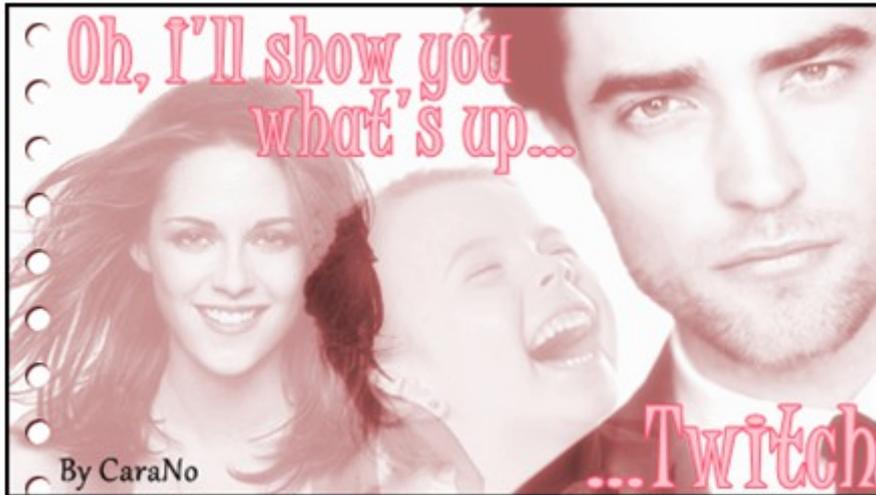


Written by Cara No

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight



(It's important that you read Bella's version of this story first. It's a lot shorter and called *What's up, doc?*)

A Crackfic in EPOV

Limpward

"Say hello to my little friend."

- Scarface

As the seatbelt sign went off, I sighed to myself. You know, really fucking heavily.

Isn't it funny how the past two weeks in London have meant more to me than...

Forget about it. Don't even wanna think about it.

I need this time to come up with more excuses for Jane anyway.

To be honest, I don't know what's happening to me. I've always been... very *able*... so to speak. And I've *never* had any complaints. Ever.

Am *I* satisfied? Meh, but maybe that's because I'm odd. Maybe I'm different. Maybe that intensity and passion don't exist in real life.

As long as Jane is satisfied... I guess. I mean, I love her.

Right?

Sure I do.

But there is one problem, and that is why I need to come up with more excuses. And it all started... hmm... around the time Jane proposed... yes, that's when it started. Could there be a connection?

That doesn't seem likely, does it?

Perhaps I should explain myself.

I have a very large problem. Yes, I'm very well endowed.

Problem is, the fucker's very... soft nowadays.

And I don't know why.

I've thought about visiting a doctor about my... predicament... but, fuck, I'm a man. I don't want others to know that I can't get hard. I don't want others to know I might need... help.

Jane is wondering, of course, and it's a good thing she's in Seattle four days out of the week, because I feel like a woman every time I blame on headaches.

True story.

I've tried talking to him. You know, my cock. But to no avail. I've tried porn, and that works for about five seconds, and then I get that weird feeling in the pit of my stomach, and I stop.

To say that I want to know why the hell my dick is jumping ship would be an understatement. I mean, him and I have had some pretty good times over the years. Pretty A-okay times.

"Can I get you something to drink, sir?" the stewardess asked.

"No, thank you, I'm fine," I replied.

That's a good fantasy. Pilot and stewardess.

But I need a face to go with the fantasy.

I guess I'm confused to why I don't see Jane.

I mean, I love her.

Yes...

Yes.

We're getting married.

Huh, there's that feeling again... Why *is* that?

Perhaps I should talk to Jazz. Definitely not my brother. Or maybe I should go outside of our circle and give Liam a call. Yes, that might work.

We certainly had fun after the seminars in London, and Christ, he hasn't changed since I met him in school. Still crude, still rude, still a bastard. But hey, the ladies seem to like him.

But yeah, I need to talk to someone. About... you know.

It's weird, though, because whenever Jazz and Emmett look at their wives, they become pussy whipped dudes. They watch them with adoration and want.

Maybe that's cause they're married.

I shrugged to myself. Yes, that must be it. Things will get better once Jane and I are married. And maybe I can convince her to start a family with me then.

Just thinking about that makes me frown, because I really want children, and I'm not getting any younger. Christ, I'm thirty-one goddamn years old for crying out loud. I thought I would've had one or two of them by now. I mean, that's why I chose pediatrics and obstetrics. Just... watching a child grow... to move the Doppler over a protruding stomach... to give them the news that will change their lives... to let them know whether it's a boy or a girl... And then to be there, all the way... watching the infant grow up, to form their own opinions... Comforting them when they're sick... making them laugh when I check their reflexes while making funny noises or faces.

All this is why I studied for so long. This is why I went back to school once I had become a pediatrician.

It's no surprise that I have spent most of my life in school. I always knew I wanted to be a doctor, and pediatrics is something I've favored for a long time. It was my reason for busting my ass through High School, so I was able to graduate, not one year, but two years earlier, and Jasper was the same. Exactly the same. We knew what we wanted, and we worked our asses off to reach it.

So, at the age of seventeen, we were both in pre-med, and four years later, med-school followed – another four years.

Our residency started when we were twenty-five, both of us happy to land positions in Washington, but I wanted even more.

Yet another three years to be exact.

When I was finally done, I was eager to work with Jasper, and our dream of having our own practice became true with CW.

Safe to say, my years have been filled with studies, and now when I think back, I wonder how I got so close to Jane.

I wonder where my mind was when we first said our 'I love you.'

Did it all happen on autopilot? Did it happen because I witnessed Jasper and my sister do the same?

Eh, what-the-fuck-ever, things will change for the better once we're married, yes?

*O*O*O*

I'm pissed.

Calling my dick traitor now.

Still. Won't. Get. The. Fuck. Up.

I tried, this morning in the shower, I tried so hard. Didn't work. And I'm starting to fear for my life, because let's face it; what's a man without a cock?

That's what I thought.

I need him. I'm pleading with him. Seriously.

Just... get up, I plead with him. Lovingly, even.

Dick aint listening.

~That's cause you're dumb.

Yeah, about that... my dick talks nowadays... or my libido. My poor, blue balled libido. Huh, can I even say that?

Sure I can. I can do what the fuck I want in my head.

~Can't get laid in your head...

Shut up.

Just... shut up.

Traitor.

Damn, what if people could read my mind, eh? They would run for the hills.

To everyone I know, I'm a mature man. Well mannered. I'm educated. I'm a gentleman. I'm very polite and chivalrous.

Sure I'm foulmouthed at times, but I'm still a man that has her mother proud. But then... when you get inside my head; I am one fucked up individual, I'll tell ya that.

And my biggest problem now is... well, my biggest problem is soft.

Limp fucker.

Dick started talking to me a few months ago, most likely because I started neglecting him.

Now it's time to go to work. Can't fucking wait to be honest, cause I don't really like my house. Don't really know what's wrong with it, though. Can't pinpoint it.

Nah, work is better, and today I'm gonna talk to Jazz about finding a new receptionist.

We really need one.

*O*O*O*

"Edward!"

Crap. The last thing I needed when I'm still all jet lagged.

I really thought I'd be able to escape her.

You know the one.

My sister.

Don't like chirpy people. Don't like too much excitement. Don't like too happy people.

People call me bitter and cynical. My family says I'm blind, whatever that has to do with anything.

"Alice," I replied, plastering a smile on my face as I watched the Hyper cross the street.

"Welcome home," she sang, throwing her arms around me like I didn't have my arms full with medical files. "I've missed you."

"Missed you, too, Hyper," I said, half-lying.

I love my sister, of course, but she's a crazy little thing and the past two weeks have been... calm.

"How was London?" she asked, finally releasing me.

"It was good. I bought some new equipment for Exam room 2 that I know Jazz is gonna be thrilled about-"

"Yea, yea, funny shit," Alice cut me off, clearly not interested in what I had to say. "Look, we have to talk."

Great.

"I have work," I told her, knowing that my first patient comes in... not right now, but Alice don't know that.

"Not yet you don't."

Okay, so my sister knew.

"Whaddy want, sis?" I sighed heavily.

"You know what, Eduardo, just cause you're being a pain in my ass, I'm not gonna tell ya," she huffed.

Oh, how I love my baby sister.

"Alright then," was my reply, and then I yanked the door open, rolling my eyes when Alice followed.

And then I stopped short.

Cause there was a woman sitting behind the desk. And an adorable little girl on her lap.

The brunette... she was um... huh... well, really fucking hot.

She was on the phone, though, looking down slightly, so I couldn't see her face properly.

"Great," I heard her say, smiling at the girl. "Can I take your name?"

Fuck me, her voice... and damn, that smile...

~Introduce us! How about 'Say hello to my massive friend.'

She scribbled down something, and told her we at CW were happy to see her on Friday at 7:30, so I assumed it was a patient.

"Alrighty, Miss. Sarah." She smiled after hanging up the phone. "Whaddya wanna do now, huh? Wanna color with me?"

She was excited. Like really goddamn excited to color.

Almost... hyper.

"Yes, pwease!" the adorable girl responded, bouncing happily on her lap.

"Jeebus, you're just all kinds of cute, aren't ya?" the woman chuckled before giving her an Eskimo kiss.

I think... no, I'm pretty sure I just froze.

Who-... what-... um... uh?

Maybe I'll get some answers if I don't stand here like a complete fuckwit.

I cleared my throat.

Then she looked up... oh, dear lord, that's not a woman... That's a sin. Temptress, goddess.

Those eyes...

~Those breasts...

That face...

~That body...

Lostward

"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

- Gone with the wind.

She's... Her... Goddamn, her beauty is out of this *world*.

My sister nudged me then, annoying the shit outta me when she began talking.

I know, right?

"Bella, this is my brother – Edward. Edward, this is your new receptionist – Bella."

Um... what?

~Um... yes, yes, yes.

Receptionist?

The goddess spoke then. "Hi!"

Wow, another chirpy one. Awesome.

But my God, she's... gorgeous.

JANE. JANE. JANE. JANE.

Right. The woman I love.

The godde- *Bella* continued, smiling brightly. "Nice to meet you, Dr. Cullen."

Good God, she's... humumph...

SPEAK!

Right.

I forced myself to smile. "Likewise."

"I see things have changed here?" I added, giving Bella a small smile before glancing at Hyper. Yep, she's behind this.

Motherfucking meddler.

"Mmhmm, but blame Jasper and Alice, please," Bella said, grinning as she positioned the girl on her hip, and stood up. "They didn't tell me until two days ago that you weren't aware of me being here."

That explains it.

"I see." I nodded, chuckling once before throwing Alice a glare. "Well, I trust their judgment, although I don't know why my sister... who is a *hair stylist*... would be here to decide."

Hyper held my glare with one of indifference, and I really wished I had Jasper here to support me, but... Hold the fucking phone!

Jasper hired her, then.

Fuck!

My stare-down with Alice ended when I heard a choking scream. And I just stood there... gaping like a damn fish as Bella censured her words for the girl who apparently just pulled her hair.

I fought the urge to snicker as Bella expertly forced herself to smile for the girl. I don't think I managed to keep my amusement hidden very well, though.

She was truly a sight to behold.

"Do you want help, Bella?" I heard my sister giggle then.

Bella faced us, and hot damn, flashed us a glare.

That glare was... sexy as hell.

Just saying.

But... I couldn't contain my laughter when Bella actually flipped us off... using her ring finger.

Goddamn.

"Well, I'm glad I amuse you so," Bella snarked, keeping the girl away from her hair. "Alice, go cut someone's hair. Dr. Cullen, a pleasure to meet you and all that shi- sugar..."

Oh, this is fun...

"...Welcome back from London, your first patient will be here at 8:30, and the chart is already in the holder outside your office."

With that said, she *stomped* off with the girl, towards the lunchroom.

And I was in a daze.

Like really out of it.

"So... whaddya think?"

I turned to face Hyper. Glared at her.

"Don't give me that look. She's perfect, Edward!"

"Frankly, my dear sister, I don't give a flying *fuck*."

"Damn, what happened to you?" she muttered, shaking her head. "Never mind. I know exactly what happened... Or who."

"Run before *I* cut your hair, sis," I seethed.

She ran.

Good little shit.

I sighed to myself, shook my head to clear it, too, and then I trudged to my office with my shit, and sure enough, my next patient's chart was in the holder on the door.

I needed to talk to Jasper, that's for sure. So, once I had dumped my stuff inside, I headed for his office, and luckily he didn't have a patient at the moment.

"Welcome back, man." Jazz grinned, pounding me on the back as he gestured for me to enter.

"Thanks," I replied, sitting down across from him.

And no, you won't ever see me take a seat on his couch.

Alice is my baby sister.

End of.

"I suppose you want an explanation?" Jazz asked, smiling sheepishly as he took his seat behind his desk.

"Nah, what gave you that idea, Jazz?" I replied dryly. "Of course I want a fucking explanation, man!"

"How big part in this did my sister play?" I added, 'cause I had a pretty good idea.

My dick may be as softer than cotton candy at the moment, but the real softies are Jasper and Emmett. Those two can never say no to their chicks.

Fuckers all of `em.

~At least they can fuck.

Fuck you.

~Can't! Thought we'd established that.

I fought a growl.

"Calm down, Edward, alright?" Jasper chuckled, putting his hands up in surrender. "Ali and Rose found Bella's resume at the workbank, and they called her up... asked her to come up here."

So, Bella didn't even apply to the goddamn job? They tracked her down?

Jesus H.

"Tell me about her," I sighed, getting my ass comfortable, `cause I wasn't leaving until I knew it all.

Jasper then spent the next ten minutes raving about how fucking awesome this chirpy chick was, and I had to admit that her resume was impressive despite not having any experience.

What it came down to was; Bella Swan was terrific with children, and people already loved her.

But Christ, she's from Arizona. And she came all the way up here just for a job?

Ah, well. Not my life.

"So, there you have it," Jazz said. "She's really good, Edward, and you'll realize that soon."

I nodded thoughtfully...

"How old is she?" I asked curiously, 'cause she seemed rather young.

"Uh... um, I don't remember," Jazz answered, very fidgety all of the sudden. "But uh, you have your patient now... I'll let ya know later, yeah?"

Um, okay?

Did I miss something here?

He stood up then, and it was my cue to leave... apparently.

"We'll plan a guys-night soon, eh?" he said as he showed me out.

Weird fucker.

Any-fucking-way, I nodded at him and headed to my office to get changed into my scrubs... also dreading- no, not *dreading*, where the fuck did that word come from? Anyway, that I'll see Jane tonight when she comes back from Seattle.

~Wow, you're really out there.

Shut. Up!

Stirward

"It's alive, it's alive!"

- Frankenstein

"Absolutely, Mrs. Denali. Just keep an eye on her temperature, and if she starts having a fever, bring her back in," I said, walking Mrs. Denali and

her little Tanya toward the reception. "You have my on-call number, yes?" I asked next, smiling as Rose led Tanya toward Bella.

"Yes, thank you so much, Dr. Cullen."

"No problem," I told her, turning to see Bella crouch down to Tanya with the bowl of lollipops.

~That ass!!! SMACK!

I sighed internally, utterly confused with the way I was reacting to this hyper-girl, because she was truly a reflection of Alice's personality, and I didn't do chirpy. I never liked upbeat. But my traitor dick seemed to appreciate the view.

My inner... musings... were interrupted, though, when I saw how excited Bella was to have the little girl smiling, and it did stuff to me.

What is that, I wondered as I rubbed my chest.

"She seems wonderful, your new receptionist," Mrs. Denali commented, smiling when Bella stuck her tongue out to show how the lollipops colored it.

I sighed again, nodded once, because she was right. So was Jasper. Bella was truly amazing with the children, and she had already gotten so many sniffing little ones to giggle and squeal with her... personality.

And she was a multitasker. The way she could focus on children while still doing other work truly confounded me, because her focus was really with the children.

All this, I had witnessed over the past four hours.

Once Tanya had decided which two lollipops she wanted, she was grinning adorably as she walked over to her mother, and after we said our goodbyes, I was in a slight daze as I headed to the lunchroom.

There was some weird shit going on inside of me, and I didn't understand any of it.

~Cause you're dumb as fuck, dumb as fuck...

Shut. Up...

I focused on food. Food, yes I can focus on that. I'm not focusing on Bella or the others. I'm just sitting here, eating my fuckawesome tuna salad. What the hell happened to steaks? Or a big fat burger? No, instead we're being healthy with tuna.

Fuck fish.

Fuck fucking fish.

~And people say you're bitter.

I sighed.

I sigh a lot.

"Sho, Eddie, whaddya fink of Bewwa?" I heard my very sophisticated brother ask, his mouth full of food. I fought the urge to roll my eyes at him as I contemplated my answer, because what could I say? Didn't matter, though, because Bella answered for me.

"Oh, he and I are getting along just fine," she said dismissively. "Two seconds after we met, he was laughing at my severe pain."

Damn, this woman is amusing. Apart from the hyperness, of course, and yes, it's a word.

"Severe?" I asked, cocking an eyebrow at her as my mouth twitched.

~Yeah, speaking of twitching, boss...

"Yea," Bella said. "The cutest kid ever was a *devil*. She tried to scalp me."

God, she was *really* into what she was saying.

"Yeah, aren't they lovely, the little ones?" I chuckled, thoroughly amused as the rest of the table.

"Of course they are. They lure you in, and when you least expect it, they charge," Bella replied, still eyeing me very seriously, which only made shit even more amusing.

"Not a fan of kids, then? You seemed to like them," I laughed.

"No, I seriously fudging love children. I live for them. But they're sneaky little things and you have to be careful." She was dead serious, and something uncomfortable stirred inside of me. "I just know that when I have kids, I'll train them well."

Kids. Kids. Kids.

~Twitch, twitch, twitch!

Uhm... shit.

Instinctively, I smiled. Widely. "Sounds like you want an entire brood."

"A brood?" she questioned, shaking her head. "Fudge no. I'm talking about a huge army of `em."

She wants children... many of them.

I needed to change the subject ASAP, cause shit felt... *something*. "Fudge? You know, there are no kids in here, right?"

Bella quirked an eyebrow at me. "Do you not know your own brother?"

"Touché." I grinned... and winked.

I winked? What the fuck!

"But then again," I continued, desperate to get out of here, "I'm not sure you're old enough to curse. I mean, you seemed more into lollipops than little Tanya, and she's five."

And *God*, what's with my permanent grin around this chick? What I need is to get out of here, so I can try to decipher the shit that's going on with me.

Bella threw me a playful glare then, and threatened, "You do *not* joke about suckers. I may be new here, but I'm not afraid to put my foot down, and you just took it too far mister... Too far."

~Sucker? Oh, my lord... twitch...

I laughed, unable to help myself, but I was also fully aware of my dick's... *thoughts*... around this girl, because truth be told... I was feeling it. The stirring... the... twitching.

"Suckers? Jesus," I laughed. "I'm glad you don't use that term in front of the kids."

"What, are you saying I shouldn't go up to a kid and offer him a sucker?" Bella was also laughing now, and oh my fucking *God*, what's up with my dick?!

~I'm alive, I'm alive!

"No, I think that's frowned upon," I chuckled, forcing myself to act indifferent to the inner war I had going on. "At least on kids."

What the *fuck* did I just say?! At least on *kids*?!

“Not on adults?” she teased in a sultry voice, leaning forward.

~TWITCH!

I stopped laughing.

Game on.

“It depends on who you offer,” I heard myself say.

I wouldn't decline, I thought as I watched the woman across from me. Goddamn sexy to be honest. Like really fucking... out of this world sexy. And yes, I felt it. *It...* being my cock. Getting harder and harder... for this tiny piece of woman. A woman who was not only gorgeous and sinfully sexy, but also wonderful with children... and my fucking God, her eyes... her coffee brown eyes... so friggin' beautiful.

But they're more than beautiful right now. Right now, they're addictive, and I felt my breathing quicken as the air got thicker. Thicker with lust.

Fuck.

I'm hard. Rock solid.

I felt the tip of my tongue dart out to wet my lip, and I stifled a groan as Bella watched the movement.

I swear to God that I fucking *leaked* as I watched her bite down on that luscious bottom lip of hers. I wanted to do it for her.

I swallowed hard.

What I wanted... was to... fuck, just *take* her. Hard. Repeatedly. Bend her over my desk. Slam into her. Make her moan my name.

Make her *scream* it.

Make her scream it loudly.

“EDDIIEEE!”

No, no, no, that’s not how it would sound at *all*!

~*I think I just died, man.*

Shit. Shit. Shit. It’s just Bella and I in the room.

I shuddered and took gulps of air as I returned to... reality, and that’s when it hit me. I had... crossed a *major* line.

JANE. JANE. JANE. JANE.

~*Whoop-di-fucking-do.*

Then there was clicking. Of heels.

Engagedward

“Mother of Mercy, is this the end of Rico?”

- Little Caesar.

Oh, God, kill me.

Kill me dead.

What have I done?

I was reminded of the movie they showed on the flight back home from London. ‘Snatch’. That Brad Pitt movie. One fucker in that movie kills people before feeding his pigs the remains. There are no traces left of the victims after, and I’m thinking how... lovely that sounds right about now.

To, you know, vanish. Not the specific part about becoming pig-food, but yeah, to vanish.

“There you are!”

Jane.

My... fiancé.

I looked up, at her, and forced myself to smile, although I’m pretty fucking sure I failed, and then Jane glanced over at a thoroughly confused Bella.

Bella. Bella. Bella.

What have I done?

“Oh, you must be the new one,” Jane said.

“Yeah, I’m Bella,” she replied, narrowing her eyes as I... sorta... shrank... in my seat. Just a little. A tad.

Jane said something else then but I was too busy wishing myself away, but I sure as hell caught her next line.

“I’m Jane. Edward’s fiancée.”

Mother of mercy, may this please be the end of me.

What have I done?

I didn’t look at Bella. I didn’t look at Jane.

I watched my tuna salad. It looked really delicious all of the sudden. But it’s too little for me to dive into. And hide.

What have I done?

My head snapped up, though, when Bella spoke. While she glared at me.

"Of *course*, I've heard so much about you, Jane. Dr. Cullen just *can't* stop talking about you."

And I felt like the biggest piece of shit on earth.

Truly.

More words were exchanged but I couldn't for the life of me, focus on anything.

I just sat there.

I was fucked.

The next thing I knew was Bella leaving the lunch room, and instincts told me to run after her. I needed to apologize. Needed to explain myself... but how do I explain when I don't understand?

"Well, that was a bit rude, darling. Don't you think?" I heard Jane say.

Needed to get my shit together here. Fast.

"Jane, I didn't expect you here. Is everything alright?" I asked, ignoring her last question because truly, I had no idea what she was referring to.

"Of course, honey," she said, walking over to kiss my cheek.

It didn't feel right. At all.

Most likely because I just fucked up.

Right?

"I was just stopping by to say hello since I was picking up some files I had forgotten at home. I'm off to Seattle again, but I haven't seen you in two

weeks, so I wanted to stop by. But we can plan a little dinner later this week when I come home from Seattle, yes?"

Take a breath, woman.

"Of course," I told her, standing up to get rid of my lunch.

*O*O*O*

Later that night, I was a grumpy mess.

The house was dark, I was hungry, I was confused, I was pissed, I was... sorry.

Today, after Jane had left, I had apologized to Bella, and fuck me if shit didn't hurt. Badly. I still couldn't pinpoint it, but I knew that the second she mentioned staying on the job because she already loved it, and then... how much the children mattered to her... Christ, my chest ached.

After a couple of hours of pacing and doing nothing, I sat down by the computer in my study, and figured I'd send Liam an email. He was after all one of my closest friends since pre med, and I knew he didn't really keep in contact with Jazz, which made this perfect.

You know, for the distance. Don't want my shit aired in the lunchroom.

Plus, Liam lives in London nowadays.

So, there's distance in more ways than one.

I opened my email, and groaned as the spam rolled in like a goddamn tsunami.

Wish for a larger c0ck? We have the meds!

Can't get it up? We have the herbs!

Click to enter your kitty world. Full of pussy.

Viagra news for you!

Take a blue pill and smile!

How to make it big in the world!

X-rated for ur pleasure.

We have them all: Peens, cocks, dicks, and more! 29.99!

"What the fuck?" I mumbled, shaking my head as I erased the shit.

I stared at the blank screen for a while, but then I figured 'whatever, here we go,' so I just wrote him.

To: Liam McKenna

From: Edward Cullen.

Subject: Need your help.

Message: Hey, man. I've been back in the states for less than three days and I'm already thinking about leaving.

Kidding. But seriously, I have a problem, and I need you to play mindfucker for me. I swear you'll be an awesome therapist for me, and I know you'll get a kick out of my problem.

Remember back in school when you told me about Maggie and her... request?

Well, if you don't help me, I'll tell Jazz about that request.

Write back, Liam.

/Edward.

Yes, I am a professional, and this is how I write emails.

No, I don't, but Liam, Jazz, and I... well, we were close, and the three of us got into some shit thanks to Liam. Jazz and I were far from innocent but we were still geeks from a small town, and Liam was from Chicago, and man, he was the opposite of shy. And he hasn't changed. Not one bit. He's a great pediatrician, but once he's out the door, he's a foulmouthed prick.

Anyway, this is how we talk, and let's just say that once I've told him about my problem, I'm going to be thrilled that he moved to London thanks to his old girlfriend Maggie coming from there, because if he was close; he'd be coming over so fast to laugh in my face.

Excuseward

"May the Force be with you."

- Star Wars IV

I'm coming up with excuses, lies, to keep Jane from approaching me with sex. I don't want to tell her I can't get it up, so, I lie... I come up with things that either disgusts her, or things to excuse my non-horniness.

I have a headache, dear.

I'm tired.

I think I have hemorrhoids. They hurt. Could you rub them?

Wanna talk about having children?

I feel bloated. Do I look bloated? Do you think I'm fat?

Knock, knock! Ask me who's there, dear.

So, I read this article about fungus...

"Darling, are you awake?"

No.

"Darrrrrrling?"

Ugh.

"I'm off to Seattle now, darrling."

Have a good one.

"Darling."

No. I'm sleeping.

"Humph. Well, I'll call you later, and I'll see you in four days."

Cheerio.

~Let the door hit you on the way out.

These past days have been hard. So goddamn hard. Bombs have dropped over and over, and it's all that hyper-chick that I'm now calling Twitch.

~Mmhmm...

Fuck.

Anyway.

Firstly I had to survive a few days of awkwardness, you know, since my damn flirting. Still can't fucking believe I did that. I'm still upset about it because it's not who I am. Not at all. It's pissing me off to be honest.

A few days passed, though, and things between Bella and I were a bit better. I found out about her 'clearing of the cuss system,' which I found oddly endearing, and then of course; the doctor, doctor jokes. Twitch is cracking me up, and that's not an easy feat, especially not with those lame jokes.

Then a big ass bomb dropped.

May the Force be with me because I nearly keeled over.

Bella Swan is twenty-one years old.

Twenty-one.

Twenty-one!

I was appalled by my own behavior, not to mention what she must think of me. Surely she thinks I'm a perverted old man.

Then I learned more about Bella's amazing personality, and when I told her about Mrs. Hunter's appointment, I was in awe. The way Bella talked about 'having an awesome aim' would probably amuse many but not me. I was having another of those chest-issues, though, so I couldn't pay attention for long... until she said that she was a 'daddy's girl.'

That's when my traitorous dick woke up and I swear he smirked at Twitch, and asked, "Yeah, who's your daddy?"

I sighed to myself, got out of bed and headed for the shower.

The bombs kept dropping.

Bella was invited to family brunch, and... it sorta hurt.

It hurt to see mom and dad, and well, everyone... they all love her. I can't blame them, either. Twitch is... well, she's fucking spectacular.

Don't even get me started on her reaction to Hyper having a baby.

Christ, I'm going to be an uncle.

Will I ever be a dad?

I sighed.

Anyway...

Bella was in tears when Alice told her she was going to be an aunt. She truly adores children, and yeah, it fucking hurts.

She's beautiful, too. Gorgeous. Stunning. You name it.

She's just everywhere.

After my shower, I got dressed, and then I grabbed some coffee before turning on my computer.

Over the past two days, I've told Liam about... a few things. I'm being a pussy because I haven't told him about the main issue, you know, about me being limp. But I have told him about Twitch, and he calmed my fears by saying that it was all normal. Many men open their eyes and see other women right before getting married. It didn't sound right but hey, the man is a doctor. And I know better than to question one of my own people. We're a smart kind, you know. My people, that is.

My inbox flashed with a new message, and I opened Liam's email.

To: Edward Cullen.

From: Liam McKenna.

Subject: Get it out of your system!

Message: Okay, so let me get this straight, man. She's 21 years old. She's smoking hot. She's turning you the fuck on.

I don't see the problem, dude.

Just get it out of your system. No, I'm not saying you should fuck her, but dude, you know about masturbation, right? Get off. I'm sure it'll help, and then you can marry Jane and be happy. It's all normal, Edward. Really. It's like porn and strippers. Men are drawn to it, them.

This is the last time I'm telling you this. Stop being a pussy about it and wack off!!!

You don't happen to have a picture of this chick? I'm just curious.

/Liam.

Douche. I'm not giving you a goddamn picture. If I had one, you don't think I'd keep it myself? Prick.

But seriously... is he right? Is it normal for men to go through this before getting married?

For some reason that upsets me. To think that Jazz would go through this before marrying my baby sister... Huh. I can't see him do that, though. Same goes for Emmett and Rose. I can't picture Em have this problem with Rose.

Maybe I'm weird. Maybe I'm different.

Or *maybe*... Yeah, maybe it's Jazz and Emmett that are weird!

So now what? I'll just get Bella out of my system?

Can I do that?

~I'm very UP for it...

"Yeah, I fucking know you are," I muttered, closing my laptop.

Things still don't feel right.

But if this is what I have to do to get Twitch out of my system... then I'll just have to take one for the team.

Fine, I'll jerk off.

Wankward

"If you build it, he will come."

- Field of Dreams.

"Good morning, Edward!" Bella sang as I entered to clinic.

~Twitch!

Good morning, Twitch.

"Hey, Bella," I said instead.

Then she grinned mischievously and I knew I had another joke coming my way, but for some reason, I still wasn't annoyed with them.

"Doctor, doctor, I feel like a pair of curtains!"

Heard it.

"Well, pull yourself together then." I smirked.

Her face fell.

Then she grinned again because the girl is always so fucking happy.

"When's my first?" I chuckled, leaning my elbows on the front desk.

"Just a sec," she replied, and oh God, why is she sucking on her pen?

"Um, you have little Miss Amanda at eight o'clock. She's getting a flu shot."

I nodded in thanks, taking the chart she pulled out from the cabinet, and opened Amanda Meyers file. Sure enough, she was here for the flu shot, but I thought it was weird, cause it said that Jasper was her pediatrician.

"Did you make this appointment?" I asked Twitch curiously.

Bella replied as she rummaged through the bowl of lollipops. "I didn't, no. Curly Doc did. He said something about taking Alice to her appointment at the hospital."

Ah.

"Alright." I nodded, glancing over at the waiting area. "I'll take a few drop-ins before Amanda gets here. Will you send the first one in for me?"

"Sure thing. Exam room 1?"

"Yeah. Rose is in, right?"

"Yes, she and Emily are doing some paper work in Exam room 2."

"Okay," I said, trying not to watch Bella suck on that lucky ass lollipop. It was green today. "I'll just get changed and then I'll be ready to take patients."

Twitch nodded thoughtfully before saying, "Yeah, you go change into them scrubs."

Odd chick.

*O*O*O*

Lunch is around the corner and I'm sitting behind my desk. In my office. Just finished taking some notes about a few patients and now I'm, you know... watching the door. To my private bathroom.

Just get it out of my system?

"Fuck it," I sighed to myself, and then I stood up and marched right into my bathroom.

And now what?

The door was locked, my pants were pushed down, and the toilet lid was up.

This is ridiculous.

I felt utterly ridiculous, and even more so when I palmed my flaccid cock and began stroking it.

"Bella," I said out loud. "Get me hard and get out my head."

That doesn't make sense at all.

Okay. New try.

Fantasy.

Fantasy.

If I picture it, I will come.

Bella bent over my desk and her pink scrubs pooled by her feet.

~Yeah... yeah... twitch.

Looking over her shoulder, she sees me and she throws me a coy smile.

She's naked.

She's wet.

I can see her arousal trickle down her thighs.

Oh, God.

After that, the images came fast, and I was hard as steel, stroking my cock.

"Please, Dr. Cullen," she moaned. "Please fuck me."

She perched her tight ass higher up as I approached, desperate for me. Bent over. Waiting. Pleading for me. Pleading for my cock.

"You're making me lose my fucking mind, you know that, right?" I said, now standing right behind her but not touching her.

"I'm sorry, I just can't help myself," she whimpered, trying to get closer to me.

I let her.

I moaned as her ass touched my thighs. "Hard to reach, Bella?"

She pleaded with me again, and I positioned my erection at her entrance, groaning as her wetness coated the head of my dick.

A second later, I slammed into her.

"Fuck!"

"Yes, oh, Edward!"

Gripping her hips and bending to reach better, I quickly set a fast pace, fucking her tight pussy hard and fast.

"Yes, oh... you're so huge..."

"Keep talking, baby," I growled, thrusting harder, gripping her hips tighter. "Keep. Fucking. Talking."

She did. As I fucked her over my desk, she told me how perfect my cock was, how big and thick it was, how magnificent it felt stretching her.

"Yes," I grunted. "Fucking take it, Bella. Ungh... Take my cock."

She became tighter. Her breathing labored.

My hips met her ass-

"Oh, shit!" I panted.

I came hard. So fucking hard. And not in the toilet.

Fucking hell, it's everywhere!

~I've been saving up.

"Yeah, no kidding," I breathed. "Fucking shit... crap."

I avoided Bella for the rest of the day.

*O*O*O*

"Mmm, Dr. Edward," purred a voice behind me.

~Nuh-uh.

I was walking to my car that I parked on a small street, only two minutes from CW but still I have to run into people?

Turning around, I came face to face with Jake.

"On your way home, handsome?" he asked, winking at me.

I was used to it.

"Yes, I am, Jake," I replied, shaking my head in amusement. "And you?" I asked politely, although I knew very well that he had late appointments at the salon, because that's what you get for avoiding Bella. You get Alice instead and if you get Alice, you get a shitload of info you really never wanted.

"Oh, I have a few vajayjays to get pretty," was Jake's reply. "I also have a date with BellyB cause I totes need to convince her to let me wax her, you know?"

I choked.

~I'm up!

"For the love of God, Jake!" I exclaimed. All wide eyed and shit.

But, man, have you ever heard of over sharing?!

"I know! I think it's insane, too! I mean, shaving? Nuh-uh, you gotta wax. It's much better."

Shaving.

Waxing.

Bella's pussy.

I left.

Didn't say goodbye or anything. Just left. With my twitching cock in tow.

She shaves?

I might have whimpered a few times as I drove home, you know, trying to not think about Bella's... bare pussy.

I whimpered again.

Very manly.

*O*O*O*

Yeah, texting is better. I'm gonna harass you – Liam.

I have no doubt you will – Edward.

So, you did it? Was she good? Did you have a picture or not? – Liam.

For fuck's sake, man. No damn picture. And yes. – Edward.

Yes what? – Liam.

Yes, I did it! Fucking idiot – Edward.

You told me about the girl's cuss-routine. Embrace it – Liam.

Fuck off – Edward.

Get off – Liam.

I did, and she's not out of my fucking system! – Edward.

Pun intended? – Liam.

I swear to God, if you don't help me... - Edward.

Give it time, Edward. Do it until you don't need it – Liam.

Can't fucking believe you went to med school – Edward.

Ditto. – Liam.

I know. I'm losing my mind, Liam. I don't feel 31 – Edward.

Good! Feeling 20 is better. I do. – Liam.

You feel 20? Damn, you're worse than me – Edward.

Why? – Liam.

Cause you admit it. I'm fucked up. Perhaps I should seek help – Edward.

Isn't that what you're doing with me? – Liam.

And see how that's working for me – Edward.

Was that sarcasm? – Liam.

YES! – Edward.

You want my professional opinion? – Liam.

You're a pediatrician. Do not tell me to rub the 'owie' away, you sick fuck – Edward.

That was golden! I'm writing that one down. No, but seriously, maybe the girl isn't the problem – Liam.

What do you mean? – Edward.

Maybe you're the problem. Maybe something else is wrong in your life – Liam.

My life was good until the chirpy cocktease entered my life – Edward.

Okay. Then I suggest you give it a couple of weeks. Just don't chafe it – Liam.

You're sick – Edward.

I'm thinking about moving home to Chicago – Liam.

Speaking of...? – Edward.

Just saying – Liam.

Alright, I'm gonna head to bed – Edward.

Enjoy – Liam.

Sick. Fuck. – Edward.

At least I don't live a double life – Liam.

And I do? – Edward.

Yeah, I remember back in school when Jane visited our dorm. You turned into golden boy. You still do that? – Liam.

Goodnight – Edward.

Good dinner – Liam.

Thiefward

"Fasten your seatbelts. It's going to be a bumpy ride."

- All about Eve.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

"Of course." Jazz smirked, closing the door behind him.

We're at work. My office to be exact, and Jasper just managed to snatch Bella's goodie container.

~Her bra?

The container with her cake!

~Panties?

Good God.

"She didn't notice a damn thing," he chuckled as he took the seat across from me. "She was too busy sweet talking the little ones."

I sighed. Of course she was.

"Alright, gimme, 'cause I have a patient in ten minutes," I said, not very patiently but come on, it's Bella's goodies we're talking about.

I licked my lips as Jasper opened the container, and oh... the smell of chocolate... and hmm... I sniffed the air...

"Fuck, is that pineapple?" I groaned.

Chocolate and pineapple? Together? Who would've thought? But damn, it smells delicious!

"Oh, man, there are chocolaty flaky thingies, too," Jasper gasped as he brought out two forks from his pocket. I think I salivated when he placed the container on the middle of the desk. "Emmett's gonna be pissed that he missed out on this."

"Sucks to be him then," I muttered, eye-fucking the cake. It was heavenly, and on its way to my stomach. Right now. "Don't you remember, though? That day when he ate all the cupcakes."

"Yeah." He nodded. "We're even after this."

I nodded, too, 'cause yeah. "Revenge is one chocolaty-tasty dish."

Then we shut up and devoured the cake.

I moaned. Groaned. Hummed.

"Sooo good," Jasper moaned. "We have to save some for the chicks."

I nodded and ate.

And ate.

Jasper ate, too.

I ate.

So did Jazz.

I ate some more.

And then the cake was gone.

I burped a pineapple-y burp.

So did Jazz and we patted our stomachs.

"Were we supposed to save some for the chicks?" I asked, scratching my chin. "By the way, man, you have frosting on your nose."

That would give us away.

"Thanks," he said before dragging a napkin over his way. "And uh... huh? Save for the others?"

I nodded. "Didn't you say something about that?"

"I don't remember," he said thoughtfully.

Alrighty.

But then it sorta hit me... Even in my goodie-induced coma, I realized that Bella would probably notice that her goodies were gone, and that wasn't goodie.

Why didn't we think about that before?

Crap.

It seemed to dawn on Jazz at the same time.

Now we were sorta scared 'cause Bella would punish us like she punished Emmett.

I remember how she punished him.

She denied him goodies for lunch.

Oh, God.

"We can blame Alice!" Jazz blurted out.

And I nodded furiously. "Yeah, she's pregnant. We can blame her and tell Bella that Alice ate it all."

"But..." I cringed. "Alice will kill you."

"Not if we act innocent, not if we subtly 'suggest' that there is a pregnant woman eating everything."

Jazz is a genius.

That's a given. We're doctors after all.

*O*O*O*

It's lunch in ten minutes. That's perfect. That's all I need, which is why I'm in my private bathroom. Right now.

Gotta work off the goodie-calories.

Images, images, appear.

They did.

"I can give you something better to suck on," I told her and approached the front desk. "That lollipop can't be enough for you, can it?"

Twitch released the blue lollipop and magically appeared on her knees in front of me, and my bottoms were pushed down my hips.

"I hope you're talking about your magnificent cock, Dr. Cullen," she purred. "Because that's what I dream about whenever I suck on suckers."

I groaned.

She grabbed my aching cock and planted an openmouthed kiss on the tip, letting her tongue dart out to taste the drop of pre-cum, which elicited a loud moan from me.

"That's it, baby," I grunted. "Suck my cock."

She did. She sucked me hard and deep down her throat, swallowing around me, and I bucked my hips, unable to help myself. But all Bella did was hum around me.

"You liked that, Bella?" I asked. "You want me to fuck your mouth?"

She nodded.

I moaned and threaded my fingers through her hair, and then... then I fucked her hot little mouth.

"Fuck, I'm close," I moaned. "Yesss... now, Bella!"

She whimpered around me.

I came hard. She swallowed.

*O*O*O*

~Dude, you're whistling. You might wanna tone it down.

Right.

I stopped whistling and thanked my dick, 'cause he was right. Jazz was eying me weirdly, and I didn't need his questions.

Cause uh... what could I say?

That I was whistling because I just came?

Nah.

"What the fudge!"

Jazz and I froze before we rounded the corner.

"Did Bella just growl?" he asked me quietly.

I grimaced and nodded.

Twitch must have found her empty container.

"Okay, we gotta be stealthy now," I whispered.

He nodded.

We took deep breaths.

Good thing I'm stealthy. I really am.

Rounding the corner, Jazz and I quickly reached the front desk and we weren't surprised when it was empty. Everyone was most likely already in the lunch room, and as we got closer, we heard the commotion.

"But who could've stolen it?" we heard Twitch mumble.

Fuck.

Deeeeeeeep breaths, and then we entered the lunch room.

They all spun around. Rose. Twitch. Emily. Emmett. Oh, fuck, Hyper's already here.

And Jake.

Bella eyed me. Then Jazz.

Keep your cool, keep your cool, keep your cool.

"So... lunch?" Jazz asked, wringing his hand awkwardly.

Stupid.

I rubbed the back of my neck, trying to act casual.

"What's up, doc?" Bella asked Jazz. Not as chipper. More like... thoughtful... pensive... like she was putting two and two together.

~2+2 is 4... Just saying.

I sighed and rolled my eyes.

Jasper mumbled something, and then Twitch turned to me.

~Hello, lovely.

"Doctor, doctor, everyone thinks I'm a liar!"

Uh-oh...

Yeah, heard it. But uh... did she choose that joke for its not so subtle meaning? And why isn't she chirpy?

"I uh... I find that hard to believe," I told her.

She narrowed her eyes at us. Stepped closer.

Jazz and I stood frozen in the doorway.

Another step, and then she was in front of us. Sniffing the air around us.

Thank *God* I cleaned up after my bathroom-moment.

Then there was a gasp. From Bella. And fingers pointed at us.

"Alice is pregnant!" Jasper exclaimed. "She eats a lot!"

Dude. Seriously?

Hyper glared at Jasper.

"YOU TWO ATE MY CAKE!" Twitch shouted.

.

.

.

~Twitch...

Sorry, but she's sexy when she's mad.

"Ah, man!" Emmett whined.

"Admit it," Bella gritted out, narrowing her eyes at me.

Shit.

"I'm uh... I'm sorry," I mumbled.

"Yeah, sorry, Bella," Jasper grumbled.

"We just love your goodie- I mean, we just love your uh... baking-skills," I said weakly.

That seemed to soften her a little.

"Damn you two," she muttered. "Alright, I forgive you but no sugary sweetness for two days!"

Jasper and I gasped in horror. Emmett laughed.

*O*O*O*

Fudge. Fudge. Fudge.

She says that all the fucking time.

Oh, fudge. Fudgeawesome. Fudging fun. Fudger. She says it all. All the time. Always a different version of fudge.

She's weird.

She's fucking hot. I can't get her out of my system. Not yet anyway. I'm working on it.

~*Word.*

Fucker.

But back to fudge. Why say it? I mean, I get why she say stuff like that at work, cause of all the little ones, but then? Why say it when there are only adults around?

Does she like fudge? Is that it? Fudge-fetish?

Shit, say that out loud. Fudge-fetish. Not the easiest.

Bella's childish, hyper, chirpy, and always so fucking happy.

So, why am I hung up on her? Seriously, I do not understand it.

Who could possibly find it funny to thumb-wrestle with Emmett?

Bella. That's who.

And she screamed out 'fudge yes!' when she won. And then she screamed 'fudging sugar!' when she lost.

This was lunch today by the way – after she scolded our asses for stealing her goodies. Thumb-wrestling.

Problem is, I couldn't stop grinning as I watched them. She was so fucking cute.

I don't do cute.

~You don't do anything.

I sighed.

Time to prepare dinner. I can't cook.

Bella can. And bake. Like no other.

Christ, the goodies she brings...

Love her goodies.

~Fasten your jockstrap. It's going to be a hard ride.

I sighed. Again.

I'm so fucked up.

Mac and cheese. That oughta do it. Perhaps not for Jane but then she can cook instead, right? Yeah.

I'm glad 'cause I've already thought of an excuse for tonight. Not that I'm conceited or anything, but she does want to sleep with me. So, I came up with an excuse, 'cause I'm not man enough to admit that I have an erection-problem.

~Not with Twitch you don't.

"And I don't understand that," I mumbled to myself.

Anyway...

My excuse?

~Your time of the month?

I sighed.

My excuse is work.

I have an article for a medical research that I need to work on, which is actually true, so I'm planting my laptop on top of my... assets... tonight. Jane doesn't need to know that the article isn't due for another month.

"Darling, I'm home!"

"Oh, fudge."

Dreamward

"The stuff that dreams are made of."

- The Maltese Falcon.

"Ride me harder, baby," I grunted. "Yes, that's it... ungh... fuck, your pussy's perfect."

My office. My couch. She's riding my cock for all she's worth.

"Let me turn around, Edward," she moaned.

"No," I growled, keeping her in position. "The last thing I wanna see is your face. Now fucking ride me."

She obeyed and I met her thrusts as I kneaded her luscious tits. Pinched her nipples, making her moan louder. Rubbed her clit, making her clench down on me.

Close.

"Oh, yes, Edward! I'm so close!"

I stopped rubbing her clit and shot my cum deep inside her pussy.

"Get out of here," I told her.

A couple of days later

"You like this, Bella?" I groaned against her neck. "You like it when I fuck you against the wall?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

She tried to kiss me but I didn't let her. Instead I kept my face buried in the crook of her neck as I pounded into her. Over and over. Harder and deeper.

The couch next to us was good, but the wall was better. I could set my own pace here. I controlled her. Held her. Gripped her hard. Fucked her even harder.

So tight.

Not enough.

"I wanna cum, baby. Please let me come," she pleaded.

"No," I mumbled. "This isn't about you."

The day after

Sitting on the edge of the couch in my office, she's at my mercy as I hold her head.

"Suck me harder, Bella," I groaned, letting my head loll back.

She obeyed.

Soon, I came in hot spurts. She swallowed.

Another few days later

I locked the door after entering the lunch room.

Bella had her back to me and didn't notice me until she heard the click of the lock.

"Take your clothes off," I told her as I got rid of my own scrubs.

"Lay down on the table," I added.

Like always, she obeyed.

I didn't look her in the eye.

I just positioned myself and slammed into her.

Not enough.

Fuck it.

"More, Edward," she whimpered, wrapping her legs around me.

Not enough.

I glared at her and fucked her harder, quickly averting my eyes when she was denied a kiss.

She had no idea how much I wanted to kiss her.

After a while, I came inside her.

Day or night?

"Kiss me," she breathed.

I stood still. Stoic. By the door in my office. And I just watched her sitting on my desk.

Dressed in the jeans and top she wore the first time she came for family brunch.

So fucking beautiful.

"Kiss me, Edward."

I took one step towards her. Just one.

God, I wanted it.

Tried to loathe the chirpy chick in front of me but it was impossible. She was too good. Too perfect.

Another step.

This is wrong. Not how it was supposed to work.

Another step.

"Please kiss me."

"You're what my dreams are made of, Bella."

I woke up.

Fuck. Fuck. Oh, fuck a duck.

It isn't just about getting her out of my head anymore. It's not just in my office. She isn't just in my office. She's *everywhere*.

That was the first night I dreamed of Bella Swan.

Fuckedward

"Oh gravity, thou art a heartless bitch."

- The Big Bang Theory.

I was miserable and I knew people were noticing.

They noticed the way I closed myself in. They noticed that I never called back or went out with them. Mostly Jazz and Em, but also my parents. Even Hyper noticed a change in me, but I couldn't fucking help it.

But I was willing to try, which was why I told Emmett that I could come with him to pick up the girls in Port Angeles after their girls' night.

After my dream last night, I needed to get my act together, because this was spiraling out of control. This was... too much. Not just about jerking off. No, this was... deeper. And that wasn't good. Not good at all.

And fuck, today before lunch... Christ, my fantasy had changed.

I didn't fuck her. I didn't glare at her. I didn't tell her to look the other way. I didn't command a fucking thing. No, instead I went down on her. Yeah, in my fucked up imagination I went down on Bella Swan, and we came together.

Like I said, I'm fucked. Fucked and fucked up. Because even in my fantasies it's not just about me coming anymore. I also want the please her. I don't just wanna please myself, no, I wanna please her, too. So, I did. With my mouth. And I felt so fucking good.

So. Fucking. Good.

For a minute I thought I was uh... a little loud, in the bathroom, but... nah. It's all good. Still got my stealth, I do.

I adjusted myself as Emmett's car drove onto my street.

"You're wearing a fucking beanie?" Emmett laughed incredulously as I hopped into his car. "That's... new. Shit, I haven't seen you wear that since high school."

I know.

That's the thing.

For some weird reason I grabbed my old beanie tonight.

I'm even wearing jeans and a t-shirt.

That hasn't been me in forever. Not for years.

I've worn scrubs or slacks. That's it. I mean, when it comes to pants, that is.

I wear shirts, too, you know. Not just scrubs or slacks. Shirts, too.

I don't know what's happening to me.

And since I was all messed up in the head, I only gave Em a shrug in response.

"Jeans, too!!!" he shouted out then, even swerving the car a bit as he drove. "Holy shit, what's going on with you?!"

Staring at him, I tried to figure out if I was really that different. I wasn't, was I? Not *that* different, surely. Right?

"Rosie was right. Something's new with you, and now that I think about it... huh... yeah, you're definitely happier nowadays."

HAPPIER?

I've been a complete mess! Broody and down, and he's calling me happier?!

The fuck!

"Yeah, at lunch." He nodded thoughtfully, making the turn to leave Forks. "Yep. You're happier nowadays, especially around lunch. What's up with that?"

Ooooh. *That*. Right.

That's when I see Twitch.

I sighed internally. And since Emmett only sees me during lunch or at family brunch, I'm not surprised he sees me as happier, now that I think about it.

That's the only time I can focus on her without making it look suspicious. During lunch. I have to say I'm pretty fucking stealthy about that. No one suspects a thing, which is good, because how would they react if they knew I was having feelings for B-

Shit.

Nope. Not ready to admit it.

No fucking way.

I'm marrying Jane.

Yeeeeaaaah...

To Emmett, I gave another shrug.

But I had to ask, "When did I change?"

"Um... I don't know? You dress yourself, dude. How the fuck should I know when you changed. Did you hit your head, bro?"

I groaned. "Not 'when did I get dressed today,' Em! I mean, when did I go from this-" I gestured at my outfit, "-to wearing dress pants and button downs."

"Oh," he replied, understanding now. "That's easy. Your second year in med-school."

I frowned.

"That's when you became the dull fuck you are, bro!" he laughed.

How lovely.

A dull fuck?

That's who they see me as?

Humph.

*O*O*O*

"Damn, my wifey's wasted," Emmett muttered as we entered the bar in Port Angeles. "Just fucking look at her over there."

I can't. I'm... I'm... seeing... oh, Twitch. A dancing Twitch. A dancing Twitch wearing a tube top and tight ass jeans.

~I'm up!

"I know, buddy, I know," I mumbled under my breath.

Oh, the creator of the tube top, thou art a heartless bitch.

Emmett tugged on my arm then, so I sorta snapped out of it, and followed him towards the booth where a shitfaced Rose sat with a sober Alice.

"Hi, baby!" Rose squealed. And waved. And bounced in her seat.

For the love of...

Twitch must be rubbing off on her.

Rubbing.

Rubbing.

Rubbing.

Rub-a-dub-a-ruuuuuuub.

I shook my head to clear it, sat down next to Em, and made sure I didn't you know, look over my shoulder... towards... them... her... there... tube top.

Christ.

"You okay, Eduardo?" Alice asked, and yes, she was eyeing my fucking beanie.

Had I really changed that much?

"I'm fine, Hyper," I muttered, rolling my eyes at her.

She was about to retort but Jake and Twitch came over, and suddenly I had a queen next to me.

“Hey there, handsome,” Jake purred.

Hand on my thigh, hand on my thigh, hand on my thigh!

HAND. ON. MY. THIGH!

I mean, it’s not like I’m freaking out or anything...

“Jake.” I nodded in greeting and removed his hand from my thigh. “How’s Sam?” I asked pointedly.

“Delicious,” he said, drawing out the word as he licked his lips.

I cringed. Did *not* need those images.

“Hi, Em!” Twitch squealed. And waved. And bounced in her seat.

Yes, she’s the one rubbing off on Rose.

Rubbing.

Rubbing.

Rubbing.

Fuck!

~Sounds good. Bathroom stall?

I sighed.

“She’s plastery-merged. Hammered,” Rose guffawed and chugged her drink.

Was she referring to herself or to Twitch?

"Maybe you should take them to the station for the night," I told Em, smirking a little.

"Not a bad idea, bro," Emmett chuckled, shaking his head at the girls.

"What're you doin' here, Sexward?" Bella slurred.

Slowly my eyebrows rose. All the way up there.

Wh...what?

Se-... Sexward?

Sexward?

As everyone started laughing at the drunken Twitch, I couldn't help but smirk, because she obviously didn't know about her slip. Or whatever it was. But then she did. It dawned on her and I sat back and cocked an eyebrow at her, suddenly feeling brave.

But Bella being the confident woman she is, just waved us off, stating that the Cullens were all a hot bunch, and how obvious that was.

I liked her statement a bit too much. Sure I knew I looked good, but I had no idea how I looked in the eyes of a 21 year old.

Apparently I'm hot even to her.

I can live with that.

All thoughts, though, yeah, whoosh... they flew out the fucking window as Bella and Rose started dancing in their seats as they belted out some tune that sounded oddly a lot like the theme of a movie... or movies in plural... like... pornos...

"BOW-CHICKA-BOW-WOOOW!"

I adjusted Dick.

I did that a lot for the rest of our stay. Adjust myself, that is. And don't fucking ask me why my dick twitched when Twitch started telling police-jokes.

They were as bad as the doctor-jokes but... it was different with Bella.

She was just so fucking cute.

And her eyes... so fucking happy. Bright, shining, twinkling...

Twinkling?

Where the fuck did my balls go?

I sighed. Again. And I tried to focus on the others instead.

More police-jokes: things you'd say if you got pulled over.

"You're not looking in my trunk, are you?" Alice said innocently.

"Bad cop, no donut!" Rose scolded.

"Hey, is that a 9 mm? This 44 Magnum is way cooler!" Jake boomed.

That one hurt my ear. Damn, the queen is loud.

"I wanted to be a cop, but then I decided to graduate from high school instead!" Twitch laughed.

Beautiful laugh.

Fuck!

"Is it true that police officers are people who weren't qualified to work at McDonalds?" Alice squealed.

"Aren't you the dude from-om Village People?" Bella hiccoughed.

Uh-oh...

Bella's wasted.

"Alright, alright," I chuckled. "Jake can apparently hold his liquor but Bella and Rose can't." I gave the ladies pointed looks.

"Time to go home," Emmett agreed.

Rose and Bella pouted, and I swallowed hard at the sight of Bella's plump bottom lip jutting out.

I wanted to bite it.

Ya know?

Just... grrr... *bite* it.

"You think they'll let us stay if we flash them?" Rose chortled.

Loudly. Everyone in the damn establishment heard her.

"The fuck you will, Rosie," Emmett warned.

"There's nothing wrong with our boobs, Emmett. If Rose wants to flash, she can," Bella said, folding her arms across her chest, effectively pushing her breasts together.

Tube top, I curse you.

Curse you!

Get it together!

I sighed.

"Neither of you are flashing anything," I said firmly, motioning for Jake to get up before I followed.

"Mmm, I love it when you're demanding," Twitch replied, rolling her eyes.

I wanted to give her a good spanking.

Ya know?

Just... grrr... smack!

"It's really time to go," Emmett groaned.

Something inside me snapped as I watched Emmett throw Rose over his shoulder, and in the next second, I did the same with Twitch.

I wanted her close but I also wanted to get her home as soon as fucking possible before I didn't do something very stupid.

"Giddy up!" Bella slurred in a giggle.

Now how can I find that endearing?

I chuckled at the fuckwit I had become.

Emmett asked me if I wanted to drive and I didn't understand until we reached his Jeep, but then I did. Understand, that is. Because we were one too many.

"Yeah, I'll drive," I quickly agreed, catching the key he threw my way.

There was no way I could risk ending up with Bella in my lap.

~Ka-dunk, I'm up!

I fought a growl, pissed at Dick, and handed Twitch over to Jake, and they all filed in – Emmett with Rose in his arms, and then I sped off, towards Forks.

Halfway home, my phone dinged, and I brought it out.

When will you be home? – Jane.

It was a cold shower.

But it was my decision and I was sticking to it.

We were engaged. To be married.

I'm not stupid. I know very well that I'm not entirely onboard, if even a little. My feelings for B-... No.

None of it mattered because she's not there. There in that place. Marriage and children. I am. Plus, the chick's twenty-one fucking years old.

~And Jane wants kids?

I sighed.

No, she doesn't.

It's just my life.

And like I said, it doesn't matter because Bella's not interested in me in that way anyway. It's all pointless. And I could end up with worse than Jane.

Jane is attract-... she's beauty-... she's adorab-... she's... she's... uh.

She's special.

She looks special.

Yeah, that's it.

She looks special.

Oh, *God*... I'm making it sound like she's a retarded troll.

With another motherfucking sigh, I replied, making sure I still had an eye on the road.

Not an easy feat.

I home son – E.

I pressed 'send' just as I noticed the many errors with my text.

"Fuck," I mumbled.

She's gonna see that I meant "I'm home soon," right?

No, she won't.

Before I could text a better one, Jane replied.

Are you drunk? Or is it another talk about children? – Jane.

I snorted and pocketed my phone without replying.

"Ha! You heard that?!" Jake boomed out in a laugh.

There were laughs in agreement, and I didn't understand shit, but Alice who sat next to me did, and clarified as she kept her eyes on the backseat.

"Bella's sleep talking," she giggled.

In reflex, I checked the rearview mirror, and saw her sleeping on Jake's shoulder.

So fucking beautiful.

Bella.

Not Jake.

To Sam he is, but not to me.

Just wanted to clarify.

"I wanna soda sop!"

I choked, totally unprepared for Bella's rather *loud* sleep talk.

Everyone laughed.

"Umhmph, green shucker, greeeen peeeen. Eyes!"

Good God!

Then she started waving her arms around. "Away, away, sknkbitch!"

"Oh, my God!" Rose gasped through her laughs.

I had to admit I was having a hard time controlling my own laughter, but in my defense, Bella was a funny woman. Apparently even in her sleep. And cute as hell.

"OW, BELLYBITCH!" Jake bellowed.

In the mirror I saw him clutching the side of his face, and I immediately understood that Bella's flailing arms were responsible.

Funny shit.

Thankfully, we arrived at the first stop then, and I chuckled as I killed the engine outside of Jake and Sam's house.

Since they were neighbors with Alice and Jazz, I wasn't surprised to see Jazz waiting with Sam.

"Thanks for the ride, Eduardo," Alice sang, giving me a kiss on the cheek as Jazz opened the door for her. "Bye, people, and come on, Jakey!"

"Bye, sis," I chuckled as I sent her a wink.

She was sorta funny after all.

"Um, are you okay?" Alice asked, watching me with some weird expression.

"Uh, yes? I mean... what?" I asked, confused.

She pulled the Ali-pose on me. Hands on hips and chin juttet. "You're smiling."

"Yeah, Eddie's a new man," Emmett laughed from the backseat.

"Humph," was my grunted response.

I had no idea I was that bad.

What-the-fuck-ever.

We said goodbye to Jake and Alice, and then I sped off again, this time toward Bella's apartment.

I have *not* thought a lot about her place. No, I haven't. I swear.

I've never fantasized about her asking me up for... er... a cup of coffee.

"By the way, Eddie," Emmett said. "You can help Bella up to her place, right? Cause she's out cold."

"Mmmmmwardian."

Uh, yeah, that last one was from Bella.

Don't fucking ask me what she's dreaming about.

And... what? "Why can't you carry her up there, Em?"

I did not whine. I'm over thirty. I do not whine. No.

"Because I'm full of Rose," he snarked. "Dude, what's the problem? She's as heavy as a fucking twig. Even *you* can carry Bella."

Now he was laughing.

For the record, I'm goddamn built. Not having sex does that for ya.

"Fine," I grumbled as I parked outside Bella's apartment. Or Alice's salon. Whatever.

Here we go. I'm going to carry my-... Shit. I'm going to carry Bella now.

Twitch.

Fallenward

"There's no place like home."

- The Wizard of Oz.

"Are ya staying?" She hummed, and I'm *pretty* sure she was sniffing my neck.

I was carrying her up the stairs to reach the second floor – the top floor – and it wasn't easy.

It felt right. I mean, to have her here. In my arms.

Fuck.

"Damn, Bella," I forced myself to chuckle. "I wonder if you will remember this tomorrow at brunch."

A part of me hopes she does.

Family brunch.

Because my family see her as family.

~Ya! Cause I'm her da-ddy...

The fuck?

"Why wouldn't I? I'm gonna tell Papa C all about you flashing your boobs to Rose and me."

Yep, she's still cute as fuck.

"That was you and Rose trying to do that. Not me. I don't have... boobs."

She giggled adorably against my neck. "You said boobs. You're a doctor. You're supposed to say breasts."

Whatever, as long as they're yours. Boobs, boobies, tits, breasts, titties... *melons?*

Nah.

I reached her door then. Well, I think it's hers considering it says Swan in pink, sparkly letters on the door.

Isn't this where I'm suppose to ask her, 'what are you, five?'

But I don't because I still find every little thing about her endearing, cute, and fucking amazing.

Including pink, sparkly letters on the door, pink sparkly pens on the front desk at work, and pink sparkly shoes.

I've seen `em.

"God, I hope you'll remember this tomorrow. Now, where are your keys?"

I sighed, trying to clear my head.

"Jacket pocket. Left. Or right. I'm not sure."

I closed my eyes and stifled a groan.

I was actually going to grope the poor girl for this. And call me sick because I dove straight in, starting with the delicious ass-pockets of her jeans. No, that's not how you say it but fuck... I'm not really all there in my head, now am I?

They weren't in her back pockets, though. And the gentleman in me – yes, he's there somewhere – denied me to palm her ass good and proper.

~Da-ddy...

For the love of...

I found them. The keys. They were in her jacket pocket. I probably should've looked there first, eh?

Whatever.

"Maybe I should call you Edward C... no, wait. Son C."

Christ.

"Uh... okay? And why?" I asked as I unlocked her door.

"Cause I call Carlisle, Papa C, ya know?"

"Yea, you do. And you're weird for doing that. But they love you anyway."

I smiled. Couldn't help it.

"Mmhmm, I love them lots and lots."

"I know," I mumbled.

I looked around her tiny apartment. Breathed her scent in. It was beautiful. The scent *and* her place.

It opened up right into her living room slash bedroom, and for some weird reason, it felt... more than good. Perfect.

"Nice place," I told her, but what I really wanted to say was 'there's no place like your home.'

"Thank you, Son C. I love it here in Forktown."

I chuckled at her, kicked off my shoes, and carried her towards her bathroom. Easy to find since it was the only door in her place. To the left, closest to her little sleep-area. On the other side of the apartment, closest to her living room area, was her kitchen. I didn't see much of it but I saw a glossy fridge and freezer, so I assumed it was the kitchen.

The kitchen where she makes her goodies.

Fuck.

"Have you ever been in New Orleans, Sexward?"

Speaking of?

"Jesus, I wonder what it would be like to read your mind." I grinned at her.

Twitch huffed. "You wouldn't like that 'cause I'm too young, right? So, have ya? Been there, I mean?"

Ouch.

Why did she say it like that? Like it was... I don't know, but... it sounded almost as if she was hurt. Like I had done something.

Had I?

"Uhm, yes, a few times," I answered her, sitting her down on the toilet.

"Me, too. Dad took us there once, and I fell in love with their music."

Oh, God.

"Well, they have very good music there," I commented, hoping like hell we didn't share more than we already did. "Here's your toothbrush."

It's pink. And sparkly.

A smile tugged on the corners of my mouth as I watched her wrestle with her jacket.

Then my eyes widened. 'Cause... she... her... and then... oh, her... singing.

Thish time I walkin'to New Orleansh.

I recognized it. Of course. Immediately.

I walkin'to New Orleansshhh! I'm-gna need two pair of shoooes

When I get through walkin thish bluesh

When I ge' backto New Orleansh!

Gaping like a fucking fish, I just stood there. Watched her as she brushed her teeth and slurred her way through the song. A song that I loved. A song that... Fuck. Is this what she listens to?

I got my shhhuitcase in my hand, now aint that a shaaame

I leavin here t'day. Yesh, I'm goin back hometo stay

Yesh, I'm walkinto New Orleansh...

It was awfully garbled.

It was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard.

And my... chest... my heart...

It clenched.

Then she looked up at me with her big doe eyes, and I smiled, seeing the trickle of toothpaste in the corner of her mouth, and how her eyes were glassy and unfocused.

Even in her drunken state, she was so fucking gorgeous.

"I really love New Orleans, EdSon C."

I sighed.

We had way too much in common.

"You just sang Fats Domino, Bella," I said. Don't really know why I said it. It was obvious.

"I know!" she exclaimed excitedly, but then she started choking on toothpaste, or... the toothbrush perhaps. I stifled a chuckle as I brought her to the sink and handed her some water.

"You know Fats Domino?" she coughed out with wide eyes. "I flove him! That's my music, ya know?"

Good God, give me a fucking break!

"Just another fucking thing to the list," I mumbled under my breath as Bella rinsed her mouth. "What goddamn twenty-one year old listens to music from the 50's? Bella, of course. Of course we would share that, too. Fucking hell."

Seriously? Couldn't she like Britney Spears or something? I mean, that's pink and sparkly. Bubble gum. Pop.

No, of course not! Have her like the same shit I listen to instead!

"Let's get you to bed," I sighed, really needing to get out of here now.

"I like the sound of that," she said, and I fought another smile because the sound was muffled by the towel she wiped her mouth with.

I was in trouble. Deep, deep trouble.

Something so simple as watching her wipe her fucking mouth after brushing her teeth shouldn't make me wanna smile.

But as soon as Twitch held her arms out for me, and I had her in my arms again, everything was clear.

So clear.

Crystal clear.

I lowered her on her bed, tucked a piece of hair behind her ear, and watched her snuggle into her pillow.

Beautiful.

Cute.

Adorable.

Sexy.

Natural.

Home.

Not mine.

"G'night, Dr. SexEdSon C," she slurred sleepily, giving me a lazy smile before burying her face in her pillow again.

I pulled her comforter over her, dipped down, and kissed her temple.

"Sweet dreams, beautiful," I whispered.

I'm pretty sure I'm in love with you.

Shitward

"Houston, we have a problem."

- Apollo 13.

Thankfully, Jane was asleep when I came home after Emmett had dropped me off.

Instead I headed for the kitchen, grabbed a beer, and then I sat my broody ass down. On the couch. In the living room, not in the kitchen because we don't have a couch there.

I sighed, popped the cap on the beer, and chugged half the bottle before leaning back with yet another sigh.

Cause I sigh a lot.

I sighed.

I'm in love with her?

Fucking shit.

This aint good.

But... there's that part of me that thinks it *is* good. Like... all of me.

"Ah, shit."

So, what do I do?

Well, I chug beer. Too much of it.

And I think.

I think about Bella.

~Twitch.

"Buddy, we have a problem," I mumbled to Dick.

I think about Jane.

~Problem solved.

Lastly, I think about myself.

I've changed. My family's right. I'm cynical and dull. I didn't used to be.

More beer. I burped.

Okay. Bella. She's... I sighed. She's cute. Beautiful, sexy as hell, funny.

Nice. Gorgeous. Good taste in music. Amazing with children. Goal oriented. Happy. She bakes heavenly goodies. She's a chirpy shortie. Like really fucking tiny.

~She must be so... snug.

I drink more beer.

She smells amazing. Everyone loves her. Including me. I love her, too.

It was obvious. Everything was clear.

I'm in love with Bella.

But I'm engaged.

Jane. Jane. Jane. Jane.

~Buzzkill. Buzzkill. Buzzkill. Buzzkill.

Another thing that's now so fucking clear to me. There's nothing wrong with me or Dick. It's her. Jane. I can't get it up for her. I can get it up for Bella without a goddamn problem. But Jane? Not even a little, and it's been like that for a long time now. Ever since... shit... ever since Jane proposed.

"Why the fuck did I say yes?" I mumbled to myself.

More beer.

Do I love Jane?

I texted Liam, knowing it wasn't in the middle of the fucking night in London.

I have a problem – Edward.

Thankfully, he replied instantly.

I know. Wait, more than one? – Liam.

Fuck you.

Bella's not going anywhere – Edward.

What? Dude, did you kidnap her or something? – Liam.

No, dammit! I mean, she's still in my fucking head. I have feelings for her! – Edward.

Oh. That's a problem, yes – Liam.

What do I do? – Edward.

Are you into Jane? – Liam.

I sighed.

“No.”

No – Edward.

Leave Jane then! It's quite fucking simple! – Liam.

No, it's not! Bella don't feel the same, and I could end up with worse than Jane – Edward.

Wow, you're dumber than I thought. You're gonna marry a woman you don't love? – Liam.

I shrugged. And drank beer.

Oh, maybe I should respond in a text. Right.

I want to settle down. It could work. As long as Jane doesn't demand sex, it could work – Edward.

Right?

I can make that work, yes?

Maybe I'm drunk.

Why shouldn't she demand sex? I'm confused, man – Liam.

I... uh... did I just *giggle*?

Manly.

I can't get it up – Edward.

Also manly.

"And my phone's so damn tiny. Little, little buttons. So little."

Still confused. I assume you're talking about your dick. Haven't you been jerking off almost two months now? – Liam.

I grinned and nodded.

Good times.

Yeah. To Bella. Not to Jane – Edward.

Wait. Let me get this straight. You can jerk off to Jailbait, but you can't get it up for Jane? – Liam.

I snorted. Bella's not jailbait. She's twenty-one for fuck's sake.

Then it hit me. I hadn't told Liam about... *that*. That I couldn't get it up for Jane. I had only told him that I found Twitch hot and sexy as hell.

G'damn.

I sighed, realizing that I might as well come clean.

True. Only Bella works – Edward.

This is Edward Cullen, right? The dude I went to school with? TO STUDY MEDICINE! – Liam.

Huh? What kind of question's that? Fucker.

Yes, this is him. Me. I. My name is Edward Cullen – Edward.

Just checking. 'Cause doctors are supposed to be smart – Liam.

Then fucking enlighten me, asshole! – Edward.

More beer. Needed to calm down.

Your body's denying Jane, you complete fuckwit! Isn't it fucking obvious that something's wrong then?! You obviously don't want her even a little. – Liam.

Oh. Well, yeah. I nodded.

Yeah, I figured that out tonight – Edward.

Congratulations. That was sarcasm, btw. If you had just told me from the start that you couldn't perform with Jane, I would've told ya from the start – Liam.

I decided then that I didn't wanna talk to Liam no more.

Goodnight, Liam – Edward.

Then I shut my phone off and headed to bed.

She was there. On her side of the bed.

Ugh.

As quietly as possible, I grabbed my pillow and a blanket, and then I-

Got caught.

"When did you get home?" she asked sleepily. "And... where are you going?"

Think fast, think fast, think fast.

"I got the runs!" I blurted out.

~You headed straight for the shit, eh?

I shrugged a little to myself.

"You got the what?" Jane asked, sitting up straighter.

"Got the runs," I said again. "As in dia-rrhe-a."

Might as well en-un-ci-ate the thing.

Jane grimaced a little, and I was awfully tired, so I said my goodnights.

"Yeah, so I uh... I gotta go take a shit," I said, pointing a thumb over my shoulder. Cause it's the direction of the guestroom. "I figured I'd sleep in the guestroom, so you didn't have to hear me."

"Yes, okay." She nodded, quite furiously. "Sounds good, darling."

No "Is there anything I can do for you?" or something like that. No, just "Sounds good."

"Goodnight," I sighed.

Would Bella take care of her fiancé if he had the runs?

Something tells me she would.

I have some shit to figure out now.

I mean... not shit, as in... feces. I'm talking about the clusterfuck that is my life. *That's* what I have to figure out.

Nippleward

"You had me at hello."

– Jerry Maguire.

Nipples I see.

~Now you're Yoda? Fuck, man.

I see them. I see them nipples.

~I know. You had me at nipples.

Family brunch. I'm a little hung over from last night. I'm also a bit shook up from last night's confession. You know the one. The one about me being in love with Twitch. Then there's the conversation I just had an hour ago with her. The one about music and New Orleans. Yeah, that one. The chick is my perfect. So, you see that there's a lot I could worry about, but... I only have one thought running around in my head.

I can see her nipples, I can see her nipples, I can see her nipples!

I can definitely see her nipples.

Bella's not wearing a bra. I swear.

She's not wearing a bra under that hoodie.

She looks fucking amazing, by the way. Wearing nothing but a hoodie and pajama bottoms – at family brunch – she still looks like a goddamn... goddamn goddess. That's right.

And I have nipple-action.

Bella's turning me into some virginal teenager.

Nipples.

I'm trying not to stare but it's hard. Like they are. Hard, that is. Her nipples. They're hard.

Anyway, the brunch is over, and Jane had to leave early cause of some emergency at work. Don't fucking ask me what kind of emergency a medical researcher can have. I mean, she sits in a lab all day. But whatever. She's gone now and Jazz and Alice are driving me home.

Not yet, though.

First there's coffee, cause that comes after brunch. In the living room, and that's where we are now. Me on the loveseat and Twitch across the room, on the couch with Rose and mom, but all I see are Bella's nipples.

~Noted. I'm up and aware. You feelin' me, man?

I feel ya.

"You okay, Edward?" I heard Hyper ask quietly, sitting down next to me.

"You seem a little off."

Off?

I huffed and stopped staring at nnnnnipples.

"I'm perfectly fine, sis," I told her, even ruffling her hair a little.

"Douche!" she growled, snapping my hands away.

Kinda funny.

"Anyway," she gritted out, glaring at me. "I was wondering if you could pick something up for me in Port A tomorrow. I completely forgot that I have appointments at the salon, and I really need to get that picked up--"

I cut my sister off. "What do you want me to pick up, sis?" I chuckled.

"Oh, thank you!" She beamed, throwing her arms around me.

Huh, it felt kinda good.

So, I sorta hugged her back.

"There's an order under my name at La Lingerie. You know the store? It's right next to the movie theater--"

I cut her off again; this time there was no chuckling. "You want me to pick up your order of lingerie?" I hissed. "Fat chance, Hyper. I'm your brother for fuck's sake."

"You don't have to look into the bag, do ya?" she argued, rolling her eyes at me.

"No, I don't, because I'm not picking it up."

Her eyes softened, became all big and pleading.

Her lip quivered and she bit down on it.

Her eyes watered.

Her shoulders slumped and she nodded in defeat while looking down.

Fuck. Fuck.

It's even worse with the goddamn pregnancy hormones, 'cause her Ali-pout is fucking lethal, especially to her brothers.

I'm one of them brothers, and I've never been able to survive it. The pout, that is.

"Fucking hell, Ali," I might have whined.

And that's how Alice beat me.

*O*O*O*

Emmett and I had just said goodbye to Mom and Dad, and we were now standing by the Jeep, waiting for the others to say their goodbyes, but right now I was too busy laughing at my brother. I swear he looked fucking giddy. So damn excited.

"The fuck, man," I laughed, punching Em in the arm. "That's just bullshit."

"No, dude, I'm serious," he whisper-yelled as he rubbed his arm. "They really opened a tittie-bar in Sequim. We should go, bro. Jazz, too."

Tittie-bar?

I laughed. I really fucking *laughed*, and it felt *so good*.

"What happened to strip club, Emmett?" I asked, wiping under my damn eyes. "You had to go call it a tittie-"

I couldn't even get it out before I started laughing again, but in my defense it was my brother and his expression. He looked like a kid on Christmas.

"Nice to see you so carefree, son," I heard Dad say, and I looked up to see him there, smiling at us.

It sobered me a little, but I'd already come to terms with it. I used to be a mess. Boring and muted. I just didn't see it happening, but it's very clear now that I lost myself somewhere along the way. Well, I was done with that now.

"Dad, you should come, too," Em suggested, and I grinned, suddenly very onboard with Em's idea. It would be fucking hilarious to see Dad in a strip club.

"Come where?" he asked curiously.

I spoke up, silencing Em. "There's a new bar in Sequim. We're all going. You should come, too. Just us men."

Emmett understood and played along. "Yeah, we need a guys' night, right?"

"Sounds good." Dad nodded. "Sign me up."

Excellent.

Apparently Rose, Ali, and Jazz... and Bella of course, were done talking to Mom then, and they all walked over to us.

"Oooh, by the way, Bella," I heard Alice say. "You wanted to go to Port Angeles soon, yes?"

"Yeah, that's right." Twitch nodded.

"Well, Edward's going there tomorrow. He'll be happy to take you."

Huummenumph?

Cluelessward

"I love the smell of napalm in the morning."

– Apocalypse Now.

I'm gripping the steering wheel. Hard. A driving instructor would be proud.

Them knuckles of mine are mighty white.

Twitch is sitting next to me.

In the Volvo.

I'm speeding towards Port Angeles.

We just got off work and Rose sent me some weird smile as I led Bella to my car. You know, to get to Port A. You gotta drive there. Can't walk. I mean, you *can*, but it would take a while. A long while, so I'm driving instead. Cause it's faster. Not to mention much more comfortable, you know.

Ya know?

"Do you mind if I put on some music?" Twitch asked. "Rose gave me some CD she wanted me to listen to."

"Of course," I said, and at the same time, our hands went for the CD player, and our fingers touched as we both reached for the on-button.

She was ice cold.

Cue ominous theme-music.

So cold.

.

.

I immediately felt like an idiot for having the window down, but in my defense, it was all her fault. She had made those delicious blueberry mini-pies with vanilla cream, and I could still smell it on her.

It made my mouth water, hence rolling down the windows.

"You could've told me you were freezing, Bella," I told her, pushing the button to get the fucking window up. "I don't want you to get sick."

"Sorry, doc," she chirped, unaffected by my doctor-voice. "But I love the smell of air in Forktown."

Then she had her head in her bag, as she looked for the CD, I assumed.

Once she had found the disc, she put it on, and I noticed how her eyes danced in excitement. But this was Bella. Something so little as an unknown CD could have her bouncing in anticipation.

"I doubt it's what you and I listen to," she said. "But here's to hoping."

She just made me smile. Like... always.

The first song came on, and fuck no, it wasn't my kind of music. Nor was it Bella's type.

Our type.

"Hiphop," Twitch grumbled. "Why would Rose give me a CD with fudging hiphop?"

And then the lyrics came...

...I know you want me.

I made it obvious that I want you, too

So, put it on me

Let's remove this space between me and you...

Oh, God.

This is not happening.

No. No.

...You know my motivation, given my reputation

Please excuse me, I don't mean to be rude

But tonight I'm fucking you...

I gulped. Tightened my hold on the wheel.

God is punishing me.

Dick is moving to the beat.

...Oh... You know

That tonight I'm fucking you

Oh... You know

That tonight I'm fucking you...

"Okay, next," I choked out, pressing the next-button.

Dick grumbled.

The next song came on.

Shit.

~I'M UP!

...I say he's so sweet I wanna lick the wrapper

She-she-she licked me like a lollipop

She-she licked me like a lollipop...

"NEXT!" we both yelled.

Christ!

...C'mere rude, boy, boy, can you get it up

C'mere rude boy, boy, is you big enough...

No.

"That's just grammatically incorrect," I might have whimpered, and yet again I changed the song.

Dick was furious with me, apparently in love with hip-hop all of a sudden.

~Yeah, Otis doesn't really do it for me.

I fought a growl.

The next song came on and it was... weird.

Oh, but then the chorus... fuck.

...You whisper in my ear that you want some more

And I jizz in my pants

I jizz, I jizz, I jizz in my pants...

"Next," I wheezed out.

What the fuck *is* this?!

Bella changed the song, and I finally breathed out in relief. It was a rock song, and though I hadn't heard it before, it seemed innocent enough-

No, wait.

Dick fist-pumped the air.

I wanted to cry.

...I don't know who you think you are

But before this night is through

I wanna do bad things with you

I wanna do real bad things with you...

"Do you have radio?" Twitch whimpered. "I can't... I can't listen to this anymore."

Yes, she fucking *whimpered*.

My cock was rock hard, and let me tell ya... that's fucking impossible to hide in SCRUBS!

"Yes, just change it," I coughed.

I couldn't change it 'cause I needed to keep my hand on a rather hard part of my anatomy... and then the other hand on the wheel of course, so Twitch changed it.

To a country station.

~That one worked.

I breathed out in relief.

Bella then started rambling about how much she hated hiphop and how it apparently sent every part of her body into some mode she referred to as 'I'm-gonna-kill-Rose-before-I-buy-a-new-rabbit.'

Yeah, apparently there were quite a few things Rose had done to her that fell under that category, and I didn't understand much of it. Or any of it, so I changed the subject. Or maybe I didn't change it, but I was curious.

"You like animals?" I asked.

She stared at me like I had grown an extra head. "Speaking of what?"

"You mentioned a rabbit," I clarified. "So, I was just wondering if you liked animals."

She turned in her seat, sorta so she had her back against the door, you know, to face me better, and her smile was small but teasing. It was cute and her eyes twinkled.

Yeah, my man-card is missing.

Should I put up flyers?

"I do love some animals, yes." She grinned. "My favorite is definitely rabbits. I loooooove them. It's like air to my uh... kitty cat."

Um, okay?

"You have a cat?" I asked confused, scratching an eyebrow. I tried to remember if I had seen one in her apartment, but I hadn't. I think. No.

A cat that loves rabbits? Don't cats chase bunnies?

I don't know much about animals, but... huh.

I drove passed the 'Welcome to Port Angeles' sign then, and Bella changed the topic back to music. Our type of music, which distracted me thoroughly, cause I loved talking music with Bella.

Bakeward

"You need a healthy dose of fear. Nothing could be more beneficial for you."

- Twilight.

"Blueberries."

"Strawberries."

"Chocolate."

"Vanilla."

"Pineapple."

"Yeah, I know what you think of pineapple, Dr. Cullen," she laughed, giving me a pointed look. I remember of course. I mean, how could I forget? That cake we stole was fucking divine.

DIVINE!

Bella and I were on First Street, on our way to the movie theater... or the store *next* to the movie theater, and Twitch had stopped by a bookstore.

That's where we are now.

Outside. Looking in the shop window.

She's looking at a few cookbooks and she asked me what I liked, so I'm telling her.

"Okay, so you've mentioned blueberries, strawberries, chocolate, vanilla, and pineapple," she said, looking up at me. "Keep talking, Eddie. I need more inspiration, you know."

"Sure thing." I glared playfully. "If you stop calling me Eddie. It's only for the kids at the clinic."

"Eddieward?" She tried to bargain.

"No," I chuckled, shaking my head at her.

"Docward." She nodded firmly. "Docward. Yes, for now."

So fucking cute. In her pink scrubs.

Docward... "Not Sexward?" I teased.

I would've thought to see her embarrassed but boy was I wrong.

"Oh, can I?" she asked excitedly, holding my bicep. Well, shaking it was more like it. "Please, can I call you that? Purdy, purdy, please?"

I love you...

"You're so fucking..." I trailed off, knowing I would've said something incredibly stupid. Instead I chuckled, and allowed her to call me Sexward, but only when others weren't around. In other words; not at work... where there are patients and parents.

"So, are you gonna buy some cookbook or not?" I asked, nodding at the window.

"Yeah," she replied, tugging on my arm. "Come on, let's find me something good to bake."

Yes, ma'am!

"It should be bakebook, though, shouldn't it?" she asked curiously as I held the door open for her. "I mean, it's baking. Not cooking."

"Good question," I snickered, following her into the store. "I don't have a good answer, though."

But it should be, right? Bakebook sounds good.

The store wasn't big, so we quickly located the section for cookbooks, and then Twitch told me to keep reciting delicious ingredients.

I obeyed 'cause you do that when it comes to the woman who bakes for you everyday.

"White chocolate."

"Apples."

"Lemon."

"Raspberries."

"Oooh, cherries."

"Pineapple."

She giggled and smacked my chest. "You said that already."

"It's worth mentioning twice," I replied seriously.

"How about this?" she asked, holding a big, fat book up.

'A Hundred Pies.'

That's the title of the book.

I wanted to moan.

A... hundred... of them... hundred.

"Yeah, we're getting you that one," I told her *very* seriously, taking the book from her. "Keep searching. I'm sure there's more."

"Oh, Sexward," she again giggled. "You have a sweet tooth, don't ya?"

I shrugged.

Of course I do. When it comes to Twitch, the answer is always 'yes.'

"Good thing I love to bake," she chirped, picking out another book. "And you *need* a healthy dose of sugar. Nothing could be more beneficial for you."

I smiled curiously. "What do you mean?" And then I thought about it and chuckled incredulously. "You calling me skinny?"

"Not at all," she told me with her nose in the book. "But that's not the kind of sugar I was talking about."

She left it at that and I didn't understand a thing.

Twenty minutes later, we had four bakebooks for her, and I headed for the register.

"Wait, what are you doing, *Ward*?" she asked, eyeing me as I fished out my wallet.

Now I'm just Ward?

Humph. I gotta get back to Sexward.

"I'm paying," I said, trying not to roll my eyes. "You're baking for us at work, yes?"

"Yeah?"

"Then the least thing I can do is to contribute."

She bit her lip and scrunched her nose, like she was thinking about it, but all I could think was 'please, don't bite your lip.'

I wanted to kiss her.

I sighed.

And paid for the books.

"Wow, you're all kinds of amazing... Amazingward," she murmured as we left the store. "Mucho gracias."

Amazingward works for me.

I winked at her. "De nada."

Mi corazon.

"Oooh, Spanishward?" she laughed. "Alright, where to? Alice mentioned you had to pick something up?"

Ah.

Yes.

I swallowed hard.

"Uh, yeah," I said, rubbing my neck. "She uh... she has something over there at uh... I don't remember what the store was called."

Fuck me.

I'm gonna enter a lingerie store with Bella.

Lingerieward

"Yippie-ki-yay, motherfucker."

- Die Hard.

"Yeah, so uh... here we are," I mumbled, clearing my throat a little.

We're standing right outside La Lingerie.

The three of us.

I'm sure you can understand that Dick is very present.

"Alright." Twitch shrugged, seemingly unaffected by the fact that we were entering a lingerie store together. "Let's head in."

~Head? Head in? Head in where? Inside? Inside her? Yeah, okay.

Fuck my life.

So I uh... I followed Bella inside. Inside the lingerie store. I wanted to whimper.

Lace.

Ruffles.

See through shit.

Barely there shit.

Satin.

Thongs.

Corsets.

Cute cotton.

Stockings.

Pantyhose.

Bras.

Boy shorts.

All those colors.

My cock is leaking. I swear.

“Stop crying, Dick,” I whispered under my breath, heading towards the register. And no, I’m not thinking about Twitch who just disappeared to ‘check out some stuff.’

I'm not thinking about that... at... all...

I'm thinking about that.

"I'm here uh... for Alice Whitlock's order," I told the saleslady.

"Of course! Just a minute, sir," the woman said before she took off.

I made the mistake of looking over my shoulder.

"Oh, my God." Yes, I whimpered.

Manly.

There. Right over there, by a mirror... she stood. Holding up some frilly shit that wasn't very... visible.

Dark blue. Satin. Lacey rims in black. It was a fucking corset with a matching thong.

~Boss, I need some attention here.

Christ, I could picture her wearing it. I really, truly, fucking could. Man, oh man. Her tits would be so up there. You know, pushed together, begging for my cock. I would... uhm... I uh... shit, my mouth is dry... but uh... I would rip it off. The corset, I would rip it off. Then I would fuck her tits.

~Good shit, man. Now I'm weeping again. Keep going.

I would nuzzle her pussy. Her thong would have a damp spot for me to lick.

~Boss, we need some self-lovin'. Now.

"Good God," I mumbled under my breath. I should be a fucking porn-writer. That's what they're called, right? Porn-writers?

Yeah.

"Shit," I hissed quietly, watching as Twitch headed for the... for the... for the... oh, my God, she's gonna try it on!

~How fucking rude that she didn't ask for a second opinion.

"Yeah," I mumbled. "Where are her manners?"

I sighed.

Covered my crotch.

Ah, well. Great material for the spank bank.

*O*O*O*

"Wait, why are you parking?" Bella asked confusingly.

Yeah, I had parked outside the clinic. Not just stopped. No, I had parked and killed the engine, even pocketing my fucking key.

"I uh, I forgot some medical files in my office earlier," I told her, lying through my teeth.

She bought it, by the way. The corset and the thong. She fucking bought it.

"Oh, okay," she replied, smiling. "Well, thank you for the trip, Sexward." She winked, opening the door. "And thank you for the bakebooks. I'll see ya at work tomorrow."

"Yeah, see ya tomorrow," I muttered, not at all staring at her ass as she left my car. Okay, I was.

Shit.

As soon as she had crossed the street, I left the car, rushed inside the clinic, heading straight for my office, or more correctly; the bathroom.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," I breathed, locking the door behind me before I pushed down my pants. "Oh, God!" I groaned loudly as my cock sprang free. Shit, I had pretty much squished the poor fella down on the ride back to Forks. This was nothing but freeing.

~Yippie-ki-yay, self-fucker!

This was gonna be hard and fast.

"Where do you want me, big boy?" she purred, sitting on the desk, wearing that sinful outfit she just bought. "I'll do anything for you, Dr. Cullen."

I sat down on the couch. "I want you sitting on my cock, baby," I murmured huskily as I stroked myself. "I want your breasts in my face as you ride me hard."

Without hesitation, she jumped off the desk and walked over to me, straddling me immediately.

I ripped off her thong. Offending fucking material.

"Hey, I liked that one," she moaned quietly, holding onto my shoulders.

"I'll buy you more," I replied gruffly, and then she sunk down on my cock. "Fuck, baby!"

Taking hold of her neck, I brought her closer. Noses touching. Breaths exchanging.

Buried to the fucking hilt.

"Can I please kiss you?" she whimpered.

I nodded.

Then her mouth was on mine, and I shoved my tongue into her mouth as she rolled her hips.

"Goddamnit, Bella," I grunted, kissing her deeper.

"More," she moaned, biting on my lip.

She tasted so fucking good.

I kissed her with all I had.

She rode me hard.

I ripped her corset open.

I squeezed her luscious breasts, rolled her nipples in between my fingers.

"Fuck, I love your big cock," she gasped.

I could already feel the coil.

"And I love your tight pussy, sweetheart," I moaned, kissing her neck. "So fucking perfect for me."

"Oh, baby... yes... oh, Edward!"

I pushed her down hard on my cock, making us both gasp.

Close already. Fuck, already so close.

My thumb found her clit, and I rubbed it persistently as I sucked her left nipple into my mouth. I loved her sounds. Needed them. Closer. More. Harder.

Yes.

Tighter.

"Come with me, love," I moaned loudly, letting my head fall back. "Fuck... please come on my cock..."

She tensed, gasped, moaned my name.

She came. Convulsed around me.

"FUCK!" I shouted, coming all over my hand... not to mention the whole fucking toilet.

Again!

~Yooooouuuu're welcome!

Dick kicked back and sparked up a proverbial smoke.

I cleaned the fucking toilet.

Again...

*O*O*O*

Wait, so you're moving back to Chicago? – Edward.

Yep. Got an offer I couldn't refuse – Liam.

That's cool. Where? – Edward.

Children's Memorial – Liam.

No kidding. I have an offer there, too – Edward.

Really?! You thinking about it? – Liam.

Nah. Don't like Chicago. It's a standing offer, though – Edward.

Aint nothing wrong with my hometown, man – Liam.

Whatever. So, when are you moving back? – Edward.

Next month. Anyway, what's new with you? Got your shit figured out yet? – Liam.

Still thinking about it – Edward.

You're so fucking stupid. Just the idea of marrying a woman you can't even kiss anymore... – Liam.

I don't wanna be alone. Go ahead laugh at me – Edward.

I'm laughing – Liam.

Douche – Edward.

I'm not laughing at the alone-part, you fucknut. I'm laughing cause your chances of finding a better woman are slim to none if you marry Jane – Liam.

.

.

.

I really didn't think you'd be so smart – Edward.

I know, it's shocking, right? – Liam.

A little, yes – Edward.

.

.

Dump Jane, Edward. Seriously – Liam.

I'm gonna give my thing one last try – Edward.

Now I'm really laughing. Tell me, what's your THING? – Liam.

To see if being friends with Bella is enough – Edward.

Be my guest. I bet you'll only fall harder for the chick – Liam.

.

.

.

If I do, you might get to work with me soon – Edward.

What do you mean? – Liam.

I don't know, but if I fall harder, I won't be able to stay – Edward.

You sure she doesn't feel the same? – Liam.

She's 21, just out of college. I'm over 30. I want marriage and children. Preferably yesterday – Edward.

You never know – Liam.

I do. I'm doctor. We're a smart group of people – Edward.

Coughward

"Glue... very powerful stuff"

– Blues Brothers.

"So, Edward... where's Jane tonight?" Dad asked.

I choked and coughed up my mouthful of fries.

Whatta waste.

Ugh. He had to bring her up?

Here we all were – us four men – sharing a fuckawesome meal at a steakhouse in Sequim, and he brings that woman up?

Not cool, Dad. So not cool.

~Yeah, daddy-o, so not cool.

"She's in Seattle," I said flatly before taking a huge chunk of my burger.

"On a Friday?" Dad continued. "She's in Seattle quite often nowadays, no?"

I shrugged. I hadn't really noticed.

But then when I thought about it... "She mentioned something about extending her stay to five days a week," I said, retelling the memory.

"Something about a project that needed more attention."

Delicious motherfucking burger, I swear. Magic. Almost as good as Bella's imaginary cum on my tongue.

"And how's the wedding planning coming along, son?"

I choked *again*, this time on my magic burger.

Coughed.

And coughed.

...and coughed.

"That good, eh?" Emmett guffawed.

Aaaand coughed.

Coughed some more.

Shit.

"Splendid, man." Jazz smirked. "Cold feet...yet?"

I coughed.

"Fuck you," I coughed, punching myself in the chest.

Cause shit was all clogged.

"Well, you know what they say, son," Dad winked, nodding at my grub.

"Fastfood can kill."

Ah, he did *not* just say that, did he?

"Could you be more of a doctor, Pop?" I rasped.

"No, I don't think I can get smarter." He shrugged.

Funny, funny man. Let's see how funny you are when we arrive at the fucking strip club.

"And now we're off topic, bro," Emmett pointed out. "How's the wedding coming along?"

I coughed.

But this time it was fake. Cause I needed time to come up with an answer.

Imagine my surprise when I came up with shit.

~You already used diarrhea on Jane...

Not the kinda shit I was talking about!

I sighed.

"We haven't really started," I told them... lying.

Truth be told, we haven't *talked* about, but uh... Jane's been sending me wedding ideas from Seattle. You know, via email.

Via. Weird word.

Shit, say *that*.

Weird word.

Say it. Out loud.

Sounds weird. Weird word, weird word, weird word.

Anyway, via is a weird word.

Via weird word.

Isn't that like... 'street' in Italian?

So, she sent me wedding ideas street email.

Or is it road? Street? Road?

~It's all about road head...

I think I'm rambling bullshit in my head.

I'm done.

"Anyway," I burped. Nice. Fry-taste. "Shouldn't we head to the bar?"

That worked with Emmett.

*O*O*O*

"Sons," Dad said. His tone was serious.

Emmett, Jazz, and I were trying to contain our laughs.

The three of us were dressed similar – jeans, t-shirts, hoodies, and beanies, but uh... well, Dad was in a suit.

A couple of weeks ago, I would've been in the same outfit. Well, not the same. Obviously. But a similar one.

No more.

I'm a jeans and beanie-man. Um... yeah, and shirt. I wear shirts, too.

Anyway... we're standing outside the strip club.

The club some dumb ass fucker named 'Dangling.'

That's just wrong.

"Don't worry, Dad!" Emmett laughed, punching dad on the back. "I'm sure they have cigars and fancy brandy here, too!"

Dad sighed.

We pushed him towards the entrance.

"Your mother will kill me," he grumbled.

You heard that?

He didn't say 'I don't wanna be here.' No, he said 'your mother will kill me.'

"She won't find out," Jazz vowed, yes, lying.

Mom will most definitely find out 'cause there's no escaping stripper dust.

Fifteen minutes and barely any struggling from Dad later, we were seated around a table close to the stage.

After removing our hoodies—well, Dad removed his Armani suit jacket... anyway, we ordered beer and shots. No, not Dad. He got the damn brandy.

The place wasn't big. One stage, one bar, ten-fifteen tables or so, dark, neon signs, and bad music. S'gonna be a good night.

"Oh, dear lord," Dad muttered as a new waitress came over.

You know, to give us the beer. And the shots.

"Where are her clothes?" he continued, and Em and I eyed each other. Surely Dad had been at a strip joint before, right? "Excuse me, miss."

Fuck!

"Carlisle, shut up," Jazz hissed quietly, and yes, Dad, please listen to your son-in-law.

But he didn't.

"How old are you?" he asked the waitress. "And... aren't you cold in your undies?"

Cue facepalm.

Smack. That was me.

Smack. That was Em.

Smack. That was Jazz.

"It depends, sir," the waitress fucking purred.

This could be fun.

"Do you want to be my daddy?" she asked seductively. "I'm sure you can warm me up, no?"

Good God.

Jazz spewed his beer out.

Em and I was stifling our laughs.

Problem is, Dad didn't understand the difference between daddy and daddy. To him 'daddy' is father. Nothing else. To him there's no such thing as 'oh, daddy, fuck me harder.'

~Boss, though I enjoyed your daddy-line, they're all blondes here. No good.

I sighed.

I *had* noticed that. A part of me had hoped for some Bella-impersonator, but... no such luck, I guess.

Dad's answer brought me back. "No, I already have a daughter. I have a photo in my wallet. Would you like to see?"

I fucking knew it. He wouldn't get the difference.

"CARLISLE!" the three of us yelled.

No, I'm not using 'Dad' here. Neither is Em.

"That's my wife you're talking about, man," Jazz growled.

"Our sister," Em said, motioning at himself and me.

"This is not fucking family reunion," I told Dad. "So put the damn pictures away. The waitress aint interested."

Damn, he's not all there in his head. And he's a doctor!

The waitress left with a look that said 'I'm sooo not dealing with this table again.'

Yeah, I understand, Candy. I really do.

What? I'm sure that's her name.

Or Roxie or Trixie.

Or Cherry.

Or uh... yeah, Destiny.

Or Cookie.

Mmm, Bella's cookies.

Twitch.

I sighed.

She made Tosca cookies today. They were delicious.

Good thing I work out, 'cause I'd be fat in a second if it weren't for that.

"Ooooh, it's starting!" Emmett...uh, well, he fucking squealed.

But boy did it start.

Dick was in slumber but I have to admit it was hilarious to be out with the boys. Felt good to be back in the game. Or... be myself again. I felt younger. Just too bad the strippers were all blondes or redheads. Seriously, were they holding the brunettes hostage or something?

Anyway, the alcohol flowed and man oh man, Dad can hold his liquor. The man chugged.

"Fake," Jazz and I deadpanned in unison as Candy nr 5 came out on stage, but dude, those knockers would keep her afloat.

I was sipping my beer when I glanced over at dad.

My eyes widened.

I coughed up beer. Think some came out of my nose, too.

Dad... he... oh, *God*. He had his hands in the air. Like he was about to grope something. You know what I mean? Like the stripper's tits were right in front of him and he was reaching out to touch them, only... the stripper wasn't there. Not even close.

I coughed more.

And more.

"Carlisle!" Emmett hissed. "Put your fucking hands down. What are you *doing?*"

That's when he turned to face us. Dad, that is.

Shit.

Cross eyed. Lazy grin.

Dad's drunk. Fucking wasted.

Booze... some powerful stuff.

I guess he can't hold his liquor after all.

This is gonna be a long night, right?

Super...

Kittyward

"I'm not bad. I'm just drawn that way."

– Who framed Roger Rabbit?

"Dad, you're fucking plastered," I muttered.

I don't think he heard me. He was looking at me but he was also still groping the air.

"WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU, SON! THE MUSIC IS SO LOUD!"

Eardrums? Buh-bye.

"For fuck's sake, Dad!" Emmett bellowed. "Get a goddamn grip, will ya?"

"He's trying," I laughed.

Jazz smirked. "Yeah, well, right now he's violating the air."

I nodded with a grin to that and clunked my bottle of beer with his.

"Good thing he's going for the rack," I chuckled. "I don't know what I would do if he tried to cup air-pussy."

"E-aw, e-aw, e-aw," Emmett piped in with, tweaking imaginary air-nipples.

Wait.

Are there air-nipples that *aren't* imaginary?

Yeah, maybe we're all a little wasted.

`Cause that shit was funny.

So, I'm sorta laughing.

We all are, and things are more fun if you ignore your drunken father.

Which we totally are, though I can still see him in my peripheral, *still* groping air.

"Maybe we should get Carlisle a lap dance," Jasper joked.

It was a joke, right?

"You're kidding, right?" I laughed, feeling my abs tense from all the damn laughing. That's new. But a good feeling. "Dad would probably go all clinical on the poor chick and start pointing out different body parts that aren't covered."

"Oh, you mean like, 'your navel area is awfully exposed there, young lady,'" Emmett suggested, mimicking our father's voice. "Or 'that glitter cannot be good for your skin, missy.'"

My eyes widened and I couldn't fucking help it, but I laughed so damn hard.

"Emmett! Dad's a surgeon, not a fucking dermatologist!"

Emmett just shrugged and started doing shots.

Jazz and I followed.

"Ya know," Jazz slurred. "I really don't like clinical terms. They are... booring! Genitals for instance."

"What, like vaginas and penises?" I snickered. "You'd rather call it pussy and cock? Good thing I'm the OB at work then, man."

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean... I uh... yeah, I resent that," he said, getting drunkenly defensive on me. You know, eyes crossing, arms flailing, and a questionable glare.

"Nothing," I chuckled, holding my hands up in surrender. "I'm just saying that when I exam women, I don't exactly say 'nice pussy you have there, woman. Looks fucking spectacular.'"

Jazz shrugged and poured new shots for us. "I bet the chick would appreciate it."

"Wait," Em said. "So you say 'nice vagina you have there, woman,' then?"

Touché.

"No, I don't, Em." I grinned.

"Stop saying that word!" Jasper exclaimed. "Me don't approve!"

Yep, he's wasted.

"What are we supposed to call it then, Jazz?" Emmett smirked.

Wastedlock held his hand up and started counting down on his fingers.

"Pussy, hooha, core is a bit boring but still okay, kitty, and cunt is a bit vulgar but it works, really, the list goes on..."

"Whoa, whoa," Emmett boomed out. "Hooha? Either you're five, or you're hanging out with Jake too much. Pussy's fine. Leave the hoohas and the vajayjays for Jake."

I just chuckled, thoroughly enjoying the moment.

"Alice says kitty." Jazz shrugged.

Emmett and I shot him glares.

"Ooooh, right, she's your sister. Sorry." He nodded. "Forgot about that. And sometimes she says kittycat."

Weird name for pussy. And I so didn't wanna hear about my sister.

"For fuck's sake!" Emmett growled.

I didn't growl. I was pondering.

Scratching my chin.

Staring off into space.

"Bella has a kittycat," I thought out loud.

Then I sorta stared confusingly at Jazz and Em, both doing some weird double take at me.

"What?" I asked. "She does. She told me."

Em nodded slowly. "I'm pretty aware she has a... *kittycat*... bro."

"Oh?" I inquired, curious now. "You've seen it? I tried to remember if I've seen it. You know, from when I helped her in her apartment after their girl's night, but I can't remember seeing it."

They just stared at me.

I was confused.

"Wh...huh?" Jazz uttered, watching me like I was a math problem even that dude in *Good Will Hunting* couldn't solve. "I don't understand... Why would she show it to you?"

"Well, she was fucking hammered, so I didn't exactly expect a proper introduction," I chuckled. "But I don't know. I guess I figured it would peek out while I was there or something."

"P-... p-peek out?" Emmett spluttered.

Two sets of wide eyes were on me. Oh, and the table now carried two dropped jaws.

The fuck?

Why are they so... odd.

"Yeah," I replied slowly. "Why, have you seen it? Is it afraid of people or something?"

I've stated before that I don't know much about animals, but I suppose I can imagine cats shying away from strangers.

I dunno...

"Uh... I... err... but... no, I..." Yeah, that was Jasper.

I swear he looks like a question mark, and don't get me started on my brother. He's pale. Ghostly pale. Wide eyed and slack jawed.

Then I sorta thought more about Jasper's question. The one about why Bella would show me.

I resented that.

"And hey, we're friends," I added, a bit defensively. "Would it be so wrong if she introduced me? I mean, I'm a nice fucker. It's not like I would scare it away or anything."

They said... nothing.

Didn't they believe me?

Ah, shit. They still think I'm the old cynical me, don't they? Yeah, maybe I wouldn't introduce me to an animal either. But I'm not cynical and bitter anymore. I'm a fucking treat to be around.

~And not at all arrogant...

Pfft.

Truth is, I sorta want to impress Bella. Is that so wrong?

Not so much, no.

Emmett and Jazz finally seemed to gather their wits, and they both started chugging beer like it was the end of the world.

And I had an idea. You know, to impress Bella.

"What if I bought it some treats?"

I *really* shouldn't have said anything.

Edward Cullen is now drenched in out-spewed beer. No, that's probably not a word. Spewed-out?

"The fuck!" I snapped, standing up in a flash in reflex.

I was literally soaked in beer. My face. My t-shirt. My beanie.

Shit's gonna get sticky.

"TREATS!" Emmett and Jazz shouted out.

"She's not on tonight!" yelled the bartender.

For the love of...

I rolled my eyes and sat down again, grimacing as the t-shirt stuck to my skin.

"Are you... I mean... have you lost your fucking mind, Edward?" Jasper stuttered, eyeing me in disbelief.

"Yeah, bro." Emmett nodded, frowning. "I mean, what are you talking about? Treats?" Then he started laughing. "What would that be? A *rabbit*?"

"Nailed it!" he boomed out, bumping fists with Jazz.

I cocked an eyebrow and leaned back in my seat and folded my arms over my chest.

Sticky motherfucking shirt.

"She already has a rabbit," I told them. "And apparently they get along really well." I remembered Bella said that her rabbit was like air to her... kittycat. Huh. I wonder what the cat's name is. And the rabbit for that matter.

Shit, why didn't I see the rabbit then? `Cause her apartment was fucking tiny. Could she... hmm... yeah, maybe she keeps it in the kitchen.

"Um. Okay, Edward, seriously. Stop it," Jazz said, and now he was all serious and shit. "I'm not stupid-"

"No, you're just drawn that way," I replied dryly, cutting him off.

"*Anyway*," he gritted out, looking *awfully* a lot like my sister. "I do think you need to start from the beginning because I don't understand shit."

"Yeah, start from the beginning," Emmett agreed.

So I did. I told them everything. From the beginning. Everything about the car ride to Port Angeles where Bella had told me about her pets. I laid it all out there.

They listened, but then... then they just sat there.

Jaws were dropped again.

Eyes were wide.

I chugged beer 'cause I was a bit bored after...say ten fucking minutes of silence?

I glanced over my shoulder and saw my dad, pretty much in the same spot as before. Wasted. Groping air. Eye-fucking the strippers. Snapping his fingers at times and moving to the beat. It wasn't pretty. He looked a little like Chandler from *Friends*.

I sighed and turned back to Jazz and Em. They were still staring.

"Alright, I know I look good but I'm gonna start charging if you fuckers don't snap the fuck out of it," I told them... not so calmly.

That seemed to do the trick, and they turned to each other... and started laughing their asses off.

Lovely.

Emmett fell outta his chair.

Awesome.

Jasper's face was redder than properly spanked tomato.

Yeah. Whatever.

And *then* they started guffaw-talking. It sounded a little something like this.

Jasper. "BWAAHAHA, AND THEN, GAAAAH, RABBIT-AAAAHAHAHAHAHA."

Emmett. "AN-AN-ANIMAAAAL-PUSSYYYYY!"

As if my night wasn't fucked up already...

"Yooohooo! The sexiest designated driver has arrived! Oh, snap!"

Jake, everybody. He smacked his own ass.

It's bound to be an interesting ride home.

Emmett and Jazz are still laughing. Or choking on air. Wiping away guffaw-tears.

Glancing over at Dad-... shit.

So, why is his face full of stripper dust?

Urbanward

"One day Marcel's this little thing. And then, before you know it, he's this little thing I can't get off my leg."

- Friends.

I ignored Jazz and Emmett... yeah, still laughing at me, and told them to look at Dad. They did, and now... now we had to fucking deal with it.

"Dad, what the fuck did you do?" Emmett asked incredulously.

Like a dog shaking off water, Dad shook his head and... "BRRRRRRR... between them, son."

My eyes widened.

"Uh-oh, Papa C!" Jake exclaimed, drama queening all over the place. "Did you nuzzle them titties?! What's Mama C gonna say, huh? Explain yourself, mister!"

Shit.

Dad stood up and... Em and I flew over to hold him up 'cause the old man couldn't fucking stand. So, both of us held him by the elbows, and... well, what the fuck do we do now?

"Your mother's are far better, so-ons," Dad slurred and Em and I grimaced. That's just nasty. "That set wasn't real. I almost hurt my nose because they were soooo hard!"

Consider me and Em gone in our heads. As in, we're closing ourselves in. You know, we're in our happy places. Not listening to Dad compare breasts.

"Yeah, well now you're both shitfaced and glitterfaced, Dad," I muttered as Jazz handed me my hoodie. Time to get home.

As we left the bar, Dad started slurring again.

Em and I exchanged glances and then we were off in our heads again.

"You know, sons," he drawled, yes, fucking *drawled*, as he threw his arms around me and Em. "I was quite the buck in my day and when we made you..."

Tuning out.

Happy place.

Naked Bellas all over. And pineapple cake.

Aaaaaall over. The place. And me. Yes! All over *me*.

La-la-la-la-la, I'm in my happy place. Naked Bellas and cake, naked Bellas and cake. All over me. Mmm.

"Rosies and hamburgers, Rosies and hamburgers," I heard Emmett mutter. "All over the place. All over me."

Huh.

Maybe we're more alike than I thought.

"And THEN when we made Alice..."

Tuning out again.

But not before I heard Jazz's rather loud chant. "Ally and meatloaf, Ally and meatloaf. All over me, all over me..."

HAPPY PLACE.

Bellas and cake, Bellas and cake. Many Bellas and many cakes.

ALL OVER ME!

However, no one's louder than a proud fucking queen.

"OFFICER EMILICIOUS, DR. SEXWARD, DR. PAPI LISLE AND DR JIZZPOW
ALL OVER ME! ALL OVER AND INSIDE *ME!*"

So, we all sorta froze and looked at the singing queen.

We're by the car now by the way.

And our eyes are wide.

"Jizzpow?" Jasper choked out.

"Emilicious?" Emmett coughed.

"What about your Samuel?" Dad slurred.

Then me and my stupid fucking mouth. "Only Bella's allowed to call me Sexward!"

Silence.

In slowmotion, every set of eyes went for me.

~I feel so exposed. Like I'm on display.

.

.

.

"I'm siiiiiinging in the rain!" That was Dad.

And it started pouring down.

Jake started shaking his ass. "NUH-UH, PAPA C! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE; IT'S RAAAINING MEN! HALLEJU-HUHUUUUU-JAAAAAAA!"

The queen could take Aretha fucking Franklin, I swear. I mean, with his diva-voice. 'Cause I know it was the Weather Girls singing that song. I know 'cause Emmett secretly loves that song.

Kudos to you, Jake. You can wail like no other.

But if we leave Dad and Jake for a second and move on over to Emmett and Jasper. Yeah, they're staring at me. I don't like it.

"Can we get Dad into the car?" I sighed, hoping they'd drop whatever they were thinking, 'cause I had a feeling I had said too much with my Sexward-comment.

Actually I think I have talked about Bella waaaay too much in front of the guys and I think I need to take it down a peg or fourteen. Don't want them to find out about my feelings, ya know. Good thing I got me stealth. Yep, good thing I got me stealth.

This is where I nod to myself.

Anyway, it was without a word Emmett and Jazz helped me shove Dad into the car, and then I hauled ass, opting to sit up front with the queen. You know why. You don't? Wow, stupid much? It's to escape the looks from Jazz and my little brother of course.

So yeah, I was in the passenger seat, strapping myself in as Emmett and Jazz got Jake's attention.

`Cause he was still dancing outside of the car.

That manoman will never need alcohol to have a good time.

Get it?

Manoman? Man-woman.

Simple.

One by one, the rest filed in.

Emmett first and he was snickering.

That's when I noticed Jasper and Jake outside... whispering.

Well, actually, I can't be sure of that, cause they might be speaking loud and clear. I wouldn't be able to hear it regardless `cause I'm in the car.

Ya know?

But it looks like they're whispering.

"It's been a good night, bro," Em commented from the backseat... a little too casually if you ask me. But you didn't ask me so don't mind me.

Dad's snoring... just FYI.

"Yeep," I replied, tapping my knee.

That's not ghetto for getting it on with myself. It just means I'm tapping my fingers on my knee as we wait for the two other fucktards.

"Have you ever checked out Urban Dictionary online, man?" I asked conversationally.

'Cause I have. There's some funny shit on that site. Tapping for instance is another word for fucking.

Who knew?

Liam suggested the site for me. He emailed me and said that if there was ever a word I didn't quite understand, I should look it up there. I don't really know why he told me about it, 'cause there's no word I have misunderstood. And if there was, shouldn't I look it up in a real dictionary?

Right?

Right.

But... I was bored one day, so I sorta... surfed. Surfed the site. It was funny.

"Uh, no, I don't need it," Em chuckled as two doors opened. "I'm pretty *in the know* when it comes with lingo."

"Ah." I nodded in understanding. "You mean, you're down with that."

Emmett laughed.

What. Ever.

Jazz and I were geeks growing up. We had plenty of friends and all that but we were a bit on the... Shit, I almost said or *thought*... that we were on the slow side, and that shit's just not right. We're doctors after all. But

yeah, we were a bit after. No, that doesn't sound good either. We're not challenged.

Late bloomers.

Yeah, that's the one.

We were late bloomers and didn't really talk the talk. We didn't walk the walk either.

We weren't down with it.

We had our noses buried in books.

My free time was spent checking out porn. *Not* with Jazz.

On my own. I had plenty of naughty, naughty magazines.

They got sticky after a while.

S'not my fault, though. 'Cause one day Dick's this little thing. And then, before I knew it, he was this big thing that couldn't get off enough.

Over and over and over and over... he needed my attention.

"Hey, sugar," I heard Jake purr then.

~Don't need his attention.

Fuckin' hand on my thigh.

I removed it.

"Hello, Jacob," I responded politely, almost sliding into my old cynical self for a moment. So, I added, "How's life, you fucknut?"

"Oh, snap!" he giggled. Yes, the manoman giggled. "Life's fucking nutty."
He winked.

A man giggling is more like, 'Teeeeehhehehehe.'

Yeah.

"Get us home, Jake," Emmett whined from the backseat. "I need to take a piss!"

"You should've thought of that before," Jake tsked, starting the car.

"Driving your drunken asses from Sequim to Forks aint gonna be an easy breezy five minute ride, officer."

He was right about that.

It was a fucking drag.

And then I made the mistake of thinking out loud.

"I wonder what Bella will bring to work on Monday," I'd said, and that set off a shitload of... shit.

Jake was first. "OH, MY GAAAAAAAWD!" Then he flipped his imaginary hair over his shoulder and said, "You were right, Jazzy."

Jasper and Emmett both mmhmm'd. Like they were embracing their inner gays.

But then... then it got worse.

"We should talk about this, gentlemen," Jake announced, watching Jazz and Emmett in the rearview mirror.

"Yeah, Jazz and I already have a plan," Em declared.

"About what?" I asked, and that's where we are now.

'Cause I'm waiting for an answer. And it aint coming.

If there's something I hate, it's being left outside. So to speak.

"Yeah, about that, Em," Jazz said quietly. "I think we should... you know... you know?"

I craned my neck, trying to see what the fuck they were doing but Jake said, "Nuh-uh, big boy. Attention on the road."

"But I'm not the one driving," I told him. "You are."

"Yeah, but I need help. So, you focus them gorgeous eyes of yours straight ahead, m'kay? Good boy."

Bitch.

With my gorgeous eyes straight ahead, I tried to listen to Jazz and Em, but... I couldn't understand. A fucking thing.

"And then--"

"Of course, but we should also--"

"Exactly, followed by--"

"Oooh, yeah, I like the way you think, and then we could tell--"

"Yeah, but not yet because--"

"No, no, of course not. We'll wait until--"

"Fuck, yes. And don't forget the glasses."

"Classic!"

Did anyone get that?

Is this where I check out Urban Dictionary?

"Dudes, what the hell you talking about?" I groaned, ignoring Jake and focusing my gorgeous eyes on Jazz and Em.

Dad snored.

Grrreat.

"It doesn't concern you," Em quipped.

"Yet." Jazz smirked.

And *that* was the response I didn't wanna hear. At all!

I spent the rest of the ride grumbling like a petulant kid.

Grumbling, sighing, pulling at my hair through the fucking beanie, more sighing.

"Wow, you're a bit dramatic, you know," Jake told me.

This is where I look at him like he's a fucking alien.

Me? DRAMATIC?

"That comes from the right person," I huffed. "Fucking diva."

"Mmhmmmm, and don't you forget it!" he replied, snapping his fingers.

I laughed a little. But not really.

However, all thoughts about that flew out the fucking window when Jake pulled up at Mom and Dad's house.

And the lights flicked on.

The door flew open.

Mom stood there.

Gulp.

Boyward

"Go back to Babylon, you whore!"

– Big Bang Theory.

Good thing Mom can't ground *us* anymore, but uh... yeah, Dad's dead.

"Shit, couldn't you have saved Dad for last?" Emmett hissed to Jake.

"Yeah, what the fuck, man," I agreed. "You could easily have dropped us off before you took Dad home."

"Mmm, but where's the fun in that?" Jake gushed. "This will be soooo *epic!*"

Such a girl.

"I think I'm gonna wait here, guys," Jasper said. "You two can deliver your glittered daddy-o."

"Fuck that," I told him, watching Mom as she struck the bitch-pose on the porch. "We're all doing this."

I didn't tell them that I planned on hiding behind them.

Yeah, I know I'm taller than Jazz, and equally tall as Em, but fuck it, I can crouch.

So... we all got out of the car, and Jazz and Em took Dad.

I followed behind them with Jake.

That was mistake number one 'cause the queen draws attention to himself like a... like a... like a... like a doctor in a doctor's office. Yeah, that's right. 'Cause we're a noticeable bunch.

"Where the hell have you been?!" Mom screeched as we approached. "It's three in the fudging morning!"

Fudge.

Spending too much with Bella much, Mom?

Jeesh.

~You're jealous.

Am not!

~Is too!

I huffed.

Fine.

Is too? Are too? Am too?

Whatever.

"SPEAK UP!" Mom bellowed, causing us all to freeze.

Well, Dad snored on Em's shoulder.

And then we fidgeted, gulped, and started talking, 'cause Mom was fucking scary.

"We were at a bar," Em mumbled.

"Yeah, and uh... then..." Jazz trailed off.

"And Dad couldn't really..." I also trailed off.

Our voices could barely carry. Weak fuckers the bunch of us.

"Handle his uh..." Em... trailed off.

"Oooh, Mama C!" Jake said. "Boy do I have some gossip for *you!*"

Me. Edward Cullen. Standing *right* next to the noticeable man...oman.

"Go back to England, you fucking queen," I hissed quietly to him.

Mom zeroed in on me.

"This queen's from La-La Push, mmhmm," Jake replied, snapping his fingers in front of his face... again.

"That's very nice of you, Jake," Mom said, interrupting me and the queen.

"And I sure do wanna hear about it, but first I'd like to hear about from my boys."

G.U.L.P

Just thought if I spelled it out in my head, the effect would be bigger.

"Starting with Edward," she announced, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Good luck, bro," Emmett mumbled behind his hand to me.

However, Mom heard him.

"Don't get smart with me, Emmett," she snapped. "You're next, I'm just dealing with your big brother first!"

Shit.

"BWRRRRRR..." We all heard then.

It was a sleepy slur. It was Dad, burrrrr-ing in his sleep.

Mom just shook her head, and then she said, "Living room. All of you. Now!"

A choir of "Yes, ma'am" rang out and then we scurried inside.

Then we sat there.

Dad sat between Jazz and Em, his head on Jazz's shoulder, and then the queen next to Jake... and then me. Once again next to the fucking neon-sign with an Aretha Franklin voice.

Mom's pacing in front of us.

"Start talking, Edward."

Another gulp.

"Yes, ma'am," I mumbled, removing my beanie 'cause it's rude to wear such items indoors. "Um... It was all Emmett's idea!"

Don't judge, I'm just speaking the truth.

"Nuh-uh!" Emmett argued. "I mentioned the tittie-bar but Edward was the one saying that we should keep quiet about it to Dad!"

Fuck, that's true. Damn.

Jake mmhmm'd but don't ask me why 'cause he wasn't there then. But he mmhmm's very often.

After a very heavy sigh, I told Mom about the evening. No, I did not look her in the eye, 'cause I don't think she's human. Maybe she's a vampire. She sure looks vicious enough.

"Emmett, you're next," Mom said after shooting me one last glare.

"What's your version of tonight?"

Sooo... Emmett told Mom his version.

Then Jazz followed.

And somewhere there in between, Dad sleep-talked. It would've been funny if Mom wasn't livid. Cause when he slurred out, "Suff'cated on them bwrhhh," we all wanted to laugh but we weren't men at the moment.

Emmett wasn't an officer. I wasn't a doctor. Jasper wasn't a doctor. We were boys.

Pre dick-growth.

"Well," Mom said, drawing out the word. "I may not be able to punish Edward, Emmett, and Jazz, but there are those very able to do so."

I scrunched my nose in confusion. I mean, sure, Rose and Hyper were up for punishing Emmett and Jazz, but me? It's not like Mom's gonna call Jane. They don't even like each other.

"Is this where I come in, Mama C?" Jake squealed excitedly, bouncing in his seat.

We all looked at Mom in question and confusion.

Shit, Mom's smiling.

"Yep," she chirped. "Em, Jazz, your wives will make sure you both agree, and Edward..." She turned to look at me. "If you don't agree, I will harass you by coming to have lunch with you everyday at work. In fact, I might want really loooong lunches."

"You know, some mother-son time," she added in delight. "We can discuss wedding-details, I can gossip about all the wives at Carlisle's work, and ooh, we can-"

I cut her off. "No worries, Mom!" I said hurriedly, not at all eager to hear what else she had to say. "I'll do it. I mean, I'll agree to..." With apprehension, I turned to face the beaming queen. I gulped. Fuck. "I'll agree to what Jake says."

Shit!

I was caught between a rock and a hard place.

Mom was actually blackmailing her son. Devil woman.

But yeah, I was caught. It was either hanging out with her around work, effectively missing my err... sessions with Dick, ooor it was Jake's... punishment.

Fucking hell.

"Mm-mm-mm! We're gonna have so much fun at the salon!" Jake giggled.

I paled.

Emmett gulped.

Jazz whimpered.

Dad, well... "Bwrrrr..."

Mom sighed. "Well, I suppose I'll get to Carlisle's punishment in the morning."

And Jake was the fucknut asking what that would entail.

Unfortunately, I couldn't escape to my happy-place before mom answered.

"After I've given him a stern lecture, I'll just give him a good spanking!"

Cue three men gagging.

Oh, how the visuals popped up.

I gagged again.

*O*O*O*

Jake dropped me off, finally, and I made my way inside, eager as hell to just fucking drop.

I needed to sleep, goddamnit.

But his words, they echoed. Jake's words. "The three of you will look so delicious next weekend! YUM!"

Next weekend, you ask?

Allow me to fill you in.

Next weekend, Alice and Jake are celebrating three years of working together. It will be a weekend full of women getting their hair and nails fixed for free, and Em, Jazz, and I will be there to offer said women drinks and snacks.

The worst part?

There are costumes.

Yeah.

I'm sooo gonna complain about this when I see Bella tomorrow. 'Cause now that we're friends and all, we can, you know, see each other on weekends to... you know... you know... hang.

Ya know?

Batward

"Shane, Shane, come back!"

- Shane.

When I woke up this morning, I sent Liam a lengthy email about the strip-club events. Why? 'Cause I wanted to. Yeah.

I regret it, 'cause he won't shut up now in his texts.

So, on this lovely Saturday, I have three things on my mind. The first being that I'm seeing Bella in a few hours and I'm a bit nervous 'cause it feels weird. And it feels weird because I still want more. Being her friend isn't making me fee like "Oh, well, this is enough. Now I can go marry Jane and be happy with a hardening cock." No, that's not happening 'cause I the attraction I used to have for Jane... well, it's sooo gone. Fuck, I can barely even remember it, and when I think about it, comparing to Bella, I don't remember being attracted to *any* women in the past.

That was one thing. Yes, one.

The second thing on my mind is Liam's texting. They're on my mind because he's like this annoying inner voice asking questions about my life decisions. Questions I'm not ready to answer.

The third thing is Jane.

I chuckled to myself at that thought, 'cause I suppose she isn't a thing in that sense. She's a person but... you get my point. And right now that

person is home. She's working in her study, though, and I'm in the kitchen so it's good. But still, she's here, and it feels weird. Weird to have her home because I'm not used to it anymore.

There's no denying that we've drifted apart.

I'm very aware of my feelings. I'm in love with another woman, not with the woman I'm engaged to marry, but... where's Jane in all this? Why isn't she as eager to get home anymore? And if her feelings for me are, you know, leaving her, then why is she not breaking up with me?

~Same question goes to you, buddy. Why aren't you dumping that thing?

Liam and Dick sound awfully a lot alike.

"Edward, darling?"

Ugh.

"Yeah," I replied before tasting the sauce I was making.

Nope, not good.

I really can't cook.

"There's a benefit I need you to attend to with me," she said, entering the kitchen. "It's next Sunday night."

Heading over to the freezer to get a frozen pizza instead, I shook my head. "No can do, Jane. I have plans with the guys."

I didn't feel the need to tell her that Jake and Sam would dress me, Em, and Jazz up for the salon celebration.

"But this is important to me, Edward," she argued. "And we need to be there. It will benefit us, not to mention my future with Aro Pharmaceuticals."

I fought the urge to roll my eyes as I put the pizza in the microwave oven.

This was what it was. Jane always wanted me to come with her for the 'important' dinners, and it was making me wonder if my family had a point. Was it about my name and reputation in the medical field that made her want me?

Is that why she says she can't wait to be a Cullen, because my Dad has made our name famous?

"Sorry but I can't." I shrugged, turning to face her. "I'm with Emmett and Jazz all next weekend."

"Jesus," she muttered, inspecting her nails. "What is it about you and family?" She chuckled then and I frowned. "I mean, how are you going to survive when we move to Seattle?"

"Excuse me?" I asked in disbelief. "What the fuck are you talking about, Jane?"

She looked up and stared at me like I was insane. "Well, you can't honestly believe we're staying in Forks forever, can you? I mean, my life is in Seattle. Obviously we're moving there after the wedding."

~Oh no, she didn'.

"And this is where my life is," I told her. "We've never discussed *anything* about moving."

Huffing and rolling her eyes, she replied. "I guess we just have to talk about this later, because this is not over, Edward. However, I have a phone conference now."

"And I still need you next Sunday," she added as she left.

My next thought was voiced.

"Bitch."

Don't worry, it was quiet, but uh... no, this can't continue.

There's no point in denying it anymore.

I can't do this. Ever.

I can't... I can't marry her.

"I have to call it off," I mumbled to myself.

~I see oompa-loompas dancing in the honor of the first good decision you've made in a loooong time.

I growled.

And then I ate my frozen pizza.

Well... that's not really correct, is it? I mean, it's not frozen anymore.

Hmm.

I have stuff to figure out now.

One. I have to figure out what to do about this Jane-thing.

Two. I need a better name for heated frozen pizza.

*O*O*O*

So you've finally figured out that you can't marry her – Liam.

Yeah, and now I need your help on how to end it – Edward.

How about: Jane, this is over – Liam.

She's gonna have a fucking conniption fit – Edward.

Well, break-ups don't usually end in hugs – Liam.

I don't want her to hug me! – Edward.

Then there you go. Tell her it's over, and then she'll go ballistic – Liam.

I'm laughing and thinking about where to hide the knives – Edward.

Nice to have you back, my friend – Liam.

Feels good to be back, man – Edward.

Wait, how about this one: Hasta la vista, bitch – Liam.

You're Googling ways to break up, aren't you? – Edward.

Maybe. There's also this one: Give me back my keys – Liam.

I have one. How about this when she heads to work: Jane, Jane, don't come back! – Edward.

Fuck, dude, it really is good to have you back to your old self... but this is better: It's not me, it's you – Liam.

No, Liam, this one: If the phone doesn't ring, it's probably me – Edward.

You're Googling, too, you fucker! – Liam.

Pfft – Edward.

This one: The mother ship has landed. It's time you return to your planet – Liam.

No, no, this one! I think it's time you found out, Jane. I'm Batman – Edward.

Shit, it's almost four. Gotta go, man, I'm meeting Bella for coffee – Edward.

Good excuse to take out the Batmobile haha – Liam.

Pizzaward

"If I'm not back in five minutes... wait longer!"

– Ace Ventura.

"That's a tough one," Bella commented, nodding thoughtfully.

I nodded in agreement because yeah, and sipped my coffee.

Bella's drinking something that smells like gingerbread and the name involved 'chai'. Yeah, weird. But it smells heavenly.

One might think we're at Starbucks but we aren't. 'Cause this is Forks.

We have Lou's Diner.

But he serves coffee... and something called chai-... something.

"How about heat-fro?" she suggested. "You know, shortening and putting the words together."

Hmm.

I nodded slowly, thinking about it. It didn't sound bad at all.

"Maybe we should add them all together then," I said, scratching my chin.
"Like... fro-heat-zza."

"Oooh, that's a good one, Sexward," Twitch told me, grinning in approval.

Nice.

I grinned in response 'cause that's the deal. You just do that with the woman you love. It's natural and comes automatically.

~There's plenty you should do with the woman you love.

"I think you nailed it," Bella said, nodding firmly. "Heated frozen pizza is now fro-heat-zza. We should call that dude... What's his name?" She snapped her fingers, thinking about it. "Ooh, Webster! Yeah, that's his name. The dictionary-dude."

I felt lightheaded.

She was just so unbelievably adorable. Cute, quirky, exuberant, just so fucking full of life. I know I can't love her more.

She made *me* feel alive.

Bella and I spent the next couple of hours talking about everything and nothing. I fell harder each time she smiled, making me realize that there was no end. I *could* love her more and more, which I did. For every minute that passed, I fell for her more. So, where does that leave me?

Being friends with her will never be enough.

I'll lose my mind.

~Don't even think it, you fucknut!

I already am.

~I thought you were done with stupid!

This aint stupid, Dick! I can't stay!

~You are one dumb fuck, man. First you say yes to Jane, and now you're gonna say yes to Chicago.

I resent that. I'm not stupid. I'm just... partial to being alive.

And Bella Swan will be the death of me.

~You lost me. I thought she made you feel alive.

Yeah, well... it's a fine line.

~Med school? You? Really?

Shut up, dickwit. Go back to slumber or something.

~Well, I am good at that. Thanks to your-

I cut Dick off by pinching him.

It hurt like a motherfucker.

*O*O*O*

Time passed. Days. Minutes. Seconds. Hours.

I worked.

I was a friend to Twitch.

I jerked off in my office.

A lot.

And yeah, I contacted the hospital in Chicago.

Looks like I'm gonna be working with Liam soon.

I ate fro-heat-zza everyday while planning my 'talk' with Jane.

Then, before I knew it, Jazz, Emmett, and I stood outside Hyper's salon.

It's a Saturday morning. It's cold and rainy. It's Forks.

The three of us covered our crotches, cause we knew. We knew we were about to enter woman-land. And we knew. We knew Jake and Sam.

They're all about pink and glitter. Much like Dad actually.

I sighed, glancing at Jazz and Emmett. "You know, I'm just gonna go buy some... stuff. If I'm not back in five minutes... Don't wait."

"Nice try, emo-boy," Jazz huffed.

Yeah, I've been a tad moody this week. You know, cause I'm moving and all. Whatever. That's life.

"Let's just get this girly shit over with," Em grumbled.

Then he knocked. Emmett, that is.

A squealing Jake appeared.

With costumes.

"Hello, sons."

Um, that's not Jake.

We looked behind us, and shit. Dad.

One look said it all.

"I guess spanking wasn't enough, huh?" Jasper said, grimacing a little.

"Esme forced you to be here?"

Dad nodded.

Alrighty.

“My my my, four delicious men!” Jake said, opening the door. “Mm-mm-mm!”

Then Sam appeared, too. “Oooh, let the celebration begin!”

Super.

I’d rather go home and eat fro-heat-zza, really. And maybe listen to some Hooker.

Now, now, before you start. I’m talking about John Lee Hooker.

Not some whore.

Pinkward

“Show me the money.”

– Jerry Maguire.

No.

“No,” I told Jake. “Just... no.”

No.

“No,” Em agreed.

No.

“No,” Jazz said, shaking his head.

No.

"So much glitter," Dad whined. Yes, whined.

Alright, so we're in the salon, or more correctly, in the back of the salon. And Jake and Sam are showing us our costumes. Just no.

No.

"Stop being so... Antichrist," Sam said, throwing me my outfit. "Yes, yes, yes, yes. To all four of you. Now, go change."

He snapped his fingers at us.

We glared at him.

He cocked the bitch-brow.

We hauled ass.

Jazz was the first one to exit the bathroom. Now wearing pink scrubs with glitter and fluffy hems. Then of course there's his name in glitter on his back.

Curly Doc.

My scrubs are the same. Pink. Glitter. Fluffy hems.

Dr. Sexward on the back.

And now I'm wearing them.

I'm thinking... Twitch... did she...?

"Why do I have the feeling that Bella had a say in this?" Dad asked, emerging in his scrubs.

Oh, but he has a doctor's coat, too. It's pink.

On his back; Dr. Papa.

And I think he's right. About Bella.

"*I'm not coming out!*" Emmett yelled from the bathroom.

"That's what I said before I met my Jakey," Sam said from behind us.

"Now I'm loud and proud. You should be, too, Emmy!"

Dad, Jazz and I snickered.

"Come on, you pussy," I chuckled, knocking on the bathroom door. "We're all wearing the same shit."

"Actually," I heard Rose say. "That's not true."

We all turned and...

"Fuck," I mumbled.

"Awesome," Jazz said sarcastically.

"Oh, no," Dad whimpered.

In the doorway stood Mom, Rose, Ali, Jake, Sam... and Bella.

They were all holding up cameras.

Snap. Snap. Snap. Flashes all over.

"Very nice, doc." Bella winked at me. "Who knew pink was your color, hmm?"

We sent them glares and scowly-faces, and then we turned our backs to them.

Take that, bitches. Mmhmm.

Oh, fuck. I'm embracing some inner Jake.

But all that was forgotten when Emmett opened the door, and... yeah, came out. Loudly but not so proudly.

Two seconds passed in absolute silence.

Then came the laughter. The guffawing and chortling.

My brother, the Chief of Police here in Forks... is wearing a pink police uniform.

Oh, I'm not done. His pants? Yeah, they're shorts. Tight ones.

Still not done.

On his belt there's a pair of fluffy handcuffs in pink.

"Stop laughing at me!" he snapped, crossing his legs. "I'm very self-conscious about my thighs!"

We laughed more. Holy fuck, I really fucking laughed. Tears were forming for crying out loud!

Pun intended.

"This is excellent!" Jazz laughed.

"Priceless!" I guffawed.

Emmett glared at us but *nothing* could ruin my moment.

At least that's what I thought.

"You laugh now, big brother of mine," Hyper giggled and linked arms with me. "But you will be in the salon all day. Serving snacks to all the lovely ladies coming in today to get mani and pedi."

Yeah.

Moment ruined.

I glared down at her. "You say it like I will be the only one. Don't tell me I will be the only one, sis. Do *not* tell me that."

"Don't worry, Eduardo," she laughed, nodding in Jasper's direction. "That'll be Jazzy's job, too."

"And Dad and Em?" I pressed, towering over her.

With a furrowed brow, I backed away slightly, cause uh... my sister's grin was scary wide. Like really fucking scary wide. The Cheshire cat's got *nothing* on Alice.

"Oh, Emmett's gonna be outside to pass out flyers, and Dad... well, Mom and Jakey decided he was gonna head over to the hospital with Sammy to hand out even more flyers."

Fuck. Yeah.

S'all I'm saying.

I'm grinning, too, now.

"I fucking love you, sis," I snickered, looking over at Emmett and Dad who had... Well, judging by their pale faces, I'd say they heard every word Alice just said.

*O*O*O

I never knew I could blush. Not really. But I can.

And I am. Blushing, that is.

I'm also pretty sure that my poor dick has shriveled up and died from all this estrogenic bullshit, but seriously, do you know how many women I've

served champagne and chocolates to today? I swear there are females coming in from all of Washington, 'cause I haven't seen half of 'em, and Forks aint no big city or somethin'.

"Oh, Sexwaaard?" I heard Bella sing.

Yeah, that woman's having fun today. They all are. The women, that is. Well, Jake and Sam, too. And I'm pretty sure Jake's a sadist, cause I've seen the women he takes to his room in the back. You know, the room. The room of torture. Or as Jake calls it; The room where hoohas get pretty. Yeah, my name's better. Although I do appreciate his hard work. I think all men do.

~And you appreciate it 'cause...?

'Cause Bella's-

Never mind. If I continue that thought, I'll get hard... er.

Speaking of Bella. I turned around to see what the chick wanted.

Sitting in a salon chair, she held up an empty champagne glass, so I dutifully walked my blushing ass over to her. To say that I was uncomfortable would be the understatement of the year.

"More champagne?" I grumbled, holding the bottle.

Hyper who was fixing some woman's hair giggled at me, but I was getting used to it. Jazz, too, and he was currently refilling another woman's glass.

"Yes, please." Bella grinned. "Oh, and could you be a doll and paint my nails? Purdy please?"

My eyebrows shot up.

"I'd like them pink," she continued with a sweet ass smile, and then there was a bottle. A bottle of pink nail polish. "I asked Jakey, but he's busy in the back."

She's not... I mean... what? She's not serious, is she?

"Yeah, come on, Cullen," Jazz chuckled. "Paint Bella's nails."

"But... but..." I stuttered.

Come on, think of something!

~Well, you the king of shitty excuses. I'm sure you can tell her you've got the runs again.

Not helping.

But then... yes!

Internal fist pump.

"That wasn't the deal," I argued. "The deal was to get snacks and drinks. That's it. There was nothing about painting nails, and puh-lease! You really think I'm capable of such a... such a... woman-thing?"

Five minutes of arguing – that led to nothing good – later, I found myself in a chair next to Bella, and in my hand... Major Gulp-Moment. There was a bottle of nail polish in my hand.

"You know this won't be good, right?" I told her.

"Mmhmm, I know. But it's still fun," she chuckled.

And I still love you.

Alrighty... so I opened the bottle-thingy, and held the cap-thingy up where there was a brush-thingy with paint on it. Huh. Gook. Pink gook. Pink, sparkly gook.

"You like pink, huh?" chuckled quietly, motioning for her to hold her hand out.

How the hell do I do this?

"Sure do." She grinned. "But Sexward, honey, it's not rocket science. Just swipe the brush over my nails."

Just swi... yeah, right. Just swipe.

Leaning in closely, making sure I kept my tongue in my mouth, I held the brush over her thumb nail. Shit. Okay. Here we go. So, I swept. No, that aint good.

Twenty minutes later, I was done with the first nail. The coat was approximately an inch thick. That's not good, is it?

"That's so... uh... good?" Twitch asked rather than stated as she eyed her nail.

I shrugged and leaned back in my chair.

"You get what you pay for, my dear."

"I didn't pay," she chuckled, sipping her champagne.

"Exactly. Which means you get nothing. Well, nothing good."

~I can give her something good. For free.

I sighed.

"Um, wow," Alice giggled, walking over to inspect Bella's nail. "Huh. Safe to say, you did good when you became a doctor, 'cause this business aint for you, brother of mine."

"I resent that," I scowled playfully, "'cause I can be one helluva moneymaker... if I wanted to."

Whatta lie.

"Then... *Want. It,*" Alice dared, trying to hide her amusement. "I doubt you, but I'm willing to give ya a chance to prove me wrong. Be the moneymaker, and at the end of the day, you can throw me the money." She winked.

I grinned at her... and then I yawned. "But I don't want to. Sorry."

And luck was on my side, 'cause the day was officially over, and I hauled my ass home, glad that Jane was away on that benefit in Seattle.

But then... then my luck wasn't so much on my side no more, 'cause when I woke up on Sunday, I realized it was time to go back to the salon. 'Cause uh... it was for the weekend, this celebration-thing.

Hours passed of pink, glitter, talk of waxing and plucking, town gossip, and oh so much more female shit. But if I thought that was it, I was sadly mistaken. Because that night... they took pictures of us four men... in our pink, sparkly costumes. And there was a threat. At any time, if we disobey, or if we take Dad to a strip joint, they will unleash those photos.

Gulp.

'Cause it's bound to happen.

I mean, I'm smart. I'm a doctor after all. Same goes for Dad and Jazz, but we're also men. And men fuck up. It's in our DNA. I'm a doctor, you can take my word for it.

Sure, half the town has already seen us in our pink outfits, but... well, there's still the Internet, and... the Cullens are sorta known within the medical field, and I wouldn't want my pink and sparkly clad ass in some medical journal. And then when I call Mom about it, she'll say: "I have no idea how that picture got published, my beloved son."

Yeah. Right.

Snort-alert.

But for now I'm gonna be a good boy.

I'm gonna try.

Let's see how long that'll last before my DNA gets in the way.

Whatward

"Wakey pakey, hands off snakey!"

- My name is Earl.

I don't think there's anything better than waking up with Bella, but damn, she's all about cockteasing this morning. I mean, a hand on my knee isn't exactly what I had in mind, ya know.

"Tease," I mumbled sleepily.

She chuckled and I thought, *man, is her voice dark in the mornings*. But whatever. I grabbed her... uh... hand? A rather large hand, I must say- Wait, what? Why would Bella wake up next to me? We're not... uh... no, we're not together... So, who's... uhmmm.

"Wakey pakey, hands off Jakey!"

Whaaa...? THE FUCK?

Yeah, I shot right outta the bed, instinctively covering my morning wood because... shit!

"Jake!" I croaked in my morning voice.

Then I thought things over and relaxed because let's face it; it could've been worse.

I shuddered at the thought, cause uh... man, it could've been Jane.

"Rise and shine, sunshine!" he squealed, still sitting on the edge of my bed. "Oooh, it looks like you already know how to rise... and shine for that matter." He winked, totally eyeing the stiffy that was currently dropping faster than a bomb in Hiroshima behind my hands. Good thing I don't sleep naked in this house. I mean, not that I sleep naked elsewhere, but... well, I would... at least in my own house... if there weren't any Janes or Jakes nearby. And speaking of Jakes...

"What the hell are you doing in my house at..." I checked the time. "Seven AM!"

Stiffy gone, by the way.

~That goes without saying. I mean... he's a dude.

"Weeeell," Jake said, and I could smell a loooong rant coming my way.

"Here's the thing Eddielicious-"

I cut him off right there and gave him the stern eyes. "It's *Edward*licious in that case." Then I walked over to my closet here in the guestroom and pulled out a white t-shirt. Pajama bottoms weren't enough, cause Jake

was eye-fucking me. "Get your shit right," I added, pulling the shirt over my head. "Cause I don't like Eddie."

"Mm, but I *love* Eddie!" He blew me a kiss – I scowled at him. "As I was saying, *Edwardlicious*... hmm, well what I was *going* to say was... I need a favor."

There was no time to refuse him right away cause the queen was on a roll.

"I was recently in Seattle with Sammylicious, and we saw something peculiar. And now I need you to help me. I won't take no for an answer, and here's my phone. Use it and call Bellicious and fetch yo'self a sick day."

A long rant indeed.

And what?

"Why on earth would I call in sick, Jake?" I asked, folding my arms over my chest. "I'm not sick and I've got patients coming in from nine AM."

"Not today you don't. I need you in Seattle," he replied, flipping his imaginary hair over his shoulder.

Speaking of flipping...

I flipped him off, 'cause me going to Seattle? For no apparent reason?

Fudge no.

I mean... fuck no.

That aint happening. Ever.

*O*O*O*

It happened.

Twenty minutes and a call to Twitch later, I found myself in Jake's car... on our way to Seattle. He was singing a lot. And *then*, another few hours after *that*, we were *in* Seattle.

I still don't know why. I've asked. Many times, even... but to no avail.

He just drove and sang.

I just sat and sighed.

.

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"This is it," I heard Jake say then. After turning Beyonce's 'Single Ladies' off, of course. Otherwise I wouldn't have heard him. "Look all you want, you sexy piece of man, 'cause I'ma strip for you now."

Before I could do... well, anything, he squirmed his way out of his pink jeans and his baby blue shirt, and then... my eyes widened.

"Uh... J-Jake?" I stuttered, not really knowing if I should stare at the idiot or if I should look away and pretend I don't know him.

Under his clothes he wore a black leotard.

Yeah.

So, here I am. Sitting in Jake's car during lunch hour in downtown Seattle, and the fucknut next to me is wearing a black leotard.

"Wh... What... and... why?" was what I could get out.

Jake turned in his seat, facing me with this expression that said, 'boy, do I have some news for you!' Yeah, *that* expression.

"Alright, Edward, I want you to listen to Jacob now, and you listen good, m'kay?"

He didn't squeal or anything, *and* he used our full names.

Christ, something must be wrong.

So, I nodded.

"Okay," he sighed. "Sammy and I saw something... I wouldn't say what we saw was a bad thing, necessarily, but... I'm sure you will think so since you're marrying the biatch. Ya know?"

Uh... what? No, I don't know.

Marrying...? Wait, what? S'this about Jane? The fuck? So... Jake brought me all the way to Seattle for... for... for that biatch? That bitch! Well, Jake. Not Jane. Actually, both of them.

"Edward, honey?" Jake said... a little sadly? "We saw Jane with another man, and... they were kinda... kissing."

Say what?

Umphumhp. What?

Jane's having an affair?

Uuuuh... that's... that's... fucking priceless.

"Now, don't you worry, Edward," Jake continued with a firm voice. "We're gonna catch that skank in the act and get some proof. I've got me some spy-stuff, and thanks to Sammy who is excellent at recon-work, we happen to know she'll be here soon." He waved at the hotel we were parked across the street from. "And before you ask, yes, Sammy and I have planned this outing for you and me. Not for long, but from this

weekend, and yes, this was why I wasn't all up in yo' business at the salon's celebration--"

I cut him off, 'cause the queen was rambling. "Enough, Jake."

And then... well, truth be told, I was in a daze.

Jane's cheating on me?

Huh.

Safe to say, she's only after my name then. Just like my family's already told me.

But... wow. Cheating. So... why don't I feel... betrayed... or sad?

~You'll figure it out. Eventually. Hopefully. Or maybe not. The reason's Bella, you dumbass.

Aaaah, yeah, that sounds about right.

Hey, that meant I *did* figure it out on my own, 'cause Dick's a part of me!

I aint dumb.

I'm a doctor. We're a smart bunch.

"Okay. I'm done rambling. It's time for action!" Jake exclaimed then, clapping his hands together. "I've got binoculars, cameras, night vision-thingies, walkie-talkies, aaaaaand, before you ask... yes, I brought you your own sexy outfit!"

Oh, kill me. Kill me now.

No way. No. Just... no. I'm wearing that.

"I'm not wearing a fucking leotard, Jake," I hissed.

"Oh, but you are," he nodded, "because it's you and me now. I'm on your side. You know, bros before hoes."

I laughed incredulously. "I'm *sorry*, but are you the bro or the hoe?"

"Hateful," he said, glaring at me playfully. "Now, I'll turn around, and you get your boo-tay in that outfit. Otherwise I'll tell Sammy you flirted with me this morning."

I repeat. Kill me. Kill me now.

Spyward

"Nobody puts Baby in the corner."

- Dirty Dancing.

"This is Moonpie, over, come in. Moonpie is here, Starchild. Over and out and in."

Jake's voice crackled over the walkie, and I... I just stared at the fucking thing. No, he doesn't really know how to use them. Not that I know either, but... whatever. And our names? Another whatever. Cause my biggest pain is currently riding up my ass. Yeah, a leotard. Again, I tried to argue, but Jake told me if I didn't wear it, he'd tell my brother and Jazz that I did. So... either I wear the body-sized condom and keep this day oh so secret... or I don't wear it, and Jake tells my family. It's a no brainer, really.

I told him that spies don't wear leotards... but did the queen listen?

No.

So, here I am, still sitting in Jake's car, waiting for him to come back, cause he's apparently down in the hotel garage, attaching some tracking

device on a car that he swear belongs to a certain man named Aro. Yeah, *the Aro... of Aro Pharmaceuticals.*

A couple of hours ago we saw Jane enter the hotel, and I admit, I felt a bit psyched. It was a minute of fun because of the whole spying thing, but then... yeah, it died rather fucking quickly, 'cause it's just been waiting and waiting.

Don't ask me how Jake and Sam figured all this out. I mean, sure, Sam could know this from his days as a security guard but... really? Really?

I sighed.

I figured it was just best not to ask questions.

~And look where that took ya.

Shut up.

I'm tired. I wanna go home.

"Moonpie here. Over. Come out. In. Starchild, are you there? Over."

I sighed. Again. And brought the walkie up to my face.

"Edward here. What's up?"

"Who's Edward? Over."

I gritted my teeth.

"Fine... this is Starchild. What's up?"

This is not my life. This is not my life.

"Starchild, you're supposed to say over. Over."

For the love of...!

"Starchild here. What's up? OVER!" I growled, squirming in my seat, which only caused the leotard to ride up further in my ass. Lovely.

"Hey, Starchild! Moonpie here. Just wanted to let you know that everything is going according to Sammy's plan. The device is in place, and I'm coming out. Over."

Because you're not *out* enough already?

Bitch, please.

With sarcasm lacing my voice, I replied. "Roger that. Over."

.

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"Who's Roger? Over."

I sighed.

"Never mind, *Moonpie*. Just get back here. *Over and out*," I muttered, rolling my eyes at this fucked up situation.

Truth be told, I don't care if Jane's fucking around. I'm ending things with her anyway, so why bother?

A few minutes later, Jake emerged from the hotel, and yeah, he got some weird stares as he crossed the street, wearing nothing but a leotard and a pair of Nike's. Black Nike's.

There's no way I'm leaving this car looking like that... like this.

"Hey, Starchild," he giggled as he got into the car. "This is gonna be epic! Now we'll just wait until the car moves, and then we'll follow."

He's really into this.

“What if they get a room here, then?” I countered.

“They won’t,” he replied confidently. “Skank didn’t bring a bag or anything, so I think they’re heading someplace else after dinner here.”

“What if they’ll just fuck and then leave? Maybe there’s no plan on staying overnight,” I shot back.

“No way! Didn’t you see the way Skank was dressed? This is definitely a date. Not some random twenty-minute romp.”

Before I could snap back, I was interrupted by Jake’s squeal.

“The car’s moving! I mean, the eagle’s leaving the nest!”

This was one of those moments where I sighed, rolled my eyes, slumped back in my seat, growled a little for good measure, and folded my arms across my chest... all at once. Sorta.

And then we were moving.

Watching the signal on the little screen, we followed Aro’s car, and Jake was right. Jane was in the car and they appeared to be heading towards the address Jake claimed was where Aro lived.

“I don’t get it,” Jake said, making another turn as we followed from a safe distance. “Why go with that old fart if she can have you?”

I chuckled. Couldn’t help it.

It was so clear to me now.

“Without me or my name, Jane’s nothing,” I explained. “And I’m willing to bet that Jane wasn’t on Aro’s radar until he found out that she was engaged to a Cullen.”

"And since Dad's helping a pharmaceutical company called Siobhan International from time to time, that puts Aro and Dad against each other." I sighed, because the whole thing was utterly ridiculous. No one saw this as some weird competition except for Aro himself. "So, my guess is that Aro wants Jane because she doesn't want a Cullen to have her."

And that's A okay with me, by the way, I chuckled internally.

"Um, okay, so that explains Aro's deal. But why would Jane go from you – a sexy thirty-one year old – to Aro – a fifty year old creepy bastard with a damn ponytail? And I wanna get things straight cause aint nobody puttin' Eddilicious in a corner like that!"

"Naw, thanks, Jake," I snickered.

"No, but seriously, I don't get it!"

Neither did I, but... huh. Well, maybe...

"Maybe he's promising her the world in order to get Jane away from me." I shrugged.

It suddenly made sense, though, why Jane wanted me to accompany her to all these fancy ass events. 'Cause if Aro sees Jane with a Cullen, he might offer her more or something if she dumps me. Hah, nice try, woman, but that won't work. First of all, I'm ending things with her first, and second of all, Aro's known for keeping young toys around. Not thirty year old women. Okay, *woman* is a bit of a stretch for Jane but you get my point.

"So, you think that once Aro promises Jane something... like... marriage or something... she'll dump you?" he asked.

Again I shrugged. "Sounds believable."

"And once you're out of the way, Aro will get rid of Jane, too," Jake finished.

"Also believable." I nodded. "And most likely correct."

We arrived then, and I stifled an incredulous laugh as Jake pulled the car over and brought out his damn binoculars, but... the funny thing was that they were the ones you use at the fucking opera. Not for spying.

"Look, they're heading inside," Jake whisper-yelled. "I cannot believe that skank! That's just... eeeeeewww." "

I didn't really care.

It was however a relief to know that she wasn't the only one being stupid in our relationship, and now I wouldn't have to find a way to be civil about our breakup. I could just flat out tell her that we were done.

"Don't you wanna have a looksie, Eddie?" he asked.

I chuckled. "No, not really. I think it's pretty clear they're having an affair, Jake. No need to get closer, man."

"But that means nobody will get the chance to see you in your sexy outfit!" he whined.

"What a shame," I deadpanned.

"T'is a sad day indeed." He nodded solemnly, but then he faced me with... huh... curiosity in his eyes? "I have two questions for you now, Dr. Sexward."

"Um... okay?"

And damn, only Bella can call me that, you jerk!

I sighed.

"Yeah. Here's the first question; why aren't you upset about finding out that Skank's cheatin' on ya?"

"Uh..."

"And here's the second; Who did you think I was this morning when you called me Tease, hmm? And just F...Y...I... I'm *very* aware of the fact that I found you in the guestroom this morning... and not in the bedroom you share with Skank. Looks like you've got some splainin' to do, Mistah."

"Uh..."

How the hell do I get out of this one?

Distanceward

"I don't want to be a monster."

- Twilight.

On the way back to Forks, I spilled the beans. Like for real. I told Jake everything. Except for my midday delight in my office, of course, but other than that, everything. And what shocked me was that he merely hmm'd and nodded, but... he didn't seem... I dunno... surprised? But maybe he was distracted 'cause he was on the phone a lot, texting Sam, I guess.

Then, in the middle of the night, Jake dropped me off at home, and I headed inside and fell asleep on the couch.

*O*O*O*

"Feeling better today?" Jazz asked as he handed Bella a few charts.

I nodded absentmindedly, busy with my own charts.

If there was one thing that could save my day, it was work. Whenever something upset me or... just whatever, I could always rely on work to make me feel better, and I had just informed a couple that they were having a little boy. Alright, bad example, 'cause that both cheered me up, and made me wistful.

I wanted children so fucking badly that it hurt, and seeing Bella with the little ones didn't exactly make things better. And that's why I'm busy with my sorting of patient files.

I need the distraction.

"All right," I sighed, realizing I'd sorted everything to perfection already. "I'm done."

Twitch – ever the multitasker – smiled at the little girl she was currently eskimoing, and held her hand out for the charts she knew I was about to give her.

I sighed.

I need a new distraction.

"Wanna have lunch at Lou's, Jazz?" I asked, needing a way to get away for an hour.

"No can do, man. Sorry. I'm having lunch with Jake and Em today," he replied.

I cocked an eyebrow.

"Since when do you have lunch with Jake?"

"Jazz, are you coming?" I heard my brother ask then, and as I looked over my shoulder I saw him standing by the door.

The hell?

Em gave me some weird-ass look, and Jasper did the same... before they both left. Just like that. Like they were in a hurry or something.

"Talk about hasty retreat," Bella murmured.

My expression said, "I know, right?"

But then we were interrupted by the little girl's giggling, and that worked very well for me as a distraction.

"Where's Momma?" the girl asked curiously as Bella positioned her on her hip and stood up next to me. "Momma also cawwy me."

"Of course she carries you, 'cause you're so adorable," Bella gushed, giving her another Eskimo kiss that made the girl giggle. And before I lost my fucking mind, I decided to answer the girl's question, and then I could haul ass.

Christ, I didn't even have the counter between us this time. Who knows what it'll take before I attack the woman? I bet it's not much.

"Mommy's with Rose," I said, smiling at her. "You remember the lady that gave you the pretty sticker yesterday after she checked your tummy?"

She nodded furiously, effectively making me smile wider.

So fucking cute.

"Well, today she's giving your little brother a sticker," I told her, unable to help myself from bumping our foreheads together. But it made her giggle

harder, and that's just a win for me. However, I noticed then how close I was to Bella, so I backed away slightly.

Do not attack her. Do not attack her.

Right.

Gotcha.

I sighed.

"Do I have anything else before lunch?" I asked Bella, already knowing that I didn't. But this is me we're talking about. I know I need distance but... still I'm lingering.

"Nope," she chirped, giving me that sweet beaming smile. "Alice dropped off our lunch earlier before she and Esme headed to Port Angeles, so go ahead and eat. Emily, Rose, and I will join as soon as they're done in Exam room 1."

Alrighty. Distance.

"I'll eat in my office today," I said. "I have some paper work I need to go through."

Not a complete lie. I do have some papers, but I'm not very eager to go through them.

It's my contract for Children's Memorial in Chicago.

One call was all it took. They want me, and I need to get out of Forks.

"Okay," Bella replied. "But you'll join us for dessert later, right? I made Cherry pie."

Oh, God...

"Yes, I'll be here," I vowed. Nodding, too. "I will definitely be here."

O*O*O

Wait, so you're already back in Chicago? – Edward.

Yep. Decided to visit my folks for a while before my apartment's ready – Liam.

Damn, how does it feel to be back in the states? – Edward.

Like heaven. Good to be home, that's for sure. Btw, I read your email. Dude – Liam.

I know. I know. Don't tell me. I know – Edward.

She's cheating? That's priceless – Liam.

That's what I said haha – Edward.

And... you wore a...? – Liam.

Yeah, I regret telling you the whole story – Edward.

"All the single ladies... all the single ladies..." – Liam.

I REALLY regret telling you about the leotard – Edward.

Gotta say, Beyonce's way hotter – Liam.

Jake, the dude I went with, would disagree – Edward.

Sounds like Jake's gay – Liam.

Sounds about right, yes – Edward.

So... two dudes in leotards playing spies. You're really livin it up, aren't ya? – Liam.

Drop dead – Edward.

You missed gorgeous. It's drop dead gorgeous, honeybun – Liam.

Honeybun? – Edward.

Or whatever Jake calls ya. Anyway... when did this happen? You never said – Liam.

Yesterday, which means I'm still fucking tired. Got home in the middle of the night – Edward.

You at work now? – Liam.

Yep. Eating lunch in my office – Edward.

Is Bella around? – Liam.

She's in the lunchroom, I think. Why? – Edward.

Just curious. Are you hiding? – Liam.

Pfft. No – Edward.

Uh-huh. Sure – Liam.

I'm not! I'm going through my contract with Chicago – Edward.

Really? You're really taking it? – Liam.

Yes. I need to get out of here. I need distance – Edward.

And you're not happy about that – Liam.

Doesn't matter. I'll be miserable here, seeing her everyday – Edward.

But are you sure she's not into you? – Liam.

100% – Edward.

Huh. Alright. So, have you signed the contract? – Liam.

Not yet – Edward.

Something wrong with it? – Liam.

Not really, I guess – Edward.

Ah, I understand. You're stalling – Liam.

No, I'm not! I just figured I should finish my business here in Forks before signing – Edward.

And what do you need to finish? – Liam.

I need to find my replacement at the clinic. I need to end things with Jane, and I need to explain to my family – Edward.

What comes first? – Liam.

Ending things with Jane. I'm gonna do that next time she comes back from Seattle – Edward.

So within a couple of days then? – Liam.

Jane's in Seattle until Friday – Edward.

It's Tuesday today – Liam.

Hello, Captain Obvious – Edward.

Just saying that you could go to her in Seattle and get it over with – Liam.

No, I want it to be done in Forks, and then she can take her shit out of my house before she leaves. Since finding out about her

love for my name, I wanna get some stuff off my chest, and that needs to be done behind closed doors – Edward.

What do you mean? What are you gonna say? – Liam.

I don't know yet, but I'm fucking annoyed with the bitch, and it's almost like I want to be a monster with her. For once I want a real ass fight – Edward.

Sounds good. I think you need that. Let me know when the deed is done, yeah? – Liam.

I will. Gotta go, man. Time for cherry pie – Edward.

DocEddieward

"I've done so much good today, I've got, like, a 'soul boner.'"

- How I Met Your Mother.

As I walked Mrs. Wilkins to the reception, I gave her some advice on how to make things easier on both her and her little newborn Eric who had colic.

"But these vitamins... they really work?" she asked hesitantly as she hugged her son closer. "Michelle never had colic, but after talking to a few mothers from Michelle's daycare, I found out it's quite common with colic?"

"It is," I assured. "Many newborns have it, and for some it only lasts a few weeks, for others, it can be a few months, but yes, it's very common. The AD-drops usually work very well, though, and I recommend you try it."

We reached the reception and I glanced in Bella's direction to see her keeping little Eric's big sister company. The girl had been screaming at the top of her lungs when she was left alone with Bella, but I wasn't surprised

Bella had come to the rescue, which she evidently had because the little sweetheart was just sniffing a bit now.

"Have you tried feeding him with a bottle designed for children with colic?" I asked.

"Um, no?" she replied. "How's it any different?"

"It's nothing advanced, but it's created to make sure the baby doesn't get extra air in while feeding. Gulps of air in this case could lead to more gas and it will add pressure to his stomach. More pain in his case," I explained.

"Oh... well, I'll definitely buy one of those then," she said. "Thank you so much, Dr. Cullen," she chuckled nervously, "I was so scared it was something much worse when he wouldn't stop screaming."

"Very understandable," I told her with a reassuring smile. "And it's always better to come in and check things out instead of ignoring it and hope for the best. You did the right thing."

She sighed. "I guess I just thought it would be easier... and maybe things would come more naturally with the second child."

"There's always something new," I chuckled. "One child will teach you a lot, but two will teach you even more," I added with a wink.

Thankfully she seemed to relax a little.

"Dr. Eddie?" I heard Bella call then.

I looked over at Bella, rolled my eyes, but couldn't stop the grin, cause... well, it's Bella we're talking about. I may hate the nickname but I can't hate it as much when she uses it, and in her defense, when kids are around Eddie is easier than Edward.

"What is it, Bella?" I asked, walking over to her and Michelle.

Another cutie right there. I couldn't help but to smile at the little girl.

"Just listen to me, sweetie," Bella told Michelle before facing me again.

"Doctor, doctor, I feel like a sheep!"

I grinned wider. Couldn't help it. Bella was obviously trying to cheer Michelle up, because I could see she was still upset, if only a little, and knowing Bella; she won't quit until she gets some laughter.

"That's baaaaad!" I responded, sounding like an idiot, but it didn't matter. Michelle started giggling like crazy – mission completed.

Sweet victory.

"Are you laughing at me, princess?" I chuckled, tickling Michelle's tummy.

"I think my ovaries swooned," Bella muttered under her breath... or at least... it sounded like she said something... like that. So... the fuck?

"You think your... did what?" I asked her, perplexed.

Her ovaries did what?

I stared at her as her eyes widened, like it was dawning on her... wait... does that mean... huh. Didn't she mean to say that out loud, then?

I was vaguely aware of Mrs. Wilkins snickering, and Michelle's giggling, but I was momentarily distracted by Bella's blush.

~TWITCH!

Yeah, tell me about it.

"Michelle, honey, it's time to go home," Mrs. Wilkins announced, sounding amused. "Thanks again for all the help, Dr. Cullen."

Reluctantly, I turned my attention away from Bella.

"No problem. It's what I'm here for," I said, shaking her hand. "Just give us a call or stop by if you have any questions."

"Absolutely," she replied as Bella handed her Michelle over the counter. "Say bye-bye, Michelle."

"Bye-bye," Michelle giggled, waving at me and Bella.

I waved back. "Take care, princess."

Then when they had *finally* left – sorry, but Bella's outspoken thought was a priority now – I turned back to said Bella. And speaking of Bella, she looked awfully busy all of the sudden, but her deep blush told me she was still on the same page as before.

"Bella?" I sang to get the attention I already had.

No, that didn't make much sense. Whatever.

Twitch was trying to ignore me, by the way.

"Bella, you think your ovaries did what?" I asked.

This was fun.

Very.

Then she looked up with a slightly annoyed expression. "May I help you, Dr. Cullen?"

Oh, hell, this girl's making my day. Yeah, I laughed. Hard.

"Damn, Bella. Avoiding the question, are we?"

"No," she said right away. "I'm avoiding the answer."

If I it was possible, I would've laughed even harder, but... our moment was over because my next patient arrived.

Bella winked, thinking she'd managed to escape, and I scowled playfully, wanting her to keep believing that she was in the clear. But she wasn't. No fucking way. I'm so gonna grill her later cause I wanna hear all about her... uh... *swooning* ovaries. What does that even *mean*? Swooning ovaries? And for what? Why? How? Hmm... I just don't get that girl. *Swooning* ovaries? *Really*? What would cause that? The little girl? Michelle? Huh... ovaries. Well... um... the fuck? No, I don't get it.

.

.

I just didn't think that Bella would avoid me for the rest of the day.

But she did.

And when I came home that night, I had to say I was a little less happy. Okay, much less happy. Being without Twitch is a fucking pain.

I skipped dinner. I was sick of fro-heat-zzas anyhow, so I grabbed a beer and planted my ass in front of the TV.

Nothing was on it.

I was bored.

I jerked off to images of Bella for the first time in my house. It went very well.

~*Fuck yeah...*

But boredom returned.

I grabbed another beer.

Safe to say, when my phone alerted me of a message, I was jumping for joy, thanking God for the distraction. Obviously I figured it was Liam... but it wasn't... and it wasn't Em or Jazz... or even Jake... or my sister... or Rose... or Emily... or Sam... Nooo... this was from Bella. And it was odd.

Rose, I'm losing my mind. I can't stop thinking about him :(Call me when you can. I need some cheering up. xo – Bella.

The fuck?

So, she... She was supposed to send that text to Rose?

But... she sent it to me?

And... who the *fuck* is that 'him'?

I growled.

Then I punched the number to Emmett, cause Jazz is a doctor. He's smart and he would see through me... but Emmett won't. And I need some fucking clarity here!

Stat.

Cause... the fuck?

She's making me lose my fucking mind, that's for sure. I mean, it's *her*, so I'm perpetually hard... no surprise there, really... but she's got me so fucking confused today, I've got, like, a question-mark shaped boner.

~Dude... *the fuck?*

POV? Doesn't matter, but we have three amigos scheming on MSN

ChiefCullen said: So... this is MSN messenger? And what did you call this, Jake? A three way? Not sure I like that idea.

DocWhitlock said: I agree with Emmett.

I'm-Da-Queen said: Don't be so boring, boys! :D And Emmy? It's a three way conversation! :P

ChiefCullen said: Still don't understand why we don't just meet up. Why do this online?

DocWhitlock said: I agree with Emmett.

I'm-Da-Queen said: Because whenever we decide to meet, something gets in the way. Jazzy, you have a pregnant Alicat. Emmy, you're on duty like... aaaall the time! Don't matter much now, 'cause we're here, and we gots to talk big business, m'kay? So, talk! :D

DocWhitlock said: Well, Alice told me that Bella just accidently texted Edward, only it wasn't so accidental. I don't know what that means.

ChiefCullen said: Me neither, but I say we wait with helping the ladies. It's much more fun to see Bella making Edward squirm haha. I wonder how long it'll take before he explodes.

DocWhitlock said: I just want Jane gone. I hated her in college, I hate her now. I say we help out. It's time we let Bella know about the glasses.

ChiefCullen said: Not yet! By the way, where's Jake?

DocWhitlock said: No idea.

I'm-Da-Queen said: I'm here, honeys! I'm here! :D :D I just had to reply to BellyB's text. Yeah, she's moving on to the next level! Woohooo!

DocWhitlock said: About that, do the girls know you tell us everything?

I'm-Da-Queen said: No, they think I'm one of the girls ;)

ChiefCullen said: And you're not?

DocWhitlock said: Good one!

I'm-Da-Queen said: Hateful bitches!

ChiefCullen said: SHIT! Ed's calling me now!

I'm-Da-Queen said: Act aloof if he brings up the text! :O

ChiefCullen said: Talking to him now. Something's up. What did Bella text him? I can't really ask Edward.

I'm-Da-Queen said: This is the text BellyB sent me, Rose, and Ali. It's supposed to be for Rose, but she 'accidentally' sent it to Sexward – **Rose, I'm losing my mind. I can't stop thinking about him :(Call me when you can. I need some cheering up. xo – Bella.**

DocWhitlock said: Emmett, what's Edward saying?

DocWhitlock said: Can't believe I'm being sucked into this high school shit... and then that I actually enjoy it. I'm fucked.

I'm-Da-Queen said: This is the life! Gotta love it, Jazzy! :P Oooh, it's fucking epic! I'm dying here, Emmy! What's Sexward saying?

ChiefCullen said: I read the text. It makes sense now, and I'm trying not to laugh. Eddie's asking about family and if anything's new with us. He's going for casual, but he's failing miserably!

I'm-Da-Queen said: Man oh man! I need popcorn! LMFAO!

DocWhitlock said: And how are you responding, Em?

DocWhitlock said: What does LMFAO mean?

I'm-Da-Queen said: Google it, Curly!

ChiefCullen said: I'm acting like I don't understand what he's getting at. This is fun. By the way, guys, Rose is totally listening in on the call. Just so you know. One might think she doesn't know I'm a police officer.

I'm-Da-Queen said: Copy that! I'll give Rosie a call later, and then I'll let you know what their plan is :D LOLLOLOL!

DocWhitlock said: You must be the least trustworthy person I know, Jake. Do you keep any secrets to yourself?

I'm-Da-Queen said: I keep important secrets to myself. Like the day I spent with Eddielicious in Seattle for example. I'll always keep that day our secret :) Oh, and this thing here, about us three playing a part in getting BellyB and Sexward together – also a secret. Forevah!

DocWhitlock said: You and Edward were in Seattle? When?

I'm-Da-Queen said: Not telling!

ChiefCullen said: Eddie just asked about Bella. Hahaha.

DocWhitlock said: Christ, even I am bouncing in my fucking seat here. What's wrong with me?

I'm-Da-Queen said: What's he saying about BellyB? I wanna know! I wanna know! O.O

ChiefCullen said: He's asking if anything's new with her. He's trying to be mellow, and he wants to know if B's seeing a guy without actually asking me if she is. But I'm just saying 'I don't know.' Eddie's a bit frustrated. Hahaha!

DocWhitlock said: Yeah, and I just realized you're evil, Emmett. The goal was to get them together, but you're messing around with them, you

ass! As funny as it is, I'm putting a stop to it. Tomorrow, someday, somehow, I'll tell Bella about the glasses.

ChiefCullen said: Fine, partypooper.

I'm-Da-Queen said: Marry me, Jazzy.

DocWhitlock said: LMFAO.

DocWhitlock is now offline

I'm-Da-Queen said: Maybe he needs to think about it.

ChiefCullen said: Just ended the call with Eddie. Hey, where did Jazz go? Offline?

I'm-Da-Queen said: Maybe Alice had some craving and Jazzy had to run to the store...

ChiefCullen said: Okay, well, nothing else to tell. See ya tomorrow, Jake!

I'm-Da-Queen said: Wait! You don't have to leave, handsome. How about some mano-y-mano?

ChiefCullen is now offline

I'm-Da-Queen said: Maybe he needs to think about it.

Maybeward

"Let's rock this joint."

- The Mask.

I swear I've considered every possibility when it comes to Bella's text, and I even called Emmett... but it led to nothing. Hell, I even called him a

second time just to ask again, but apparently he had some thing in Port Angeles with his deputy. Some late night meeting or whatever. Anyway... I don't get it. And I still didn't understand a thing when I got here this morning. 'Cause Twitch was acting like nothing was different, and then... well, I'll admit that I was momentarily distracted when she mentioned the goodies she's brought today.

Chocolate cake with white chocolate frosting and raspberry cream.

Let's just say that I cannot wait for lunch.

But back to her text, okay?

What did she mean?

More importantly; who's the dude?

In all honestly, I allowed myself a minute to consider the possibility of it being... me.

Maybe... you know? Just maybe.

Maybe.

But... no, I don't think so.

I wished it was me, though. So badly.

Christ, it actually hurts.

Fuck it. Time to deal with patients.

*O*O*O*

She was completely oblivious.

I stood in the doorway to my office, on my way to check my schedule for the rest of the day, but I'm not moving an inch as long as Bella's singing. Yes, she's singing as she's waiting outside one of the Exam rooms, and her voice is beautiful.

Dick was enjoying her singing, too. Very much. And twitching to the beat.

~Yeah, yeah, rock out with your cock out!

Good God!

Vulgar little fucker.

Sitting here resting my bones

And this loneliness won't leave me alone

It's two thousand miles I roamed

Just to make this dock my home

I only found it amusing because I'd been singing on the same song earlier, and it had become our thing since we... became *friends*. And yes, that word tasted a little bit fucking disgusting but whatever. Anyway, it's our thing. I hum or sing something, and then she takes over. Then, the other way around, and just like that, we get songs stuck for a day, and it's annoying the hell out of the others working here.

Just the thought of their sighs and scowls has me chuckling.

That's when Bella noticed me standing in the doorway, but I didn't freak out or anything... I just kept smiling 'cause... I love her. With all my heart.

"Something funny?" she asked, smiling and scrunching her nose a little.

Fucking gorgeous.

~Speaking of gorgeous... It's been a while, man.

I jacked off yesterday!

~Like I said, it's been a while.

I sighed. Time to answer Twitch anyway.

"You." I grinned. "Got a song stuck?"

She sent me a playful glare, to which my dick replied by tapping my boxers a little.

"Yeah, thanks by the way! I can't get it out!"

Then we heard Emily shout out from Exam room two. "That's what HE said!"

I laughed, unable to help myself, and I sure had changed since Bella entered my life. Before, I would've rolled my eyes, but... not anymore.

"Shame on you, Emily!" I laughed. "You're not supposed to be like Bella and Emmett!"

"Hey!" Bella exclaimed defensively. "Aint nothing wrong with a little humor, Mister."

True but...

"Humor is supposed to be funny, Bella," I joked in a sing-song voice before walking off towards the reception.

I would've stayed but there's only so much restraint I have before I attack her, and my limit had been reached.

Right before I made the turn for the reception, I remembered that I had some charts that I needed to return to the file cabinet by Bella's desk, so I turned around...

...and froze.

In shock. In surprise.

`Cause it was very evident.

Bella was still there. Standing in the same place. And she... she was definitely looking at my ass.

Then she blushed crimson. Eyes grew wide.

I was still frozen.

Fucking hell, she was... she was... she was checking me out!

Does that... I mean... maybe...?

Maybe. Maybe?

Maybe.

Bella spun around then and ran off.

I wasn't aware of much... except for my dick. Yeah, getting harder and harder by the second.

Holy hell, does that mean she...

Maybe.

Fuck!

It took me approximately two seconds to run down the hall and enter my office, and then another two seconds to shut the door and head inside my

private bathroom. Holy fuck, I needed this. Christ, the... possibilities. I mean... does she... did she like what she saw?

Oh, God...

I pushed my scrubs down, groaning at the feeling of wrapping my fingers around my now rock hard cock.

~Free at last. Let's rock this toilet.

Fuck.

Suddenly I was upset with her.

It was one thing when I was nothing but a friend to her, but this... Fuck, if she finds me attractive... or even somebody she might consider to have a relationship with, it was not really all that simple anymore.

I still have Chicago waiting, and some cockteasing from Bella will just fuck me up even more. That's the last thing I need. Because I still know what I want. I want marriage. I want a fucking family of my own, but... hell, what twenty-one year old wants that?

Exactly.

So, what now? Am I supposed to date her? Have a relationship with her? Move in with her? Propose and wait forever? Shit, it'll take years before she's ready for children, and by the time we get around to that, I'm over forty.

Then everything shifted. Inside me. Because I also knew that for her I'd wait. That's how much I love her. I'll do anything for her.

God-fucking-damnit! No, things weren't black and white anymore.

So, my fantasy wasn't very loving.

It was about punishing. Punishing the sexy girl that had taken control of me... Fuck...

I pushed her down on her knees before leaning back against my desk.

"Suck me off," I commanded quietly, stroking my cock in front of her face.

Like always, she obeyed immediately and took me down her throat.

I groaned loudly and threaded my fingers through her hair.

"Fuck, yeah... you're a... fuck... a cockteaser, you know that?"

I grunted and moaned, working my cock harder and harder, imagining Bella on her knees for me. Licking, sucking, kissing.

"God, I wish I could punish you," I muttered, *punish you for real.*

I fucked her hot little mouth without restraints.

"That's it, baby. Take my cock," I moaned.

In real life I've never had passion. Never has it been animalistic or hard.

But with Bella I see that. With Bella I want that. I want it all. The sweet lovemaking and the hard fucking.

I swiped my thumb over the slit, rubbing the pre-cum over the head of my cock, picturing Bella licking it, savoring it.

Fuck.

"I would fuck that pussy," I moaned, letting my head fall back. "I bet you're tight..."

Christ, yes. She's tight. Just looking at her... I mean, she so fucking tiny.

I pulled her up, carried her over to the couch, and ordered her to bend over.

She did, and I walked up behind her, pushing her pink scrubs down.

"Would you like that, Bella?" I asked, dragging my cock along the her soaked slit. "Would you like me to fuck you hard?"

"Yes, Edward! Please! Please fuck me!" she begged.

I slammed into her.

I fucked her. Hard. In and out. Loving her, fucking her. Because we can have it all. We can let go and fuck each other into oblivion, only to make sweet love the next... because with her I want everything that I've never had before.

I'm sick of boring. I'm sick of mechanical. I'm sick of habit.

"So, tight, baby," I moaned, fucking her harder.

Slick, tight... wrapped around me. Yes. More.

Sweet and slow with Bella would be intense and powerful. Consuming and desperate. And fast and hard would be raw, needy, and equally consuming.

"Fuck!" I growled, feeling my orgasm approach. "I'm close... God, you're sexy..."

My eyes shut tightly. My balls tingled. My breathing became shallow.

Goddamnit!

I exploded.

Maybe more than a little.

Maybe.

Jizzard

"All good arguments for the quickie."

- Two and a half men.

After I had cleaned the toilet. Again. I headed for the lunchroom. My mind was still all jumbled by the thought of Bella liking me, or... whatever it was she did, and I was still a bit upset. But now it was more with myself than with her. Most likely because I should've been more upfront with her from the beginning. I should've dumped Jane the second I started having doubts, and I should've used my fucking mouth when something bothered me. But no... Instead I bottled it all up or told Liam.

Not enough, and now I'm stuck.

But I'll worry about all that later in the confines of my home, because it's lunch now, and then it's time for Bella's goodies.

The baked goodies, that is.

So, to hide my broodiness, I plastered a smile on my face and started whistling the Otis Redding song I'd heard Twitch sing earlier.

Cause I'm stealthy like that.

"I'm starving," I announced as I entered the lunchroom.

Jazz, Emily, Emmett, Rose, and Bella were already seated, so I took my seat between Em and Jazz, making sure I didn't look at Bella. You know, too much to handle.

"Where's Jake and Hyper?" I asked Jazz as Rose pushed a food container my way.

I nodded in thanks before digging in.

"Buffy wo'kin'," Jazz replied with his mouth full of food.

That's 'busy working' if you didn't know.

Yeah, we've all turned into pigs since Bella came here. It doesn't matter that she only handles the dessert. All food is now fucking inhaled... cause we know... We know what comes after food. After food comes dessert.

Mmhmm.

"Bella, Emily?" Rose asked. "Have you guys seen *When Harry met Sally?*"

Chick-flick. Boring. I continued inhaling my burger and tuned the ladies out but... there was one thing I didn't manage to tune out.

They were talking about Billy Crystal.

"Fuck no," Bella told the girls. "That dude is all pruny, and his hair looks like grey pubes. And I bet his balls look like raisins."

Appetite – gone.

I stared at her. Eyes wide. Jaw dropped. We all did.

Then, one by one, we cracked up.

"That's just great, Bella! Don't hold back!" Jazz guffawed.

I was too busy coughing on my burger to speak.

"God, Bella, I just lost my appetite," Emily chuckled, and I nodded in agreement.

Damn, I really fucking laughed. Well, laughed and coughed.

"Why?" Twitch asked curiously. "Did you order a dish of raisins or something?"

Again, we laughed.

However, there was also a small voice in the back of my mind, asking if Bella had something against older guys. Not that I would ever compare myself with Billy Crystal, cause... uh, no. That dude could be my father, but still. Ten years separates me and Bella.

Is that too much for her?

It would be understandable. I reacted on our age difference in the beginning, too, and though I don't do it anymore, she might.

"That's not why I asked!" Rose exclaimed then, bringing me out of my musings.

"Then why did you ask?" Bella asked, arching a brow.

I love you.

Oh, fuck me. I'm screwed.

"I asked because I wanted your input on Meg Ryan's orgasm noises," Rose replied.

My jaw almost dropped again.

Input on what now?

~Holy fuck, Bella's orgasm noises. Yes, please. Gimme!

I focused on my burger, feeling my ears heat up.

Change the subject for the love of God!

Jazz gagged. "You're my cousin, Rosie. I don't wanna hear that shit!"

Exactly. I don't either, so drop it!

"I DO!" Emmett bellowed.

Fuck you, bro!

"Why?" Bella asked. "Don't you hear them otherwise?"

My mouth twitched in amusement, there's no denying that, but I kept my eyes downcast, scared shitless that they would see through me if I looked up.

"Hardy-fucking-har-har," Em deadpanned.

"No, but seriously," Rose continued, demanding attention, the bitch. "I don't think Meg Ryan did a good job."

I never really liked Rose. Ever. Not really.

"No?" Bella inquired. "How would you do it then, Rose?"

Maybe I don't like Bella that much either.

And then hell broke lose.

Rose, the woman who is practically my damn sister, started moaning.

"Oh... oh, fuck," she moaned. "Yesss," she hissed.

I felt nauseous.

"Yes, right there, Emmet!" And then she gasped. "Oh, shit! Yes. Yes. Yes! Fuck, yes!"

I was pretty sure my face was green.

Jasper gagged again.

I grimaced, even cringing a little, as I heard my brother's heavy breathing next to me.

Finally looking up, I pleaded desperately with Rose. "Rose, you're like my goddamn sister. Don't do that again. *Please.*"

I'm begging you! Read my eyes, woman!

Jazz nodded in agreement, on the same page as me.

Rose eyed me narrowly for two seconds before she huffed and face Bella with a smirk. "Fine. How would you do it, B?"

Oh... shit.

No.

No.

Noooooooooo!

Bella wouldn't, would she?

No.

No.

Nuh-uh.

I wouldn't survive.

Bella hummed, thinking about it... apparently. "I guess I'm a bit more about whimpering desperately. Breathy moans is more me, I think."

~TWITCH! TWITCH! TWITCH!

Her words echoed in my head, I swear. Desperate whimpers, breathy moans... Oh, God... Oh, God...

I was getting hard. Not kidding. But the thing is... there's nothing good about this situation.

I was actually starting to panic.

She won't demonstrate, will she?

I'm serious here. I won't survive.

It's one thing to imagine it, to fantasize about it, but... Christ, to hear if... live... for real... No, I won't be able to survive.

"Care to share?" Rose asked, smiling.

I wanna kill you, Rose. I really fucking do.

My cock throbbed.

Rock hard.

Every muscle tensed in my body then, as I watched Bella lean back in her seat, and with a shrug and a 'sure,' she actually started.

I swallowed hard.

"Oh, God... ungh... yes," she whimpered.

It was painful.

My cock was leaking.

"Oh, oh... please... More," she moaned breathily. I held my breath. "Yes! Oh, fuck, yes! Harder... please!"

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't fucking believe it.

I was dead.

She was moaning.

I was goddamn close.

Oh, God. Don't do this to me. No. Please.

I made the mistake of subtly bringing my hand down under the table, and then I pressed my erection down, and it was stupid, stupid, stupid, cause the friction. Oh, the friction. Oh, God, the friction!

And I didn't stop pushing my dick down either.

Grinding my teeth, I stifled a whimper of my own, because it was very clear to me; I could very well cum.

Then, Bella went in for the kill.

~Doesn't help that you're fondling me, boss.

Can't help it.

With a breathless gasp. "Yes! Right theeere!"

Months of fantasies...

Falling in love with her...

Never having anything remotely close to her...

To hear her. Her real voice. Making those sounds...

Yeah, I came.

I fucking came. Like a teenager seeing tits for the first time.

I came.

Facing my fucking hamburger, I clenched my teeth, bit my tongue, and refused to breathe.

I was in disbelief.

And I knew I only had seconds before it would start soaking through my boxers and reach my scrubs.

Holy fucking shit, kill me.

~Sorry.

I shivered.

I still couldn't believe it.

I should suit up. Like always. Always wearing a condom, cause who the fuck knows when Bella will make me blow my load just like that? The moaning, the tight body, that voice, those sounds, even the fucking scrubs. Everything concerning Bella.

~All good arguments for a quick rub.

You mean before lunch?

~Yeah. Or whenever, really.

Uh-huh, and what good did that do, cause I still fucking came!

~Just want you to rub me more often.

I swear to God, my hand is almost permanently attached to you as it is.

And I swear my cock just shrugged.

The others were talking. Don't ask me what they talked about, cause I didn't pay attention. At all.

But eventually I'd had enough. *Enough!*

So, I stood up, casually making sure a hand covered my crotch, and then I announced that lunch time was over...

...before I hauled ass.

I ran to my office.

I still couldn't believe it.

I. Fucking. Jizzed. In. My. Pants.

Enoughward

"But existing is basically all I do."

- Futurama.

It's been a few days since my... *accident*, and things have only gotten worse.

I tried avoiding her again. Didn't work. The woman is impossible to avoid.

I tried jerking off more. Didn't work. Cause it wasn't about that anymore. Well, not only about that anymore.

No, this was more. This was everything.

So... yesterday I signed the papers.

Now there's a plan.

It's April first today – Friday. Jane comes home tonight. I'm dumping her ass the minute she steps inside.

Then, on Sunday for brunch, I'm going to tell my family I'm moving to Chicago.

Lastly, on Monday I'm posting the signed contract to Children's Memorial in Chicago.

Yes, I signed the damn thing.

I already talked to the Chief of residency and he was eager as hell to fly me out there. Stat. I aint eager but... I just can't take it any longer. It's impossible. I've had it. Enough is enough.

Jazz will probably be mad, but hopefully it won't take long to find a new doctor for CW... Huh... Will he rename it? Christ, of course he will.

Why call it Cullen Whitlock when Cullen's out?

Right?

Fuck.

CW's my dream. One of them.

Now I'm giving it up.

Fuck my life.

*O*O*O*

With a sigh, I opened the door to the clinic, noticing Jasper stand there... wearing an amused expression, but I was too fucking depressed to read into it, so I ignored the fucker and plastered a fake smile on my face. Then I glanced over at Bella-

Oh, God...

~Oh, God... Twitch.

Oh, God...

~Oh, God... Twitch.

Oh, God...

~Oh, God... Twitch.

Glasses. She's wearing glasses. She's wearing glasses!

I can't take it. I just... I just can't take it!

Bella asked me something.

But I couldn't focus on anything. Except for those glasses.

Black rimmed. So sexy. Oh, God, so sexy.

Enough is enough.

Time to haul ass.

"Uh... yea... you, too," I think I said... to someone. "I'll be in my office."

Then I took off.

I was losing my fucking mind.

The next thing I knew was me pacing inside my office, and in my head... in my head I saw glasses floating around. That just couldn't be healthy, could it? But God, they were there. Just... floating around. Librarian style. I mean, not that librarians float around but... their glasses. Well... I mean... shit. Not that glasses tend to float around *either*, but...

I sighed.

Okay, shit. Well, one thing's for certain. I'm so avoiding Twitch today, cause... daaaaayum.

Heh. What if I said that out loud? Dayum. First, I think people would be worried. Second, I think Jake would grab my junk and I don't want that. And third, Jasper would say, "Dude, you're white."

Yeah.

Aaaaanyway.

I made a bubble face.

Christ, she's wearing glasses, people. GLASSES! And... God, I can picture it. You know, her. Bending over my desk, wearing nothing but a pair of stilettos and those glasses. Oh, and a ruler or something... or maybe a pen... you know, stuck in her hair. Or something. God... glasses... so fucking sexy!

~Ooh-rah...

The fuck?

Now you're a fucking Marine?

~Eh. I do like things wet.

Fucker had a point.

I sighed. I sat down in my chair. I rubbed the heels of my hands over my eyes, sorta pressing them in an itty bit. Cause maybe I can press my eyes in, you know? I mean, push them in. And maybe, that way... I won't see Bella again. But Christ, I will still remember. Oh, how I will remember.

The glasses.

Knock. Knock. KNOCK!

Jeesh.

"Come in," I grumbled, running a hand through my hair.

The door flew open and, "Hey, bro!"

Emmett.

"Hey, Em," I muttered, deciding to take out a few charts to distract my sorry ass with. "What can I do you for?"

"And... don't you have work?" I asked, cocking a brow as he slumped down in the seat across from me.

He shrugged. "They won't miss me."

"Right." I nodded. "You're *only* the Chief of *Police*, after all."

"Exactly." My brother's a dumb fuck. So dense, right? "Look, I need you to look something up for me."

"Um, and what's that?" I asked, putting the chart down on my desk.

"Well, I remember you saying you've been checking out Urban Dictionary."

Uh... huh?

"Yeah?" I replied.

He grinned. "I need you to look up kittycat and kitty on that thing."

I chuckled 'cause I was suddenly relieved. I've feared for my sanity for a while now but I'm starting to think it's genetic. It's not just me. Evidently it's my brother too, and let's fucking face it; Alice is one fucked up individual. So... I'm thinking we could all sue Mom and Dad for fucking us up. Right?

"Are you listening, bro?" Em asked.

I sighed.

"Yeah, gotcha, bro. You want me to look up kitty and kittycat. Sure, Emmett. I will. Now why don't you go lie down? Maybe you should rest for a while."

The dude stared at me like I was crazy and I was like, 'dude, join the fucking club' cause us Cullens are apparently all fucked in the head. I mean, *really*? Why would I look those words up? Isn't it obvious? Of course it is. Kitty and kittycat are words for CAT! Nothing else.

"Edward, type the fucking words in!" he ordered, pointing at my computer. "Do it and do it now!"

Wow, that was the first time I saw him in cop-mode. I didn't think he had it in him, the goofy fuck.

Anyway, I sorta obeyed him and surfed my ass into the Urban Dictionary. Then I typed in kitty and pressed enter.

"Emphenumphshit?" It came out in a breath.

I'm a doctor, people. It's a word. Take my word for it.

Word.

I blew out a breath, still staring at the screen. Every entry stated the same.

1. Slang for a vagina- originated from 'pussy' (as in cat, kitty, etc...)

2. Instead of pussy.

3. Another word for vagina and pussy.

Then the suggestions I read... holy shit. I had no idea.

"Ohh, yeah, on Friday I pet her kitty good."

"You're not getting out that door until my kitty gets on that cock."

"You gonna get yourself some kitty this weekend, Bill?"

Bella never talked about a fucking cat. She spoke of her p... her pu... her pussy! And now I can't remember why on earth she would do that! FUCK! Why can't I remember? We'd... we'd been on the way to Port A. Yeah. And we listened to music. Music that was all about sex. Right? So...

Christ, I have no idea. This fucking sucks. I wanna know why she would bring her pussy up.

Alright, enough of this shit.

I closed down the site and looked at Em... who was all red in the face. Dude was trying not to laugh.

"Fine, the joke's on me," I muttered, rolling my eyes. "I get it now, okay? She doesn't have a cat. Just a rabbit."

For a minute I thought he was gonna explode.

Which he sorta did.

"For the love of GOD, Edward!" he guffawed. "She doesn't have a fucking rabbit, either, you stupid ass!"

"Yes, she does!" I argued defensively. "She said so!"

"Fine!" he bellowed. "Then look up rabbit too, on that fucking site! It's not the damn animal, Edward!"

"Then what the fuck is it?!" I growled. Can I kill him?

God, I'm just... so... confused.

And truth be told, I've had enough of this!

Aaargh!

Ya know?

"Edward," Em said, now calm. "Rabbit is another word for vibrator. Actually it's a type of vibrator."

I blinked.

A vibrator?

As in... for... you know... the kitty?

Bella's shaved kitty?

~Whasaaaaaaaaaaa... I'm here!

Like you ever left.

But so... shit, Twitch was talking about her pussy and her vibrator? She talked about that? With me?

Oh.

Oh.

"And *now* he gets it, ladies and gentlemen!" Emmett laughed.

Shit. Wow, now I really wish I remember why Bella would ever talk to me about her pussy and vibrator. I mean, fuck, with all these urban dictionary-words, she could've asked me to fuck her in the car, and I wouldn't have known what she said. Shit, did she? What if she asked me to help her with the rabbit! What if she wanted me to use it on her!

Oh, God...

And she's wearing glasses!

Gah!

ENOUGH!

Yeah, man. Enough.

It is what it is. I'm fucked and not in a good way, but yeah, it's my life.

My mood got worse from there, so I kicked Emmett out and then I avoided everyone for the rest of the day. Well, except for the patients, of course.

To clear my head, I jerked off yet again – I swear I'm chafing the fucker – this time right before I left, and why? Because I knew I was only minutes away from seeing Bella, and well, my cock seems to like her. A lot. So, yeah, before I left the office, I rubbed one out. I'm good at it. I've mastered it.

Because jerking off is basically all I do.

But enough about that.

I left, and as predicted I ran into Bella. Rose was also there, and she saw me, but Twitch didn't.

A part of me hoped she wouldn't. 'Cause the last thing I needed to see was her face... and the glasses. Oh, the glasses.

Enough!

Right.

"Emmett will swing by your place tomorrow morning with the Jeep," I heard Rose say.

And before I could stop myself, I spoke up like the idiot I am.

Apparently doctors can be idiots. Who knew?

"Are you picking your parents up by yourself?" I asked, knowing that they were talking about Charlie and Renee who were arriving tomorrow.

But enough about that.

'Cause Bella turned around to face me, hmmm... gorgeous face and glasses, hello.

Rose left; I think she even said 'toodles.' Weird woman.

Glasses, glasses, glasses.

"Yes," Twitch said. To what? No idea. I'm watching her glasses. "My parents' flight comes in at noon, and I'll be there to pick them up. Em and Rose were kind enough to let me borrow their car."

Ah, right. We were talking about that. Not glasses. Oh... glasses.

Fuck, how can she be so incredibly beautiful? Really. It ought to be illegal.

~You're staring, you dickwad.

And you aren't? I mean... saluting?

~Only half mast.

Enough!

I sighed.

And then... "I can drive you!" I blurted out.

Stupid, stupid, *stupid* doctor dude.

But maybe not. This could be my goodbye. A few hours alone in a car with her. 'Cause I'm a masochist. Apparently.

"If you want to," I added. Please say yes, love.

"Eight hours in a car with me?" she asked, scrunching her nose up a little. Fucking cute. And yes, I'll take eight hours in a car with you.

Obviously.

"Four of those will be with my parents," she pointed out.

Don't care. Let me ride you- err, drive you. You can do the riding, though, if you want.

But before I could reply, Bella and I both heard a cry, and I quickly followed the sound.

Fuck!

I narrowed my eyes. There, across the street, I saw one of my patients. I remember the poor woman. Abused and pregnant.

It appeared her partner was about to lose a limb or two.

I saw red.

Edward

"God, she knows me!"

Scrubs.

How the hell did this happen?

"Fuck," I hissed, rubbing my jaw before throwing the next punch.

I remember arguing with Bella on the way across the street. She had been mumbling about pig-food and digestion while I contacted Emmett. Then we were in a booth, Bella and I, and we were watching Victoria and her partner.

I dodged a fist and kneed him in the ribcage.

"Oomph!" That was the son-of-a-bitch.

What else do I remember? I remember trying to calm Bella down. Fuck, she was upset. I hated it. But then *I* was worse. I was out of my seat before I knew it and then punches were thrown.

And here we are, throwing punches and it hurts like a motherfucker!

I threw another punch, wondering where the *fuck* Emmett was.

I took one to the side, making me growl. My lip was busted, I felt the fucking blood. And then we were on the floor and I planted my foot on his crotch. I kicked.

"Sonofabitch!" he gasped.

Yeah, you should've thought about that before you hit your pregnant woman.

Ass.

I threw another punch.

He punched me back, fucker.

Then I heard him. My brother. "No fucking way, Bella! Stand back!"

The next thing I knew was Emmett grabbing me. He pulled me off the floor, and I struggled against him, I only needed to throw a few more punches, *please*.

"Enough, Edward!" he bellowed.

That's when I noticed that the asshole was still on the floor, and was pretty close to passing out.

So, I tried to relax.

"Fine. Let go, bro," I muttered, cringing as my lip stung.

Bella was next. "Edward, are you okay?" she cried.

It was a sound that hurt far more than the cracked lip, that's for sure.

I sighed and grabbed a napkin on the bar. "I'm fine," I mumbled, padding the napkin over my lip. Fuck, that stung. I sat down on a barstool, thinking... what a fucked up night this turned out to be. I mean, me fighting? Shit, I guess there's a first for everything.

I flexed my fingers. They were okay.

"You said nothing happened in bars," Bella whimpered, reminding me of my earlier words, but what I focused on was her voice. The tremble in her voice, and fuck... I saw her tears.

I wanted to hold her.

I needed it.

"Don't cry," I murmured, fighting hard to keep my hands to myself. I even tried to smile for her but that stung, too, which she noticed. So, she cried harder, fuck, she was shaking. My resolve was slipping. So fast. Then it was gone. I blew out a breath. "Come here." I held my arm out for her.

She was there in a flash, standing between my legs. Her arms went around my neck.

Home.

Fuck.

I love her. So fucking much.

"Don't cry, beautiful," I whispered, holding her tightly to me.

I breathed her in, burying my face in her neck.

"But you're hurt!" she cried. It stabbed at me.

"It's just superficial, Bella," I assured her quietly as I cradled her face. Her eyes glistened with tears. "I've had worse," I chuckled. Anything to make her smile. "Come on, baby, we need to get out of here."

I knew we had statements to give but I needed to get Bella out of her. People were staring, and I wanted my girl to relax. So, after a quick talk with Emmett and his deputy, I took Bella back to the clinic.

She was still emotional.

It still killed me.

In another attempt to lighten her mood, I asked, "Ready to be my nurse?"

She didn't laugh and we reached Exam room one.

"Sit down," she croaked, nodding towards the kid-sized stretcher.

"Bella," I murmured, trying to get her attention but she seemed... gone.

"I'm the doctor, remember?"

"Don't care," she muttered. "Sit down."

I did as told, removing my jacket. I watched her in concern as she grabbed a few things from my work station. And apparently she knew what she was doing.

"Here," she whispered brokenly, handing me a 400 mg ibuprofen pill and a glass of water. "It'll help stop the swelling."

All I could think about was what an amazing mother she would be one day. She knew this. She was a caretaker and too good to be true.

I swallowed the pill and gulped the water down, ignoring my stinging lip. It was pretty deep but I already knew I wouldn't need stitches.

"Lie down," she mumbled.

I said nothing as I obeyed. But I watched her intently. I was... I was worried. I hated how she... how she just went through the motions. It was like she did it on autopilot.

Was she in shock?

Then I watched as she flipped on the overhead light, and she stood next to me, focusing on the cotton swab that she soaked in hydrogen peroxide.

Christ, how will I live without her?

How will I be able to leave?

She leaned in, and I knew my eyes told her everything.

Which was probably why she diverted hers.

"It's gonna sting," she whispered.

I flinched a little when she made contact with the cotton swab, and I internally kicked myself in the gut as her eyes welled up all over again. I couldn't take it. I couldn't fucking take it.

"You don't have to do this, beautiful," I whispered.

Please, baby, don't be sad.

"Yeah," she whimpered. "I really do."

All I saw was her, and everything she was.

All the months of fighting her. I was so fucking stupid. I should've known. She was perfect from the start. She made me happy. Happier than I've ever been. It was all her. Only her. Her humor, her easygoing personality, her love for the children, her food, her body, her gorgeous face and beautiful features. It was all her. From the start, from day one. She rendered me speechless over and over.

"It won't need stitches," she mumbled then.

I continued watching her as she tended to me, as she took care of me. I heard the words, the advice. I heard her and saw her.

My mind was already made up.

As she checked my hands and confirmed that I hadn't broken skin, I couldn't help myself. I sat up when she started to back away, and I grabbed her hand. There was no stopping it.

She didn't look at me.

"Bella," I breathed. *Please look at me, love.*

She didn't but I saw her. For some reason I saw her inner battle.

One might wonder where the fucking clarity came from because I could've used it a whole lot sooner.

But it was here now and I saw what she wanted.

She wanted me, too. It wasn't just me in this mess.

God, she wants me!

"Look at me," I whispered. "Please."

Before she could respond, I pulled her closer. Needing her. Needing to feel her. My heart pounded, my ears rang. Our foreheads touched. I watched her. Her eyes, unfortunately downcast. So beautiful and expressive. My arms around her waist, she was so close.

Then her eyes locked with mine.

Closer.

I was myself. No stupid inner voices. No rambling, no over-thinking or overanalyzing. It was just me.

Edward.

And I needed my Bella.

Closer.

We exchanged breaths. It was heavy. The tension was thick.

I had to. There was no choice. I fucking had to.

I swallowed hard, watched her as she squeezed her eyes shut. Tears fell. I had to... I had to kiss her.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, licking my lips. "But I have to."

Then I pressed my lips against hers.

Fuckward

"I like Phil."

- Better Off Ted.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, licking my lips. "But I have to."

Then I pressed my lips against hers.

I could barely believe it... or maybe I could... what with my newfound clarity and all, but... she was kissing me back. Slowly at first, maybe to test the waters. Fuck. Her lips were soft and warm. I knew I would never tire of the feeling.

My own fucked up lip still stung, but I couldn't have cared less.

So, I added pressure. Then more. And even more, I needed to feel her.

I felt her shiver, which set my own off.

Parting my lips, I carefully traced her bottom lip with my tongue, but when I realized that she liked it, my hesitation started to wear off.

Fuck.

We kissed hard, passionately.

I was coming alive.

Buzzing, pulsing. It was all her.

I groaned quietly, pushing my tongue deeper into her mouth.

Then she whimpered. In my mouth.

"Edward."

And this hunger I had never felt consumed me.

I devoured her like a possessed animal, a crazed one, and starved one.

We clung to each other.

I groaned in her mouth when she tugged on my hair.

Fuck, she needed this, too.

I pulled her closer.

There was no question, no hesitation. I was too far gone.

I cupped her ass, moaning as I pulled her closer to me.

Panting, fucking frenzy, nothing was enough, damnit.

I love you.

I needed more, closer and harder.

So... I slid my hands under her scrubs, again finding her perfect ass. Kneading it, pushing her against my erection as she stood between my parted legs.

Her hands wandered.

More, baby, all of you.

She arched into me, I needed more. I was so fucking out of it. Gone. Beyond reason and moral.

Up, up, up, under her shirt, I felt her under my hands.

"Please," she moaned.

Fuck!

A growl escaped my lips, and if I thought I was gone before... I was wrong.

My cock throbbed.

In one single movement, I switched our positions so that I was standing in between her legs.

I already had plans for her.

One might think I should ask.

But that's how gone I was.

More and harder, I kissed her. Tasted her and us.

She was gone too, though. Her hands were everywhere, as were mine.

Then her hand was on my dick. Outside the boxers.

"Fuck," I hissed. More, baby. It's not enough. "Yesss."

My hands found her luscious tits, I cupped them.

And when she reached inside my boxers, and I felt her fingers on my leaking cock, I grunted as I sucked on her neck. "I have to, Bella." There was no choice, I just had to feel her. "I fucking need it." And I did. I needed to feel what I wanted to have forever. I had to feel her. I had to fucking take her.

She moaned. "Anything."

I didn't hesitate.

After grabbing her arms, I told her to hold on, which she did, and then I slid her pants down, including her panties. Holy fuck. This was happening, and I moaned at the sight of her. Christ, I almost missed that she did the same, lowering my scrubs. My cock sprang free and she watched me with... fuck, I'd never seen such desire. She really fucking wanted me. I was willing to bet I've never felt this wanted.

"Now," she panted, eyes glued to my erection. "I need you."

"Goddamnit," I hissed, not believing my fucking luck. "Yes."

I kissed her again, harder than before.

I was frantic and needy, aching for her.

Determined to pour everything into my actions.

Because this was what I had. I had her, right here, right now.

Another moan escaped me when the head of my cock brushed against her pussy, and I was on fire, panting and moaning, needing to feel all of her, with all of me. My cock wasn't enough. Fuck, nothing would ever be enough. My fingers, then. I felt her. Teased her, fuck she was wet. Hot and wet. Bare. I think I said something, but I'm not sure.

My fingers fucked her incredibly tight pussy.

Fuck, would I fit?

"More," she whimpered, clinging to me.

"Fuck yes," I groaned, and then I wrapped her legs around my hips before pushing her back slightly. This I needed to see. And feel. And savor.

Unable to look away from her coffee brown eyes, I slowly pushed my cock inside her soaked pussy.

Her moan almost made me explode.

I watched us. Joined and connected, I knew I would never feel anything like this again. I never had before, and after this, I wouldn't again. It was powerful for me.

"Christ," I breathed.

I could barely believe it. I was inside of her.

Bella. Jesus, my Bella.

"Edward." Shaky whisper. My eyes found her, she nodded. Nodded for me to... for me to... go on. *Christ.*

This was happening.

Leaning forward, I kissed her sweet lips. Firmly and sensually, as I started to move in her. Slowly and deeply. Long strokes. Her gasp told me I had found her spot. I rubbed the head of my cock against it, wanting more of her delicious sounds. I fucking needed them.

But I was a greedy son of a bitch. A little wasn't enough.

If this moment was what I had, then I wanted as much of it as possible.

All of it.

Consequences be damned.

"So goddamn tight," I breathed, sliding into her again. Please. For once in my life, more and harder. "I..." Fuck. I was almost ashamed, but... "Need *more*, Bella." It was a plea. But I wasn't sure I was actually able to go slow.

"Yes," she cried out. "Please, Edward. *Fuck* me."

I swallowed hard.

She didn't need to tell me twice.

So, I gripped her hips... and slammed into her.

Goddamnit.

Bella choked on a breath, but before I could worry, her lust filled eyes calmed me again.

She wanted this, too. Hard.

So, I fucked her.

I fucked her hard, repeatedly slamming into her.

We were both completely nuts, but I think I took the prize.

Moaning and grunting, I know there were words, but... fuck, I was too out of it to actually know what I was telling her.

I know I panted about her beauty.

But my focus was on our connection.

Surely it was more powerful for me.

I felt her. All of her, as she clenched down on me like a fucking vice.

Harder.

Oh, *God*...

Deeper.

Tighter, she became tighter. Fluttering and tensing around me. Wetness seeping out of her, coating me.

I felt the coil. The tensing, the throbbing.

And then she came.

Hard. My name on her lips.

It made me choke on a moan.

"Fuck, Bella!" I groaned loudly, feeling her slick pussy squeeze me. Too close. I was gone. Exploding. Now. "I'm- *Goddamnit... ungh...* I'm coming."

I squeezed my eyes shut, thrusting into her hard before I erupted.

Deep inside of her, I came harder than ever.

I lasted forever, it felt like, before my upper body collapsed against her.

There, in the crook of her neck, I panted and tried to regain my breath, all while inhaling her natural scent.

Mingled with the smell of us. Smell of sex.

Sex.

Sex.

Not sex.

Hard fucking.

In the exam room.

Like an animal, I had taken her.

Holy... fuck my life.

What have I done?

Seriously... what have I done?

I had one chance with her, and this is how I used it? By fucking her like a crazed animal?

What happened to loving her?

Breathing her in one more time, I realized one thing.

I didn't deserve her.

I don't. I don't fucking deserve her.

Slowly, reluctantly, I pulled out of her.

That was it.

I had just ruined it. Ruined my one opportunity with her.

I got dressed in silence, seeing her in my peripheral as she hurriedly straightened out her own clothes.

Awkward.

I should apologize, right?

Yeah. Fuck. Seriously. Fuck my life.

I sighed. Pinched the bridge of my nose. I couldn't look her in the eye after what I had done.

I swallowed.

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

Like you wouldn't believe, baby.

"Okay," I heard her breathe out.

I was utterly ashamed of myself, and I was about to tell her just that, but... my brother chose that moment to call out for us.

Yeah, cause giving statements, that was what I wanted to do now.

Being the coward I am, I just left Bella there.

My heart was fucking broken.

And it was my own fault.

Then there was another thought. Jane would be home by now.

~You had to ruin my moment by mentioning that shrew, didn't ya?

Fuck you. Seriously, fuck you.

~So much anger. Not healthy, man. There's a guy able to help you. You'd like Dr. Phil.

I sighed.

Time to break it off with the shrew.

Dumpward

"If you don't sit your lanky ass down right now... bottom line, I will knock you the fuck out."

- Bad Boys.

I drove home in a daze, unable to get Bella's face out of my head. Fuck, the expression she wore as we gave Emmett our statements all but killed me, and I knew why she looked like that of course. She obviously felt like shit after the way I had taken her.

God, I bet she's disgusted.

I wouldn't blame her.

I had behaved like a fucking animal.

~Pun intended?

Shutthefuckup!

~Whoa, chill! But seriously, you should focus on dumping the ho'bag.

I sighed.

`Cause I do that a lot.

And now I was home. Jane's car was in the driveway.

I sighed again.

So... I should just get in there and tell her it's over?

~No, you should go in there and say... Yo, bitch! I'ma bust a cap in yo' ass!

I rolled my eyes.

Proudly presenting my gangsta' cock.

~I prefer Snoop Doggy Dick. Or Papa Diddy Cock. Or Busta-

I get it!

~Do you? 'Cause you're a bit behind. If you know what I' sayin'. Know what I' sayin'?

I cursed and pushed my door open, then I slammed it shut before I marched towards the house.

I ripped the door open.

Let's do this shit.

~Bad boys, bad boys... watchu gonna do, watchu gonna do when they come for you...

"Jane!" I called, shrugging out of my jacket before I headed for the kitchen. "JANE!"

"What!" I heard her hiss, coming down the stairs. I guess she'd already gone to bed. It was way past midnight after all. "What are you yelling for?" Then she was there, in the kitchen. "What the hell happened to your face?"

I touched my face.

Oh. Right.

"Bar fight," I said, grabbing a beer from the fridge. "If you think this looks bad," I pointed at my face, "you should see the other guy." I smirked.

~Word. Brotha'.

"Aaanyway." I made a bubble face. "We gotta talk, Jane," I said solemnly. Then, like a smooth motherfucker, I hopped up on the kitchen island.

"This isn't working anymore." I gestured between the two of us. Err... not me and Dick, but me and Jane. Ya know. "I'm calling the entire fuckery off."

~If you don't get your skanky ass out right now... bottom line, I will kick you the fuck out!

I wish we could be that brutal, dude. I wish.

~Hmph.

Jane just stared at me. I guess she had to let the shit sink in or something.

So, I chugged some beer.

Chugged some more.

I burped. Shit felt good.

"Are you *drunk*?" she asked, cocking the bitch-brow.

I chuckled. "I'm working on it. Give me a minute, I'll get there."

~We're drunk on love for Bella.

I nodded solemnly.

Too bad we fucked that shit up.

"Seriously, what are you up to, Edward?" She sneered. "I hardly recognize you!"

I shrugged.

"You don't know the real me." It was the truth. "But that doesn't fucking matter, cause what we're doing right now is ending this." I knew I couldn't ask her to leave in the middle of the night, but I sure as hell wanted her gone by the morning. And that was fucking final. "To be blunt, I don't fucking love you, Jane." Her eyes widened, and I shook my head in amusement. "Don't even go there. You don't love me either. If you did, you wouldn't be fucking your boss."

She gasped.

"Think I didn't know?" I grinned. "Come on, give me some credit." Or Jake. Yeah. "Actually, you can give Jake the credit, cause truth be told, I

didn't notice, but he did." I took another swig of my beer before I continued. "And you know what that tells me? That I don't pay enough attention to you. That I don't care enough for you."

~Westside!

The fuck?

~Sorry, just wanted to get that in there. Ya know.

Whatever.

Then she began. There was crying and shouting and feeble attempts to defend herself.

All while I just stood there, chugging beer, feeling depressed about Bella, but feeling good to finally get rid of this skank.

"But, Eddie, we can work on this!" she pleaded.

Uh. Yeah, that would be a no.

But before I could open my mouth, she was in front of me, and I was like, noooooooooo! Save me!

`Cause she was reaching for me.

"Gah! What the fuck are you doing?" I gasped in horror. "Don't *touch* me, woman!"

~Woman? Really? Are you sure about that? I mean... look at it.

Good point.

With a shudder, I slid across the kitchen island, and it wasn't until we had the entire island between us that I could take a fucking breath. `Cause man oh *man*.

For a while after, we just circled the island while she tried to convince me to 'work on our relationship.' Meanwhile, I was getting dizzy from all the walking. The beer didn't make it better.

In the end, I'd had enough.

"I slept with another woman!" I blurted out. And I swear time froze. "And that's not it. I also fell in love with her."

Oh, the glare Jane gave me... It was a good one. One of those If-looks-could-kill glares.

Not that it scared me.

"So, you see how this will never work?" I asked. "I'm in love with someone else. You're fucking your boss to get ahead. Seattle's your life. Forks is mine." I didn't exactly feel the need to tell her that I was leaving Forks... or the love of my life for that matter. "You can stomp around like a fucking child all you want, but it won't change my mind." Resting both hands on the island, I told her once again, "It's over."

Then I chugged some beer.

"But I forgive you!" she exclaimed.

Then I choked on some beer.

~Yo, dawg. This bitch is fucking loca.

Word.

"You *forgive* me?" I laughed incredulously. "First of all, I didn't apologize. And second of all, infidelity is nothing you forgive." I shrugged. "But that's just my opinion." Fuck, no digressing now. "We both screwed this up, Jane. Only difference is, I'm glad it's done. *We're done.*"

I think she realized then that I wasn't kidding around.

I was serious.

This was over.

"So," I said. "Get your shit out of my house. I'll sleep in the guestroom. You're gone by the time I get up tomorrow morning."

She opened her mouth to protest, and I saw the blazing fury, but I halted her.

"Don't even think it, Jane," I warned with my own glare. "I bought this fucking house, and you have no claim on it whatsoever. And you know it. What you do own is a condo in Seattle. So, do us both a favor and move your shit there."

With that, I headed for the stairs.

"I'm keeping the ring, Edward!" she screamed.

I laughed. Really fucking laughed my *ass* off, as I walked up the stairs.

"Be my guest, Jane! Since you bought it and all!"

Seriously. What a dumb bitch. Good thing I know now that I was never *in* love with her.

But still, what the fuck does that say about me?

I mean, *really*, what did I ever see in that *thing*?

~And they say doctors are smart.

Yeah, I'm reconsidering, Papa Diddy Cock.

~Changed my mind, brotha'. It's TimbaPole.

You... are so weird.

~You know that I'm you, right?

"Fuck," I mumbled under my breath. "I'm so weird." I locked the door behind me in the guest room. I fell on the bed, tired as hell. "But you know what? I'm a weird man who's free. A free weird man. A free weirdo."

~Your cock and heart aint free.

True dat.

Bella will always have my cock and heart.

~And the rest.

Word.

I think I fell asleep mid sigh.

Trust *me* to be the one to do *that*.

Pubeward

"I'm as anatomically impaired as a Ken doll."

- Dogma.

I did it, Liam! I fucking did it! – Edward.

What? Did what? Grow your first pubes? – Liam.

No, you ass! I dumped Jane! – Edward.

Good for you, man! And don't worry, your pubes will come – Liam.

I have pubes! – Edward.

Well, good for you, Champ! – Liam.

Even in a text that sounded condescending – Edward.

Eh. Anyway, tell me about the breakup – Liam.

Oh, man, I owned that breakup! I was like, Bitch, get the fuck out before I kick you out! – Edward.

Yeah, I don't believe that for shit – Liam.

Okay, maybe not. But that's what I wanted to tell her. But I was still relentless, man. Seriously, I gave her nothing. No room to argue. I just said what I wanted and that was that – Edward.

I'm proud, Eddie. So, where is she now? – Liam.

No idea. She was gone when I got downstairs this morning. A few belongings too. She left a note haha! – Edward.

So, you dumped her last night? What did the note say? – Liam.

I quote: I hate you, Edward. And just so you know, I think it's pathetic that a man can't get it up. You think I didn't know? Please! So pathetic. I'm better off with Aro. End quote – Edward.

GAAHAHAHAHA! She knew you couldn't get it up! – Liam.

Doesn't matter, man. She was the reason, and now I'm a free man – Edward.

Yes, about that; when are you coming to Chicago? – Liam.

I don't know, but soon. I'm telling my family tomorrow at brunch, and then I'll post the signed contract on Monday. After that I

guess I have a few days to clear my patients and talk to Jasper. He will need to find a replacement – Edward.

Can't believe you're actually coming. Wasn't CW Pediatric Care your dream? – Liam.

Things change – Edward.

Yeah, but that didn't. You still hate the fact that you're leaving – Liam.

I don't have a choice! – Edward.

Of course you do, and you choose to run – Liam.

Liam. I can't stay. I slept with Bella – Edward.

The fuck? When did that happen? How, why... – Liam.

Yesterday before I dumped Jane. Won't go into details but I acted like a shit, and I'm pretty sure she hates me – Edward.

Jane or Bella? – Liam.

Well, both – Edward.

Because you don't have pubes? – Liam.

I'm rolling my eyes right now – Edward.

Okay, I'm serious now. Why would Bella be mad? And if she slept with you, doesn't that mean you both have feelings for each other? I'm scratching my chin right now, FYI. You know, to look thoughtful – Liam.

And I'm scratching my balls because it feels good. And yes, I suppose Bella feels something for me, but it's not enough, and I doubt she still does after the way I acted – Edward.

You're lying – Liam.

About what? – Edward.

Scratching your balls. To scratch them, you must have them, and you clearly don't. I'd say you're as anatomically impaired as a Ken doll – Liam.

Funny guy (text comes with an attached image) – Edward.

Dude! Christ. Shit. I guess I had that coming. I see you're trimmed, btw – Liam.

Can we get back to the topic at hand now? – Edward.

Your junk? No, thanks. But seriously, how bad did you treat the poor girl? You talk like you molested her. You didn't, did you! – Liam.

NO! For fuck's sake, Liam! It was mutual, but... Damn, I practically attacked her – Edward.

A mutual attacking? Are there any of those? – Liam.

I meant that I was rough on her! I meant that I fucked her! Plain and simple. I fucked her – Edward.

Yeah, people do that sometimes – Liam.

Motherfucker. You just don't understand – Edward.

Nope – Liam.

Okay, I will try this again. Instead of being sweet and showing her that I love her, I used her for her body – Edward.

And you're sure she took it that way? Where did this happen, anyway? I gather it didn't happen at your house – Liam.

At CW. In one of the exam rooms – Edward.

And boy did you examine her! – Liam.

You know what, I think we're done here – Edward.

Alright. I'm shrugging, by the way. But text me before brunch tomorrow. I wanna know – Liam.

Sure thing – Edward.

O*O*O

You told me to contact you. I'm contacting you. Just parked my car. Time for brunch – Edward.

Okay. Can you do me one favor, bro? – Liam.

Depends what it is – Edward.

Before you post the contract tomorrow, talk to Bella about how you feel – Liam.

Dude, what happened to your sarcasm? I can't see it! – Edward.

I'm serious – Liam.

And I'm scratching my balls again. I don't have to talk to her. I know how she feels – Edward.

Find a way to talk to her unless you want me to call her! – Liam.

You wouldn't. You couldn't – Edward.

I bet Jazz has her number, no? – Liam.

Fine, you fucking fuckface! I will do my best! – Edward.

I'm snickering right now – Liam.

And I think I'm gonna throw up. And maybe shave off my pubes – Edward.

They looked neatly trimmed on the photo. Kidding aside. I know you can do this – Liam.

I know. I know I can shave them – Edward.

Not what I was referring to! – Liam.

I know, and I'm laughing. Talk to ya later – Edward.

Umward

"Fuhgeddaboudit!"

- Donnie Brasco.

I was going to tell them.

I was going to march in there and tell my family that I was moving to Chicago.

But then that went to hell, because as soon as I entered my parents' house, Mom was squealing – not kidding – about Bella's family coming to visit. And I had completely forgotten about that. I had completely forgotten that Charlie and Renee were visiting Forks. So... what did I do? Well, I plastered a fake smile on my fucking face and pretended

everything was sunshine and rainbows. I managed to hold this smiley charade in place until I heard Mom.

It was after everyone had arrived.

Everyone.

Charlie and Renee – both really fucking nice people.

Emmett and Rose – yeah.

Jazz and Alice – were also there. Talking baby-talk.

And speaking of baby-talk. Twitch was of course there. Wearing her glasses. And someone – most likely my sister – had given her side bangs. She looked amazing. Bella, that is. Not my sister. Well, her too, I suppose. Whatever.

Twitch was talking baby-talk with Alice's stomach, something that always made my insides churn. I wanted that. I wanted to talk to Bella's stomach... 'cause there'd be a baby in there. My baby. Our baby.

I digress.

With all the baby-talk going on, it wasn't hard to guess the women's topic.

Babies.

We men were gathered in one part of the living room, and the women in another. But we still heard them, cause... wow... they're loud, ya know.

And they were discussing children... or more importantly; grandchildren.

Renee and Mom.

Mom was eighteen when she had me, and Renee was eighteen when she had Bella. So, yeah... Renee kept asking Bella when it was her turn.

But that's not what killed me.

Killed me dead.

~Dude. That's not correct. Ya know... grammatically.

Shutthefuckup!

I sighed.

And sighed...

So heavily.

What killed me dead-

~Grammar-!

I pinched the fucker.

And whimpered.

Cause... *OW!*

"Sweet Jesus," I whimpered again.

Anyway... what broke me... was Mom's comment.

The comment to Renee.

"If you think Bella's bad, take a look at my children. My youngest is twenty-five and expecting her first. My Edward's almost thirty-two(!) and has no children! And my Emmett is twenty-nine, and also; no children!"

Didn't they all know how badly I wanted kids?

I was in hell.

And it lasted. All through the meal.

Until I couldn't take it any longer.

So, I escaped to my old room.

Where I'm sitting now. Brooding on my old bed.

With a hurting cock.

'Cause I pinched the fucker.

"How fucking stupid am I?"

Rhetorical question!

I sighed.

There was a knock on my door.

I sighed.

Cause I could only imagine...

Ya know. Mom. Always the worrier.

"Who is it?" I asked tiredly, even though I knew it was Mom.

.

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"*Bella.*"

Um.

Ummm?

Seriously.

Why would... I mean... um...

Right?

I sat up, a little straighter, and...

Um.

"Come in."

Jesus.

And in she came.

After staring at the floor for an itty bit, she looked up.

Hello.

"Wanna talk about why you're walking the blues?" she asked, taking a seat by my old desk.

So, um...

Did Mom send her up here?

Great.

A pity party.

I sighed tiredly, quietly. "Did you draw the short straw?"

And her chuckle was without humor.

"No. I was worried."

I didn't want her to be.

Just...

Fuhgeddaboutme...

I looked down. She shouldn't care. Leaving was only getting harder and harder.

"Where's Jane?"

Yeah, I figured that question was coming.

At least at some point.

"She's gone," I sighed, fiddling with the hem of my shirt.

Then I thought about what I said, and um... I didn't want Twitch to think I'd killed Jane or anything.

Ya know?

"I broke up with her," I added. "I cheated on her." *Oh, and I didn't love her.*

I didn't feel the need to tell her that Jane had cheated on me, too. People were already feeling sorry for me as it was. I didn't need to add more fuel to the fucking bonfire.

"Maybe she'll forgive you," I heard her mumble.

Awesome. 'Cause *that's* what I want – another round with Jane.

Please.

Cue inner eye roll.

"She did. But it doesn't matter," I said with a shrug.

I picked at the hem of my shirt.

'Cause that was much easier than looking up. At her. The love of my life.

Wow, I gotta be the moodiest, broodiest fucker on the planet.

I'm *such* a *downer*.

"Why doesn't it matter?" she asked quietly.

Because all I want is you. All I *need* is you.

~I think that's a song...

I'll pinch you, I swear to God...

~Shutting up.

Um...

Where were we?

Ah. Why it didn't matter.

Right.

"Because I can't pretend I love her anymore."

I heard Bella's exhale. Sounded a little like, "Hhhh."

Yeah.

True story.

Another true story is that I'm leaving, so I might as well get on with it...
right?

Yeah.

"Anyway," I sighed, looking out the window. "I sorta forgot your parents were coming." I could see her in my periphery, looking down. So, I did the

same. Here we go. "I was coming here today to tell everyone I'm moving."

I swallowed hard.

That shit hurt.

Not the swallowing part, but um... you know, saying that I was moving. Leaving.

"Where?"

Hmm.

Didn't understand why her voice was so... small.

God, I was so freaking tired.

Exhausted.

"Chicago," I told her. My chest hurt. "I've had a standing invitation at a hospital there."

I was downright depressed.

I was going to leave my family.

Mom, Dad. My brother. My sister. Jazz and Rose.

Hell, even Jake and Sam were family.

And... Christ, I wouldn't be as close to my niece or nephew as Emmett would be.

He would be the uncle.

I would be too far away.

"Okay." It left her in a shaky breath.

It made me look up at her.

It was instinct.

And what I saw...

Almost killed me.

Again.

"Why are you crying?" I asked quietly, not understanding a fucking thing.

She laughed humorlessly as she wiped away a few tears.

"Because you're leaving, obviously."

Ummm...

Say what?

I thought... I mean, um... didn't she hate me for how I acted on Friday?

I was a monster.

"I... don't understand, Bella."

So, help me out, will ya?

She faced me then, and yeah, I saw fire.

Right there in her eyes.

"Why are you leaving?" she asked again, ignoring my question. "Is it because of me?"

Yes.

Pretty much.

Only.

Yep.

"No," I lied lamely. "Not in that sense... It's just too hard..."

To be around you.

And not kiss you.

And not tell you how much I love you.

And...

Now I'm shocked to my bones.

`Cause Twitch strode over to my bed and straddled my sorry ass.

Eyes bugging out and all that shit.

~Ummmm...

Don't you dare wake up! Comprene?

~Si, signor.

"W-what are you doing?" I stuttered.

Like an ass.

Like a stuttering ass.

Now there's a weird image.

A stuttering asshole.

Would that be like... farting? Like a big one... interrupted... so it's um... many small ones.

Fartus interruptus.

I studied Latin, ya know. In med school.

"Getting answers." Bella's voice brought me back fast. Good thing, cause I was almost losing it there. "Why are you leaving, Edward?"

Yeah, I looked down.

Nah, she didn't allow that.

Twitch gripped my chin.

Man, she was close.

Her eyes...

"You owe me an explanation," she said.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

She asked me once more, "Why are you leaving."

And I knew it was time to speak up.

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"Because you slept with me when you were in shock."

True.

She did.

She'd been crying and shaking...

And I had fucked her right there.

"That's not true," she huffed. *Yes, it is!* "I may have been in shock but that doesn't take away the fact that I wanted it."

"Of course it does," I argued, not missing a beat. "It's the only rational explanation."

And you're still *straddling* me.

Cannot let that fact go.

"For a doctor, you're awfully stupid." *Hey, I resent that!* "And even if I did sleep with you because I was in shock, why would that make you leave?" she asked incredulously.

Because I want more!

All of you!

"*Bella*," I groaned in frustration. "You're really gonna make spell it out for you?"

Please don't!

"Yes."

Fuck!

"Fine!" I snapped, feeling anger seep through. "I'm moving away because I can't stand seeing you everyday. I'm moving away because sleeping

with you made it impossible for me not to want more. I'm moving away because I fell in love with you!"

Um.

Shit.

Realizationward

"Excuse me while I whip this out."

- Blazing Saddles.

"Fine!" I snapped, feeling anger seep through. "I'm moving away because I can't stand seeing you everyday. I'm moving away because sleeping with you made it impossible for me not to want more. I'm moving away because I fell in love with you!"

Um.

Shit.

.

.

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Awkward.

~Word.

It was that moment where I wished I could let out a chuckle and say, "Ya know... I was only fucking with you..." But I knew that wouldn't happen, cause if I opened my mouth now, the sound that escaped me would be oh so strangled and... I'd most likely sound like a thirteen year old boy.

So not cool.

There was no way I could take all that shit back.

So...

"Could you please get off me now?" I sighed, cause she was still straddling me.

"Why?" she blurted out.

Uuuhh...

Only for so many reasons!

"Did you not hear what I just said?" I asked incredulously.

"Yeah," she replied with the duh-look. "I did, and I understand shit. Why would you move away if you're in love with me?"

Okay, so I stared at her.

`Cause I was sorta fearing for the poor girl's sanity.

She looked so confused.

"Because if you love someone, you usually want that person," I explained slowly.

She sighed and actually rolled her eyes at me.

"Still don't see the problem, Edward."

"Holy fucking hell, Bella!" I exclaimed. "Are you stupid?" All right, I'm sorry but... is she? *Is* she stupid? "Do you really not see the problem here!" I knew I was raising my voice, but... *Jesus*. "So what, I should just chain you to me, force you to be with me?"

And she stared at *me* like *I* was the one going insane!

"Why would you have to force me?" she asked in disbelief. "If two people love each other, that's usually a reason for celebration!"

I opened my mouth.

Closed it again.

Yeah, I pretty much froze.

If two people love each other... If TWO people love each other...

.

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My eyes bugged out. "Uh... what?" Great, now I was a stuttering fool. "I mean... you *what?*"

"I what!" she groaned in frustration.

"You said when two people love each other," I said flatly.

"Yeah? What's your fucking point!"

Well...

Uh...

I frowned, studying her, trying to understand, trying to get a fucking grip.

Frowned some more.

"You love me?" I asked, and just asking felt incredibly stupid.

There was no way she could.

Nuh-uh.

Right?

But she sorta got this Oh-look. Like she was suddenly understanding something.

"Well, yeah," she said, shrugging.

Um, no. Sorry, missy.

"You can't love me," I scoffed.

"Excuse me?" she exclaimed as her eyebrows shot up. "You saying I can't decide who I love for *myself*?"

Weeeell...

No, of course not, but...

Christ.

This isn't happening.

I sighed. Tiredly. "Bella... You're ten years younger than me. There's not a chance in hell we're after the same things. You *can't* love me."

And uh, yeah, I saw anger in her eyes. "Those ten years didn't seem to matter a whole lot when you fucked me!" she snapped.

Ouch.

No sugarcoating, eh?

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I had nothing to say.

I was in disbelief.

"Actually," she sighed heavily. "You're right. We *don't* want the same things because there is *no* fudging way I'm moving to Chicago... So, I guess you're right."

Then she made a move to get off me, but I couldn't allow that.

So, I held her fast.

While I processed what she was saying.

Could she...? I mean... did she?

Love me?

How?

"I need..." I swallowed hard, eyes flickering to hers. "...I need to know what you want."

My heart was trying to thump its way outta my chest.

"You," she said simply, and I couldn't breathe. "You and all your thirty-one years... I want lots of things, but I want them with you." *Oh, God...* "I want you to take me to New Orleans and their music festivals, I want you to take me on dates, I want to cook for you, I want more encounters in the exam rooms." My eyes widened. "I want a future with you, and I want... kids with you."

Oh, God... Oh... God...

I swallowed hard, noticing my labored breathing.

Jesus, is this... really happening?

But she...

"You're only twenty-one," I whispered.

She narrowed her eyes at me. "If we want the same things, is my age gonna bother you?"

"No!" I all but shouted. "But how can we want the same things, Bella? How can you already want marriage and children and settling down in a small town?"

"First of all, are you gonna propose tomorrow?"

No. I'd wait till next week.

I kid, I kid.

Sorta.

"No, but that's where I am in my life," I told her.

She gave me some look but I couldn't decipher it, 'cause she started talking again.

And you know men. They... we... can't ride a bike and chew gum at the same time. You know, focus and all that.

"Second of all," she continued. "Have you not heard me talk about children before? I mean, have you been both blind *and* deaf?"

~She has a point.

I know.

She loves children, but...

Oh.

So, that means she wants them?

Soon?

"No, I've heard you," I mumbled.

Holy... something...

"And thirdly... didn't I move to this little town before I met you?"

Rhetorical questions, but... I sighed. "Yes."

"All right." She shrugged. "The ball's in your corner, dude. You know what I want."

Yeah um... I just can't fucking believe it.

But my traitorous eyes went straight for her mouth.

Oh, hell...

She...

I mean...

And then she tells me that she lov-...

Right?

So...

My God.

My God!

"You actually love me?" I breathed out.

Heart stuck in my throat.

She nodded and looked down.

Holy... fuck.

She loves me?

She *loves* me.

Funny how every little thing in the whole wide world felt just right all of a sudden.

"When are you leaving for Chicago?" she asked quietly.

Now she was just being silly.

Like I could leave now.

Christ, she was beautiful.

Lovely and amazing and apparently she loved me.

I felt euphoric.

It made me smile. "You actually think I'm leaving now, Bella?" I asked quietly, itching to touch her.

~I'm touching her, boss. It's snuggly and warmmmm.

Stand down.

~Ay...

"How should I know?" she huffed adorably.

I smirked. "Could you look at me?"

She blew out a breath. "Oh, I could..." She trailed off with a shrug.

So fucking cute.

Seriously. I felt like I could cry. That's how happy I was.

"Then do so," I chuckled.

And she did. Look up, that is.

And... Jesus, I love you.

Apparently it's mutual.

Who knew?

Twitch giggled.

I grinned. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," she said and giggled more.

I shivered. Everything just felt...

Fucking...

Fantastic...

But I needed to kiss her now.

So... if she could just... ya know... quit with the gigglin'.

"You know, you're sorta ruining things for me right now, Bella," I said, amused.

And the giggle-fit ended.

"How come?" she asked, like she was genuinely curious.

"Because if you're laughing," I murmured, licking my lips, "I can't do this..."

Then I pressed my lips against hers.

And I had to deepen the kiss, which I did. I was so fucking happy. Ecstatic. She loved me, she wanted me. My heart wasn't heavy any longer.

More shivers... God... as she squirmed in my lap.

~Twitch... twitch...

I moaned as I stroked her tongue with mine.

And she fucking giggled. Again.

"Shut the fuck up, baby," I mumbled, before pushing my tongue into her mouth.

Then I felt it all.

All of her.

Kissing.

Holding, hands finding purchase.

I was suddenly hungry.

Not for food.

"Are you mine?" she whimpered.

~TWITCH!

Fuck yes. You own me, beautiful.

"As long as you're mine," I murmured huskily, pulling her closer to me. "Fuck," I breathed out. She was there, right there. And I was hard. But first things first. "I... I love you."

"I love *you*," she moaned.

Holy...

I flipped her over.

I hovered over her.

I needed to hear that again.

"Say it again," I pleaded.

Her smile, her eyes, it all showed confidence.

"I love you, Edward."

"Say you want me, say you won't get tired of me." Another plea.

She furrowed her brow. "Why would I get tired of you?" she asked softly.

"You're all I think about, and it's been that way for a while now, Edward."

"I just..." Feel like a fucking pussy. "...don't want you to change your mind."

"I won't change my mind," she whispered, smoothing out the crease between my brows with her thumb.

Never looking away from her penetrating gaze, I dipped down slowly, and kissed her passionately, lovingly, silently thanking her for everything that she was to me. It was all I could do as long as I couldn't speak the words. Words that seemed inadequate.

I kissed her wetly, hotly.

Conveying everything.

"I love you," she breathed into my mouth.

I groaned loudly, feeling my body respond, feeling my body need more.

All of her.

Now.

I couldn't help it.

~Quit excusing and just whip me out.

"Fuck," I moaned, covering my body with hers. "I need you, beautiful."

I kissed her harder, deeply and sensually.

"I need you too," she gasped.

Thank God!

~Thank Twitch!

Ay.

In a flash, I sat up and threw my t-shirt off, followed by my eager hands to get the jeans pushed down.

Romantic, I know, but...

I needed.

And judging by how Bella mirrored my actions, she needed me too. That felt... fucking amazing.

Then we were both naked, and I was... gawking.

Really fucking gawking.

She was sexy, gorgeous, beautiful, cute, adorable, and amazing, all wrapped up in one woman.

A woman that apparently loved me.

"You're so goddamn sexy, Bella," I moaned quietly.

"Instead of eye-fucking, you could be cock-fucking," she told me pointedly.

An incredulous chuckle escaped me, but hey, I wasn't going to deny her some... err... cock-fucking.

But this was Bella. She was... different. In a very good way.

"That was one of the first things I loved about you," I murmured, once again lowering myself. My eyes nearly rolled back inside my head when I felt her naked body against mine. "Your wit." I said with a wink. Forehead against forehead. I love you. "The way you're so fucking free spirited," I whispered.

"Less talking, baby," she moaned.

Oh, I took the hint.

And lined up.

Jesus, her wetness coated the head of my cock, and...

I could just die right there.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied gruffly, then I filled her in one thrust.

Fuck!

"Holy cock!" she gasped.

Yeah, I snorted. And groaned. And chuckled. It was a fucked up sound, but pardon me for being a bit out of it. I mean, I was inside of her for crying out loud! And she's gasping about holy cocks? Right.

But when her pussy squeezed my dick, I snapped back to this moment. And I needed more. Right now. So, I shot her a look. One that said... *shut up, baby*... Pretty much. And shut up she did.

I slid out of her slowly, keeping my eyes locked with hers, and then I pushed in again, harder this time, and I felt... holy... *shit*, how wet she was.

"Fuck, you're soaked, baby," I groaned.

It felt so good. Almost too good.

"All for you," she moaned, spurring me on with just her words. But I didn't want to go too hard, too fast, cause... well, I didn't wanna hurt her. Then she whimpered. "Harder."

Not helping.

But... if she wanted it? It was okay, right?

And it sorta hit me... that maybe she was... you know... into the rougher stuff.

Could I really be that lucky?

Judging by her expression, the way her eyes pleaded for more, I'd say she was.

"God, yes," I moaned, feeling like the luckiest bastard on earth. And I slammed into her. "You like it hard, Bella?"

"Oh shit, yes!" she panted. She arched, arched to get closer. "I... God, I love you, Edward!"

I was overcome with... love, possessiveness, desire, and pleasure.

"Yes," it came out as a growl as I reached deeper. "Always, baby..."
Harder, and more. Fuck. "I'm not letting you go now."

I never will.

Never ever.

I kissed her hard, feeling desperate and needy for her.

Legs and arms tangled together, we moved faster, meeting each other's every thrust. I loved her so fucking completely that I knew I would never get enough of her. One kiss would never satisfy. One touch would only leave me begging for more. And beg I would. I wasn't above anything when it came to her. She owned me.

"So goddamn tight, baby," I grunted. Her fingers dug into my shoulder blades, and I sped up further, feeling my orgasm approach. "Fuck, I love your pussy." I really did. My cock pounded in to it, my fingers were there too. I wanted it all, I wanted to feel her. My mouth latched onto her neck. Frenzy.

"I'm so close!" she practically sobbed out, and I felt it. I felt her tense around me, creating delicious friction around me.

"Not yet, love," I breathed heavily against her neck. "We're gonna come together." I paused briefly to kiss her, just because I had to. Then, with my forehead against hers, I whispered, "You're gonna come all over my cock. Understood?"

I had now idea where that came from. It was unfiltered.

But she seemed to love it.

"Yes," she whimpered. "Fuck... Edward!"

Yes, God... more...

I sat up on my heels, bringing her with me.

I reached deeper, that spot, I felt it in the way she constricted fiercely around me.

And I was close.

So close.

I squeezed my eyes shut.

"That's it, Bella," I gritted out through clenched teeth. "Come with me..." I beg you!

"Oh, fuuuck," she choked out, before her climax took over. There was no way I could hold back when she came. It was almost like reflex. I just let go and... Jesus... I came and came... so hard... feeling these months of frustration, both sexual and emotional... it all just left me...

I'd been given a chance, and there was no way I was going to fuck this up.

I was gonna give her everything.

Which included my body, cause yeah, I collapsed on top of her.

I panted out something about her being a dream come true, but I could hardly remember the words, even as I spoke them. I was *that* spent. Her fault.

"And you're magical with that cock of yours," I heard her wheeze out, and that couldn't be good. Poor girl couldn't even breathe. So, I sorta removed myself an itty bit, and I also let her rather magic words run through me... on repeat... a few times.

"Consider my ego very stroked, beautiful," I chuckled breathlessly, then I pulled her limp body closer to me.

Glad to see I wasn't the only one out of breath.

What, I'm not exactly twenty anymore.

"Hmnnenemph, you needed to know," she hummed against my chest, quite sleepily might I add. She looked so utterly gorgeous.

And this time, I finally did what I wish I could've done the last time. I kissed her, I held her, I caressed her. And I told her, "I love you."

I know I always will.

"I love you too, Edward," she murmured softly, resting her chin on my chest. That smile of hers... Christ... "So fudging much it's insane."

My Twitch.

Rose Cullen

"Wait, so you *knew*?" I exclaimed in disbelief.

Em and Jazz were both grinning from ear to ear, while Alice and I just sat there, mouths agape and eyes wide. We couldn't believe it. Our husbands knew about the feelings between Edward and Bella all along! And they didn't tell us? Holy shit. That's messed up. I mean, aren't husbands supposed to tell their wives everything? Hmm? Hmm?

"You know," Em said slowly, taking my hand. "I'm a cop, Rosie. It's my job to know."

Yeah, Alice and I snorted.

So did Esme and Rae-Rae.

Cause... seriously?

Yeah, I don't think so.

"But you're also a man, babe," I replied, patting his cheek.

And then we heard it.

"FUCK!"

"And that's my cue," Charlie said abruptly. Papa C agreed, and the two of them headed for the kitchen.

The ladies and I were fucking giddy. It was about time Edward and Bella got together, and fucking finally that skank was gone. Jane, that is. Well, at least I figured she was gone seeing as dear Edward was upstairs screwing Bella's brains out.

"They're at it again," I sang.

"Wait, what do you mean 'again'?" Jazz chuckled.

See? Men are clueless.

"We heard them earlier, too," I stated, cocking a brow. "Have you already forgotten the moaning, dear cousin?"

"No, no, that was just foreplay," Alice, of all people said. "This is the main event."

Uh, no. No way.

"Hmm, I think Ali's right," Esme mused. Rae-Rae was still in thought.

They were all crazy. It was plain and simple to me. This was round two, I was sure of it.

"Fuck, baby... I can feel..."

Alice gagged.

Rae-Rae giggled.

"Oh, dear," Esme muttered. "Can't believe my son is a screamer."

I barked out a laugh and nodded at Emmett. My little dry-humper. A loud one at that. "Your other son too, Esme!"

"Hey!" Emmett... well, he screamed.

I rest my case.

"YES!"

"I'm so proud of Eddie," Jazz laughed. "Finally getting some."

Again, people. It's round two!

"This is the second time," I pointed out again. When they shook their heads at me, I continued. "Care to make it interesting?"

Grins widened.

Oh, this was going to be like taking candy from a kid.

Soon we had a pool of money.

And I was already planning on buying that pair of shoes I saw online last week.

"I'm a fucking monster!"

Um. That came from Edward.

Six set of eyebrows shot up in the living room.

.

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"Uh, was that a pun intended?" Alice wondered, chewing on her lip.

And I wondered the same.

A fucking monster?

Or a fucking-monster.

Stomping followed, and now we were wondering if they were already having their first fight. That wasn't all that promising, was it?

Ten minutes of stomping around, and muffled arguments...

Charlie and Carlisle entered the living room again, with questioning looks.

We shrugged, having nothing to tell them.

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"I wonder if they're fighting naked," Emmett thought out loud.

Sigh.

"Maybe it'll lead to round two," Jazz snickered, and I shook my head at him, 'cause it would be round three in that case. But before I could open my mouth to argue, we heard footsteps. "Guess we're about to find out."

Oh, yes.

It didn't take long before we saw them.

We eyed them.

They both looked freshly fucked, standing there on the last step.

Edward's arm around Bella's shoulders.

I guess I should speak?

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Fuck it, here we go.

"Did you do it?" I asked them quietly. I mean, I knew the answer, but Bella was like me; never one to fail giving the details.

And sure enough, she held up two fingers. "Twice."

I grinned. So widely.

Edward coughed. Maybe he choked on some air or something.

But fuck that, 'cause spun around to face my competition!

"I had two!" I exclaimed through guffaws. "Hand me your money, bitches!"

This mama's goin shoppin'!

And this was the lovely day our Edward and Bella finally got their shit together.

And came together.

Evidently twice.

Flashbackward

"Say it. Out loud."

- Twilight.

She looked amazing. As always. She stood there, with her back to me, and looked out the large window of our hotel suite.

Only a week had passed since she became mine.

But I had warned her. I really had. I'd told her, flat out, once I realized that she actually truly loved me, that she could expect a proposal soon. And she had smiled, putting my fears to rest. But... maybe she still expected more than a week to pass before I popped the question... hence my nerves.

I blew out a breath.

Really fucking hoping that Emmett and Jazz were right.

And got down on one knee.

A week. That's it. But I'd known for a long time that she was the one for me.

Still, though... was a week enough for her?

Emmett and Jazz had promised me it was.

Actually... it was only six days. Yeah. 'Cause we got together on Sunday, and... it was Saturday of next week now...

The best six days of my life.

Six days earlier...

No questions asked, we headed straight for Bella's apartment after brunch.

I loved that tiny place and I had only been there once, but I remembered the homey feeling of it.

"I love you," I said, grinning like a fool as I cornered her in the stairway. Sorry, but I couldn't wait until we were inside.

"I love you, too," she replied, also grinning, and I kissed her.

Really hard.

She was mine.

My Bella.

My Twitch.

"Baby, we can't fudge out here," she moaned as I kissed her neck. Against the wall, I had her pressed. My body was hard, hers was soft and perfect and mine. "Oh, fuck... Edward..."

I hummed. My hands went below her delectable ass, and she understood, hitching one leg over my hip before the other followed. With her legs wrapped around me, I kissed her again, gently nibbling on her bottom lip

before sucking it into my mouth. I was hungry for her. So many feelings rushing around inside of me.

"Edward," she whimpered, rolling her hips over my straining erection. Hard to think I had already been with her twice today. But... this was Bella. My body belonged to a seventeen year old when she was around. Dick was giddy, 'cause... Jesus, Bella's one kinky girl.

"I need you again, baby girl," I moaned into her mouth. "Now."

"AHEM!"

Shit. Neighbors.

Intrusive fuckers.

Bella giggled as I pushed us off the wall, then I ran up the stairs with her in my arms. Thankfully, she shared my eager, and her keys were already out when I reached her door.

As soon as we were inside, I closed the door before pushing her up against it.

"Fuck, yes," she breathed, understanding that I really meant now.

For a moment, I let her go, and she dropped her jeans as I did the same.

Her fingers shook as she fisted my t-shirt.

I pulled it off.

She did the same with her shirt.

Clothes were thrown on the floor.

Then she wrapped her legs around me again, whimpering as the cold surface of the door hit her back, but she didn't stop. Instead she just spurred me on by grabbing my hard cock, positioning it at her entrance.

I pushed hard.

"Fuck!" she gasped.

It was sensational. To be able to let go, to be able to have this... raw... animalistic...

"Jesus, Bella..." I groaned, pulling out of her before I slammed in again. "You feel so fucking good, baby..."

Christ, she was soaked.

"Kiss me, Sexward," she pleaded.

Like I could ever deny her...

So, I kissed her, immediately thrusting my tongue into her mouth.

"I love you," I moaned, it was all overwhelming. "Fuck, I love you so much, Bella..."

I felt her tighten around me.

"Love... oh... you, too!"

She came hard.

I followed.

Then, we collapsed on her bed.

And when she'd fallen asleep in my arms that night, I kissed her left ring finger.

I wanted my ring there.

Soon.

Five days earlier...

I watched her.

Standing in the doorway to her tiny kitchen, I watched as she swayed her hips to the record I was playing in the living room. She was cooking for us, wearing nothing but a pair of my boxers and a tiny tank top.

I was the luckiest bastard on earth.

I knew that.

And Jesus, she had a beautiful voice. Not kidding. She sang along to Nina Simone. Raspy, seductive, deep, yet soft... And those hips as she moved...

~S'been a while, boss... Like... four hours...

Yeah, there was no enough of Bella.

Work today had been... different. It was a happy place. Nothing was wrong. Whenever I saw Twitch with the little kiddos, I was no longer filled with sadness and longing for what I probably wouldn't have. No, there was longing for what I knew we would have, and soon.

She had confessed to me this morning that she wanted children soon.

I had been unable to speak, feeling too overwhelmed.

The only pain today was the phone call to Chicago.

They were pissed.

I didn't really care.

My contract had been signed, but I hadn't mailed it, after all. So, there was nothing they could do.

But there was no way I was leaving Forks. Or as my Bella called it; Forktown.

My sexy weirdo.

Every time she said "fudge" I just smiled.

I loved it all.

"Hey, whatcha doin', Sexward?" I heard Bella ask, and I looked at her again, smiling like the lovestruck fool I was. "Dinner's almost ready." She smiled, too, understanding maybe. Yeah. She appeared to know just how happy she'd made me. And maybe I was making her happy, too. I appeared to.

"Sounds great," I murmured, joining her in the kitchen.

It. Smelled. Divine.

By the way, ya know.

Four days earlier...

I took a shot of the photo in the catalogue.

What do you think of this one? [image attached] – Edward.

Christ, you move fast! – Liam.

I know. But I can't help it – Edward.

I'm happy for you. You would've been miserable here in Chicago – Liam.

You're supposed to cry and say that you'll miss me – Edward.

Or something. Anyway, it looks good. You think she'll say yes? – Liam.

I hope so! – Edward.

Yeah, me too. Seriously, it looks expensive – Liam.

Her favorite color's pink. Pink diamonds can't be found just anywhere – Edward.

Dude, you really love her – Liam.

You think? – Edward.

I bet you're sitting in your office with a cheesy fucking smile on your face, and the ring between your fingers – Liam.

Close, but no. Cheesy smile, yes. Sitting in my office, yes. But the ring isn't ready until Friday – Edward.

Knock, knock! "It's lunch, Sexward!"

I smiled.

"Coming, baby!" I called, typing a last reply to Liam.

"Too much information!" I heard Jasper shout.

Snickering, I was glad that we didn't have any patients nearby at the moment.

Gotta go. It's lunch and Bella made lemon pie! – Edward.

The pie was heavenly.

And we ate the leftovers that night...

She was my plate.

I licked my plate clean.

Three days earlier...

I hugged her to me, actually feeling a bit sad myself.

We'd just said goodbye to Bella's parents.

Hopefully, though, they'd be back very soon.

"How about we take it easy tonight, love," I suggested, kissing her temple.

She nodded, and we stayed on the couch for the rest of the evening, just being lazy and comfy. I did tell her that I had a surprise for her, though. That brightened her mood.

She wanted to know what it was, but I told her she'd find out on Saturday.

Two days earlier...

"Holy shit!" Em boomed out. "You sure don't waste time, bro!"

"It's so freaking pink," Jazz whispered, eyes wide. "I swear I'll kill you if Alice likes it," he added, narrowing his eyes at me. "She's a nutcase when pregnant and her diamond isn't colored. So yeah, if she'll like this, I'm going after you."

I chuckled and stashed the catalogue in my desk-drawer again.

And, for the record, the ring wasn't all that pink. It was a platinum ring with an emerald cut diamond in the middle, then two pink diamonds on

the sides of it, same cut. And the pink ones were light pink, for Christ's sake.

"Anyway," I said, getting back to the reason I called them in here for. "Do you think she'll say yes?"

Em just nodded. Confidently.

"Yeah, I think so," Jazz said, to which I gulped.

I wanted certainty!

"Nah, I'm sure, Eddie," Em said, again nodding. "She's crazy about you... though I don't know why."

"Funny," I deadpanned. "Same goes for Rose. Why is she with you?"

"I honestly don't know," he replied seriously.

"Don't worry, Edward," Jazz said, serious now apparently. "She'll say yes."

Knock, knock! "Your two o'clock is here, Dr. Cullen," Bella informed.

Yeah, and I didn't have a two o'clock, which meant... it was time for a quick fuck in her apartment across the street.

For some reason she didn't want to have sex in my office.

I didn't know why. I mean, it wasn't like anyone could hear us.

Right?

"Gotta go, boys." I smirked, standing up.

~Yep, gotta go!

One day earlier...

*"Whaddya mean, baby?" Twitch asked curiously, tilting her head a little.
"Don't you wanna stay here with me tonight?" Ah, fuck. The pout. It's lethal.*

"I do, Bella," I told her honestly. "But I have to run back to the house and pack for tomorrow. Plus, I have... ehm... some stuff that I need to prepare..."

Subtle.

"Hmm..."

"Yeah, so I suggest you get a bag packed. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning."

She narrowed her eyes at me. "And you still won't tell me where we're going?"

"Sure. We're going to Seattle. But that's all you're getting."

Spending that night without Bella fucking sucked.

I tossed and turned in the guestroom, hating my house.

I wanted Bella's tiny apartment.

Well, actually I wanted a new house. Just for us.

And the family we'll have one day.

~Slow down, cowboy. Pop the question first.

Right this fucking minute...

Right.

Time to pop the question.

What seemed like an eternity was only a few seconds, and... it felt like Bella finally turned... in fucking slowmotion.

But she didn't.

And then she saw me there, on one knee.

It's time, Twitch.

Will you marry me?

~Dude, you gotta actually open your yapper and say it. Out loud. She's no mind reader, ya know.

I *know*, I was just... practicing. Jeesh, Dick.

Happyward

"We all go a little mad sometimes."

- Psycho.

I took a deep breath.

Her eyes welled up.

~Those better be happy tears.

I know, right?

I cleared my throat.

Short speech. Very short.

"You had me at fudge, beautiful, and I really hope I get to hear that word for the rest of my life." I opened the box and held the ring. "Will you marry me?"

Holy shit. I actually proposed.

~I'd pat you on the back, but... I'm not that long.

Freak.

~Breathe.

Right.

I have a cock reminding me to breathe.

That's... something.

"Oh, God," Bella breathed out. Tears falling. Oh, God? That's not an answer! "Fudge yes!"

That is, however!

"Oh, thank God," I whispered shakily under my breath.

Before I could get up, though, I was tumbling to the floor, and I had my sexy fiancée hovering over me. Yes, fiancée. Shit. Getting married. 'Cause the girl said yes. So, we were on the floor. Kissing, chuckling, she was giggling and blubbering and completely adorable, and I slid the ring onto her finger. It was going to stay there forever.

"I love you," she said, kissing my face. "I love you, I love you, I love you."

And yeah, I was the luckiest man alive.

And yeah, Bella said she was the luckiest woman alive.

Mostly because of me, she told me, but... also 'cause she had the prettiest ring ever made.

"Fudge, baby," she whimpered, *still* kissing my face. "I need you."

Yeah, okay.

I picked her up, making her squeal when I dropped her onto the bed.

But the smile she gave me... it was everything.

Our date tonight had been somewhat casual. A dinner and a movie to erase a little of the seriousness of the night. And then we had our serious moment, in which she ended up as my fiancé. Then, now... this was us again. There were no rules just because we'd just gotten engaged. I knew she didn't want sweet love and sappy words, even though I was full of them – believe me – but no, she wanted us. Crazy and foolish. And we were. We were both freaks, in and out of the bedroom. Only a week together, and we already knew.

"I love you," I told her, crawling up her body, dropping kisses as I did so.

"And now I want my flawless fiancée naked."

"Oui, naked, pronto, comprende," she panted, and I think there were four languages involved there.

"Crazy girl," I chuckled huskily as I pulled her up. Once seated, I pushed her shirt off. I kissed her neck because it called to me. Her skirt followed. Sinful fucking skirt. Gone. And... "Jesus, baby! Going commando, are we?"

"Yeah, I counted on action tonight," she told me bluntly, focus on her hands that were unbuttoning my slacks. "And I figured panties would just be in the way."

Goddamn, when can I marry this woman?

Safe to say, our first couple of fucks as engaged were hard and fast.

'Cause we're freaks like that.

~Ain't nothing wrong with going a little mad sometimes...

Word.

And then... yeah, then we headed for the shower.

We hadn't showered together so far.

Damn, so much to do. Many things to cross off the proverbial list.

"Fuck, your stunning," I breathed out as my eyes drank her body in.

I had seen her naked many times by now, but... still. Standing before me... completely naked... in the bathroom. She took my breath away.

Bella's moan brought me back to reality, and that's when I noticed that I was stroking myself in front of her.

And she seemed to appreciate the view.

I shivered.

"Shower. Now," I said.

She swallowed hard before reaching for the handle, opening the shower door.

I heard the water come on.

Oh, I joined her.

Big shower. Really big.

Standing with her back to me, her face tilted upwards for the water, I plain and simple... gawked at her. Her wet skin, long hair, blackened by the water, cascading down, slender waist, long legs... and hot damn, her ass.

Out. Of. This. World.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked teasingly, keeping her back to me as she reached for the bodywash.

"Yes," I heard myself say.

I watched her as she lathered her body. Watched as her hands roamed, slowly, with purpose. Watched – and groaned – as she bent over by the waist to lather her legs...

My mouth was dry, and I was once again stroking my hard cock in front... or *behind* her.

"Fuck, Bella," I moaned, stroking my cock harder as she stepped under the spray again.

Once she had rinsed the soap away, she turned around slowly, and I think I had a goddamn heart attack as I saw her front.

Eyes, heavy with lust.

Cheeks slightly flushed.

Fucking hell, nipples constricted. Full breasts.

Toned stomach.

Defined hips...

A perfect pussy that I needed to taste...

Now.

"Edward," she breathed out shallowly.

Her eyes were fixed on my cock, and my hand wrapped around it, and I wasn't sure if I... no, I just wasn't sure of *anything*.

But Bella was. Apparently.

"Come here," she whispered.

Fuck, yes.

In a heartbeat, I had her body pressed between my body and the wall, and under the spray of hot water, I captured her lips with mine. Her body slick against mine, moving sensually... God, friction...

As my large hands covered her hips, travelling upwards, my mouth latched onto her neck, kissing, nipping, sucking, and when I heard her moan... I grew impossibly hard against her stomach, and there was urgency now. My hands reaching her ribcage, her nails digging into my shoulder blades, her one leg hitched around my hip... And then I cupped her breasts in my hands, kneading them as I groaned against her neck. They were perfection, and I thrived on feeling her nipples grow harder as I brushed my thumbs over them... Her moans growing more profound...

It was like... every time was the first time.

"I need more, baby," I moaned quietly.

"Yes," she whimpered. "Anything, Edward."

Thank you.

I bent down slightly, leaving a trail of openmouthed kisses down her collarbones, chest... until I reached her breasts, wasting no time in sucking a nipple into my mouth.

We both moaned.

Even more urgency.

My hands moved down along her sides, itching to touch her...

I couldn't wait. No fucking way.

I dropped to my knees.

"Fuck, Bella," I whispered huskily, gripping her hips as I flicked my tongue against her wet folds.

"Oh, Edward," she gasped.

More.

"Hitch your leg over my shoulder," I told her before I gave the length of her sex a teasing lick.

Once her leg was over my shoulder, I sure as fuck had full access...

But I'm a greedy bastard.

~Hell yeah!

"And the other leg, beautiful," I said.

"W-what?"

"The other leg, too," I said as my hands cupped her perfect ass. "I won't drop you."

'Cause she's a tiny little thing.

Oh, and I'm strong.

Leaning back more against the wall, she hitched the other leg over my shoulder, effectively straddling my face, and I was... goddamn giddy.

"Fuck, yes," I groaned, breathing her in.

All mine, I thought as I leaned in, planting an openmouthed kiss right on her clit before sucking on it.

"God, Sexward!" she cried out. My fiancée.

I didn't tease her; I worked her pussy persistently, not able to slow down as I licked, kissed, sucked, and lapped. Sweet motherfucking pussy...

My tongue and lips went everywhere, devouring every drop she gave me. Groaning as she moaned louder, twitching as she cried out my name, and gasping when she bucked against me.

Hoping I didn't cross a line, my middle finger teased her back entrance as I plunged my tongue into her soaked pussy...

"Holy fuck, Edwaaard!" she screamed, bucking against my face wildly.

Definitely not crossing a line.

Anal sex was not for me, but a little teasing... fuck yeah.

I fucked her with my tongue. Kneading her ass, still teasing her ass, adding slight pressure, and Twitch sure loved it. And then she started convulsing, constricting around my tongue; I knew she was getting close.

"Touch your clit for me," I grunted, 'cause there was no way I was stopping what I was doing.

"Fuck, I'm close," she whimpered breathlessly.

I know, love.

And then she came.

Moaning out my name, chanting a few 'oh, fuck,' too, she came hard, grinding against my face, tugging on my hair, and I was like *'I've won a goddamn lottery with this woman.'*

Licking her slowly, I brought her down from her orgasm, not really wanting this moment to be over.

"Edward," she chuckled out of breath. "Time to stop."

I pouted, gave her one last kiss, and helped her get off me.

Groaning slightly as I stood up, I still showed her the pout.

I'm the fiancé now, I can pout to her.

'Cause she cut me off from her pussy.

"What's with the sad face?" she giggled before reaching up to kiss my neck. "Thanks for a very mindblowing orgasm, by the way."

I'm not pouting anymore.

"Mindblowing, huh?" I smirked as she continued kissing my collarbone... chest...

"Mmhmm, definitely," she hummed. "And I really wanna reciprocate."

Fuck.

I stared with hooded eyes as she nipped at my nipples, making me hiss through clenched teeth, and I wondered how... you know... she was gonna... reciprocate.

And then she sunk to her knees.

"You don't have to, baby," I told her sincerely but half heartedly.

She had sucked me off a couple of times this past week but never while she was on her knees. I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

But... watching her... watch me... my cock... right in front of her.

I'm not going to argue if she wants to, if you know what I mean.

"Mmm, I know," she replied, licking her lips as her hands went up my thighs. "But I really, really wanna suck my fiancé's cock now."

My eyes widened.

I shuddered. Shivered. Throbbled.

Died a little.

Then she grabbed my shaft, swiping her thumb over the head, and... damn, I moaned loudly.

"You want me to suck your cock, Sexward?" she asked coyly.

"Fuck, yes," I panted.

Definitely love her. Love her. Love her. Love her!

Then she leaned in, giving the tip an openmouthed kiss, licking of the pre-cum in the process, and fuck me if she didn't close her eyes and hummed around me.

Vixen.

Gently, I threaded my fingers through her wet, silky hair, just wanting to feel her. And slowly she took me in, not stopping until I hit the back of her throat...

"Fuck," I whispered, not able to take my eyes off of her.

Her hands reached my ass then, and with a pointed look at me, she encouraged me to actually... thrust. I hadn't done *that* before.

She nodded to emphasize as she licked around me.

With a groan, I started thrusting into her mouth... slowly.

It was so hot. Her wet mouth sucking me in, gently grazing her teeth...
And then she relaxed her throat so I could go deeper.

My breath was already coming in quick pants, and the building of an
orgasm began... Fucking Christ, she was a goddess.

"More, Edward," she told me before sucking me in again.

Jesus.

With a deep breath, I thrust harder and deeper, making me grunt and
groan loudly as she swallowed around me. And damn, when she hummed,
I almost came.

Closer.

God, just seeing her lips wrapped, tightly around... Fuck, deeper...
Tingling... Rushing... Her encouraging me to go rougher.

"Goddamnit, baby," I grunted as I fucked her hot little mouth. "Fuck... I'm
close."

She whimpered before sucking me harder.

I let go.

Closing my eyes, my head fell back as I thrust down her throat, and it
didn't take long before I tensed, my orgasm rushing through me, and I
came in hot spurts in her mouth.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I panted.

Seriously, when can I marry my woman?

Is tomorrow too soon?

*O*O*O*

"What about that one?" I asked, kissing her shoulder.

I sorta had a thing for having her in my lap.

Sue me.

"Too big."

Huh. Alrighty.

Next. "This one?"

"Hmm... Well, I love the back."

"I do, too," I admitted.

Finding a house in Forktown wasn't the easiest, especially since it was a small town, but we still had a few to look at, and hopefully we'd find one soon. We were both ready to move in together.

So, that's why we found ourselves on Bella's couch this evening, with my laptop.

Apparently, luck was on our side because at the end of the night, we had actually found a house.

We called the realtor the day after.

We loved it.

There was no too soon for us.

So, I opened my mouth and finally asked her if we could... you know... get married soon. Very soon.

She said "fudge, yes" again.

And when we had been together for about... three months or so, we had it all going on, ya know. We were moving into our new house, a wedding date had been set, and life was fucking good.

Well, my back was killing me from lifting a shitload of boxes, and the guys were complaining, too, but eh... what can you do, right? Yeah.

Today had been especially bad 'cause we were moving the new furniture into the new house, and the king-sized bed Twitch had chosen for us wasn't very easy to haul up the stairs.

In the meantime, Bella was out to lunch with Mom and Alice.

While the dudes worked hard.

But Bella, being the amazing woman that she is, gave me one helluva blowjob when I returned to the apartment that night.

She seemed a little... off, but when I asked her, she just waved me off and gave me some weird smile. And truth be told, I was too exhausted to push for answers. So, I vowed to push tomorrow, and then I crashed. I was a little worried, though. 'Cause right before I fell asleep, I remembered that she had been acting a little strange for a while now. Maybe... two weeks or something. Nothing big or anything, and there was nothing in her behavior that had me fearing anything, but I was still curious. And maybe an itty bit concerned.

*O*O*O*

The next morning, I woke up alone in the apartment.

Hated that.

But I knew Bella started earlier, so I dragged my grumpy ass to the shower; took care of business fast as hell, so that I could join my Twitch at work.

Once I was dressed in scrubs, I dragged the ass – that was still a bit grumpy from having to wake up alone – across the street, toward the clinic.

So, yeah, I hmph'd when I didn't see Twitch at her usual spot.

The fuck?

~Get over yourself. You're getting clingy.

Fuck off.

I sighed.

Then, I decided that I didn't actually need my fiancé to check my schedule for me, so I bent over the desk and flipped the journal open to today's date. The only thing I knew – thanks to the note Bella left next to the bed – was that I started at eight, and it was now ten to eight.

More sighing as I scanned the schedule.

That's when I saw it.

Appointment – 8:00 AM

Patient – Bella Swan

Note – For OB with Dr. Cullen

~BREATHE!

Completeward

"Is this heaven?"

"No, it's Iowa."

- Field Of Dreams.

~BREATHE!

What.

The.

Fuck.

A Bella Swan for... for... *that*. For OB.

Right.

Um.

Well, I know a Bella Swan. I'm rather engaged to the woman.

And... ya know... if you need an obstetrician, you're... sorta pregnant.

Did I just whimper?

Jesus.

"Baby?" I called, hoping like hell she was around, 'cause... yeah, I needed answers.

Stat.

My eyes were still glued to the note. In Bella's writing, I noticed.

"Yeah?" I heard then, and I knew she was in the kitchen.

I cleared my throat.

Kinda hard, 'cause my heart was currently residing there.

And swallowing your heart aint all that easy.

"Um... Why does it say Bella Swan for OB on my eight o'clock?" I asked, nervous as hell.

Too afraid to get my hopes up.

Because I knew she was still on birth control.

"Huh, does it now?" she asked.

I heard amusement.

I didn't share it.

Not one bit.

This was serious to me. Very much so. No one knew how much I longed for this. Ached for it.

"Yes, it does," I replied impatiently.

And when she appeared from the kitchen, she didn't even look at me.

She just waltzed out here, with this mega sandwich in her hand, and looked down at the journal, humming like everything was clear and not confusing at all in the world.

Me? I was scared shitless.

"Would'ya look at that. It *does* say Bella Swan," she hummed, eyeing the appointment.

~If you don't slap her, I will.

And wouldn't that be a sight?

So...

Heart stuck in my throat.

Dick ready to give a bitch-slap.

And my breathing was not normal at all.

Then, she finally looked up at me, thankfully noticing my need for some goddamn clarity...

And she smiled.

Smiled. Did that... Did that mean...?

I swallowed hard.

Emotions.

Was this really happening?

"Yes?" I breathed out thickly.

"Yes," she answered, softly and...

Holy shit!

Yes!

"You-" I cleared my throat. Again. "You're... pregnant?"

Oh, Jesus... Just saying that word...

Her eyes welled up. She nodded. Smiled wider.

I knew mine did, too. Blurry vision and all.

Maybe I've died and... gone to heaven?

Is this heaven?

~Dude, it's just Washington.

Okay. Had to check.

And... yes. She was pregnant. Pregnant. With my baby.

With my baby!

So, yeah, I jumped over the desk.

Just like that.

But I needed more. Contact, closeness, confirmation... even though she'd already all but spelled it out.

"We're having a baby?" I asked, and my voice cracked as I cradled her face. But I could barely believe it.

Tears rolled down our cheeks... and she nodded yet again.

We were having a baby.

All my dreams were coming true thanks to the amazing woman standing in front of me.

I was speechless.

Happier than words could ever describe.

All I could do was hug her to me, which I did. I held her tightly, burying my face in her hair.

Still unable to believe it.

I was going to be a father.

"Thank you," I whispered hoarsely. "You have no idea, baby..."

Without another word, I kissed her hard, pouring myself into it. It was all I could do at the moment to make her understand at least a fraction of how she had completed me. There couldn't be anything topping this.

Oh, but there could.

Because a couple of months later, I married my pregnant Bella.

And just a few weeks after that, we found out that she was expecting twins.

Twin boys.

My wife was seriously making my life blissful.

Except for one thing.

In the middle of her pregnancy, she started crashing into mailboxes.

I swear the woman can't drive for shit.

But I can live with that.

Know why?

'Cause we ended up with six children, and I'm pretty sure a few of them were the result of me punishing her for killing a couple of mentioned mailboxes.

So... s'all good.

In Forktown.

The greenest place on earth.

Apart from Bella's pink Volvo, that is.

Look out if you see it swerving down the road, will ya?

Especially if you're a fudging mailbox.

~The End! Giggity.

Giggity? Really, Dick?

Yeah, so my cock shrugged.

~oOo~

Futuretake 1

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are about 14 months old. Freckle is 4 months old, and Bella's 2 months pregnant with Junior.

(If you need to brush up on the nicknames, *What's up, doc?*'s second epilogue will help you.)

Vasectomyward

The house was quiet.

Which was rare.

Eerie.

I knew what today was about.

So did Charlie who had come over this morning to give me male support. Though, instead of supporting me, he just sat there by the kitchen table, fiddling with the fucking radio.

"...enjoy this lovely morning. Here's Nick Lachey with What's Left Of Me..."

I snorted.

Charlie snickered. "How fitting, son."

I glared at him as I sipped my coffee.

Okay, so he wasn't here to support me. He was here to be a pain in my ass. Yeah, they all thought this was fun. Me? Not so much.

~And still you're going through with it.

Dick's pissed.

Can't blame the poor fucker.

But it's a mutual decision. Four children in three years...

Well, the fourth one will be here in seven months.

~I aint gonna apologize for being a straight shooter.

I know, and I'm proud of you, buddy. Really.

~So, that's the reward I get for giving you children? A dick lobotomy?

Please. It's not that bad.

~Pfft.

I heard Twitch coming down the stairs then, and I looked over my shoulder as she entered the kitchen, looking fucking adorable in one of my t-shirts.

"Morning, baby," she said softly, planting her juicy ass on my lap. "And... morning, Dad. What are you doing here?"

"I'm driving your mourning husband to the hospital in a few," he chuckled.

I flipped him off on the behalf of Dick.

"I can drive myself," I grumbled, placing a hand on Bella's stomach. I was excited as hell, but a bit tired. Never could I have too many children. I

lived for them, but it wouldn't hurt if Bella had the chance to take a breath in between pregnancies. As it was now, I could barely remember a time where she wasn't pregnant.

And it was conflicting.

Because I really was excited to become a father for a fourth time, and... maybe there was a part of me thinking there would be even more in the future. But to have four little ones so close... Yeah, it was exhausting. And it kinda felt like four was a good number. Plus, we didn't wanna use condoms. And birth control seemed silly if we weren't having any more after this little one who was currently growing inside of her.

So...

A vasectomy it was.

Dick's wailing.

Anyway...

"Any nausea this morning?" I murmured, kissing Bella's temple. She snuggled closer, even pulling her legs up, but this was my wife. She was all about cuddling in the mornings. I loved it.

"Only a little," she mumbled against my neck.

"That's good," I replied with another kiss.

Freckle had been worse in the morning sickness department, and Bella had spent the first five months with her head in the toilet. I honestly didn't understand how she could deal with it without losing her mind.

I hated it. There was nothing I could do but to stand there like a fool, holding her hair.

Speaking of...

We heard her then, wailing from upstairs.

"Want me to...?" I asked.

She shook her head and stood up. "Nah, I'll get her. But could you prepare a bottle?"

"Sure thing."

Half an hour later, Charlie sat in my Volvo, waiting as I said farewell to half my family.

Cub and Kicker were upstairs, sleeping and blissfully unaware of what their daddy was going through this morning.

"Can you wish Daddy good luck?" I asked Sadie, nuzzling her little nose with mine. "Let's hope he doesn't die, shall we?"

"Oh, please, baby," Bella giggled. "Don't be a drama queen."

~Always knew she was an evil one...

Word.

"Devil woman," I told her as I returned Freckle to her. My little princess.

"Good thing I sorta love you, eh?"

"Very," she chuckled, reaching up for a kiss.

And so my sour mood went sweet.

~You're so fucking whipped.

There's no denying that.

"Come on, Edward!" Charlie called. "It's snip-snip time!"

I whimpered and broke the kiss.

"Will I still be your Sexward after this?" I asked, hoping that I would. But I didn't know, ya know?

"Of course, honey!" she assured. Then, covered Freckle's ears. "Your cock will always be holy and divine."

Phew.

Okay. Good.

Here we go.

"Well... I love you." And I'm so stalling.

"Love you, too, Sexward."

"Yeah..."

.

.

"Edward?"

I looked at her. "Hmm?"

"I'll see you in a few hours."

"Yeah..."

.

.

"Daddyward?"

Okay, so I smiled a little there. "Yeah?"

"Go."

Okay, so I stopped smiling.

And then I left.

To get a vasectomy.

~Oh, God... 'Tis a sad day. A sad day indeed.

I sighed.

Futuretake 2

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 4 years old. Freckle is 3 years old, and Junior's 2.

Daddyward

"Still can't believe he's visiting," Jazz chuckled.

I couldn't chuckle. If I tried, it would've come out all strangled and shit.

Instead, I focused on Kicker who was positioned on my hip.

I tried not to think about this weekend, or why Jazz and I were currently at SeaTac in Seattle with Kicker and Nathan, waiting...

"Daddy?" Nathan asked Jazz. "Can we go to McDonalds?"

"Yeah, Daddy!" Kicker agreed, using his puppy-dog eyes on me.

Those two were evil, Kicker and Nathan. Usually, Cub was a part of their evilness, but I couldn't bring both boys to Seattle, so Cub stayed at home

with the rest of the family. Not that he complained. Twitch was baking goodies all day, so in the end I'd say he was the happiest one.

"We'll see," Jasper said, which always meant "yes."

We were all whipped. Especially now when we all had children.

"That is yes, right, Daddy?" Kicker whispered in my ear.

I huffed a chuckle, cursing my son's IQ. He was a smart one.

Bella said it came from her, but... well, I was a doctor. Doctors were smart people.

Most of the times.

"Probably, yeah," I whispered back before kissing his cheek.

He grinned, crookedly I might add, and was satisfied with my answer.

He and Cub were the perfect mix between me and Bella. Her hair and cute cheeks and nose, then my eyes and lopsided grin. We totally knew they'd be heartbreakers one day.

"And there he is!" I heard Jazz bellow.

My heart sank.

So, he made the flight then...

Fuck.

Yeah, Liam was here.

It was my fault.

One day at work I accidentally mentioned Liam in a conversation about pediatrics, since Liam was one as well, and Jazz obviously wondered why I

brought him up. 'Cause as far as he knew, we'd all lost touch after med school. Yeah. So... I sorta confessed that Liam and I still talked occasionally. He didn't have to know that Liam and I actually emailed and texted several times a week. Nobody needed to know *that*. Least of all Bella. Well, I mean... she knew I had a friend from med school that I spoke to sometimes, 'cause I wasn't no liar, ya know... but no, she didn't need to know just how involved Liam was with everything in my life.

Ya know?

Anyway...

Jazz – hate that fucker, by the way – decided he wanted to catch up, so he looked the fucker up and called him!

In the end, we all decided to get together, and that brought Liam here. Today.

He was going to spend the weekend with us in Forks.

I had told him to keep his mouth shut, of course, but... could I trust him?

"Long time no see, man!" Liam grinned widely, giving Jazz a man-hug.

"Fu-" We gave him pointed looks, 'cause we had kiddos now. "Well, dang. You both grew up."

Liam. The eternal bachelor.

"Good to see ya, Liam," I said, and it was my turn for the man-hug. Kicker just eyed him curiously. "Did you have a good flight?"

"Yep. Good service," he replied, waggling his eyebrows.

He was like Emmett.

"That's uh... good?" Jazz offered, picking Nathan up.

I snickered at Liam's expression. We sure had changed. Jazz and I, that is. We weren't college kids anymore. Not that we weren't still fucked in the head with a love for tits and pussy, but... we were only crazy for our wives. Ya know? And Liam wasn't quite like that.

"All right," he said. "Let's drive off to Wholesomeville."

Jazz and I snorted.

Yeah, we were whipped family men, but if he knew what happened behind closed doors...

Not so wholesome.

S'just that we didn't act like freaks in front of the kids.

'Cause that's wrong.

*O*O*O*

One stop at McDonalds...

Four bathroom breaks...

Four hours on the road...

Eventually brought us back to Forks.

It was late.

The kids were asleep.

So, while Bella, Liam, Jazz, and Alice got acquainted and reacquainted, I put Kicker to bed next to Cub. Then I headed downstairs again, looking forward to a somewhat calm evening. Tomorrow was going to be a lot different, but today it was just to get Liam settled in the guestroom.

Luck was on my side as I joined Bella in the loveseat. They were just talking about our college days. I could live with that.

As long as Liam kept his mouth shut about our little bromance, I was fine.

"Good to have you home, baby," she murmured as I placed my arm on the back of the seat. "Liam was just telling us how he was your mentor in med school."

Ah, fuck you, Liam.

"He said that, did he?" I sighed, shooting Liam a glare. Jasper was scowling at him. Alice and Bella were amused. "Well, he's wrong." Lie.

"Yeah, totally wrong," Jazz agreed with me, also lying.

"Oh, come on, guys!" Hyper exclaimed. "Don't worry, Liam, Bella and I believe you. I, for one, know how Jazz and Edward were like growing up."

So, I turned my glare on her instead.

"What?" She shrugged innocently. "You were both geeks."

"Naaaw," Bella responded, caressing my cheek. "My little Geekward."

To which Liam laughed. Hard.

Fucker.

Whatever.

We talked for a little while longer, mostly about college days – Bella was very curious, too curious – and Liam was happy to divulge – too happy – much to mine and Jasper's chagrin. But that's life, I hear. College stories about yourself are only supposed to amuse others. Which they sure did. Bella and my not so dear sister had a blast.

But yeah, then around eleven PM, we called it a night.

*O*O*O*

"Be good to the Nanas and the Grampas, yeah?" I said, tapping Cub on the nose. He nodded solemnly. "Good kid," I chuckled. "Gimme a kiss." He did, and Kicker followed, then Junior, and then Freckle, who planted a few of her famous smooches all over my face.

"Bye, Daddy!" she giggled, squishing my cheeks together.

Gotta love it.

"See you tomorrow morning, princess," I told her, smiling like the goof I was.

Tonight was adult-fun. No kiddos were allowed, hence having Mom, Dad, Billy, Renee, and Charlie at mine and Bella's house. There were also approximately two hundred children running around, either with a Cullen-name, Whitlock-name, or Black-Uley-name.

"Have fun, honeys!" Mom said happily, always eager to watch our broods of runts. How she had the strength, I had no idea. Renee was the same.

"We will," Bella said, not so subtly pinching my ass.

"Oh yeah, we will!" Jake squealed... *sigh*... also pinching my ass.

Then I heard Em yelp.

Then Jazz...

Then Sam...

Then Liam...

Yeah, Jake sure didn't miss anyone.

"Don't touch what's not yours, Jakey!" my wife snapped, caressing my ass. "Assward's mine, comprende?"

Gotta love her.

"Come on, wifey," I chuckled, draping an arm around her. "Let's hit Port A."

I pulled on my beanie and unlocked my car.

"Mmm, Beanieward," she purred.

~Twitch...

I know, buddy. I know. We're so taking her tonight.

~Word. Alley fuck!

Word.

"Yeah, I'm gonna ride with Jazz and Alice," Liam said, eyeing Bella like she was a freak. But the good kind of freak. The kind where he knew how fucking blessed I was. So, I just smirked cockily and nodded to him, then I got in the car with my wife.

"See ya there!" Bella hollered to the others.

Em drove out first, he and Rose.

Sam followed with Jake in their baby blue Porsche.

Then Jazz, Alice, and Liam.

Last but not least, me and Twitch.

Funny, we only had two designated drivers. Rose was knocked up, so she was a given. Then it was Jazz because Alice wasn't breastfeeding their

little Mary anymore. This was her welcome-back-to-the-world-of-alcohol night. She was planning to get properly shitfaced tonight because she and Jasper were already planning on a third kiddo, which meant no drinking. But she wanted one helluva night before. I could understand that.

The rest... well, who volunteers to drive, right?

So, I figured we'd take cabs home tonight and then pick up our cars in Port A tomorrow.

Nothing to worry about now.

*O*O*O*

Port A.

Two shots of vodka were poured down my throat.

We were in a bar. The music was loud. We were sitting in a booth, having a lovely fucking time, gotta say.

Bella was hammered, happily sipping... *or chugging*... pink drinks.

I sat next to her, arm draped around her shoulders.

Emmett was tipsy, sitting on my left with a sober Rose on his lap.

I sipped my beer.

Bella placed a wet kiss on my neck. I shivered and kissed her back.

Good stuff.

Alice was completely gone. Arms flailing as she spoke or sang... whatever.

I sipped my beer.

Jake was... squealing.

Sam was drunk. Forehead meeting the table. Rose was throwing peanuts at him.

Liam was giggling. True story. Which meant, yeah, he was also drunk.

I sipped my beer.

Bella was wearing a really sexy tank top and... yes, a short denim skirt.

Just had to lay it out there.

I took a shot of Tequila with the boys.

And I was... nah, I wasn't shitfaced at all.

Nope.

"...And then he cranked up the volume and danced around to Run-DMC!" Liam giggled. "His favorite was *It's Like That*. And he couldn't rap to save his fucking life!"

I laughed, too. Hell, we all did. Except for Jazz, who was scowling again. 'Cause the college story was about him.

Bella placed her hand on my thigh.

It was like foreplay.

"Aint nothing wrong with Run-DMC," he grumbled.

My eyes bugged out. "No, you're right, Jazz!" I chortled. "But you believing you could beat-box was!"

"Hey, I aced that shit!" she defended, and no, he didn't. He sucked. I cocked a brow at him... and chugged the last of my beer. "And don't look at me like that!" He glared at me and Liam. "I was fucking awesome!"

"I be-believe y-you, m'dear!" Alice slurred.

The waiter arrived with another round of beer and shots.

"I don't, I need proof!" Emmett bellowed.

"NO!" Liam and I shouted. Heads shaking furiously. We suffered through Jasper's hiphop stage in college. That was enough. "In that case, wait till I'm not here!" I added.

I grabbed a Heineken.

No longer sipping.

Chugging's golden.

"What he said," Liam giggled, nodding at me.

"Oooh, you wanna dance with me, Sexwardo?" Jake asked, smiling coyly.

I shuddered and pulled Twitch closer, allowing her to protect me with her wifey-glare.

We protected each other when we were hit on, ya know. Well, in my case it was usually Jake, but there sure were a few assholes hitting on my wife. Especially single dads at daycare where our kiddos went. Fuckers. Don't worry, though. I made shit clear that she was mine. Hence the clothing I'd ordered for her with her last name spelled out in pink rhinestones.

Yeah.

She loved that shit.

I did, too.

I took a shot of... whatever it was... and Emmett followed suit.

"Actually, Husbandward is going to dance with *me* now," she told Jake, smiling smugly. "Come on, baby, sex me up."

Yeah, okay.

Before I could barely register it, I had my wife on the dance floor.

People surrounding us.

Flashy lights.

"Jeebus, you're so fudging hot in that beanie, Edward," she told me breathily, practically undressing me with her eyes. "We better find some privacy soon."

And I'm like...

~Fuck yeah! LOVE this woman!

Ya know?

Some Justin Timberlake song came on, and I had her back to my chest as I moved us to the rather sexy beat. Yeah, I had skills. Nights where Bella and I were alone didn't come often, but when they did, we sure took advantage, and we often ended up going out.

We had a thing for being outside.

You know what you want

And that makes you just like me

"I think that can be arranged, sexy girl," I murmured in her ear. "Let's get you hot and bothered, eh?" I suggested huskily, dropping a kiss below her ear. My tongue darted out, to which she rubbed her ass against me.

~Twitch... twitch... Need... better... access...

See, everybody says you're hot, baby

But can you make it hot for me

I couldn't close my eyes.

Well, I could but the world was spinning an itty bit too fast then.

Fuck.

Hadn't been wasted in a long time.

I gave my cock better access, by the way, as I bent slightly at the knees.

Said, if you're thinking 'bout holding back

Don't worry, girl

'Cause I'm gonna make it so easy

And I was getting so...

Fucking...

Hard for my wife.

"Feel that, Tw- Bella?" Shit. Almost called her Twitch out loud.

Lost my train of thought when she reached behind her and grabbed my junk, though.

She rubbed... *Skilled motherfucking fingers...*

And my hand... There was no stopping me.

In the middle of the crowded floor, I reached up and palmed her breast in my hand.

Squeezed it a little, making her moan.

So, slide a little bit closer to me, little girl

See, Daddy's on a mission to please

"Oh, fuck," she moaned, quickly turning around to face me. She looked up at me with her eyes full of desire. "Go crazy on me tonight." Her eyes were pleading with me.

I arched a brow.

My mind spun.

Oh, I could go crazy on her.

There was one kinky fucking idea...

Wait a second

She's hopped up on me

I've got her in my zone

Her body's pressed up on me

I think she's ready to blow

So, I cupped her ass and pulled her impossibly close to me.

I had to ask.

Because I believed she already had a wish. I'd noticed it from the fucking lyrics.

I could read my wife well.

"What's going on in that dirty mind of yours, Isabella?" I asked, nipping at her jaw. "Share with me," I commanded softly.

She whimpered as I squeezed her ass.

I was rock hard against her abdomen. I knew she could feel it.

I also knew that she loved it.

Kinky girl.

Her hot and sweet breath wafted over my neck. "Go Daddyward on me," she moaned.

Goddamn.

Just tell me which way you like it

All you gotta do is

Tell me which way you like it

Do you like it like this?

Do you like it like that?

There was no waiting.

Foreplay was done.

I grabbed her hand, leading her through the crowd.

The guys at the booth eyed us...

Liam was giggling and beaming. Drunk fucker looked proud.

Yeah, it wasn't really hard to figure out why I was leading my wife outta the bar. Or club. Or both... whatever.

You can't stop, baby

You can't stop once you've turned me on

And your enemy are your thoughts, baby

So, just let 'em go

'Cause all I need is a moment alone

To give you my tone

And put you out of control

The music faded as we headed outside.

I went straight for the alley next to the bar.

It was dark.

Cold.

I didn't give a flying fuck.

Neither did she.

Her cockteasing whimpers were driving me insane.

"Daddyward, huh?" I asked, looking down at her as we walked.

She nodded furiously.

Dirty girl.

When I was satisfied with a spot, I pressed her up against the cold brick wall.

She gasped.

"Yes!"

I slid my nose against her jaw, breathing her in.

My hands went to unzip my jeans.

I whispered in her ear. "And you want Daddy to fuck you out here?"

"Oh, God," she breathed out shakily. "Yes... fuck, yes."

I chuckled huskily. My cock throbbed. Leaked. And I hissed as the chilled air hit my erection.

"That will be arranged, baby girl," I promised. "Now, touch Daddy's cock."

We both moaned as she wrapped her eager fingers around me.

I hitched up her skirt.

Kissed her neck.

My insides were pulling and twisting in the most delicious ways.

Crazed with lust.

A need to take her hard...

Roughly.

"Do you like that, Daddy?" she asked, stroking me expertly. Her smile was coy, her eyes were dark, her cheeks were flushed...

A flush that went to her chest...

"You know I do, baby," I moaned quietly, placing my hands on the wall on either side of her head. "But I think you know I want that sweet pussy now."

"Yes," she whimpered as I kissed the corner of her mouth. "I... oh, fuck... Please fuck me, Daddy."

Jesus...

"Wrap those legs around me," I told her gruffly as I palmed her ass. Commando. *Fucking...* "No panties? Good girl."

She moaned in my ear.

Her legs were hitched over my hips; I pulled her up.

And when I had the head of my cock buried in hot wetness, I slammed in.

"*Fuck, baby girl,*" I gritted out through clenched teeth.

She pulsed around me.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," she chanted breathlessly.

Fisting my hair through the beanie, she pulled me in for a hard kiss, and I had to fight the urge to close my eyes. Goddamn. Shouldn't have had those last drinks. Not that it stopped me from making us feel good, though. Fuck no. I fucked her hard. I went crazy on her. Just like we loved it every once in a while. Or often.

"Does that feel good, Isabella?" I grunted, pushing in again. "Do you like it when Daddy's cock is pounding into your soaked little pussy?"

"Yes!" she cried out, squeezing her eyes shut. "Holy fuck, Daddy! You're... *ungh...*" I sped up. "Fuuuck!"

She gasped when I started to rub her clit with my thumb.

My breathing was labored. Panting. Moaning. We weren't exactly quiet.

And I was getting dangerously close to coming...

Good thing she was close, too.

"Daddy's close," I breathed out against her cheek.

Hot damn, she loved my dirty-talk. The way she tensed... the way she clenched down on me... the way she started convulsing and gasping...

...the way we both came...

Throbbing inside of her, I came hard.

It lasted.

So long.

She convulsed around me, prolonging my own orgasm, and I didn't stop moving until I felt her shiver and shudder, which was her tell. I knew my wife... yeah, even when I was drunk.

"God, Edward," she panted against my neck. "That was..."

Crazy.

~Night, night...

"Yeah," was my smart reply.

But I think I died a little.

Later, when we both returned inside, it was wild. Seriously, they were all so completely drunk that eyes were crossed, foreheads rested on the table, and words came out in a garbled mess.

Yeah, time to go home.

Ya know?

Safe to say, the sober pair of cousins – Rose and Jazz – weren't all that amused.

I was.

Bella, too.

'Cause it had been one fuckhot night.

And I was pleasantly surprised. Liam hadn't divulged a single thing about him being my go-to guy those years ago when I was a fuckup for Bella.

But he did tell me – on Sunday as I dropped him off at the airport – that...
"Maybe next time I'll tell her."

So, I decided that I wasn't going to invite Liam to Washington.

Ever again.

Futuretake 3

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 5 years old. Freckle is 4 years old, and Junior's 3 years old.

Laundryward

"Oh... a little to the left..."

I moved a little to the left.

We had five minutes, tops.

"Better?" I grunted.

Her gasp told me all I needed to know.

"Fuck, Sexward..."

"Wait for it, baby."

I slowed.

She pouted over her shoulder.

I swatted her on the ass.

"*Ungh...* Spankward..."

I gripped her hips tighter, pounding into her over and over again.

"Don't come," I moaned.

"Please... oh, fuck..."

"No. And you know why."

My cock glistened with her wetness as I kept pushing in and out of her from behind.

"Because I was a bad girl yesterday," she whimpered.

"Yes, you were."

Bad, *thrust*, fucking, *thrust*, girl, *thrust*.

I heard the washing machine start up, and Twitch moaned loudly when I pulled out of her, only to lift her up and position her on the vibrating washer.

"Oh, fuck, the spin cycle!" she gasped.

Exactly.

I held her legs wrapped around me and thrust in again.

"Don't come, Bella," I warned breathlessly.

"*Uuungh*... Fuckward, please!" she begged, holding on for dear life as I fucked her brains out. "I need... need... need..."

"Not." Thrust. "Yet." Thrust. "Fuck!"

"But... I'm so... *shit!* Sorry!"

Yeah, you say that every time.

But then you go, the next week, and kill another fucking mailbox.

"Christ," I groaned, feeling my eyes roll back for a second as she constricted around me. "Damn, you feel so good, baby."

She babbled incoherently through moans and whimpers, claiming that it wasn't her fault – that the mailbox came outta nowhere. But I shut her up by kissing her.

Damn, I was close.

My balls tightened, my thighs tensed, Jesus, the tingling, the buildup, the rushing...

Unfortunately, our time was up.

I could hear the kids coming down the stairs, eager to get their hands on Mommy's pancakes. Ya know, Saturday morning routine.

"Fuck, are you ready, Isabella?" I moaned. "I'm gonna come."

"Finally!" she cried out.

The vibrations from the washer reached us both, and with a couple of flicks on her clit, I had her muffling her screams as I covered her mouth with mine. We came... and came... and came...

Holy...

Fuck.

"Mmmmm, I love Sternward," she hummed.

I was still panting against her luscious tits.

What? I had ten years on my wife. 'Scuse me for being a little winded.

"Are you gonna quit running down mailboxes?" I asked, still breathing heavily. I dropped a final kiss in the valley between her breasts before looking up at her.

She pursed her lips.

Dirty fucking girl was probably already planning the next attack with her pink Volvo.

I groaned as I pulled out of her, and she whimpered, then I tucked myself in and zipped my jeans. And I was still a gentleman, of course, so I helped her down from the washer, and helped her straightening out her clothes. She was still in my boxers and t-shirt, both of which she slept in if we didn't sleep in the buff. That was preferred, of course, but Junior and Freckle had a thing for waking up with Mommy and Daddy, so... yeah. We only slept naked when the little ones spent the night with our parents.

"You haven't answered," I reminded her, then I opened the drier and pulled out a pair of sweats.

It was Saturday. A day off. I wanted comfy clothes, too.

I was only wearing jeans 'cause I had been out to buy Hot Pockets.

Since Bella's first pregnancy, her craving for them hadn't disappeared completely.

"I will only knock 'em down if it's self defense, okay?" she said, batting her lashes at me. "I promise. Purdy please?"

I kissed her nose.

She was too fucking cute for words.

"You and Tom Cruise, eh?" I chuckled quietly.

"Yep!"

I grinned. "Fine, but only if the mailboxes attack first."

"Deal!"

When we left the laundry room we had four kiddos eyeing us in the hallway.

Arms crossed.

Eyebrows cocked and loaded.

Freckle had her hands on her hips – a move I swear she's gotten from my sister.

"You always wash, Mommy," she said, scrunching her nose as she looked up at us. "You also, Daddy."

Well, a home with clean clothes is a happy home, right?

"Yea. Lots and lots," Kicker agreed.

Right.

"Who wants pancakes!" Bella gushed. Smart woman.

"Yay!" the kids cheered.

Futuretake 4

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 6 years old. Freckle is 5 years old, and Junior's 4 years old.

Escapeward

"Jeesh, little dude!" I exclaimed, dragging a napkin over my face and chest. Good thing I was still in scrubs. "I distinctly remember Mama saying no to throwing food around."

Junior just grinned as I got the last of the mashed potatoes off my face.

Evil little guy.

For a second I contemplated working past dinner-time from now on, but that thought vanished right away. This was my thing. When I came home from work, Bella cooked for the kids while I went through the mail; sometimes I took a shower and whatnot. Then I helped the little ones through dinner while Bella prepared the kids' lunches for the next day. She always gave our kids the good stuff. One helluva chef, my wife.

So, yeah, this was our daily routine after I came home from the clinic.

And then we'd have dinner together, the two of us.

"Yea, Mama says no, baby," Bella reminded him, not looking away from the stove. "Now, are you done, kiddos?"

"I want more, Mommyella," Kicker said. I grinned at him, loving how much he took after Bella. All the nicknames... yeah. Well, I wasn't innocent there. Hyper was my nickname for my sister, after all, and I had been the one who came up with Cub and Kicker. Freckle, too. So, *there*.

"Sure thing, cutie," Mommyella sang, coming over to fill up his plate.

Sausages and mashed potatoes. Fucking A is all I'm saying, 'cause my wife knows how to use butter.

"I think Freck wants more, too," he added, always looking after his sister. "She didn't eat all her lunch today in kindergarten."

Huh.

"Something wrong, Sadie?" I asked her, reaching over the table to feel her forehead. She'd always had a healthy appetite. All our kids did.

"I was jus' feeling iffy, Daddy," she answered, shrugging a little. "I'm okay now."

Hmm...

Well, Bella gave me a warning glance – she always did, because I tended to go into doctor-mode too often, according to her. Yeah, she was full of shit.

"You sure, princess?" I asked her, studying her face.

But she just nodded and smiled, happily digging into the food Bella added to her plate. To which Bella obviously flashed me the I-told-you-so look.

Hmph.

"I'm done!" Cub declared, wiping his milk-stache away. "Thank you for dinner, Mommy! Can I go play now?"

"Sure thing, honey," she told him. "Don't forget to wash your face."

"Yes, ma'am!" he replied, heading for the stairs in vampire-speed.

The kids continued chatting about this and that, and I soaked it up, like I always did, but a few minutes later, my phone buzzed.

I'm saying farewell, my friend – Liam.

The fuck?

Pardon? – Edward.

I'm leaving Chicago for Africa, man! – Liam.

"Jeesh," I exhaled. Way to scare the crap outta me, asshole.

"Something wrong, Dadward?" Bella asked, taking Cub's plate and glass.

I shook my head. "Nah, it's just Liam," I chuckled. "He's being a drama queen. Apparently he's going to Africa."

Care to explain? – Edward.

"Africa?" Junior and Bella asked in unison.

That saved me some time because Bella – being the good Mama she is – explained to Junior what Africa was.

Doctors without borders. I'm going through all vaccinations and shit next month – Liam.

Wow.

I had to say I admired him for that. Truly.

I'm impressed, Liam. Really good cause. Where will you be stationed? – Edward.

"What's he saying?" Bella asked, coming over to plant her delectable booty on my lap. You won't hear me complaining.

"Doctors without borders," I murmured, showing her the text as I snaked an arm around her waist.

As she read the text, I nipped a little on her shoulder... 'cause my teeth itched for it.

What, we had a thing for biting. Sue us.

If she bit my ass, I bit hers.

But when I heard Kicker and Freck laugh, I sorta stopped.

"Always biting and smooching," Kick whispered to his sister.

Yeah, yeah, you'll see one day when you meet your dream girl, Kicker.

"New text," Bella said softly, handing back the phone, then she left my lap. Pity. "Cool that he's going. He better stay safe, though."

See? I'm not the only worrier in the house.

"He will," I told her as I opened the new text.

Tanzania at first. Then we'll see. Anyway, I bone to pick with you – Liam.

Hmm?

And what's that? Btw, Bella tells you to stay safe – Edward.

I will haha. And the bone is about mentioned lovely wife. No pun intended. I think it's time for a visit – Liam.

Um.

Yeah, I don't know about that...

Visit? As in, you coming out here again? – Edward.

Please say no. Please say no. Please say no.

**Yes! Before I leave. I think it's time for Bella to know EVERYTHING
– Liam.**

Abort, abort, abort!

No! Shit!

"Fudge," I hissed under my breath.

Um. That depends. When would this visit take place? – Edward.

Escape. Flee. Run!

HAUL ASS!

**In three weeks. What do you say? We could go to that bar again,
like last year – Liam.**

Three weeks.

Three weeks.

Um, yeah... three weeks... it could work...

"So..." I cleared my throat, looking at Bella. "You know how we've been talking about going somewhere this summer?"

She smiled curiously. "Yeah?"

"Disneyland!" Junior exclaimed, dancing in his seat.

"Yeah!" Sadie cheered, fist-pumping the air.

Gotta love the weird kiddos.

"Um, I was thinking..." I cleared my throat... again. "Mexico?"

Bella was definitely onboard.

I exhaled.

Sorry, man. Really. But we're in Mexico then. Perhaps another time? – Edward.

Screw Tom Cruise, I was better with missions. Nothing was impossible, for fuck's sake.

Hahahahaha! You can run but you can't hide, Cullen! I'll just pop in when I return in a year or so! – Liam.

We'll just see about that, wont we?

I headed straight for the computer. Time to book tickets to sunny Mexico!

Futuretake 5

(You'll recognize this from Bella's version. Yeah, the first part of her epilogue is here)

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 7 years old. Freckle is 6 years old, and Junior's 5 years old. It's Christmas!

Reverseward

I had every intention of punishing her for knocking over another mailbox, but...

Her words went on repeat in my head. The words about me not punishing her too good and proper. Our inside joke from before, 'cause... Well, I had this tendency to knock her up.

Good and proper.

And now... I guess I needed to take a step back and look at what I actually had. Now, no one could call me ungrateful. I wasn't. I adored everything

about my wife, and everything she gave me. I guess... I guess I just had this tiny, tiny wish that... maybe... we'd have another child?

Don't get me wrong, I won't walk the blues just because she doesn't want any more children – I'm incredibly blessed, truly. But there's still that little voice. That voice, reminding me that our children are growing up too fast.

I just had to settle that voice down. I knew it was possible. After all, it was just a wish. I was greedy. I mean... we already had four kids. Four amazing, weird, funny, adorable, incredible children.

And I had my wife. A wife that I was absurdly addicted to still, and so goddamn in love with.

So, I lowered her onto the bed, kissing her softly yet passionately.

We had our family downstairs, but they didn't matter right this moment.

It was just us.

Christmas Eve.

And I was unbelievably thankful for everything I had, everything Bella had given me, and everything we shared.

I showed her.

In every kiss, I poured my gratitude.

"I love you," I whispered, breaking the kiss.

"Love you, too," she breathed out.

I opened my eyes, resting my forehead against hers.

Christ, she was gorgeous.

Amazing.

The perfect Mama to Junior, Mommy to Freckle, Mom to Cub, and Momella to Kicker.

I sighed, feeling a small shiver in content run through me.

"You're giving me that look again," she said quietly.

I smiled, flipping us over so that I was on my back. Her chin rested on my chest, and I played with a few strands of her hair. Chocolate brown, same as Cub and Kicker. And Sadie, of course.

"Is that so weird, though?" I murmured. "You've made me the happiest man on earth, Bella... and..." I sighed, still keeping my eyes on the hair I played with. I wondered if she knew, if she really knew how much I loved her. And more importantly how much richer she'd made my life.

And it always came back to our family. I wasn't the only one adoring her. Our kids did, too.

Hell, just today when it was just me and the boys. The women and the girls were all here at my parents' house, and the guys... we were all gathered at Bella's and my house to wrap gifts. Christ, Cub and Kicker weren't satisfied until the gifts looked perfect. Don't ask me how much glue they used. But it had to be perfect for their mom. Cub was the worst.

"I helped Cub wrapping his gift for you today," I told her, smiling at the memory. "I think you're gonna love it." I knew she would. He was getting her a giant bowl of lollipops. All of them pink, of course. "And I know you're gonna get a kick outta Lee's gift." I snickered, winking at her before resuming watching her hair.

Kicker had bought her glittery nailpolish – with Freckle's help.

It had been quite the trip to help them get Christmas gifts for Bella.

"You're gonna love what they're giving you, too," she whispered.

I smiled, thinking about how much we'd gone through together... And how much we had to look forward to in the future. "I have no doubt about that."

I couldn't wait, but I was also eager to just live in the moment.

"What's on your mind? You're miles away, baby," she murmured softly.

I sighed.

"Just thinking about the past years... how happy I am to have my family."

She smiled back, also sighing in content.

Eight years together.

Many to come.

.

.

.

Hopefully they wouldn't pass too quickly, though. The years.

"They grow up too fast," I said then, and I heard the wistfulness in my voice. "Sadie's already saying fudge, you know."

We both laughed softly.

"Good thing she doesn't know the meaning behind it, eh?" She grinned.

Yeah, okay, so I stopped laughing.

I settled for a huff instead. My princess was never going to find out about boys. I mean... boys... they were like...

Me.

Yeah, and I was one fucked up individual.

"I swear I'm joining the NRA when Freckle starts school," I grumbled.

True story. And I wasn't the only one.

"Alice told me that Curly doc says the same," Bella giggled.

"Oh, I know," I assured, grinning proudly. "Jazz and I already have plans to include Cub, Kicker, and Nathan in our plans to protect Sadie, Sarah, and Mary."

"I'm sure," she laughed, not looking surprised.

Knock, knock.

I had to smile. Bella did, too, and we exchanged a knowing look.

It was bedtime for the children, and my guess was that Cub and Kick had passed out in front of one the many movies they'd watched tonight, but Junior and Freckle couldn't fall asleep without saying their goodnights to me and Bella.

"Come in," I said, looking at the door.

The door opened as Bella and I sat up, settling against the headboard, and sure enough, it was out two sleepy youngsters, wearing Christmas pajamas.

Oh, the yawning.

"I was putting them to bed but they want their goodnight's from you first." Mom smiled.

"Of course," I said, motioning for our little ones to join us, 'cause I wanted them here, damnit.

Freckle jumped first. "Is Santa coming soon, Daddy?" she asked, settling on my lap.

"Depends," I said, narrowing my eyes at her. Junior followed, and I reached out to tickle them both. "Have you been good all year?"

I lived for their laughter. Sadie's squealing? Eh. Not so much. She was loud. But it was worth it to see her dimpled smile.

"Yes, sir, I ate my veggies everyday!" Junior laughed as I tickled him.

"Right, Mama? Gah, stop, Daddy! Tickles!"

I positioned him on my lap, pulling him close before I pushed his shirt up to make farting noises on his little belly, which always terrified the shit out of Freckle. So, I wasn't surprised when she flew into Bella.

Too cute.

"You have," Mommyella told Junior as I wrestled him.

Holy... watch out for the family jewels, buddy.

Close one.

~Sweet baby Jesus...

Instead of putting my valuables in anymore danger, I decided to team up with Junior, 'cause Bella and Freck totally thought they were safe over there, and that was so not the case. Nuh-uh.

"Ah, look at the, son." I flashed Bella a grin. "They think they're safe from us." Junior mirrored my grin with his own lopsided one. "Should we tickle Mommy and Sadie?"

"Yes!" he exclaimed.

Exactly.

"No, Daddy! No!" Freck scolded.

I mimicked her. "Yes, princess! Yes!"

And then we tickled the shit outta them, making them gasp and squeal and... shit, throw punches. Well, I dodged it. Thank God.

Flailing arms.

Even Bella's.

Now this is what you call fun.

And I may or may not have pinched my wife's ass.

It's up for debate.

Kidding. I totally did it.

"Daddy, noooooo! And stop it, EJ!" Sadie screeched through her laughter.

"Alright, alright," I laughed. "We'll back off now. Let's allow them a breather, buddy." I lifted Junior off of the girls, 'cause I figured they needed air.

"Thank God!" Twitch panted.

They tried to give us the evil eye, but Junior and I just snickered at them.

Cute girls.

"Come on, Sweets, say goodnight to Mommy and Daddy," Mom giggled from the doorway. I'd forgotten about her. "The sooner you get to bed..."

"Sooner Santa comes!" Sadie squealed, even fist pumping the air.

While she said her goodnights to Bella, I did the same with Junior.

"Night, bud," I murmured, kissing his forehead.

"Love you, Daddy," he said, hugging me hard.

Cue sigh. A very manly, butch, and testosterone-y dreamy sigh.

"Love you too, buddy," I told him. "So much."

When he jumped over to Bella, Freckle jumped over to me.

And then it was smooches all over.

"Hey, short stuff," I chuckled.

"Mwah, mwah, mwah, mwah!" Literally, all over my face. "Mwah, mwwwwah!"

"Okay, princess, that's enough," I growled playfully. "I guess I don't have to wash my face before bed, eh?" I ruffled her hair. "Now, get to bed, so that Santa can come."

"M'kay! Love you, Daddy!"

"Love you more, baby."

I smiled, helping her off the bed, and then I turned to Bella and kissed her shoulder as I watched Mom lead the little ones out. Fuck, I really was a lucky bastard. Truly.

"Wanna head downstairs, beautiful?" I murmured to her.

That's when I noticed that her chest was heaving.

Her eyes were glued to the now closed now, and I wondered if something was wrong. It sure looked like it.

"Your vasectomy is reversible!" she blurted out then.

I froze. Lips still attached to where her neck met her shoulder.

I stopped breathing, too.

And her words echoed in my head.

Your vasectomy is reversible...

Your vasectomy is reversible...

Your vasectomy is reversible...

Your vasectomy is reversible...

Why... I mean... she... and then... you know...

Right?

Exactly!

What?

Shit.

I dunno...

From the beginning. Why would she blurt that out? I mean... there could only be... one reason, right?

~Breathe. I'm feeling faint.

Right.

I also cleared my throat.

"Um. Yes, it is," I said quietly, breathing heavily against her shoulder.

She shivered.

She nodded.

I stopped breathing again.

"Reverse it?" she asked.

And *snap*, I had her on her back, 'cause I was a speedy fucker.

"You-" I swallowed hard. Eyes wide and pleading. "You want... one more?"

I looked down, into her soulful eyes. Hair splayed on the pillow.

Do you want another baby with me, Bella?

"Yes," she breathed out.

"Fuck, yes," I rushed out before kissing her hard.

~Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

This was happening.

She wanted another baby.

Oh, God...

I pressed my body against hers, showing her just how fucking ecstatic I was.

~I will be whole again!

Shut up.

~No, I feel like singing!

Yeah, please don't.

I groaned, feeling Bella's tongue mingling with mine.

Someone was standing to the occasion.

~Damn, I need the lyrics to The Sound of Music!

I swear to God, I will pinch you.

Dick shut up.

Thank Goodness.

"Need you!" Bella gasped out, sending shocks of desire straight to my cock. "Now, Edward... please..."

"Goddamn," I exhaled, kneeling between her parted legs to unbutton my jeans.

And... yes, confirmation, please.

"You... you seriously want more?"

She nodded furiously, pushing down her own jeans, just like I pushed down mine.

"You?" she asked, and that was a stupid question.

~Oh, God... her pussy...

I looked down and groaned. "Absolutely." No fucking panties. I couldn't love her more. "I think we're ready for it now... and yes, I really want one more with you, love."

I was being so romantic, telling her how I wanted another child with her... while I was stroking my cock.

Told ya. Edward Cullen is one fucked up individual.

"Or two?" she squeaked.

My eyes bugged out before a massive grin took over my face.

Two children. Holy shit.

Yes, and please.

I nodded. "Or two."

And I was like... *nothing can ruin this Christmas Eve.*

Right?

I spent the next thirty minutes "practicing" with my wife.

And then we returned downstairs.

Apparently we had been loud. Again.

Awesome.

But nothing could ruin my night.

Futuretake 6

The second part of Bella's epilogue is here ;) Let's see if nothing can ruin Reverseward's Christmas Eve!

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 7 years old. Freckle is 6 years old, and Junior's 5 years old. Still Christmas!

Blushward

My wife and I fucking had this. We owned this game.

Christmas tradition for the adults. The game? *Cullen Christmas Cool*.

Bella, Alice, and Rose created it years back, and it was funny as hell. A sure way to get a good laugh.

The rules were simple. You were teamed up with your spouse, and whatever she told you had to be about you, and you weren't allowed to get upset, and you weren't allowed to laugh. It was basically a way to unload whatever you didn't like about your dearest. However, the people around you also had a task. Yeah, 'cause if they laughed at what your wife/husband complained about, they got a point. Three points and you're out.

It all led to the final round, where your goal was to make your opponent laugh.

Bella and I almost always made it to the final round, 'cause we kicked ass.

This year was no exception.

We went through the Confession Round, of course, and listened to Dad complain about how Mom sang along at operas, to which she fought damn hard not to get upset with him. Bella had almost gotten us a point by laughing then, but I was smart and covered her mouth with my hand.

'Cause I'm a doctor. We're smart people.

We also had Charlie – the fucking traitor – who confessed to have broken Renee's coffeemaker, because caffeine worked like crack on her. Anyway, he told Renee that I had been involved, and that was just a load of crock. I was only guilty to being a witness. Yeah, I had been there that morning to witness him taking the coffeemaker apart.

Whatever.

I'm not too upset about it.

Especially since Jake took several of our competition out.

No, wait. He did that when Dad complained about Mom at the opera. Ah, that's right. My mistake. I'm still post-coital, and uh... I've had one too many egnogs. Pardon.

Anyway, it was when the Queen – Jake – had squealed out, "OH MY LORDY, MAMA C! YOU SINGIN' WITH THEM OPERA BITCHES?" that Dad had cracked up, and you weren't allowed to laugh when the spotlight were on you, so he and Mom were so out. Just like that. Oh, and Renee, Emmett and Rose had cracked up, too, leaving them with points.

Hmm, what next...

That's right. We lost Emmett and Rose when it was their turn. My brother confessed to his lovely wife that it hurt when she smacked him in the back of his head, and thank God for Bella, 'cause she had clamped her hand over my mouth. That shit was funny. Rose had thought so, too, and had laughed.

So, they were gone.

After a while it was just two couples left, and that's were we are now.

It was me and Bella against my sister and Jazz in the Cool Round. You had to keep it cool.

I was confident, still riding high on Bella and me deciding to have more children, so nothing could ruin my night. This was our victory.

The rules were simple. With one single goal – to make our opponents laugh, in this case Alice and Jazz. The only rule was that – when it was my

turn – I had to use some embarrassing fact about Bella to make them laugh. If they did, they got one strike. If Bella or I laughed, we were immediately out. Three strikes and you were out.

This was the fourth year in a row that Bella and I made the final round.

"Edward, Jasper, you ready?" Billy asked.

I took a deep breath, leaning forward slightly.

Bella kissed me for good luck.

Hyper did the same with Jazz.

"Yes, sir," Jazz and I told Billy.

Another deep breath.

My eyes were on Jazz.

"Jasper, go ahead," Billy said.

Okay, here we go.

I squeezed Bella's hand, hoping like hell she didn't laugh at whatever Jazz was going to tell us about Alice.

Jazz smirked. "Alice's biggest craving when she was pregnant with Sarah... was to lick her leather jacket."

Oh...

Oh, Hyper. Really?

Bella gulped next to me, and I squeezed her hand again.

"You okay, baby?" I whimpered, stifling my own amusement as Alice glared at us all.

Didn't help that our family sat and giggled around us.

Thankfully, Bella nodded, and then it was my turn.

"My Hyper sister, when Bella tried to dye her hair last year, it turned green, and I had to run out and get Jake in order to keep it from you," I told her, and yeah, I made sure not to look at Bella.

I could practically *feel* the glare she shot me.

But it was all part of the game.

Take one for the team, baby. Take one for the team.

It worked, though, 'cause my sister cracked up.

"Strike one for the Whitlocks!" Bella and I shouted.

A few rounds later, it was Alice's and Bella's turn. We were in the lead with one strike, and the Whitlocks had two. It was Bella who had gotten us that strike. Just had to get that out there.

"You're going down, brother." Alice sneered at me.

I smirked cockily. *Try, little piss ant.*

"You're going downer," Bella shot back at her.

Ah, the support of my lovely Twitch.

"Yeah, you tell 'em, baby," I chuckled.

I will not laugh. I will not laugh.

I knew I wouldn't. Seriously, I fucking had this.

"Alice, go ahead," Billy said.

Dear sister of mine grinned at me. "Edward, remember when you and Jazz were in high school and he had spare jeans in his locker?"

Oh, shit.

Jasper paled.

I nodded, eager to find out, 'cause he always refused to answer when I asked him back then.

I knew it was going to be good.

"That's cause he sometimes jizzed his pants."

I blinked.

I felt it...

Coming...

Coming...

Oh, God...

I'm sorry, Bella, but...

"GOD-FUCKING-DAMNIT, JAZZ!" I guffawed, followed by Emmett and... well, pretty much everyone.

Holy fucking shit!

"I'm sorry, baby," I laughed against Bella's shoulder. "But I've been dying to find out about that for years! Holy fucking hell!"

Truth be told, I wasn't sorry about that second strike at all!

Oh, Jazz, Jazz, Jazz...

God, I was happy that I'd never done something so embarrassing.

Jesus...

"It's okay, Wankward, I forgive you," Bella said, smiling sweetly.

My laughter sorta died there, and I glanced down at her with a curious smile. "What'd you call me?" I chuckled, confused.

Wankward?

The hell?

"Nothing, honey, nothing at all," she replied innocently, clearly lying through her teeth. "Just watch me bring the game home now, m'kay?"

Um...

Should I be afraid?

"Quiet down! Bella's next and both teams have two strikes!" Billy bellowed.

Everyone quieted down right away, and um... I was sorta nervous now.

She just looked so... *giddy*.

And then she actually stood up.

"Curly doc Jizz, you're going down," she said, earning herself a few giggles from the others.

I looked up at her, trying to smile but... yeah, that didn't work.

Then... she *screamed*.

"BEFORE SEXWARD BECAME MINE, HE JERKED OFF IN HIS OFFICE EVERY DAY! AND HE ALWAYS MOANED OUT MY NAME AS HE CAAAAAAME!"

My blood froze.

My eyes widened.

All air left me in a whoosh.

Her words went on repeat.

Over and over.

I felt my cheeks heat up as...

Everyone... one...

By...

One...

Started laughing.

So hard.

They were guffawing and snorting, pointing and gesturing, babbling and gasping...

And...

Shit.

She knew. Which meant...

Oh, God...

~Yep. She heard you, you noisy fucker.

Maybe I should go to Mexico... Alone this time.

How long would I have to hide?

Holy mother of mortification...

And then Jasper, that asshole, he shouted, "Dr. Wankward!"

Which just pissed me off, so I totally ignored the fact that my in-laws, and... well, everyone in my family was sitting close by. I stood up and glared at him. And yelled right the fuck back.

"Dr. Jizzper!"

Then we were back to mortified.

I think I whimpered.

Billy announced my team as the winner, but... I couldn't quite enjoy the moment.

'Cause... I can't believe she knew!

Well, not wonder why she doesn't wanna have sex in my office during work-hours.

Futuretake 7

The third and last part of Bella's epilogue is here ;)

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 8 years old. Freckle is 7 years old, and Junior's 6 years old.

Crashward

"I feel paralyzed," Bella groaned as she buckled her seatbelt.

I could understand that, though. She'd eaten for a football team.

Kinda funny to watch her and Emmett, eating the same amount of food.

But she had one helluva excuse.

Yeah, I had totally knocked her up. Good and very fucking proper.

She was nine months pregnant with twins. Yep, again. This time a boy and a girl. I couldn't freaking wait.

Apparently the twins could, though, because today was her due date, and twins usually came a little earlier.

But back to my groaning wife...

"How does one *feel* paralyzed, love?" I asked, backing out of my parents' driveway.

She grimaced. "Funny, funny man."

"Mm, aren't I?" I winked at her. "Seriously, though..." I squeezed her hand. "Did you have a good Christmas, beautiful?"

Not that Christmas was over. Fuck no. We still had our special time left. It was tradition. After dinner on Christmas Day, our parents looked after the kids, so that we could have some alone-time, and that was much appreciated, especially since Bella and I were about to become parents again. We needed some lovin'. Almost the same went for Alice and Jasper, but they still had a couple of months to go before their fourth would arrive.

"The best," she sighed softly. "And you?"

Foolish question, baby.

"Same here," I murmured, kissing her hand before leaving it on her stomach.

We drove in comfortable silence for a while, both lost in thoughts that most likely revolved around the same thing; our children. This time it was Junior and Freckle coming up with nicknames, and for the girl who we'd

named Abigail, we had Mini. She was a tiny little thing on the sonograms. Then, for the boy named Anthony, we had Ant.

I had to admit, I loved nicknames. Hell, I probably used our kids' nicknames more often than their real names.

"I think it's time you finally tell me what you called me in that pretty head of yours before we got our freak on," Bella said then, and all of the sudden I didn't like nicknames any longer.

"Who says I stopped calling you that once we got our freak on, love?"

You're still Twitch in my head, honey.

There was no way I'd tell her, though.

I mean... it wasn't the name itself that was anything special.

It was the explanation to it that would either put me on her shit-list, or... well, she'd laugh at me. Oh, and she would definitely tell the others. She did that. She'd tell my brother, she'd tell Jazz, she'd tell her fucking parents.

Seriously, what was I supposed to say if she asked me why I called her Twitch?

"Oh, well, you see... Ever since the day I first met you, my dick's been twitching in your presence. Ya know... twitch, twitch."

Yeah. Awesome.

She'd think my cock has epilepsy.

"Tell me, I wanna know!" she whined, totally pulling off the pout. "I've waited for years and years, you know. I just wanna know, is all."

Damn, fucking pout.

But I had years of experience. First, from my sister. Then Bella, and lastly Freckle.

I had this.

So, I kept my eyes on the road.

"Sexward, you listen to me now, and you listen good," she said sternly, even pointing a finger at me. "I already told you what my nickname for you was, and as the good Lord is my witness, I use it all the time. Now fess up, will ya!"

Shit.

Bossy Bella was out.

I sorta had a thing for her.

I sighed.

Heavily.

And made the last turn to reach our street.

I couldn't believe it. I was actually going to tell her.

"Fine," I relented glumly. "My nickname for you was Tw-"

"Oh, my God!" Bella's gasp cut me off, and I immediately looked at her. She was clutching her belly! "Daddyward, my water broke!"

The babies are coming! The babies are coming! The babies are coming!

CRASH!

The fudge?

Oh, shit. I looked out the window.

Man, she's gonna go apeshit on my ass.

My smile sure was sheepish when I looked over at my wife again.

She was wide eyed, gaping like a fish.

And she turned to me.

Yep, she's gonna punish me for this.

Good and hard.

"YOU HIT OUR PINK MAILBOX, EDWARD!"

Futuretake 8

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 8 years old, Freckle is 7 years old, Junior's 6 years old, Ant and Mini are nine weeks old.

Begward

I was conflicted.

Very much so.

Did I love this, or did I hate this?

I couldn't see anything... 'cause I was blindfolded.

I couldn't move my legs and arms... 'cause I was tied to the bed.

Oh, and I was naked.

I honestly thought Bella had forgotten all about the punishment in the midst of all kiddo-related business. You know, labor and whatnot. 'Cause we had two more now. Ant and Mini were already nine weeks old and so

fucking adorable it almost hurt to look at them. Anyway... when Bella had gone on her six week checkup, I had been incredibly relieved afterward, because I had done her good when she got home. Hell, we had been all over the place.

And there was no sign of punishment.

But now there is...

She'd surprised me this morning when she said that Mom and Dad were watching Cub, Kicker, Junior, and Freckle. And Renee and Charlie were watching Ant and Mini. So yeah... she'd dropped the bomb on me.

Which brought us to now.

I could hear her walking toward the bed.

I hoped she was naked.

Ya know?

"Someone's hard, Edward," she cooed.

Well, duh.

~Exactly. Now, engulf me, woman.

Word.

But I had a feeling she wasn't going to do that just yet.

I gasped, because she straddled my waist then, and fuck me if she wasn't completely naked.

Goddamn.

I pulled at my restraints but that didn't do me any good.

"Tsk, tsk, don't even try," she chastised. I think I moaned, and I decided that I did love this. Oh so much. If she could just... move a little lower...

"You killed our mailbox, Sexward," she stated. Shit. Bossy Bella... There was twitching going on. "It was pink. Jakey, Freckle, and I had worked really hard to get our last name just perfect with the rhinestones."

I gulped when she dragged her fingernails along my chest.

That shit felt goooooood...

"Please, baby," I grunted, bucking my hips.

Again, it did me no good.

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes!" I told her, but I was so fucking distracted.

It certainly didn't help when she wrapped her fingers around my cock.

But I had to try. I had to do this.

"I'm sorry, baby," I moaned, feeling her thumb brush over the slit.

"Christ..." Deep breaths. "I'm sorry... ungh... for running over the... oh, fuck me!" She worked me hard, and my ass left the bed when she got off me, only to lower her mouth on me. Sweet baby Jesus... Mouth... so hot and warm...

"Sorry for what?" she asked before sucking me in again.

Sorry? I ain't sorry for shit right now. Just keep sucking.

Oh, God...

Tongue swirling...

Teeth grazing...

Hands massaging my balls...

"Fucking... suction... Christ," I groaned.

Shivers ran through me when I hit the back of her throat.

I wanted to see it. See her.

"I wanna watch, Bella," I pleaded, again pulling at my restraints. "Just the blindfold... oh, *hmmmmenungh*."

Unfortunately, she released me.

My cock, not my arms and legs. They were still very... tied up.

"Fuck!" I growled, trying to thrash.

Yeah, I didn't like this.

But then I sorta did.

'Cause she sank down on my cock, letting her hot pussy envelope me.

"Bella... oh, Bella," I moaned.

"I'll stop fucking you if you don't apologize," she breathed out.

Then quit distracting me with that divine pussy!

She didn't, though.

No, instead she started fucking me in earnest, bobbing up and down on my steel hard cock. Too bad I couldn't see it.

"Damn, I love your cock, Sexward," she moaned.

It's mutual, sweetheart. Very fucking mutual...

"But you still need to apologize properly. I won't let you come, ya know."

Fuck!

"I'm sorry, Bella!" I repeated, this time making sure to finish my sentence. "I'm really fucking... *Jesus*..."

Nope, that wasn't it.

I wasn't Jesus, nor was I fucking him.

"Try again," she whispered in my ear.

More shivers.

"I'm... I'm..." Fuck, she... fucked me. Hard. I'm not... "Sorry for running... over... the mailbox!"

There! I said it!

"Now *please* let me go," I begged.

She didn't.

I begged like a fucking bitch.

She kept fucking me until I was close, and then she stopped.

I was miserable.

Panting.

More begging.

I wasn't above crying at one point, but I held it in, 'cause she straddled my face and gave me access to lick her pussy, which I fucking loved doing. So, it was all good for a moment. I devoured that kitty.

But then it was back to misery.

She fucked me.

I got close.

She got off me.

Oh, and she got off, too.

I think I counted three orgasms...

God knows I felt them as she clamped down around me.

But me?

I was forgotten.

Most of all, I was really fucking sorry for ruining her pretty mailbox.

So, I told her, "I'll get you a new one, baby. Pink and full of rhinestones. We can have all our names in glitter or some shit, just... *please* fuck me till I come!"

Dick was weeping. Quite literally.

"Finally!" she panted, once again sinking down on my painfully hard erection. "Was that so hard, honey?"

I was completely blank.

Couldn't think a single thought.

'Cause she was letting that amazing pussy squeeze my dick, and I was in fucking heaven. Pun intended. Damn. Harder and faster, she took me in. Her hands went to my thighs, angling us slightly, so that I was all in. Balls deep. Yeah, nothing coherent going on. Just moaning, groaning, skin slapping...

"C-Close," I stuttered out.

My stomach tightened, everything... and... oh, God...

"Come for me, Edward," she whimpered.

"Oh, believe me, I am, Bella!"

I came... Oh, how I came...

It felt...

So...

Fucking...

Incredible.

I saw stars behind that fucking blindfold.

My body went rigid as I shot into her.

Holy...

Dick?

I gasped for air.

And...

Seriously.

Dick?

I think he died.

Dick!

"Shit," I breathed.

"I know," Bella said breathlessly. "That was so good, baby."

Yeah. Um.

A little too good, I'm afraid.

Dick!

I blinked when my wife removed the blindfold.

~Gah! I'm alive! I made it!

"Oh, thank God," I whispered under my breath.

~You stay away from them mailboxes from now on, you hear?

I will.

~We're over forty. We can't take that shit again.

I hear you. Loud and clear, buddy.

~Good. I'ma sleep now for a while.

"Hmmm, wanna cuddle, baby?" Twitch asked, kissing my chest.

It felt so good, and... well, I sure wasn't gonna use a single limb for a while, so cuddling sounded pretty fucking good to me.

Futuretake 9

Time perspective: Cub and Kicker are 9 years old, Freckle is 8 years old, Junior's 7 years old, Ant and Mini are 1 year old.

Confessward

"Morning, Dr. Cullen," Twitch said as I entered the clinic.

I shot her a scowl.

She had laughed, laughed so hard at me this morning, and why? Well, because Ant had pissed all over me. Twitch thought that was very funny. Me, not so much. Then, while I rushed through another shower, Renee arrived for her day with the mini-twins, so when I returned downstairs, Bella had already left for work.

"What's with the face, dear husband?" she asked, eyes twinkling in amusement. "You look like you're having a shitty morning. Or... a pissy morning."

Hardy har har.

"Funny," I muttered, leaning over the desk to kiss her. "Now, let's get this over with so I can start. I have a gazillion charts to sort."

Since Bella only worked part-time and Ben and Angela were on a long vacation, Jazz and I had to sort our shit on our own.

S'not funny.

Anyway, back to now. Bella had to get out her daily joke. She had for the past ten years. I was sick of them. Jasper was sick of her, too. She still chirped, "What's up, doc?" to him every fucking morning. Good thing we loved her, eh?

So, she grinned widely, and...

"Doctor, Doctor, I-"

Oh, but she didn't finish.

My eyes widened.

Hers did, too.

Holy...

I couldn't believe it.

It had finally happened.

Twitch was out of Doctor-Doctor jokes.

"Oh, my God," she exhaled shakily.

I almost felt bad for her.

No. Not really. Not at all.

So, I chuckled. And then I laughed. So hard!

"You're out of them, Twitch!" I guffawed. "Can't believe this day is finally here!"

"Gah!" she gasped, effectively quieting me down. She was all wide eyed again. "You... You..."

What?

"*What?*" I chuckled, confused.

"You said..." She pointed a finger at me, standing up from her chair in the process. "You just blurted it out! I've only heard 'Tw' before!"

Umm...

Right?

So...

"Blurted *what* out, baby?" I asked, scratching the back of my neck.

"TWITCH!" she shouted.

~What, me? I'm still as a dead cucumber for fuck's sake!

Word.

Wait...

What?

Hmmmmmm...

I'm so *confused* here.

"You just called me *Twitch*, Edward," she stated flatly.

Oh.

Oh.

And I'm like... *well, there goes that.*

Shit.

So, I shrugged. "I know."

Yeah. Me – bullshitter.

"It wasn't a secret or anything, Bella," I added, rolling my eyes for good measure. Ya know? "Please, that's old news." I waved it off. "So..." I made a bubble face for an itty bit. "Time to get to work, Mrs. Cullen. Don't just sit around and do nothing."

Yeah, I played *that* card.

I'm her employer.

And I think I'm getting spanked for pulling this shit on her, but right now it feels worth it.

Or maybe she'll bite my ass. She has a thing for it.

"Gotta go," I said before hauling ass toward my office.

The last thing I saw was my wife's bitch-brow cocked and loaded.

I'm so fucked.

*O*O*O*

Lunch rolled around.

I headed for the lunch room.

Dick was hiding. All shriveled up in there somewhere.

I couldn't blame him.

I was scared, too.

The only interaction I'd had with my wife since this morning was when she paged me to get to my patients.

Yeah.

So...

I entered the lunch room.

They were all there.

Eating, looking down, all quiet.

Jake. Jazz. Rose. Emily. Emmett. Alice. Bella.

~Oh, this is gonna be bad.

Yup.

I took my seat between Bella and Jazz, and yeah, I noticed how his mouth twitched in amusement.

He knows.

Oh, God...

They all know.

Which means... They're gonna wanna know why now.

Emmett cleared his throat. "So... Dear brother of mine." He looked up from his burger, grinning widely. So widely. "Twitch?"

"Yeah, so your wife told us," Jasper said casually, picking up his own burger, focusing on it. "And since Emmett and I are dudes, we kinda have an idea as to why you'd pick that nickname for Bella."

My ears felt hot all of the sudden.

I had this plate of fries in front of me, but sadly it was too tiny for me to hide in, under, or... whatever.

And I just couldn't fit between the burger buns.

~Gotta love buns, though...

Not the time, Dick. Not the time.

I sighed.

I dared a look at my wife, looking awfully beautiful in her pink scrubs. Like always. Her face, though. It was unreadable.

"Why do you call me Twitch in that pretty little head of yours, Explainward?" she asked, popping a fry in her mouth.

Um...

I sighed.

Again.

'Cause I do that a lot.

Ya know?

"Lemme tell ya, Bellicious," Jake said. "SMH, Jazz, by the way. SMFH at you. Anyway, Dr. Twitchward is obviously twitching for you."

Uh...

What?

"What?" Em echoed my thought.

"SMH?" Jazz asked.

"OMG, guys!" Jake exclaimed.

Oh, dear...

What?

I don't know!

Anything!

Exactly.

"S.M.H," Jake spelled out. "Shaking My Head! Don't you know your web-lingo? WTF!"

Hmm?

"LMAO," Alice giggled.

I'm losing my mind.

"ABC?" I asked.

Which earned me a shitload of you're-weird looks.

"LOL," Rose snickered.

I know that one! "Laughing out loud!" I declared proudly.

"Shut up," Bella snapped. Oh, shit. "And Jakey, enough outta you." She turned to Jazz. "Jakey said SMH – as in, he's shaking his head at what you say – to you because you didn't include him as a guy. Right, Jakey-Poo?" Jakey-Poo nodded. Wait... Poo? Ah, man. Another nickname? Shit. "Right," Bella continued. "Now, if we're done with all of this, I really wanna know the story behind my nickname, 'cause as the fudging lord is my witness, I've waited for years! Years I tell you! Years!"

I gulped.

Emmett and Jazz did, too. For some reason. Maybe it was nature. Yeah. When women raise their voices, men gulp.

I'm a doctor. I *know* this.

"Okay," Twitch sighed. "Now, Husbandward. Before I pick up our children at school, I really wanna know the story behind my nickname."

Then she smiled. Sweetly. Too sweetly.

"And baby?" She leaned in closer. "You *know* I'm gonna tell everyone."

I whimpered.

"But *why*?" I whispered.

As if the others couldn't hear us, anyway. Hell, you could hear a pin drop.

"Because we don't hide shit from our family," she replied innocently, which earned her smiles of approval. Not from me, but... all the others.

"Besides, everyone knows the story behind your nickname." She shrugged.

"That's different," I argued. "Your story isn't embarrassing. You just thought I was sexy, so you added Sex to my Ward."

Everyone laughed.

"I sure did, baby." She grinned.

Fuck.

I'm screwed.

"Now, spill," Rose demanded, grinning of course.

They were all grinning like idiots.

I sighed.

In defeat.

Here we go.

~Nice knowing ya, man.

You too, Dick.

My man-card would be bullied away after this.

"I started calling you Twitch in my head because-"

Bella cut me off. "When did you start exactly?"

Damn.

"The truth?"

"Preferably. Duh. Yes."

Fine.

"Pretty much from day one," I mumbled.

"Nice," she chuckled.

Or something.

"Go on," she urged.

I siiiiiiiiiiiiighd.

"I called you Twitch because...
youmademydickdoalittledancewheneverIsawyou."

I'm all red in the face, I swear.

"Hmm," Alice responded... to something. "Edward, dear brother, you should move away from Bella. Her scrubs and your face don't mix well together."

"Fuck you," I told her.

"Dude," Jazz warned.

"Fuck you," I told him.

"Hey!" Rose snapped.

"Fuck you," I told her.

"Bro!" Emmett laughed.

"Fuck you," I told him.

"Dr. Twitchward!" Jake bellowed.

"Fuck you," I told him.

"Finally!" he cheered.

Oh, fuck me...

"Sit your horny ass down!" Bella growled at the Queen. "Now, quit gawking at my husband!"

Oh, so we're still married?

Good to know.

"JEESH!" she added, turning to me again. "They're gonna shut up now. Continue, Hubbyward. I believe I heard something about... 'do a little dance'?"

Great, now they were laughing.

"Yes," I gritted out. "And... it had... ya know... been a while."

Holy fuck, why did I go that far?

She didn't have to know that!

I panicked.

"Um... pardon me?" Yes, she looked confused. "Whaddya mean, it had been a while."

For the love of...

~Just get it over with.

Right.

I faced my wife fully, and then I just rushed it all out. "Before I met you, I wasn't able to... um... ya know... Ya know? For months and months. So... I was shocked... when you came and... well, then I came... 'cause all of the sudden shit worked... right? So... Yeah."

That was it, right?

So, why did she look like a question mark?

Fuck if I knew.

But none of that mattered, 'cause I was saved by the bell.

Very literally.

Someone entered the clinic, and I saw my escape.

And then... not so much.

Because what I heard next, pretty much sealed my fate.

"SURPRISE, SURPRISE! I'M BACK FROM AFRICA!"

~Ya know, just chop me off and be done with it.

"Liam!" Jazz exclaimed.

Oh, *goody*.

And the last of it...

Dr. Twitchward Cullen

I... don't know what to say.

No word, I and I mean... *no word*... can describe how mortified I was.

I was forty-three fucking years old, and blushing like a school girl.

Liam was back.

There were greetings, hugs, and... ah, fuck it. Just all of it. Fuck it all. I couldn't believe he was back. And not just that. No, as soon as the greetings were over, he announced that he was settling down...

In...

Forks.

Sorry, Bella. Forktown.

That's right.

He was the new pediatrician at Forks hospital, and apparently my fucking dad had hired him over there. Without telling me.

"I wanted it to be a surprise!" Liam had said.

Yeah.

Whoop-di-*fucking*-do.

Now, don't get me wrong, had this been under different circumstances, I would've been thrilled to have my buddy close, but...

He knows everything about me!

And... to top it off, Bella – as well as the others – hadn't forgotten about the shit Liam interrupted when he came through the door. So... we all – don't count me in here – had decided to meet up tonight at Jasper and my sister's house for dinner and... ya know... catching up. Well, we've already covered the college stories, so... hmm... what ever could we talk about? Because for some reason, I doubted we could spend the rest of our lives talking about Liam's years in Africa.

Yeah.

My time is up.

Tonight, everything will be revealed.

*O*O*O*

"Beeellaa!" I whined.

On a normal day, I loved it when she had her eye on my cock, but this... this was just plain annoying.

"What? I just wanna see it twitch!" she defended.

She'd been watching my crotch ever since I came out from the shower.

I shot her a glare and opted to change clothes in the damn bathroom. I didn't want her to look at my goodies anymore. She didn't deserve it. So, once I was inside, I got rid of the towel and pulled on a pair of boxers, jeans, and a black pullover before walking out again.

"I'm sorry, Edward," she giggled when I grabbed my wallet and keys from my nightstand. "I won't gawk anymore, okay? I just... I dunno... wanna see it dance for me?"

As much as I tried to be mad, it was rather hard when it came to Bella.

And I wasn't all that surprised when I cracked half a smile.

"Bella?" I responded, walking toward her. "My dick's been dancing for you for more than ten years."

"Aaaw, that's so sweet," she cooed, and I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her on the nose. "You're such a romantic fella."

I winked. "Yeah, aren't I?"

Then, in an attempt to remove the spotlight over my head, I asked, "So... you're out of Doctor-Doctor jokes, eh?"

She shrugged. "Yeah, but that means I'll just start over."

NO!

"Don't worry, baby," she chuckled, noticing my horrified expression.

"From now on, I'll give the jokes to Curly Doc."

Oh.

Okay, I could live with that.

Jasper won't like it, but fuck him.

"Which means..." She trailed off, grinning.

And it dawned on me.

"You're gonna greet me every morning with *What's up, doc?* won't you?"

She nodded.

I sighed.

Ah, well. At least it was better than those fucking jokes.

They were cute at one time.

But... twelve years of them?

No, thanks.

"I love you," I told her, pressing my lips against her forehead. "As much as you will bug me tonight, I still love you."

She laughed softly, wrapping her arms around my neck. "Good to know. And I flove you, too. So fudging much, Sexward."

Damn.

She still did it for me. With the shivering and all that.

She could still make my heart go all flippity-floppity.

Ya know?

"So... Twitch, huh?" she murmured.

I chuckled. And nodded. And sighed. "Yeah, you're Twitch."

"I kinda like it."

"I can see that. Your smile is mile wide."

"Will you use it out loud from now on?"

Hmm... "Maybe."

"Purdy please?" Oh, the puppy-dog eyes.

Evil, evil wifey.

"What will the kids say?" I countered, kissing her nose. "They know us. There's a story behind every nickname."

"True..." Her eyes lit up. "We could always come up with a fake story for them."

"Why, Mrs. Cullen, are you suggesting that we lie to our kids?"

"Fudge yes."

"Fine," I chuckled. "Now, let's get going. The sooner we leave, the sooner we can pick up the kids at Mom and Dad's... and then it'll all be over."

"Yeah, right." She snorted. "We're gonna make fun of you for years, sweetie. Years."

Yeah...

I sighed.

Then I yelped, 'cause she pinched my ass.

*O*O*O*

The rest of the night...

Holy mother of ribbing.

And then there was Liam, who... Oh, God... ya know?

Nah, you don't, so lemme tell ya.

He had saved all the text messages.

And emails.

Not kidding.

He had it all on his laptop.

He showed it all to Jazz, Em, Rose, Bella, and Alice.

I spent half the night with my face buried in my hands.

It was a bit nostalgic to go back to the beginning...

...Hey, man. I've been back in the states for less than three days and I'm already thinking about leaving.

Kidding. But seriously, I have a problem, and I need you to play mindfucker for me. I swear you'll be an awesome therapist for me, and I know you'll get a kick out of my problem...

The first email that started it all.

"This was, like, just when you had come back from London, wasn't it?" Hyper asked, eyes focused on the email. "Damn, Bella really crawled up your ass fast."

I sighed.

The text messages that followed...

~0~

Fuck off – Edward.

Get off – Liam.

I did, and she's not out of my fucking system! – Edward.

Pun intended? – Liam.

I swear to God, if you don't help me... - Edward.

~0~

"Wow, I really got to you, didn't I?" Bella laughed.

I groaned.

Liam laughed. "To say the least!"

~O~

I'm fucked up. Perhaps I should seek help – Edward.

Isn't that what you're doing with me? – Liam.

And see how that's working for me – Edward.

Was that sarcasm? – Liam.

YES! – Edward.

You want my professional opinion? – Liam.

You're a pediatrician. Do not tell me to rub the 'owie' away, you sick fuck – Edward.

That was golden! I'm writing that one down. No, but seriously, maybe the girl isn't the problem – Liam.

What do you mean? – Edward.

Maybe you're the problem. Maybe something else is wrong in your life – Liam.

My life was good until the chirpy cocktease entered my life – Edward.

Okay. Then I suggest you give it a couple of weeks. Just don't chafe it – Liam.

~O~

Oh, they were laughing.

Hard.

"JUST DON'T CHAFE IT," Emmett guffawed.

"A chirpy cocktease?" Bella asked, amused.

"Oh, let's rub one out!" Jasper chortled.

~o~

I groaned when Liam pulled up another text-convo.

I remembered it.

I'd been drunk when this went down.

~o~

I have a problem – Edward.

I know. Wait, more than one? – Liam.

Bella's not going anywhere – Edward.

What? Dude, did you kidnap her or something? – Liam.

No, goddamnit! I mean, she's still in my fucking head. I have feelings for her! – Edward.

Oh. That's a problem, yes – Liam.

What do I do? – Edward.

Are you into Jane? – Liam.

No – Edward.

Leave Jane then! It's quite fucking simple! – Liam.

No, it's not! Bella doesn't feel the same, and I could end up with worse than Jane – Edward.

Wow, you're dumber than I thought. You're gonna marry a woman you don't love? – Liam.

I want to settle down. It could work. As long as Jane doesn't demand sex, it could work – Edward.

Why shouldn't she demand sex? I'm confused, man – Liam.

I can't get it up – Edward.

Still confused. I assume you're talking about your dick. Haven't you been jerking off almost two months now? – Liam.

Yeah. To Bella. Not to Jane – Edward.

Wait. Let me get this straight. You can jerk off to Bella, but you can't get it up for Jane? – Liam.

True. Only Bella works – Edward.

This is Edward Cullen, right? The dude I went to school with? TO STUDY MEDICINE! – Liam.

Yes, this is him. Me. I. My name is Edward Cullen – Edward.

Just checking. Cause doctors are supposed to be smart – Liam.

Then fucking enlighten me, asshole! – Edward.

Your body's denying Jane, you complete fuckwit! Isn't it fucking obvious that something's wrong then? You obviously don't want her even a little. – Liam.

Yeah, I figured that out tonight – Edward.

Congratulations. That was sarcasm, btw. If you had just told me from the start that you couldn't perform with Jane, I would've told ya from the start – Liam.

Goodnight, Liam – Edward.

~O~

"Holy shit, you really had issues," Jasper giggled.

Bella crawled onto my lap, burying her face in the crook of my neck, and... yeah, I felt the laughter. I squeezed her thighs, and... sighed.

"I'm sorry, baby." She shook with silent laughter. "It's my God's honest truth when I say that you didn't deserve feeling so down, but... God, you were dense."

I knew that. I really was fucked up back then.

"Okay, I wanna read more!" Emmett demanded.

I hid behind Bella as the others leaned closer to the laptop on Alice and Jasper's kitchen table.

~O~

So you've finally figured out that you can't marry her – Liam.

Yeah, and now I need your help on how to end it – Edward.

How about: Jane, this is over – Liam.

She's gonna have a fucking conniption fit – Edward.

Well, break-ups don't usually end in hugs – Liam.

I don't want her to hug me! – Edward.

Then there you go. Tell her it's over, and then she'll go ballistic – Liam.

I'm laughing and thinking about where to hide the knives – Edward.

Wait, how about this one: Hasta la vista, bitch – Liam.

You're Googling ways to break up, aren't you? – Edward.

Maybe. There's also this one: Give me back my keys – Liam.

I have one. How about this when she heads to work: Jane, Jane, don't come back! – Edward.

It's not me, it's you – Liam.

If the phone doesn't ring, it's probably me – Edward.

The mother ship has landed. It's time you return to your planet – Liam.

I think it's time you found out, Jane. I'm Batman – Edward.

~O~

"BWAHAHAHAHAHA!" That was Rose and Alice.

"Priceless!" Emmett chortled.

Bella was shaking in silent laughter again.

I kissed her forehead, at least finding *some* humor at my old self.

It went on. Liam showed more and more and more, and we sat there for hours.

I was all so very, very funny.

No, not really.

But I reminded myself that I had my wife on my lap.

She kissed me sweetly.

When she got tired, she rested her head on my shoulder as she played with the hair in the back of my neck.

She was the outcome of my months of misery. I was so fucked up back then, but it did work out. In the end, I had it all. Bella gave me everything I had ever wanted... and more. And now, years later, she was still here, as in love with me as I was with her. So... fuck the texts. They didn't matter. She did. She and our six children.

Besides, I still had a few secrets.

Only Jake and I know about the trip we made to Seattle, and... that we ended up in leotards.

Yeah.

And I'm the only one who knows about the time I jizzed my pants while listening to Bella moaning in the lunch room.

Ya know?

That shit ain't ever getting out.

All in all, life's incredibly good.

And apparently Liam was moving here.

It was like... turning a leaf. Nothing ended. It just continued.

"Time to go home, baby?" I murmured quietly in her ear.

She nodded sleepily, and soon we had said our goodbyes to the others.

We picked up our children on the way, and Bella and I went through our nightly routine as usual.

We read bedtime stories.

We brushed teeth.

We changed diapers.

We kissed and hugged them goodnight.

We told them we loved them.

And we crashed, completely spent after a long day.

But always together.

"I flove you, Sexward," she mumbled against my chest.

I smiled into her hair, breathing her in. "Love you, too, Bella."

"Nooo." She pouted. "You're supposed to call me Twitch."

"Sorry," I chuckled quietly. "I love you, Twitch."

I felt her smile against my skin.

That shit felt good.

And the morning after, we went through our morning routine.

We made sure the sleepy and whiny kiddos got their booties up.

We changed diapers.

We helped them through breakfast.

We packed lunches.

Renee came over for another day with the mini-twins.

Bella headed to work while I dropped the other kids off at school.

Then, when I entered the clinic, my wife was already there.

And now there was no Doctor-Doctor joke waiting for me.

She smiled.

~Twitch.

I smiled.

"What's up, doc?" she chirped.

I chuckled in amusement. So fucking heavenly, this woman.

Smirking at her, I replied...

"Oh, I'll show you what's up... Twitch."