," I shoot back, feeling my temper flare.

Can't fucking believe her!

End Flashback

Exactly. Apparently Bella told Jasper that I'm into Angela Weber. And this is what I fucking hate – this high school bullshit. I just wanna be kept out of it.

Obviously, this made me wanna strangle Swan even more.

I thought about confronting her about it, but why bother? That'll just bring me more trouble, and the last thing I need now is a round of "he said, she said, who said, they did."

To sum it up, her first week at Peninsula has been my worst one.

She's still good to jack off to, though, which bothers me a little. Does she have to be so incredibly hot?

Because that's the thing; I wanna kill her one minute, only to kiss her the next. Or motorboat the shit outta her boobs.

Maybe cum on them.

Whichever, really.

"Dude!" Emmett booms out, nearly giving me a fucking heart attack.

"They've done it!"

Fucking hell, deep breaths.

"Done what?" I ask lamely, still trying to calm my heart down a peg or seven.

"They convinced my aunt and uncle. The party's on." He grins. "Oh, and Alec just asked if we wanted to come over to his house for dinner."

Yeah, I don't see that happening.

"No, thanks," I huff.

He rolls his eyes. "Bell ain't there."

Oh.

Great. I bet she's with Whitlock. And why does that bother me? Fuck if I know.

"You sure she's not there?"

He nods, fiddling with his key chain. "Uh, yeah."

Well, okay then.

Two minutes later, I tell Mom and Dad to count me and Em out for dinner, and then we leave.

We don't drive, 'cause apparently the Swans live four blocks away from my house.

Who would've thought?

EPOV

It's a nice house, I gotta say. Sorta like the ultimate all-American dream home. Two stories, big, white with blue shutters, a big front yard, a garage for four fucking cars, picket fence, the whole shebang.

I remember Alec telling me that his dad is a cop and that his mom is a teacher or whatever, so I'm curious, but... then I also remember that Em's mom is from some rich family, and since Em's mom is, then so is Alec's mom... what with them being sisters and all. Yeah.

Heh. Two rich sisters meeting two average Joe cops.

Pretty much the same in my family but the other way around.

Dad's the fancy-schmancy doctor from a prominent family, and Mom's the girl from the wrong side of the tracks. I'm much more like Mom, that's for sure, which is why I fucking hate to be called "rich boy."

"Ah, you're gonna *love* my aunt's cooking, dude." Emmett grins as he rubs his hands together. "And it's Monday today, which means Grilled Fish Day!"

Wow.

"If football doesn't work out for ya, you should become a food critic," I tell him.

We pass the picket fence gate; I shove my hands in my pockets. Don't know why.

But this is... Tittie Girl's territory.

"Shit, being a food critic would be fucking awesome."

I snicker at him. "Yeah, but you would give a hotdog vendor five stars."

"True dat, man. True fucking dat."

And with that said, he raises his hand to knock on the door, but it flings open before his hand makes impact.

"Your favorite nephew is here!" Emmett exclaims, puffing his chest out.

"Emmett!" A sorta-not-so-sorta blond woman squeals. "Silly boy, you're also my only nephew." Dark blond, is that a color? Anyway, I figure it's Renee Swan – Em's aunt. "Alec told me you two were coming over."

There's a wide smile as she hugs him, and yeah, I see Bella in her. She's a MILF-looking woman. I almost wanna check out her rack, but that could be awkward. "And you must be Edward! I've heard quite a lot about you," she chuckles, and there's something in her eyes that makes me wonder just what she's heard. Did Bella or Alec say something? 'Cause I'm fucked if Bella opened her mouth... again.

Mrs. Swan turns to me, and before I stick my hand out, I'm being hugged. "So nice to meet you, Edward."

"You too, Mrs. Swan," I say politely as she releases me. I'm a bit stunned. Not because I'm not used to affectionate mothers, but because she's *just* like my own. Esme Cullen hugs *everyone*. Yeah.

"Oh, none of that here," she says, waving me off. "It's Renee."

I smile instinctively, and she motions for us to get inside.

"We're eating on the patio out back," she tells us. Then she walks toward the stairs and calls out, "Dinner's ready, kids!"

Uh, no-no. No.

"And Alec, sweetie? Emmett and Edward are here!"

"No fucking way," I whisper under my breath.

She said kids. Kids. As in... plural.

Granted, Alec's a big guy, but I doubt Renee refers to him as two people.

"You said she wasn't here," I hiss quietly to Em.

His response?

A wide fucking grin and a slap on my back.

There's not much I can do besides following Emmett outside, because one thing's clear, there's no fucking way I'd be caught alone in Tittie Girl Land, especially not if she's actually here. Sweet Jesus. But hey, at least she's not with Whitlock and that sure works for m-

"Cullen," Em says, interrupting my thought as we step outside. Big backyard. "Meet my uncle." He nods at the man with his back to us, though at the sound of Em's voice, he turns. Alec and Bella's dad, I presume. "Charlie, this is Edward. Cullen, Charlie."

Yeah, so this dude with a porn-stache is wearing an apron that says, "The final words are always mine, but... they're usually *Yes, ma'am.*"

Just thought it was worth a moment to think about.

"Nice to meet you, Chief Swan," I tell him, offering my hand. Mom raised me well, ya know. I'm a polite dude.

He grins and we shake hands briefly. "Good to meet you too, kid. And call me Charlie."

With the 'stache making him look like a porn actor from Germany, I'd rather think of him as... I dunno... Günter or Hans, maybe, but... Charlie it is. I suppose.

But all those thoughts vanish when I hear her voice.

Behind me.

Tittie Girl's angry.

"Cullen, Alec wants a word with you. In *private*."

Yeah, those were the words she used, but see, this is what *I* heard, "You're on my territory, and I don't want my dad to witness your murder, so follow me."

EPOV

My eyes are pleading with Emmett, but that fucker doesn't care. His eyes are on the grill, so... soon I find myself following Bella inside the house again, and yeah, I sorta gulp when she starts walking up the stairs.

Where the fuck is Alec?

Or even Renee.

Is nobody going to save me?

"In here," she says icily, stopping at... her room. What the fuck? "Get in, Cullen," she seethes quietly.

Seriously, where's Alec?

Oh, but then I remember myself, ya know, and this is Tittie Girl we're talking about. She's not all that strong, and I know there's a cop in the house, so... I hope she doesn't go for the family jewels. Mainly 'cause it'd hurt like a motherfucker, but also 'cause a kick in the balls would make any guy scream like a girl, and Charlie would hear that. And lemme tell ya, soprano's not a good look on me. I don't do high-pitched.

Anyway, I put on a confident face and pass her, entering... Dear Diary World. No. I'm not kidding here, people. Bella Swan's room is... girly.

We're talking pink and full of clichés. A stack of girly magazines by the bed, a few books, a desk where I see pink pens with some fluffy shit on 'em... Yes, a journal on her nightstand... A gazillion pillows and stuffed animals... A black comforter with pink stars covering her relatively big bed. Yeah, so I noticed the size of it. Sue me. I'm a dude.

Though, as Tittie Girl slams the door shit behind me, I once again fear that I'll be a dude with a soprano voice soon.

"What the hell are you doing here, Cullen?" she hisses, glaring at me.

Also pushing her boobs up when she crosses her arms over her chest.

Fuck, I gotta get a grip.

Then I see something in my peripheral.

Slightly behind her. The door of her closet.

Yep, it's a goddamn dart board.

With my picture on it!

Couple of darts piercing my forehead.

Nice.

"How old *are* you, five?" I chuckle incredulously, nodding at the board behind her. I kinda wonder how she got the picture, though. I recognize it, of course, from last year's yearbook, but Bella wasn't here then. So... can I assume Whitlock hooked her up? 'Cause I know he's into photography, and maybe he took a picture of it to get it enlarged.

Ah, who *cares*?

She looks over her shoulder, then at me again. "Oh, please," she scoffs. "Let's not talk about maturity here, all right? Just answer my fucking question. What are you doing here?"

I shrug, also folding my arms over my chest. "Alec invited me."

"Right. Well, next time he asks you to come over, de-fucking-cline, will ya?"

I smirk. "Or not," I say dryly, taking a step toward her. "You see, here's the difference between you and I. I'm obviously under your skin," again I gesture for the dart board, "and you need me gone in order to stop thinking about me." Yeah, my smirk is cocky as hell. "Me, on the other hand," I shrug, "I just don't care." Another step; I'm pretty much towering over her. Fuck, she's hot, especially when she's glaring at me like that. "You're not even on my radar, Tittie Girl."

Nice lie there, Cullen.

Shut up.

Not even slightly intimidated, she starts bitching. It's all there; chin jutted, sarcasm lacing her voice, anger and fire, hands on hips... and I can't hear a single word she's saying. Well, I heard something about me calling her Tittie Girl again, but whatever.

So, I cut her off. "You know, Swan... I see your mouth moving, but... for some reason I just can't bring myself to listen to the bullshit flying out."

Maybe because my eyes are glued to her mouth.

Fuck. Me.

"God, you're so fucking infuriating!" she exclaims, chest heaving in anger.

Twitch.

My eyes dart between her eyes and lips.

I'm so completely fucked.

BPOV

The nerve of this guy!

"God, you're so fucking infuriating!" I exclaim.

But again I see that I don't have his attention. Seriously, what is it with guys and not being able to listen? I swear it's in their DNA just to piss girls off!

"Just..." I groan in frustration, rubbing my temples. "Don't call me Tittie Girl!" I look up at him again, and my glare is back, but... then it sorta isn't. 'Cause I see where his eyes are glued.

Holy shit.

I'm in disbelief.

And my body... what a fucking *traitor* for reacting.

But... shit.

Then there's Bella Swan being Bella Swan.

I don't have a verbal filter.

"*Dude*, are you thinking about *kissing* me?" I ask incredulously. Sorry, but I'm in shock, okay? He's staring at my mouth, and... his eyes are... *Jesus*... I can see the... The lust.

Oh, fuck.

"What?" he mumbles, and then his eyes meet mine. I guess he also realizes that he's been caught staring, and he goes into defensive-mode. "*What?*" he repeats, now chuckling. "Why the fuck would I think about kissing *you?*"

He's very confident in his words, and I gotta ask myself the same question. Why would he think about kissing me? He hates me.

For some reason, that stings a little.

I don't know why.

But now I'm embarrassed.

So, I avert my eyes, trying to come up with something to get me back on track. I mean, I don't want him to think that I like him or anything, because I sure as fuck don't. I don't! Our hate is very mutual. Yeah.

"Fuck," he whispers. Then I feel him grasp my chin, forcing me to look up. "I didn't mean..."

He doesn't continue.

Instead he shocks the hell out of me by dipping down to brush his lips against mine.

Just once.

Twice.

I shiver, still in disbelief.

He does it a third time, and my body responds.

Violent shivers run through my body like a steady current, and I kiss him back. Not hard. Still just... ghosting over... brushing against, but we're both doing it. And I know that I'm in trouble, because... I like it, which is why I can't stop myself from pressing my lips against his a little harder.

I don't know what's going on, and I doubt he knows.

But whatever it is, we both like it. I know because he's next, deepening the kiss.

His lips are soft, and I want to taste them, but... I don't know what the hell I'm doing. Sure, I've kissed a few guys in the past, but this is different. This is a guy I hate. Right? So, I break the kiss, looking down at my feet as I catch my breath.

This can't happen.

No fucking way.

He's an arrogant prick, and it wouldn't surprise me if he was some player. He sure has the attitude for it. And the fact remains, I haven't heard a single good thing about Cullen.

So, I tell him, "This never happened." And then I leave the room.

I hear him mutter, "Agreed," as I head downstairs.

Safe to say, dinner's awkward.

I don't look at him.

Luckily, no one seems to notice.

Well, Alec notices, but that's a twin-thing. Just don't ask me how I will talk my way out of this.

EPOV

I sit by my computer, moving the cursor over Alec's name on Facebook.

It's their birthday today, and... the polite thing is to congratulate them, him, them... fuck. But I'm not friends with Bella... *I just kiss people I'm not friends with, apparently...* so, that leaves Alec. I should wish him a happy birthday.

I would've done it at school today but Ben and I were busy throughout the day with the Music Club, which left us holed up in the auditorium during

lunch. So, I haven't seen Alec today, or the others for that matter. And this includes Tittie Girl, who was conveniently sick today.

Yeah, I call bullshit.

Anyway...

I don't know why I'm hesitating, and yeah, I do. I'm so full of shit. Here's the thing.

I *kissed* her.

Yesterday.

I. Kissed. Tittie Girl.

And for some reason... *I dunno*... but I feel rude or something for wishing him a happy birthday and... not Bella.

I know. I'm screwed. In the head, I mean.

But that kiss...

Jesus Christ.

There was mutuality there, for a second or four, I'm sure of it. We both wanted it, and... we both *liked* it. That's what's so completely fucked up. Because I still wanna strangle her. Like today, she left me alone with Banner and his bullshit, because "she was sick." Fuck that.

I'd texted Em as I waited for Bella to show up at the principal's office, and he replied and told me that she was sick. My immediate reaction was just that – I wanted to strangle her. Or pull her hair. Okay, not the last one. But seriously, she *bailed*, and I had to take our punishment alone. And that's when I noticed that it was better to suffer through it all with her there. Yeah, I don't know when that changed, 'cause I distinctly remember wishing her away last week.

"Ah, fuck it," I sigh to myself, typing in a comment on Alec's wall on Facebook.

Edward Cullen: Happy 17th, dude!

Many have wished him a happy birthday. He's popular.

I wonder if Bella's wall is full, too.

There I one way to find out, Cullen...

Right.

I know, but... Fuck, am I that desperate?

Yes. No!

Shit.

I won't add her, but there is another way. As I've mentioned before, Mom's best friend is Alice's mom, and... well, they're currently downstairs, preparing dinner. Alice included. She does her homework in Dad's study. So, I could... ya know... ask her.

A knock on the door pretty much settles it.

"Come in," I say, recognizing Alice's timid knockings by now.

We've knows each other since birth, pretty much, and she's been in here several times, but she still gulps and looks around as if the room is going to bite her whenever she enters. So much fidgeting around that girl.

"What's up, Brandon?" I ask casually, not moving from my desk.

She pushes her thick glasses up her nose, chewing on her lip. Weird girl. Always dressed the same, too. Black jeans, worn sneakers, and a dark green Peninsula hoodie. Her brown leather backpack is usually a part of her, too, but I guess it's in Dad's study right now.

"Um, you see... I was wondering if you have the uh... as-assignment we received in AP Lit and Comp?"

I nod with a yawn, reaching down in my second drawer to get it for her. It's the only class I share with Alice, and she's my partner. I take AP English Literature and Composition to learn more about reading and writing from different eras, thinking it can benefit me for writing music later on, whereas Alice takes it for the history knowledge it provides her with. I'm pretty sure she'll study history in college. She has a thing for the Civil War era. But that's about all I know when it comes to the weird girl I've known all my life.

I hand the paper to her, and she studies it so closely that her nose almost touches it.

It's kinda amusing to watch... if you have nothing better to do.

"Hey, Alice?" I ask, thinking now's a good time. "Have you spoken to the new girl much?"

I know she hasn't, but I needed *some* kind of opener.

"Um... y-you mean, Bell?" she squeaks, blushing scarlet. "No? W-why?"

God, it's like pulling teeth. I'm afraid she'll die if I ask her if anything's wrong.

"Nothing at all?" I press. "You friends on Facebook or anything?"

She gulps. Eyes widen. "Well, she um... she added me this m-morning."

Bingo.

"Mind if I have a look?" I ask calmly. "I just wanna check something, and... yeah..." I don't really have a good explanation here. "You could log in on my computer. It'll just take two minutes."

I'd flash her my lopsided grin that I know many chicks go crazy for, but I know that shit won't fly with Brandon. In fact, I think she'd keel over in mortification.

"S-sure, but," she stutters, clearly confused. "Why don't you... you know... add her?"

Um, because I don't want to.

Sorta.

"Long story," I say instead, moving off my chair to give her room. "I really appreciate it, Alice."

It takes a while but soon I have Alice's page up, and she clicks on Bella's name.

She's listed as Isabella Swan, by the way. Not Bell. Not Bella. Isabella.

Not Tittie Girl, either. Pity.

"D-do you want..." Alice gestures, silently asking if I want her to leave while I scan Bella's page, and... yes, please. Get out, will ya?

"Sure you don't mind?" I ask. Because I'm still polite, okay? She shakes her head furiously, and I'm afraid she'll snap her neck if she goes on much longer. "Thanks, Alice. Really. I'll be quick, and then I'll just close it, okay?"

With a sharp nod, she flees the room.

"That girl needs to relax," I sigh to myself, taking my seat again.

And here we go.

Time to stalk Tittie Girl.

I'm not pathetic.

I'm not.

EPOV

Okay, so Bella's popular, too. Many have wished her a happy birthday, and like on her brother's page I notice many that are from Phoenix. I wonder if they're still close with many down there.

And, boy, is she close with the stoners.

Mostly with Whitlock and that Weber chick, though. Still can't believe Tittie Girl told Jazz that I have a "thing" for Angela. I mean... come the fuck on! I don't have a thing for *anyone*. That's not me. I will never waste my time on high school bitches.

Anyway, I scroll down on Bella's Facebook wall, and I scowl at the bullshit she's written about being "sick."

Isabella Swan: Spending my day in bed. Mom's chicken soup's good, though. What a lovely fucking birthday!

Several have commented.

Jazz Whitlock: Want me to swing by with some medication? ;)

"Fucker," I mutter, wondering what kind of medication he's talking about. Weed? Or... something else? And... huh... I didn't think he'd ever go near a house where a cop lived.

Alec Swan: Yeah, I don't think so, Jasper. Fuck off.

I snickered. Glad to see that Alec isn't friends with *everybody*.

Angela Webz: Hang in there, bb! Rest and get your booty back tomorrow! Gotta talk to my girl *hugs*

"Huh."

And Bella's responded to that.

Isabella Swan: Ah yeah, we gotta talk about that boy, eh? ;) But I doubt I'll be back tomorrow. Feeling like shit here. Fever, too.

Fuck! She's not coming tomorrow, either? Wednesday tomorrow... Damn.

I wonder, though. Could she be telling the truth? Is she really sick?

And shit, who's the "boy"? More bullshit about me?

I sigh.

Bree Tanner: Feel better, Bell.

I'm actually surprised to see Bree's comment. She's not quite as shy as Alice, but she's close.

Then, Bella again.

Isabella Swan: Thank you, Bree! :) Btw, you're coming on Friday, right? Alice is also invited. Could you tell her? Gonna head back to bed for a while, ppl!

Looks like Tittie Girl's trying to make friends.

Highly doubt Alice will show up on Friday, though.

Whatever.

After checking Bella's wall, I move on to her pictures, 'cause that's a must.

"Pictures, pictures," I mumble, clicking on of the albums. "C'mon, Tittie Girl."

The first four albums aren't all that interesting, and it's easy to see that those pictures are older, 'cause Tittie Girl doesn't have titties there. But – as much as it pains me to admit – I have to say that Bella Swan went

from cute to pretty to sexy as hell. Yeah, I said it. When she was little, she was cute. There. Happy?

"Whoashitfuckme!" I gasp.

All right. The fifth album is clearly from this summer. *Holy* shit.

I see the Swans had a pool in Arizona.

Tittie Girl... in a black bikini...

"Christ," I breathe out, quickly standing up from my chair. My dick's also standing. "Yeah, I need lotion for this."

I grab the lotion and the box of tissues from my nightstand and return to my desk. Thoughts of me being the biggest perv on earth fly into my head before I push that shit away. I'm a teenage boy. Being a perv comes with the territory. And this... yeah, I gotta jack off to this.

"*Honey, the dinner's ready!*"

"No," I whine.

Fuck my life.

~O~

Like Bella had told... someone – can't remember who – on Facebook, she doesn't show up on Wednesday.

She doesn't show up on Thursday, either.

However, she apparently *is* sick. So, I can't really be pissed. I still am, if only a little, but yeah...

Whatever, I'm too relaxed to be pissed.

I may have saved two or seven pictures from her Facebook on my computer, and they've been *very* helpful.

God bless photography.

God bless her spectacular boobs.

~o~

“Morning, dude.” Emmett grins widely as he put his books in his locker. “I can’t fucking *wait* for tonight!”

Oh, he’s buzzing, all right.

“Morning,” I chuckle.

Actually, I’m sorta looking forward to tonight, too.

Friday. Party at the Swans.

“What time do we head out?” I ask him, referring to us buying alcohol.

“I dunno. We’ll talk to Alec at lunch. You have your fake ID, yeah?”

“Yep.” I nod.

“Awesome,” he says, and he’s about to say something else, but Diego’s voice cuts him off.

“What the hell is this?” he asks, coming up from behind us. He’s holding up a piece of paper that I’m too familiar with. I’ve spent the past two days putting that shit up all over school. Without Bella, I might add.

“We’re getting slips to take home to the folks today,” I add. “Banner’s having some parents’ night where he’s gonna discuss last year’s problems.”

Apparently, there were many issues last year, and from what I’ve read on that damn paper, Banner wants to talk to the seniors’ parents about preventing the same from happening this year. Or some shit like that.

"Fuck," Diego mutters. "Knowing Banner, I bet we'll get a day off from classes to 'get to know our fellow students' or something equally sucky."

I shrug. 'Cause fuck if I know what Banner has planned.

Don't really care, though. Time for class.

BPOV

"Sure you're ready for school, Twin?" Alec asks, stepping out of his Rover, which is conveniently parked next to mine. At least he doesn't crowd me with a fucking Volvo. "Maybe you should go home and rest today, too."

Always the caring brother. I love him dearly.

"Nah, I'm fine," I tell him, taking my bag before I lock my car. "I'll see ya at lunch?"

As good as it felt to be home, I've sorta missed school a little. Not classes, but my friends. Good thing it was only a forty-eight hour bug.

"Yep, be good, sis."

I chuckle.

Yeah, he knows about Cullen. Well, not all of it. Not the kiss. But I had to tell him the rest after dinner on Monday, because he knew *something* was up. So, I'd told him about the shit I went through with Cullen. Problem is, Alec doesn't take sides. I mean, he's always on my side, but he also knows that I can be a bitch. In other words, Alec is Switzerland. And apparently, Cullen had already told my brother about our differences. Such a gossip.

~o~

After my AP Studio Art class, I see Alice and Bree on the way to PE, and I figure that this is as good time as any to actually talk to them. Over the

past couple of days, I've talked a little with Bree, but only on Facebook, and that doesn't count.

"What's with the rush, New Girl?" Jazz asks, walking next to me. Yes, I share the class with him. "Slow down."

"I wanna talk to Bree and Alice over there," I tell him, pointing in their direction down the hall. "Join or fuck off." I wink at him.

"Uh, I'll join." He shrugs.

Alrighty.

"Alice! Bree!" I call, walking briskly toward them. I ignore the cat-calls from a few jocks that I fucking hate. Not to give out names but Mike Newton and Tyler Crowley are so on my shit-list. Too bad Alec's invited them tonight.

When Jazz and I reach the two girls, they're both wide-eyed and gulping, but I'm prepared for this. Emmett has filled me in. They're just shy. Once you get under their skin, they're still shy, but you will at least be able to talk to them.

"Hey, guys," I say, smiling. "I just wanted to make sure you're coming tonight." I smile wider. "We will definitely need some chicas there, ya know?" True. So true. So many dudes are coming, and I don't care for the cheerleaders, so they don't count.

"Um..." That was Alice. Holy shit, take a breath, girl. I'm not gonna bite.

She's all red in the face.

I feel like I need to be really damn careful here. There's something about them that makes them come off as fragile, which is weird 'cause we're all shorties. It's not like I'm towering over them or anything. Hell, I'm only

5'4", and my guess is that they are about the same. But it's their personalities.

"It's just if you want to," I tell her gently. "I was thinking that maybe we could get together at my house before, and we could... I don't know... get to know each other better?"

I don't care if I come off as desperate. I just really want good girlfriends in my life, and Angela's good and all... when she's not high.

"S-sure," Bree stutters, smiling nervously. I think she will be my way in. She's slightly more comfortable. "I um... wasn't sure if you s-still wanted us t-to come. Is all."

"Of course I do!" I assure, grinning widely. I think I'm gonna like these girls. Genuine chicas are a rare breed in high school. "Maybe we could meet up after school or something?" I suggest. And then I remember. "Shit," I mutter. "I'm meeting Cullen and Principal Banner after school, but... it's just for an hour." I smile hopefully.

I hear Jazz chuckle behind me, but I tune him out.

Although, I notice that Alice's wide eyes are glued to him. Hmm...

"So, whaddya say?" I ask them. "Wanna come over to my house, say... around five?"

Bree's smile is wide. That's good, right? Yeah. "Um, sure!"

Win.

"Here, give me your number and I'll text you my address later," I say, bringing out my phone from my back pocket.

While she types it in, I turn to Alice. She's a cute girl. Maybe I could get her to lose that baggy sweater, though. And seriously, her eyes are gorgeous. I'd bet those clear blue eyes would pop with some eyeliner.

"Here you go," Bree says, handing me my phone.

"Thanks so much." I grin, pocketing my iPhone. "So, I'll text you the address, and then I'll see you two around five? I can order us pizza or something."

"S-sounds awesome," she squeaks.

"Um... y-yes," Alice stutters, looking at the floor while blushing madly.

Oy.

"Great." With another smile, I say, "See ya later, guys," and then I drag Jazz with me toward the next class that we also share.

"Damn, that was painful, Bell," he chuckles.

I sigh. It really was.

"They need to relax," I muse. Hopefully, a party can help.

"Oh, I know what can relax them." He winks down at me, and I shake my head. "What? That little Tinker Bell was cute, despite the Coke-bottle glasses. Weird, I've never really noticed her before. But I bet a joint would relax her."

"You're not giving her weed," I tell him. "No fucking way."

"We'll just have to see what happens tonight. But I gotta warn you, dudette. I ain't coming to your party without something to take the edge off, 'cause I still don't know how I'm gonna survive in a cop's house."

I smirk. "But you'll do it for me, 'cause I'm special."

"True that, New Girl," he chuckles, draping an arm around me. "You gotta be since I'm gonna suffer through cheerleaders tonight."

Ugh.

"Don't remind me," I mutter. I swear, Alec's losing it. In Phoenix he hated them, and now he's friends with the entire fucking squad here. Or, at least the most popular ones; Rosalie Hale, Tanya Denali, Jessica Stanley, and Lauren Mallory.

Bitches all of `em. And ass-kissers. Since I'm Alec's sister, they're all overly nice to me whenever I pass them in the halls. Even on Facebook.

~o~

The rest of the day goes by and too soon I'm walking toward Banner's office.

Cullen's there, leaning against the wall with his ankles crossed and thumbs hooked in the belt loops of his stone-washed jeans. Long fingers tapping on his thighs. Earbuds in his ears. Black t-shirt... Head tilted back against the wall, eyes closed.

Fuck, he's hot.

And that kiss...

Goddamn.

Okay, Bella. You can do this. Do not let things get awkward. You just kissed. Only... it didn't happen, remember? He even agreed.

Right.

EPOV

"Holyfuckingshit!" I gasp. My eyes fly open, and... there's Tittie Girl, holding one of my earbuds.

"Oops, didn't mean to scare ya there," she giggles, the sound making me glare at her. Fucking infuriating and sexy; a combination that's killing me. "Whatcha listening to, Cullen?" She puts the bud near her ear, and my

first thought is to snatch it back because I don't want her to listen to it. But then... I let her, and I want to know what she thinks... without knowing that it's me she's listening to.

Ben and I are organizing a rock show, and his dad works for Volturi Music – a big record label – so he has access to studio equipment that would make Banner feel cheap. True. The shit we have here at Peninsula is a joke and nowhere near good enough, hence visiting Ben's dad's work.

"Hmm, this sounds good," she comments. "Who is it? I've never heard this."

I smirk cockily, though... for some reason I wanna kiss the shit outta her for liking my music.

"It's *me*, Tittie Girl," I tell her, taking back my earbud. "Well, me and Ben."

She scowls, most likely at her nickname, but I don't care. "Oh," she utters, now looking bored. "It was okay, I suppose."

Yeah, nice try. You liked it!

"So, what? You wanna be a rock start or something?" she asks dryly, pushing her boobs up further as she folds her arms over her chest. Fuck. I want to suck on them. "I bet you want chicks to go all fangirl on you." She huffs, and I cock a brow at her. "Like you need a bigger ego."

"Are you done?" I ask. Another scowl. Cute. "And not that it's any of your business, but no, I don't wanna be a 'rock star'." Ridiculous, for fuck's sake.

I leave her there and walk up to Mrs. Cope.

"Cullen and Swan reporting for duty," I tell her, voice heavy with sarcasm.

Five minutes later, Bella and I take our seats in Banner's office.

"Earbuds out, Mr. Cullen," he tells me pointedly, and I roll my eyes, taking them out. "So..." He sighs, lacing his fingers together on the desk. "This is your last day with me." Fucking A. "The only thing I want you to do today is help me out with a few students' names."

"Names?" Bella asks. "I'm new here. I barely know any names."

Such a fucking liar. She knows many here.

"Bullshit," I tell Banner, nodding at Bella. "She's quite the socialite already."

"Fuck you, Cullen." Bella sneers at me. "You don't know shit."

"That's enough," Banner barks out. Bella and I face him again. "Now, it won't be hard, Ms. Swan. I just want you to give me some info on some of the groups here at Peninsula. Think of it as a survey."

Not happening. I won't be some snitch. Besides, I don't care about others in school, which means I don't really know. I have better things to do than keeping track of who's friends with who.

"Mr. Cullen, why don't we start with you?" he suggests. I keep a straight face, leaning back in my chair. "Who are you closest with?"

Excuse me?

"Like, who my friends are?" I ask, arching a brow. He nods. Huh. Uh... "I dunno." I shrug. "Emmett, Diego, Ben-"

"Last names, too, please," he says, flipping up a note pad.

Bella and I exchange a look, and for once we're both on the same page.

As in, we're both thinking... *what the fuck is going on?*

Anyway...

I start again. "Emmett McCarty, Diego Rivera, Ben Cheney, Alice Brandon, Bree Tanner, Alec Swan..." Yeah, I'm so stopping there.

Tittie Girl huffs, and I grin.

"I see," Banner says. "And you, Ms. Swan. Who are you closest with?"

She sighs. "I guess, Emmett McCarty, Alec Swan, Jasper Whitlock..." I snort. "Angela Weber, and um... Alice Brandon, Bree Tanner." Don't like that for shit! I won't let Tittie Girl corrupt Alice, that's for sure. I may not be a fan of Brandon, but it's my duty to look after the little awkward chick. "Um, I guess you can add Diego Rivera and Ben Cheney, too, but I'm not very close to them. S'just that we usually sit together at lunch."

Banner nods and writes it all down. Then he faces us again and asks a bunch of questions. They're innocent enough, and since we're eager to get out of here, Bella and I answer them as well as we can. They're just bullshit questions about the different people at Peninsula, basically. Nothing about anything going down, or if anything's happened, just... name-dropping of who people hang out with. Like I said, bullshit.

Then, fucking finally, we're done.

I haul ass since I'm meeting Em, Diego, Alec, and Ben to buy booze.

And when I'm halfway across the parking lot... "Hey, Cullen!"

Fuck.

I slow down, looking longingly at my car.

"What?" I ask, turning around to face the bane of my existence. Oh, and my fantasy-girl.

She's a bit out of breath when she reaches me, and I try not to gawk at her flushed cheeks and big eyes. She really is pretty...

Fuck!

They're brown, by the way. Her eyes...

Shut up.

Looking at tits and ass is one thing but eyes and... Just no.

"What do you want, Swan?" I ask impatiently.

"Gee, don't bite my fucking head off just for approaching," she snaps. "I was just gonna ask for a favor."

Say what?

My eyebrows shoot up. "You wanna ask *me* for a *favor*?"

"Nothing big, Cullen." She rolls her eyes. "Can you just ask Alec to pick up something that isn't beer? You're meeting him now, right?" I nod, confused. "Right. Well, we don't all love beer, ya know? So, maybe you could tell my brother to think about the girls."

I smirk. "Oh, I bet he's thinking plenty about the girls."

Another eye roll. "You know what I mean, asshole."

She's fun to tease.

"Fine, I'll tell him," I chuckle.

She nods once, and utters a small "thanks" before walking the other way, presumably toward her car.

But for some reason, I stop her. Yeah, 'cause I'm stupid. "Wait, Swan." I close the distance, hesitating a little as she tilts her head, waiting. "Um..."

Oh, for the love of God, just ask her.

"What do you want?" I ask, shoving my hands into my pockets. "To drink, Bella. Any preference?"

She gives me some weird look, but it's gone before I can decipher it. Not that I care, ya know. Just saying.

"Oh..." She chews her lip, thinking about it, I guess. "I don't know, maybe vodka? And uh, I can tell Alec to buy mixers."

"Or I can do it." I shrug. "Just tell me what you like."

I mean, I'm meeting with Alec now, anyway. No big deal.

"Cranberry juice?" she asks rather than states. "Maybe orange juice. Red Bull? Doesn't really matter." Then, she smiles. It's sorta beautiful- "Oh, get some Sprite. And limes."

Sprite. Limes. Gotcha.

"Anything else?"

"Nope. Think that's it."

Okay, this is... weird... uncomfortable...

"All right... See ya tonight, I guess," I say, and with a two-finger wave, I turn around again, hurrying to my car.

EPOV

One. No. Two or three? Two. Three. Two.

"Fuck it." I take three bottles of vodka. We'll be what, twenty people? Thirty? Yeah, I doubt there will be any complaints about a third bottle. I mean, people are bringing their own shit, but... whatever.

Three bottles.

"Vodka?" Em asks.

I shrug. "Not everyone is into beer."

"But you are," he points out.

Yeah...

"Just got a text from Twin," Alec says, coming up from behind us. And I thank him for the distraction. "She and those two shy chicks are buying snacks. She wants me to ask you what you want."

I narrow my eyes at nothing really, but... she's with Alice and Bree? I really gotta find out what that's all about, especially since Bella's friends with the stoners. I don't want Alice near that shit. Hell, Mom would have my head.

"Doritos," Em says solemnly. "Gotta have Doritos. And salsa. And-"

"Got it, got it, cuz," Alec chuckles. "You can go on and on. Cullen? What do you want?"

"Doesn't matter." I shrug.

He shakes his head. "You gotta say something. Twin's demand. Oh, and she said something about getting limes and mixers herself. Don't know what that was about."

All right. But...

"Twin's demand?" I chuckle, seriously doubting that Bella cares about what kind of snacks I want. Jesus. "It really doesn't matter."

He responds by shoving his iPhone in my face.

At the store 2 get snacks with Alice n Bree. Ask the guys what they want. I want specifics from them all! N tell Cullen I'm getting limes and mixers ~Twin 2

"Twin 2?" is my lame reply.

Alec shrugs. "I'm four minutes older, therefore I'm Twin 1. Now, whaddya want?"

I sigh. Another shrug. "I don't know... Chips? Whatever."

"Flavor?"

For the love of...

"Barbecue," I tell him.

He nods and types.

"And, Cullen?" He looks up, smirking a little. "What's with the vodka?"

"Not everyone loves beer," I repeat. But it feels like Alec won't be satisfied with that answer.

"Yeah, I know." He nods slowly. Still smirking, but now it's bigger. "My sister's one of them."

Fuck my life.

"Right. Well, there you go then," I reply, pretending not to care for shit. Then I leave Em and Alec to find Diego and Ben.

Why didn't I just tell Alec to get the fucking vodka? Why did *I* do it?

BPOV

"Don't touch that, Dad!" I exclaim, batting his hands away. "I'm sure there will be plenty of snacks at Aunt Liz and Uncle Jeff's house!"

Before he can reach for the bag of barbecue chips again, I snatch it away, contemplating hiding the damn bag in my room.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't this my kitchen?" he chuckles.

"But this is for the party," I tell him, motioning for all the stuff on the kitchen island. Bree, Alice, and I really cleaned out the store. "So, no touchy, okay?"

He holds his hands up in surrender. "Fine, kiddo." He grins. "Be a party-poopers."

Party-poopers... Oh, Dad. "Nobody says that anymore."

Thankfully, Mom rescues me by telling Dad it's time for him to get ready.

And that's my cue.

I type Alec a text.

Mom and Dad will leave in twenty ~Twin 2

His reply is instant.

Great. Let me know when they're gone. We're at Cullen's ~Twin 1

"Of course you are," I mutter, pocketing my phone again. Then, I take the bag of barbecue chips and bring them up to my room where Alice and Bree are waiting.

Gotta say I'm pleasantly surprised about those two. I thought for sure that it was gonna be close to impossible to break the ice, but my plan to bring them with me to the grocery store worked well, and with a task, it was easier for us to get comfortable with each other. So, as we shopped for snacks, we just small talked a little, but it was enough to relax them.

"Finding anything good?" I ask, entering my room. I drop the bag of chips on my desk. Alice and Bree are sitting on my bed, reading *Cosmo*. I had told them earlier that we could go through some magazines for inspiration, ya know, for our looks tonight, and again I was pleasantly surprised when they were all for it.

"Um... m-maybe," Alice stutters, blushing again. "It's all very um... *daunting.*"

Uh... right. Sure.

"Some stuff can be, yeah," I offer. "Just..." I shrug. "Look for a while, and don't pick anything you won't be comfortable with."

"But... we don't have t-time to shop," Bree says hurriedly.

I wave her off and walk over to my closet. "I have plenty of stuff. You're welcome to borrow anything."

Their eyes are wide as I leave the closet open for them.

And yeah, they've already seen my not-at-all juvenile dart board with Cullen's picture on it.

Bree just giggled. Alice blushed. No surprise there.

"I'm just gonna check Facebook," I tell them, walking over to my desk again.

Because there's one thing on my mind, and I can't get it out.

Bella. Bella. Bella.

Cullen called me Bella earlier. Tittie Girl, I've heard. And Swan. New Girl.

But never Bella.

I've always been Bell. Dad calls me Bells. Alec calls me Twin or Bell.

Cullen called me *Bella*.

Five minutes later, it's done and I don't know why I just did it.

Isabella Swan changed her name to Bella Swan.

Doesn't take long for the comments to pop up.

Tanya Denali: You changed your name? It's SO cute, girly!

Jessica Stanley: That's a hot name, bb! MWAH!

I roll my eyes. Ass-kissers.

Jazz Whitlock: Bella, huh?

Angela Webz: More casual than Isabella. This dudette *points at self* approves! Rock on, sister!

And I guess someone is online over at Cullen's.

Emmett McCarty: Nah, you're still Bell for me, cuz!

Alec Swan: Hmm...

Fuck you, Alec. You don't have to read too much into it.

Bella Swan: What are you guys doing, Twin?

Alec Swan: Nothing much. Em is hogging Cullen's computer. Diego and I are surfing with our phones. Ben and Cullen are talking music. Pretty much just waiting the rents out.

Cullen... music...

I sigh.

As much as I hate to admit it, what I heard on his iPod today after school was damn good. It was rock, just two guitars, but so good. Hell, it even made me shiver.

"Sweetie, Dad and I are leaving now!"

Finally.

Bella Swan: *runs downstairs to say goodbye to Mom and Dad*

I tell Alice and Bree that I'll be right back, and then I head downstairs.

"Be good, kiddo," Dad says as I hug him. "Remember the rules?"

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. "Yes, Dad. No alcohol, no more than twenty people, and everyone leaves before one AM."

Mom chuckles. "Come on, honey. Let the kids have their fun. You remember what we did when we were young, don't you?"

Gross.

"That's the problem," Dad grumbles, and I give Mom a quick hug.

"Be nice to Edward, baby," Mom whispers in my ear. "He's a good kid."

Hmph. Whatever.

Like with Alec, I had told my mom about Cullen and what an ass he is, and *just* like with Alec, Mom doesn't take sides. Traitors the lot of them.

"See ya tomorrow," I tell them, smiling sweetly as I wave them off. "Love you!"

EPOV

"That's good," Ben says, grinning widely as I hand over the guitar. "Now we just gotta talk to the drummers."

"I was thinking Riley," I tell him, rubbing my chin. "He's good."

"True. A lot better than Garrett."

Ain't that the truth.

"The fuck?" Em mumbles. As usual, he's sitting by my desk. Diego and Alec are on my couch. I'm on my bed and Ben's in the chair next to it. "Bell changed her fucking name on Facebook."

I snicker internally. *To Tittie Girl?*

Kidding.

"She did, yeah," Alec chuckles, nodding with his eyes glued to the iPhone in his hand. "To Bella."

Uh, what?

Huh.

Didn't know others called her that.

Well, *nobody* calls her that, 'cause I sure as hell haven't called her that out loud.

Guess I was wrong about others, though. Fuck, I hope it's not Whitlock. That dude is getting on my fucking nerves, and I don't even know why. But shit, it's like wherever Tittie Girl is, Jazz is, too.

Anyway, Ben and I go back to the rock show we're working on, and we pass my guitar between us as we write some shit down for a few people who don't belong in the Music Club. They think they do, but they don't. So, Ben and I write for them to make sure it's good, ya know?

And then, when Alec says it's all clear over at his house, I tell the guys to head out.

I rush to my bathroom.

I quickly brush my teeth, just... because. And uh... yeah, some cologne.

Back in my room, I check the mirror on my closet once.

Jeans – good. Black All Stars also good, but... I change my t-shirt. Gone is the black one. Instead I pull on a long sleeved t-shirt in dark grey and push up the sleeves to my elbows. Damn, I look good.

That's right.

Keys – check. Wallet – check. Phone – check. Good to go.

It's no surprise that Mom's waiting in the foyer.

"I'm curious, Edward," she muses. "What are you boys hiding in the back of Emmett's Jeep?"

Oh, fuck.

"Um, nothing?" I respond, smiling. What? Like I'd tell her about the booze. "By the way, you look beautiful, Mom. Is Dad taking you out tonight?"

"Nice try, honey," she huffs. Smiling, though. "Now, have fun, but... Please don't come home drunk, okay? Your father and I let you do what you want because we trust you. Don't make us regret it."

"I promise," I tell her, kissing the top of her head. "Don't wait up."

~o~

When we arrive at the Swans', Alec announces that he's gonna go upstairs to change, and the rest of us hauls the alcohol into the kitchen. *Shit*. A kitchen that's *full* of snacks and sodas, by the way.

"Now this is what I'm talking about!" Emmett bellows. "Doritos!"

"Damn, did they buy the store?" Diego mutters, eyeing the bowls of chips.

"We sure did," I hear Bella say behind me. I don't turn. I keep loading the beer into the fridge.

I also hear someone letting out a low whistle.

Not cool.

"Looking fine, Bell," Diego says. Fucking asshole. "I guess Emmett and Alec are gonna have their hands full."

Die. Die. Die.

"Flattery won't get you far, Rivera," Bella chuckles. "At least not with me. With Bree, on the other hand..."

Yeah, I have to laugh at that.

Emmett laughs, too, as he hands me the next case of beer.

"She's here, by the way," she informs Diego in a sing-song voice. "And I think you're gonna have your hands full, too."

See? Here we go with the corrupting.

So, I nod for Emmett to take over, and then I... don't... have the... um... fridge door... blocking my...

View.

Holy fuck.

Tittie Girl!

BPOV

The boys move around furniture in the living room. I'm setting up Alec's dock station. Diego's ogling Bree, who in return is blushing her ass off. But she's hot doing it. She's wearing a pair of my skinny jeans in black, along with a tight halter-neck top in dark red. Oh, and she's enjoying it, too. Still stuttering and blushing, but I see the smile, girl.

Then we have my dear brother, who is ogling our shy Alice. Nope, not kidding. But I do know that Alec's harmless. He's a flirt. But Alice needs it. She's gorgeous and should know it. Wearing a black dress of mine – strapless – she looks to die for, and the guys see it. She's also stuttering and blushing wildly but hey, Rome wasn't built in a day.

Who's next? No one? Nope. That's it.

Yeah, okay. Ben and Emmett are currently moving the couch.

Now, that's everyone.

I'm not mentioning the asshole who just looks pissed.

Don't fucking ask me why, 'cause I have no idea. All I know is that his eyes nearly bugged out when he saw me in the kitchen earlier, and at first I figured he liked my outfit. I mean, what boy doesn't like a short denim skirt and a black, simple top, showing a little cleavage? Well, apparently Cullen doesn't, because once he'd seen me, he started avoiding me. And then when Alice and Bree joined us down here, he just looked annoyed and angry.

Asshole.

"Twin! I need your iPod!" I call out, plugging in the dock station. Well, trying to... It's hard to reach behind the damn entertainment center.

Ben lets out a low whistle, most likely because I'm bent over, but... eh, high school boys. Whaddya gonna do?

Smack!

"The fuck, Cullen!" Ben grunts.

Finally! I got it plugged in.

"Coming, sis," Alec says as I stand up. "Here ya go."

"Thanks." I grin, scrolling through his many lists. "Ah, *perfecto*."

"Don't play shit that you and I normally listen to," he says pointedly, and I nod in understanding. 'Cause we only listen to hardcore, punk, and rock. This party is all about MTV-music. We're so mainstream tonight.

So, I dock Alec's iPod to the station and push play on one of his party-lists.

I snicker as The Pussycat Dolls comes through the speakers.

Can't get any more mainstream than that...

"I think we're done, guys," Emmett announces, grinning widely as I turn in his direction. "Let's get this party started!"

"Fuck yeah, let's get some beers!" Alec bellows.

I crank up the volume before I follow them into the kitchen, and once I'm there, I walk over to Alec and ask him about the vodka.

"Uh..." He gives me a weird look. "I didn't buy any vodka, Twin, but..." He chuckles. "Cullen did."

Ding dong!

"I'll get it!" Em shouts, running for the door. Goof.

And I zero in on Cullen, who's standing on the other side of the kitchen island, speaking quietly with Alice.

I'm confused. Didn't he tell Alec to buy vodka?

"You know," Alec says quietly, "you might wanna fill your brother in about what it is between you and Cullen. And without bullshit this time."

Crap.

"I could," I tell him, looking up. "But I won't." *Because I don't know the answer myself.*

But if I have to break it down, I'd say we're two people who hate each other and occasionally do nice things for the other.

Alec's about to say something, but I'm being rescued then...

"Jazzman is in the house! Where are you, New Girl?"

So, I give my brother a sweet smile before starting to back out of the kitchen.

"You invited Whitlock?" Alec grits out, glaring at me.

"You invited the cheerleaders?" I shoot back, and then I turn around.

I grin as I find Jazz, Angela, and a few other stoners in the living room. I recognize Eric – a guy I spent some time talking to on Facebook when I was sick. Also a stoner. Nice guy, though.

"I'm keeping my eye on you, Twin!" Alec shouts from the kitchen.

Yeah, yeah. Whatever, bro.

Time to have fun!

BPOV

"Look at those skanks, Bell!" Angela slurs, nodding at the cheerleaders who are dancing on the living room floor. "Those skirts are more like belts!"

I giggle and lean my head back against the couch. I'm so fucking comfortable. I've got that perfect buzz going on, and I'm proclaiming my love for vodka and Red Bull. Just sayin'... ya know? Feels good. It's all good. Yeah! I swear... this party kicks ass. The entire first floor is full of people. Gotta love it. And someone – don't ask me who – brought flashy lights. So cool. So, the dark living room is flashing in red, blue, and green... Yeah. Awesome.

"Ya know, I'm wearing a short skirt, too, Weber," I tell her before chugging the rest of my drink. "Be right back!"

'Cause I need a new drink.

I get up, and... *whoa*. Dizzy. I giggle again. I think.

"Looking for this?" I hear someone ask, and I look up to see...

"Emmett!" I squeal. "My favorite cousin! You made me a drink!"

He chuckles, shaking his head at me, and offers me the tall glass with golden liquid that sparkles. Okay, not really sparkles but... there are bubbles!

"I'm on Bell-duty according to your brother," he tells me over the music. "I make your drinks from now on."

I narrow my eyes at him and sniff the glass. Okay, good. I can smell the vodka. For a second I thought he meant he was cutting me off.

"Just makin' sure there's more Red Bull than vodka," he laughs.

"Thanks!" I beam at him.

I taste it and, oh yeah, it's delicious.

Emmett gives me another grin, and then returns to the couch in the corner that he, Cullen, and Diego haven't left in hours. Seriously, they just sit there. Okay, maybe not. They're drinking, laughing, and talking to others that stop by, but that's it. They don't move.

"Bell!" Angela squeals behind me as a new song comes on. "I love this song! We gotta show the skanks how it's done!"

And I'm like... *what the fuck?*

Firstly, it's a typical club-song – nothing near Bob Marley, who I know Angela listens to. Secondly, okay! 'Cause I wanna dance, too.

Ya know?

Now I know how to get down on the floor

Experience the moves you can't ignore

"Let's go!" I say, pulling her off the couch.

We almost crash into each other, but I manage to dodge with all the sparkling liquid still in my glass. Good. I'm still graceful.

So, I chug a little.

'Cause I can't get enough

I can't get enough

Then some more.

Until the drink is just gone.

"Outta my way!" she barks at Rosalie and Tanya.

It's taking me higher, higher

Higher off the ground

It's taking me higher, higher

Higher off the ground

"She's high and shitfaced," I tell them, and they nod in understanding, shooting Angela the mandatory you're-such-a-loser glare before returning to grinding and dry humping each other.

Skanks...

And they're stupid if they think they stand a chance with my brother.

I do this just for kicks, just for the thrill

I got this high without taking a pill

Angela and I quickly find a spot in the middle of the living room, and if I just ignore Newton and Crowley, everything is just fucking perfect. But, dude, touch me and you're going down. That's pretty much what my glare tells Crowley as he leers at me.

I flip him off before focusing on Angela and the music.

'Cause I can't get enough, I can't get enough

I can't stay on the ground

Whoa, I can't get enough, I can't get enough

This is taking me now

Angela and I laugh as we dance together, and I doubt it's pretty, but we're having a shitload of fun. That's all that matters.

"Mind if we join in, dudettes?" I hear Jazz ask behind me.

He smells like weed. Eric, too.

I know they've been outside, 'cause they complained about the music earlier, and apparently you need weed to survive it.

"You're so high that you wanna dance to the music that you hate?" I laugh.

His lazy grin pretty much says it all. Fucking weirdo. Gotta love him, though. He's fun.

"Join in, boys!" Angela shouts.

And then we're back to the ass-shaking. Well, the boys don't shake, but... you get it.

The music's got me going higher

I feel like I can touch the sky

Eric twirls me around, making me squeal like the fucking girl I am, and this time I'm not graceful... or sober enough... to prevent the crash. Eric and I laugh like crazy as we tumble to the floor, both of us on our backs.

People around us laugh and help us up, and I swear tears of laughter are rolling down my cheeks. Thank God for waterproof mascara.

Another song comes on then, and I hear my darling cousin shout out, "Finally, a song I like! Come on, guys!"

Have to admit, it's a song that I like, too. Lil Wayne. "Lollipop." It's a sexy song.

I see my brother, my cousin, and... Cullen... approaching.

Oh, Cullen...

His eyes are glued to mine.

EPOV

"Shut the fuck up, dickhead!" I laugh, giving Em a shove for good measure. "You're dead wrong!"

"Care to make it interesting?" He grins, pulling out his wallet.

Fuck, yeah.

I sip my beer as I pull out my own. "Twenty on Stanley," I tell him. "She's the most desperate one."

He shakes his head. "Wrong, dude. Twenty on Mallory."

"What're you bettin' on?" Diego slurs. Eyes crossing and the whole shebang. Jesus, it's only ten PM and he's already losing it.

"On which skank that will attack Alec first," Emmett answers him. "I think it's Mallory. Cullen thinks it's Stanley."

Yeah, but can ya blame me? She's going all out to get Alec's attention, and sorry to say it – not really – but she looks like a fucking slut. A cheap one. They're all in the middle of the makeshift dance floor, and Alec's

trying to fend them off while dancing with Alice. Yes, that's right. Alice. But I'm keeping an eye on her, though. She's a bit tipsy, but happy. And Alec's a good guy. He wouldn't disrespect her.

"Nah, I think it's Hale or Denali," Diego says, throwing in his two cents.

To which Emmett curses under his breath. It's so fucking obvious. I mean, I've seen him eye-fucking that blond bitch all night. Hale, that is. Not Denali. He wants Rosalie so fucking badly, it's sad, really.

"Take it easy, Em," I chuckle, tipping my bottle back. Beer's good, by the way. Or fuckawesome.

"You're one to talk, asshole," he fires back, glaring at me. "Like I haven't seen you staring at my cousin."

"Fuck you," I mutter, grabbing another beer from our personal cooler. "I haven't even given that bitch a thought."

Lies.

I know. I'm a sad motherfucker, too.

I *have* thought about her, and I *have* stared at her... but she's looking so... fucking... hot. It's almost painful! Doesn't help that she's currently dancing with one of the stoner-chicks. Those hips, that ass... *Boing*. Yeah, I've had to talk my cock down more than once tonight.

"What did you call her?" Emmett grits out, and now his glare is lethal. "Did you just call my cousin a bitch?"

Ah, shit.

"Didn't mean it like that, dude!" I groan in frustration. "But you know I can't stand her!"

"And you're full of it, Cullen!" I hear Alec laugh, plopping down next to me. Great. Just... great. "I know my sister, ya know? And that you two can't stand each other is just bullshit."

"Shut up," I sigh tiredly. Beer. I need more beer. So, I chug the entire fucker down.

"So, you're saying that that over there doesn't bother you?" he asks, nodding at the floor.

I follow his gaze, and...

Fuck.

Truly, truly, truly, fuck.

"No," I spit out the word, lying through my teeth. Bella... Fuck. Dancing with another dude. "It doesn't bother me."

Oh, but it does.

Especially when I see them falling to the floor, laughing loudly. Every muscle in my body tenses.

I'm not stupid. I know that it's jealously surging through me, but that doesn't mean I'm going to acknowledge it, or... deal with it. Fuck that. I'm above all of this. Besides, it's not worth it. I'm not looking for a mindless fuck. Or make-out, for that matter, but wait... hmm...

We have kissed before, so...

Shit.

Nah, she was pretty fucking clear when she said that *it* never happened.

There's no way she'd be up for...

Right?

"Finally a song I like! Come on, guys!" We hear Emmett boom out.

Then next thing I know, Alec pulls me to a stand and slaps me on the back.

"I know you're a good guy, Cullen," he tells me. "But... break her, and I break you. That's all."

He walks off.

I drag a hand over my face.

And... I've made my decision.

EPOV

When I reach Bella, I see nerves and curiosity, but there's also something else. Something I remember seeing the day we kissed, so... *could it be lust, Tittie Girl?*

...She lick me like a lollipop

She lick me like a lollipop...

"Didn't think you'd like this kind of music," she says when we're closer.

And I chuckle, because I really don't. But... I lean down... *fuck, she smells good...* and murmur in her ear, "I think every dude in here has a thing for the lyrics."

We watch each other for a few seconds, gauging and thinking...

You wanna?

`Cause I do.

...I make her feel right when it's wrong like lyin'

Man, she ain't never had a love like mine

But man, I ain't never seen an ass like hers

And that pussy in my mouth had me at a loss for words...

In my peripheral I see Whitlock closing in, so I level him with one helluva glare before I meet Bella's gaze again, and when I see the fire in her eyes my hands move without my consent, settling on her hips. And I think I'm very fine with that.

I think she is, too, and her own hands slide up my arms as we start moving to the music.

...And that's when she lick me like a lollipop... Oh yeah, I like that

She lick me like a lollipop... I like that

She lick me like a lollipop... I like that

She lick me like a lollipop...

I bite back a groan when I feel her boobs against my chest.

Her forehead rests in the crook of my neck, and my fingers flex, sliding slowly toward her lower back. *Goddamn*. She can move. Sexily. Hips swaying...

Her hands lock around my neck.

I suck in a sharp breath when she swivels her hips, effectively grinding her pussy against my thigh, and that's all I need. There's no fucking way I'm hiding my growing boner now... *Sweet Jesus...*

...Shawty wanna thug... Oh yeah, I like that

Bottles in the club... Oh yeah, I like that

Shawty wanna hump

You know I like to touch your lovely lady lumps

I pull her closer, allowing my hands to rest on her delectable ass, and another moan is stifled when I feel her soft lips ghost over my neck. She's driving me in-fucking-sane, which she's very aware of. The tiny hairs on the back of my neck standing, the hair on my arms – same there, the stirring in my jeans, the tightening of my jaw, the fucking shivers... it's all her. Luckily, I feel and see her own reaction to *me*. I feel the heat coming from her cheek, I see the gooseflesh, I feel the shivers, her hot breath against my neck...

...Okay, after you back it up, don't stop

Drop it shawty, drop it like it's hot

Oh, drop it like it's hot

Do it, shawty, don't stop...

As I give her ass a little squeeze, I dip down to slide my nose along her jaw line. She smells fucking incredible, and her response to me makes me so fucking hot for her. She knows, of course, but I don't care right now. In this moment I want her to know just how much my body screams for her. And I can tell that she's on the same page. Whatever happens after this doesn't matter.

She whimpers when I grind my cock against her abdomen.

I moan against her neck when she fists my hair.

And then I hear it... hot and breathy in my ear...

"Let's go to my room, Cullen."

BPOV

I ignore the whistles and catcalls as I lead Cullen up the stairs.

He ignores them, too.

Jazz glares at us, but when Cullen grabs my hand... *Jazz who?*

Am I nervous?

I think I'm too buzzed to tell.

What I'm not too buzzed to know is that I'm in the mood for...

Hell, I don't even know.

But when I open the door to my room for Cullen, I know it involves only him. Whatever I want is with him. So, when he passes me in the doorway, I take a deep breath and nod to myself. Because this is happening. I don't care what happens tomorrow. It's all about tonight, and I wonder if... I mean... How far will we go? Obviously not sex. I mean... duh. But...

Enough thinking.

Right.

I close the door behind me.

I lock it.

And when I look up, all I see is lust. Hungry eyes.

With my back against the door, I try to speak, but... nothing comes out.

But it's running wild inside my head.

I want you.

I want you.

I want you.

"Fuck," he exhales, and before I can register the movement, he's right in front of me, dipping down to kiss me. *Oh, God...* I'm a goner. Tiny explosions of lust rip through my body as his lips meet mine, and even

more when he presses his body closer to me, effectively pinning me to the door. I whimper as every burst of excitement inside of me heads straight to my pussy, and when our tongues meet, I feel the first rush of heat dampen my panties.

His hands are firm on my waist.

Mine make their way up his arms, not stopping until they find his hair.

"Damn," he groans quietly in my mouth. He makes me moan as the kiss deepens, and we kiss frantically while our bodies all but melt together. I can't freaking believe how turned on I am. I've never felt this before. Not when I've fooled around with the few crushes I had in Phoenix. This is...

"Shit," I whimper, feeling his hard dick against my stomach. It makes me wet... So wet, and there's nothing I can do to stop it. Hell, I don't want to. I also don't want to stop when his hands reach my ribcage. Oh, Cullen wants to touch. And when I instinctively grind myself against him, he responds by moving higher and higher. *Yes, yes, yes.* My mind is screaming for him to do... *something...* God, I just don't know *what*.

"I need..." I'm panting and grinding and needing and... "Oh, fuck..."

He pushes his tongue into my mouth, and I swirl my own around it. Our lips are already swollen and sensitive. I fucking love it, but... Shit, my mind... I can't focus, and I just don't have a clue. But then, when I hitch my leg over his hip, everything feels so good. Amazing and mind-blowing. Not that I'm a stranger to orgasms. Hell to the no. I love them. But I've never experienced one where I'm not alone.

"The other one, too," he breathes out, and then I feel his hand slide down my leg. He lifts me up, making me gasp and whimper at the same time, because then he's there. Right there. His dick against my pussy. And with my legs wrapped around him, he presses me harder against the door.

"Cullen," I moan when he starts kissing my neck.

I feel his heavy breathing matching my own.

The tension is palpable.

"Christ, Bella," he groans, making me shiver. *Bella*. There it is again. "I... Fuck, you're so hot..."

I roll my hips over his hard-on, and it sends shockwaves of heat through me. I can barely believe how good it feels, so I do it again and again and again. He moans and starts sucking on my neck. I know he's gonna leave a mark, but I don't care. Hell, I wanna do the same, so I lower my mouth to the spot where his shoulder meets neck and my tongue darts out to taste him. Fuck. He smells good. Tastes good.

"Fuck, baby," he breathes out.

Baby.

I whimper, and then our mouths collide again, with even more force.

More... I want more...

"Cullen," I pant. "The... the bed..."

EPOV

I break our kiss.

I blink.

And I'm like... *did I hear her right?*

The bed?

What *about* the fucking bed?

"B-Bella, I..." Great, now I'm a stuttering mess.

But seriously, her *bed*?

Her eyes widen – her dark, gorgeous eyes – and that thoroughly kissed mouth pops open.

“Just to make out!” she blurts out.

Oh, thank God...

I may have kissed a few chicks, but that’s pretty much it, and the thought of having sex for the first time when I haven’t even ever received a handjob... Yeah, that scares the shit outta me.

I am, however, hoping I’ll get to touch her boobs, so... the bed sounds fucking perfect.

Still breathing heavily, I can only give her a nod. Then I carry her over to her bed, still with my painfully hard dick pressed against her pussy. A very hot pussy, I might add. Christ, I can *feel* the heat coming off of her.

I lick my lips, tasting her on them, and I can’t help but to moan when I crawl up her sexy body once we’re both on the bed. Fuck, she really is... out of this world. My hands slide up her bare legs, smooth and soft... My eyes follow.

And then I hear it.

A tiny whimper.

“Edward.”

I’m covering her body with mine, and it’s awkward how fast I move because our teeth clash together, but I’m too fucking horny to care. All I know is that I need to hear that again. Right now.

“Again,” I moan against her lips. Pouty fucking lips. So soft. “Say that again.”

I buck my hips against her when she sucks on my bottom lip, and when she whimpers from my movement, I do it again, much like she did earlier against the wall. Good thing she has no idea how fucking close I was to blowing my load right then and there. But the thought of her rubbing her pussy all over my dick has me doing it again, and this time I don't stop.

"Oh, fuck!" she gasps, breaking the kiss. She wraps her legs around me again, and I keep rocking against her as I move my lips to her neck. And yeah, I stifle a grin when I see the hickey I left there earlier. "Feels so good... Shit, Edward..." There it is.

"Again," I mumble.

I support my weight by placing my elbow next to her face, because it's really time to see how far she'll let me go with my hand.

"Edward," she breathes out.

I slow down, 'cause... well, I'm seventeen. It doesn't take much for me to come.

Then I focus on her instead.

As I drop open-mouthed kisses on her neck, I let my hand move upwards, slowly but surely, and can't fucking believe my luck when I reach the underside of her boob. I hope that means she won't stop me.

"Oh... Cullen, I'm cl-"

What?

"What?" I ask, nervous that I've gone too far.

"No, don't stop!" she begs, and I'm confused. "Keep..." Damn, is Tittie Girl blushing? Shit, that's hot. "Keep moving," she whispers.

Keep...?

Then it hits me.

Holy shit!

My eyes widen, and I can't stop myself from looking down to where my dick is pressed firmly against her pussy.

She... I mean... was she...?

Close?

I swallow audibly. I lick my lips. I look up again. Into her eyes.

"Oh, shit," I whisper under my breath, feeling my cock swell at the thought of her having an orgasm with me. Yes. Fuck, I want that. Slowly, I lower my mouth to hers, and I kiss her deeply as I start moving again, this time with harder thrusts. She moans, and I'm *this* fucking close to losing it again. *Jesus*, what this girl does to me.

"Yes," she moans breathily in my mouth. "*Edward...*"

Goddamn.

She doesn't stop me. My hand. She doesn't stop me when I finally reach her breast.

I groan loudly, unable to help myself, and can't fucking believe it. I touch, caress, and squeeze. When I feel her constricted nipple under my hand, I move my fingers over it, and she moans louder. It turns me on like nothing else, and suddenly I'm moving against her pussy faster, kissing her luscious lips harder, and cupping her tit more firmly. There's no stopping the damn explosion now.

"Baby, I'm..." Oh, fuck, not yet... Please... "*Bella.*" I squeeze my eyes shut, hoping to God I can hold off a little longer, but then...

"Edward!"

She's...

Writhing under me...

Crying out against my neck...

And I whimper like a damn girl, but I can't help it.

Because she's actually having an orgasm.

Yeah, I'm gone. So fucking gone.

With a violent shudder and a garbled version of her name, I feel my own orgasm wash over me.

My face is buried in the crook of her neck.

I'm panting like I've run a damn marathon.

And that was *the* best orgasm ever.

My hand will never be enough again, I swear.

Jesus Christ...

BPOV

Yeah... then it's awkward.

I'm on my back, staring at the ceiling.

He's next to me, also on his back.

So...

Now what?

The music is still loud downstairs and a part of me wants to run – to escape this... whatever this is. Then, the other part of me... wants... not only to stay but... something more. I don't know what.

Maybe... hold his hand?

Oh, cringe. What am I *doing*? This is *painful*.

We just dry-humped, for fuck's sake, and now I'm reverting to middle school and hand holding?

Jesus, this is *Cullen* we're talking about.

Edward, I mouth silently to myself. Edward. Edward.

He liked hearing me say that.

I liked saying it.

I sigh.

This is ridiculous.

And I doubt he's comfortable in his jeans.

"Uh..." He clears his throat, and I hold my breath, keeping my eyes focused on the ceiling. "That was..."

Um.

"Yeah..."

Silence again.

Awkward.

Shit, I gotta come up with something to say before I lose my damn mind.

But what?

What can I possibly say?

So, listen... Thanks for the amazing orgasm, Cullen.

Uh, wanna cuddle?

Yeah, I don't think so.

"Fuck," he mutters, and suddenly he sits up. With his back to me, he sits on the edge of the bed. "This is awkward."

I feel my cheeks heat up, and I almost *never* blush.

"You can say that again," I chuckle, and the sound is... not pretty.

And then I wonder... does he regret it? Fuck, I haven't thought of that.

"Do you regret it?" I blurt out, immediately squeezing my eyes shut. Why, oh *why*, did I ask that? I seriously need a fucking verbal filter.

"No," he says, and soon I feel his hand on my cheek. My eyes fly open and there he is, looking down at me with a furrowed brow. "Do..." He swallows and removes his hand again. I don't like that. "Do you?"

"No," I whisper, shaking my head.

He cracks a small smile that I return, but then it's back to awkward because this is so freaking new. I mean, it's Cullen. The boy I've hated with passion for a couple of weeks now. Not that I haven't been attracted to him at the same time, because I have, and I won't deny that, but...

Yeah.

"Um..." He nods toward the door, grimacing slightly. "I'm just gonna..."

Ah, right. Bathroom.

I nod, unable to speak.

Holy mother of awkward.

He pauses on his way out, as if he's seen something... around my desk or whatever – it's too quick for me to catch – but then he walks away again,

and as soon as he's out the door, I turn around and bury my face in the pillow.

BPOV

After screaming into my pillow a couple of hundred times, I hear shouting coming from downstairs, and it's my instinct to run. This is my house, and if I hear shouting...

I know I will be grounded by my parents if something breaks. I'm sure Alec's thinking the same thing, so I jump off the bed, allowing myself three... or ten seconds to look in the mirror. But I gotta make sure I don't look too freshly fucked.

My ponytail is a bit messy, but there's no time to fix that now.

I smile to myself, running a finger over my thoroughly-kissed lips.

And I let out a really dreamy, girly... sigh.

Oh, I'm fucked, all right.

"Get it together, Bell," I say firmly to myself, straightening my skirt.

No. *Bella*. Not Bell.

"Jesus." I roll my eyes.

Then I'm out the door.

And I crash into Cullen on the way.

"Shit, are you okay?" he asks with two firm hands on my shoulders.

"Um..." I shake my head. Damn, he smells good.

Another round of screaming from downstairs snaps me out of my Cullen-induced haze, though, and after exchanging a knowing look, we both head down the stairs.

Thankfully, the living room is empty, and we follow the shouting outside.

Our front yard.

"Holy shit," I gasp, eyes widening.

"What the..." That would be Cullen.

It's a fucking riot.

Jazz and Ben are fighting. Emmett and Crowley are fighting. Alec and Newton are fighting. Tanya's throwing up in the bushes. *Eww*. Rosalie's screaming – mascara-tears running down her cheeks. Angela and Jessica are also fighting. Same goes for Diego and Eric. Fists are flying. Shouting. Profanities.

And when Jazz presses Ben up against my Rover, I see red.

EPOV

As awkward the moment was after Bella and I had, uh... ya know... I sure as hell didn't want anything to ruin my lucky streak, 'cause it was still fucking awesome. But when we reached the front yard, it was safe to say that our moment was over.

And now... standing here... I have no fucking idea of what I should do.

But then I do because Tittie Girl's charging at Jazz and Ben, and I'm like...*no fucking way*.

"Swan!" I yell, running after her.

As I close in, I hear the shit flying outta Ben and Whitlock.

"You rich kids *really* need to stay the fuck away from my friends!" Jasper shouts, shoving Ben into the side of the car. "First Cullen, and now you? *Screw* that! You can *both* go fuck yourselves!"

"Oh, go and smoke your fucking head off!" Ben bellows, elbowing Jasper in the ribs, and that's when I reach Bella. "Goddamn stoner!"

"Stay the fuck back, Bella," I tell her warningly. She gives me a sexy glare, but I couldn't care less. Instead I pass her and charge at Whitlock. "Hey, crackhead!" I snarl. Jasper turns to me, and I waste no time. My fist hits him square in the jaw, and *shit...* that hurt. "Got something to say to me, huh?" I grab him by the shirt and push him against the car. "Say it now, then!"

He glares at me. Panting. He spits out blood, and I smirk. Ben got him good before I reached him.

"Well, if it ain't rich boy Cullen." He sneers, pushing me off him. "You done with Bell now, eh?" And he's fast. Before I can dodge, he knees me in the fucking gut, and I double over in pain. Groaning loudly, cursing. *Fucker.* "Here's my message to you, Pretty Boy. Stay away from Bell, stay away from Angie. Are we clear? Same goes for you, Cheney!"

"Jazz!" Bella shouts. "What the fuck!"

"Stay out of this, Bell!" Whitlock snaps, and I'm back in his face, using my underarm to pin him to the car. "Fuck!" he growls.

"Don't even *talk* to her," I seethe menacingly. "Now, get the *fuck* out of here before *I* remove you." I add more weight to my arm, making him cough, and I spit his own words back, "Are we clear?"

"You heard what Cullen said," I hear Emmett say behind me. "Get the fuck out of here, Whitlock. And take your friends with you."

"That includes Bell, you fucker!" Jasper growls, glaring over my shoulder.

I give him another shove, which gives me his attention.

"No. It doesn't," I grit out.

"Enough, assholes!" Bella screams. "Jazz, go home and sleep it off! Cullen, let him go."

I glare at Whitlock, delivering one last shove, and then I push him away.

Walking a few steps backwards, Jasper chuckles humorlessly. "He's gonna play you, Bell. You'll see. First Angela and now you."

"Go choke on a joint," I mutter, flexing my hand. "You don't know shit."

He flips me off before turning to his equally fucked-up friends.

"You okay, Ben?" I ask.

He nods, waving me off.

Fine.

"What was all this about?" I continue, and I'm so freaking confused about this Angela-deal. But then I remember...

So, I turn around and face Bella. "Why the hell did you tell Jasper that I'm into Weber?"

BPOV

Excuse me?

"What are you talking about?" I ask, frowning in confusion. I have no idea what he's on about, and truth be told, I'd rather just check out his hand. It looks like he's hurt. "I haven't told Jazz you're into Angela."

I have, however, told him that *Ben* is into Angela, but not Cullen.

"That asshole," he points in Jasper's direction, "would disagree. He came up to me one day and told me to stay away from Weber, and apparently you had told him that I was into her."

Um...

Yeah, that's not how I remember it, because that shit didn't happen.

"That's bullshit," I huff, and when he takes a step toward me, I do the same. "We sat by the picnic tables, and I saw you and Ben walking across the parking lot. I pointed out Ben to Jasper and told him that he has a thing for Angela. I also told him that it's mutual."

By now we're standing right in front of each other, and I think we can both draw a conclusion here. Jasper had been somewhat high, after all, and it's easy to see that he mistook Ben for Cullen.

"Goddamn stoner," he sighs, dropping his chin to his chest. I want to be closer. "This is why I don't want this high school crap. All the fucking drama."

Oh.

So, that includes... me?

Ah, fuck it.

I should've known this was just a one time thing for Cullen.

"Right," I mutter, averting my eyes to the ground.

I can still hear some fighting behind me, but it's clear from the shouting that my brother and cousin have it under control. Knowing Alec, he's most likely making sure that unwanted people leave. I'm still a bit concerned about Eric, though. He was fighting Diego earlier, and now... as I look up again, and over my shoulder, I can see that he's gone.

"Hey," Cullen says quietly, gently grabbing my arm. I look up at him. "I... Um, let's not things get weird between us, okay?"

I furrow my brow, wondering what that means exactly. Does he want us to go back to the way we were before? Sorry, but as much as I still find

him arrogant and infuriating, I don't think I can go back to hating him like that.

I think he notices my confusion, and he steps even closer, placing his hands on my hips. "What I mean is, this..." He sighs, looking away for a moment before he's back to me. "I don't know what's going on, all right? And... I mean, do you?" I shake my head, 'cause I don't. "Right. Well, let's just... see where things go? We could... I dunno..." He shrugs, and I sorta smile a little. "Hang out?"

"Hang out," I say, trying out the words. I like them. So, I smile. "Sounds good, Cullen."

He smirks down at me. "So, this means truce, then?"

I chuckle and rest my forehead against his chest, which he takes as an invitation to tighten his arms around me. I like that, too.

"Truce," I agree.

He hums into my hair. I shiver. I think I like Cullen.

"But you're still Tittie Girl."

Okay, I don't like him.

"Excuse me?" I look up at him in disbelief, and he's smirking like the cocky bastard he is. "Why would you call me that?"

"Because, *Bella*," he dips down, ghosting his lips over mine, "you have spectacular boobs. Or um... tits."

I think I squeak.

Blunt asshole!

Ah, who *cares*? He likes my boobs!

But I gotta remain cool. So, I punch him in the chest. "Fuck you, Edward."

And he responds by kissing me. Hard.

"By the way?" he mumbles against my lips. "Why did I see a bag of barbeque chips on your desk?"

Fuck.

There I go, blushing again. I have to do something to get my control back.

"Did you save them for me, Swan?" he teases.

"No," I lie, rolling my eyes.

He kisses me again.

And we *totally* hear the catcalls.

EPOV

I didn't really care about the damn gossip that followed on Saturday, but I sure heard it all, anyway.

Apparently, Bree and Eric had been dancing, effectively pissing off Diego.

Apparently, Crowley had been too handsy with Rosalie, and Emmett had lost his shit.

Apparently, Newton had wanted to defend Crowley, making Alec jump in for Emmett.

Apparently, Weber had insulted the puking Denali, and Stanley had defended her fellow skank by starting a fight with the stoner chick.

Yeah.

It was all over Facebook this morning when I woke up.

And, of course, then there was the bullshit between Whitlock, myself, and Ben. Good thing we got that sorted out, Bella and I. Have to say it's nice to know my Tittie Girl wasn't talking out of her ass or something, 'cause if there's anything I can't stand, it's bullshit. Funny, we're all pretty much drowning in the crap that last night brought, but... Well, there are good things, too. Like the stuff that went down between Bella and me. Yeah. Okay, she's still a bit infuriating, but *damn*, she's hot as hell. And holy shit, what a night. I touched her tits! Um. All right, just one of them, but it still counts. And the orgasms... *fuck*.

Great, now I'm hard again.

Anyway, it was a good night.

Sure, I got the mandatory threats from both Emmett and Alec, who are fiercely protective of Bella, but I told them how it was.

"After the start we've had, we're just gonna see how things go," I'd told them as we cleaned up after the party.

They were satisfied with that.

And then, after cleaning up, Emmett and I headed home.

Don't ask me when we lost Diego and Bree, but this morning when I checked Facebook, I saw that they had changed their status, so apparently they're together again.

Speaking of Facebook... I just got an alert.

About time she responded.

I smirk.

Fuck, yeah.

Edward Cullen and Bella Swan are now friends

EPOV

"Don't make plans for Friday," she reminds me. "I have a feeling that I want to talk to you after we get back." I roll my eyes, thinking about the damn meeting. "Don't get smart with me, Edward Anthony." She hands me a plate of toast. "Principal Banner seems concerned, you know."

Yeah, yeah.

"Thanks, Mom," I say, shoving a piece of toast in my mouth.

I overslept.

Not cool.

So, I rush through breakfast.

"Hmm... Edward?"

"Yeah?"

I gulp the juice down. I wipe my mouth. I check my pockets, making sure I have my keys and wallet.

"Come here," she says, going against her words as she walks around the kitchen island toward me. "You're different."

Huh?

Automatically, I drag a hand over my face. I made time to shave so it's nothing new there. I check my clothes. Nope. Nothing. Ordinary jeans, a grey t-shirt, black sneakers, and a beanie on my head.

Then she sniffs me.

The hell?

"What are you doing?" I chuckle, confused.

She tilts her head, looking up at me. "You usually don't wear cologne to school."

Right.

Uh...

Mom's amused. I'm not. "And, Edward? I do believe you're blushing."

Shit.

"Gotta go, Mom," I tell her before hauling ass.

I still hear her departing words, though.

"I hope I get to meet her soon, honey!"

Damn.

~o~

Luckily, I make it to school in time, and so my Monday begins.

Spanish with Emmett and Diego.

Boring.

It drags on, and I hear whispers and hushed giggles, most likely because everyone already knows about the party last Friday. I don't care, and I'm glad that my friends are on the same page. Well, most of them. Emmett apparently spent his Sunday with Rosalie, and afterwards he felt the need to gossip like a bitch to me. So, maybe I can blame him for oversleeping this morning, 'cause I didn't get to bed until two AM.

Otherwise, my Sunday was uneventful. I studied. Yeah.

Okay, I jacked off twice, too.

I sorta missed Tittie Girl. I mean, her body. Nothing else.

Keep telling yourself that, dude.

Shut up.

I grit my teeth.

Anyway...

It's not until lunch rolls around that my mood picks up.

Um, because I'm hungry.

For food!

"Cullen!"

I look over my shoulder, smirking when I see Alec walking over.

"Hey, man," I say, bumping my fist with his. "What's up?"

"Not much. I hate AP Psych now," he grumbles, and we start walking toward the cafeteria again. "I swear, I almost punched that fucking idiot this morning."

"Who?" I snicker.

"Fucking Whitlock, of course." He sighs. "I share the damn class with him."

And I laugh. Shit, I'm glad I don't share any classes with him.

"Laugh it up," he huffs as I push open the door to the cafeteria. "Ah, would ya look at that. Someone's waiting for you, Cullen."

I follow his gaze, and yeah, I kinda smirk when I see Tittie Girl at our table, and there's totally a bag on the seat next to her. It better be saved for me.

"Let's get some food," he says.

We do, and by the time we reach our table, it has filled up with the regular people.

"Nice of you to join us." Emmett grins, and Alec and I don't, 'cause we suddenly see that it's not *just* regulars sitting at our round table. Ever since the party, Alec is *very* against the cheerleaders.

How the hell did I miss her?

'Cause you were staring at Bella?

Fuck.

Anyway, it's Rosalie. And Emmett has his arm around her.

Vomit.

"Have a seat," Tittie Girl says quietly, removing her bag from the chair next to hers. "Hopefully, there won't be anymore cheerleaders coming soon."

Thank God she shares my opinion on them.

"Thanks," I mutter, sitting down next to her.

She smiles at me, and just like that, the cheerleader across the table doesn't exist.

"Have a good morning?" I ask, placing my arm on the back of her chair.

She shrugs and scoots her chair closer to mine. "It was okay. You?"

"The usual." I shrug, too.

It's still a bit weird between us. I mean... this is new, this whole... talking-with-each-other thing. No more snark and anger. A bit... odd. But in a good way, I suppose.

We just gotta get past this awkward silence that seemingly stalks us.

"Hey," she smirks, "you look sorta good in a beanie."

And I chuckle, thankful for her non-existent verbal filter.

"Sorta?" I ask, leaning slightly closer to her. "Are you sure about that?"

She leans in, too. "No. You're right. Since it hides your hair, I *love* the beanie."

Another inch or two. "You're lying." I grin. "You like my hair."

She snickers, and our noses are almost touching.

Down, boy.

"So confident," she whispers, eyes twinkling in amusement.

Twinkling? Really, Cullen?

Whatever.

I sorta like her eyes.

I sorta like *her*. Period.

"With good reason," I murmur, and then I press my lips against hers.

Nothing stopping the hard-on now.

"Asshole," she mumbles as I swipe the tip of my tongue over her bottom lip. "Maybe I should scratch your car."

"You wouldn't dare," I tell her, nibbling a little. Fucking love her lips.

"Okay, seriously!" Shit. That would be Alec. "I'm trying to keep my lunch down!"

Yeah, the rest of the lunch is full of ribbing directed at me and Tittie Girl.

BPOV

"Shut up," I chuckle, trying to punch him, but I think he sees them coming by now. He knows how to dodge my fists. "I still hate it."

"No, you don't," he tells me with a grin. A grin that I kiss. "You love the Volvo now," he mumbles, and I shut him up by pushing my tongue into his mouth. That always works. It has for the past few days, at least.

The first morning he surprised me by picking me up for school, I made sure to give him a hard time for his soccer-mom car, but it's easy to lose focus when he's around. Too freaking hot for his own good. So, by the third morning – this morning, actually – I sorta stopped with the insults, which he noticed.

And now, sitting in the back of his car, it's damn hard to convince him that I still hate it, especially when I'm straddling him, and he's working his magic on me.

"Fuck," he grunts, thrusting when I grind. "Do you have any idea what you do to me?"

Um, yes.

"I feel what I do to you, Cullen," I giggle.

He laughs through his nose. "Smartass."

Then we go back to kissing and touching.

He always goes for the boobs.

He sure likes them.

Correction, he loves them. He told me himself. It was yesterday, after our first make-out in his car while we waited for Em, Alec, and Diego to finish football practice, which is what we're doing now, too. Waiting, that is. But

yeah, he loves them, and he's currently touching what he loves. And damn, he's getting good at it. Those fingers of his...

"Shit, Bella," he breathes out, kissing my neck. "Stop..." He stills me, and when I meet his eyes, I see just how close he is. It dampens my panties to see him so flustered. "You're driving me insane."

But I love that.

And there's one thing I'd like to try...

Hey, he can always go home and change, right?

Yeah.

So, as I keep my eyes on his, I lower the zipper on my black hoodie.

His eyes go wide.

Pretty sure he gulps, too.

I love that we're equally new at this. He'd told me a couple of days ago after I had asked him. Yeah, I had been blunt about it, but I was a bit worried after Jasper's words at the party. He was sure that Cullen was gonna play me, so I had asked, and Cullen had answered. That was that.

I trust him.

"Um... Bella?"

"Mmhmm." I take the hoodie off after making sure that we're the only ones in the parking lot. "What is it, *Edward?*"

Next is the tank top. I pull it over my head, revealing a cotton bra in black.

It's getting dark outside, but it's clear that he can see very well.

"Sweet Jesus," he whimpers, eyes definitely not on mine anymore.

Score.

There have been a few more rounds of dry-humping over the past few days, and I gotta say I enjoy them *very* much. The first one after the party, was on Tuesday after Cullen had been in another fight with Jazz. It was by accident that I had spilled the beans about Jazz friending Alice on Facebook, and to say that Cullen was pissed about this development wouldn't really cover it. He had been furious, even after Alice had told him that it was innocent. I'm still proud of Alice for standing up for herself without stuttering.

Anyway, after a minor screaming contest between Jazz and Cullen, I had managed to calm him down by straddling him in his car. Yeah. A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.

After that, it has been on. We're in his car as often as possible.

Which includes this lovely Thursday night.

And now...

"Like what you see?" I whisper in his ear.

"Fuck, yes," he says, cupping both my boobs. I moan when he brushes his fingers over my nipples. "Does that feel good?"

Understatement.

"Yes," I whimper, reaching for the clasp behind me.

He curses again, and I drop the bra on the seat next to us.

I shiver.

He licks his lips.

I moan.

He's so fucking hard, pressing against me...

And when he cups my boobs again, I know it won't take much for me to come. Not with the way he's touching me, not to mention how he's nestled against my pussy.

"Christ, Bella, can... Can I...?" He pants against my neck as he rolls my nipples between his fingers. "Fuck, baby, I..."

He doesn't continue, and he doesn't have to. I understand, and... *Yes, please.*

"God, yes... Edward..." I moan, arching against him.

I hear his moan, and before I know it, he lowers his mouth to my left breast.

Thrust. Moan. Grind.

Thrust. Moan. Grind.

He sucks my nipple into his mouth, and I arch into him, moaning and gasping as I feel my orgasm take over.

When I cry out his name, he shudders under me.

I love watching him as he comes.

And maybe... just maybe, I can admit that I don't hate his Volvo anymore.

BPOV

"You're kidding!" I gasp as I kill the engine. "The janitor's closet? Really?"

Bree blushes fiercely, but I gotta say, I would do the same.

"We, um, sorta got carried away," she says in a hushed tone.

"I'll say," I giggle, stepping out of my car.

Can't believe she actually went down on Diego. Okay, they have been together before, and apparently this was their "next step." But... um, wow. She's not shy in between the sheets, I guess. Or in this case, in the damn janitor's closet at school.

Thinking of doing that with Cullen... Well, I'm certainly curious, but I think I should at least see it first.

And thinking about this as we stand outside the Cullens' house is probably not the best idea.

"The guys are already here," Bree comments as we walk toward the door.

I nod, noticing Alec's car, along with Emmett's, Diego's, and Cullen's.

It's Friday, and we're here for a movie night while our parents are at school to listen to whatever Principal Banner has to say. Our plan was to go to a movie, but Edward's parents wanted him home, so they had offered to have a movie night here. Apparently, they're coming home with pizza later.

And yeah, I'm fucking nervous about meeting his parents.

But there's no time like the present – evidently – because the door flies open, and I'm pretty sure that's Edward's mom.

She's pretty. In my parents' age range, I'd say. Mid-forties.

I definitely see where Edward got his green eyes from.

"Hello, Bree," she greets happily. "Good to see you again, honey."

Okay, she seems nice.

"You too, Esme," Bree replies timidly, passing her in the doorway.

My turn.

"And you must be Bella," she says with a warm smile. "I bet you're the girl making my son nervous and all adorable again," she giggles.

I'm a bit stunned.

I make Cullen nervous?

"Um, nice to meet you, Mrs. Cullen," I chuckle nervously, and then I'm engulfed in a hug. *Wow*. She's just like Mom.

"It's Esme," she tells me as she releases me. "And I see why Edward-

"Mom!"

And Cullen comes running.

Nice of you to join us, dude.

"I think that's enough," he tells her, ushering me to his side. "You and Dad should probably leave, yeah? Don't wanna be late, after all."

Naw, he's cute.

"All right, all right," she laughs softly. "I can take a hint."

I think I like her.

"Right, well... Let's go upstairs," Cullen mutters, rubbing the back of his neck. "Um, Diego's upstairs, too, Bree."

"You should introduce Bella to Carlisle, sweetie," Esme says. "He's in the kitchen."

Bree chuckles under her breath as she heads for the stairs, and Edward scowls at his mom before sighing, obviously in defeat. So, I guess I'm meeting his dad now, too? Awesome. Or something.

With another smile, Esme leaves us in the foyer.

And then there were two...

"So..."

I look up at him. "Yeah."

Awkward.

Thought we were past this.

"Um." He clears his throat and averts his eyes to where Bree and Esme have gone. "What do I introduce you as?"

Huh? "How about Bell?" I chuckle in confusion. "Or, um... Bella." It's his nickname for me, after all, and I like that one better, anyway.

He chuckles, too, but it feels forced. "Yeah... okay."

But what else would he introduce me as?

"Not Tittie Girl," I scold playfully, smacking him in the chest.

And *there's* the cocky smirk. Jerk.

"Fine, let's go." He snickers and grabs my hand. I thread our fingers together, and he gives me this really... different smile. Like... I don't know, but... it's softer. Or something. Maybe.

It makes me all nervous inside, and I know that I'm *totally* crushing on him. Like, for real.

Then it's more nerves, but now it's because we're standing in the kitchen, and I see Edward's dad there. On the other side of their kitchen island. I think he's going through mail or something.

Cullen clears his throat. "Dad?"

Gah, I'm all fidgety!

Chillax, Bella.

I stop fidgeting, though, when Mr. Cullen looks up.

Dayum.

Okay, he's no Edward, but... man, that is one handsome... um, man.

"Um, Dad, this is Bella. Alec's sister," Cullen mutters. "Bella, this is my *dad*. Carlisle Cullen."

Is that anger I hear in Edward's voice?

Hmm... Ah, well.

Hello, Mr. Cullen.

EPOV

I. Can't. Fucking. Believe. It.

Tittie Girl's *blushing* as Dad greets her.

I'm not sure if I'm amused, pissed, jealous, or... Nah, I'm just pissed.

"Very nice to meet you, Bella," Dad says, smiling warmly.

The bitch next to me is still blushing.

"You too, Mr. Cullen," she replies, smiling shyly. Shyly!

"Oh, please. It's Carlisle."

Oh, please. It's enough, Dad.

I clear my throat again, finding it hard not to glare down at Swan.

Yeah, she's back to *Swan*. Demoted, girl. De-fucking-moted.

"Shall we?" I ask impatiently.

Thankfully, Mom enters the kitchen. "Time to go, Cullen."

Swan does a double-take on Mom, and I smirk.

That's right, Swan. Dad is "Cullen" to Mom.

"Sounds good, baby," Dad chuckles wryly. "Let's get this principal shit over with."

"See ya later, kids," Mom says in a singsong voice. "We'll bring back pizza."

Swan just stares after them, eyes wide.

Again, I clear my throat.

"Shit," she breathes out, looking up at me. "Your parents are cool."

Um. Not what I expected.

I huff. "Whatever. Let's go upstairs."

I walk off, still pissed about the effect Dad had on Bella.

"Hey, wait up." She catches up to me by the time I'm halfway up the stairs. "What's with the bitchface, dude?"

I scowl at her.

"Yeah, that one." She points at my face. "What's wrong?"

Nothing. Nothing at all. Keep quiet, Cullen.

"You blushed," I tell her accusingly. *That's not shutting up, man.* "My fucking *dad*... made you blush."

Her eyes narrow.

And I arch a brow when she blushes again.

"Oh, please." She scoffs as I start walking again. "Don't be ridiculous."

I'm not ridiculous!

"So *what* if your dad is hot!" she blurts out.

Pretty sure I growl at that shit.

I reach my room and all but kick the door open.

Which definitely stalls our lovely conversation.

"Finally, dude!" Em exclaims. "We already picked a movie."

I just nod for him to put it on, and then I head over to my bed. A bed that is off limits to anybody who isn't Edward Cullen. Or if *she* gets an invitation, and that ain't happening. Hmph. *So what if your dad is hot...* Fuck that shit.

Diego and Bree are cozy on the couch while Alec and Em are on the floor in front of the bed. There's chips and shit, too, of course. Mom wouldn't be Mom if she didn't provide us with snacks.

"By the way, Ben texted me," Em says as I get comfortable against the headboard. I totally ignore Bella, who is still standing in the doorway. "He can't make it."

"Okay." I shrug.

I know where he is, anyway. The dude is trying to be subtle, but I'm not fucking stupid. I know he's with that stoner-chick.

"You gonna sit down, Twin?" Alec asks *Swan*.

"Um..." She fidgets in the doorway, glancing over at me while chewing her lip, and I feel my resolve slip. "Yeah."

And then she sits down next to Alec on the floor.

Fuck.

I want her here. Right next to me. But now I can only see the back of her head. Awesome. Just... awesome.

“What movie are we watching?” she asks as Emmett turns off the light.

I sigh and scrub at my face.

“Avatar!” Alec booms out, and I guess he likes that movie. Talk about enthusiasm.

~o~

Twenty minutes later, I can honestly say that I haven't watched a single scene from the movie.

I have, however, spent an awful lot of time watching the back of Bella's head.

I sorta wonder what's going through her mind, 'cause she's not watching the movie. Her head is down.

Then I get my answer as my phone vibrates.

When r u gonna invite me 2 ur bed? ;) ~Bella.

I let out a mix between a snort and a chuckle, earning me looks from Diego and Bree before they return to their make-out session.

What I notice then is how I breathe out in relief. Don't ask me why.

But it's related to Tittie Girl.

When u don't have the hots 4 my dad! – Cullen.

I hope she gets that I'm only half-teasing. Okay, maybe seventy-five percent serious and twenty-five teasing.

And I know. I *know* that I want to be the only one she reacts to.

Bella's giggle-snort makes me smile. She's obviously read the text.

U r way hotter, I swear! ~Bella.

I grin and shake my head.

Bet u r just sayin that 2 get into my bed – Cullen.

Shit, can my grin get wider?

I seriously doubt it.

There's something about that chick.

As if! ~Bella.

Admit it, baby.

If you confess, I'll invite u 2 bed – Cullen.

What am I supposed 2 say? ~Bella.

That u only want me 4 my body and bed – Cullen.

I chuckle under my breath as I see Tittie Girl shaking her head.

But then she's still for a while, and I wonder if she's texting me a damn essay or something.

I admit that I miss u ~Bella.

Amusement – gone.

I swallow, feeling weird shit stir in my chest.

After running a hand through my hair a few times, I reply.

Get over here, beautiful – Cullen.

Holy fuck, this is insane. I mean... I like her. Like, really fucking *like* her. Not just the groping, either, though I'm sickly obsessed with her body. *Kissing*. God, kissing her is just... fuck. Not a good time to get hard. Anyway... it's more. When I pick her up in the morning, for instance – like I've been doing all week – and we play Twenty Questions. Getting to know each other. Shit like that. Ya know? And if she... *misses* me... then maybe I should... *I dunno*... ask her out?

`Cause I wanna.

I realized that a couple of days ago when Ben asked me if Bella and I were... ya know... *together*.

Yeah.

I sorta, kinda, in a way... want that. I think. No, I'm pretty sure. Very sure.

"Cullen?" I heard Bella whisper, and I snap out of my internal war.

I take a deep breath then I scoot under the covers instead, `cause I kinda want her close. And under the covers. And why am I nervous? Shit.

"Are you okay?" she asks quietly, joining me in bed.

I nod to her and hold my arm up. "Um, yeah. C'mere."

She does, and soon I have her head resting on my chest. Under the covers. In a pitch-black room. My *bedroom*. It makes me wonder if she can hear my heart. Pounding motherfucker.

Thank God, the others are busy watching the movie. Well, not Diego and Bree. Geez. Breathe, guys.

"Are you sure, Edward?" Bella whispers, looking up at me.

And I look down.

I'm fucked.

I'm pretty sure what this is, but I'm definitely Googling "love" later... just to be sure.

I give her another nod, eyes glued to hers... before I see her licking her lips. Then I'm gone. I dip down and kiss her. Soft lips. I taste her cherry-flavored ChapStick. My hand finds her waist, and I pull her closer.

Good thing Alec and Emmett enjoy my surround sound system, 'cause soon it's just heavy breathing and quiet moans as Bella and I make out. But the movie's loud, so I'm not too worried. Tittie Girl's not worried, either.

It's not until the movie's over, about two hours later, that we come up for air. My dick is about to explode, and Bella should be afraid that my hands have been permanently fused to her boobs. Sorry. Can't help it.

One thing that can help with the raging hard-on, however, is the homecoming of my parents.

Or, more correctly, my mom shouting out, *"Edward Anthony Cullen! Get your ass down here! And bring your friends!"*

BPOV

We're all confused as hell when we reach the living room, 'cause it's not just Cullen's parents waiting for us.

Daddy C's still looking good.

Good thing Edward's hotter. Otherwise, I'd have a problem for sure.

"Dudes," Em says... to his parents. "What's up?"

"Mom? Dad?" Alec utters, and he's obviously as confused as I am.

"Um, Mom, what are you doing here?" That's Diego.

"M-Mom?" And Bree. "Dad?"

They're all sitting there, watching us.

Automatically, I smooth down my hair, because I know it looks like a mess. But I blame Edward for that. He's all hands, and I sorta get lost in him when we make out. Okay, I'm all hands, too, and I gotta say I'm a little annoyed. My hand had been on Edward's thigh before we were interrupted, and since we were under the covers, I had been hoping to... ya know... touch it.

What? I'm curious.

Holla!

"I think we all need to tell you a little about tonight," Dad says, and the other `rents nod with him. "Since Alec and Bells are new, Renee and I had no idea it was this serious, but..."

"You kiddos have issues," Mom huffs, always the blunt woman.

Even though she's currently giving Alec the stern-eyes, I back away, and into Edward's personal space. Luckily, he doesn't mind, and I soon feel his hand on my hip. Just a small touch, but I need it.

"Renee is right," Esme says with a firm nod. Great, she's BFF-ing my parents? Ugh. I hate it when parents team up. "And, now we have a bone to pick with you."

Then they launch.

They tell us how disappointed they are to hear about the rivalries and conflicts at school. They inform us about some fucking camping trip we're going on, because evidently that's how we're going to learn how to get along. Some bullshit like that. And all our parents have already signed up to help organizing this damn trip.

I don't know what the others are thinking, but I'm standing here cursing the fact that I'm not eighteen.

"And, Edward?" Esme says. She also has the Mom-look. Stern eyes, eyebrow cocked. Yep, I hear Edward gulp behind me. "I spoke to Charlotte."

Huh?

"For fuck's sake, Mom!" Cullen complains.

"Language," she chides.

"Who's Charlotte?" I ask.

Is that some girl? 'Cause I swear...

He's *mine*.

I mean... um. Not that we're labeled or anything, but... ah, shit.

"Whitlock's mom," Edward mutters. "She and Mom went to school together."

Yeah, I breathe out in relief.

Jeesh.

"I didn't know you two were fighting," Esme continues. "What's up with that crap?"

I like Esme. She's cool. Pretty much like my mom.

"We were never friends, Mom."

"Doesn't matter. You didn't hate each other earlier, either."

"Yeah, well... He's an ass."

I snort.

"You're both asses," I mumble, and Bree nods with me.

"They all are," she adds. My turn to nod in agreement. "As soon as Alice, Bell, and I go near the um... the uh..."

"The stoners?" Bree's mom supplies in amusement. "That's all right, honey. We're quite familiar with the term."

Tell me about it. Mom used to be one of them. She was like me, actually, not picking sides. But yes, she sure knew how to have fun back in the day. And judging by the look Mom and Esme exchange, I'd say Cullen's mom isn't a stranger to the stoners, either. Huh. Go figure. Take *that*, Cullen.

"Right," Bree mumbles, looking down. "Well, these guys," she gestures at Diego, Em, Alec, and Edward, "go nuts if we hang out with them."

I nod. "It's like they think we're gonna get high just because we talk to them."

Then there's blinding pain on my foot. Alec. That fucker.

"Ouch!" I hiss, clutching my poor foot. "Did you just stomp on my foot? How old are you, jackass?"

"Language, Isabella Marie," Dad says sharply.

Well, fuck. There's no winning here.

"Anyway," Uncle Jeff interrupts, and it's clear where Emmett got his booming voice from. "You are all going on this trip in three weeks."

"Ah, man!" Emmett whines.

"Seriously?" Alec asks incredulously. "You're really forcing us to go?"

Mom and Dad nod.

Damn. Damn, damn, damn!

"You all need to work together," Daddy C says with finality.

Fine. Working together, just fine, but...

Camping?

Really?

Eww.

It's all muddy and... just gross.

BPOV

"Aren't we supposed to write our chemistry report?" I giggle breathlessly as Cullen pulls my shirt off. "It's due next Monday, and... it's... Thursday today..."

His mouth, hot and wet on my neck.

My bedroom, my bed. Door's locked.

"We've got chemistry right here, baby," he pants, kneeling between my legs.

"That's so fucking cheesy," I laugh as I sit up. Gotta help him with the jeans, of course. "Take that shirt off."

He grins. "Yes, ma'am."

And Edward Cullen's chest...

Yum.

"Checking me out, Tittie Girl?"

"Yes."

Then we're back to fumbling on the bed. Frantic kisses, sloppy and wet... More. Arching. Clothes being pulled off or pushed down until it's just us in our underwear. I'm going for the dick today, I swear. It's been haunting me. Damn, I even dream about it.

"Fuck," he exhales, and my bra is gone.

His mouth is there.

He's got skills.

"Higher up," I gasp, arching into him as he sucks on my right nipple.

"Edward... higher..."

"I'm busy," he mumbles.

Yeah, I knew he'd say something like that, so I push him off me and down on his back. Then it's my turn to kneel between his legs. His eyes are wide when he sees what I have in mind, but I don't care. Yesterday, he touched me for the first time. We were in his room, and he fingered me until I came all over his hand. And, um, then he came in his boxers before I could even touch him. So, it's my turn now.

He's hard. Very hard. In his black boxers.

After taking a deep breath, I slip my fingers under the hem of his boxers before tugging on them. He shivers and exhales shakily... and then he lifts up so that I can pull the boxers down... which I do, and... oh, fuck.

Boy's big.

Not that I've seen many, but... there's this thing called the Internet.

Exactly, and I'm a curious girl.

"Um, Bella... y-you're staring."

Yeah.

I really am.

Shit.

As I chew on my lip, I move my hand toward it. It. Uh, the dick. *His* dick. The tip is glistening. Then I touch it, and it's soft and hard, and...

"Am I doing this wrong?" I ask, 'cause he pretty much jumped.

"No!" he gasps. "Don't... don't stop... Oh, *God*..." He groans, fisting his hair.

I wrap my fingers more firmly around it, moving up and down at a slow pace, and he moans loudly. So, I guess he likes that. And when I brush my thumb over the tip, he bucks his hips. I don't know if that's a good thing, but since he keeps moaning, I figure I'm not doing anything wrong.

His abs tense fiercely.

"Jesus fuck, baby," he breathes out. "So good, so good... oh, so good..."

I lick my lips, unable to take my eyes off his cock, and I realize that I'm moving closer when he gasps my name.

"I wanna kiss it," I blurt out. My cheeks heat up.

But before I can do... well, anything, he lets out a weird choking sound, and then I watch with wide eyes as he comes all over my hand.

Um.

Okay, I don't wanna kiss it *now*. Not with all that white stuff all over.

I'm not stupid. I knew it... him... *it*, him... *that* was gonna... ya know... come.

"Shit, Bella," he gasps as I release him. "You can't... You can't say stuff like that, and..."

Uh-huh. I need a napkin.

"Did you like it?" I ask, seeing a box of tissues on my desk. With one hand, I wrap a sheet around me before walking over to my desk. I take seven of them before handing the box to Cullen.

"No, it was awful," he replies sarcastically. "Are you kidding me? It was..."

I swear he blushes.

I feel giddy for some reason.

Maybe because I just jacked off my boyfrie-. Crap. He's not my boyfriend.

I wonder if he wants that. Um, for us to be together.

'Cause I want that. I really do. I want to be his girlfriend. And I know I can handle his arrogance and cocky behavior. Besides, he's not like that with me. Not much, anyway.

"Kids, it's dinner!"

Oh. Right.

"You're staying, right?"

He grimaces as he sits there in nothing but boxers, with a bunch of used tissues in his hand. "Um... is Alec here?"

I frown in confusion as I put on my bra. "Yeah? He's probably in his room."

He nods once. "Then maybe I should head home."

"Why? Mom and Dad won't mind." I know they won't. They like Edward.

"Yeah, well, I just..." He motions at the bed with his hand. "And... you're his sister..."

"Cullen," I giggle. "We're not very subtle in school, or... anywhere, for that matter. Everyone knows about us." I pull on my jeans. "That includes Alec."

"I know," he sighs, getting out of bed. "But this *just* happened, and um... Alec and Em may have... confronted me about something."

Whoa. "What did they do?" I ask, walking over to him. I know how idiotic my brother and cousin can be, and I fucking hate it. I can take care of myself. "Edward?" I place a hand on his cheek.

He chuckles quietly and kisses my forehead. "It's nothing I haven't thought about already. Don't worry about it."

"Then, what is it?"

He shakes his head, smirking, and reaches for his shirt. "You'll find out soon enough, Tittie Girl. But I think I'm gonna head home."

I pout.

He scowls at me. "Don't give me that look."

"Why? I know you can't say no to me then." I give him the puppy-dog eyes for good measure.

Eric – one of the very nice stoners – has taught me a thing or two. He may be a dude, but he's also as gay as Seattle is rainy. But that's closet hush-hush. Only Bree, Alice, and I know.

"You've noticed that, eh?"

Yes, I have.

He smirks. "Sorry, baby, but it won't work this time. I have boring shit to do at home."

Hmph.

"Like what?" I ask, fixing my ponytail. I don't wanna go downstairs with a bird's nest on my head. "More preparations for the trip?"

He nods with another grimace.

I understand. We're all in pain about that, especially since our parents are helping out.

It's just two weeks away now.

It sucks.

"Dad's taking me and Alec shopping for camping crap tomorrow," I mutter. "Bags and... shit like that."

He snickers. "I'm doing that, too. We're going to Newton's Outfitters."

Ugh. I hate Newton.

But if Edward's gonna be there...

"Maybe I'll see you there," I say coyly.

"Hmm. Maybe you will," he replies lowly. When his eyes darken, I bite down on my lip. I know that drives him insane. "Fuck," he mumbles, pulling me flush to his chest. "You're making it kinda hard to leave, you know." He kisses the corner of my mouth. "Damn, you're..." With a shake of his head, he backs away.

And I'm pretty sure I'm falling in love with Cullen.

EPOV

Okay, this whole thing where Bella has her hands on my cock is gonna take a while to get used to.

"Jesus," I moan as I lean back against the wall. Eyes roll back for a second. The feeling of her soft hands... "Oh, fuck..."

Unfortunately, we're in the dark.

But I'm too horny to care.

We're also in one of the janitor's closets at school.

Again, too horny to care.

Actually, it's fucking hot that we're here.

Tittie Girl just pushed me in here after lunch.

I'm not complaining.

"Um, I Googled something," she mumbles then, and before I can tell her that I don't really care about Google right now, she cups my balls.

"Shit, Bella," I whimper before biting down on my knuckles.

"Does that feel good?"

Yes!

I nod before I realize she can't see me. "Yes," I grit out, trying to hold back my orgasm. It's a damn good thing I can't see her, really, because I would come in a second if I saw her on her knees in front of me. And I know she's kneeling right now. It makes me think about last week when she blurted out something about kissing my cock. Oh, fuck... "Bella... I'm..." *Close.*

Holy shit, what do I do now?!

"Are you close?" she whispers, and her breath washes over my dick.

"Yes!" I moan loudly, feeling everything inside me tense.

"Okay," she exhales. The next thing I feel is...

Hot...

Wet...

Sucking...

"Oh, my God," I groan in disbelief.

Her mouth. It's her mouth. Oh, fuck... Oh, fuck...

"I'm gonna, I'm gonna," I whimper.

She nods. With my rock hard cock in her mouth.

That's it.

I explode.

God, I really explode. In... her... *mouth*. Her mouth!

"Holy shit." I'm panting. Jesus, I can't believe...

She releases me with pop, and I can't stop shuddering.

"That..." She breathes heavily. "...was disgusting. It's gonna take a while to get used to."

My eyes bug out in the darkness.

Obviously it's disgusting. I wouldn't fucking swallow, that's for sure. But what I heard was...*it's gonna take a while to get used to*.

For her to get used to it...

Um, that means repeats, right?

"You're gonna suck my dick again?" I ask, rubbing the back of my neck. I'm still sorta out of breath.

"Well, duh. I mean... if you want me to? Not right now, but... ya know..."

So, I'm thinking I just won the lottery.

"You don't have to, um..." *Tell her that she doesn't have to swallow. Spit it out, Cullen.* Oh, there's an idea. "You can always spit it out."

Thank God, it's dark in here. Tittie Girl has the power to make me blush like a fucking girl.

"Or, I mean, you don't have to, I mean... shit." I sigh as I tuck myself in again. "You didn't have to take it... you know, in your mouth." And please kill me, this is beyond awkward.

"Eh. Doesn't bother me too much. And you enjoyed it, didn't you?"

I roll my eyes. "I think that's pretty obvious," I tell her, pulling her to me. I dip down to kiss her, accidentally getting her nose, which makes her chuckle, but I'm too damn relaxed to give a shit. "Now, can I reciprocate?"

I'm ready to beg. 'Cause the thought of tasting her... Yeah, I've dreamt about that for a while now.

"No fucking way," she giggles against my lips. "Another time. We have class now."

If it wasn't so dark in here, she'd see my very manly pout.

~o~

"So, what's taking you so long, dude?" Alec asks, placing a hand on my shoulder.

"Yeah, what's the holdup?" Emmett adds, placing a hand on my other shoulder.

Okay, here's the thing. We're all equally tall, but uh... they're football players, and I'm in the Music Club. So, unless I have my guitar or drum set to bang over their heads, I've got nothing. And now I'm cornered in an empty hallway. With two Bigfoots related to Tittie Girl.

"I thought you were asking her out, dude," Alec continues. "Ya know, make an honest woman outta her and all that."

I give him an incredulous look. "*Dude*. That's *marriage*. I'm asking her out. I'm not proposing."

"Yeah, but you haven't asked her out," Em says pointedly. "You're stalling."

I'm not! "No, I'm not," I reply defensively. I'm just... a *little* nervous.

I mean, what if she says no?

Alec cocks an eyebrow at me. "Dude."

"Dude!" I exclaim.

"Dude," Em sighs, shaking his head.

"Dudes?"

We all turn to see Diego walking toward us.

"Dude," Emmett and Alec greets in unison, bumping fists with Diego.

The lastly arrived turns to me then. "Waddup, dude?"

All right, this is too much.

"I'm gonna ask her out today, okay?" She better not say no, though.

'Cause I fucking want that chick to be my girl. "Can you get off my back now?"

Alec and Emmett grin widely and finally release me.

"Sure thing, man," Alec chuckles. "You shoulda seen your face."

"Priceless." Emmett snickers. "Damn, we really scared ya, pussy."

Fuckers!

"Blow me," I retort, glaring at Emmett.

"I'd rather not."

I smirk cockily. "That's all right. Your cousin does a fine fucking job of it already."

Oh, shit. Two pissed off Bigfoots spotted in the hall.

"Excuse me?" Alec grits out.

And yeah, I run.

While laughing my ass off.

It's gonna take a while for them to cool down, that's for sure, so I make my way upstairs, thinking I might as well drag my cocky ass to my next class. Being early is way better than facing Big Cousin and Big Brother right now.

My amusement is replaced with confusion when I spot Bella on the second floor, 'cause I know she's got PE now... and, um... Why is she with that fucking stoner? *What's his face?* Uh, Eric. Yeah, Eric Yorkie. Why the fuck are they just standing there in an empty hallway? I dunno, maybe fifty feet away or something. Swan's giggling like hell.

Oh, but that's not it.

Nope.

'Cause soon I see them entering a fucking janitor's closet together.

Um...

BPOV

"You can totally do it!" I tell him encouragingly.

"Shhh! For Christ's sake, Isabella!" he hisses quietly as he makes sure we're alone in the hall. Which we are. But he's such a drama queen. "I swear, I will talk to Bree or Alice instead if you can't keep quiet."

See? Drama queen.

And he only proves my point when he drags me into a janitor's closet.

That shit just makes me giggle.

"I'm just happy for you, Eric!" I laugh into the darkness.

He sighs *really* loudly, and I can picture him rolling his eyes at me.

"Don't be," he huffs. "I'm still not sure--"

I cut him off. "Yes, you are. Now that you know he's gay, you're gonna go up to him and sweep him off his feet!" Gah, I'm giddy. But I can't help it. He's been lusting after that Jacob guy for a year now, and it's about time Eric did something about it. "Man up," I tell him firmly... before hesitating. "Or... woman up, I don't know." I'm a bit lost there. Eric's a guy's guy, but... he's still one for drama. And he calls me *Isabella*, stating that it's "majestic". Anyway... "You caught him checking you out. It's a done deal. He wants you; you want him. Now, go do the horizontal with him."

Another huff. "I'm not a slut like you."

"*Dude*." I smack him in the chest. "I'm no damn slut." Oh, but I am. Cullen brings it out in me, and I may have told Eric about my naughty escapades with Edward. I've told Alice and Bree, too, of course.

"Whatever, girl," he sighs. "Now, can you keep your dirty mouth quiet about this?"

"Sir, yes, sir!"

"Bitch."

"Whore," I shoot back.

"Okay, let's go. I have class."

He opens the door again, and I throw him a playful glare. "So do I, but I skipped for you."

"That's because you love me." He winks.

No, I love Edward.

"SHIT!" I gasp, clamping a hand over my mouth.

Eric is immediately alarmed, and *fuck*, so am I.

I *love* Edward?

No. Fucking. Way.

"What's wrong?" he asks, frantically searching my face.

I think I'm pale. And wide eyed.

But... Oh, my God!

I'm in love with him!

Gah!

"Isabella, you are *really* starting to freak me out!" Eric cries out.

Freak *him* out?!

What about freaking *myself* out?!

I just realized that I'm in love! Talk about freaking out!

And then I'm shaking. Um, not because I'm cold or have a nervous twitch, but *that* dude... yeah, Eric, he's shaking me.

So, I sorta snap out it, and then the stoner in Eric comes through. "Want some weed?"

To which I snort. "Um, *no*."

But I gotta get Cullen to fall in love with me, 'cause I *refuse* to be the only one.

~o~

Kinda hard to make someone fall in love with you when the person's not around.

He'd already left when my day was over, and I tried Facebook when I got home, but he wasn't there, either. Same went for his phone. Shut off.

So, I just gotta wait 'til tomorrow.

BPOV

"Guys, have you seen Cullen?" I ask, taking my seat at the lunch table.

It's just Alec, Diego, and Bree, so I assume the rest are on their way.

"Ben said something earlier about a rock show," Alec replies. "They were busy planning."

Huh.

Well, fuck. Would it be so hard for him to just let me know that he's busy?

I'm getting annoyed, I admit.

So, I bring out my phone.

Could u stop blowing me off, Edward? Sumthin wrong? ~Bella

I don't expect an answer since he hasn't replied to my texts so far, so I'm a little surprised when he does text me back.

Pretty sure u r doing all the blowing. I'm busy – Cullen.

What. The. Fuck?

What r u talking about? ~Bella.

Just as I press send, someone I recognize walks up to the table.

And then I realize that it's Jacob – the guy Eric's crushing on. I've never seen him up close.

"You're the new girl, right?" he asks me, and I can't believe Eric's been hesitating about this guy. He's clearly gay. How could Eric not see that?

"Um, yes?" I respond, glancing at Alec who just shrugs.

"Well, I hope you're happy," Jacob snaps, now glaring at me. The fuck? "I thought this was my year, but then *you* come along."

"Dude," Alec says warningly. "That's my sister. Watch it."

Ignoring Alec, I ask Jacob, "What did I ever do to you?"

"What did you ever do to-" He stops, seemingly needing to calm down. Wow, he's another drama queen. "What you did... *broke my heart!*" he chokes out, and I'm like... *He's outta the closet, right? Otherwise, he will be soon.*

`Cause people are staring, and even more now when Jacob has started fanning his face.

Diego and Alec stare at him like he's an idiot, but I'm the one starting to feel like an idiot, 'cause I'm pretty sure I'm missing something here.

"Yeah, I still don't know what I did wrong, dude," I say.

Ooh, another glare. "I saw you," he hisses, pointing a finger at me. "I saw you walking out of that janitor's closet with Eric!"

My eyes bug out.

"Whoa! Really, Twin?" Alec gives me an incredulous look. "Aren't you with Cullen?"

I'm gaping like a fucking fish.

"She's with everybody," Jacob huffs, and that's it!

"How fucking *dare* you?!" I shout, standing up. He may have a damn foot on me, but I can be intimidating. "Say that again and I swear I will kick your ass!"

And it clicks. Shit! Is this what Cullen's talking about?

Fuck!

"Wait!" I gasp. "You started some rumor about me?"

Jacob gives me a bitchface. "You bet your skinny ass that I did."

Oh, he didn't.

My ass is fucking perfect.

"Last warning!" Alec growls at him. Oh, so now he's on my side again? Nice to know. "Watch it, Black."

"What have you told people?" I ask Jacob, finding it really hard to stay calm.

I'm not just pissed at Jacob, though. Fuck and no. I'm pissed at Cullen, too. It's clear that he's heard this rumor. It's also clear that he believes it. Fucking asshole.

"I just told a few friends about your love for janitor's closets," Jacob replies snidely. "Not my fault that those friends spread the rumor further."

Yeah, I'm gone.

"Twin!" Alec bellows, but I'm already charging.

One helluva bitchslap is the first thing I deliver to Jacob, followed by a swift kick in the balls.

"Bitch!" he squeaks, sounding like a damn chipmunk as he doubles over in pain.

And then I have Alec behind me, holding my arms.

"Take it easy, sis," he murmurs. "People are watching, and you're bound to end up with Banner."

"Whatever," I snarl.

Can't *believe* this is happening to me. Okay, I'm not... I mean... *Fuck*, this is high school, all right? I *know* this shit happens, but... That fucking *idiot* shouldn't believe the rumor. *Seriously*, isn't Cullen always going on about how above it all he is when it comes to high school drama? Yet, he has no issue believing a rumor about me and Eric. No, he doesn't know that Eric's gay, but... come *on*. Give me some damn credit.

"Are you calm now, Bell?" Alec sighs, and I huff. "Look, I'd hit him for you, but... the lines are too blurry."

Um. "What?" I ask, spinning around to face him. The chipmunk is still on the floor behind me. "What lines?"

"I just... I don't hit girls," he answers, rubbing the back of his neck. "And this one... Well, I don't know what he's trying to be... ya know?"

Aw, Alec. Alec, Alec, Alec.

"Doesn't matter," I chuckle. "I think I handled it pretty well."

He grins, showing his dimples. Not fair, I only have one. "That you did, Twin. That you did."

Yeah, now I just gotta handle Cullen, too.

EPOV

After I'd seen that fucking Swan enter that fucking closet with that fucking stoner, I've been the fucking master of avoidance.

I'd headed straight home on that pissy Thursday.

Pissed, hurt, pissed, and hurt.

Then, I was like... *maybe I should hear her out?*

Ya know?

But when I had arrived at school on Friday, the rumor hit me as soon as I had parked my car.

Apparently, Jacob Black had seen them leaving the janitor's closet that I had seen them entering. And they'd been looking very fucking happy in their little bubble. So, I'd sorta changed my mind, opting to avoid instead of confronting. I'd busied myself with the rock show Ben and I are in charge of, thinking that I could use some time to think shit through. But that was impossible. Throughout Friday, I heard so much shit about Swan that I thought I was gonna lose my mind. Now, I'm not stupid. I know very well how one little thing can get blown way outta proportion, but this shit hit home.

I'd tried my damndest not to listen, but it's high school, for fuck's sake. A rumor spreads like an STD amongst cheerleaders and jocks. *Sorry, Emmett, Diego, and Alec.* Anyway, there's no avoiding a rumor.

And then it got worse. After lunch, that bitch had sent me a message, stating that I was a fucking idiot for believing a rumor that wasn't true.

Yep, she lied to my fucking face... Um, through a text.

I saw her myself, goddamnit!

So, yeah, after that... there was no fucking way I'd let her explain.

Which brought us to the weekend. She'd tried to call me, text me, and message me on Facebook.

I shut off my phone, of course, but I still saw the messages on Facebook.

Pathetic, really.

Please pick up the phone, Edward.

It's not what you think, Cullen.

Will you let me explain, dickhead?

Can't fucking believe you, asshole. Fine, be immature.

There were a few others, similar to those.

Whatever. The way I see it, she denied it all at first. 'Cause she said that the rumor wasn't true. Then, she changed it. It became "Can I explain myself?" and "It's not what you think".

Yeah, right.

Shoulda known that she was just like the rest of 'em.

Anyway... Then there was Monday.

I managed to convince Mom that I was sick.

Same went for Tuesday.

I spent those two days studying and listening to music.

This morning, though, she didn't buy my act.

"I think you're trying to get out of camping, and that's not happening," she'd told me.

So, that's why I'm on my way to school this Wednesday morning.

I'm glad first period has been cancelled, 'cause I share that class with Swan.

But instead, all seniors are supposed to go to the auditorium.

Principal Banner's gonna talk about the fucking camping trip.

Yeah, we're leaving the day after tomorrow.

I can't wait!

Sense the sarcasm.

~o~

"Well, well, well," Alec drawls as I get out of my car. At least it's not *her* Rover I'm parked next to this time. *This* Swan I can handle. "Haven't seen you since Thursday." He pretends to look hurt. "Five days without a word. You wound me, dude."

I chuckle at him, slamming my door shut. "I've been sick."

"Dude," he says, rolling his eyes. "Don't bullshit a bullshitter."

I just shrug, and then we start walking across the lot toward school.

"Seriously, though, Cullen." Ah, please don't. "You need to talk to my fucking sister. She's taking out her anger on the wrong people."

I smirk at him. "Would that be you?"

"Pretty much," he says wryly. "And stop sidetracking me. Talk to her. Straighten this shit out."

"There's nothing to straighten out," I mutter, facing forward again.

"Whatever it was, it's over."

And I'm so ignoring the pain as I say that.

"Jesus, you're both acting like you're in kindergarten," he sighs. "Good thing you two have me, 'cause I'm gonna help you." He grins. I don't.

"You have until we get home from the trip, Cullen." He stops, placing a paw on my shoulder. I glare at him. "Dude, you fucking owe me. I haven't forgotten your little remark about my sister on Thursday. Something about blowing?" Shit. "Yeah, exactly. So, fucking talk to her. I'm sure it's just a big misunderstanding."

"Are you serious?" I ask incredulously. "Misunderstanding? She fucking—"

He holds a hand up. "I don't wanna hear it, dude. I refuse to pick sides. She's my little sister, and you're my friend. So, I'm just telling you this: fix it."

Well, fuck.

EPOV

"Shut the fuck up, dude," I chuckle quietly, shaking my head at Diego. "I really don't wanna hear about it." Seriously, I don't. What he does with Bree, or... *will* do with Bree... Um, no, thanks. Just... shut up.

"It's true, man!" he says in a hushed tone. He's fucking giddy, practically bouncing in his seat. "She said we were gonna do it this Sunday after we get back from camping!"

"I believe you," I yawn, "but I don't wanna hear about it."

Denali turns in her seat and glares at me as I put my foot up on the back of her chair, so I choose that moment to pull my beanie down over my face. Which takes care of both her and Diego. Hale, too, for that matter –

who is sitting next to her Barbie friend. That's the price you pay for sitting in the back. Cheerleaders do the same.

I just lean back in my seat, taking the opportunity to rest my damn eyes.

Banner keeps yapping about the trip.

I don't care.

At all.

The auditorium is full, of course, but I doubt half of us are paying attention to whatever he's saying.

I heard something earlier about "team effort" and "exercises".

I tuned him out when he mentioned the "Peninsula Spirit".

"Where the hell are McCarty and Ben?" Diego mumbles, and I have *no* idea.

Who *cares*, right?

Lemme *sleep*.

"Ah, there. Fourth row. Bree and Bell are there, too. And Alec."

Still. Don't. Care.

"Dude, don't look now, 'cause Bell is watching you," he whispers.

I stiffen.

And I definitely keep my beanie pulled down.

"Shut up, Diego," I mutter, annoyed.

I don't wanna hear about that bitch. Ms. I'm-gonna-lure-you-in-and-then-stomp-on-your-heart. Okay, I need to come up with another name.

"Oh, ma *Gawd*... Could you two, like, be *quiet*?" I hear Denali snap.

"Yeah, like, *totally*," Rosalie huffs. "*Such* losers."

I sigh. "Do me a favor, both of you, and go drink some hair dye," I say dryly, folding my arms over my chest.

After sinking down further in my seat, I tilt my head back.

Time to get some z's.

~o~

"Where are you going?" Diego asks as I start walking to the cafeteria.

"Whaddya mean?" I respond, scrubbing my hands over my face. Yeah, I'd fallen asleep in there for a while. "It's lunch."

"Time to check out the lists," he tells me like it's obvious. Maybe it would've been obvious if I hadn't slept through it all. But I did, so I give him the fill-me-in-dude look. "Didn't you listen to Banner?" I shake my head no. "Well, he said that we could find our names posted outside the faculty lounge. Ya know, to see who we'll be teamed up with."

Huh.

"Um, all right," I mumble with a shrug.

It doesn't take long to get there, and once we do, we understand that all the other seniors wanna check out the lists, too.

Okay, not all of them. But many.

And there are about a hundred and fifty seniors here at Peninsula.

"This is gonna take forever, Rivera," I groan, watching the crowd gathered around the lists.

"Damn, you're grumpy," he chuckles.

I can barely hear him over all the shouting. People are obviously not pleased.

“Fuck! I’m teamed up with Biers!” I hear someone scream.

“Oh, no!” another one gasps.

“Like, OMG! This is a total disaster!” a cheerleader exclaims.

I roll my eyes, leaning back against a wall.

Another yawn is stifled.

In my peripheral, I see the Swans, Emmett, and Bree closing in. Since I’m currently standing next to Bree’s boyfriend, I know that they’re heading for us. Yep, time to leave. So, I tell Diego that I’m going in, waving at the clusterfuck of people. Then I start walking. Elbows ready to be used to get through.

Sure takes a while, and the shouting is getting on my last nerve, but at last I’m standing at the front, staring at all the names.

And as the shouting continues, I’m beginning to wonder who the hell they’ve teamed me up with. I mean, none of the fuckers around me seem happy about their teams.

The first thing I notice is that there are groups of twenty students with two teachers. That’s the main group. The group you’ll hike with. Then there are the teams – the ones you’ll do the “exercises” with. Smaller groups of three or four. And I recognize many of the names. I see how fucking mixed we all are. A couple of jocks are with a few stoners. There’s one group with one cheerleader, one geek, one I don’t recognize, and one from the Math Club. *Jesus*. I search frantically, pretty sure now that I won’t be teamed up with any of my friends. Which is good when thinking about the heart-stomper, but... fuck, I don’t wanna end up with Whitlock, or... God forbid, a cheerleader.

Then I see it.

“No fucking way,” I whisper under my breath.

Edward A. Cullen

Michael L. Newton

Isabella M. Swan

Jessica S. Stanley

I can't fucking believe this.

Fisting my hair through the beanie, I just stare at the goddamn names, wondering what the hell I've done to deserve this. Not only am I stuck with Newton, I'm also stuck with one of the whiniest cheerleaders ever to walk this earth.

But Swan takes the prize.

How the *fuck* did I end up with her?

I mean... she's in my group of friends, so to speak.

Yeah, and then it clicks.

Banner, that sly motherfucker. All his questions about who we're friends with.

“Ah, man!” I hear Diego whine, and I look to my left to see him standing right next to me. “This sucks!” No one is happy. “Alice is all good, but Whitlock? And fucking Tanya Denali?”

I'd laugh at him for getting Denali and Whitlock in his team if I wasn't too depressed about my own team.

Speaking of...

I hear *her* voice then as she appears on the other side of Diego. "Oh, *great.*" Sarcasm. "What a lovely team I'm on." Yeah, that was sarcasm again.

"You know, you could always call in sick," I tell her seriously. "I'm sure you can play your 'Daddy' card and get out of this. It would mean so much to me." Really, it would.

She glares at me. I glare right back. There's no way I'm letting her know what her escapades in the janitor's closet did to me. "Drop dead, asshole," she snaps.

I arch a brow. "If it gets me out of this, I just might."

Then I leave.

BPOV

"Got everything packed?" Mom asks.

I scowl at her.

Alec does, too.

Mom and Dad just laugh.

"Is this some weird payoff, Mom?" Alec grunts, dropping his packing on the kitchen floor. "For maybe... us hurting you through birth or whatever?"

"Nah, she took that out on me, son." Dad grins. "She broke my hand when she gave birth to you."

I roll my eyes and leave the kitchen. It's D Day. The Day of Departure. Yeah, we're going camping today. Life officially sucks.

Seriously, everything just gets worse and worse.

I'm already a mess about Cullen. That fucking dickhead. He doesn't deserve me. Still, I can't fucking stop thinking about him. Ugh. Whatever.

After grabbing my pillow from my room, I go downstairs again.

We're all ready to go.

I'm wearing boots. I hate them. Jeans, 'cause they're sturdy. And since it's so fucking early in the morning, I've grabbed one of Alec's hoodies to snuggle in. I fully intend to sleep on the bus.

"It'll be fun, kiddos!" Dad laughs as he opens the trunk of his cruiser.

"I think you hate us," Alec spits out, shoving his backpack in the back of the car. "I really do."

After hugging Mom goodbye, we all pile into the cruiser then Dad drives us to school.

When we arrive at the parking lot this dreary Friday morning, we see the yellow buses that will take we seniors to some shitty place called La Push. That's, like, four hours away. And when we get there, we'll set up our first day's camp before spending time with "fun activities" as Banner put it.

Yeah, just kill me already.

"Don't look so moody," Dad chuckles, and I get out of the car before I hit him or something.

Unfortunately, he parked right next to Uncle Jeff, and Emmett's not mad about the trip anymore. He's fucking thrilled, 'cause he happened to end up with Rosalie on his team. Safe to say, Banner has no idea that they're no longer enemies.

"Hiya, Bella," Uncle Jeff says, grinning widely.

I huff and move toward the trunk to get my backpack.

"I doubt we'll survive this trip, Twin," Alec mutters, giving me a hand with all the crap we've packed. "Fucking hate my team."

I snort. "Who doesn't? But, dude, why are you complaining? Sure, you got Mallory and Crowley, but it could've been worse. And you said it yourself, that shy girl from the Chess Club... what was her name? Claire?" He nods. "Yeah, you said she was cute," I chuckle.

He rolls his eyes at me but says nothing.

"At least you're not stuck with Dickward," I mutter. Then, of course, Stanley and Newton. My team seriously sucks ass.

His turn to snort. "Dickward. Good one. But you need to talk, so I reckon it's a good thing you ended up together."

Whatever.

Whatever.

Whatever.

Eventually, we say goodbye to Dad and Uncle Jeff and shortly after, I say goodbye to Alec, too.

We didn't end up in the same group of twenty students, so I drag my ass toward bus 4 – my group's number – and Alec heads to bus 5.

"Fucking shit," I mumble, adjusting my heavy backpack.

And like I said earlier... things just get worse and worse.

'Cause right there, next to bus 4, I see Cullen and the rest of my group.

I breathe out a small sigh of relief when I see Jazz and Alice, knowing that we're at least in the same main group, but that relief is washed away when Mr. Molina speaks up. He and Mrs. Goff are our designated group leaders.

Lovely.

"To give you the chance to get to know the students in your teams, we've used name cards on the seats. Find your name and sit on it." He laughs at his own joke. Only, he's not funny at all. The beat of silence sure clues him in on just that. "Right." He clears his throat. "Mrs. Goff will check your name on the list when you go on the bus. You can do that as soon as you've loaded your bags."

I yawn.

Really, it's still too early. Six AM.

Anyway, as I avoid looking over at Cullen, I get my bag stowed and all that. Then I greet Jazz, who is equally as eager for this trip as the rest of us, and lastly I say a quick hello to Alice, who is just fighting to stay awake.

I'm definitely stalling.

But in the end, I make my way to Goff. She checks my name, and I enter the damn bus that will take us further up Hell's ass. Four hours further up, to be correct.

And here's the reason for my stalling. My seat. I'm seated in the back, right next to Jessica, and right behind Newton and Cullen.

"Hi, Bell!" Stanley says happily. "We're *totally* gonna have so much fun!"

So, I'm thinking...I wanna stomp on her face.

"Shut the fuck up, Stanley," Cullen mutters tiredly in front of us.

"Pretty sure she wasn't talking to you," I utter dryly, taking my seat next to Jessica.

I hate the fact that he's so hot. He's wearing that beanie again. Stone-washed jeans and a black ski-jacket. Boots, too. Okay, I noticed this earlier when I was *not* looking at him.

"You can shut up, too," he yawns.

"Wow, this is gonna be great," Newton says sarcastically.

Oh, *please* let this weekend go by fast.

EPOV

Mr. Molina and Mrs. Goff had to break up two fights on the way to La Push.

First it had been Whitlock and some jock.

Then it was Diego and one of Whitlock's friends.

Yeah, gotta love camping.

Fuck, I'd been relieved when I'd seen that Alice and Diego were in my main group, but that shit blew up in my face when I found out that we weren't allowed to sit wherever we wanted.

So, now I'm stuck next to Newton.

Good thing I can't see Swan, 'cause earlier when I saw her... Jesus, she looked fucking adorable in her massive hoodie – that I assumed belonged to Alec, seeing as it said Swan on the back of it – and don't get me started on the fact that she was carrying her fucking pillow around like it was a security blanket.

For not thinking about her, you sure are thinking about her a lot.

Fuck.

"Give me that," I sigh in agitation, grabbing the instructions from Swan.
"It can't be that fucking hard."

Unfortunately, I survived the bus ride up to La Push.

And now we're divided into our little teams.

Time to put the goddamn tents up.

Yes. I'm gonna share a damn tent with one jock, one cheerleader, and one bitch.

"Fine, let's see if you can do it better!" Swan snaps.

I'm not even looking at her anymore. Instead, I'm facing the second failed attempt to get our tent up. Poles and canvas, all crumbled and messy on the ground. Doesn't help that it's raining. Or that it's freaking cold up here. We're right by the ocean, too. Windy as hell.

Then we try again.

Shouting.

Cursing.

Stomping.

It takes us an hour, but in the end we get the fuckery up, and we throw our wet backpacks inside before walking back to meet the teachers for our next instructions.

As it turns out, it's time for orientation in the fucking woods.

Jessica's complaining about the mud.

Newton's trying to flirt with Swan.

Swan's handing out bitch-fits every now and then.

I'm pretty ready to just die.

"Ooh, the next marking!" Stanley exclaims, tiptoeing toward it.

I take a calming breath. I count to ten.

It's just one weekend, Cullen. Just one weekend. Suffer through it.

Over sticks and stones...

Through rough terrain...

Deep in the woods...

More complaining...

Just the four of us.

We answer the questions about bullshit as best as we can.

Ya know, team effort and all that.

"Name one good thing about each member of your team," Newton reads on one marking, and I'm like...*and what if there are no good things?*

"I can go first," Jessica volunteers, wiping some mud off her shoe.

"Newton is good at football." I snort. He glares at me. "Bell is such a good friend. Plus," she giggles, "she has *the* hottest brother, like, *ever*." Kill me. Please. Kill me. "And, um..." She shrugs. "I suppose, um... despite the fact that Cullen is a major pain in my ass, he's sorta hot."

Sorta.

Bitch.

I'm hot as fuck.

"Next," I say dryly, writing her answers down on the notepad.

"Fine," Newton mutters as I try not to get the notepad soaked by taking off my beanie. Damn the rain. The beanie's soaked, of course, so the paper soon gets spots all over it. So, who's gonna kill me? "Uh, Bell's fucking hot." I grit my teeth as I write that shit down. Raindrops trickle down my face. "Jessica's good at popping chewing gum." I smirk. Glad to see that I won't be the only one having trouble finding good things about my teammates. "And, uh... shit... Cullen... Hmm..." Funny, douche. And Swan giggles. Bitch. "I guess he's good at playing guitar."

I roll my eyes. "I'm a fucking pro," I mumble under my breath, adding his last answer. And then I figure I might as well get this over with. So, I go next. "Stanley's good at evoking certain feelings." Newton gets me, and we actually bump fists. "Newton's good at pissing off the coach." He huffs, and I arch a brow in challenge. He concedes with a cocky smirk. Anyway... "And, uh..." I scratch the back of my head with the pen. "Swan is a good actress."

Perfect.

"Wait," the girls say at the same time.

"What do I evoke?" Stanley asks in confusion.

"A good actress?" Swan grits out.

"Yeah, like frustration and annoyance," I answer Jessica. "And yes," I answer Swan. "A good actress. Your turn."

For a moment she just glares at me.

And I refuse to follow the raindrop that slides down her face... her neck...

Shit.

"All right," she says slowly, keeping her glare intact. "Newton's a decent football player. Jessica is good at cheerleading, and you... You, you self-righteous, presumptuous son of a bitch... you're an excellent runner."

My eyebrows knit together as we continue to glare at each other, and... what the fuck does she mean by *that*? A good *runner*?

"A good runner?" I ask incredulously.

"Yes. A good runner."

She closes the subject by moving on.

By the way, it's so fucking cold that my dick could fall off.

Just thought I'd mention it.

But... seriously, what does she mean by that? I mean, yeah, I'm fast. Really fucking fast, but... we don't share PE. She hasn't seen me run.

She was speaking metaphorically, you dense prick.

Oh.

Oh!

"Yeah, well..." I huff. "I only run when I have reason!" I shout after her.

She flips me off over her shoulder.

Then the rain gets in my eyes, and I'm officially suicidal.

EPOV

After sitting by some lame fucking bonfire that was struggling against the rain, Molina and Goff told us it was okay to head to bed. Bed. Yeah. Sure. I wish we had beds. Alas, we're on the fucking ground. I don't count the inch-thick sleeping mats.

"Are you chicks ready?" Newton snaps.

Of course, he and I are stuck outside the tent so that the girls can change into their sleepwear.

As I look around, I see that most guys are waiting to enter their tents.

"Almost!" Stanley shrieks.

"Jesus Christ," I groan, scrubbing at my face. It's down to drizzling right now, but I'm completely soaked through from before. The only things dry, really, are my feet. I have good boots. But that's pretty much it.

"So..." No, Newton. Don't speak. "You still hittin' that or what?"

My head snaps up. "Excuse me?" I grit out quietly.

I know he's talking about Bella- um, *Swan*. And as much as I hate the bitch right now, I refuse to have this asshat talking about her.

"Yeah. You and New Girl," he clarifies, waggling his damn eyebrows.

I level him with a glare. "First of all, nothing's going on between me and her. Second of all, I'm not a fucking jock. Take your locker-room talk elsewhere." I take a step toward him. "And thirdly, don't even speak about her. Are we clear?"

He smirks. "Possessive much, dude?"

I clench my jaw, as well as my fists. He notices, and I watch in satisfaction as he visibly shrinks a little.

Good.

Message received.

"Kay, you can, like, enter now!" Stanley shouts.

Awesome.

Once I've shrugged out of my jacket, I enter the tent before Newton. My boots quickly follow before I crawl over to my spot. And... um...

"What the hell?" Who moved my stuff?!

I was at the far end earlier!

Before, it was Stanley, Swan, Newton, me.

Now, it's Stanley, Swan, me, Newton.

Which leaves me in the middle with *her*.

"Blame Mike," Swan grumbles. I can't see her. She's in her sleeping bag already. "He wanted your spot."

And before I can move my shit back, Newton slides in and covers *my* spot. Or... my *old* spot.

Motherfucker.

"Asshole," I growl angrily. But I'm too cold and too wet to pick a damn fight now. All I want is a dry t-shirt, a pair of dry boxers, and a dry sleeping bag.

So, with a very heavy sigh, I sit down on my *new* spot. I rummage through my backpack, quickly finding the smaller bag with my sleepwear. And thank God Mom packed for me. She packed in those airtight plastic bags. *Everything* is dry. *Fuck, yes!* She packed extra snacks, too.

Since it's too dark in the tent to really see anything, I push my jeans and socks off right away. My hoodie and long sleeved t-shirt are next. Then I roll out my sleeping bag and scoot inside of it to change my damn boxers.

Have I mentioned that camping sucks?

When I'm finally in dry clothes, I drag a towel through my hair, too.

"Jesus, I'm trying to sleep, Cullen." The bitch next to me is annoyed. "Can you please stop moving around?"

Funny, 'cause Newton's settling in, too. Yet, she only picks *me* to bitch at.

"Stop talking, Swan," I sigh tiredly as I get comfortable on my back. "Your voice is pissing me off."

And I'm pretty sure I have a rock digging into my shoulder blade.

"*Gawd*, you *both* need to shut up!" Stanley hisses.

I roll my eyes into the darkness.

Then I grab a mini-pack of Oreos that Mom packed me.

They're great. A lot better than the damn hotdogs we grilled for dinner earlier by the questionable bonfire.

The crunching and the rustling is bugging Swan, so that's just another win for me.

"Oh, my God, close your mouth while you eat, jerk!" she groans. The sound is muffled, 'cause she's all buried inside her sleeping bag. The only thing I see peeking out is the hood of her sweatshirt. I hope for her sake it's a new sweatshirt, and that she isn't sleeping in her soaked one. But when I focus intently, I can see that this hood is red. Her old one was black.

I mean... not that I care.

Agreed. You don't care about her. You love her.

I squeeze my eyes shut and shove another cookie in my mouth, making sure that I chew *really* fucking loudly.

With my mouth open.

BPOV

"Good morning, everybody!" Molina cheers happily.

The rest of us just sit here.

The twenty of us.

Staring at him and Goff.

Around the damn bonfire from last night.

It's breakfast and once again we're all divided, forced to sit with our teams.

The only thing good about today is that there's no rain. It's even sunny. But it's still cold as hell and windy.

"We're going on a hike today!" Goff adds, equally happy.

I cradle my mug of hot chocolate, hoping to thaw out my fingers.

I sniffle a little, too.

My nose had been ice cold when I woke up an hour ago.

"I hope it won't rain today," Jessica mumbles, sitting next to me on the log with her own mug. Our ponytails look disastrous, but we've given up. We need conditioner to straighten this shit out. Which we certainly don't have out here in the middle of nowhere.

"I wouldn't count on the sun," Newton yawns, pointing at the sky.

Fuck. Clouds are already rolling in.

"Crap," Stanley whispers, and I turn to her as she brings out a... Ah. Right. "I almost forgot."

Same here, so I follow suit. You know, birth control pill. I quickly find them in the inner pocket of my jacket.

"Oh, come on, people! Look alive!" Molina shouts, his everlasting grin still in place. "We're going to have fun!"

"And we're going to compete against Group 5 tonight!" Goff again.

Group 5. "That's Alec's group," I mutter to myself before taking my pill with some hot chocolate.

All I know is that each group's campsite is ten minutes apart.

"Yay," Stanley giggles.

Uh-huh. Yay.

~o~

After breakfast, we're instructed to dress warmly and comfortably before we pack up our stuff. I dress in jeans, a t-shirt, and another hoodie. I double up on socks, thankful for my warm and roomy boots. Yeah, now I love them. Last but not least, I make sure I have my jacket tied to my backpack. Since we're going on a long hike, I assume it'll get too hot for a winter jacket. But I still want it close.

When all is done, and we've bitched for a while packing up the tent, we're on our way.

This time, we walk in a big group, as opposed to the teams.

For that, I'm fucking grateful.

I end up walking with Jazz and Alice – both of whom have actually bonded a little – and the last I saw of Cullen was when he took off with Diego.

And then the rain starts again, because that's just our luck.

We pause for lunch and a couple of breaks but other than that, it's just walking, walking, walking, and walking...

By the time we reach our checkpoint, my teeth are clattering, my lips are turning blue, my legs are aching, and my chest is heaving. Oh, and my jacket is definitely on.

"You ok-kay, Alice?" I ask, trying to relax. But it's freaking hard, and I just wanna go home.

"I'm f-f-fine," she stutters, obviously as cold as I am.

Okay, so maybe we should've dressed even warmer.

Which we do when Molina reminds us how important it is to dress warmly.

Yeah, well, fuck you.

As I throw on a beanie and a scarf, I notice Cullen watching me. For a second, I could've sworn I saw concern, but... Nope, there's the scowl again.

Sigh.

Ignoring him, I turn back to Alice and Jazz, and the three of us stay huddled together during another snack break. Molina and Goff try to keep our spirits up, stating that it will be so much fun when the competition starts after dinner tonight and blah, blah, blah. They also inform us about where we're gonna set up camp. Apparently, we're gonna sleep on some fucking island tonight. I remember Banner telling us something about it, but the details are fuzzy. 'Cause I didn't really pay attention.

"I think the break's over, ladies," Jazz drawls, nodding at Molina and Goff.

Sure enough, they're getting ready for our next part of the damn hike, and this time I know we're gonna split up again.

And we do.

We're given a map.

We're given instructions.

We're given walkie-talkies.

"If everything goes as planned, you'll reach your stop around six PM," Goff tells us. "And you should reach the campsite an hour later or so, depending on the wait by the dock. Competitions start after dinner."

Then we're off.

In the rain.

Through the thick forest.

We follow the trail.

And, um, four hours later, we're supposed to have reached our stop.

But we haven't.

'Cause we're lost.

"Goddamnit!" Cullen growls, slamming his backpack into a tree.

So sexy.

Fuck. Yeah, I roll my eyes at myself. In the cold rain... the woods... We're lost, for crying out loud. And I'm here... thinking about how sexy Cullen is. God, I'm such a loser. But... fuck, I... I miss the bastard. Gah! No, I don't! He's a fucking prick.

"Can't we use the walkie?" Jessica asks through her shudders.

Okay, focus on this, Bella. Not on... *him*.

Focus on Mike and Jessica.

Mike is currently *trying* the walkie.

"The reception is piss poor," he spits out, trying over and over to reach Molina and Goff.

In the end, we sit there for two hours until Molina finds us.

We're all thoroughly pissed.

Except for our teacher, of course. He laughs it off, and I'm beginning to think he hangs out with Jazz or something.

~o~

"Okay, we're the last ones, people," Molina says as we reach the tiny dock. It's dark, and we can barely see the island we're going to. It's definitely not far and thankfully, the wind has settled, but I can't say I'm looking forward to this. "Team up, guys. Two and two."

I stare blankly at the two canoes.

"I'm with Jess!" Mike exclaims.

Oh, no.

No, no, no, no, no, nooo!

"All right," Molina replies, not bothered at all. "Mr. Cullen, Ms. Swan, I'm putting the food crate in your canoe. And Mr. Newton, Ms. Stanley, I'll give you the crate of dry firewood. You have your tent?" Cullen nods at his backpack. "Good. Don't forget your life jackets."

There's some other dude there that we don't recognize. He looks Native American, and I guess he's a local.

He is. He introduces himself as Quil and gives us instructions on how to use the canoes. We already know, 'cause we've done this in PE as preparations for the trip, but... whatever. Soon, we're all gathered in our

canoes. Me and Cullen in one, Mike and Jessica in one, and Molina and Quil in one.

"Oh, wait," Molina says, bringing his walkie up.

Then we listen as Goff calls in. Apparently, we weren't the only ones who got lost.

This changes our plans since Molina has to go off and find yet another team. So... we're sent off, much like the other teams have been before us.

"Okay, just paddle," Cullen says grimly. He's in the back; I'm in the front.

And he's as excited as I am to be teamed up together.

With each push through the water, I'm internally chanting about how this weekend is almost over. It's just one more night. We're going home tomorrow. We're going home tomorrow. By seven PM tomorrow night, I'll be in a bathtub.

I chant for about twenty minutes. It's not working very well.

"Guys, is this the right way?" Mike shouts. He and Jessica are paddling about thirty feet away, but it's really fucking dark, so thirty feet looks like more.

"I don't think we are!" Jessica cries out.

I look straight ahead, seeing the group of islands. Then I look back, seeing how much distance we've already put between ourselves and the mainland. We're definitely closer to the islands.

"Let's paddle closer together!" I suggest. "We can check the map!"

It starts raining. Yet again.

"I'm so gonna hate my parents forever for putting me through this," Jessica rasps as we connect our canoes together. "I'm already getting sick."

"Yeah, yeah, quit whining and hand over the map," Cullen sighs. "If I don't do this, I'm pretty sure we're gonna get lost." I glare at him over my shoulder, but he doesn't care. His eyes are glued to the map that Mike just gave him. "It's clearly the island to the right," he states, pointing at the map with his flashlight. "It's marked, see?"

It is, but as we look out over the water, we see the islands, and... when I squint through my lashes, I'm pretty sure I can see a bonfire...

"But isn't that a fire?" Jessica asks, and she's on the same page as I am. Which means we think it's the island to the left.

"But *this* island is marked on the fucking map," Cullen argues. "For all we know, we aren't the only ones being forced to camp out here. It can easily be another damn school on that island."

True, but... really?

I chew on my lip, hesitating... going back and forth...

"I think it's the one to the left, too," Mike says, frowning in thought.

Good, it's three against one. You're out, Cullen.

"Let's go to the left one then," I decide simply.

But Cullen refuses. He's dead set on the island to the right.

So... I can't say I'm all that surprised when Jessica and Mike ditch us out there. In the middle of the bay.

"What about teamwork?!" I shout after them.

They can't just leave me here with Cullen!

"Fuck teamwork! We wanna survive!" Mike laughs.

I am *not* amused.

"Fine!" I scream. "We're gonna head back to the mainland!"

"Okay!" Jessica screams back, also through laughs. "That local dude is just gonna tell you that it's the left island!"

Argh! I know! Cullen's the one disagreeing!

I let out a loud "fuck", along with slamming my paddle against the water.

In frustration, ya know.

"Are you done?" he asks dryly.

I don't look back.

"And we're not going back to the mainland. I'm fucking right, Swan."

Yeah, and I wanna cry.

EPOV

Luckily, I manage to convince her that it's the island to the right.

So, we keep paddling.

I mean, why the hell would we go back all the way to the mainland just to prove that I'm right?

Right?

Yeah.

By the way, the wind picks up.

Like we aren't already going through hell this weekend.

And as we finally reach the island, it's storming.

"Push it up further," I grunt as we get the canoe up on land.

She curses.

She's good at that.

And I'm fucking tired, so when the canoe is up, I take off right away, needing to get away from her. I hate that I worry... *Goddamn*. No, Cullen. You don't worry. Right. I don't worry. 'Cause I don't give a shit.

Right.

"Oh, fuck no!" I hear her cry out, but I ignore her.

And where is the...?

"What the *fuck*?" I yell in frustration, pushing off the damn life jacket. The rain is pouring down again; I'm fucking soaked. It's cold, and that chick just won't quit bothering me. "Where the hell is the damn campsite!"

I pull at my hair as I look around, but I see nothing. It's too dark. Christ, it's gotta be near midnight or something.

Then I hear her laugh. Behind me. Only, it's not really a humorous laugh.

Spinning around, I squint through my lashes to see her standing by the fucking canoe. She's soaked too, and I see her teeth clattering thanks to the flashlight she's holding. Camping sucks, by the way. It sucks!

"Can't fucking believe this!" she laughs, holding *something* up. I think it's the map. "Of *course* this *has* to happen to *me*! Ugh!"

It's wrong to hit a girl, Cullen; it's wrong to hit a girl.

"Swan! Get to the fucking point, will ya?" I snap.

Then she's in my face.

Worry rushes through me again as I see her pouty lips turning blue, but all that vanishes when she smacks me in the chest with the rolled-up map.

"You picked the wrong island, you fucktard!" she screams. "Thanks to *you*, Mr. I-better-take-the-map-unless-we-wanna-get-lost, we're on the wrong fucking island!"

I blink.

"Look!" she growls, shoving the map in my face. "You looked at it upside down!"

Did not!

"No fucking way!" I snarl as I take the map from her. I grab the flashlight, too, trying to ignore the raindrops pouring down my face. And I look. I really look. I twist and turn...

Fuck my life.

She's right.

Holy shit... we're on the wrong island.

"Crap," I breathe out.

Okay. Shit. Time to think.

Again, I look around me. It's pitch black. Raining. Windy as fuck...

I wipe away rain from my forehead. I pinch the bridge of my nose.

Jesus Christ.

"So... what's the plan, Mr. Know-It-All?"

Deep breaths. Deep breaths.

One... two... three... four... five... six... seven... eight... nine... ten.

"We stay here tonight," I say as calmly as I can. It comes out hoarsely, and I know that Stanley's not the only one getting sick. "It's too late and too stormy to go to the other island tonight." Another deep breath. "I suggest we get the bags up here... and that we set the tent up. Then we go to the other island in the morning."

She just stares at me.

I stare back.

"You're serious, aren't you?" she asks in disbelief.

I nod curtly before I walk down to the water again. I grab my stuff and the food crate. Swan is still frozen in place as I pass her, and I don't stop until I've reached the trees. 'Cause it's less windy there, ya know. And then I head back for her backpack, as well as the tent.

"Can you make sure the canoe stays on land?" I ask as I pass her the second time. "I'll get started on the tent."

God, I'm fucking tired.

I also need to take a piss, so I do that, too.

I'm a little surprised my dick doesn't fall off.

It sure felt exposed in the rain.

A few moments later, when I'm struggling with the goddamn tent, I hear her screaming and cursing down at the beach. I figure she has a lot of steam to blow off, so I leave her and continue with the building of the tent. Funny, it took us a lot more time yesterday to get it up. I swear, it's taken me twenty minutes, and it's now done. Maybe teamwork isn't the answer to every fucking question in the world.

"Glad you could join me," I say sarcastically as I hear her behind me. "I'd ask for some damn help, but I took care of it while you were having another conniption fit."

And I'd say the glare she shoots my way is pretty lethal.

"Do *not* talk to me about shit you can take care of," she replies in an eerily calm voice. "After all, it's your fault we're here."

I clench my jaw, wanting... so much. I wanna strangle her, kiss her, hold her, punch her in the fucking face. Plus, I'm an itty bit embarrassed by the fact that it *is* my fault we're stranded here. Male pride is a hateful bitch.

So, I end up saying nothing. Instead, I grab the food crate and throw it inside the tent. My backpack follows shortly. And for some reason, I grab hers, too. Then I take off my jacket and enter the tent. With my feet still on the outside, I kick off my boots before placing them inside, by the opening.

The tent is built for four people, so I'm a little relieved by the space we have, 'cause I have a feeling we're gonna need it to survive each other.

"Are you just gonna stand out there?" I ask, annoyed by my constant worry for that girl. But Dad is a doctor, after all, and I know about pneumonia.

More stomping and cursing follow, so I decide to give her another five minutes. I roll out my sleeping bag and mattress – not that I think it qualifies as a mattress – and another set of dry clothes is quickly found. But no t-shirt tonight. Fuck and no. It's too cold, so I change into dry boxers, dry sweatpants, and a dry hoodie. I use the word "dry" in my head, over and over, hoping it will help calm me down. It doesn't. Go figure.

But something does.

Yeah, when Swan finally enters, I take calming breaths.

"What took you so long?" I ask, irritated as hell.

"Well, I'm a girl," she replies slowly, as if I'm mentally challenged. "I don't have a dick that I can whip out whenever I need to pee."

I stifle a chuckle. "Sucks to be you, I guess," I sigh lightly, reaching for the crate of food. Fuck, yeah. I'm starving and very thankful for ending up with this instead of dry wood. Though... a fire wouldn't hurt. Ah, well. I'm getting warmer by the minute in this sleeping bag. And now it's time to eat.

"Can you turn around?" she huffs, and I look over at her, 'cause... I've already seen it all. So, why would I turn? And, um... I wanna see her again. I really... fucking... do.

No, I don't!

Shit, this is *not* a good time for my cock to wake up.

Remember what she did with that stoner!

Right.

"You have nothing to worry about," I tell her in a bored tone. And I give the food crate my undivided attention again.

I'm not listening to the sound of unzipping...

Or the sounds of wet clothes hitting the ground with a splash.

I'm focusing on the food.

Flashlight in hand.

"You might wanna put your wet clothes in a bag," I tell her as I rummage through the crate. Hotdogs won't get us far if we don't have a fire. Same goes for soup and coffee. "Unless you want our sleeping bags to get wet," I add. Aha! Bagels, marshmallows, salami, crackers, and chocolate milk. Sounds good to me, and I know that I have more snacks in my bag. Oreos and chips. Gotta love Mom. I'm pretty sure I saw some Gatorade in my bag, too. Hmm, there's no water.

Whatever, it's not like we're staying on this island for many hours.

"Oh, finally," Bella groans. Instinctively, I turn to face her. She's in her sleeping bag now. Well, half of her is. And she's in dry clothes. Good.

"I can't wait to go home tomorrow."

"At least we agree on something," I mutter, grabbing a bagel.

We're quiet after that.

The rain keeps pouring down, but at least we're inside. Dry... and warming up, if only a little.

I don't know when we fall asleep, but we do.

And when we wake up, it's distinctly colder.

The temperature has dropped and shudders rock through us both as we leave the tent at sunrise.

My back is killing me.

I could use a fucking hug right about now.

But I won't admit to that shit.

"Should we pack up the tent now?" she asks after clearing her throat.

I nod, thinking about it. I'm still in my sleepwear, 'cause the first thing I needed after waking up was a fucking stretch. So... I still wanna change clothes, and I'm not really eager to do that out here.

"I'm just gonna go down and check the water," I reply. "Then we can pack shit up after I've changed." And I need to take another piss.

Fucking hell.

I shiver as I walk down toward the beach.

The wind is like icy knives stabbing through me, for fuck's sake.

"It can't get much worse than this," I mutter to myself.

But then I come to a screeching halt.

And the next twenty minutes are full of shouting and running around.

Both of us.

I can't believe this!

'Cause here's the thing...

We can't find our fucking canoe.

"You told me you secured it!" I yell at her.

She doesn't miss a beat. "You told me this was the right fucking island!"

BPOV

Shit, the canoe is gone.

"You told me you secured it!" he yells at me.

Grrr. "You told me this was the right fucking island!" I shout back.

And looks at me like I'm insane. "You have *got* to be kidding me, Bella! So, just because I make a mistake, you have to make one, too?!"

I open my mouth to say something back, but... I come up with nothing.

So, I do what any girl in my position would do.

I kick him in the shin.

Then I run back to the tent again.

`Cause it's freaking cold outside.

I don't know how much time passes until I see him again. All I do know is that I'm all cuddled up in my sleeping bag. My mouth is full of bagel when he enters the tent, and I shiver as the wind reaches me.

And he's muttering a bunch of crap to himself.

"Be quiet," I tell him, nibbling on my bagel.

After zipping the tent shut, he crawls over to his side, not saying a word until he's in his own sleeping bag. Good thing it hasn't rained yet, otherwise he'd be soaked by now.

"Can't believe this," he mumbles, pulling at his hair. He looks like an angry caterpillar, sitting in his sleeping bag and pulling at his hair like that. "You..." He shakes his head before facing me with an incredulous look. "You fucking *kicked* me!"

I shrug. "Duh. You had it coming."

I take a sip from my water, thankful for the two bottles I had in my backpack, `cause there's no water in the food crate.

"I... *I* had it coming?!" he yells, making me flinch at the volume. "I'm the innocent one here, you two-timing bit-"

"Do *not* finish that sentence!" I scream. Anger boils inside me, and I can't fucking *believe* him! Kneeling in the tent, still in my sleeping bag, I'm sure I look like a freak show. But I don't care, 'cause he just crossed a fucking line. So, I all but tower over him. "Another word about what you think I've done, and I swear I will kick your ass," I seethe.

His eyes widen, and I'm pretty sure I hear him gulp, but this is Cullen we're talking about. He doesn't stand down that easily. Soon, we're both kneeling in the middle of the tent. Two angry caterpillars coming up.

He's the one towering over me now.

But I don't gulp.

"You're un-fucking-believable, you know that?" he grits out, barely containing his rage. "Can't you see that all of this is your fault?"

"My fault?!" I shriek in disbelief. "First of all," I jab my finger in his chest, "you picked the wrong island-"

"I'm not talking about the goddamn trip, Bella!" he shouts in my face. "I'm talking about what you did!"

The hurt I see in his features makes me stagger back a little, but then I'm back, because he hurt me, too.

"I. Did. Nothing. Wrong!" I say forcefully, shooting him a glare. "And had you just listened to me, you would've known that by now!" My chest heaves and tears of anger well up in my eyes. "I tried to talk to you," I continue hoarsely. "I called you, I texted you, I messaged you on Facebook, I approached you in school! But you refused to hear me out! I tried for days, Edward!"

I slump back on my heels, angry, frustrated, hurt, cold, and furious.

"And you're full of shit," he replies angrily, also sitting back. "You think I believe that rumor."

I sneer at him. "You do!"

"I fucking saw you!" he yells. "I saw you entering that closet with that asshole!"

I blink, and I'm in shock.

He *saw* me?

"Yeah, secret's out, Swan," he laughs darkly. "So, you see, I don't *just* believe the rumor. I was there to see the truth myself."

But... "Why didn't you tell me that?" I ask, annoyed. "If you just told me, I would've known to approach you differently."

It's true. Because I can only imagine how I would've reacted if I'd seen Edward and some chick go into a janitor's closet together. I would've shut him out, too. Completely. So, if I'd known, I wouldn't care about protecting Eric's secret. I would've just shouted out the damn truth.

"Approach me differently?" he shoots back in a mocking voice. "The truth is the same, no matter how you fucking say it," he adds bitterly.

"You're wrong," I say quietly, almost... dejectedly. "There's an explanation for all this, and you refused to hear it... which I sorta understand now." I pick at the hem of my hoodie. "I never betrayed you, Edward. And I thought you listened to the rumor and *only* the rumor." What a fucking mess. "God, I was so hurt," I groan into my hands.

All of that could've been avoided if we both weren't so damn pigheaded.

"I know you didn't betray me," he chuckles humorlessly. "S'not like we were together, anyway..."

My head snaps up again. "Still, you just called me a two-timing bitch."

He just shrugs, not looking at me. Instead, he's looking the other way, facing the canvas wall.

Okay, so he still drives me insane. "Cullen, can you look at me?" I mean, I don't wanna look at the back of his head when I explain all of this.

"Why bother, Swan?" he sighs heavily, and then he's on his back again, staring up at the ceiling. "It is what it is," he says, placing his hands behind his head. "You're just like the other chicks in school. I should've known." *Ouch*. Another bitter chuckle. "Guess the joke's on me, huh?"

Right. "Are you done?"

And he shrugs again. *Double ouch*.

Closing my eyes, I take deep breaths and count to ten.

"So..." I sigh. "Eric's gay, by the way."

EPOV

I open my mouth.

I close it again.

Umm...

What?

My eyebrows knit together, and I keep staring at the ceiling as I... ya know... let *that* little tidbit of info register in my brain.

I misheard her, right?

Eric's gay?

As in... very happy? Or... into dudes?

GAY?

"Gay?" I whisper to myself, but she hears me, of course.

I'm just... in total disbelief.

"Yes," she answers, and I'm listening, 'cause... *please go on. Enlighten me. Elaborate.* He's gay?! "He's in love with Jacob Black, but it's a secret--"

I cut her off and shoot up in a sitting position. "Aha!" I say, pointing a finger in her face. "Liar! 'Cause it was Jacob Black who started the rumor!"

Yeah. Why would he do that if he's into Eric?

Exactly.

Bella cocks the bitch-brow. "My guess is that Jacob was hurt, and as a defense mechanism, or whatever, he spread the rumor about me and Eric."

Well, that's stupid.

"As I was saying before you so rudely interrupted me," she shoots me a glare, "Eric is into Jacob, and that day – when he told me that he'd figured out that Jacob was gay, too – I got more than a little excited for him. So, he ushered me into a janitor's closet. So that no one would hear us," she clarifies. I'm gaping like a fish. "That's it." She shrugs. "We were in there to talk about how he was gonna proceed with Jacob."

Um... huh?

So... she didn't... blow him?

I cringe at the thought.

But... seriously... there was no one else?

She didn't cheat on me?

You weren't boyfriend and girlfriend.

Semantics.

I'm very tired all of a sudden, and I lean back to stare at the ceiling again. It's a lot to take in.

Jesus Christ, we were so hateful to each other.

But that's sorta understandable. 'Cause we were both fucking hurt.

Which means...

Oh, yeah, her feelings for me gotta be strong. Otherwise, she wouldn't feel hurt, right?

Does this mean I still have shot with her?

And... Crap, she's not lying, is she?

If she's lying, it's the worst lie ever. It would be so easy to find out the truth.

I groan internally as I scrub my hands over my face.

"I'm telling you the truth, Edward," she tells me quietly, a bit hoarsely, and I turn my head to face her. And she has tears in her eyes. That just... sucks. "I mean..." She sniffles. "I know we weren't... like... ya know? But... I wouldn't have jeopardized..." She finishes with a dejected shrug.

She looks tired, too.

And with the relief surging through me, taking away pressure and pain, I know that I believe her.

Shit, it feels like I can breathe for the first time in... so long.

It makes me realize just how much she means to me.

With a sigh, I turn back to the dark green canvas ceiling, watching raindrops trickle down on the outside.

"I believe you," I say quietly, blindly reaching out my hand, and I give her leg a squeeze through her sleeping bag. I realize that apart from the damn kick in the shin she delivered earlier, this is the first time I've touched her in more than a week.

"I'm sorry I was an ass," I murmur, once again turning to face her. There's this weird flippity-flop thing going on in my chest as she covers my hand with hers. "And I'm sorry I got us stuck on the wrong island," I add, chuckling at the absurdity of our situation.

"Well, I got us *stuck*," she corrects, smiling ruefully. My eyes are on her face; hers are on our hands. She threads our fingers together. I hope it means we can solve this crap. "And..." She sighs. "I'm sorry I was a bitch."

Yeah, I hope we can work it out.

`Cause I fucking love this girl.

I sorta smile at her. Sorta. "I'm sorry I called you a two-timing..." I cringe again. Christ, I really know how to throw out hateful words. "I'm sorry I called you *that*."

She sorta smiles, too. Sorta. "I'm sorry I kicked you in the shin."

And I crack up.

I can't help it.

"You did!" I laugh. "You actually *kicked* me!"

And what does Tittie Girl do? Well, she smacks me in the chest.

Tittie Girl.

Yeah.

And now she's laughing, too.

"Such a violent person," I chuckle, automatically bringing our locked hands to my lips. She stills as I kiss her knuckles, and my heart starts pounding.

Did I move too soon?

"I'm in love with you!" she blurts out, and I'm like...*what the fuck?*

I'm completely fucking blank.

"*Fuck,*" she curses, followed by a facepalm.

She *really* doesn't have a verbal filter, does she?

Holy shit.

She's *in love* with me?

Wait!

That means we're both in love.

It's not just me!

Wow, you figured that out all on your own, eh?

Uh, yeah.

BPOV

Okay, so I'm hopeless.

I just don't know how to keep my mouth shut.

Which is why I fall back against the ground and keep my face covered with my hands.

`Cause this is beyond embarrassing.

I mean, we *just* sorta worked this out. This whole... misunderstanding, and... I go and ruin it by blurting out that I'm in love with him. Holy shit, I'm fucked up.

"Um, Bella?"

No.

No fucking way.

I'm never looking at him again.

Plus, I'm currently doing an *outstanding* imitation of a tomato.

You know, me... all red in the face.

Yeah.

"Bella." And now he's closer. Fuck my life. Closer. "Bella?" Yep, that's amusement I hear. Awesome, he's gonna laugh at me or something. "Tittie Girl?" Wonderful. He still remembers the nickname. Again, he's closer. A lot closer. "You love me?" Now I feel him. He's fucking hovering over me. Well, his upper body. Not the sleeping bagged part. You can totally say that, by the way. Sleeping bagged.

"Bella," he murmurs.

My face is completely scrunched together.

Hands still covering it.

But now he's trying to pry my hands away, and that's just not cool.

"Don't," I whine, still on my deathbed... `cause of the mortification.

He chuckles. "Let me see your face, baby."

Um, that would be a no.

But here's the thing. Cullen's kinda strong.

So, he soon has his hands locking mine above my head.

My face is still scrunched together, though, so I'm all good. For now.

"Fuck, you're cute." He snickers. Asshole. "And you *love* me."

Rub it in, why dontcha?

Then he kisses me. My left cheek... my right cheek...

My nose.

My forehead.

I shiver.

"Bella," he whispers with his lips ghosting over mine. "I love you, too."

So, this is where I stop breathing.

His words, they go on repeat in my head.

With each echo, I feel myself relaxing just a little bit, and it's out of my control. 'Cause it feels like those words are tying me up in the most amazing way. Tying me to him. Maybe that doesn't make sense to anyone else, but it does to me, and in the end, I'm a puddle of goo in his arms. Metaphorically speaking. And I feel all sorts of emotional. I'm such a girl.

"Can you please open your eyes now?" he asks softly, lips still brushing against mine. My heart stutters. There are freaking butterflies in my stomach, and I... squint through my lashes... He's *totally* smiling. "There you are," he chuckles silently.

Edward Cullen makes it so hard for me to breathe.

"You love me?" I squeak.

He nods slowly. "I really do. Like you wouldn't believe."

And all air leaves me as he presses his lips against mine... more firmly this time...

At last, I react and return the kiss with enthusiasm. He moans when I part my lips, and I die in pleasure when our tongues meet for the first time in, like, a gazillion years. It feels like that, anyway, and now I'm starved. So, I pull my hands free, and they slide up his arms, making their way to the back of his neck. Our kiss continues to grow. Gone is sweet and soft. It's forceful and hungry, full of passion, and... holy shit, he loves me! Yeah, it's sinking in.

"Edward," I moan breathlessly as he starts kissing my neck. More. I need more and closer and harder and... now. "Fucking sleeping bags... in the way..."

"Fuck, Bella," he pants. "We can..." More panting. Same goes for me. "We can connect them." Then he kneels next to me, immediately pulling down the zipper on his sleeping bag. "Unzip yours."

While I take gulps of air, I follow his lead, sitting up to pull down the zipper. He continues by sliding his sleeping mat closer to mine, and I'm like... *finally!*

After some fumbling with eager and shaky fingers, we manage to connect the zippers to our sleeping bags, leaving us with one very massive sleeping bag. Holy fuck, the possibilities. I mean... all this *room*.

But more on that later, 'cause Edward attacks me again, and this time it's body against body. Hands roaming, wild kisses... Shit, we're rolling around, fumbling, claiming...

"I missed this," I whimper into a kiss. I'm on top of him. His hands on my thighs, and I'm cursing my sweats. "I missed *you*."

He's very hard underneath me, and I have no shame in admitting that I've missed *that*, too.

What? It's the truth.

I'm a shameless hussy around this boy.

"Missed you, too, baby," he breathes out.

We're so corny. 'Cause it goes from wild and frenzied to sweet and funny. Eskimo kisses and nuzzling and goofy grins.

He reaches up and nibbles on my lip.

I feel lightheaded.

This is swooning, isn't it?

Then he rolls us over again so that he's on top, and when he looks down at me, I feel my cheeks heat up just because of the intensity in his eyes. I really love him. I'm in love with him. Everything feels so damn perfect now. Like everything is right in the world. Ya know?

All because of this boy.

"I'm so sorry I hurt you," he murmurs, looking troubled. "Really sorry."

I smooth out the crease between his eyebrows with my fingers.

"I'm sorry I hurt *you*," I return softly.

He kisses the tips of my fingers.

For a while he just studies me, and if I didn't know any better, I'd say he looks nervous...

No, he totally does.

“Will you, uh...” He swallows, averting his eyes for a short moment. I’m confused. His eyes find mine again, and he clears his throat. “I mean... you- you’re my girlfriend now, right?”

Oh. Yeah, I blush. Again. Crap, what’s wrong with me? I’ve never been a blusher.

Until this dude.

Luckily, he’s totally blushing, too.

Very much.

“Yes,” I rush out in a breath. “Yes.”

For once, his smile is shy. “Yeah?”

I nod, unable to form a single word.

Matching grins.

Matching blushes.

I’m his girlfriend!

~o~

After an hour of making out like the teenagers we are, Edward tells me that we have to stop before he explodes. And I wonder if he thinks he’s the only one very close to exploding. I mean, I’ve missed him. I need him. But... we have another thing to think – and worry – about. Yeah, ‘cause the fact is that we’re stuck on an island without a way of getting off it.

We can’t even make a fire. Mostly because of the constant rain, but also because we don’t have a lighter. No matches, either, and we’re not really

Scouts. We're not related to Robinson Crusoe... or Tom Hanks in that movie... Ya know, *Castaway*.

If I'm *anyone* in *Castaway*, it's not Tom Hanks. It's Wilson – the non-talking volleyball. AKA, Tom Hanks' BFF in said movie. Yeah. Edward laughs when I tell him this, but hey, I'm just stating the truth.

So... "What are we gonna do then?" I ask.

After our rather hot make out session, we're definitely not as cold as we were earlier, so now we're both sitting Indian-style on top of the massive sleeping bag. We're also munching on bagels and salami. Oh, and drinking chocolate milk.

Well, I'm munching. Edward's devouring.

He's a growing boy.

My *boyfriend*.

"No idea," he says, wiping his mouth. "But I doubt we have to do anything." He takes a swig from his chocolate milk before continuing. "Two people know that we're probably here."

"Newton and Stanley," I fill in.

He nods. "And it's only..." He checks his watch. "Ten AM."

Which means... "We've been 'missing' for what, thirteen hours? Something like that?"

Shouldn't they have found us by now, then?

This time his nod is slow, like he's thinking... like he's asking himself the same question.

But *shouldn't* they have found us by now?

I doubt Molina and Goff would say, "Well, we'll find them in the morning."

No way. They would head out right away.

Not to mention my brother. We were supposed to meet up with Group 5 yesterday. Alec's group.

"Shit," I mutter. "Alec's probably freaking out."

"No doubt," Cullen replies quietly, frowning in thought. "Hopefully, it won't last long, though. Maybe a few more hours."

Yeah, it can't really take them long to figure out where we are.

"Should we head down to the beach?" I ask, chewing on my lip. "We should be able to see the other islands from here. I mean, the mainland is further away, and we could see the islands from there."

Edward quickly agrees, and then we bundle up to go out in the cold weather again.

Only, this time we so walk hand-in-hand.

EPOV

The weather gods obviously hate us.

It's windy as hell, and the rain is pouring down so much that we can barely see anything.

"We should go back inside," I tell her, watching as she's shaking from the cold. I'm almost surprised it's not snowing. "Your lips are turning blue, baby."

"Ok-k-kay," she agrees. "But bef-f-fore I get warm and d-d-dry, I'm gonna take a f-few human mo-moments. 'Cause I'm not l-l-leaving the t-tent until we're saved."

I crack a small smile, both amused and worried. "Don't take too long, okay? I'm just gonna take a piss."

She grimaces. "TMI, baby."

Good thing I didn't tell her that I need to give out a few salami induced burps, too, then.

What? I'm a guy, for fuck's sake.

She should be grateful there was no garlic in the salami, 'cause we'd be talking another type of "airing out".

Just sayin'.

"You stay here, and I g-go closer t-to the t-t-tent," she says.

I nod in understanding, knowing that chicks are all about privacy.

~o~

When I reach our tent again, I'm in disbelief.

"Bella, what the fuck are you *doing*?" I exclaim. Shock, anger, worry, amusement... It's all there. 'Cause what I see is Tittie Girl, standing outside the tent in nothing but panties and a bra. She absolutely soaked through. Shaking.

And lathering up.

Not kidding!

She's taking a goddamn shower in the rain.

There's also a toothbrush in her mouth.

Which is actually a good thing, 'cause otherwise I'd be running for my life at the sight of her foaming at the mouth. She's nuts for... whatever it is she's doing.

"I-I smell!" she says defensively as I approach.

"I don't give a flying fuck," I bark out. "You could get seriously ill, Isabella!"

"Whoa. Did you j-just use my f-full name?"

"Yes," I grit out. She's still scrubbing her arms with... I narrow my eyes... Shampoo. "Now, get that rinsed off!"

"No fucking w-way! I'm wanna smell g-g-good if we're gonna share that sleeping b-bag. And you're not touching me if I smell like t-two days of cam-camping!"

She's certifiable, I swear.

"Plus," she huffs, "I'm not touching your d-dick if you don't do the s-same."

Um... what?

"You heard me, C-Cullen. I mean, we're tog-g-gether now, and I have n-n-needs."

I blink.

I'm completely immobilized.

In the pouring rain.

"What kind of needs?" I ask dumbly.

Is she talking about... ya know... like... naughty shit?

Are we getting down and dirty in the tent?

I think my cock just did a little jump.

"Oh, I think you know what I'm t-talking about, Edward." She smiles seductively.

Holy shit!

Is my girlfriend, like... I dunno... a horny girl?

I mean, I've noticed that she keeps up with my dude hormones *easily*, ya know... from the time that we spent together before...

But shit... is there more? Does she want... yeah, more?

Oh, God...

I wanna fist pump the air!

"Give me the shampoo," I tell her.

~o~

I can't speak.

My teeth are clattering.

Hers are, too.

We're both kneeling in the tent, trying to dry our bodies with two towels.

I'm down to icy, soaked boxers.

She's in new panties and a tank top.

I'd take my boxers off, but I have my pride to protect, and we're talking major shrinkage on the southern front.

And we smell like vanilla and flowers.

Chick-shampoo.

Had my dick not been freezing right now, I would've been rock hard, 'cause I'm enveloped by the Tittie Girl scent.

I think I'm gonna buy that shampoo when I get home. Ya know, instead of lotion.

Plus, she's fucking sexy right now. Well, apart from the blue lips and shaking body. But... her nipples could cut glass. Pretty sure mine could, too. I look down. Yep. They totally could.

"You n-n-need new b-b-boxers," she says breathlessly, 'cause we're still living ice cubes.

"I know," I breathe out. *But not yet. I'm too little at the moment, Tittie Girl.*

She huffs as she towels her hair.

"I'll t-t-turn, see?"

And she turns around.

Yeah, okay, that works!

With shaky hands, I rummage through my backpack, somewhat quickly finding a pair of dry boxers. And then I'm buck nekkid in the tent, suffering from penis escapus or penis hidus. I'm not sure, really. Either it's trying to crawl up in my body, or it's dying to simply get away from me.

But the penis in question does give a little snuggle-twitch when I have the dry pair of boxers on, so maybe it still loves me. And I *know* it's gonna love me, not to mention our *girlfriend*, when there's a hand on it later. Preferably her hand. Shit, maybe even her mouth!

Girlfriend. Girlfriend. She's totally my *girlfriend* now.

I just wanna shout it out and use the word over and over. Though, I'm not going to say, "Hey, girlfriend," 'cause I know that will sound...gay.

"Are you d-d-done?"

Oh, right. "Yes."

~o~

"Feeling better?" I murmur, moving my hand up and down her arm.

I'm feeling a lot better, but I'm bigger than Tittie Girl. She's freaking tiny, and her lips are still bluish. But at least there's no teeth clattering left.

She hums, snuggling closer to me. That works for me. "Yeah," she whispers. Apart from our feet, I'd say we're back to being warm. Or, somewhat. It's very comfy in the sleeping bag, though, that's for sure.

"Hey," I say softly, and she looks up at me, smiling when I move my hand up and down her back. "I love you."

And her smile widens. "I love you, too."

That feels so fucking good to hear.

Dipping down, I brush my lips against hers.

My fingers flex on her hip, digging in slightly as she swipes her tongue over my bottom lip. I open up, meeting her with my own. It's slow and building. There's squirming to get impossibly closer. My hand moves to her ass, and a shudder flashes through me when I feel her nipples hardening against my chest. Needing to feel more, I move up to unclasp her bra. She moans in my mouth, agreeing, and yeah, my dick is waking up. Rather fucking quickly.

With the bra tossed outta the sleeping bag, I kiss my way down to her tits, and it's like coming home. My lips are fused to her skin as I hover

over her. Wet kisses, eager kisses. Heavy breaths. I suck a nipple into my mouth, and I almost whimper. It's fucking weird how kissing her boobs can give *me* so much pleasure.

"Oh, Edward," she breathes out, pulling and twisting my hair between her fingers. It feels so damn good. "Fuck," she whimpers when I move to the other nipple. I don't waste time. It's already in my mouth. I flick my tongue over it. And then it's my turn to moan, 'cause I feel her fingers move down my back. Our legs get tangled together, and I take a few much needed breaths before finding her mouth again.

"Goddamn," I groan into her mouth. Her hands are on my ass, pushing down my boxers, and I can't help but buck my hips. She definitely feels it, and she lets out this breathy moan that goes straight to my hard-on.

Soon, my boxers join her bra on the floor somewhere.

And her panties follow.

For some reason, she's gone farther when it comes to, um... the physical part. I mean, she's given me a blowjob, and I've only touched her with my fingers a few times. So... can it finally be my turn now? 'Cause I wanna taste her.

"Don't even think about it, Cullen," she moans as I suck on her neck.

My hand is moving up her inner thigh. Correction, it *was* moving.

I pause to look at her. "What?" I ask, breathing heavily.

She gives me a raised eyebrow. "I heard you mumbling about blowjobs."

Huh?

Oh, fuck a duck. Is her lack of a verbal filter a real thing? Is it contagious?

'Cause I'd rather leave the thinking out loud to Bella.

I don't wanna do it.

"Blowjobs are gonna have to wait until we get home, 'cause I'll get claustrophobic if I crawl down the sleeping bag to suck-"

I cut her off with a kiss before I take over. "Baby, you misunderstood. I was thinking – apparently out loud – about the fact that you've gone down on me, and I haven't done it to you." I clear my throat. "And I wanna. You know... um, taste you." Great, I'm blushing again. What am I, a girl?

During my rant, my traitorous body has moved, and my extremely happy dick is now nestled perfectly against her... Holy shit, she's wet. *Ungh*. I squirm a little, wanting to feel more, and I swear my eyes roll back for a moment. I'm right *there*. Jesus, that feels goood.

"That's gonna have to wait, too," she whimpers, also squirming. Good God, I can barely focus. "There's something else I want."

With the next stroke, I almost come. "Anything," I moan, sliding my cock between her wet folds. I can't even describe how good it feels. "Fuck... You're so wet, baby..."

When the head of my cock rubs against her clit, she moans loudly and arches into me.

Fuck, I can't wait to actually have s-

"Edward," she mewls. "I want you... All of you."

I freeze.

Not 'cause I'm cold.

And I stare down at her. My jaw may have dropped.

She's *kidding*, right?

"What?" I breathe out harshly.

Biting her pouty bottom lip, she looks up at me with those innocent eyes of hers, but it's pretty fucking clear that there's *nothing* innocent about my girlfriend. Holy shit, is she actually talking about sex?

She blushes. "Um... I mean, if you're not ready..."

"I'm ready!" I blurt out, but... *am I? Really? Am I ready to have sex?*

And *seriously*, this blurting out shit has got to stop. That's her thing. Not mine.

But back to... *that*. Sex. Um... okay, shit. Oh, God... I want it. I want to have sex with her, but shouldn't a good boyfriend maybe take the girlfriend out on a date first? Maybe even more than one.

This means... Yeah, I'm ready, but I gotta do it right...

Right?

"You are?" she asks, and why the fuck she sounds shy now, I have no idea. But she does. Sounds shy, that is. She even looks shy.

Which is kinda hot, actually. Or... really fucking hot.

Crap, are we doing this?

"Um... yeah, but..." I swallow. "What about, um... romantic crap?"

Girls like that, don't they?

Don't get me wrong, I sorta wanna do all that for her. I really do, so it's not just her, but... Well, dudes don't exactly *demand* romance.

Bella just giggles, and that's not helping with my rather hard issue that's still pressing against her pussy. Her body just turns into a human vibrator with those giggles.

"Cullen, I love romantic crap, as you put it, but... if we have sex now, does that mean I'm not going to get the romance?"

"Of course not!" I reply, a bit appalled by the question.

My parents raised me, after all. I know how Dad still does all that for Mom.

"Then..." She shrugs a little. "Whaddya say?" Now she's back to shy.

And I'm suddenly very nervous.

"Um, okay," I breathe out. But she has to know... "I'm, uh... not gonna last long."

She shakes her head, smiling softly. "Doesn't matter. It's just our first, right?" She swallows nervously. I'm glad I'm not the only one feeling nervous; it's clear that she feels it now, too. "Just... go slow?"

Shit. This is happening.

I can only nod.

As the tension shifts and becomes heavy with excitement, nerves, and anticipation, I dip down and kiss her. Softly at first. Just to get rid of the worst of the nerves, maybe. And it works. I can feel her relaxing against me. But then...

"I don't have condoms, Bella."

"I'm... on the pill. And... um, you're the only one, remember?"

I clench my jaw, feeling some weird possessiveness fall over me. I can't help it, but the thought of being her first... her only...

"Same goes for you," I murmur, even though she already knows.

I have a feeling she'll always be the only one.

She exhales shakily, and this is it.

I kiss her again, more firmly this time.

Slowly but surely, we start moving together.

I let out a low groan when she gently scrapes her nails along my back. It works as a trigger, and we both deepen the already hot kiss. I suck on her tongue before pushing mine into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck," she moans when I thrust my cock harder against her clit.

I want her to come before I... um, yeah...

'Cause I know that the first time for girls isn't all that awesome.

"Does that feel good, baby?" I whisper, sliding my nose along her jaw. She smells so fucking good. Her scent alone can make me hard, and to have her here, writhing underneath me in pleasure... yeah, to say I'm hard would be an understatement.

"So, so good," she whimpers.

Supporting myself on my left elbow, I use my free hand to touch her. I roll her puckered nipple between my fingers, lowering my mouth to the other. *Jesus fucking Christ*. It would be embarrassing to come now. But it's a possibility, so I make sure to focus solely on her.

Her breathing hitches.

Over and over, I rub the head of my dick against her.

Faster.

"Yes, yes... oh..."

I hold my breath, overcome with lust, and I watch her entire body start to spasm. Small shakes, shivers, and shudders. It's all there as she comes,

and she's so fucking hot that I have to close my eyes for a moment. I'm already gonna lose it too fast. No need to add to it.

"Now, Edward," she cries out, and I suck in a sharp breath.

Before I can allow myself to freak out, I position my cock at her entrance, and... oh, my fucking God... this is happening. It's happening. Shit. Fuck. Don't blow it, Cullen. Literally. Hold it. I do. I really fucking do. I hold it all. I hold my dick as I push the head in, I hold my breath, because I can't do it all, and I try to hold off the orgasm that's already threatening to take over.

Oh, my God...

Hot, wet... unbelievably tight...

Wrapped around me.

"Are you okay?" I force out through clenched teeth.

Only half of me is in, and Bella's squirming underneath me. Not helping. But the look on her face helps a little. It's definitely not all sunshine and roses. And if it's not good for her, it's not good for my, um... heart and mind. 'Cause I'd be a fucking liar if I said that my body was miserable.

"Yeah," she breathes out shallowly. "Just... uncomfortable."

Sweet mother of...

I push in further. Another inch or... two.

My insides are screaming.

Another inch.

The pleasure is out of this world, but it's frustrating. All I want to do is ram-

No. Nice and slow.

"You gotta relax, baby," I say breathlessly. I squeeze my eyes shut. My face is buried in the crook of her neck. Another inch... "Oh, *God*..." I'm there. So good, so good. All in. I'm all in. Holy fuck.

When she clamps down on me, all air leaves me, and I shake my head furiously. "Stop, Bella-" I bite the inside of my cheek.

"It's okay to move," she whimpers, once again clamping down on my cock. And moving sounds good, it really does, but I'm fucking close already. So, I'm gonna stay put for a while.

"Are you in pain?"

She hesitates before answering. "Still just a... discomfort."

Okay. Good.

Baseball stats. Baseball stats. Baseball stats.

Emmett, Diego, Alec, Ben.

Yep, that did it.

After pulling out a few inches, I push in again, groaning loudly at the *sensational* motherfucking feeling.

"Edward..."

This time it's a breathy moan that escapes her, and I don't fight the urge to capture her mouth with mine. I kiss her passionately as I pull out again, only to thrust in a little harder.

"Feels so fucking good," I breathe out in her mouth.

I do it again and again. With each stroke, I pull out a little bit more.

Before I push in harder and deeper.

And when I feel a new rush of wetness coat my dick, I know that her pain has subsided.

It's indescribable.

"I love you," I grunt. I fucking had to tell her.

"You, too," she whimpers as she swivels her hips.

Fuck, Bella!

I'm officially too close to hold back.

In an attempt to be closer to her, I place one hand below her ass, and then I thrust in as I pull her with me.

"Again, baby," I moan, resting my forehead against hers. "I'm gonna come..."

I push in again; she lifts her hips, and I slide in even deeper than before.

It's my undoing.

"Come inside me, Edward," she whispers against my lips.

The orgasm shoots through me in massive waves, sending me into a fucking frenzy of explosions. My entire being is rigid, and I can't breathe. I'm just out of control. Ripples of intense pleasure leave me extremely sensitive, and I feel *everything* as I come hard inside of her. I feel her hands on my face and neck; it makes me shudder and want more. I feel her mouth on my throat; it makes my fingers dig into the soft flesh on the backside of her thigh.

In the end, I'm gasping for air. I blink repeatedly, seeing black spots fill my vision, but once my eyes land on hers, I attack. Seriously, there's no stopping me as I kiss the ever-loving shit outta her. Can't help it.

I don't know how long I kiss and touch, but when we come up for air, it's back to panting and gulping.

"You're so cute right now," she giggles breathlessly.

Uh-huh. Sure. Whatever.

I'm still at a loss for words here.

"I take it you wanna do that again soon?"

Good thing she's not being serious.

But in case she is... "Yes," I say, nodding solemnly.

All I can do is grin goofily.

"Good," she replies, eyes darkening. And fuck me if she doesn't lick her lips. "Cause so do I."

Twitch.

"But I'm too sore right now," she says ruefully, grimacing, too. "You're a big boy, ya know?"

Gonna marry this girl one day, I swear.

BPOV

5:14 PM

"Edward?"

He hums into my hair.

I'm very comfortable with my head on his chest.

Though, we're not naked anymore, 'cause as the day passed, the temperature dropped.

Now we're wearing sweats and t-shirts while we're all cuddled up in the sleeping bag.

Plus, I'm wearing one of his t-shirts, and I love that, which means I'm even more comfortable.

It smells like him.

"What time is it?" I ask, tracing my finger along the Mariners' logo on his shirt.

He chuckles sleepily, dropping a kiss on my forehead. "I'd say it's been ten minutes since you asked last time, and it was five PM then."

Right.

So, why haven't we been rescued yet?

~o~

5:29 PM

"Bella?"

"Mmhmm?"

I'm all warm and snuggly in his arms.

He clears his throat. "I know we've talked about college..."

Uh. Yeah?

"Go on," I yawn.

"You were talking about taking classes in literature, creative writing, and stuff like that, yeah?"

I nod against his chest.

My eyes are on a few Oreo crumbs.

We've been snacking.

Bagels, Oreos, water, Gatorade, and marshmallows.

"You've never mentioned where you're going, though," he says quietly.

Oh.

I should just be blunt here, right? I mean, there's really no point in holding back, is there?

I take a deep breath.

"Um, I don't really have a preference," I admit. "There are many schools I can choose from."

And I know he's set on Juilliard.

I close my eyes as I admit the last part. "I've been, um... thinking about New York."

"Oh, thank God!"

He just makes me smile so big.

"Tell me you're serious," he pleads, rolling me over onto my back. "'Cause I can't... I mean, there's no fucking way I can... um, you know... be apart from you. And if you wanna go someplace else, you need to tell me now so that I can start looking at other schools, ya know? Shit, am I moving too fast here?" I will not cry. I will not cry. "I know we still have another semester left of high school, but-"

With a finger on his lips, I shut him up. "Cullen, we're so going to New York together."

~o~

6:02 PM

"Tittie Girl?"

I grin against his chest. "Mmm?"

"I love you."

I snuggle closer.

"I love you, too. Insanely much."

~O~

6:11 PM

"Edward?"

He hums. He does that a lot, and he's sniffing my hair a lot, too.

"Are we gonna die on this fucking island?"

It doesn't take long until he's shaking with silent laughter.

Asshole.

"Maybe."

I smack him in the chest.

"We're not gonna die out here," he whimpers, trying but failing to hide his amusement. "Give it some time, baby. They'll find us."

I huff.

"Well, if we do die, I'm gonna sue."

He starts guffawing.

Awesome. But he stops when I place one of his hands on my boobs.

~O~

8:42 PM

"Baby?"

I was *so* close to falling asleep!

"Yeah," I whine.

He chuckles.

"Wake up. I think I hear something."

Umm?

That's when I hear it, too.

The sound of a motor.

~o~

Mom and Esme are crying when Edward and I get back to the mainland.

Dad and Daddy C are relieved, but totally taking their anger out on the teachers.

Edward got his foul mouth from his Daddy C.

Just sayin'.

The students are relieved, 'cause the camping trip, not to mention the search party, is so over.

Apparently, our canoe had drifted back to mainland, and Stanley and Newton had told Molina that we had been on our way back there. Which is true. I had, after all, shouted out that we were heading back there for proper instructions. They didn't know that Cullen had convinced me later that the wrong island was the right one. So, they had all been searching the woods first.

But now...

We're finally going home.

Alec's hugging the shit outta me, but eventually I manage to get back into Edward's arms, and we sleep on the way home to Seattle.

When we do get home, we're all exhausted, but our folks wanna know everything, of course. So, we go through the events – sans sexin' – over pizza at the Cullens', and Daddy C goes in to Dr. C mode. Edward scowls a little when it's my turn for the check-up, so I blow him a kiss. It's all good. And at the end of the day, the 'rents let me stay the night in my boyfriend's room.

Mom and Renee are giddy, 'cause Edward and I are "so adorable together". Yeah, tell me something I don't know, right?

Dad gives Edward "the look". The one conveying a thousand words. The warning. Ya know the one. *You better take care of my baby girl.* That one.

And Cullen nods, taking it seriously.

Alec is just smug, 'cause he knew Edward and I were just being stupid before.

Kudos to you, Twin.

While Edward's taking his shower, I do one important thing. Like, really fucking important. Vital. Yeah.

Then, when it's my turn for the shower, I tell him to log onto Facebook.

He does while I'm still there, and he gives me this really boyish smile when he accepts.

And on the screen it says...

Edward Cullen and Bella Swan are now in a relationship

The Epilogue

EPOV

Felt weird waking up this morning.

Tittie Girl is usually next to me, 'cause our folks trust us enough to spend most nights together, but today's different.

The first day of the rest of our lives, some say.

It's the day you go off to college.

I go through my morning routine feeling oddly sad. I'm incredibly excited, there's no doubt about that, but it's still a goodbye.

Diego's going to San Francisco.

Alice is going to Chicago.

Bree is going to Los Angeles.

Alec is going to Texas, although he's not absolutely thrilled about it. If we're lucky, we might get to see him if he changes his mind. He says he's gonna give Texas a try, and if he doesn't like it, he's gonna join us in New York. Maybe take a year off to work, and then apply to some school there. Perhaps he'll go to Albany, who knows? That's where his girlfriend is going – Claire, some chick I hadn't even heard of before the camping trip. But yeah, they hit it off.

Emmett will be somewhat close, and we'll be able to see him on weekends every now and then, but still... He's going to Philadelphia. On a football scholarship.

At least I have my girl. And Ben, of course. The two of us were both accepted at Juilliard, and Bella's going to NYU. We're all gonna live together in a huge house in Brooklyn that our parents bought as a big fat

graduation present for us. I'm not all too thrilled about the fourth person. Ya know, Angela Weber. Fucking stoner. But she's with Ben, and Tittie Girl is friends with her, so I'll have to survive Weber's hippie ways. She's also going to NYU.

I haven't seen the house yet, but the girls have. Mom, Renee, Mrs. Cheney, and Mrs. Weber took Bella and Angela to New York a few weeks ago. They spent a week there. In the meantime, Dad, Jeff, and Charlie took me, Alec, and Emmett to a cabin they'd rented. Three days of being men. Drinking beer, talking, eating take-out, shooting pool, preparing for our next four years. Our dads shared their stories about college. Shit like that. We had a good time, I gotta say.

But I was also missing the crap outta Bella, so I'm fucking thrilled about having her in New York with me. Emmett's not so lucky. Well, I still don't understand how he can be together with Rosalie Hale, but... to each his own, right? Yeah, well, she's gonna stay here in Seattle, anyway. So, they will have the country separating them. Can't say I'm jealous, if ya know what I mean. Even if I loathe cheerleaders, I know those two are solid, which means it's gonna suck for them to be so far away from each other.

Hmm... who else is there?

Ah, Jake and Eric.

The two of them sorta joined our group of friends after the camping trip, 'cause Jake didn't like that Eric was getting high all the time, and Eric is pussy-whipped. No. Wait. Um, dick-whipped.

I shudder.

Anyway, Bella was thrilled when they started hanging out with us, and I admit that they're nice dudes, all right? Not that I'm very close with them, but they're okay in my book.

I digress.

They're both going to Florida.

Yeah, I think that's it.

Not mentioning Whitlock.

Fucking hate that douche bag.

He's still friends with Bella, though, but I tune her out when Whitlock comes up in conversations. She's just trying to be the peacemaker, and that doesn't fly well with me. For once, I actually have something in common with that fucking crackhead, 'cause Jasper feels the same. He doesn't wanna know shit about me, and I don't even wanna hear his name.

If it was bad before, it's a freaking war now.

And why? 'Cause he's dating Alice. Yeah, they started going out a few months ago, and that shit's just wrong. She deserves better. Fuck, in a way, she's like a sister to me. A sister I never asked for, but... ya know, it is what it is. But don't get me started on the explosion I barely reined in at prom, 'cause at the end of that night, I saw Whitlock and Alice taking off together. And Bella told me they were going to a hotel.

Tittie Girl calls me an asshole for trying to get Alice to break up with him. In turn, I call her a bitch for not being on my side, and then we have some fuckhot sex somewhere.

Not kidding. My girl's all wild. Bendy as hell and fucking insatiable.

Works for me.

And I've noticed that I'm an itty bit possessive.

So, if Bella ate lunch with the stoners, I'd do her good in a janitor's closet afterward.

Don't worry, she fucking loves me that way.

Which is good, 'cause she owns me.

Completely.

~o~

"Mom, stop crying," I sigh. "You too, Renee."

They're both hugging me.

And now they cry harder.

Awesome.

We're all standing in the driveway at Bella and Alec's house.

It's time to leave.

Dad and Charlie are taking us to the airport, so this is where we say goodbye to our moms.

"Promise me you won't forget us," Mom sobs.

I roll my eyes and pat her on the back. "Mom, I'm not gonna forget you. Jeesh."

Bella, who is currently loading her carry-on into Charlie's cruiser, is just laughing at me.

She shouldn't, 'cause she's next.

Alec is smart. He's not laughing. He knows Mom and Renee will attack him soon, too.

"Don't forget to call often," Renee cries, wiping her cheeks. "And we know you have Skype at the house. We made sure of it."

"I swear on my life," I tell her, trying to hold in the grin.

Actually, I'm pretty sure I'll see them before the first semester starts, because it's only mid-July. We're going earlier to get settled in our new house. And with Bella's eighteenth birthday coming up in September, I doubt Charlie and Renee will just call. Yeah, I've heard all about the visits they're planning. Mom and Dad, too. My guess is that Alec will visit then, too, since it's his birthday, as well.

"Edward?" Mom snuffles. "Can you promise me something else, too?"

I nod for her to go on.

"When you get on the plane, don't be mad at Bell. Be mad at me."

"And me," Renee says.

I'm thoroughly confused.

"We told Bell that she wasn't allowed to tell you," Mom adds. "She wanted to warn you, but Rae and I didn't let her."

"Umm..." Warn me about what?

But that's all they say.

When I ask what the hell they're talking about, they zip their mouths shut and throw away the proverbial keys.

Whatever.

Bella's next, and while she's engulfed in hugs, I bring my carry-on to the cruiser.

As I pass the crying chicks, I hear Mom say, "I spoke to Charlotte, and she hasn't told him yet. He flies out tomorrow," to Bella, and I'm even more confused now than before. But once again, when I eye them in question, they wave me off before lowering their voices. Obviously, I'm not allowed to listen in. Again: whatever.

Though... Charlotte? I only know of one, and that's Whitlock's mom.

Which is why I quickly decide that I don't *want* to know.

~o~

"Bella," I say, placing my arm on the back of her chair.

After saying goodbye to Dad, Charlie, and Alec at Sea-Tac, Bella and I sit in our terminal, waiting to board. But as usual, it's close to impossible to get her attention.

"Bella?"

Nothing.

Her eyes are glued to the iPad I gave her as a graduation present.

I'm fucking proud to have given her something she cherishes so, but she doesn't have to cherish it more than she cherishes me. Okay, she doesn't, but there are times where she's unreachable thanks to that tablet.

I figured I'd give her something she could find useful. She's into writing and reading a lot, after all, and I sure hit the jackpot with that thing. She did, too, with my present. Hell, I'd nearly cried like a girl when I saw the acoustic *Taylor* she gave me. Amazing fucking guitar, and it's currently waiting for me in New York.

"Bella," I repeat in her ear. She shivers when I kiss her neck, but otherwise: no response.

Resting my chin on her shoulder, I look down to see what she's reading, and boy, do I see it. She snatches it away, but I got a glimpse of the header. I'd know that blue header anywhere now.

Something called fanfiction. She and Claire are all over it.

They used to read something called T-rated... Um, something about stories based on a series of books they like. But now they're reading something about M-rated. I really have no idea what they're talking about. All I know is that after the movie they saw around spring break, they've been reading a lot more. She's obsessed, and sometimes I find her squirming and mumbling about lemons.

"Reading about sparkling vampires again?" I yawn, leaning back in my chair. "So fucking gay, baby."

I'm not kidding, either. The shit they're addicted to is about sparkling vampires. Even Jake is hooked on the lead guy. Though, it's more understandable for him since he's into glitter and all that. Ya know?

Bella doesn't even look up. "That's slash, Cullen. And no, I'm not reading slash... at the moment."

What the fuck?

Slash?

What the hell is slash?

I shake my head, utterly fucking confused. Is she even speaking English?

"By the way, I need you," she says, finally looking up at me. "Do we have time before we board?"

Yeah, another thing. She's always horny.

I'm a lucky fucker.

Pun intended.

However, it *is* time to board then.

"Later," I promise, grinning goofily. 'Cause I'm blessed to have her as my girlfriend. And she's always coming up with new shit for us to try. I really don't know where she gets it all from.

~o~

"Our seats," I mumble, double checking the tickets. "Window seat or aisle?"

"What do you want?" she asks.

Window seat, of course. "Aisle."

"Are you sure?"

I smile and kiss her on the forehead. "Positive. Hop in, Tittie Girl."

The smile she returns is enough to live on.

Once we're both seated, she doesn't return to her iPad, much to my surprise.

Instead, she looks nervous.

"What's up?" I ask, buckling my seatbelt.

She chews on her lip. *Distracting*. "Um, so here's the thing." When she doesn't continue, I nod for her to... ya know... go on. "Right," she mumbles, looking down. "Did you know that it's not just the four of us sharing our house?"

My eyebrows knit together.

There's something about this day and confusion that goes very well together.

Apparently.

“Uh, Peter and Charlotte were also in when our parents bought it.”

Peter... Peter and Charlotte?

“Wh...?” That’s me.

“Yeah... Jazz is also moving to New York.”

I blink.

I refuse to let those words settle.

No.

“He’ll be living with us, Edward.”

Nope. This is not happening to me.

“Esme and Charlotte want you two to get along, and since you’re both heading to the same city...”

Uh-uh. No!

Mom wouldn’t do that do me.

Would she?

I whimper.

“Um, Jazz doesn’t know yet. He’s flying out tomorrow after saying goodbye to Alice.”

I clutch my armrests.

I pale.

Living with Jasper Whitlock?

My words come out all strangled.

“No. Fucking. Way.”

To be continued...