



By CaraNo

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### ***Chapter 1 – Good And Proper***

#### **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

These last couple of weeks have been... taxing.

Starting with packing my shit and hauling my sweet ass across the country in a beat up Chevy, to arrive here... in Texas, and then the whole mess of finding a job, a place to live... Yeah, taxing.

I should explain, right?

Well, don't worry, my story isn't long.

I grew up in bumfucked Forks, Washington, with two drunken parents, and as soon as I could, I left. Packed up my shit and left. College isn't for me, and I couldn't give a rat's ass about my folks.

Told ya my story ain't long.

So, now I'm here. At the age of twenty. In Baytown, Texas. Cedar Cove to be exact. I wanted to come right after High School, but I needed to get cash so I could move, but better late than never, right?

And why Baytown, Texas? 'Cause my cousin on dad's side lives here.

Emmett McCarty is in fact the owner of the RV Park I'm now calling home, and I have my very own trailer, too. Yeah, cousin Em and his wife hooked me up with my own trailer, one of them silver bullet ones, and I have to say I love it.

Have to say I love Texas, too.

I missed it here. Not that I've been here many times before, but my dad's from Texas so we've visited a few times over the years.

But back to the main issue.

I'm frustrated as hell, and to tell ya the truth, I'm horny.

It's in the middle of the night, and the entire day's been long, 'cause a fuckhot piece of man just moved into the trailer next to mine, and when I went to bed with my rabbit to fantasize about the inked man, the batteries ran out.

Yeah, the story of my life.

I need a good release, and the rabbit dying on me was the last fucking straw, I swear.

*Two hours later...*

Still can't sleep. Five AM. Fuck.

I have to get to work at eleven, at Rose's diner and God knows I need my sleep, but it just won't happen.

It doesn't exactly help that my rabbit died just seconds before my orgasm, and I can't come with just my fingers. I need more. Much more.

But I have shit.

"Fuck it," I muttered, getting out of the bed- or pull out couch.

I'm a horny woman on a mission, and right now, I'm gonna wake up that sexy son of a bitch and ask if he has batteries.

Not kidding.

Dressed in my barely-there pajama shorts and a wife-beater, I stomped out of my trailer and headed for the next one.

I pounded on his metal door, waking up a few dogs in the area, but I didn't care.

All I could think about was getting new batteries to my rabbit, and then I can go back to bed, fantasizing about the man that will give me those batteries. But seriously, we're talking one helluva man here. Broad, tall, muscular as hell, and inked. God, just thinking about him... wearing those dark jeans that hung low, showing his ass dimples, and damn, that black wife beater that he took off after a while of working in the sun.

No wonder I never left the trailer when he arrived.

I was too horny to function.

I pounded on his door again.

*"Fuckin' hell, it's five in mornin'!"* I heard him shout from inside.

His voice was muffled and gruff.

Again, I pounded on the door. I wasn't giving up. No way.

*"There better be a goddamn fire, I swear!"*

Oh, yes, there's fire, alright.

The door flew open then, and... God, there he was.

His batshit crazy hair. His body- Oh lord, he's not wearing anything but boxers. Black ones. Tight.

Shit!

My eyes widened. Pretty sure I salivated, too.

"S'called mornin' wood, darlin'. And you better be closin' that trap of yours unless it's an invitation," he drawled, rubbing his chest lazily. "Now, are ya gonna tell my why the fuck you're knockin' on my door at this ungodly hour, Tiny?"

Fuck, he's big. Huge. And so hard.

My pussy wept.

All these weeks of settling in.

I need that release. Badly. And why use a rabbit when you have the source of your out-of-this-world fantasy standing right in front of you?

"Need some help with that?" I asked, finally meeting his eyes as I pointed at his huge cock.

Sadly it was hidden behind the boxers but that could be fixed. In a heartbeat.

He didn't answer at first, just cocked an eyebrow at me and looked sorta stunned, so I took the opportunity to let my eyes wander. His chest. So muscular. Ink on his peck. Ink on his ribcage. Then his arms, oh, have mercy on me. Ink on his muscular biceps. Good God, big hands. Long fingers. No ring. I see possibilities everywhere.

Back to his glorious face.

Ink on his neck.

"Tiny, did ya just knock on my door at the asscrack of dawn to offer me some of your pussy? I mean... are ya shittin' me?"

"No, I'm serious," I whimpered, staring at his hand that just went for his clothed erection.

He just held it. Casually. Hand on cock. Gripping.

I bit my lip.

I'm insane.

But so horny.

"Well, consider yourself forgiven for wakin' me up. Come on inside, darlin'."

YES!

I took the hand he offered, and fuck, I shivered as his big hand enveloped mine. I was in a trance. There's no other explanation.

Goddamn, he's... huh, already mentioned out-of-this-world. But God, the way he looked at me as he shut the door behind us. One might think he wanted to devour me. And hot damn, he wasted no time.

"Where do you want me?" I moaned, allowing my head to fall back as his hot mouth latched onto my neck.

He groaned, pressing our bodies together, and walked me backwards.

"Loaded question, darlin'," he moaned out as my arms went up his strong arms, but I needed to feel him. "But for starters... How 'bout my bed."

"Sounds perfect," I breathed, and then his mouth was on mine.

He kissed me hard, pushed his tongue into my mouth, held me hard, and everything about him was hard. Hard, ready, and perfect. He tasted of mint and smoke. I wanted more.

We reached his bed then, and... the man without a name, lowered me on it, positioned me in the middle... and pulled off my shorts.

"Lose the beater; I need to see them spectacular tits of yours."

I obeyed, got rid of my wife beater, and moaned as he pushed his boxers off.

Have mercy, he's huge.

"Good lord, you're sexy, Tiny," he groaned, standing on his knees between my legs as he stroked himself in front of me. "Now, you're gonna have to excuse me, pretty girl, but this will be hard and fast, cause prison don't provide no pussy, and that's where I've been the past two years."

*Less talking, more fucking*, I wanted to say, but thankfully he lowered himself on me then, and oh, I felt him. The tip of his cock, teasing me, making me even more frustrated!

"Spread, bare, and soaked. You're my slice of heaven, I swear," he whispered huskily as he trailed kissed on my jaw line. "You best be on the pill unless we want them young'uns already."

He slammed into me.

I choked on a gasp.

Perhaps I should've thought about the fact that I wasn't on the pill.

But his cock wiped every thought away.

True story.

"Fuck!" he shouted, stilling inside me. "Hot *damn*, you're tight, baby."

I was incoherent, unable to speak, or focus on anything but his cock inside me, but my instincts told me to hold on tight, 'cause he began to move then. Hard and fast, and I fisted the covers, moaned wantonly...

Sitting up slightly, he brought me with him, and then he drove deep and hard. His thumb rubbing my clit, both of us moaning, and it was everything I could've ever wished for. His thick cock pounding into me, his loud groans, his thumb on my clit... so much... hitting... yes, my g-spot... over and over.

Harder.

"Sweet motherfucking pussy, Tiny... g'damn addictive," he grunted.

More. Harder. Pounding into me without restraints.

I was already close. Trembling and shaking, I clenched down on him, feeling every fucking ridge of him, and he loved it. I loved it. Already craved it. His cock. Yes. More.

"Yeah, baby, come for me," he groaned, slamming into me once more, hitting that sweet spot.

I fell apart, and *screamed* out a line of profanities as the orgasm took over. Mystery Man with his glorious cock followed, and with a throaty groan, he spilled into me before collapsing on top of me.

"Holy fuck, darlin'," he panted, his face buried in the crook of my neck.

"Mmhmm," was my very post coital reply.

Holy fuck indeed.

I couldn't shake the grin that had taken over my face because truth be told, I'd never felt this satisfied before, and hopefully, I could bask in the feeling for a loooong time.

"You best be into some cuddlin', Tiny, 'cause you feel so damn good," he mumbled sleepily as he pulled out of me... only to collapse next to me, and who was I to deny him when he dragged me with him so he could spoon me?

"Sleep tight, Mystery Man," I giggled sleepily, closing my damn eyes to get a couple of hours of sleep before work.

"That'd be Edward to you, beautiful stranger, but we'll deal with them proper introductions in the mornin'."

*Yes, sir*, I thought as I snuggled closer in his arms. Felt warm, cuddly, and protected as he tightened his arm around me, yes, I sure did.

And I sure did love Texas so far.

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"Wheyagoin', darlin'?" a gruff voice mumbled behind me.

I smiled and straightened my beater and shorts before standing up from the bed, and then I turned to a very hot-looking mystery man... who's name is Edward, and yes, he lied there in his naked glory, ass on display, eyes closed, brow furrowed, and waiting on an answer.

"I'm off to work." I grinned at his sleepy form.

I was still sated and relaxed to the bone, and though I knew that the July heat would hit me like a wrecking ball as soon as I left his trailer, I felt like nothing could ruin this day.

"Without givin' me some sugar first?" he grumbled, still with his eyes closed. "How's that proper, missy?"

I grinned wider and walked over to his side of the bed, and surprised the shit out of him as I bent down and planted an openmouthed kiss on his ass, but in my defense, it's all perfect looking.

"That's some sugar for you," I laughed.

He chuckled drowsily. "Thank you, ma'am. I'm mighty glad my Tiny's got kink."

He turned around, now on his back, and smirked lazily as he rubbed his inked chest.

"*Your* Tiny, huh?" I chuckled, but his words sure didn't sound bad.

"Yeah, I got me a good feelin' 'bout you, pretty girl," he drawled, stretching his hot body on the bed before opening his beautiful green eyes for me. Throwing me a lazy smile, he added, "And I suppose I'd like to know your name now."

I grinned and saw the perfect opportunity to see him again.

"You know what, Edward? Why don't you come visit me at Rose's diner, and I'll hook you up with some breakfast. If you're nice, I'll give you my name."

"Sounds like a mighty fine deal for me. I'll be there."

"Good," I chuckled. "See ya soon, Edward," I sang, leaving his little bedroom. Or maybe it's too small to call 'bedroom' but whatever.

"Wait, darlin'," Edward hollered as I had my hand on the door handle.

"You work with Rose, huh? Um, your name ain't Bella, is it?"

Um.

Huh?

"Why?" I wondered, glad that he stayed in bed, 'cause if he saw my face now, he'd know my name was in fact Bella, and I'd like to know why he doesn't want my name to be that.

"Oh, just 'cause Em warned me that his little cousin was off them limits, ya know, and apparently she's a real looker. Don't worry, though, 'cause I don't think anyone can be prettier than you."

Em, as in my cousin. Oh, hot damn.

"So, Em told ya to stay away from Bella, huh?" I said, stifling a giggle.

"Yes, ma'am, and I don't wanna be disrespectin' him since he's my best friend and all."

Good lord.

I supposed Edward was the friend that Emmett's referred to as Cullen then.

"Alright, well, I'll see you later, Edward," I said, yet again stifling my girly giggles as I left his trailer.

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"You're late, Sweet," Rose said.

"Yeah, by two minutes," I huffed, tying my apron behind my back.

Rose is my cousin's wife, and she runs the diner right next to 'Big Em's RV Park' where we all live. Emmett and Rose are both high school

sweethearts, and when Emmett's dad – my uncle – died in a hunting accident three years ago, Emmett and Rose took over.

It used to be Big Chuck's RV Park.

I know, right? Chuck and Charlie.

Our dads were actually twin brothers, and growing up they were really close. But then they started fighting over pretty much everything, and it went so far that when my parents got married, Charlie took Renée's last name.

I digress.

At the age of twenty-five, cousin Em and Rose run this place flawlessly, and though they are both very laid back and lovely people, Rose can't stand tardiness. Em makes fun of her, and then he gets smacked in the back of the head.

The door opened then, and I dutifully grabbed the pot of coffee as I walked over to our first regular of the day.

Rose's Diner had the best opening hours, and though many wanted her to open earlier, she insisted on opening at eleven AM every day, 'cause she loved to sleep in.

"Good morning, Jasper, how are ya this morning?" I asked, smiling at the man as I poured him some coffee.

Jasper – also Rose's brother – owns the gas station next to the diner, and this is his early lunch break.

"Can't complain, darlin', and you?" he replied, smiling as he removed his cowboy hat.

"All good." I grinned. "The usual for lunch?"

"Please." He nodded.

"Coming right up," I said, walking back to the counter to leave the coffee before heading to the kitchen. No, I couldn't use the window separating the kitchen and the front, 'cause I knew that Ben was out back, having a smoke.

"Ben!" I called, standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

It took a while but soon he emerged from the back, smiling lazily at me.

"A number twelve for Jasper," I said.

He nodded and got to working.

It was Friday today, so I knew the place would get crowded later – both the park and the diner – 'cause all the weekend-guests were arriving, and since it was the fourth tomorrow, we knew it'd be really packed around here.

There weren't more than ten or eleven trailers that were here permanently, and together we were about twenty people living at the RV Park, but on weekends... Jeesh, let's just say that the park is full.

An hour later, the place was filling up, and though the diner wasn't huge or anything, it was still good and plenty, and Angela and I flitted around to serve the customers as Rose worked the register, and Ben worked the kitchen.

"Bella, honey, could ya come here for a minute?" Rose hollered as I finished clearing a table.

"I'll be with you in a sec," I said, smiling politely at the two men who sat down at the table I had just cleared, and I tried not to glare at them for

staring at my ass, but then again, it's not their fault I was blessed in the making.

"What's up, Rose?" I asked, wiping my forehead, 'cause it was fucking hot.

"Just wanna give you a heads about your new neighbor," she whispered, leaning over the counter, and yes, I knew who she was talking about right away. "Don't you worry now, honey, but Edward's no good for you and he's starin' at your tushy right about now. He's sittin' in the corner."

I squealed internally but kept my face neutral, 'cause I wanted to find out more about this ex-con. I mean, many things can give you two years in prison, but it can't be too bad, can it?

"Can you tell me about him?" I asked.

"Well, you've got them customers to tend to, but I'll fill you in later on break, yeah?"

I nodded and smiled in thanks before heading towards the two men who had checked me out not so subtly earlier, and for some reason, I felt Edward's eyes on me. It made my body tingle in... anticipation, I think.

"What can I get for you gentlemen today?" I asked.

They sure knew how to watch my breasts.

*Dude, I'm up here.*

"You ain't from around them here parts, are ya, pretty thing?" The chubby blond man smirked as his eyes roamed over me.

Prick.

"No, but I assure you that fully I'm qualified to bring you your lunch despite being from Washington," I replied dryly, tapping my pen on the notepad.

"Alright, alright, pretty girl," he chuckled. "I'll have the double cheese burger and a Coke."

"I'll have the same," his friend said.

"Two double cheese burgers and two cokes. Coming right up, gentlemen," I said before heading back to the counter.

"Two double with cheese, Ben," I called through the open window in the wall.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, heading for the grill.

After filling two glasses with Coke, I brought them back to the shitheads.

"Here ya go," I said, smiling sweetly as I put their drinks on the table, and then just cause I couldn't help myself... "Now, y'all have a mighty fine day, boys," I drawled, probably failing miserably, but what-the-fuck-ever.

I left before they could reply, and now it was time to get Edward's order, so I walked to the other side of the diner where he sat, smirking cockily with his arms across his chest as he eye-fucked my approaching form.

I appreciated it.

"Howdy, Tiny. I missed ya." He winked.

Mmm, I missed you, too, big boy.

"Well, here I am, baby," I said seductively, only for him to hear.

It worked. His eyes got considerably darker. Jaw tense. And then he cleared his throat. "Mm, you'll be the death of me, woman, I do declare."

Yum.

"I sincerely hope not," I replied, smiling coyly. "I mean, if you're not here, then who will I give my sugar?"

I think I heard him growl.

I think my panties dampened.

"You're right, my darlin'. I'll stay alive, 'cause you're only givin' *me* that sugar," he answered in a husky voice.

Yes, sir, that's the plan.

"Cullen! There ya are, man!" I heard the booming, and very interrupting voice, of my cousin.

No time like the present, eh?

"Mornin', Em," Edward chuckled, bumping fists with Em before Em took the spot across from Edward.

"Hey, honey." Em grinned, finally acknowledging me now. "I see you've met Cullen already."

I smiled very sweetly and very innocently at Edward, knowing that introductions were in order.

"Yeah, we've met." Edward nodded, smirking slightly. "But she's yet to give me her name."

"Oh, well this here would be my little cus I told ya about, Cullen. This is Bella," Em said, always grinning proudly because the goof really loves me.

I love him, too. Very much.

But right now I'm focusing on Edward's face that's just gone from tanned to very pale.

Quite fun to see.

"Pleased to meet you... *Cullen*," I said, still with that sweet smile of mine.

Clearing his throat once more, and rubbing the back of his neck, he nodded stiffly. "Yeah, uh, you too."

Oh, this is fun.

"So, what can I get you boys for lunch... or breakfast?" I said, smiling at Edward who now had his eyes narrowed at me.

I winked at him.

He huffed and adjusted himself.

Nice.

"I'll have the usual, cuz," Em said, and I wrote it down before turning to Edward.

"And you, honey?" I asked, smiling sweetly. "Something sugary, perhaps?"

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

Oh, have mercy, 'cause Tiny will be the death of me!

I shoulda' been pissed but all I saw was that luscious body of hers. That juicy ass, them spectacular tits, those big doe eyes, that gorgeous hair, and that perfect face.

She's Em's little cousin.

Fuck. Me.

After I ordered a burger, she walked off, swaying her ass as she went.

Very goddamn distracting.

"I told you she was off limits, man!" I heard Emmett whine.

And I realized that I was halfway outta my seat just to see Tiny better.

"My bad," I chuckled and straightened in my seat. "Can't help it, though. She's..." *perfect. Oh, and her pussy is the sweetest pussy I've ever fucked.*

Don't think I can say that to Em, though.

Not that I'm some womanizer, but there's been a few over my twenty-five years on this planet. But shit, they all pale in comparison to Tiny.

Bella. Bella. Mmm, Bella.

Man, oh man, I'm screwed.

"She's what?" Em asked, reminding me of the fact that I had pretty much just trailed off.

I shrugged like the blunt fucker I am. "She's fuckin' gorgeous."

Emmett sighed, almost like... in defeat. "Alright, listen, bro. I'm serious here. I don't want you to go after her, 'cause you just got out and the last thing you're lookin' for is a relationship. Am I right or am I fuckin' right? And my cus won't be somebody you fuck and leave."

I scratched my chin, thinking about my encounter with the lovely Bella.

I wanted to fuck her again. And then cuddle her. She was so damn tiny in my arms, and I fucking loved cuddling with her. Yeah, I'm a cuddler, I guess. Fucking sue me.

But a relationship?

I wouldn't know 'cause I've never been in one. The four or five women in my past were all sorta casual. I don't know how to 'do' relationships. All I knew was that I wanted Tiny. Over and over.

Is that a relationship? If I want her over and over?

Maybe I should think about it or Google it.

"I'll back off," I sighed. "Until I've made up my mind," I added with a smirk.

Emmett just laughed a little. "Whatever, bro. If you wanna do the good thing and be real with her, then be my guest, but I'll be there, makin' sure you treat her right."

Then he added seriously, "I'll only tell you this once. If you hurt her, I'll kill you."

And I knew he meant it.

So, I nodded. "Sure thing."

After Tiny had delivered our food, and she once again gave me a nice view of her sweet ass, Em and I fell into the inevitable conversation.

*How was prison?*

*Oh, it was just fine and dandy.*

I mean, what the fuck can I say?

Anyway, I'm done with all that shit now, and I know Em was relieved when I told him just that.

We grew up together, and he's my best friend, but I got into some trouble a few years back. Nothing too serious, but I was a lazy fuck, and there was money in car-stealing. But like I said. I'm done with that.

I'm gonna get a real job, get sorted, and live better.

'Cause prison sucks.

It ain't worth it.

"You got money?" Em asked just as we finished.

I knew he was wondering about it cause I paid him two months rent in cash yesterday, *and* I handed him the down-payment on the RV he had for sale... also in cash.

"Yeah, I have money," I chuckled.

Not that I'm rich or anything but I'm good 'til Christmas at the least.

"From your last gig?" he asked, cocking an eyebrow. "Who hid it?"

"Pops." I smirked.

~~O ~~O ~~O

Over the next couple of days I avoided Tiny like a plague.

Truth is, I was afraid I was gonna maul her if I got too close, 'cause I was suffering from some major fucking withdrawal.

Pun intended.

But it wasn't just her body, though, or the memory of slamming into her, or the memory of her pouty lips against mine... no, there was more. 'Cause I've watched her. Fucking beautiful woman that she is. And goddamn, her laugh. Like some wind chimes or some shit. All beautiful sounding. And addictive. There's some shit going on in my chest whenever I see or hear her, and that's when I haul ass.

The weekend's been full of watching her.

There's Bella watching the fireworks on fourth.

There's Bella eating hot dogs.

There's Bella working at the diner.

There's Bella in a bikini – also on fourth, and the bikini... oh, man... Stars and stripes is all I'm sayin'. Oh, and the fact that it was barely there.

God bless America for that bikini.

Anyway, during the weekend she celebrated the fourth of July with the rest of them, and I was there, too, but I stayed in the background... watching her.

So fucking gorgeous.

I'm a stalker, I swear.

Her personal one.

I know she's been asking about me, and I know Rose and Em's tried to steer her away from me, which is conflicting. I know I've been a fuck-up in the past, but shit, I'm making an effort now. I really, really am. It's mostly Rose, though. Em's just telling her I'm his best friend but might not be so good for her. I've never heard her responses to those comments, and I'm curious.

Fuck, I just want her, man! And I'm having these weird ass fluttery feelings in my chest whenever I'm close! What the hell's that about, huh?

That's when I remembered Jazz's little missus being a nurse.

I can ask her, right?

Yeah.

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Okay, so I chickened out.

I never went to visit Alice.

A whole fuckin' month has passed now, and I'm sorta walking the blues, I do declare.

Bella's very down and moody nowadays, too, and I don't think she likes me much anymore. At first she seemed to, but then not so much. She stopped asking about me, she stopped looking for me, and she don't knock on my door no more.

My chest feels worse, so I know I gotta talk to Alice, 'cause I'm a working man now. I can't afford to get sick.

Oh, I forgot to mention that, didn't I?

Well, Emmett was looking for a silent partner in order to expand his RV Park, and since I had some cash, that someone became me.

That was a good day, and I'm happy to call this place my home now. Permanently.

Shit, I gotta talk to Alice about them chest issues.

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"Edward, I'm a nurse, not a doctor," Alice chuckled.

We were sitting at the diner, Alice and I, and I had just asked her if she knew what was wrong with me, but I guess she doesn't.

"Well, fuck," I grumbled, again rubbing my damn chest as a moody Bella passed our booth. "I guess I need to find me a doctor, then."

*Damn, what an ass,* I thought as I watched her.

I missed her.

It's sorta weird that I've gotten to know her without talking to her, but it's still the truth. I really know her. From watching her, and from asking about her, I've learned a lot.

I soak it all up.

"Wait, wait, wait just a minute here, Edward," Alice said suddenly.

So, I waited. And looked at her.

She was sorta looking at me in a weird way. Tilted head, pursed lips, finger tapping her chin. Odd little chick.

"Rose, honey, could you come on over here for a minute?" Alice hollered without taking her eyes off me. "And Bella? We need some more coffee."

*Shit, not Bella!*

I tried not to panic, but it was fucking hard, 'cause whenever she was close nowadays my knee started bouncing, my hands got all clammy and... shit. Then of course there was the chest issue.

"What's up, doll?" Rose asked, sitting down next to Alice.

"Watch Edward now. You know him better than I do and I need you to confirm my suspicion," was what Alice said, but I couldn't quite focus on them as Bella got closer and closer with the pot of coffee.

Fuck, she looks so beautiful and smoking hot.

I swear she's an angel.

And for some weird reason I can see little ones running next to her. As in children. I mean, not real ones obviously—I'm not delusional or anything. It's in my dreams sometimes. I dream about young'uns looking like her, and for some reason them kiddos sometimes have green eyes and... my hair. So fucking weird. Yeah, I definitely need to see a doctor-person.

"Coffee?" Bella asked me.

My ears heated up.

Shit.

I rubbed my chest, too.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied quietly. "Thank you kindly."

Then she gave me that sad look again. I didn't understand one bit. Why was she so sad nowadays? I didn't like it.

"Bella, sweetie, we should plan another girl's night soon," I heard Alice say, so I looked down. "I had *such* fun last time, and you sure did seem cozy with that man."

WHAT?

My heart started pounding.

I didn't like it at all!

Oh, the fuck?

Something was really wrong here. It hurts.

"What? What are you talkin about, Ali?" Bella said, but I was too much of a chicken to look up. "What man?"

She's met someone?

Oh, no, that don't feel no good. No, not one tiny little bit.

"Oh! I see it now!" Rose gasped.

"I know, right?" Alice exclaimed. "This is just perfect! Her mopin' will stop, and everybody will be happy!"

"What are you girls talking about!" Bella growled.

Yes, she growled. Tiny growled and it was hot and cute.

"Nothin', Sweet," Rose replied sweetly. "That'd be all for now. See ya later for supper. You can go home."

I didn't dare to look up but it was quiet for a while... until I heard Tiny stomp off.

I breathed out.

Shit.

Deep breaths.

I wiped my brow.

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"I guess I was wrong about you, Cullen," Rose chuckled.

I looked up to see two women smirking at me.

The fuck?

They just fucking stared at me, and I was growing agitated.

But before I could shout at them, Alice exploded.

"You're in love, Edward!"

Oh, she was full on bouncing now.

And... what?

WHAT?

L-love?

I rubbed my chest. I rubbed my face.

What the hell *is* love anyways?

I mean, *really*.

"I'm gonna be askin' you a series of questions now, Edward, 'cause when I moved to Baytown, you spent an awful lotta' time in juvie, so I don't know you like the rest of them, m'kay? I can't read you." Alice said, pointing a finger at me. "So, you better listen, and you better answer honestly and fast."

I gulped.

"Okay."

She nodded. "Good. Here we go. When did that chest-thing start?"

"Few weeks ago," I replied, automatically looking in Bella's direction.

She was removing her little apron behind the register.

Gorgeous.

Christ, how can one be so beautiful and cute and gorgeous and perfect?

"Pay attention!" Alice hissed. "See?" she asked Rose. "We don't even have to make sure. He can't stop lookin' at her!"

"What are you talkin' about?" I frowned. "I'm fuckin' payin' attention!"

"No, you're not." They both laughed. "Alice just asked if it hurt when she said that about Bella bein' with another man."

Ouch. There was that pain again.

"She met someone?" I mumbled.

They laughed.

Fuckin' women!

"No, she didn't, you fool!" Rose laughed. "Alice said that to get a damn reaction."

"And boy did we ever!" Alice giggled.

Hardy-har-har, yea, laugh it up, will ya?

"Hateful," I hissed under my breath.

When their laughter finally died down, they once again told me over and over that I was in love with Bella.

In love.

Me.

Edward Cullen.

In love.

Shit.

I tried to argue but everything fell flat when the women interrogated me about my feelings. They forced me to explain shit, and I don't do that well. But I pulled it off, I think. At least I hope so.

And they think I'm in love.

Problem is... I think they're right.

"So..." I sighed, looking at the women warily. "What do I do now?"

They grinned. Widely.

Ruh-roh.

~~O ~~O

"Okay, I can fuckin' do this," I mumbled under my breath.

I was pacing in my trailer.

I remember Alice and Rose's words.

*Be nice.*

*Buy her something purdy.*

*Woo her.*

Right. Yeah, all that. Well, I can be nice. And uh, I bought her flowers, beer, and motorcycle helmet. It's so I can take her out on my bike, and safety is important. I've heard.

And woo her?

I don't know about that one but I fully intend to make sure she knows I want her. Her body, soul, and heart and all that. 'Cause I Googled relationship, and I want that with her.

"Shit, here we go," I muttered, and then I grabbed the shit I had bought and left my trailer.

Before I knew it, I was knocking on Tiny's door.

No answer but I'm pretty sure I heard a curse.

I knocked again.

*"Who is it?" she shouted. "I'm fucking busy!"*

I gulped, looked over my shoulder to make sure I was alone.

"It's uh..." I cleared my throat. "It's Cullen, ma'am. I mean... Edward."

One...

Two...

Three...

The door flew open...

.

.

...and my jaw fucking dropped.

She was livid, that much was clear, but... I recognized her face.

I saw her body.

I knew just what she'd been busy doing.

"What do *you* want?" she snapped.

My eyes drank her in.

Her short pajama shorts. Her wife beater. Messy ponytail. All that flawless skin. Shit, nipples.

My body moved on its own accord, and I gently pushed Tiny inside her trailer before I shut the door behind me.

"Let me help you," I murmured huskily. One glance over her shoulder, and I saw the vibrator on her bed. "I swear I'll do better than that plastic shit."

"You've got some fucking nerve, Edward," she fumed.

Her chest heaved.

"This is for you," I told her, holding up the shit. "Flowers 'cause they're pretty and Rose and Alice told me to get you somethin' pretty."

Bella took a step backwards when I took a step forward.

"The beer 'cause you can't go wrong with that," I continued, taking another step toward her. "And the helmet 'cause I wanna take you out tomorrow on my bike... you know... on a date."

Her eyes softened a little but she was still giving me that glare.

So fucking hot.

I dropped the stuff I had gotten her on her counter, and then I took another step forward.

I had to make her mine.

"I'm sorry for avoidin' you," I murmured, pushing my beater over my head, 'cause I knew she had a thing for my chest. "I won't do it again if you give me a chance, darlin'."

Her eyes were on my chest, and I started unbuttoning my jeans.

"You have no fuckin' idea how much I want you, Tiny," I groaned quietly when we both saw that she couldn't back up anymore. She was now at her bed, and her glare was almost gone. "I wanna make you mine, baby girl... in every way possible."

Standing right in front of her, I put my hands on her hips, shivering at the fuckawesome feeling of touching her again.

"Let me make you feel better, pretty girl," I whispered in her ear, pressing her closer to my body. "Let me take care of you."

That did it.

She whimpered and relaxed against my body, and not a second passed before I kissed her.

Her arms went around my neck, and I let her hips go for a second so I could push my jeans and boxers off. Yeah, you could say I was in a rush. Rush to feel perfection again.

"You won't leave me?" she whimpered against my mouth. "You won't avoid me anymore?"

"Never," I vowed, lowering her to the bed. "I was stupid, darlin', and I'm so fuckin' sorry."

I pushed her shorts down and she got rid of her beater.

I moaned at the sight of her.

Kneeling in between her legs, I took the opportunity to eye-fuck my girl.

Shit. About that.

"You're my girl now, right, Tiny?" I murmured huskily as I stroked my cock. Fuck, I was so hard for her. "Tell me you're mine."

"On one condition," she breathed.

"Anythin'," I replied, watching my hand as I caressed her thigh... closer and closer... toward her soaked pussy. "Name it and it's yours."

"I'm yours if you're mine."

Fuck yes.

I crashed my body against hers. "I'm all yours, darlin'," I moaned, and then I kissed her hard, pushing my tongue into her mouth as I positioned myself at her entrance.

"Oh, God, I've missed you, Edward," she moaned loudly, throwing her arms around me.

My chest constricted.

I loved her.

Needing her right away, I pushed into her.

I groaned.

"I missed you, too, baby girl. So *fuckin'* much."

*Holy shit.*

Moving inside of her, I felt and did everything. I felt her squeeze me, I felt her arms around me, her legs around me, and her mouth attached to my skin. And I couldn't convey my feelings fast enough. I kissed her, touched her, caressed her.

"Fuck," I mumbled against her neck, feeling my orgasm approach way too fast. "You feel so damn good, Bella."

"Yes, oh... Edward," she moaned, clinging to me, meeting my every thrust. "Oh, fuck!"

I felt her.

As I thrust harder, I felt her clench down.

I grunted and sped up, unable to hold off, and I rubbed her soaked clit hard and persistently, needing her to come before I lost my fucking mind. And load for that matter.

"Please come, baby girl," I groaned, sliding into her once more, harder this time, even deeper. "Fuckin' Christ, my Bella..."

That seemed to do the trick, and harder than before she tightened around my throbbing cock, and I moaned as I felt her juices trickle out, coating us both.

She came hard, screaming my motherfucking name as her pussy sucked me in.

It was impossible to hold off.

"Bella-" I grunted before I choked on a fucking gasp. But the orgasm washed over me so fucking hard.

Shit.

She milked me dry as I spilled into her.

Goddamn.

I shivered.

"Shit," she breathed out as we collapsed together.

Yeah, shit. My girl nearly killed me, I swear.

My girl.

I grinned widely in the crook of her neck.

She's mine.

Then I felt her fingers in my hair, and I knew I had hit the damn jackpot.

"Wanna cuddle, Tiny?" I mumbled as I kissed her jaw line.

She hummed. "Absolutely, baby."

Fuck yeah.

Let's just say I fell asleep with a shit-eating grin on my face.

~~O

Waking up was another matter, though.

'Cause Tiny's bed was empty and that shit didn't fly with me. I wanted some sugar. Some damn cuddling with my girl. But that's fucking hard if she ain't there.

"Baby?" I called in my morning voice.

That's when I heard the sound of Bella throwing up.

In the bathroom.

Well, that can't be good, now can it?

"I need to Google some boyfriend-shit," I mumbled under my breath as I got up. "Cause I gotta take care of my girl good and proper."

Little did I know just how good and proper I had taken care of my girl.

## ***Chapter 2 – Sittin' On Information***

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"Tiny, you okay?" I hollered, knocking on the bathroom door again.

Puking your guts out three days in a row can't be normal, right? I mean, the first day went by fast, so we didn't really give it a lot of thought... or at least *I* didn't, 'cause Bella and I were busy telling all the people we know that we're now together. And the second day also went by fast 'cause I took her out on my bike after she got off work, so... safe to say, our thoughts were elsewhere. It was one dirty as hell date... if you know what I mean. Ya know what I mean?

So... my mind... my thoughts... Well, they sure as hell didn't linger on her puking. But yeah, now it's been three days where I wake up to my girl's retching. That ain't so fucking lovely.

Another reason for me not thinking too hard about her morning business is that I'm still trying to find a way to tell her that I love her. 'Cause that's some important piece of information, and I want her to know. So yeah, my mind's been a little preoccupied. That and uh... Bella. Yeah, she herself is on my damn mind like... constantly. Cannot get her outta there. Not that I want to but I've found it a bit difficult to focus on work when images of my naked Tiny swims around in my head.

"*I'm fine,*" she croaked, and I grimaced, picturing her face in the toilet.  
"*I'll be out in a minute.*"

I sighed, thinking... well, fuck, I wanna be a good boyfriend, and shouldn't a good boyfriend fix shit? But what the hell can I do? Maybe... hmm.

"You want somethin' to eat, darlin'?" I asked.

She threw up again.

"Alright, I take that as a no," I muttered, rubbing my naked chest. Ah, maybe I oughta get dressed. I have a job nowadays and I think Em would mind if I showed up for work in nothing but my boxers. And speaking of getting dressed... "Tiny, do you want me to run on over to your trailer and get you some clothes?"

On my way to my tiny ass kitchen, which is pretty much just a small fridge and a mini sized stove, I picked up the clothes we'd thrown off in our hurry last night. Heh, just the thought of last night... *Damnit, Cullen, think about your girl. Not... Well, last night sure involves the girl but...* Right. She needs to get better.

"Bella?" I called again, opening my fridge to pull out a beer- Wait. I can't drink before work, now can I? Probably not. Best go with a Coke. I grinned. A *Cherry Coke*, yes, ma'am.

"*What?*" she coughed.

I shook my head. Poor, poor girl.

"Do you want me to get some clothes for ya?" I repeated, popping the cap on my soda. "Or maybe you wanna give Rose a call, so you can stay in bed," I suggested, 'cause that seemed right. When you're sick... you oughta rest, right?

"No, it's okay, baby," she mumbled, followed by the sound of flushing.

Which reminds me, *I gotta empty the fucking toilet today.*

That's the one thing that sucks balls. Living in a trailer that ain't permanent means you gotta empty that fucking tank, and it's damn disgusting. And a good boyfriend would probably empty Bella's, too, so I'ma do that. Cause I can do this boyfriend-thing. Well, for her I can, cause I fucking love her. Damn, that's an understatement. Just a few days with her proves I can barely function without her.

With a sigh, I sat down on my tiny pullout couch, and from there I saw all I could call mine. It felt good to have a permanent home. Well, as permanent as it could be. But maybe I'll buy one of them proper trailers soon. That'd be fucking king. They've got plumbing and everything. And who knows, maybe Tiny could live there, too. With me. Shit, that'd be amazing.

"Are you off in dream-land?" I heard Bella chuckle then, and I looked up to see her grab a bottle water from the fridge. "You need food, baby. Want me to pick up some groceries after work?"

I smiled.

Yeah, head over heels. That's me. But can ya blame me? Even freshly puked, she looks gorgeous. Maybe cause she's only wearing my ragged Gun's n' Roses t-shirt, and a tiny thong that I could use as floss... but whatever.

*And maybe you oughta answer her, Cullen.*

Right.

"No, don't worry 'bout it," I murmured before taking a sip of my Coke. "I'll pick some up later."

"You'll stay here tonight, too, right?" I asked next, 'cause maybe I could cook for us. Or at least toss a few burgers on the grill outside.

"If you'll have me." She shrugged, smiling.

If I'll have her? Please.

I rolled my eyes a little.

"Darlin', I always want you here. You oughta know that now. And since I can barely fit inside your tiny excuse of a trailer, we should stay here." I winked at her scowl.

"There's nothing wrong with my pretty home," she grumbled, checking her watch. "Shit, I'm late. I need to take a shower before, too, but I'll see you after work?"

"Abso-fucking-lutely," I grinned, "but uh... I might come in earlier. Breakfast, ya know."

"You do that, baby," she laughed softly. "See ya soon then."

After shimmying her way over to me, she planted a real one on my lips, leaving my cock throbbing a lil' bit, and then she left the trailer.

Just as well, I suppose. Can't function for shit with her around anyway.

~~~

"Wait, what!" Em bellowed. "You thinkin' about movin' in with my little cuz already?"

I shrugged. "What's so wrong with that?"

I mean, I don't know the damn protocol but why wait if you wanna move shit forward?

Right?

Right.

"Hell, Cullen," he groaned, wiping a rag over his face, and I took the drill from him as he climbed down the ladder. "You've been together, what? Four days? You're supposed to date before you do the heavy shit... like movin' in together."

I thought about that as we finished making the measurements for the shed we were building in the courtyard, and for some reason his words didn't sit well with me. Maybe cause I don't see why you should wait. And hey, we already went out on that date a couple of days ago. I bought her pizza and everything. I was nice and gentlemanly. I drove her out to a safe spot where we could fuck without having any interruptions, and then we cuddled under the stars. If that don't count, then I'ma need me some more help from Google or something. 'Cause I don't do all this for no reason. I mean, I wanna move forward. I want more of Tiny always, ya know. And having her around permanently, well that sounds mighty fine to me.

After pulling off my beater, I used it to wipe my fucking face, 'cause the July sun in Texas ain't to be messed around with, and then I lit up a smoke and took a look at the sight in front of me.

Construction. I knew that. I loved building shit, and... huh. Damn, is that what Tiny wants, maybe? A real and proper house? Yeah, 'huh' is right. Cause I dunno... Well, for *her*, I'd do it *obviously*, but I always saw myself living in one of them trailer parks, and I gotta say I love it here. I sure do.

"This is gonna kick ass, Cullen," Em said, bringing me outta my musings, and I noticed him watching the shed-to-be with pride. "Gotta say, I'm glad to have ya onboard, man."

I smirked as I exhaled some smoke, and I agreed. This is gonna be awesome, cause with the money I used to buy my way into the lovely park, we're gonna expand and attract a shitload of people. But first we need to build this tool shed so we can store all the tools for when we start building.

"It's time for lunch soon," Em declared, watching the clock above the little lobby house. "How 'bout we wrap this up before headin' over to the diner?"

Diner. That's where Tiny is.

"Sounds good." I nodded, taking another drag. That'll give me a few minutes to grill Em about dating, cause Lord knows I need all the advice I can get. "Hey, Em?" I asked, holding the ladder as he climbed back up. "What's the uh... the protocol for all this bein' together stuff?"

He laughed and motioned for the drill, so I flipped him off... and handed him the fucking drill.

"First you date. Then you move in together. Then you propose. Then you get married. Then you have bunch of young'uns. That's the fuckin' 'protocol,' bro," he chuckled.

Dating – check and done. We went out on that one spectacular date. That oughta mean I can move on to the next thing, right?

"I dated Rosie for three years before I asked her to move in. I'm an expert at dating. Just don't ask me 'bout the other stuff, cause I dunno. Well, I know marriage, since I'm married to my girl and all... but babies? Hot damn's all I'm sayin'," he told me, and then all sounds were drowned out by the drill.

Three years?

Fucking hell. I can't wait that long to have Tiny with me at all times. But then again, Em and Rose met in high school after Rose and her brother moved out here from Austin. I can't say I remember much of those days cause I was already getting a bit rowdy, and school was the last thing on my mind. Smoking, stealing car parts, and gambling was way better, cause that gave money. School sure didn't. So... I can't say I'm as close to Rose, or Jasper for that matter, and thanks to my stupid-business, I missed out on Em dating Rose. Hence my clueless ass. And hell, I can't really ask my folks, cause they're both divorced. Any advice they give me might as well send me to the doghouse.

Last I heard, Ma's a nurse in Houston, and Dad's trying his luck on a riverboat somewhere. Or at least, that's what Pops told me when I called him a few days ago. But there's a thought, though. I could call Pops. He may have failed raising my dad, but he was real close with Nana May before she passed four years ago. In other words, he knows relationships. And then if Tiny and I have little ones, I'll just turn to somebody else for parenting advice. Yeah, sounds good to me.

Then I sorta thought about it a little more, and though I'm certain three years of dating before shacking up is plain ole misery if you ask me, living with Tiny for a few years before we move on don't sound half bad. Or maybe... huh. Marriage comes after moving in? Hell, that don't sound so bad either. You know... Bella Cullen. Yeah, that sounds real good to me. And then we wait a few years before having a couple of runts.

Sounds fucking spectacular, actually, cause I know I'ma need me a few years to prepare myself to the whole kid-thing. Yes, I sure do. Cause I don't wanna disappoint Tiny by being a bad daddy.

Damnit, ain't it lunch soon? I gotta tell Tiny I love her. Cause I think I should do that before I ask her to move in with me in one of them proper trailer park homes.

## **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

"Oh, my God," I breathed, feeling my eyes well up. "Are you sure, Rose?"

Boy am I glad we're in the kitchen having this conversation, and not out there where the customers are eating their lunch, cause crying in public tends to freak men out, and let's face it; truckers are usually what fills the booths here seeing as we're just off the highway.

"I'm sure," Rose giggled through her tears. "I'm just too chicken to tell Em about it."

"Why?" I asked curiously, unable to help myself from hugging her to me. "Em's gonna be so happy!"

"You sure about that?" she sniffled. "I mean, I'm ecstatic, but I'm not sure Em's ready, ya know."

"Of course he is," I assured, wiping her tears away with my thumbs. "He's gonna be a great dad, Rose."

She smiled at the word 'dad,' and I knew she wanted this so badly, but without a doubt in my mind did Emmett want it as well. I was sure of it. Just as I'm sure Edward's going to leave me once I've told him about my own damn pregnancy. Not that I'm sure, but... yeah, I'm pretty sure I'm knocked up.

With a final smile for Rose, I left her to calm down for a minute, and as soon as I found myself pouring coffee and serving lunch... Yeah, my mind wandered. To be exact, my mind wandered to Edward. Christ, that man... Who knew I'd fall in love so damn quickly? Who knew I'd get knocked up just as quickly? Not me but it sure happened. And I'm very aware that I'm to blame. More than partially. The first night, the talk of birth control got pushed aside by his cock... pretty much. And since then... pretty much the same. I keep forgetting, and I keep thinking nothing's gonna happen. I

mean, there are couples out there trying so hard, for years even, without result. Surely it wouldn't be so damn easy for me to get pregnant.

Wrong.

If only I hadn't been so fucking scatterbrained.

Can I blame Edward for that?

I sure wish I could.

Our first encounter was perfect for me, and today I know he felt the same, but he's a man. Men need to overthink everything that revolves the future, ya know, and it turned out that he needed to think about having a relationship with me. Truth be told, a relationship wasn't even on my freaking mind at the time. I just wanted more of him, but apparently Em had told him I wasn't one Edward could just fuck and leave. Well, I doubt Edward would do that to me but that's another matter. Em thought he could but whatever. So... yeah, a whole fucking month passed. A month of wallowing, wondering, and moping. It took some time but after a few weeks, I realized I had fallen for the inked fucker. Most likely cause I had watched him from afar, studied him, and asked about him. Anyway, the last thing on my mind was the actual part where I ignored a condom.

Then, a few days ago, when Edward knocked on my door... Cue dreamy sigh. He's mine now.

But... for how long?

I have no freaking idea but it can't be that long. Heck, he's twenty-five years old, was just released from prison, and has now finally gotten himself a real job. The man is bound to feel suffocated by my pregnant ass, right?

Which is just fucking sad cause I'm so in love with that man. I've even considered telling him that I love him, because I don't think he's far behind. After our date... yes, another dreamy sigh there... Damn, the delicious man was all about sharing and caring. He told me everything about his family, his past, and yeah... just everything. So, I'm pretty sure he's serious about me. Very much so. In other words; if he's not in love with me yet, I'm pretty sure he will be soon. Unless he's given some shitty news... like... Congrats! You're gonna be a daddy!

Yeah, that oughta do it.

But maybe I should tell him just because. Just because. So that he knows.

And then he can leave my sorry ass, and I can raise our little kiddo alone.

Cause I'm keeping the little bugger. There's no doubt about that.

Yeah, I'm only twenty years old, and before this thing entered my mind... well, babies and shit like that wasn't on my mind, but then... Fuck, it's on my mind now, and I can't help it. Sure, I was shocked when the word 'pregnant' popped into my head that second morning, and even more so when I did the math. Actually, shocked is an understatement. The thought alone caused another puking-fest, but... whatever. I can feel it in my heart. It's not just the throwing up, the late period... no, it's more. I can really feel it. I just know it. And a part of me is thrilled. I don't know why. Maybe because my own family sucks ass, and I would never repeat their mistakes... or maybe it's because it's with Edward.

I don't know. But it's true nonetheless.

Which is why I confided in Angela this morning before work.

Right now she's out buying me a pregnancy test, and I'm gonna piss on that thing during my next break, cause I'm dying to find out. Or more... to have it confirmed.

~~O

"Bella, you've got yourself a man askin' for ya," Rose chuckled from behind the register, and I looked behind my shoulder in her direction...  
*Mm, hello there, handsome.*

Standing by the counter, looking all sexy and sweaty, was my man.

"Holler if you want anything else, yea?" I told the couple in the booth, smiling at them before leaving them with their lunch.

Then I was with Edward. "Hey there, baby," I murmured, enjoying the way his eyes devoured me. And boy was I doing the same. In dark jeans, a soaked beater in black, I'd say he just walked out of some calendar. And don't get me started on his tanned biceps. Goddamn.

"There's my Tiny," he drawled, giving me a thong-soaking smile. "Got some sugar for me?"

*You betcha'.*

"Always," I said, standing up on my tippy toes.

He grinned wider, pulled me closer, and had no shame when he palmed my ass before dipping down to kiss me, but that was one of the reasons I loved him. He was so damn affectionate, and no place was a bad place to show the love.

Sliding my tongue along with his, I tasted him – all man. Smoke, mint, coffee, and eagerness. Fuck. More. He groaned in my mouth, deepening the kiss by pushing his tongue inside my mouth. Lips firmly attached to mine, hands kneading my ass, and his body pressed against mine.

"Ahem, cuz. People are eating here. And fuck, Cullen, don't molest the poor gal."

Oops. I wasn't even aware that Em was here.

Shit, I need air. Stat.

Reluctantly, I broke the kiss.

"Damn, baby," I panted. "You wanna kill me or what?"

He hummed and kissed my neck, which was just oh so distracting. "Sorry, darlin' but I just can't get enough of ya," he mumbled as he squeezed my ass. "When's your next break?"

Oh, God...

I shivered as images of the two of us together in his trailer popped into my head.

"Uh, Bella?"

Oh, fuck. I know that voice.

Angela.

Right. Pregnancy test. Fuck. What a cold shower.

"I'll let you know, honey," I breathed, pecking him once more before I pulled back. "Why don't you and Em find a booth, and I'll be right over to take your order, alright?"

"Sounds good to me," he murmured, swatting my ass. Yes, he sure loved my ass. He called it juicy and delectable yesterday. I think that's a very good thing.

So, with the knowledge of his obsession with my ass, I turned my back on him and gave a little extra ka-dunk when I sauntered over to Angela.

I smiled when I heard Edward give out a low whistle.

But then my smile faded cause it was time to deal with reality.

"You bought the test?" I asked quietly.

She nodded. "It's in the pocket of my jean jacket in the kitchen," she replied as she tied her apron back on. "Let me know if you don't wanna do it alone, sweetie. I'd be happy to keep you company. Support's important, ya know. Just ask me." She smiled. "When I was pregnant with our little Ben Junior, I thought I was gonna lose my mind, I swear!" she laughed softly, looking in the direction of the kitchen. "But I had Rose and Alice for support," she added pointedly. "And then when I finally had the courage to tell Ben, he was like a child on Christmas!"

I tried to laugh.

It didn't work.

I was too nervous.

And Angela noticed, gave me a soft smile and put her hand on my arm. "Go take the test, sweetie. I promise everythin's gonna work out."

I swallowed.

Okay. Shit. Let's do this.

"Can you take Em and Edward's orders?" I asked, to which she nodded. "Great, thanks. I'll just get Edward's drink ready before I take the test, cause he's a bit picky on that one nowadays," I added with an indulgent smile.

I was a little proud.

**Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"What's up with you, Cullen?" Em asked as we waited for Bella to take our order. "You were all weird and shit before we got here, and then you pretty much mauled Bella, and now you're all fidgety again."

Damn, I didn't know I was that transparent.

"Can I tell you somethin' without havin' you freak out on me?" I asked, scratching my eyebrow. He nodded, and I sorta nodded, too. To myself, I think. But... yeah, might as well spit it out. "I wanna tell Tiny I love her."

He just stared at me.

For a while.

"Do you love her?" he asked seriously. "Rosie and Ali told me, but... I wasn't sure."

"I do," I told him, just as seriously. "I really do, man."

"Huh," was his reply to that, but he was going to say more.

However, Angela interrupted.

Ah, man, where's Tiny?

"Hey, boys," she said, holding her little notepad up. "Bella had to do somethin', so I'll be takin' your order today."

"What's Bella up to?" I asked, not really ready to admit just how petulant I was in this situation. I know it's only been a few days of Bella taking our lunch order but that don't matter much, cause it's a tradition now.

"Just some stuff for Ben in the kitchen," she answered vaguely.

I narrowed my eyes at her.

"No worries, Angie," Em told her, grinning like always. "I'll have the King Wings Special with a large Mountain Dew, please."

"Sure thing, Em," Angela said, writing it down. "Anythin' else?"

"No, ma'am."

"And you, Edward?" Angela asked then.

I shrugged internally. Reading women was never my forte, and though I thought she seemed odd before, I couldn't really understand shit, so I gave up. And said, "Double cheeseburger, a side of onion rings, a large Cherry Coke, and some garlic dip. But can ya make sure Bella-

"Bella will prepare your drink, yes," she giggled. "I know she's the only one who can get it right."

Oh. Well, good. Cause it's true.

Tiny adds real cherries in my Cherry Coke, and that's just divine right there.

She told me she does it cause I'm the only one she gives her sugar to.

Yes, ma'am, that's what Tiny told me.

Twenty minutes later, Em and I were enjoying our fuckawesome lunch, but still no sign of Bella, and I was getting a bit worried. I mean, was she sick again?

I took another sip of my divine drink but my eyes never left the kitchen door, cause I was still hoping Tiny would walk through... like... now... no... now... no, not yet... now!

Fuck.

She didn't. And then it was time to head back to work.

### ***Chapter 3 – Say what?***

#### **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

By some miracle, I managed to avoid Edward for the rest of the day, but I should've known my luck was about to run out. Alright, 'luck' is a poor choice of word because over all, I'm happy being pregnant. There's no denying that.

But... there's a lot to lose, and I hear Edward knocking on my door.

Yeah.

It's time.

So, I took a deep breath... or seven... and opened the door.

There he was.

A sweaty mess from work. A smoke dangling between his lips. His muscular arms folded over his naked chest. His soaked wife beater thrown over his shoulder. His dark blue jeans, dirty and clinging to his hips. Abs. Oh, the abs. Happy trail. Ink. *Have mercy*. Even his shoes, worn chucks, turned me on.

"Are you done, baby girl?" he chuckled quietly.

No, not really.

Gimme a sec, will ya?

But back to his face. Glorious motherfucking face. Mmm, scruff.

Just a picture of him could very well knock me up good and proper.

Whoa. Talk about a sobering thought... seeing as I *am* knocked up.

I guess I'm done now.

"Hi," I murmured, feeling shy all of the sudden.

"Hey," he murmured back, taking a drag from his cigarette. "Mind tellin' me why you've been avoidin' me all day, darlin'?"

Ah, he noticed.

Terrific.

"Sorry," I mumbled, gesturing for him to enter. "Lot on my mind. I'll tell you all about it," I added with a sigh.

He hummed in thought, put out his smoke, and entered the trailer, but instead of walking passed me, he walked me backwards two steps until I was met with the little kitchen counter.

"Hey," he whispered, holding my chin up gently. "Gimme some sugar first, okay?"

I melted.

My hands went up his tanned and inked biceps.

He smiled softly and dipped down.

I reached up on my toes.

And I was a goner everytime his lips touched mine.

"Damn, you taste so good, Tiny," he moaned in my mouth before deepening the kiss.

We kissed hard, sloppily, passionately.

I was so in love with this man.

Oh, God...

He cupped my ass, picking me up, and I took the hint and wrapped my legs around him.

Fuck.

Will he walk out?

Of course he will.

I was desperate for him.

"I... I love you," I whimpered.

I didn't care. I just needed him to know.

When he froze, I didn't. Instead I continued kissing him. Wetly, hotly, along his jaw...

"Tiny?" he breathed.

My eyes welled up, so I closed them and started kissing his neck, willing for this to go on.

"Would ya please look at me, baby doll?" he murmured.

No.

I did the opposite, locking my arms around him and burying my face in the crook of his neck where he smelled all man. Sweat from a day of hard work. Sawdust from building in the sun. Musk... soap... yes, all man.

"You love me?" he whispered, pressing his lips down on my shoulder.

I shivered and managed to nod once.

"Well, darlin'," he sighed, tightening his hold on me. "That's mighty fine to hear... cause I love you, too."

Oh, *God*...

To think it and feel it is one thing... but to know it... to have it confirmed... that's a whole other matter, and my heart... my chest... Christ, it constricted. Clinging to him harder, I allowed myself to have this moment. It was bittersweet. We love each other, and I'm about to ruin it all. Fucking A.

It was time.

With a sigh, I reluctantly let him go, and I could feel the change in the air around us. I didn't look up but I could picture his face and how his expression morphed into one of confusion. But I was too chicken shit to say this to his face.

I'd much rather say it to my bare feet.

So, I'm watching them.

Do it.

"Edward, I'm pregnant, and you're the father," I mumbled quickly.

Holy shit.

My heart pounded.

Still looking at my feet by the way. Or more, my nails. They're light pink with white polka dots. Alice painted them. She's good with stuff like that, and now I'm rambling bullshit in my head. Awesome.

"Sorry, Tiny," he chuckled nervously, awkwardly. "But it sure sounded like you... heh... said you're pregnant."

*No need to check your hearing, that's for sure.*

I nodded, still watching my damn feet.

"You're pregnant," he said flatly.

Yup.

He's about to run, yeah?

An Edward-shaped hole in my door?

Internally I snorted.

I bet even *that* would look hot.

Something to remember him by.

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

The entire afternoon went by quickly despite knowing that Tiny was avoiding me for some reason, cause Emmett was helping me come up with ways to tell my girl that I love her. He was the douche telling me that I needed to tell her when the time was right. And romantic stuff had to be involved.

I disagreed... and apparently Tiny did, too, cause she told me she loved me.

She loves me.

I said it back, and shit was good. Perfect, in fact.

Then... yeah, then she said she was pregnant.

With my baby.

Shit, baby. Inside her. A baby. A tiny little living thing. A tiny little Tiny.

Holy fuck.

But...

"Weren't you on the pill?" I asked, rubbing the back of my neck.

And goddamn, ain't it hot in here?

"Um, no," she mumbled almost inaudibly, still keeping her eyes downcast.

"Uh... that first night... You asked if I was, and..." She cleared her throat.

"Well, uh... all I could think about was uh... your co-... I mean, you."

I grinned, despite everything, cause I remember that night, too. Shit, we were insane. But... I also remember that I barely gave her time to reply before I pretty much impaled her.

Damn.

Down, boy. This is so not the time.

Tiny's pregnant.

I knocked her up.

Holy shit.

"I need a fuckin' smoke," I blurted out.

Then I hauled ass. Not far. Just out on the courtyard, and I lit up before I started pacing. Pacing like a fucking piece of work, and people around me noticed, but I didn't give a damn.

She's pregnant.

Pregnant. Already.

Years before I thought she'd be.

I don't have our shit in order.

There's no house for Bella, cause women want that, right? She'll want a house for the kids, yeah? Kid. Not kids. Slow the fuck down, Cullen. It's singular. True. Shit. Okay. Deep drag. I kicked at the dirt. Another drag. She's knocked up.

Oh, lordy.

"Something wrong, Edward?"

I looked up... and over my shoulder...

Rose.

Something wrong?

Umphenumph.

Maybe I whimpered.

Wrong? Wrong? Well... uh, no, *no*, but... Sweet baby Jesus, there are so many things I need to get done before I start having them little runts in my life. I mean, I want them. I sure do. But I have so much to get done! Cause right now I aint fit to be a daddy. No, I don't think I'm enough for Tiny. I'll just fuck the little young'uns up. I don't know how but I will. I do declare.

By the way, why do I hear shouting?

As I focused, and sorta snapped back to reality, I sure did hear shouting coming closer. Huh?

That's when I saw a raging Emmett running towards me, and that... shit... followed by his fist connecting with my jaw.

## **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

He didn't leave but... What the hell is he doing?

Well, he's pacing, that much is clear but... why isn't he running away? Why is he just pacing around in the middle of the courtyard?

"Hey, little cuz," I heard Em say then, and I looked to my left where I saw them. Them as in Em and Rose. "What's your Cullen doin' attractin' all them onlookers?"

I wish I knew, Em. I wish I knew.

And he was speaking the truth. People were leaving their trailers to look at the man kicking dirt and pacing around like a madman.

Since the truth was bound to come out sooner or later, I decided to tell my cousin the truth right away.

"Just told Edward I'm pregnant," I muttered.

I had already told Rose, and the two of us had been blubbering freaks in the kitchen, sharing our fears and concerns about telling our men about the pregnancies. But it was nice to have someone to talk to, and Angela's right. Support is important, and even though she's only a couple of years older than Rose, she has a kid, and that puts her above us when it comes to knowledge. Even Ben knows but that was just by accident cause he was there when I confessed to Rose. And now I'm digressing. What I was about to say was that even Ben has shared some wisdom, and according to him, it's in the man's DNA to freak out at first.

"What in the name of God are you talkin' about, cuz!" Em groaned, smacking himself on the forehead. "Is there somethin' in the water here or what! First Rosie, and then you? For cryin' out loud, you're only twenty, Bell!"

I shrugged.

Age doesn't matter. I want this baby and that's fucking final. I mean, it's not like I have plans, you know. I know it'll be hard work, but I'm up for it. I'm already attached.

Wait... did he say 'first Rosie'?

"So, Rose told ya, huh?" I asked, looking over at said Rose who was currently trying to get a reaction out of Edward, I think. "You're gonna be a great dad, big cuz," I told him, smiling as I faced him again, and he was almost smiling, too. "Did you freak out at first, too?"

"No," he snorted. "I'm still in shock. I think I need to punch a wall or somethin', cause shit feels all bottled up."

I chuckled and leaned my head against his bicep, but it was all sweaty and shit, so I backed away again.

Eww.

"Well, feel free to knock some sense into the pacing madman out there," I joked, pointing at Edward. "I need to know if he's gonna leave me or if he's gonna stick around."

Looking out there, I saw Rose give up, apparently unable to get a response from him.

"Say what?" Em growled. "He's thinkin' about leavin' ya?"

"No, no!" I said quickly. "I mean, I don't know. Isn't that what men do? Oh, crap, that came out all wrong! I mean... he can't possibly be ready for all this, can he? Cause he's only twenty five-"

"Rosie and I are twenty-five, too, little cuz," Em pointed out.

"Yeah, but you didn't just meet Rose, and you didn't just get out of prison," I countered.

He sighed and looked out where Edward was still kicking up dirt and pacing around.

"Well, I'll be makin' sure he aint leavin' ya," he decided with a firm nod as he cracked his knuckles. "And if the idea's in his head, I'll knock it right out."

He's joking, right?

But no, he's not, cause he's walking toward Edward!

"Emmett!" I called, slipping my flip-flops on. "Emmett!"

"What's he up to?" Rose asked, approaching me.

I don't know, I don't know, but this can't be good!

"I don't know if he's gonna hit Edward!" I bristled.

Then I took off, running toward Emmett... and Edward.

"Emmett, you ass, you can't punch him!" I shouted.

Good God, I need to exercise more often.

"Emmett Jebediah McCarty, you stop this madness! Right now!"

But he didn't.

I watched in horror as Emmett reached Edward... followed by a punch to Edward's jaw.

"Oh, God!" I gasped.

There was a collective gasp, actually, coming from the audience Edward had gotten himself, but I paid them no mind as I continued running for Edward.

"What the fuck, man!" I heard Edward growl while rubbing his jaw.

Then hell broke loose, cause Edward punched back. Hard as hell, and I'm pretty sure I heard Emmett's nose crunch.

"You think you're gonna knock up my cousin and then leave her?" Emmett bellowed... before he punched Edward under the eye.

Oh, God, this is all my fault!

"Emmett, stop it!" I screamed, running faster. "He didn't say anything about leaving!"

Then I felt two arms around my waist. "Oh, no, darlin'. You don't wanna get in the middle of those two now."

It was Jasper.

"Let me go!" I grunted, struggling against him. "He's hurting Edward!"

Jasper had the fucking nerve to laugh!

"Calm down, darlin'. If you pay attention, you'll see that it's the other way around. Cullen didn't spend two years in prison bein' somebody's bitch. Besides," he chuckled, "this ain't the first time these two here go at it."

I grunted again, this time in frustration, cause Jasper was a strong fucker, and I wasn't going anywhere.

He appeared to be right, though. The two bulky men fighting seemed to cheer people up in the August heat, and I seethed when I saw a few men starting taking bets. Fuckers! But yeah, Jasper was right. Edward could

definitely handle his own, and Emmett was in bad shape. Not *bad*, bad shape, but... Edward was in better shape.

"Goddamnit, how long will they go on!" I snapped.

"Now, now, be careful with God's name, Bella," Jasper cautioned.

I spun around in his arms and gave him one *helluva* glare.

"That's what you wanna focus on, Whitlock?" I gritted out through clenched teeth. "In that case, why don't you hassle Em and Edward about it, huh?"

"Cause them boys are beyond redemption," he drawled, winking at me.

"There's still hope for you, my darlin'."

Evidently he wasn't even intimidated by my blazing fury.

Humph.

And... boys? Christ, they're all in the exact same age!

"Take your Jesus-business elsewhere," I huffed, turning back to the fight.

"Holy shit! They're all bloodied!" I gasped, again trying to struggle free from Jasper's grip.

I growled and scratched his arm, but still he refused to let me go.

"Stop fighting!" I shouted.

"Don't worry, Tiny, I got this wrapped up," Edward chuckled... but stopped when chuckling evidently hurt his ribcage. "Fuckin' hell, Em, you had to go for the ribs, didn't ya?"

I couldn't believe this!

How could they take this lightly?

"Fuck you, Cullen," Em coughed, spitting out... oh, God... a tooth? "Shit, Rosie's gonna be pissed."

"You bet your ass I will!" I heard Rose snap from behind me, causing Emmett to look in our direction, and... that was obviously something Edward took advantage of. It all happened in slow motion, I swear.

I watched as Edward raised his fist. I watched as the people around held their breath, grins frozen in place. I watched as Alice came running from her and Jasper's trailer, carrying what appeared to be a medical kit. And I watched as Edward's fist connected with Emmett's cheek. Hard. Really fucking hard.

Last but not least, I watched as Emmett fell to the ground.

"I'd *never* fuckin' leave Bella," Edward spat, towering over Emmett's body. I'd swoon at the declaration if I wasn't focusing on Edward's swaying. "Holy shit, I'm out, folks."

Then he tumbled to the ground, too.

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

Everything hurt like a motherfucker when I woke up, and I could hear voices around me, but I needed a damn minute after that fucking brawl.

I made a mental note to thank Alice, though, cause I could feel the Band-Aid over my left eyebrow, and she must've fixed us up after we went out.

We coulda' used her growing up, Em and I. Just saying.

I ain't no angel and I've sure been in my fair share of fights, especially in prison, but fuck... a fight against Emmett ain't to take lightly, cause that dude knows how to throw a punch. Believe me, I know, and not just from today.

In sixth grade, he punched me so hard that I chipped a tooth, and I was called Chip for the rest of the year... until my parents could afford to have the tooth fixed... and then I threw a baseball bat against Em's shin... and he was Limpy for a few months. To make a long story short; Emmett and I fight. A lot. But it's all in good fun... and pain. Don't ask me why but... I think it's cause we're both men in need of a physical outlet, and fighting sure scratches that mighty itch. And today... holy hell, we just found out we're gonna be daddies. Let us get the shit outta the system, alright?

Holy crap on a cracker, I'ma be a daddy.

For some reason, I can't help but smile.

I know we have a shitload to go through but damnit, we'll do it together, cause the last thing I'd do is walk out. That shit was never on my mind even for a second. But apparently it was on Tiny's mind, and that's just ludicrous right there, cause that tiny woman's my life now. Well... her and... Jesus, our baby.

Another smile.

Told ya, I just needed to get my shit sorted out, and Emmett helped me with that... just as I'm sure I helped Em with his own shit.

"Either Cullen's wakin' up, or he's dreamin' about somethin' good," I heard Em mutter nearby. "Can't fuckin' believe he ain't more bruised up than that. I lost a goddamn tooth, got myself a nasty shiner, and a cracked lip. That fucker got some tiny bruisin' on his jaw and a cracked eyebrow... Not fair."

I stifled a laugh, knowing it'd hurt my ribcage, cause the dude may not have gotten much of my face but he used my damn belly like a fucking punching bag.

Fucker.

"Stop whinin', Em." That was Rose. "It's your own damn fault. Bella told me that you were pretty much askin' for a fight."

'Bout that; where's my Tiny?

I need her.

Some cuddlin's in order.

I didn't know where I was but the couch I was on sure wasn't mine, and this... place... smelled different. It smelled like... I dunno... clean stuff? Like flowers... Almost like Tiny's trailer but not really. And it wasn't Em and Rose's trailer either. But I heard a door opening then, so I figured I was about to find out. Maybe.

"Finally, you're back!"

That was gasp coming from Tiny!

Shit, I didn't know she was here.

"He'll be fine, Bella," I heard Alice chuckle, and I figured she was the one who entered... wherever we are. "He just got too much of the sun. Add a couple of punches to that and you got yourself a nice nap."

Funny little shit.

"But why's Em awake then?" Tiny asked.

"Cause his skull is thicker," Rose said dryly.

"Hell to the yeah," Em boomed.

"That wasn't no compliment, you big oaf!" Rose hissed, followed by a smack... most likely to Em's neck, cause Rose has a thing for smacking it. Yes, she sure does.

"Damn it, woman," Em grumbled. "You shouldn't hit me. I'm hurt."

"Yeah, and you shouldn't upset me, cause I'm pregnant."

Dear lord, this can go on forever. Maybe I should just open my fucking eyes.

"I'm sorry, Rosie. I really am. C'mere, lemme kiss your belly."

Another smack rang out.

It was getting hard to fake sleep.

"Guys, I'm pretty sure Cullen's awake." And that was Jasper.

So, they're all here?

And where's *here*?

Then I felt somebody very close.

"Edward, baby?" Tiny murmured, followed by her fingers in my hair. "Can you wake up for me?"

Damn, I love her.

"I'll wake up if you gimme some sugar," I grumbled, keeping my eyes closed.

"Oh, Edward!" she gasped. "I was so worried, baby! Please forgive me, I didn't mean to rile Emmett up. I'm so sorry!"

Pretty girl.

I chuckled drowsily, slowly cracking my eyes open, and there she was. Looking down at me. Angel. Mine.

"Relax, baby girl," I grunted, trying to sit up, but Tiny held me down. "I'm fine, Bella. Really."

She hesitated, chewing her lip. "But you need to rest."

"I can do that at home," I said softly, looking around us. "I'm sure Jasper and Alice want their trailer back," I added with a wink. Turning to Alice, I said, "Thanks for patching me up. What's the diagnosis?"

Slowly I sat up on their couch, pulling Tiny to my lap, and there was that chest-swelling thing going on when she started peppering my face with kisses. Being loved sure felt good.

"If it doesn't hurt when you breathe, I'd say you're good to go." Alice smirked. "Just some minor bruising on your ribcage and your jaw. A small cut on your left eyebrow. Then your knuckles, of course."

I nodded, automatically flexing my fingers.

I've had worse.

"Thanks, I owe ya," I told her, grinning.

"You do, yes," she nodded, "both you and Emmett. And I know just how you're gonna repay me."

Em and I exchanged looks cause we could both smell the trouble.

And damn, he looked like shit.

I really pulled a number on him.

Yeah, I smirked.

But Alice interrupted my internal victory dance.

"Now that you're both gonna become fathers, I want you to convince Jasper that babies are wonderful, cause I want a baby, too."

Oh.

"Alice!" Jasper whined. "You're only twenty-four, and I'm only twenty-five! Where's the honkin' rush?"

I tuned them out, and instead I focused Bella and noticed that she was watching me, too.

We're having a baby.

"You okay with all this?" she whispered, chewing on her lip.

We're having a baby.

Fuck yeah, I'm okay. More than okay.

"Understatement," I murmured, resting my forehead against hers. "Looks like we're becomin' a family, Tiny."

She beamed beautifully.

Fuck me if that shit didn't feel wonderful.

"I love you," I said, nuzzling my nose with hers.

"Love you, too," she whispered thickly.

Yeah, life was good.

And apparently Em felt the same, cause a few seconds later, we both said "Deal" to Alice.

#### ***Chapter 4 – Let's do it***

**Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"Baby, I'm sooo hot," Tiny whined.

I smirked, looking over my shoulder. "Yeah, you are, darlin'." I winked.

Kidding aside, though, she did look miserable in this heat, and the past few weeks have been hard on her. Still, even when she's being all miserable, it's hard not getting distracted. Cause that yellow polka dot bikini on her... Sweet baby Jesus is all I'm saying. But this was Tiny nowadays. She *and* Rose for that matter. After work they both strip down and park their asses in the two chairs outside my trailer, and they only move if it's absolutely necessary. But now...now when it's Saturday, they just don't move at all. They sit there, drinking iced tea, gossiping and whatnot.

Pregnant at ten weeks, they're both work to me and Em.

Not that you'll be hearing any complaints from me or Em, 'cause you sure won't. We're pussies around them ladies nowadays. Well, I suppose we've been pussies around them from day one, but... you get my point. S'just... this whole baby-business is sorta on our minds constantly, and we're sorta... I dunno... obsessed might be a stretch, but... maybe not.

Whatever. We're fucking ecstatic anyway, and it's my God's honest opinion when I say that I cannot wait for the little runt to get here.

Once the grill was in place, I walked over to the ladies and crouched next to Tiny's chair, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear. Poor girl was sweating bullets in this heat, and it sure wasn't no normal heat for September.

"Heat's gonna be over soon, baby doll," I murmured. "The weather lady said another week or so."

She pouted... which just made me remember last night when those pouty lips were wrapped around my cock. So not helping here.

*Down, boy.*

"That's another week of misery, baby. I'll die, I'm sure of it," she mumbled, giving me them puppy eyes I could never say no to. "Can't we buy a pool at Wall Mart tomorrow? Pretty please?"

I stood firm there, though.

"Of course, darlin'," I told her with a smirk. "If you agree to move in with me."

She was being stubborn as a damn mule on that one, and for no good reason to boot.

Ever since Bella and I had talked about the pregnancy and pretty much aired everything out, I'd been on her about moving in with me. I mean, it's gonna happen sooner or later anyway, so why delay the inevitable? But she's stubborn as I said, and she's saying that she'll be in the way and in the end I'll get sick of her. Yeah, silly fucking woman. So... I told her I'll get her a big pool if she moves in with me, and when she huffed and bitched about being able to buy her own damn pool, I asked her how she would put the thing up, not to mention fill it with water by herself.

I had her there, cause Em, Rose... actually, everyone, they're on my side in this little mess, cause they know I love her and that I just wanna take care of her, and that's a whole lot easier if we're in the same trailer. But I digress. I had Bella there cause with everyone on my side, they won't help her with the pool.

"Just do it, Bella!" Rose pleaded with her, fanning her face. "Then we can all buy a big ass pool together and soak our behinds, 'cause as the good Lord is my witness, I need a good soak!"

Ah, yes. Emmett thinks Tiny will cheat and take a swim if Em buys a pool for Rose, so... no pool for nobody as long as Bella's living alone.

"No, not yet," Tiny replied. "He'll only get sick of me."

See?

She's being all stupid and shit.

"No, *he* won't," I argued. Then I rubbed the back of my neck, and mumbled, "Besides, I don't wanna be missin' any pregnancy related shit, ya know."

She just turned her head in the opposite direction.

Jesus, she was being stubborn. She should know by now that I won't get sick of her. I mean, during these last few weeks, I've really gotten to know my girl, and fuck me if she aint perfection personified. I won't ever get tired of her. Never ever.

Plus, we already spend every night together. Why not just move her shit into my trailer and be done with it? It's not like she has a lot of stuff, anyways.

With a sigh, I stood up from my crouch, walked back to the grill, and lit up a smoke. It was much needed when dealing with pregnant women, but I hear it's no good for the baby, hence walking off. Yeah, I've been reading all kinds of shit about having babies.

"You still bitchin', little cuz?" I heard Em ask, and I looked over my shoulder to see him approach with the charcoal for our barbecue. "You oughta just let Cullen take care of ya."

Exactly.

After lighting up his own smoke, he muttered for only me to hear, "You tried bribin' her yet?"

I sat down in my own chair, next to the grill, and Emmett followed suit after squirting some lighter fluid on the charcoal. At first I had been sitting next to the ladies, but that proved to be impossible when they started gossiping about Alice's scheming to get knocked up. Just too much estrogen for me in one sitting, so I'd moved mine and Em's chairs to the grill instead.

"Just with the fuckin' pool," I sighed, picking up my baseball cap from the ground. "Should I mention the new trailer?"

I'd fallen in love with Tiny all over again the day she told me that just cause we were having a kid don't mean we have to leave the Park, and she flat out told me that she had no plans on leaving Cedar Cove, cause she loved it here. Like I said, she's perfect for me. So... when Em and Rose told us that they were buying a bigger trailer, I started thinking Tiny and I could do the same. But with my past nobody will let me take a loan on a new trailer. However, they will let Bella do it.

I have the cash for the down payment, without a doubt, but then it gets tricky. Unless we're together, ya know. *Then* it'll be a piece of cake. And a little extra room for the kid would be amazing. Not to mention a flushing toilet, cause there's nothing worse than needing to take a shit and then realizing that you need to empty the fucking tank first. Then there's Tiny showering... Christ, after every shower she takes, I need to refill the water tank, and that's just plain ole annoying. So, yeah, a real trailer home would be cool.

"It's worth a shot," Em told me with a shrug. "By the way, when's Alice and Jasper comin', cause I need me a cold one."

"Edward, baby, if you love me you'll get me a pool!" Tiny hollered.

I gave Emmett a look that said, *yeah, I need a fucking beer, too.*

"Sure thing, darlin'," I hollered back. "If you move in with me!"

~~O~~O

I knew she was about to ask again, but instead of pushing her, I continued watching the little TV in my trailer. Or... pretended to watch it. It was quite impossible to focus on anything when I had my girl pacing around in no space at all. Pretty much.

"Should I be nervous?" Tiny asked quietly, chewing on her lip.

And there it was. Again.

I could tell her that no, there's no reason for her to be nervous, but the other ten times I've said it, she hasn't calmed down.

The issue?

Well, it ain't an issue, but she's making it an issue. And that's meeting my Pops.

He's coming down from Austin today, and is even thinking about moving closer now that I'm out from prison.

"You weren't this nervous when we went to the doctor," I reminded her gently. "Why would you be nervous now, baby doll?"

It was the truth. The two times we've met with Tiny's baby-doctor, I was the wreck. She was calm and collected while I was the freaked out parent-to-be, asking all them questions and wondering if something was wrong when we didn't hear no heartbeat. That was the first time, but Bella explained that it was too early at the time to hear the heartbeat, and the good doc confirmed that this was in fact true. Then, the second time we went there, man oh man, we heard the beat. It was sorta a swishing sound, and my eyes sorta stung. Sorta. Ya know?

I digress.

"You have no reason for bein' nervous, darlin'," I told her, pulling her to my lap. "I've already told Pops about ya, and he knows we're havin' a baby, even. Don't worry, he's happy, and he can't wait to meet the woman who's calmin' my rowdy ass down. His words, not mine." I winked.

Tiny sighed heavily.

Tiny picked at the hem of my Hardrock Café t-shirt.

Tiny pouted.

Tiny sighed heavily again.

Tiny slumped forward, dropping her forehead to my shoulder.

I knew this was her drill now. Cause I know my woman.

I on the other hand was caressing her sorta flat stomach. *Sorta* flat, cause maybe there's a little something there. Huh.

"Baby, I think your stomach's growin' an itty bit," I murmured, completely enraptured. Hell, I didn't even ask to push her black beater up. I just did it. But I needed to see, to feel.

She was twelve weeks along now, and I remember a few days ago when we celebrated her twenty first birthday that she was complaining about Rose's belly being larger than hers, which it was. Or is. And they're only a week apart – Rose being thirteen weeks pregnant, and Tiny being twelve.

"I know," she whispered, straightening her back. "I noticed it this morning after my shower."

It was all kinds of amazing.

"So fuckin' beautiful," I mumbled, placing my two hands above her little tiny belly.

It was hard to believe that there was a little person growing inside her.

A little person I helped create.

"I love you," she murmured, nudging my forehead upwards with her own one. "And I'm sorry for being a pain about this whole moving in thing."

That sure had my attention.

I never thought my girl would stand firm through the heat-wave that didn't end until last week, but she did. Without a damn pool. Nah, Rose wasn't really happy. Even when I mentioned a better trailer, Bella said no. Although she did falter a little, but nowhere near enough.

"Finally changin' your mind, Tiny?" I asked quietly, kissing her jaw.

"Don't distract me," she whimpered, going against herself as she gave me plenty of neck-access.

I pulled her closer.

*Please, God, tell me she's changed her mind.*

"Just say yes, baby," moaned quietly, rubbing her against my hardening cock. "Just say yes, and I'll take good care of you."

Fuck.

"I know you will, but..."

"No buts," I said, looking her in the eye. "Let's do it, baby. Please. I mean... you're growin' now and I don't wanna be missin' anythin'

important. Besides, if we live together, I can help you with stuff... ya know? And-"

Woman cut me off. Finger on my lips.

"Edward, I know," she said softly. "Your reasons are valid. Mine aren't. Not really anyway. Just promise you won't get tired of me when my stomach's taking up the entire trailer."

"I won't, Bella," I said, fighting the damn urge to roll my eyes.

With pursed lips, she studied me, but I knew my eyes showed nothing but the truth.

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"On one condition," she said then.

Fuck. Now what?

"What's that?" I asked.

"You let me help with the down payment on the new trailer. Not just the big loan. I want us to go fifty-fifty on everything."

"Not a chance," I huffed. "You're already gonna be the only one signin' them papers for the loan. Even if I'll be payin' at least half, you'll be the one takin' that risk. Payin' the down payment is the least I can do, and I have the cash. You don't."

"But-"

This time I cut her off. But not with a damn finger. No, I kissed her. Hard.

Time to seduce the answer outta her.

Without breaking the kiss, I picked her up, crossed the trailer, and lowered her on my bed.

She didn't struggle. At all.

Especially not when I pulled my t-shirt off and pushed my jeans down. Hell, I didn't even have to tell her to lose the clothes. She took them off anyway.

"Say yes, baby doll," I murmured huskily as I hovered above her. I kissed her again, passionately, sensually. Hands went to her sides, caressing, teasing. "I know you want it, Bella." She whimpered when I brushed a thumb over her nipple. "Think about it," I moaned as my semi touched her smooth thigh. "Fuck." Her fingers... wrapped around... Damnit. "Yes, baby doll..." She obeyed and stroked my cock, and I... well, I kept teasing her. But I needed this. I needed her answer before. So, I caressed her, sucked on her sensitive nipples, kneaded her luscious ass. "Let's do it, darlin'," I pleaded with her quietly. "Say you'll move in with me and then I'll fuck you so good."

"Not fair," she gasped when I fingered her slit. Fuck, already wet. "Please, baby, I need you."

With two fingers I stroked the length of her sex, circling her clit before I parted her slick folds.

"Say yes first," I grunted, feeling her thumb swipe over the head of my cock.

She kept chanting 'not fair, not fair,' under her breath, and I kept teasing her. A little bit more. Almost entering her with my fingers. Slow circles on her clit. Goddamn. Wet, tight, desperate. Please just say yes, darlin'.

Reluctantly I removed her hand from my erection, but when I dragged the tip along her pussy, I was almost home. If she could just say yes, I'd be golden.

"Move in with me," I groaned quietly, pushing the head of my cock inside her. Fuck.

Then she moaned. Loudly. "Yes! Yes, I'll move in with you, Edward... just... just fuck me!"

Thank God!

I pushed into her, burying myself deep inside of her, feeling her muscles tighten around me. Oh, God, so tight.

"I love you," I breathed, planting openmouthed kisses on her neck. "Love you so fuckin' much, Tiny."

"Love you, too," she whimpered, clinging to me. "Oh, God, Edward..."

With her legs tangled with mine I fucked her slow, deep, and hard. Long strokes that brought out those drawn out moans from her. Sensual kisses that left us both outta breath. Nails digging into my shoulder blades, making me grunt in pleasure. Spurring me on, she met my thrusts. Fuck. Not enough. So, I sped up, and her pussy soaked my cock.

And then she was on top of me, riding me.

*Holy fuck.*

I was harder than steel from watching her sliding down my cock, and God, her tits. Slightly larger, rounder, and so sensitive to my touch. I sucked on them, loved them. Fuck. She rode me harder, tensing around me, and I slid my hand between us, using my thumb to tease her clit.

"Christ, Edward," she moaned, throwing her head back. "Yesss... just like that, baby... Oh, God, I love your cock..."

I needed deeper. Her words turned me into some fucking savage, so I flipped us over again, grabbing the thin windowpane above the bed for leverage and then I slammed into her.

"Yes!" she gasped.

Harder.

The hand on the windowpane took me deeper.

The hand kneading her ass brought me closer.

"Touch yourself for me, baby doll," I moaned. "Play with your pretty pussy."

And boy did she.

But instead of using her fingers, she pressed the heel of her hand down on her clit, and her fingers... oh, fuck, her fingers... Divine motherfucking fingers, they teased my cock everytime I slid outta her.

"Goddamn, Bella," I groaned, feeling my orgasm approach.

My abs tensed.

Her pussy constricted around me.

"Fuck yes!" she cried out. "Close, baby... Close..."

I closed my eyes, fucked her harder.

*Come, baby. Please fucking come. I'm begging you.*

Everything inside me tensed.

Balls tightened.

Shit.

"Come, Bella," I growled, pounding into her.

I was about to lose it but I felt her then. Pulsing around my cock.

Thank fuck.

"Edward... I'm... I'm... yes!"

Her walls fluttered around me, almost sucking me in, and it was too much. Her gorgeous face, her tits, her slick pussy... Add that to the fact that this girl is mine. All mine, and we're becoming a family... Yeah, I came. Hard as fuck. Damn. It lasted forever, and I felt her pussy milk me, taking every stream of cum I spilled into her.

For a while I was pretty sure she offed me.

I was a panting mess when I collapsed next to her, but then I smiled... cause after the fuckhot sex comes cuddling with my girl, and I know I'm the luckiest son of a bitch in the world to have found a girl that is as affectionate as me.

"You okay, darlin'?" I breathed heavily, pulling her body against mine.

"So, so good," she hummed sleepily as her fingers found their way into my hair.

Yep, lucky son of a bitch indeed.

However, I knew our moment wouldn't last long cause my Pops was arriving soon, and as I focused hard, I could hear laughs coming from outside. Huh. Maybe I shoulda' closed them blinds on the little window above the bed before I took Tiny there. But then again, I can blame her,

cause she's the one making me lose my fucking mind. You know, all that sex appeal. Yeah.

"We forgot to close the blinds again, didn't we," Bella mumbled then.

*I suppose she can hear the ruckus outside, too.*

"Yeah, you did," I grumbled, rolling us over so I could rest my face on her boobs. Cause they're good for that. So good.

"I did?" she giggled, again working her magic in my hair.

I swear I purred like a fucking cat.

"Mmhmm," I hummed, closing my eyes.

Her boobs were all snugly and shit.

Maybe if we slept for five minutes...

Maybe ten...

### **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

Once Edward was asleep, I allowed myself five minutes of enjoying his closeness, cause there was no denying that I was addicted to it. I was addicted of him, period. But God, can ya blame me? He's... he's fucking amazing.

Which is why I'm worried.

Pops – also named Earl Masen Cullen – is the only family member Edward truly adores and looks up to. Obviously I wanna make a good impression, and I don't know how to do that. I mean, my own family is close to non-existing. My parents, they're both raving alcoholics, and while Charlie spends his days fishing and drinking beer with Billy, Renée spends her day

down at the Lodge where they have cheap tequila and slot machines.  
Yeah, great set of parents I have.

I can't complain, though, cause I was just smart enough to take distance to it all. It wasn't my fault, it was theirs. Instead I spent my time with Jake, his girlfriend Leah, and my best friend Seth. They were all in the same boat, having fucked up parents, and we helped each other out.

To say I was devastated when Seth skipped town to try his luck in Seattle would be an understatement. Not because I was unable to live without him but because I still had a year left to save money in order to come here to Texas. And now I'm digressing.

I need to make a good impression on Edward's grandfather.

I've been warned not to call him Earl, though, or Mr. Cullen for that matter. It has to be Pops, otherwise he'll get mad. Don't ask me why. It was Em who told me. Everyone calls him Pops.

All I know – from Edward and Emmett's stories – is that Pops is from Baytown but moved to Austin when Edward started hanging with the wrong crowd, and he's been waiting for Edward to come around. Last but not least, I know he – like Edward – has a thing for candy, cakes, and cookies... So, after my five minutes of listening to Edward mumbling about beer, babies, and sugar, I untangled myself from him, and after a quick shower, I got dressed in a pair of white cotton shorts and a yellow cotton tube top.

Then I made my way to Rose and Emmett's trailer to make cupcakes.

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"Are you and Edward gonna find out about the sex?" Rose asked, handing me the chocolate frosting.

In a moment of weakness, or *another* moment of weakness, I decided to make three kinds of cupcakes... just in case Pops disliked one kind. So, filling Rose and Em's little kitchen, we have chocolate muffins, blueberry muffins, and apple muffins. Then we have chocolate frosting with strawberry sprinkles for the chocolate muffins, lemon frosting for the blueberry muffins, and cinnamon-cream cheese frosting for the apple muffins. And Rose says I'm over-thinking it. I'm not sure cause I'm fucking terrified. All I want is for him to like the woman that is having a baby with his only grandson, so if that means I have to make three kinds of cupcakes... then bring it on.

Maybe I should make a pie, too. Maybe. Yes, after checking the watch above the door I saw that I have thirty-five minutes to spare before Pops arrives. And we won't eat the damn pie right away cause Edward and Emmett are fixing us hotdogs and burgers first. Shit... should I make a pie? Cherry pie perhaps?

"Hey! Earth to Bella!"

I whipped around, nearly knocking my head on an open cupboard.

"What?" I asked.

She just stood there and said nothing.

*I have shit to do!*

So, I ignored her and turned back to decorating the chocolate muffins with chocolate frosting.

*There's something missing,* I thought. Cause they need to look pretty.

"Hey, Rose?" I said, not looking up from the muffins. "Do you still have any of the raspberries we picked? I'd use mine but... Edward ate them."

"In the fridge, Sweet. Now... are you done bein' all freaky?"

"I'm not freaky," I frowned, "I just have a lot to do."

I found the raspberries – thank God – and after I was done decorating with frosting, I started adding a raspberry on top of each one. That oughta do it, right?

"Lemme ask you again, honey," she drawled, handing me the strawberry sprinkles, and I nodded in thanks cause I'd almost forgotten about the sprinkles. "Are you and Edward findin' out whether it's a boy or a girl?"

Oh. Well...

"Edward doesn't want to," I sighed, wiping my forehead. "But I want to cause it'll be cheaper if we know beforehand. That way we can buy a little at the time, ya know?"

Once all the raspberries were in place, I sprinkled some strawberry sprinkles on the cupcakes, and you know what, I have to say I'm happy with the result. They looked pretty darn good.

"I hear ya," she huffed quietly. "Em's the same. I mean, he'll be happy with whatever, but he wants it to be a surprise."

I nodded cause Edward was *exactly* the same.

And then I moved onto the blueberry muffins.

"Good thing we still have a couple of weeks before we can find out, cause we can always convince them," I laughed softly. "And believe you me, I'm gonna work Edward good. Just like he managed to convince me to move in with him."

"Oh!" Rose gasped. "He finally managed, eh? That's good, honey. I'm so happy for you!"

*I know*, I sighed dreamily.

I'm one lucky bitch, and as long as he doesn't get sick of me, I'll be one lucky bitch for the rest of my life.

There was a knock on the door then, and after Rose had opened it, a beaming Alice bounced in.

"Hey, ladies, guess what!"

"What?" I chuckled, giving her a smile before I returned my attention to the blueberry muffins.

"Well, I don't know what Edward or Emmett did but Jasper wanna start havin' babies!" she squealed.

"Wow, sweetie, that's wonderful," Rose said, hugging her. "But are you sure you had nothin' to do with it?"

I waved Alice over and hugged her tightly, murmuring, "Congrats, Alice," to her, careful not to get frosting on her cute dress. Then, of course, I turned back to the damn frosting business.

"No, it must've been Edward and Emmett, cause it was after their poker night yesterday that Jasper came home and told me to stop takin' my pill."

Huh.

I looked up from the cupcakes, noticing Rose watching Alice, too.

"But, Alice..." I trailed off.

Rose took over. "Didn't you stop takin' the pill weeks ago?"

Exactly.

Alice just smiled innocently and skipped out of the trailer again.

Alright then.

"Sneaky lady, that one," Rose mused, popping a raspberry in her mouth.

"Good thing Jasper came around."

"Yeah," I chuckled.

Twenty minutes later, the cupcakes were good and ready to go, and that's when we heard Em hollering for us cause Pops was here.

And then I heard Edward, yelling from the other side of the courtyard.

"Tiny! Where the hell are ya? You know I hate wakin' up without you! Oh... hey, Pops, how the fuck are ya!"

### ***Chapter 5 – Shitload of good things***

#### **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

With a deep breath, I stepped out of Rose's trailer.

I made sure my ponytail wasn't too messy.

"Do I have flour or frosting or anything on my face?" I asked her nervously.

Across the yard I could see Edward embracing an old man – the man I presumed was Pops. He was shorter than Edward, though that doesn't say much, cause my man was a solid 6'3", but Pops appeared to be several inches shorter. If I wasn't so damn nervous, I would've laughed when I saw that both Edward and Pops had baseball caps on backwards, but like I said, I was too fucking nervous.

"Nope. No cupcake ingredients on your face," Rose chuckled, linking arms with me as we walked. "And seriously, honey, you need to relax. Pops is the nicest man you'll ever meet. Now, I've only met him once but I swear he's the one and only man I'd leave Emmett for," she giggled.

"Rose!" I laughed incredulously, despite the nerves. "He's what... seventy-five years old?"

"Seventy-one, thank you very much," she replied haughtily before grinning widely. "But his mind is young."

I rolled my eyes, but felt slightly calmer by Rose's presence.

"I'm serious, Bella," she chuckled. "You'll see that he's very connected with his inner child. Much like Edward and Em, actually. You have nothin' to worry about."

She was about to say something else, but we were half across the yard by then and Edward saw us, not wasting time to use his damn voice. I swear he doesn't realize how loud he can be sometimes. I don't know how many times neighbors have asked him to keep it down, especially if he and Emmett are watching a game.

"There you are, baby doll!" he shouted, grinning widely. "Come meet Pops!"

*Christ, I love that man.*

He looked so damn happy.

Pops turned around then, and I'd say he reminded me of a slightly more built Willy Nelson or something, but without the ponytail, thank God. He did wear cowboy boots, though, and there was even a red hanky hanging from the pocket of his jeans.

*Okay, game time, Bella. Impress the shit out of him.*

"By the way," Rose whispered closely. "Pops has a dirty mind."

I blanched.

But there was no time to think about... well, *that*. Cause we reached them then.

"Well, well," the old man drawled, smiling at me. "Looks like you did good, boy. Real, real good."

Right.

"I know," Edward said, reaching out for me. "*This...is* my Bella. I'm the only one allowed to eye her like that, alright?" He pulled me in front of him, leaning his chin on the top of my head. "And Bella, this here is Pops."

"The pleasure's all mine, little lady," Pops said, holding his hand out for me, and I offered it, of course.

He winked and kissed the top of it, and fuck me if I didn't blush, cause I saw his eyes.

Edward's eyes.

Green, full of mischief.

"It's very nice to meet you," I said as confidently as I could. "I've heard a lot about you from Edward and Emmett."

And speaking of... Emmett ran over to us then.

"All bad I hope," Pops chuckled, releasing my hand before turning to Rose.

"Rose, darlin', it's good to see ya again." He made Rose blush, too.

"Where's that no good husband of yours?"

"I'm here!" Emmett bellowed, reaching us at that second. "And no good? The hell, Pops? Where's the love!"

"Love!" Pops snorted as he and Em did that man-hug thing. "What you need is a good smackdown, and I sure do hope your little missus is givin' you just that." Pointed look in Rose's direction.

"Absolutely," Rose said, nodding firmly before she smacked the back of Emmett's neck.

It was quite fun.

"Perfect!" Pops laughed, as did Edward behind me.

"OWWAA!" Yeah, that was Emmett.

The next thing that happened... well, I'm not quite sure what to make of it, but it was Pops with Emmett in a damn headlock. Yeah. Pops at 6 foot-ish tall and scrawny next to Emmett and Edward, and then Emmett, built as fuck and 6'3"... Uh-huh, no words.

"Damnit, old man, let me go!" Em boomed out, struggling against the old man.

"Never!" Pops chortled. "By the way, boy, what the hell happened to your tooth? It aint there! Did Rose knock it out?"

"I wish!" Rose laughed. "But no, it was Edward, and we're not fixin' it until the baby gets here. Goin' to the dentist's expensive."

I was speechless.

That Pops dude was a wild thing.

"When are ya gonna get it, Emmett?" Edward laughed. "You'll always lose when you go up against us Cullens!"

There was laughter all around, the sun was out, Edward's hands were absentmindedly caressing my stomach, and since dinner time was around the corner, there were people outside their trailers setting up their grills and stuff, and it left that heavenly smell of barbecues in the air... I gotta say, I was happy as hell, and my first impression of Pops was a good one. A real good one.

"You're quiet, baby," Edward whispered in my ear. "Everythin' okay?"

I nodded, leaning back against his chest. "Everything's perfect."

"Then gimme some sugar, will ya?" he asked, tugging on my ponytail.

*Like I'd ever say no.*

In Edward-fashion, he kissed me hard and wetly, never caring about company, and I loved it... but I didn't wanna come off as a floozy. Ya know? So, when he spun me around in his arms and palmed my ass, I sorta thought... enough is enough. For Pops' sake.

"Baby," I mumbled breathlessly against his mouth. "We're not alone."

"Since when do I care?" he mumbled back, pulling me even closer.

Oh, God... my resolve was slipping.

He was everywhere.

And so was I all of the sudden. My arms went around his neck, my legs ended up wrapped around his hips... and holy shit, we need to stop.

"I love you," he groaned quietly. "Hate wakin' up without ya."

"Love you, too," I breathed. "And sorry for leaving you... I won't do it again, but... oh... I made... mmm... cupcakes."

Then he did that thing. The thing that drives me insane. The thing where he sucks my bottom lip into his mouth as he licks it... all while kneading my ass, pulling me oh so close... Shit, I'm gone.

But then he stopped abruptly, leaving us both panting.

"You... you made cupcakes?" he asked breathlessly.

Of course *that* had his damn attention. Fucking cupcakes.

"Three kinds," I grinned, lowering myself to the ground, "but no tasting until after dinner."

That earned me the pout but I was able to stand firm.

For once.

"Alright!" Edward said loudly, eyes still locked with mine. "I'm fixin' to prepare dinner now cause my Tiny made cupcakes for dessert!"

"Cupcakes!" Emmett cheered from behind us. "I'll help with the grill!"

"Three kinds of goodies!" Edward continued.

"How about that," Pops drawled. "You sure hit the jackpot, Edward."

*Victory is mine!* I cheered internally.

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"...and then he glued the wings onto his t-shirt, thinkin' he could fly off the damn roof!" Pops laughed. "Good thing I stopped him before he took the leap!"

Actually, we all laughed. Well, except for Edward who was groaning and rubbing his face.

The barbecue had been a success, and Pops had proclaimed his love for me even before I served the cupcakes, and then after dinner, Em and Edward made up a fire in one of the pits that we all gathered around. So, in chairs and loungers, covered in blankets, we enjoyed my cupcakes and Pops' stories about Edward and Emmett's childhoods. Well, the men smoked and drank loads of beer, too.

As for the stories... yeah, they were my favorite, and I had no idea my cousin was that wild growing up.

"So, beautiful Bella," Pops said, grinning widely, and showing off all his laugh lines, wrinkles and white teeth. "What do you think of the boy you're havin' a baby with now?"

"You shut your pie hole, Pops," Edward chuckled behind me.

I hummed, thinking about my answer, and snuggled closer into his embrace.

"After all your stories, I'd say I'm a bit afraid," I joked. "I have a feeling we're gonna have one wild kiddo."

"That's a given, baby doll," Edward sighed dramatically. "You should just be glad twins don't run in my family."

Emmett and I immediately locked eyes. Eyes that widened, by the way.

"We do," Em and I said at the same time, a little nervously, I think.

"Oh, boy!" Pops laughed.

As did Edward.

Didn't he understand what this meant?

"Who?" Rose asked quietly, nibbling on her fourth cupcake.

She had three burgers earlier.

But maybe I should mention that I had two burgers and one hotdog. And I might be nibbling on my... uh... fifth cupcake. However, I only lick the frosting off cause that's the yummiest part, and then Edward takes them from me.

Hey, I'm pregnant. I'm allowed to eat, and as long as Edward eats more than I do, I'm good.

"Our dads," Emmett replied. "And before them, we had plenty of others."

I nodded when Rose looked at me for confirmation.

She gulped.

Yeah.

"Hey, if we can handle one, I'm sure we can handle two, darlin'," Edward said simply before tipping his can of beer back.

And when it was empty, he smashed it against his forehead.

I think he's a bit tipsy.

"Don't you think havin' two little runts runnin' around would be amazing, Bella?" Edward asked, making Em, Rose, and Pops laugh.

Heh. Define 'amazing.'

"You're drunk," I chuckled. "Let's start with one, shall we?"

"Hear, hear," Pops seconded. "If you have twins, then congrats, but boy, if you don't have them twins, you might wanna marry your gal before you start expandin' the family. One bastard child is enough, ya hear?"

Ah, that. Yeah, during dinner, Pops had not so subtly dropped hints to Edward about marrying me before the baby gets here.

That's a no for me, cause I don't wanna be all fat when I get hitched, ya know.

"Pops, please," Edward scoffed. "I know my woman, and I know that she won't marry my sorry ass anytime soon. I mean, it took me weeks to convince her to move in with me."

"The only reason I wouldn't marry you is cause I'd be so fat in the pictures," I huffed.

"Wait, what?" he asked, tilting my face up. "You sayin' you wouldn't shoot me down if I proposed? As long as we get married after the kid arrives, that is."

"Now we're gettin' somewhere!" Pops exclaimed.

Sitting up straighter in between his legs, I turned my upper body in his direction to face him better, and boy was I right: Edward's drunk. Eyes glassy and happy, grin crooked and face splitingly wide. Cutie pie.

"Baby, I love you with all my heart," I said, cradling his face. "We're also having a baby together... most likely a wild one. Don't you think that means I see my future with you then, too?"

Now, I knew my man very well, and if he was affectionate and sweet when sober, that was *nothing* compared to when he was drunk.

"Wow, so... you uh... you like... really love my sorry good for nothin' cussin' ass?" he stuttered, grinning goofily but his voice was full of boyish sweetness. "You won't be leavin' me when our kid's first word is fuck?"

Oh, God, I wanted to laugh.

Truly, I did, and so did the rest... which they did. Laugh, that is. But I stifled mine.

"Yes, baby, even if our kid's first word is fuck, I'm staying," I said, nodding solemnly.

"Sweet relief," he exhaled, pulling me closer. "Cause I've been most worried about that one, ya know."

"Well, no need to worry," I comforted, patting his chest.

"Good!" he said before planting a sloppy one right on my lips. "So uh... will ya marry me?"

Good God!

This time I did laugh. Couldn't help it. And I laughed hard.

"For the love of God, Cullen!" Emmett guffawed.

"So classy, Edward," Rose giggled.

"I'm sorry, Bella," Pops sighed. "How you put up with him, I don't know."

"Shit," Edward muttered. "I messed up, didn't I?"

Was it weird that stuff like this only made me love him that much more?

I hope not, cause... damn, he's adorable.

"Well," Emmett drawled. "Usually there's a ring. A romantic settin', and uh... maybe you shouldn't propose with your family around."

Edward hmph'd, pulling me back to his chest, and he was evidently deep in thought all of the sudden, cause I don't think he was aware of that he started mumbling under his breath. Unfortunately it was too slurred to make out the words, but we all heard it.

A few moments later, he appeared to be done with his inner monologue, though, so Pops ended another story about Edward's childhood... cause Edward was holding up his hand, waiting to get attention. Yeah.

"Yeah, boy?" Pops chuckled.

"Alright, so I've been doin' some thinkin'," Edward said.

"Did it hurt?" Rose asked, earning her a wink from Pops and a scowl from Edward.

"No," he said defensively. "Now shush! Alright... so I've been thinkin', and here's the deal. Bella, baby doll, I'm sorry for messin' that up earlier, and I promise you that next time I'ma do you good and proper."

That was the 'thinking'?

Huh. Maybe I oughta take my thinker to bed.

"That'll be one hell of a proposal then," Emmett slurred after finishing up yet another beer. "Cause last time Cullen did anythin' good and proper with my little cus, he knocked her up."

"Yeah, he did," I said, grinning proudly.

"Yeah, I did," Edward said, also grinning proudly.

Then we called it a night, and I took Edward to bed... where he went out like a light.

I love my life.

No sarcasm.

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

In the end, Tiny convinced me to find out about the sex of the baby.

How?

Well, cause I saw this crib online that you put together, and I wanna buy it, but I don't know if I should get it in blue or pink, and I didn't like the white one so much. So, there. We're gonna find out.

In a few seconds, actually, cause the baby-doc is currently adding that cold as shit goo on my girl's belly.

Pops is waiting outside in his truck cause he wanted to take us out for a burger once we're done in here, and that includes Emmett and Rose, cause when they went to find out about their baby last week, there was something odd about the sonogram. Yeah, we're all thinking it. You know, twins. And Rose is scared shitless, cause juggling one is hard enough, but juggling two...

Her words, not mine. I wouldn't mind if Tiny and I ended up with twins, but we know it's only one in there. The doc confirmed that.

In a way I was mighty relieved to hear that. After all.

"Y'all ready to find out?" the doc asked, moving that Dopplar or Doppel or Double-shit... or whatever it's called, over Tiny's belly. It's bigger nowadays, her belly, and it's sorta a magnet for me. I'm just... drawn to it. And her tits. Gotta love the tits.

Amen.

"Yep, lemme know," I said, rubbing my hands together.

Shit, I was actually sorta nervous.

"Alright, then. Mr. Cullen, Ms. Swan, congratulations, you're havin' a boy."

A boy?

We're having a boy?

Holy shit!

"Tiny, we're havin' a boy," I breathed, and then all kinds of weird shit happened cause my visions was all blurry. Hot damn, I can't even remember the last time I shed a tear but fuck me if this ain't the day.

A boy.

*A boy!*

"Are you happy, baby?" I heard Tiny croak then.

It felt like we were both wearing the same expression – eyes watery and grins so wide, and I looked at her, and then at her stomach... then back to her face... her stomach... her face...

Am I happy?

"I don't think happy quite covers it, baby doll," I murmured, leaning over to Eskimo her. "I love you so much, sweetheart, and... Jesus, I'm fuckin' ecstatic."

"Same here," she whispered thickly.

And I knew we were talking about everything. Mostly the baby, of course... but also everything else in our life, and there was a shitload to be thankful for. Like I said, first of all the baby, second of all, Pops moved back to Baytown and is currently moving his shit into my empty trailer, which takes us to the third thing; the loan application was approved, and our new home arrives in a few weeks. Yeah, lots to be happy about.

I can deal with living in Tiny's tiny trailer for a few weeks.

At least I'm *trying* to deal with it.

That oughta count for something, right?

Last but not least, I bought a ring. Now, I know she don't wanna be marrying me until the baby's here, cause she don't wanna be fat – her words, *definitely* not mine – but I'm fine with that. Cause I don't mind having a bastard child.

Correction: a bastard *son*.

Holy fucking shit, we're having a son!

Man oh man, I gotta tell Emmett! And Pops! And... everyone!

~~~

"Darlin' go sit in the truck," I murmured, rubbing her spine. "I can see that you're uncomfortable."

Hated that Tiny was in pain, but she didn't have to pace around in front of the doctor's office just cause I was doing it. She could wait in the truck with Pops.

About that, he was fucking ecstatic, too, when we told him about our little son, and he's now the proud owner of two sonogram pictures. One for his trailer and one for his wallet. Yes, he sure is a proud Pops. Wait... great grand Pops?

Huh.

I'ma ask him about that later.

"Fine, but don't tell them until I'm with you," she said.

"No, ma'am," I promised, taking a drag from my smoke. "We'll tell 'em together."

Ten minutes later, a pale Rose and a slack jawed Emmett walked outta the clinic.

My grin faltered, only a little, but... well, I was mighty confused.

Why weren't they grinning like fools?

"Somethin' wrong?" I asked.

"Uh..." Rose uttered.

"Well..." Em sighed, rubbing the back of his neck.

Then when he saw the smoke I put out, he lit one up and started taking deep drags... as if he needed to calm down or something.

"Not wrong... per se," Rose muttered.

Then in an exhale, Em spilled the beans.

"We're havin' triplets."

Holy... something.

Now *there's* good and proper, folks!

## ***Chapter 6 – Veto and fuck yes!***

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"Triplets?" Tiny asked quietly.

We were sitting in the restaurant, waiting for our burgers, and Rose and Em hadn't said a word on the way over. This was pretty much the first word said. What Tiny asked, that is.

Talk about crazy.

I slurped some milkshake.

Emmett was rubbing the back of his neck.

Pops was grinning like an old fool.

Tiny was just waiting on an answer while fidgeting with the straw on her strawberry shake.

Rose was chewing her lip like she was starving.

So, I sorta chuckled, cause maybe she *was* starving. Hell, she was eating for four!

*Jaysus.*

Four. Four people. Three little runts. At the same time.

I slurped some milkshake. Mine's chocolate.

Then, Emmett blew out a breath and... "Yeah. Triplets. We're havin' triplets."

Yeah. We know. Go on.

"And?" I pressed. And slurped some milkshake.

Ah, shit!

"Fuck," I grumbled, rubbing my forehead. "Seriously, fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Only Tiny cared about my predicament, though, so she rubbed my arm in comfort and gave me a concerned smile. Cause she's glorious like that.

"Brainfreeze?" she murmured softly.

"Yeah," I muttered.

That shit hurts like a motherfucker.

Didn't exactly help when Pops just rolled his eyes at me. Or that Emmett and Rose chuckled at me. Nice friends I have, right? Fuckers. But seriously, a prison brawl aint nothing compared to a fucking brainfreeze.

"I'm glad I amuse you so," I snapped, shooting them one *helluva* glare. Still rubbing my forehead by the way. "Don't worry, though," I said, grinning smugly. "I can wipe that amusement away so quick, you know."

Emmett and Rose shut their trappers immediately, cause they knew what I was gonna say. Yeah, you're having triplets. Hah!

"Alright, enough of this bickerin'," Pops snickered before facing Em and Rose. "So... Triplets. Y'all okay?"

We faced Em and Rose again.

I slurped some milkshake. *Slowly*.

"Yeah," Em sighed, draping an arm around Rose. "We're fuckin' shocked, but... it'll be good. We'll work it out."

Rose smiled up at him. Sorta beautifully. I mean, not in Tiny's league, but still. I think she was mighty relieved to hear Em talk about things being all right.

"Yeah," she murmured. "We'll be okay."

"Well, don't worry about doing this on your own," Tiny said, grabbing Rose's hand over the table. "We'll all be there for you."

Amazing motherfucking woman.

"Right, Edward?" Tiny asked me, cocking a brow.

"Hmm?" I uttered as I slurped some shake.

"We'll all be there for Rose and cousin Em, right?"

Oh. Uh, yeah. Sure.

"Of course," I said, shrugging. "Send in the little fuckers to me and Tiny when you wanna make more of them."

"Funny," Em deadpanned.

I grinned and shrugged in 'I know.'

And that was that.

The burgers fucking finally arrived, and Tiny and I devoured ours, and uh... Rose ordered an extra one, cause one wasn't enough. Then we just chit-chatted, ya know. We talked about the little ones, and that Tiny and I were having a boy. And that led to asking Rose and Em about their babies, but they still didn't know. Something about the little ones being in a weird position, making it impossible for the doc to see. But I dunno... maybe they were having boys and their dicks were too small. Who knows? I mean, really? They can't all be blessed like I am.

~~O ~~O ~~O

The next couple of months went by, and things were fucking awesome, I do declare.

Our proper home was finally in place and we were suddenly living right next to Em and Rose on the other side of the park. It was a little bit more secluded and we had some privacy but still, we were close enough to see the courtyard. It was all cool cause it was like the two bosses – me and Em, of course – had our own little home-space. It was only us and our women allowed in that space, ya know. We even had little front yards

after we constructed fences. Of course we painted them white to make it look like them white picket ones. In other words, we fucking had it made.

Rose and Em's trailer was slightly larger due to Em's super sperm, and even that wasn't enough. They were already planning on building an extra room. Someway, somehow. But they needed it. Two rooms weren't enough for them, that's for sure, cause that's what Bella and I had in ours. And we were only having one kid. For now. Yeah. So, anyway, during the weekdays, Em and I continued making the changes at the Park, and we had a shitload planned to make more money. And then on the weekends we chilled and made plans for our homes. It was all good.

I seriously fucking love mine and Tiny's trailer. It's all spacious and shit. I mean, fuck, we can even fit a king-sized bed into our bedroom. Sure, that's pretty much it, but when Tiny showed me a bed in one of them furniture catalogues, I just fucking had to have it. So, now we have a king-sized bed in our bedroom. Besides the bed, only a small nightstand on Tiny's side fit, but what-the-fuck-ever, cause the way we can fuck in our new bed is fucking golden. Pun intended.

And lordy are we fucking. Jesus, Bella's all over the place with them hormones.

Gotta love it.

Yeah, so that's the bedroom. And then we have a smaller room next to our bedroom where our son's gonna be living. Our son. Yeah. Fucking amazing. It's almost done, too. We fixed that shit a couple of weeks ago, and now the walls are light blue, there's a blue crib, and Pops gave us a rocker that he built himself. Cause that's what he does. Maybe that's where I got my skills from. You know, building and shit.

But I digress.

There's also a changing table, a dresser, and then some fluffy shit that Bella bought. Blankets, pillows, and a carpet. Stuff like that.

Then we have our kitchen. A fucking kitchen. Heaven. It ain't big or anything, but it's still a separate space, you know, and it's big enough for a kitchen table and four chairs.

Last but not least... we have a real fucking bathroom. Running water. A flushing toilet. Sure, the plumbing took a while to get fixed and it sure was pricey as hell but... so fucking worth it. And that's worth mentioning twice, people. Just saying.

So. Fucking. Worth. It.

There's really only one pain in my ass nowadays, and that's finding names.

Yeah.

Names for the little ones.

Apparently Tiny and Rose had watched some TV show... uh... think it was called Friends or some lame shit, and on that show they had discussed baby names in a way where you pretty much suggest something and then the other one says yes or no. But instead of sayin no, you say veto. Yeah. So, we've all been playing that game, and man oh man, is Emmett a fucking pain. It's been some time now since they found out they're having two boys and a girl, and he's eager to name 'em all after himself. I swear I've heard of them all. Emmett Junior, of course. Then there's Emmy, Emmo, E-dog, Emmettina, even fucking Elmo. Safe to say, Rose's full of vetoes.

Emmett nearly fainted when Rose didn't rule Emma out for their girl. So, that might happen.

As for Tiny and myself... well, I think we're done. Yeah. I know we are. It was my suggestion cause... I fucking love the dude we're naming our son after. In a platonic he's-my-fucking-hero-kind-a-way. And of course, I fell in love with Tiny all over again when she wanted him to have my family name, too.

I gave her some good loving after that.

But fuck, Emmett and Rose. I swear to God, if I hear veto one more time, I'm gonna fucking kill them.

~~O~~O

"I don't know what you're waitin' for, boy," Pops said, popping the cap of his beer. "You've been holdin' onto that ring now for months."

"I know," I muttered with a smoke dangling between my lips as I dealt the cards. "I'm waitin' for the perfect moment."

Emmett and Jazz just laughed at me. Fuckers.

It was another weekly poker night, or as Tiny called it; an extra pay-day.

Yeah, cause I'm that awesome. I clean 'em out.

What, we have a stack of bills. Why not use my poker skills?

Besides, I wanna buy something pretty for Tiny. Christmas, you know.

"Well, Christmas' comin' up," Jazz said with a shrug. "You could pop the question then."

I nodded, taking a sip of my beer, cause I had thought about Christmas, but... I dunno. It doesn't sound... very creative. Ya know? Or maybe I'm over thinking it. Maybe I should just fucking ask her. I just wanna see that ring on her finger... like... yesterday. And fuck, I'm on a deadline here.

Bella and Rose don't have many months to go, and... well, I overheard Rose and Tiny talk about feet and hands... you know, swelling up cause of water reserving.

I shuddered.

Scary shit is all I'm saying.

But... what if the ring don't fit? Maybe I oughta inspect Tiny's fingers.

"And you, Em?" Pops said. "Have you come up with names yet?"

I glared at Em. "No, they haven't."

Jazz chuckled and called my raise.

*That's it, man. More money for Tiny's Christmas gift.*

"Tiny and I still wake up in the middle of the night cause we hear Rose shout out Veto," I grumbled.

"Well, if I think of a name, I wanna tell Rosie 'bout it right away," he snapped. "Even if it's in the middle of the night."

"And Rose is lucky to have you," I replied dryly. If there was one thing I knew about them pregnant women, it was to never wake them up if they were asleep.

"Whatever," he muttered, folding his hand. "I'm out."

*Sweet. Two to go.*

"All right. Jasper, boy," Pops chuckled. "How's the baby-makin' comin' along?"

"Don't mention it," Jazz groaned. "I'm all for it, and I gotta say I can't wait to be a parent now, but... damn, she's a freakin' hurricane, that woman."

"Whaddya mean?" I asked, scratching my brow as I studied my cards.

*This hand is so fucking mine.*

Apparently Pops and Jazz thought so, too, as Pops raised and Jazz called, to which I raised again.

Yeah, take that fuckers. The flop gave me three fucking kings.

*Daddy's coming home with a pretty penny, Tiny.*

"You haven't answered, Jasper," Pops reminded him.

"Jesus," Jazz sighed before chugging his beer. Until it was gone. Then he belched. "I don't know, guys... She's just... all over the place when she's ovulatin', ya know? All the tests she's takin', and... temperatures and..." He waved his hand. "Apparently you can measure when the egg is-"

I grimaced and cut him off. "Don't wanna hear 'bout that woman-shit, man."

"Hear, hear," Em seconded, also grimacing.

Jazz harrumphed and folded his cards.

*One to go.*

I raised.

With my hand, it didn't take long until Pops gave out, and I pocketed my winnings with a wide ass grin.

"One more game, fellas?" Em asked.

Then we heard it. Right outside Pops' trailer. Or my old one, take your pick. *It* being Jasper's hurricane of a wife.

"JASPER CLETUS WHITLOOOOCK! IT'S TIME!"

Jasper flinched, making the rest of us laugh our asses off, but seriously, the man looked terrified.

"I swear I'm chafin' the little Major," he whimpered.

Yeah. More laughter.

"MAJOR?" Emmett guffawed.

"Fuckin' priceless," I snickered.

"Like your women haven't named your dicks," Jazz snapped.

I shrugged, cause yeah, Bella's named mine, but... "Did Alice name yours or did you, Jazz?" I asked, standing up to leave. The night was over. We all knew it cause Alice wouldn't exactly leave him alone now. Besides, I was eager to get back to my girl... and she always gave me extra sugar after a poker night.

*Yeah, daddy's gonna get some.*

"Alice did!" he said defensively.

"Sure, boy. Sure she did," Pops chuckled.

Alice chose that time to almost pound down the door, so we sorta ended things there, and I headed for the door, opened it, and there she was.

"Howdy, Alice." I grinned. "He's comin'...no pun intended."

"Oh, he'll come," she assured, and I cringed.

*Too much information.*

With a nod, I passed her and made my way across the courtyard toward our trailer.

And my fingers held it in my pocket. It. The ring.

Would there ever be a perfect moment?

Maybe it would *be* perfect... *because* I popped the question.

Huh.

I sighed cause... this was just too confusing. So, I decided to just fucking ask her already, and with that decided, I opened the door to our trailer and headed for the kitchen. Cause I knew Bella and Rose were there. I was right. They were, and they were painting their fucking nails or some shit.

"Fuckin' reeks," I muttered, walking over the Tiny. "Hey, baby doll."

"Hi, handsome," she said, standing up to gimme some sugar. "How was your night?"

"Shush," I said before dipping down to kiss her. Talking comes later, damnit. Much later, I thought... and then I pushed my tongue inside her mouth, eager to taste my girl some.

"Alright, I can take a hint," I heard Rose sigh. "I guess Em's on his way, Cullen?"

"Mmhmm," I hummed into Tiny's mouth.

Didn't take long until I heard the door close.

Sweet.

"Need... to... breathe..." she panted, breaking the kiss.

Right. I hear that's vital.

So, I breathed. But my hands were all over her, and then my mouth followed. I kneaded her delectable ass, kissed her neck, sucked on it... fuck, then I cupped her luscious tits, rolling her nipples between my fingers. Fucking fire, I could never go slow with this woman. My cock agreed with a twitch.

"Christ," she moaned, tipping her head back. "I guess poker night went well?"

"Fuck yes," I practically growled against her neck. "I need you, baby." I wished I could just fucking take her right here. But a belly was in the way. Good thing I loved that belly with every fiber in me. Otherwise I'd be mighty pissed. "Bedroom, Tiny. Now. Daddy needs some lovin'."

She snorted and giggled as usual but hey, she was the one naming my dick Big Daddy. Sure, she was high on cupcakes and frosting at the time, and you don't wanna cross Bella on a sugar-rush. Whatever. She still named the fucker, and that's that.

With a last nip at her neck and a slap to her ass, my 5'3" Tiny sauntered to the bedroom, and I sure followed.

"Let's get you outta these cockteasing clothes, shall we?" I murmured huskily as I stood behind her. My mouth went to her neck automatically, and my fingers slid her top off before I shimmied her tiny shorts down. Fuck. She was a vision. A fucking dream come true.

"Lemme look at you, baby doll," I whispered, watching her hungrily as she turned around for me, and once she had, I was rendered speechless.

She stood there. In front of me, at the foot of the bed, completely naked. Gorgeous and all woman. My woman.

Fuck, I wanted to worship her.

So, I sunk to my knees. My hands went to her hips, my mouth went to her belly, kissing, mumbling soft shit kinda incoherently. Our son. Christ, he was in there.

"I love you," I mumbled, looking up at her as she threaded her fingers through my hair. "You're... fuckin' everythin' for me, Bella."

She smiled beautifully, making shit stir in my chest. The way she looked at me... it was almost as if... she felt the exact same for me. Fuck, was that even possible?

"Ditto," she whispered thickly. "Everything, baby."

And I realized that this was it. This was the fucking moment!

As I swallowed hard, I stood up. Fuckshitfuckshitfuck, where did the fucking nerves come from? Christ, deep breaths.

I cradled her face with one hand, dipped down and kissed her softly and sensually. My tongue traced her bottom lip. Before I sucked it into my mouth, nibbling a little on it. And my other hand... yeah, I grasped the ring in my pocket. Never breaking the kiss. Instead I deepened it and once I had her ring on my pinky-finger, I lowered her down onto the bed.

Wait...

Do I do this before or after? And what's *this*? Fucking or proposing?

Hell.

I wanna shit my pants.

Pants!

I oughta remove my clothes. Right?

Holy hell, she'll say yes, right? Yes? Oh, God.

Fuck!

"Hey, what's going on inside that head of yours?" Tiny murmured softly, cradling my face. "You're miles away and uh... you're losing the Big in Big Daddy."

I think I whimpered. Yep, pretty sure I did.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck. Dear God, I know I ain't your average fucking regular, and fuck, I have no fucking idea when I last entered a fucking church, but fuck... if you could just help a fucker out, I'd be mighty fucking relieved. Amen. Oh uh... it's Edward fucking Cullen. Fuck...*

"Edward?"

*Holy fuck!*

*God?*

Oh, right. Bella. 'Course.

"Yeah?" I muttered, figuring it was best to bury my face in the crook of her neck. Don't want her seeing me just yet.

"Something bothering you?" she asked softly as she kissed my shoulder.

"Maybe I can help. You know, I'm here for you."

Jesus, she's just... everything.

But suddenly I knew. I knew how to do this.

So, with a soft kiss below her ear, I sat up in a kneeling position between her legs. Then I pushed my clothes off. Jeans, gone. Shirt, gone. Boxers,

gone. I was sure of this now. And when I was as naked as my Bella, I hovered over her, caressing her protruding stomach as I kissed her jaw, and then I went with honesty, hoping she would play along.

"Actually-" Yeah, better clear my fucking throat first. Ahem. "There is somethin' you can help me with," I whispered in her ear. But as Daddy started growing into Big Daddy again, I moved off her, cause the last thing I needed now was a distraction. Instead I lied down next to her with my leg hitched over hers.

"And what's that?" she asked, smiling curiously.

I kissed her. Couldn't help it.

"Well," I sighed, nuzzling my nose with hers. "Here's the thing. I have this fuckin' spectacular girlfriend."

She smiled against my lips. I sorta did the same.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah," I murmured, still caressing her belly. "And I wanna propose to her."

She gasped, and a hand flew to her mouth, nearly slapping me away in the process.

"Shit, sorry!" she breathed as her eyes welled up.

"No worries," I chuckled quietly, taking advantage of the fact that it was her left hand that was now covering her mouth. "So, the question is..." I gently grabbed her hand, kissed her knuckles. "...how do I do that in a way that will definitely gimme a yes?"

I swallowed hard and cleared my throat again as I held the ring between my fingers, still in between our bodies. Safe to say, I was nervous. Or

scared shitless. Take your pick. But shit, her eyes... them eyes could take down an army, I swear by it. I'd probably lose my masculinity if I said her eyes sparkled.

But they did. They fucking did.

"Um..." She cleared her throat. "I think... I think you should just ask her. I'm pretty sure she'll say yes." Her voice cracked a little. "How could she not, right?"

I smiled against her hand. Shit felt good. So fucking good.

Looking down at her face, I saw my yes. I saw everything. She felt the same, I was sure of it. How I ever deserved that, I didn't know. But... it was there.

"So... just ask her, right?" I murmured as I again shifted to hover above her. "And she'll say yes?"

My heart pounded as I threaded our fingers together above her head.

"Yes," she breathed.

Out of her eyesight, my other hand reached her left hand, waiting.

"Tiny," I whispered against her lips. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she whimpered. "Fuck yes, Edward."

Woman said yes. She said yes to marry my sorry ass.

Yeah, I grinned. So fucking widely, and then I slid the ring onto her finger, making her gasp again.

"Edward," she breathed shakily, withdrawing her hand to inspect it, and suddenly I was nervous again. I mean, I ain't made outta money, you

know. I couldn't exactly give her some Titanic-sinking rock. Just a smaller one. The lady called it a solitaire, and I instantly thought of solitary. That shit didn't sound no good to me, cause I remember spending forty-eight hours in solitary after a fight once and that fucking sucked. But the saleslady assured me that the ring was beautiful. And I agreed. Looking at it now, sitting there on Bella's finger, it looked fucking perfect.

*Still don't understand why they call it white gold when it's obviously silvery gold, though.*

One might think the saleslady would answer my question but she couldn't.

"It's beautiful," Tiny said then, and I dipped down to kiss away a tear that had escaped. "So beautiful."

"Don't cry, pretty girl," I murmured.

"Happy tears, baby," she whimpered, throwing her arms around my neck. "I love you so much, Edward."

I shivered.

"Back atcha, sweetheart," I whispered before I kissed her. "S'you and me now."

Goodness, we're getting hitched!

That thought ignited me and I deepened the kiss with a low moan before I rolled us over so that she was on top of me. That worked better with her stomach in the way. It also gave me that spectacular view of my... fuck, my fiancée.

"I need you, darlin'," I groaned into the kiss, and I felt her. Warm, wet, and ready. And yeah, Big Daddy was saluting her as she slid over me.

Fuck. "Bella," I moaned. She did it again, and it was driving me insane.  
"Jesus, I need to be inside you, baby."

"Yes, sir," she purred, giving me a real luscious one on the lips before she sat up and... oh, God... sunk down on my cock.

"Fuck, Edward," she moaned. "Feels so good inside of me."

Fucking tell me about it.

I groaned, feeling her slick pussy clamp down on me. Fuck. I grabbed her ass, guiding her up and down, meeting her thrusts... and more... fuck, deeper as she placed her hands on my thighs. I sat up slightly, reached her breasts. Sucked on them, kissed and nibbled. Then harder, I pushed her down on me. I tensed. And again, making her cry out my name. Fuck. Divine.

"That's it, baby," I grunted, pushing her down again. "Christ, you're so fuckin' wet."

She really fucking was, and as I started rubbing her clit, it didn't take long before she constricted further around me. Shit. She worked me harder and deeper. She really fucking... well, fucked me.

"I'm close, baby," she moaned, tipping her head back. "So close... Oh, fuck, Edward... please come in me."

"Fuck," I rasped.

Sweat beaded on my forehead.

My body tensed.

Fuck, yes.

"Come for me, Tiny," I gritted out against her nipple. Then I sucked on it hard, knowing it would send her off the edge.

She choked on a moan, her face scrunched together, and then she let out a silent scream, growing impossibly tighter around me. Pulsing and fluttering around me, fucking squeezing me, I could only follow, and I came hard. In several streams, I spilled into her. Feeling her milk me forever. I was left breathless and close to rigid before I collapsed back down on the bed.

"Oh, God!" she panted, obviously on the same page as me. "Christ... Edward..."

I hummed, unable to form a fucking word, and motioned for her to get closer for some proper cuddling. Cause I fucking needed it. Hot damn, cuddling with my fiancée. Fiancée. Jesus. There's really only one word topping that.

Wife.

Mrs. Cullen.

Yeah, that's the stuff.

"I love you." She hummed after snuggling into my side. "Future husband," she added in a sleepy giggle.

"Fuck, yeah," I chuckled tiredly. "And you're future Mrs. Cullen, baby."

"Hmm, I like the sound of that," she whispered, kissing my chest softly. "Actually... I love the sound of that."

Me, too. Me fucking, too.

## ***Chapter 7 – This is it***

## **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

"Fuckin' shit, this fuckin' hurts!" Rose growled, rubbing her spine.

"I know, sweetie," I said softly, eager to lead her to the kitchen. The customers had already witnessed too many of Rose's outbursts today.

"Why don't you go home, Rose? You need to rest, and you know that the triplets can come any day now."

"*Fine*," she all but hissed. "It's not like we need the money," she continued sarcastically.

But I stood firm. "I'll double. I can cover both our shifts, and you can still get paid. For Christ's sake, you own the diner, Rose. Be boss-woman."

Then she started crying...so I called Em and he came to bring her home. Thank God.

At eight months pregnant, it was a miracle she was still alive. Actually, the miracle was Em and Edward being alive, cause those two idiots were stupid. Always teasing her. Luckily, Rose and I both knew how to use our fists. Yeah, I don't know how many bruises I've given Edward the past couple of months. Same goes for Em, and I'm fucking proud of Rose, cause she actually broke his middle finger a month back. It was a good day.

It all started after the holidays, and you know the saying 'if it's too good to be true, it probably is.' Yeah, cause we had a wonderful Christmas together, and we all did that Secret Santa-thing in order to save money, but it was all so incredibly perfect. We were all gathered at Rose and Em's, including Ben and Angela with their son. And Edward was so sweet on Christmas morning when he gave me not one, but two gifts. Two because he was afraid I wouldn't see the first one as a gift. Boy was he wrong. My man had actually tattooed my name over his heart. If that's

not a gift, then I don't know what is. And then he also gave me a silver bracelet with four charms. Four charms – four letters. C for Cullen, E for Edward, T for Tiny, and... the last one for our son and his name. I'm not afraid to admit that I sobbed like a baby. God, he was just... amazing, and then when I gave him an acoustic guitar with his last name embossed on it – cause he had 'accidentally' destroyed his last one...by sitting on it...while he was drunk – he said that it had been the best gift he'd ever received on Christmas. No, he didn't realize that I was the receiver. Feeling slightly bad for his amazing gifts to me, I gave him the mother of blowjobs before making him a batch of cupcakes. The dude was giddy.

Wow, I'm digressing.

We had a wonderful time over at Rose and Em's place, and we ate and did the Secret Santa-thing, and... well, someone – we still don't know who it is – had Emmett, and gave him a book on the best pranks. Yeah, so when the holidays were over, he chose his own fucking wife to prank. Not Edward, Jasper or Ben. No, the idiot picked Rose for all the shit.

Clearly he's suicidal.

And obviously Edward thought it all was hilarious.

So, whenever they tease or prank Rose, we punch them.

Apparently they think it's all worth it, but I swear to God, if they prank me? I'll fucking cut them.

You don't mess with pregnant women.

Nuff said.

~~O ~~O ~~O

"Fuck, that's awesome, man. Numbers goin' up for sure," I heard Edward say as I came home later that day. "This mean... hmm, we could probably afford a real pool before the summer then, and it's probably cheaper to hire all that shit before the season starts."

"That's what I'm thinkin'." That was Emmett. "I was thinkin' we could build it next to the barbecue area. In the middle of the courtyard. That oughta attract more people... not to mention weekenders."

"Sounds perfect, Em. Christ, this is really good news."

"I know. Our work is payin' off," Em chuckled.

I followed their voices to the kitchen where they both sat, and our kitchen table was full of papers. That occurred often nowadays, and that's cause they're rebuilding the main house where Em's office is. Apparently they wanna add rooms to it for truckers to be able to spend the night. It had been Edward's idea – all to bring in as much money as possible.

"Hey, guys," I said, getting their attention.

"There's my girl," Edward said, flashing me his crooked grin. "I missed you, darlin'. You usually don't work this late."

I sighed. "I know but Rose's back was killing her, so I covered her shift while she went home." Turning to Em, I asked, "Shouldn't you be next door, taking care of her?" I cocked the bitch-brow for good measure. "Did you just drop her off before coming in here?"

"She kicked me out," he grumbled.

I sighed again, shaking my head at him, and grabbed a Coke before heading to the table where Edward waited for his damn sugar. I love giving it to him, make no mistake, but I wish he could just tell his best

friend to back the fuck off. Rose was in pain, damnit, and they weren't making things easier.

"That's all I get?" Edward muttered after I had pecked him. "Where's the love, Tiny? I mean...we're gettin' married and all. Shouldn't you be all over me?"

"And I'm not?" Again, I cocked the bitch-brow.

"Not just now you weren't," he mumbled like a boy.

"Gee, I wonder why," I snapped, sitting down in a chair. Usually I sit in Edward's lap, cause that's where he wants me, but I was so over this. If blackmailing would make them treat Rose better, then fine.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, watching me in concern. "Anythin' I can do?"

"Yes. You can both march in to Rose and give her a fucking apology!" I growled. "These past weeks, you two have been nothing but complete jerks!"

They both sat there, pretty much frozen, and thankfully they both looked severely chastised.

But I was on a roll. Far from done.

It wasn't like they pranked her everyday, but surely a couple of times a week, and even though it was all in good fun, it sure wasn't all that fucking fun when Rose was carrying triplets and had a back that was killing her whenever she moved. In all honesty, it could be fun, but not for a pregnant woman. You just don't do that.

"Seriously, guys, do you really think sneaking up on a pregnant woman is fun? And not only that! No, you didn't just sneak up on her. You fucking scared her half to death when you yelled out 'Bloody murder' in her face!"

I was obviously referring to last week when they had snuck up on Rose as the two of us left the diner. They thought it was fun. Rose thought she was going to have a heart attack.

"But it made her scream bloody murder," Emmett blurted out.

I gave him a glare. A real fucking one.

"Sorry," he mumbled, looking down.

"Say that to Rose!" I seethed. "And you!" I fixed my glare on Edward, to which his eyes widened in fear. "If you get sucked into one of Em's pranks again, no more sex, and no more cuddling! Am I making myself clear!"

"Yes, ma'am," he gulped. I knew denying him sex and cuddling would work. Damn, the man lived for cuddling. And sex. "No more pranks, I swear, Bella," he vowed.

"Good boy," I said sarcastically before turning to face Emmett again. "And you, you piece of shit. If you prank your wife again, I swear I will call Rose's parents. Want that?" I asked, folding my arms across my chest. "Want me to call Rose's dad and tell them about your funny, funny shit?"

"No! Please don't!" he begged, looking at me in horror. "I'm sorry, little cuz, and I promise I won't do it again. I thought I was bein' funny, is all."

"What on earth made you think that?" I asked incredulously. "All the hysterical laughs?"

He looked at me in confusion. "She hasn't been laughin'."

"EXACTLY!" I shouted.

They both gulped again as they shrunk in their seats, and it must've looked funny. Cause here I was, making two inked giants shrink in their seats, and one of these huge motherfuckers had actually served two years in prison. And who was I? Hell, my face-to-face with them was more like face-to-chest.

"Anything you boys wanna add?" I spat.

"No, ma'am."

"No, ma'am."

"Good. Then march in there and beg for her forgiveness!" I ordered, pointing a finger in the direction of Rose and Em's trailer. "And before you think an apology is enough, you can fucking forget it. I want you both to make it up to her."

"Name it, baby. Anythin'," Edward said immediately, and I knew he was in pain. He hated seeing me upset, and though we had never really had a fight, we had still had a few arguments. I mean, we're human. That happens. But he was always quick to make sure we solved it. That was one of the many reasons I loved him.

"Yeah, anythin', little cuz," Em said, nodding.

Simple. So simple. "That's an easy one," I said before taking a loooong sip of my Coke. All to make them squirm. And they did. In fear. "Em, you will be her butler until she forgives you. Anything she wants, you'll give it to her. Buy her flowers. I hope you know her favorite, and take her to dinner in town. Then... Backrub, footrub, any fucking rub, any hour of the day... day or night, you hear me?"

"Deal! And uh... it's lilies, right?" he asked, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Yes," I said with a firm nod. "White ones."

He nodded and I turned to Edward.

"And you," I said, "you will build the triplets' crib. They still haven't found one, but you can build it, right?"

"Absolutely," he replied, nodding, and to prove how serious he was, he pulled out the pen behind his ear, grabbed a notepad on the table, and started designing their crib.

Kinda made me horny, actually, cause my fiancé was amazing with designing and building stuff.

In a softer voice, I said, "But first you go and apologize, yes?"

Again he nodded, and put his pen down. "Of course."

Good.

"I love you," I said.

Relief flooded his features... and my grinning goof was back. "I love you more."

With a good and proper kiss from Edward, they left to apologize to Rose, and I decided to make cupcakes. Mostly for me cause I had the munches, but also for Edward for when he came back.

Life was good. So good.

~~O~~O

"Don't you get sick of him, Bella?" Pops joked, chuckling at Edward.

I doubted Edward had even heard the jibe. He was too focused on mumbling stuff to our son. I didn't hear what he said but I felt it as his lips moved over my skin, and he was just too sweet for words.

"Never," I murmured as my fingers scratched Edward's scalp. Boy did he love that.

It was just the three of us, sitting outside Pops' trailer after a Sunday dinner, and we were bundled up in blankets as Pops made his famous grilled apples and s'mores over an open fire. I swear they're divine, and I'm a bit addicted to them.

"You're real good for him, darlin'," Pops said quietly but seriously. "I knew he had decided to calm down before he met you, but it's clear you're playin' a part."

I smiled and blushed at his praise.

"He's good for me, too," I replied quietly. "He's done so much for us."

"Glad to hear it," he said, smiling fondly at his oblivious grandson who was nestled to my side, lips still attached to my stomach. Good thing the lounge was big enough for the two of us. "He always had the best heart, but... his parents..." He sighed, looking up at the night sky for a second. "...well, they didn't exactly provide all that stability."

I knew that. Edward's parents weren't like mine but they were still distant. His father often moved to try his luck in a new town, and his mother pretty much gave up when his father had left for the last time. But Edward was like me in a way there, because he knew it was his parents' fault for... anything and everything. It wasn't his fault. His parents were just fuck-ups like mine.

"Just another reason for me to believe what a wonderful family-man Edward will be," I said softly.

"That he will, yes," Pops agreed. "Without a doubt. He can't wait."

I beamed internally because neither could I.

I wasn't stupid. I knew there was going to be ups and downs, especially with little money, but... it didn't bother me much. Neither of us lived large or even wanted to. There wasn't much we wanted that we didn't already have. There was food on the table, our bills got paid, and we had what mattered. Not that I'm one of those saying you can survive on love, cause that's bullshit. But it's a good foundation. It's about trust, love, and teamwork, and we may only have been together for eight months, but... we know this is it. Our life is right here and it's amazing. Friends are more like family, really.

"You two done talkin' about me?" Edward asked then, grinning goofily as he looked up at me.

Okay, so maybe he isn't all that oblivious.

"I suppose," I chuckled, leaning down to kiss him. It was a real feat, I gotta say, cause my belly wasn't little. "You done talkin' to the little one?" I asked against his lips, mimicking his words.

"Never," he mumbled. "He's all sorts of fun."

To prove his point, the baby kicked again.

"Shit, that was a big one," he said, looking down at his hand that was still feeling my stomach. "Didn't it hurt?"

"No," I snickered. However... "But I gotta pee."

"What's that, boy? Fifth or sixth time since dinner?" Pops laughed.

"At least," Edward chuckled as he helped me up. "I don't know how often I wake up in the middle of the night cause she needs help gettin' up."

"Naw, poor, poor you," I said with a mock pout.

Edward was about to say something but... no. He couldn't. Cause we heard two shouts, echoing across the Park.

First Alice.

"I'M PREGNAAAAAANT!"

Then Emmett.

"THE TRIPLETS ARE COMIN'! WE'RE OFF TO THE HOSPITAL!"

Our eyes widened as it all registered.

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"I still gotta pee," I whispered, crossing my legs.

Suddenly Pops was all about action, and despite his age, he hopped up from his lounge like... well, like me on a sugar-rush.

"Alright, folks," he said, clapping his hands together. "Edward, you take your girl, and... help her. I'll go get Alice and Jasper, and then we all go to the hospital."

Edward and I nodded numbly and dumbly.

It was all very fuzzy, but somehow, somehow, we got going. I finally got to pee... again... and then Edward drove us in my old truck to the hospital. I wished we could go on Edward's bike but I was too big for that, and Edward was fiercely protective, stating that the bike was too dangerous for me. So, the truck it was.

"Just got a text from Em," Edward said as we got closer to the hospital.

"They're preppin' Rose right now."

Shit, that was fast.

"Um, okay?" I said, chewing on my lip. "Nothing's wrong, right?"

"Don't think so." He shrugged and made the last turn. "I don't think Em would bother to text us right away if somethin' was wrong."

True.

"You okay, baby doll?"

"Hmm?" I replied, a bit dazed. "Oh, yeah, I'm fine. Just nervous."

He smiled as he parked the car. "And soon it's us."

Heh. Yeah. Lovely. Great.

Shit.

Half an hour later, we sat in a waiting room. Alice and Jasper had just filled us in about their news and we were so excited for them. I knew how badly she wanted to get pregnant, and Jasper wasn't far behind. So, I sat between Alice and Edward, and Jasper sat next to Edward with Pops on his other side. It was all about babies now. Hell, it really was. I mean, Alice just found out she was pregnant, I was eight months pregnant, and Rose was currently in labor.

"You know, you should talk to Jasper about getting a real trailer, too," I told her. "There's one lot available next to mine and Edward's."

Alice instantly looked over at Jasper who nodded, knowing it wasn't an argument he could win anyway.

"But I thought there were only two lots," Alice said.

"Em and I laid the foundation for three when we picked the place," Edward replied.

"That's perfect!" Alice said, grinning widely.

And I agreed.

*"I SWEAR TO GOD, EMMETT, YOU'RE NEVER TOUCHIN' ME AGAIN!"*

I gulped.

Alice and I exchanged looks before we grabbed each other's hand.

*"OH, MY GOOOOOD, IT HUUUUUURTS!"*

"Oh. My. God," Alice and I whispered in unison.

Alice was pale as a ghost. I knew I was, too.

We just sat there, slack jawed and gripping each other's hands so tightly, as we stared at the doors. Seriously, how far away was Rose? She had to be close, right? I mean... we can hear her. So closely. But... only her.

She must be... in so much... pain.

"Tiny?" Edward murmured quietly, about to lay a hand on my shoulder.

"Don't touch me!" I hissed quietly.

I instantly regretted my harsh words when I saw the rejection in Edward's eyes, but... I was freaking out. Really fucking freaking the fuck out. Oh, God.

"I'm sorry," I breathed heavily. "Really, Edward. I'm sorry, baby, but can you hear her?" I whimpered. "Those babies are killing her for what Emmett did to her."

"It's okay, sweetheart," he whispered. I could see that he really did understand my fear, for which I was glad, cause the last thing I wanted was for him to think I didn't want him.

*"COME HERE, YOU BASTARD! I'MA RIP YOUR FUCKIN' BALLS OFF, EMMEETT!"*

"Damn," Pops chuckled.

"That's just cruel," Jasper muttered.

Edward said nothing, but cringed and covered his boys, much like Jasper did.

"Why did you have to knock me up, Jazzy?" Alice asked breathlessly, shooting daggers with her glare. "You just had to knock me up, didn't you? Didn't you!"

Jasper gulped.

Yeah, take that.

Before Jasper could defend himself, three people rushed into the waiting room, and when I recognized my aunt, I figured the other two were Rose's parents.

"Aunt Lisa!" I said, getting out of my seat with less grace than I'd like to admit.

"Oh, Bella!" she gasped, smiling widely as she approached. "It's been so long, honey! And look at you, so beautiful and glowin!"

I blushed as she hugged me fiercely, and it hit me how much I had missed Emmett's mom. It went without mentioning that Emmett got the good set of parents.

"So good to see you, Aunt Lisa," I choked out, hugging her back as hard as I could. "I'm glad you decided to move back to Baytown."

She had moved to Dallas after Em's dad had died, but when Rose got pregnant, Aunt Lisa decided it was time to move back, and I knew she had literally just arrived. The plan was for her to live in a hotel for a couple of weeks before the triplets arrived, but... well, they're coming now.

"Me too, honey," she murmured, giving me a squeeze before releasing me. Then she cradled my face. "And I'm so glad you came to Texas, Bella. Emmett told me you were here, and he told me you were pregnant." She hugged me again. "If only your Uncle Chuck could've been here."

And that made tears spill over, of course.

We didn't see each other often, but the summers I had spent here when I was younger were all about Aunt Lisa and Uncle Chuck. I envied Emmett for the family he had, though never resented him. I just soaked it all up when I was here, and I loved Em's dad. He was a funny guy.

"He would've been proud of Em," I said thickly as we released each other once more. "Em and Edward have done a lot with the Park. You should see it."

"Hmm," she hummed with pursed lips. Eyes twinkling. "I'll make sure to visit very soon. But about this Edward, honey. Where is he?"

"Right here, Mrs. McCarty," I heard Edward say behind me.

Aunt Lisa draped her arm around me as we both faced Edward. He was standing with his hands in his pocket, looking very uncomfortable, and I

knew why of course. Edward knew Aunt Lisa very well from growing up with Emmett. It's almost weird that Edward and I never met during my summers here. But then again, Emmett didn't exactly want his five year younger cousin to come with him and his friends. In other words, when Emmett was home, he was the best cousin, but he didn't bring me with him when he left the house.

"Long time no see, Edward," Aunt Lisa said. Yes, she was amused. "I've heard you're engaged to my niece."

"Uh, yes, ma'am."

Christ, he was adorkable. How that bulky man could come off as shy was beyond me.

"And you're takin' good care of her?" Aunt Lisa continued with her chin jutted. "You're done bein' rowdy?"

"Yes, ma'am. I work with Em at the Park. I actually own half the place now."

"Hmm, yes... Emmett told me."

Okay, I was starting to feel sorry for Edward now, cause I knew Aunt Lisa was messing with him.

"Aunt Lisa," I said quietly, giving her a pointed look.

"Oh, alright," she said, giving Edward a wide smile. "Come here and give me a hug, son."

"Jesus fuck, you scared me, woman." Edward breathed out in relief and stepped forward to give Aunt Lisa a hug.

I smiled, stepping aside, cause I knew what was about to happen to the back of Edward's neck.

SMACK!

"OWAA!"

Yeah, Aunt Lisa doesn't allow foul language.

"The fu- I mean, dang," Edward grumbled, rubbing the back of his neck.  
"You still hit hard."

"Of course I do," she quipped. "You better quit the cussin' before your baby arrives."

Yeah, right.

Edward looked nervously at me, and I gave him a small shake of the head, silently telling him he was okay. I mean, if I demanded that Edward cleaned up his language, he'd never talk.

"Now, is that Earl I see hidin' over there?" Aunt Lisa grinned, waving Pops over. "You're back in Baytown, too, I hear. I hope it's permanently."

"Sure is," Pops chuckled as he walked over. "Good to see ya, Lisa. It's been years."

More hugs followed, and then it was time for introductions, cause I'd never met Rose's parents, even though they lived close by. From what knew, they were nice, but Rose and Jasper didn't see them very often. And as Jasper introduced us to Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, I sorta understood, cause they were fancy people. Or tried to be.

There was no 'how are ya?' or 'good to meet ya!' No, it was 'how do you do,' with a limp handshake.

"Is it okay for me not to love my in-laws?" Alice whispered closely.

"Very understandable," Edward chuckled quietly. "I only met them a few times but I quickly understood they were holier-than-thou people."

"Damn, they're so...*uppity*," I said, watching as Jasper introduced Aunt Lisa and Pops to them.

Soon we were back in our chairs, though we didn't sit there for long, cause Emmett came out, and I was a little surprised he was still alive. Damn, he was even grinning like a goof. Which can only mean Rose never ripped his balls off.

"I'm a dad!" he boomed out.

And suddenly it was all worth it. I didn't know about the pain Rose had to endure but the look on Emmett's face made it all worth it already. And I knew Edward felt the same as our eyes locked.

We couldn't wait.

Christ, fucking hormones.

"Tell us, sweetie!" Aunt Lisa exclaimed, rushing forward to hug her son.

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

As I helped Tiny outta her seat, I couldn't shake the emotions. I knew her smile mirrored mine, and we were both eager to become parents.

"I love you," I whispered against her temple.

"Love you more," she murmured.

Impossible, baby.

"Wanna meet 'em?" Emmett asked excitedly.

Having missed their conversation, Bella and I just nodded and followed the rest of the family.

"How's Rose, honey?" Lisa asked him as he led the way.

"Exhausted and sleepin'," Em chuckled.

"And you're still intact?" Jasper inquired with a grin.

"Shit," Emmett exclaimed, turning back to us. "You heard her?" And we all nodded, of course. "Sweet baby Jaysus, is all I'm sayin'. She sure had a fuckin' mouth on her!"

SMACK!

"OOWWAA! MO-OOM!"

It's life.

I fucking love it.

It felt fucking good to see Lisa again. After she was done being funny, that is. But yeah, it was good. I practically grew up with her and Chuck, after all.

"There they are, healthy and strong," Em said quietly as we all came to a stop. "You see the larger one where there are three of 'em? Yeah, they're mine."

We all snickered at him, but I stopped abruptly as I looked through the large window. There, in a big ass room full of little ones, I saw Emmett's kids. Three of them lying together in a see-through crib of some sort. Two bundles in blue, and one in pink. Christ... they were so fucking... well, tiny. And goddamn cute. A little scrunched up, maybe. But cute. Still think our boy's a winner, though. I mean, with mine and Bella's genes we're gonna

have a handsome little runt. I do declare. Cause we're fucking hot together.

"So honkin' adorable," Alice whispered. "When will y'all be able to take them home?"

"In a week or so," Em murmured, eyes glued to his children. Christ, his *children*. "The doctors wanna keep 'em under supervision due to their size, but so far, they're surprisingly strong for bein' triplets. Or so the doc said."

"And names?" Tiny asked, looking tiny as always standing between me and Em. Except for the belly, of course. "I really wanna know the names now."

Ah, yes. Em and Rose had also decided to keep the names secret, much like me and Bella. I didn't mind. I was just glad I didn't wake up to Rose shouting out Veto anymore.

We all turned to the proud daddy as he blew out a breath, followed by a real proud smile.

"The boy to the left is Ethan Chuck McCarty," he said, to which the women-folk 'awed.' Even Rose and Jasper's mom did the girly sounds, which was surprising. But I had to admit it was a good name, and naming him after Em's dad was nice. Judging by Lisa and Bella's expressions, I'd say they felt the same.

Then Emmett announced the next name. "The boy to the right is named after yours truly," he chuckled, "and one more person, equally awesome. Jebediah Edward McCarty... or Jeb for short."

The fuck?

My eyebrows shot to the roof as I stared at Emmett.

"Not to go woman on you, but you're my brother," he said, rubbing the back of his neck, and soon I found myself rubbing the back of my neck, too. Cause shit suddenly got a bit emotional. Fucking hell. Ya know?

"Yeah, uh..." I cleared my throat and nodded to him. "You too, bro."

"Aaaaaaaawww!" That was the women.

"Maybe we should leave Edward and Emmett in their I-love-you-bro moment," Alice giggled.

Fucking women.

"Anyway," Emmett said, grabbing his junk.

I did the same. Gotta be a man again, ya know.

Tiny just chuckled through her tears and hugged my bicep.

"My little girl there is Emma Rose McCarty," Emmett finished quietly.

That was... yeah, that was beautiful.

"That's gorgeous," Alice sniffled, "but Rose and not Rosalie?"

"Yep," Emmett confirmed. "I wanted it to be Rosie, but Rose put her foot down."

"So cute," Tiny whispered thickly as she gazed at the little ones. "You're happy, cuz?"

"No words can describe it," he murmured. "You'll understand soon, little cuz. It's un-fuckin'-believable."

SMACK!

"OOWAA!"

*For fuck's sake, Em. Don't curse in front of your mom. Only a stupid fucker would do that.*

Right?

"Oh, my God!"

My eyes immediately found Bella.

She was clutching her stomach. Mouth popped open, eyes wide.

Fear shot through me.

"Bella? What's wrong, baby?" I asked, grabbing her shoulders. "Tell me what's wrong, honey. Is it the baby?"

"M-my wa-..." She looked down. I sorta did the same automatically, and that's when I saw something trickling down her leg. The fuck?

Holy shit, I know what that is!

"Your water broke!" I blurted out, feeling fucking proud of myself for figuring *that* out. But then I understood it all. Her water broke. Her. Water. Broke. "Fuck, your water broke, Tiny!" And I faced Lisa right away, "Don't you dare, woman. Not now. Lemme cuss freely." Then I was back to Tiny. "Holy shit, this mean..."

"That it's a good thing we're in a hospital!" Jasper exclaimed.

Yeah, that too.

But...but...but... "It's early," I said, once again feeling dread creep up my spine. "You're four weeks early, darlin'."

Can't she keep it in?

Squish those legs together?

I mean, what if it's too soon.

Is the little one cooked and ready to come out?

"Well, let's not just stand here, folks," Pops said. "We better find you a doctor-person, darlin'. There oughta be one around, right?"

### ***Chapter 8 – Holy shit!***

#### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

Yeah.

Shit.

Oh, God.

I'm gonna be a daddy soon.

*Twelve hours later...*

I yawned. Big mistake. Cause Tiny threw me a glare.

"Maybe you wanna get some rest!" she snapped. "Don't mind me, Edward. I'm just going through a world of pain to have your son!"

It became *my* son about seven hours ago. He ain't hers no more. Well, not right now anyway, and I'm not hers either.

Don't worry, I understand. The pain she's in... yeah, I wouldn't want me either.

"I'm sorry, baby doll," I murmured for the umpteenth time as I wiped a chilled cloth over her forehead.

Emmett had given me one advice, and one advice only, as they had rolled Bella into a room.

*"The only things allowed to leave your mouth are apologies, 'yes, honey,' and praise."*

So, I was sorta chanting those words like a mantra.

Cause I like my balls, you know. I want them to stay on, accompanying Big Daddy.

"Want some more ice chips?" I asked, rubbing her lower back as she leaned forward.

"Did I ask you for ice chips?" she gritted out.

Shit.

"Sorry," I said. But at least she seemed to enjoy the backrub so I sure kept going. Everything to ease her pain. Fuck, I hated seeing her this way. "I love you," I whispered, hoping she wouldn't bite my fucking head off. "You're doin' so well," I added for good measure. It wasn't a lie anyway, and how she had done this for twelve hours after already being up for fourteen... Christ, fucking power-woman.

The contractions weren't easy, and I could practically see the fucking pain. It completely took over her features, leaving her crying, gasping for air, and pleading for more drugs.

She had almost made one nurse cry when Bella started cursing about epidural being useless bullshit.

"How are we doin'?" A chipper nurse asked as she entered, and she shouldn't have done that. No, she just shouldn't have done that.

"Oh, everything is fucking peachy," Tiny snapped before moaning in pain. "Oh, oh, oh, God, here comes another one... Edward."

I was there in a flash, holding her hand as I kept rubbing her back with the other. Gritting my teeth together, I whispered sweet bullshit to her while I internally prayed for the whole thing to be over. I mean, how long was she gonna suffer through this?

"Ain't there anythin' you can do for her?" Okay, now I was snapping, too, but come on. There had to be something!

"Actually, she's ready," the nurse said, messing around in Bella's female parts... or something, under Bella's hospital gown. "Ten centimeters dilated." She smiled as I felt all blood leave my upper body. "You're about to become a mama, Ms. Swan."

Holy shit. Holy shit.

It's time.

It was all a fucking flurry after that, and I quickly stepped out to get Em so he could call the others. Then I returned to Bella's side, whispering love for her, rubbing her back, wiping her forehead... all while I was close to shitting my pants. It could happen, I swear. Cause holy shit, this was it. It was time.

Holy shit.

There was a doctor instead of a nurse all of a sudden, and when she said it was time, she fucking meant it. It was time for Bella to push.

"That's great, honey," the doc praised as Bella pushed.

By the way? Tiny's a strong little shit. Cause my hand... holy shit, she's squeezing it. Good and proper. Real hard.

Oh, have mercy on me. Does she realize what kind of pain I'm going through?

"Oh, my fucking Gooooood!" she groaned-screamed-shouted.

Okay, so maybe she knows. And maybe she's in more pain.

Probably.

"I love you," I whispered.

"Go fuck yourself, Edward Earl Cullen!" she growled.

Ain't she the cutest thing ever?

Panting and sobbing, she leaned back on the bed, and I wiped her forehead, kissed her hair and tried to come off as a loving fiancé, which I was, but... she didn't love me so much right now. Again, I understand but a man's gotta try, right?

"Edward," she wailed – a sound that almost ripped me apart. "I need drugs, baby. Please gimme drugs! Just... JUST SHOOT IT UP THERE! AAAARGH, MOTHERFUCKER!"

*Don't have to yell, baby doll. I'm standing right here.*

Helplessly I glanced at the doc who just shook her head.

Well, fuck you.

And then another contraction hit.

"Give me all you've got, honey," the doc said.

Bella did. Leaning forward again, she pushed and pushed and fucking pushed, and please, for the love of God, don't break my hand, baby.

"Holy shit," I hissed under my breath.

"I see his head, Bella. You're doin' so well."

"Holy shit!" I gasped.

My son's head! He has a head!

I mean...I knew he would, but...it was here. He was coming out. Yeah.

"He's almost here, Tiny," I murmured as she panted her way down from another contraction. "Just a little bit more. I'm so fuckin' proud of you."

"Yeah, yeah," she croaked hoarsely, waving me off tiredly.

I bit my cheek to withhold the smile.

"Do you want to see, Mr. Cullen?" the doc asked, and I stared at as if she'd grown extra heads.

The crazy woman just smiled, waiting on an answer.

So, I gave it to her.

"Fuck and no," I told her.

Some might think it's a glorious experience but fuck them. I don't wanna associate any kind of pain with my girl's pussy. I can see things go *in* there, namely my dick, fingers and tongue, but I don't wanna see things come *out*. Shit, I'd be scarred for life. No, thank you. And thankfully I had Bella on my side there, cause she didn't want me down there when a head was being pushed out of it.

"Okay," the doc chuckled. Yeah, funny. "Here comes another, Bella."

"I CAN FUCKING FEEL IT, YOU BITCH!" Tiny screamed.

Gotta love her.

Good thing we've got that whole freedom of speech going on, I do declare.

And so we continued. Bella pushed and pushed. I did... what I could.

Over and over.

My girl was completely spent.

I felt awful.

But hope sparked when the doc said, "Give me one more, Bella. Just one more and you'll have your son."

A few minutes after that, a new wail filled the room.

I felt lightheaded.

Cause I knew. I fucking new that my son was here.

My son.

My son.

Holy shit, I'm a father.

Everything around me faded when the doc placed a disgusting little thing on Bella's chest, and I knew I had never seen anything so beautiful. He was right there. So small and new in the world. Fuck, we made him. And then he was blurry... but I realized quickly that it was my vision and not him. So, I blinked back tears. And watched him. Christ. Our son.

"Want to cut the umbilical cord, Daddy?" I heard the doc ask.

Daddy. Shit, I'm one of those.

It felt... it felt... no, no words could describe it. Emmett was right. It's indescribable.

"Sure," I breathed, barely audibly, and took a deep breath as my eyes left Bella and our baby for a second. Then I grimaced as I cut the...thing.

"Heavens," I muttered. "That's all spongy and shit."

As soon as that *deed* was done, I looked back at Bella. My beautiful Tiny. She was... practically out of it. Not quite because I could see the tears streaming down her face as she gazed down at our boy. But she... yeah, she was ready to turn out the lights, so to speak, and I doubted she was even aware of the doc delivering the placenta-thingy. I know I wasn't. My focus was on the two most important people in the world.

I couldn't move. I just stood there, blinking back tears as I watched them.

"He's perfect, Edward," Bella whimpered.

I nodded, unable to speak. My throat was closed up.

"We're just gonna clean him up and go through a check-up," a nurse said quietly, and then the bitch kidnapped our son. Okay, maybe not but... woman, that was so mean.

I kept my eyes on her as she and another nurse cleaned him up and went through some... apgar or agpar or agapar or apagar-test that we'd been told about. It didn't make much sense to me, all that doctor-talk, but whatever. As we waited, Bella and I both stayed close, hands clasped, but our eyes never left our son.

"Our son," I whispered thickly, needing to say it out loud. "It's our son, Tiny."

"I love you, Edward," she breathed.

"Not as much as I love you," I said quietly but so confidently as I leaned down and kissed her forehead. "You gave us our son. I have no words, baby."

"We did this together," she whispered.

I guess we did. Christ, I'm still... out of words.

It didn't matter, though, because when the nurse returned, she gently handed my son over to me. I was holding my son. I heard the nurse rattle off a bunch of numbers, but I stopped listening after she said "he's perfectly healthy." Instead I sat there, on the edge of Tiny's bed, and cradled the little blue bundle in my arms. It was surreal.

Even half an hour later, when Tiny had showered and fallen asleep, exhausted and drained, in her new room, I had no words.

I sat in a chair with him in my arms. He was asleep and squeezing my finger.

But there was something I wanted to say before family joined us.

"Welcome to the world, Walker," I whispered, breathing him in. "Don't be all confused when your daddy calls you Ranger, or when Mama calls you Texas. We just couldn't agree on one nickname...ya know?"

He made a little gurgling sound in his sleep then, and fuck, even that was adorable.

"Yeah, tell me about it, buddy."

~~O~~O

"There he is!" Emmett boomed out as I entered the waiting room. "Took ya long enough!"

I chuckled tiredly, accepting hug after hug from the people waiting, but my thoughts lingered on my sleeping family. Tiny in her room, and my little Ranger in that massive room where all them other babies were.

"Tell us everythin', honey!" Lisa exclaimed.

"Seriously, bro, fill us in, cause I gotta head back to Rosie's room," Emmett said.

"Yeah, I wanna know if Bella got her drugs," Jasper drawled, obviously having heard Bella's shouting just as we had heard Rose's. "But kidding aside; it's all good?"

"Fuck, yeah," I said, grinning like a fool as I dodged Lisa's hand. "Ten fingers, ten toes, and uh, he's definitely my son, if ya know what I mean." I wagged my eyebrows, cause yeah, I was proud. "Come on," I chuckled. "I'll take ya to him."

"Bella's okay?" Alice asked, linking arms with me.

"She's ecstatic but exhausted," I sighed, still feeling bad for all the pain she had to go through. "She fell asleep as soon as she had showered in her new room. Can't blame the poor girl, cause damn."

"Can't wait for *that*," she replied dryly.

"It's worth it, I promise," I murmured, knowing how true it was now.

It wasn't long until we stood in front of the same window we had been standing in front of just hours ago. But now it was all different for me. This wasn't about Emmett's kids. This was about my son. Mine.

"Right in there," I said, pointing. "Second crib, first row."

"So gorgeous," Lisa and Alice said in unison.

Mmhmm, women do that sometimes.

But they were right. He's perfect.

"And name?" Pops asked, eyes glued on his great grandson.

I smiled before grinning at Em and Pops.

"Walker Emmett Earl Cullen," I said, and of course Lisa and Alice did the 'awing' again.

Earl was a family name, but I knew Pops understood Tiny and I named our son after him and not my dad... or myself for that matter. As for Emmett, it had been my idea firstly for Bella's sake since they're cousins, and she was the one saying that *obviously* we would continue with my family name. But Emmett was right yesterday. He's my brother, so the name was just as much for me as it was for Bella. We're all family.

Emmett nodded firmly, both of us feeling that one awkward moment was enough, but that we still felt what we felt. Growing up together made us brothers and that's that.

"Good strong name," Pops said, also nodding firmly. "I'ma side with Bella and call him Texas."

I chuckled at him... before I did a double-take. "Bella told you his name before he was born?" I asked in disbelief.

That sexy little traitor! She swore on Big Daddy that she would keep her trap shut!

"Just Walker," he replied, snickering, the sly fucker. "But yeah, she sure did."

Hmph.

~~~

"Quit scowling, baby," Tiny chuckled.

Now fucking way. Ranger's on Daddy's territory. Invading and doing shit I would much rather do. I mean, he's right there. Right there. With Tiny's boobs. Fucking mine, damnit.

"They'll be yours again in a couple of months," she said... like *that* was comforting. Couple of *months*? Months. Shit. "But in six weeks, you can share them with him as long as you don't get your mouth near," she giggled, and she thought she was being so fucking funny.

Newsflash. She ain't no such thing.

Not only will I not get to fuck my fiancée for at least six weeks, but her boobs are off limits. I'm officially in hell.

Her rules, though, cause she said she didn't want me near while she was producing milk, like I cared about that, and Ranger's gonna feed on his mama for a couple of months now. But at least I didn't throw a fit like Emmett did. He actually whined when Rose gave him the same rules.

"Can I burp him?" I asked as he was finished with his *business*.

Bella narrowed her eyes at me. "Of course, but... why would you *want* to?"

I shrugged. "Cause I'm gonna teach him to burp like a real man."

"Awesome," she replied dryly, handing the little runt to me after I'd thrown a towel over my shoulder. "Our home's gonna smell, isn't it?"

I ignored Mama.

"Yeah, Daddy's gonna teach you good," I said softly, rubbing our noses together. "Much to cover, son. We have burpin', fartin', shoutin' at the TV, the best look that'll give you Mama's cupcakes, and of course; prankin'."

He gurgled.

"Sure thing, buddy," I said, settling him so he was facing my shoulder. Cause I didn't want him to throw up on my face.

Then, as I walked Ranger around in Bella's room, I saw her crying. *Again*. Damn it. She'd been doing that a lot. Almost every single time I carried him, she was in tears.

"What's wrong, darlin'?" I asked quietly, walking over to her bed.

"Nothing." She sniffled. "You're just so perfect, Edward."

Uh...say what?

"Perfect? For what?" I asked, fucking confused cause I hadn't done anything. Hell, I half expected her to take the little one away from me. Kidding, but... I sure didn't expect this.

"With him, of course," she croaked, gesturing at Ranger. "I just... I just love you, is all."

I stared at her. Cause I needed to see if she was pranking me. But she wasn't. She was speaking the truth.

So, I said what any man in love would say. Okay, probably not. But whatever. I said what I wanted to say, and I'm a man in love.

"Do your woman-shit and lose all that baby-weight you claim you have," I said firmly, even pointing a finger for good fucking measure. "Cause I need to marry you, Tiny."

So *there*.

Obey me, woman.

And then my little Ranger burped. Like a fucking man.

"That's my boy!" I said, fighting the urge to fist pump the air. "You may look like Mama but you're Daddy's boy, that's for sure."

"What are you talking about, baby?" Tiny laughed through her sniffing. "He's got your hair, you know, and I bet he will have your eyes."

Hmm, maybe. We'll see. For now they're bluish-grayish. But Mama's right about the hair, though. He doesn't have the clusterfuck I have – at least yet – but he sure does have the color.

"But the face is all you, Tiny," I said, sitting down next to her on the bed. "I mean, look at that little button nose. That's all you. And the mouth, too."

Can't wait to take him home later today.

~~O ~~O ~~O

Six weeks. Six motherfucking weeks. Had it not been for all the cuddling with Tiny and Ranger, I would've been dead by now.

The first two weeks weren't hard to get through at all, actually, cause it was all about sleeping, getting to know our son, and returning to work. Which led to week three and four, cause it was the thought of us drowning in medical bills that kept Big Daddy rather soft. Not that the medical bills had disappeared by week five, cause I'm sure we'll have those bills until Ranger gets married. Alright, obviously not but... whatever. We have them. Lots of them. But... we still manage. We're okay, we have food, each other, and we make ends meet. So... with the knowledge of things working out, I relaxed properly.

Big Daddy woke the fuck up, eager for a reunion with Tiny.

In other words, week five and six were awful.

Not a fucking orgasm in over six weeks. No, I haven't jacked off, and yes, I've turned down every offer of Tiny sucking me off. Why? Cause I'm saving up. See, here's the thing. Tiny and I are both young, and we figure we can work harder and still juggle little ones as long as we're young, and since we both want one more child, we just shrugged and said, let's fucking do it. And boy are we gonna do it. As soon as Tiny comes home from her check-up.

It'll be hard and expensive but we'll manage. We want two young'uns, and we don't see reason with waiting. We'd rather work harder now while we can, and then we can relax and still be young enough to have fun with the little ones, all while knowing that the hardest is over.

So, I'm saving up to knock my girl up again.

But I have faith in my boys.

~~O~~O

"Damn, that's the tenth time you've checked the time in as many minutes, Cullen," Emmett chuckled.

"Whatever," I muttered, looking down at Ranger who was asleep on my chest.

Emmett was just jealous cause Rose was a no-go for at least another week. Them triplets fucked some shit up, you know.

Anyway...

We're in Rose and Em's little living room – a room that won't be a living room for long, cause they have *three* kids – and I'm sprawled out on their couch with my boy, and Em's sitting in his chair, holding a sleeping Ethan in his arms.

"When's Jazz and Alice comin'?" I asked.

With triplets it's kinda hard for Em and Rose to babysit, so Jazz and Alice are coming over to their place to take care of Ranger while Tiny and I escape to our trailer. Fuck, our bedroom... if we make it that far. I'm not the only one losing my mind. Tiny's been a squirming mess the past week, and that hasn't exactly helped in my case. Christ, everytime Bella's flashed me the bedroom eyes, I've been so fucking close to just hit the fucking shower and rub one out.

"Any minute now," Em replied.

Any minute. Okay. Now we just need Tiny and I'm all fucking set.

Not a minute later, we heard Alice and Jazz enter the trailer, and though I didn't see Alice, I sure heard her as she babbled away with Rose in the kitchen.

"Howdy, fellas," Jazz said, grinning like a man who just got laid. "Uncle Jazz is ready to practice."

"You can start with this one," Em said as Ethan started screaming at the top of his lungs, and obviously that shit woke my boy up.

It was the Domino-effect. Ethan started, Ranger followed, and then Emma woke up in their nursery, quickly followed by Jeb. Fucking lovely. One trailer, four screaming rugrats.

But then I heard her. My future wife, shouting from outside.

*"WE'RE GOOD TO GO, EDWARD!"*

So, I sat up with Ranger in my arms. "Alright, Daddy loves you, buddy, but Uncle Jazz is gonna try out his parental skills on you for a few hours,

and then I'll be back to save you." Facing Jazz with a real good glare, I added, "Hurt my boy and I'll kill ya, you hear me?"

He nodded, thankfully taking my warning seriously, cause it was.

After one last smooch with my son, I left.

"Get that sweet ass inside, baby doll!" I ordered, running toward her. I barely registered the laughs coming from Rose and Em's trailer. Good thing Tiny obeyed. She ran inside our home, and I reached her in the little hallway, immediately pressing her up against the wall. "Fuck, Tiny," I groaned, shutting the door behind me before my hand went back to her. "You sure it's all fine down there?" I had to know. Double check, you know.

"We're good," she breathed. "Now fucking fuck me, baby!"

Yes, ma'am!

~~O ~~O ~~O

It took me three months to knock up my fiancée, though I'm pretty fucking sure I knocked her up on our wedding night in Vegas. So... correction; it took me three months to knock up my *wife*.

And nine months later Minibelle May Cullen was born.

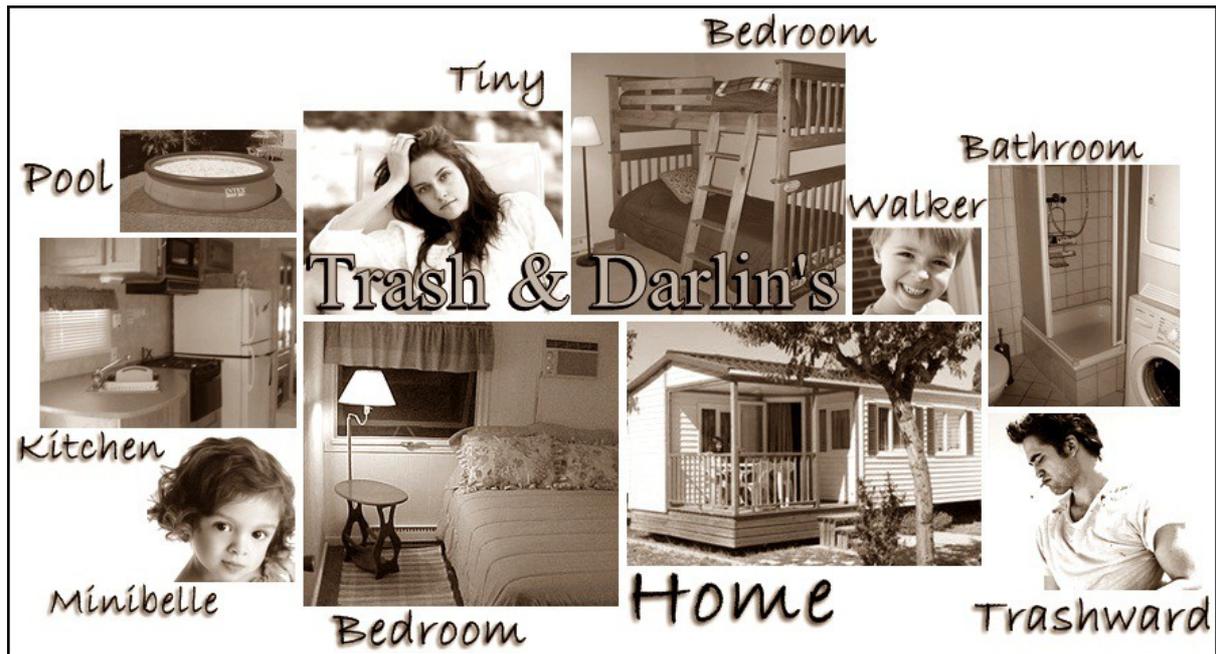
She has me by the balls already.

I'm fixing to buy me a bat to fend off them boys, I do declare.

## ***Chapter 9 – Family lovin'***

**Darlin' Bella's POV.**

***2 years later...***



I grinned as I returned to the counter after flipping the open-sign on the door. It was a new day, which wasn't all that fun when Rose was having lunch with Aunt Lisa, because that left me, Angela and Ben to take care of the diner. But what was fun was the adorable pout my little girl tried to pull off as she gazed dreamily at the cupcakes I'd brought with me for today. With pink frosting and everything.

They sold very well, and it was always a little something extra to bring home.

"Pwetty, Mama," she murmured, giving me a Minibelle-smile. It's deadly. It's crooked after her daddy, dimpled after her Uncle Em, and innocent and angelic after me. Like I said, deadly. But I don't fall for it. Only Edward and Em do. Every. Time.

At two years old, Minibelle owns the world. Or Edward's world, at least, cause she's Daddy's girl, and yes, he named her. And with my dark curly hair and dark brown eyes, her daddy's crooked smile, and Emmett's dimples, she has most people by the balls. Only Rose and I are somewhat immune. Maybe because Rose and Emmett's three year old Emma is the same. She has Rose's blond hair but Emmett's curls. She also has her

daddy's dimples and dark blue eyes, so yeah, there are two little girls running around with a few men's masculinity wrapped around their fingers.

Emmett calls them both nut-killers.

"Nice try, sweetie," I said, patting her hair before I tied the apron behind me. "But no. Maybe after dinner tonight, okay?"

I gave her a wink when she pouted and then I passed her to start my daily war with the register. I swear that thing hates me.

Emma and Minibelle both loved coming with me and Rose to work and that suited us just fine, cause daycare was too expensive, and truth be told, we didn't need it. Our lives were right here, so I took care of Minibelle during the days, and Edward had Texas. Same went for Emmett and Rose – she had Emma here at the diner, and Em had Ethan and Jeb. Then they would come in here for lunch, and an afternoon snack before we all headed home for the day. It was fucking perfect and we all loved it. Jasper and Alice weren't far off with their little Austin. That kid was a mini-Jasper and since Alice didn't work around here, Jasper had him during the days. Ha, just thinking about Austin running around inside Jasper's little store at the gas station has me laughing, cause I don't know how many times customers have tripped over Austin's toys. So, I guess that's why Jasper sometimes leaves him with us for a few hours. I mean, the gas station is right next to us, so it all works out just fine.

Speaking of...

"Auntie Beeeewwaaa!"

I grinned as Jasper dragged Austin inside the diner, and I knew the daddy-face of frustration. Hell, Minibelle pretty much made that made permanent on Edward. But that's what you get when you're whipped.

"Hey, kiddo!" I said excitedly, walking over to them. "You're joining us for lunch, huh?"

"Yes!"

"Sorry to barge in, darlin'," Jasper sighed. "But we've got that appointment today and it totally slipped my mind." He rolled his eyes, seemingly at himself, poor man. "Would you mind takin' him for a couple of hours?"

Ah, yes.

Alice is pregnant again. Their second child, also a boy. Only a few months to go.

"Of course," I said, smiling at Mini-Jazz. "Em and Edward will be here for lunch with the boys soon, anyway."

"Thanks, Bella, you're a lifesaver," he chuckled, and we both moved away from the door as the first customer came in. "Alright, I gotta get goin'. I left Mike to man the station, and I'm already regrettin' that. Damn fool, always fallin' asleep on the job," he muttered, shaking his head. I was amused. "Oh, by the way, can you tell my sister to call our parents? They wanna see the triplets more often."

"Okay," I chuckled. "Get going now, Jazz. I'll see ya later."

"Yes, ma'am." He grinned. "Austin, can you give Daddy a kiss?"

Minibelle chose that time to leave the playpen we've set up behind the counter, and I dipped down as I felt her tug on my apron.

"Hey there, my little munchkin," I said, picking her up. "Isn't it fun to play anymore?"

She shook her head before dropping it on my shoulder – a telltale sign for being tired or shy, and though our children don't really have a shy bone in them, I happen to know that she's got a serious crush on Austin. It's mutual, too, so I can't wait 'til Edward hears about that.

Sarcasm, by the way.

After Jasper had left, Minibelle and Austin headed back behind the counter again, and I gave them two juiceboxes and some animal crackers before I started tending to the customers that started pouring in. Thankfully Angela and Ben arrived and he headed straight for the kitchen.

They were rarely late but judging by Angela's hair, I'd say I knew why.

"Let me guess," I whispered to her. "Ovulating?"

She blushed ten shades of red.

And nodded.

Yep, babies in the making all around.

Edward and I are glad we're done. Two little ones are perfect for us, and we couldn't have been happier.

"Alright," I sighed to myself, scanning the diner. Angela was flitting around, delivering drinks and taking more orders, and I filled drinks. I just knew this summer was going to be another hot one. Christ, it was only May and already people were eager to escape the heat.

Twenty minutes later, I was busy running around with plates of food, so when my husband, cousin, and three little boys barged in, I just nodded towards our booth, silently telling them I'd be there as soon as I could. And damn, they all looked like they'd rolled around in mud or something.

I was quiet, by the way. They weren't.

"Hey, little cuz," Em said.

"Hurry your fine ass up, baby doll," Edward drawled, winking at me. "I'm fuckin' starvin'." And his eyes told me he was starving for more than just food.

"Hey, Mama!" Texas shouted, waving wildly as Edward ushered him into a seat. "Uncle Em fell off a ladder today!"

"And Uncle Eddie gets a brick in his head!" Ethan laughed.

Sweet baby Jesus.

I shook my head, ignoring my crazy ass family for a moment, as I tended to the customers.

"Sorry about that, gentlemen," I said, grinning at the two truckers I'd just served burgers to. "Is there anything else I can get you?"

"No, ma'am," they replied in unison.

With a final smile, I left them and headed over to the corner booth where my loud ass family sat.

"Bricks and ladders?" I sighed, cocking an eyebrow as I brought my notepad up. "And Tex, baby, what have I said about shouting in the diner? Same goes for you, Ethan."

"Sorry, Mama."

"Sorry, Auntie Bella."

Yeah, sure they were.

It didn't help that they were too cute for words. Being mad at our children was a real feat. I mean, I could never be mad at Edward and fuck, Texas

looked just like him. Really, he did. So... I was fucked, I knew that. And then there was the fact that Texas was Mama's boy. Edward was his hero, through and through, but I was his favorite cuddler. Ah, yes. Texas really is like his father. We're all big bunch of cuddlers.

"We can talk about the brick that landed on my forehead later," Edward said, looking around the diner. "And believe me, Tiny, you're gonna kiss it better." He waggled his eyebrows. "But right now I need sugar, food, and my Mini doll."

I couldn't help but to grin. Jesus, it was like an aphrodisiac to see Edward with our little ones, and when it came to Minibelle, Edward was owned. But it was mutual.

"She's behind the register with Austin," I said. "Now, can I take your orders? Boys, I guess you want the Big Guy Special?"

It was a kids meal we'd put together, Rose and I. They always wanted what their daddies ate but they couldn't exactly eat as much, and it was a waste of food and money to give them a big ass meal they wouldn't finish. So, with help from Ben, we copied the Double Cheeseburger Special but made it smaller.

"Yes, ma'am," Texas said...and winked.

"Yes, ma'am," Ethan said...and winked.

"Yes, ma'am," Jeb said...and winked.

Southern charm coupled with their genes – deadly.

Edward and Emmett just grinned like the proud daddies they were.

"Yeah, this is takin' too long," Edward announced, standing up. "Gimme some fuckin' sugar before I get Mini. I need her here, damnit."

Goof.

Not that I had the chance to reply, cause I had two hands on my ass pulling me closer to him, and then his lips covered mine in a passionate kiss that made the boys giggle.

"I missed ya," he mumbled against my lips.

I melted.

He kissed me hard, good and proper. Always.

"Mmmmissed you too, baby," I breathed.

He could still kiss me silly. Which he did, everyday.

*Shit, I'm dizzy.*

"Bring Austin too, okay?" I said, gripping the table to get my balance back.

"Sure thing, darlin'," he chuckled huskily, sucking on my neck for a second before he backed away. "And you know what I want for lunch, yeah?"

I nodded, cause yeah. He always ordered the same.

It took some time to get back to reality but eventually I managed to get the drink orders and Em's lunch order, too. And when Austin and Minibelle joined in, I scribbled down their meal, too. Not that those little ones had a choice. They would get their chance on greasy food soon enough, but so far Alice and I controlled their food. Hell, one might think vegetables were poison.

"Dirt, dada," Minibelle said as I returned with their drinks. Though it came out more as "duwt". She was always in his lap, and I swear their favorite

thing in the world is nuzzling their noses together. "Gots duwt here, here, eveywhere."

This was where I felt lightheaded just by looking at them.

"Maybe we oughta take a swim in the pool later then," Edward chuckled, kissing her forehead. "Or whaddya say, Mini?"

"Only you, me, Dada?" And cue the Minibelle-smile. "No Walker, he only splash awound, awound, awound."

"It's a date, baby," Edward chuckled. "You and me after supper tonight."

Sometimes I couldn't believe it was my life.

I was blessed.

~~O~~O

"All right, we'll see ya tomorrow, honey," Angela sighed as I locked the door. The day was finally over and my feet were killing me. "And bye, Minibelle," she added with a sweet smile.

"Bye, bye!" Minibelle replied, waving furiously with one hand as the other was around my neck.

"See ya tomorrow," I chuckled, and with a final wave, they left.

"Home, Mama!" She was impatient and bouncing on my hip. Not to mention eager to get supper started so she could play with Daddy in the pool later, and I was eager to get home cause Texas and I had some pranks to pull on Mini and Edward. Yeah, we sure did.

Sometimes we all headed to the big pool that was for everyone at the Park, but usually we stayed at home where we had our Quick Set pool. It was much easier when you had two eager little kiddos that feared nothing.

"All right, let's head home, baby girl," I murmured as I kissed her cheek.

"Yes!" And I swear she fist-pumped the air.

But before I could take another step, I heard a voice behind me.

"Excuse me, ma'am."

It was oddly velvet.

Turning around, I came face to face with a man in his late forties, maybe, and I recognized him immediately. I didn't need photos. I knew Pops after all, and this was definitely his spawn. In other words; Edward's dad.

I didn't know all that much about Carlisle Earl Cullen, but that was because Edward didn't have much to tell. Simply cause Carlisle wasn't the best father. He was rarely there, so... yeah, I decided I didn't like him at all. Nobody hurts my Edward without paying for it.

"Yes?" I replied, keeping my voice calm. For now.

He smiled. Fucker. "I was wonderin' if you knew an Edward Cullen," he said. "My sister just moved to the neighborhood and she told me she'd seen him around them here parts."

Say what?

Shouldn't I know if Pops had another child?

Uh, yeah, I should.

So, I had to assume this douchebag was lying.

Yeah.

Which means I'm pissed.

I knew he hadn't said anything, but... "What did you say your name was again?" I asked, fighting the urge to rip his fucking balls off.

How dare he come here?

"Name's Carlisle, darlin'." He winked, tipping his cowboy hat. "Carlisle Cullen."

Uh-huh.

I cocked the bitch-brow and jutted my chin.

"Well, I'm Bella Cullen and I don't know any Edward Cullen. Sorry."

I turned and left, Minibelle safe on my hip.

I didn't know how I was gonna bring this up with Edward, but I knew I didn't wanna ruin our family evening tonight, so I decided to talk to him tomorrow. Cause this was insane.

"I'll just come back, you know!" Carlisle hollered.

I didn't look back. Instead I sped up.

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

Waking up next to Tiny was always heaven, but waking up as Tiny kissed her way down my chest was fucking divine, I do declare. It made me curious to see how far she'd go. Would she... fuck me? Seriously, if I didn't wake up, would she just continue? Would she use me like that? Shit, what a lovely fucking way to be used.

To hold back the groan as she curled her fingers around Big Daddy, I sleepily threw my arm over my face.

Fuck.

Sleeping naked was a rule and boy was I glad we both obeyed the fucking law.

"Edward?" she sang quietly.

She didn't have sleep in her voice, so I immediately wondered what time it was, and shit, I couldn't hear the young'uns either. That couldn't be good, 'cause my kids were my kids. In other words; loud as hell unless they were up to no good.

I fought another groan as her tongue darted out, right there, licking off pre-cum.

"Baby," she purred, making my cock twitch in her hand. "I need Big Daddy."

Ah, fuck. Dirty Tiny's come out to play.

I don't stand a chance when she brings out the dirty-talk.

Then she was close to my ear, a breathy moan escaping her as she slowly pumped my cock.

"Don't you wanna wake up and give me some Big Daddy loving?"

*Yes. Yes, I sure do. But I also wanna see how far you'll take this.*

"Mmm, my pussy's so wet for you, Edward," she moaned, sucking on my earlobe.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

I fought a shiver, a moan, and the urge to flip her over and fuck her.

I deserve a medal for that.

Christ, I swear I have the kinkiest wife on earth.

I hummed in my sleep, giving her the impression that I might wake up soon, and Bella responded by kissing her way down my chest again, always stopping to kiss the three tats for her, Ranger, and Mini.

"Fuck, Edward," she whimpered, licking me from base to tip. "Your cock is so hard... and big... and thick."

Holy mother of... fucking.

She sucked me in. Or down. Hot wet mouth, down, in, deeper, shit, her throat.

"Mmm, Big Daddy tastes so fucking delicious," she breathed.

I swallowed hard, glad that I had my arm covering my face.

*Keep sucking, baby girl. Suck my cock.*

And she did.

Realistically, I figured, it was best to give out some sounds, and *believe* me, I had sounds to hand out, yes, ma'am. Maybe she'd guess that I thought I was having a very hot dream, which I was, only it was my reality. Everyday, almost. Seriously, Tiny's libido was as insane as mine. Anyway... I moaned quietly, and as soon as the sound had left me, I realized there was no way I could keep quiet much longer, cause man oh man was she sucking Big Daddy good and proper. Holy suction!

"Oh, God, Edward," she moaned. "I need Big Daddy inside me."

*God!*

I bit down on my lip. It was all I could do to stop the fucking whimper.

I felt her then, holy fuck, I felt her, as she straddled me. Good God, she was actually doing this!

And then she was. She lowered herself on my cock, and in one swift movement I was engulfed by her tight, slick pussy.

"Christ," she whimpered. "I love riding Big Daddy."

Boy did she ride me. Like a fucking cowgirl.

It was too much.

I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Fuck, Bella," I grunted, quickly flipping us over before I slammed into her, which made her cry out in surprise and pleasure. I didn't stop, I couldn't. So, I fucked her. I fucked her good and hard. In and out, feeling her soaked pussy envelope my steel hard cock. Harder and more. I delivered hard and deep thrusts and we were fucking insane as we fucked.

With my left hand, I held both her hands above her head.

Again I slammed into her.

"You like that, baby doll?" I breathed, sucking on her neck. "You like it when Big Daddy fucks you?"

"Yes, Edward!" she moaned loudly. "I fucking love it!"

Deeper and harder.

Then I kissed her, hard, pushing my tongue inside her mouth as I kept thrusting into her.

She met every thrust, her heels dug into my ass, spurring me on further.

"Jesus, I love you, Tiny," I groaned. "Slick, tight, addictive motherfuckin' pussy."

Sweat beaded on my forehead.

My orgasm approached.

"Love... you, too... oh, fuck, Edward!"

Her pussy squeezed me.

I rubbed her clit, flicking it, pressing down, circling.

Holy fuck, what this woman did to me.

"I'm so close, baby," she all but sobbed out. "God, I love it when you fuck me like this."

*Sweet baby Jesus, you'll be the death of me!*

"Another word and I'll come before you get yours," I warned breathlessly.

Fuck, I was too close.

And I made the mistake of looking down at where we were joined. Big fucking mistake. Holy shit, I watched. Closer and closer, I was about to blow my load, but I couldn't stop watching as I pounded into her. My cock glistened with her juices, fuck...*fuck*.

"I'm coming, Bella," I groaned, squeezing my eyes shut. "Fuckin' hell, baby..."

My thrusts were hard and erratic, but I kept going as I heard and felt her. It only prolonged my own sweet bliss. Fuck, she pretty much sucked me in as she cried out my name. Always my name.

*Good heavens!*

Yeah, I collapsed. Right on top of her.

But then I sorta slid outta her, and moved, cause I wanted my wife... you know... to be alive.

Ya know?

Tiny moved then, like she was getting outta bed.

"Hey, hey, where the fuck do you think you're goin'?" I asked incredulously as I regained my breath. "Get that sweet ass back here. I need me some fuckin' cuddlin', woman."

She chuckled breathlessly, cause yeah, I'd done her good this morning, and fuck, she looked damn delectable with her messy hair that just screamed, "I just got thoroughly fucked."

"I wanna cuddle, too, baby." She winked, getting outta the bed. And then the damn woman pulled on a pair of tiny cotton shorts and a snug t-shirt. "But I figured you'd be hungry. Or maybe you don't want breakfast?" Then in a sing-cong voice, "I made blueberry pancakes."

Uh... well, shit.

I sat up, leaning back against the wall, and rubbed my chest as I thought shit over, cause I was starving, sure, but I was always aching for Tiny's luscious body close to mine. Goddamn, I'll never be able to make this decision. I mean... oh, wait.

"Can I have both?" I asked, tilting my head.

Now there's an image. Blueberry pancakes and Tiny. Together. I could use her as a plate. A plate I'd lick and kiss.

"Nice try, sweetie." She grinned. "Maybe another day... yes, definitely... But I told Rose we'd be quick. She's taking care of Texas and Minibelle right now."

And so it dawned on me.

Sneaky woman.

"Lemme get this straight, Mrs. Cullen," I said, also getting outta bed now. "You pushed our beloved children out the door just so you could come back here and take advantage of my fine ass?" I found a pair of jeans on the floor, and pulled them on. "That's dirty, Tiny. So, so dirty." *And please, feel free to do it again and again and again.*

That earned me the Bella-pose. Hands on hips, bitch-brow cocked, and chin jutted.

"First of all, Mr. Cullen; it's noon, and the kids were already outside playing. I merely asked Rose to keep an eye on them." Then she was in my face... or chest. Well, her finger was on my chest, jabbing. "And second of all; We haven't had sex in three days. I fucking needed it." She huffed. I tried not to grin. Damn, she was sexy. "And third of all; I didn't hear you complain when I started."

"I was asleep!" I argued, trying to keep a straight face.

"Bullshit!" she laughed. "I knew you were awake when I licked your cock the first time."

And my eyes weren't focusing that much no more... cause she talked about licking my cock. Ya know.

Cause damn, she could lick my cock good.

And suck it. And fuck it.

Damn.

"Christ, you're cute when you space out," I heard Bella chuckle, which brought me back, and I couldn't stop the goofy grin on my fucking face. "Come here, you. Gimme a kiss."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, dipping down to capture those plump lips of hers. "And you're right, darlin'," I mumbled against said lips. "I ain't complainin'."

"I know you're not." She smiled, pecking me a few times before pulling away. "Now, let me get my man some breakfast. Wanna eat outside or in the kitchen?"

I know she can't be more perfect. I mean, seriously, hard fucking *and* blueberry pancakes? Hot damn.

"The kids are outside?" I asked, cause I needed them. Like air. Seriously, I can never go long without cuddling my kids, and I thank the good Lord everyday for making it possible for me to bring Ranger with me to work each morning.

"Yep."

"Then outside it is. I just gotta take a leak first."

*Like really fucking badly.*

"Okay." She smiled, but... then her expression changed. "And uh... we have to talk about something that happened outside the diner yesterday."

Huh?

## ***Chapter 10 – It's all about family***

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"Wait," I said, taking a drag from my smoke. "You're sayin' Carlisle's here? And he said he'd be back today?"

The fuck!

"He approached me outside the diner," Tiny confirmed quietly, nodding a little while biting that damn lip of hers.

"Please don't bite your lip, baby," I whined. "Seriously, I don't wanna be sportin' no boner when we're talkin' about that fuckface."

Right? Right.

*So there.*

"Whatsa boner, Daddy?"

"Fuuuuck," I groaned under my breath.

Looking over my shoulder, I watched as Ranger hopped up the steps to the porch, eyes curious as ever. Fuck, he's too much like me sometimes. Always so damn curious.

"Yeah, *Daddy*," Tiny said, grinning. "Whatsa boner?"

Hateful.

"Ask Mama," I told Ranger, cause that was always safe.

"Nice try, buddy," Bella laughed, picking Ranger up to have him in her lap, and the little man wasted no time in snuggling closer. Smart guy, that one. "But this one's on you."

"Hmph." My wife's so fucking helpful it hurts.

I sighed, dragging a hand over my face.

Granted, I was thankful that Tiny waited 'til after I was done devouring the divine blueberry pancakes to drop the Carlisle-bomb, but I would be even more thankful if she could handle this. I mean, there's no denying that we've had to lie about many of the words that fly outta my mouth.

And it's a fucking curse to have smart kids. Seriously, they're too fucking perceptive. Luckily they know that daddy's words are usually 'adult-words,' and Ranger rarely says fuck. Only sometimes, for which I'm glad, cause Tiny would flip her shit if he took after me when it came to language.

Then I heard it. Tiny saving my sorry ass. Again.

"I think we heard Daddy wrong, Tex," she murmured to him. "I think he said bone. And you know what a bone is, dontcha?"

See? She's a smart one, too.

That's where my rugrats get it from, so I can blame her, right?

Yeah.

"Like a dogbone?" Ranger wondered, and I nodded furiously.

"Yep, that's what I meant, buddy," I said.

Ranger was happy with that, *thank God*, and then we were back on the Carlisle-issue.

He was here. *Jaysus*.

Well, I could handle him, for sure, but I hated the fact that he was so fucking close to Tiny and Mini.

They're my fucking girls, ya know, and I don't want that dumb fuck breathing the same air as them.

Yeah, I'm a bit protective of my family.

Speaking of Mini...

She bounced over then, and I quickly put out my smoke before she launched herself like a missile.

I covered the family jewels as I caught her.

"Dada! I pway wiv Emmmma!" she squealed.

Christ, I love this little girl.

"You did, huh?" I murmured, Eskimoing the shit outta her. "What did y'all play?"

"Pwinthetheth!"

Of course. What else?

"And you're Daddy's princess, right?" I had to make sure.

Thankfully she nodded furiously.

And I felt that tightening in my chest that I had felt before I realized I was in love with my Tiny. Since then I had felt my chest flutter, swell, and tighten a shit load, but that's what you get when you're stupid in love with your family. Safe to say, the talk about Carlisle was postponed, cause I'd much rather spend the early Saturday afternoon with my wife and kids. Besides, Carlisle wasn't family. Not in any way.

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"No sweepy, Dada!" Minibelle scolded me. "Open eyes, dadaaaa!"

Nope, I ain't opening my eyes, that's for fucking sure.

If I do, she'll gimme the Minibelle-smile... or the Minibelle-pout, and I'll die. Okay, I won't die, but I'll surrender, and right now she really needs to go to bed. No two-year-old should be awake at this hour.

"Gimme a goodnight kiss, baby," I said, keeping my eyes closed as I puckered my lips.

I could hear Tiny chuckling from the doorway.

I stood still.

Mini had the top bunk of her and Ranger's bed, so I had her bed at the level of my chest, and I just fucking stood there waiting on my Mini-sugar.

"Daddy wants a kiss," I said with a pout. Eyes still closed.

"Nuh-uh. Open eyes, Dada."

Fuck.

I opened my eyes and there it was. Minibelle's pout. Puppy eyes and a tilted head.

"No sweepy, Dada," she said with that sad pout.

"That's enough, baby girl," I heard Tiny say, approaching me from behind. "You need your sleep, otherwise you won't be able to play with Daddy and Uncle Em tomorrow."

"Thank you," I whispered under my breath. She always had to save my ass from the pout. And the smile, both of which Minibelle's inherited from Tiny. So, again... it's all her fault. Tiny's, that is.

"Say goodnight to Mama," said Mama said, standing on her tippy toes to reach Minibelle. "I love you, baby."

"No sweepy," Mini whined, though she still leaned in and smooched Bella. "Mama, no sweepy."

But then she yawned.

Bella cocked the mama-brow.

Minibelle hmphed.

"Can you give Daddy a kiss, too?" I asked, again puckering my damn lips. But damn, how hard was it to understand?

"Kay," she mumbled, and then she gave me the famous Minibelle-smooch. It was only for me. Tiny got kisses and hugs, but I got the double peck with an Eskimo kiss on top.

They're the *best*.

"Love you, Mini doll," I murmured.

"Wuvo, Dada. Wuvo, Mama." She yawned.

Again with the chest fluttering.

I'm a lucky son of a bitch.

"Night, sweetie," Bella chuckled, tugging on my hand so we could leave the room.

As soon as we were out the door, I couldn't help myself. So, I pushed my delectable wife up against the nearest wall.

"I love you," I said, not waiting for a response. Instead, I dipped down and kissed her good and hard. "So fuckin' much." It was nothing but the truth. Seeing her with our kids... Shit, call me a sap, but I lived for it. I lived for my family.

"Mmme, too," she breathed as I swiped my tongue over her bottom lip. Big Daddy was waking the fuck up. "Outside, baby."

Yeah, yeah, I know we have people right outside.

More correctly; Em, Rose, Pops, Ranger, Ethan, Jeb, and Emma.

Saturday night, ya know. Barbecue-night.

Alice, Jasper, and Austin would be here but they were spending the night at Jasper's parents'.

"Seriously, Edward," she whimpered.

"Ah, man," I groaned, very fucking reluctantly breaking the kiss. But somehow I managed to pull away, and soon we were back on our little porch where I pulled Tiny down on my lap.

"Took ya long enough," Pops chortled, standing just off the porch where he prepared Tiny's favorite grilled apples on the grill. Ranger and Ethan assisted. "Funny how somethin' like puttin' the kids to bed always takes y'all so long." He eyed me and Tiny... before eyeing Em and Rose.

So what, we're a family full of lovin'. We escape when we can to hand out a few kisses. Ain't nothing wrong with that, Pops.

"You were the same with Nana May," I huffed, lighting up a smoke. "Ya know, I always used to wonder why Nana came out lookin' all flushed and shit, and then the Carlisle told me the truth." I shuddered at the thought of Nana and Pops 'cleaning the dishes' after dinners when I was little.

"And now I need me a fuckin' beer to get the image out," I groaned, exhaling smoke through my nose. "Tiny doll, couldya hand me a beer?"

Em, Rose, and Tiny just laughed.

But as soon as I had a cold one in my hand, it was all good.

"Thanks, darlin'," I murmured, snaking my hand up her tank top an itty bit to feel some skin. Gotta love it.

"Speakin' of Carlisle..." Em trailed off, cocking a brow, silently wondering if we had news.

I just shrugged. He hadn't shown up so far and it was ten at night. I guess his promise to Tiny about returning today was as good as all them other promises of his.

"Nothing yet," Tiny said, leaning back against my chest. "Maybe he won't come."

"Let's hope not," I huffed quietly.

But there was a part of me that hoped he would, though. Partly cause I was curious about his reason for being back in Baytown, and partly cause... well, I wanted to beat the shit outta him. I wasn't bitter or anything, cause I had Pops and Nana May there for me while growing up, and I could trust those two. That couldn't be said for my parents, but at least my mom had the decency to stay away. She quit and stayed away, but Carlisle had the tendency of showing up at times, only to piss me and Pops off. I mean, sure, Pops left Baytown for a while cause I was being too rowdy, always getting my ass into trouble, but I never held it against him. Nana May had just died when I started getting into heavier shit, and it just became too much for Pops. I was a stupid shit back then. But anyway, I still knew I had Pops love and support, even though he needed distance. Hell, he even hid the money from my last gig when I went to prison. Now *that's* love.

Carlisle, though... Nah, he was just an immature jackass.

But enough about that fucking Carlisle.

Time to celebrate Saturday.

"Gimme another beer," I belched, making Ranger and Ethan laugh as they came up the porch with Pops' grilled apples. "You laughin' at me, son?"

"No, Daddy," he giggled. "Here ya go, Mama."

"Aw, thank you, sweetie," Tiny said, accepting a damn apple on a stick.

Personally I didn't see the apple appeal. There was no sugar on 'em, ya know. Just fruit and cinnamon.

"Can you give Daddy a beer, Ranger?" I asked. "I would if I could but I have Mama on my lap."

And I'm a lazy fuck. Pardon me but it's been a long week.

"Can I open it?" he asked, eyes lighting the fuck up.

"Sure, buddy," I chuckled.

"You wanna beer also, Daddy?" Ethan asked Em, most likely cause he wanted to pop the cap, too.

We knew why of course, cause Em and I were trying to be good daddies and teaching our sons to do man-shit.

Ya know?

Yeah.

"Sounds good, son," Em said firmly.

Soon there was another beer in my hand.

Gotta love it.

"Thank you, Ranger." I grinned and bumped his fist. "Kiss, too."

See, where Minibelle gives me a double peck and an Eskimo kiss, Ranger bumps my fist and then gives me a smooch.

Ya know?

"MWAH!" he giggled, giving me a quick kiss. I knew I had to savor them, cause I had a feeling he'd grow outta them soon. And who knows, maybe he would only smooch on his mama soon. So yeah, I'm a savoring fucker.

"Well, I be damned," I heard Pops drawl, causing me to look over at him.

He was staring into the darkness but... shit, I heard the foot steps, too. And then there was a tall figure walking outta the shadows as he approached the trailer.

I clenched my jaw.

Tiny started rubbing soothing circles on my arms that were wrapped around her.

"Uh-oh, Daddy lookin' mad, Mama," I heard Ranger say.

I couldn't quite focus.

All I saw was that fucking asshole that was Carlisle.

"What the fuck are ya doin' here?" Pops asked Carlisle, both of them standing by the grill. "You got yourself a deathwish, boy?"

"Oooh, Pops cussed!" Jeb gasped.

Carlisle had changed. He looked... older, ragged. Still dressed the same. Jeans, t-shirt, cowboy hat. Fucking beer gut.

"Relax, baby," Tiny whispered.

I couldn't.

I didn't want that fucker anywhere near my wife and babies.

"Just thought I'd visit my son," Carlisle said, looking up at me. "It's been a while, Edward." He fucking grinned. "I ran into Flo. She told me you had settled down with a couple of young'uns."

Flo, that bitch.

Flo was Nana May's best friend's daughter, and she'd died when Flo was just a little kid. And since my Nana was an angel, she took Flo in. I knew Carlisle saw her like a sister, but I always hated her. Maybe cause she was much like Carlisle. Drinking, gambling, ignoring family, living it up. Never staying in one place for long.

"Wait just a minute," Tiny said, getting up from my lap, and that wasn't good. She was kinda keeping me in place at the moment. And now she wasn't. "Say it ain't so!" she laughed. "You have a 'sister' named Flo?" Then she turned to me and Emmett. Rose was also grinning, knowing what was to come. Don't worry, I knew it too. And I sorta cracked a smile. "You saying you have an Aunt Flow, baby?"

And there it was.

"Yes," I sighed, only smiling cause my wife brought it outta me. "But I never saw her as an aunt. She ain't family."

Rose cracked up.

Tiny cracked up.

The little ones cracked up just cause their mamas did.

"Aunt Flow!" Bella guffawed. "That's rich!"

"Hey now, that's enough," Carlisle of all people said. "Don't be badmouthin' my sister. You don't do that with family."

He shouldn't have said that.

He'll face the wrath of one mama bear now.

Actually this was quite entertaining.

"Come here, baby," I said, motioning for Ranger to get over to me.

"Watch Mama now."

He snuggled against my chest.

"Excuse me?" Tiny said to Carlisle, hands on hips. Yep, here we go. Emmett and I exchanged grins, and Rosalie flanked my delectable wife.

"You wanna talk about how to treat family?"

So far, Carlisle stood stoic. But he wouldn't for long.

Tiny took a step toward him.

"How did you treat your own son, huh?" Another step. "Correct me if I'm wrong but didn't you walk out on him on numerous occasions?" Another step. Carlisle was starting to look nervous. "Didn't you leave your own son with your father cause you wanted to 'move around a little'?" Of course Pops had told her everything. "How old was Edward when you walked out on him the first time?" Tiny reached the first step on the porch. Carlisle gulped. I grinned, fucking proud of my girl. She was feisty. "How old was Edward when you walked out on him the second time?" Another step down the porch. "And the third, the fourth, the fifth?" Last step. "And how many times did you say 'I'll be back in a few days,' but didn't return until weeks or months later?" She was on the grass now. Em and I were grinning in anticipation. So was Pops. And when Carlisle opened his mouth to give some half-assed reason, Bella held a finger up. "The questions were rhetorical, you bastard!" she growled, looking sexy as fuck.

And that was my cue to cut in unless I want Tiny to cut... him.

"Go to Aunt Rosie," I whispered to Ranger before setting him down.

"Daddy will be right back."

But it's my son we're talking about here.

So, when I walked down the porch steps, I sighed, unsurprised when I saw Ranger following me.

"You okay, baby?" I asked, focusing on my Tiny instead of Carlisle. He'll get his soon enough. "Maybe you oughta take a step back," I suggested quietly, gently grasping her arm.

"But Edward!" she whined, turning to face me. "I wanna punch him." And the pout. "He deserves it, and you know it."

"I know, baby girl," I murmured, pulling her closer. "But I'll take care of it, alright?"

Yes, she stomped her foot. Christ, how I love this woman. "Okay, but you better do it real good."

I smirked. "Am I not known for doin' things good and proper?"

Slowly but surely, a sexy grin took over her face, effectively making me "down, boy" myself.

Down, boy.

Ya know?

"You sure are," she purred. And... down, boy, for fuck's sake. So not the time and place. "Make me proud, husband of mine."

With a wet kiss, she headed back to the porch, and I was left with my son and... yeah, Carlisle. So, I crouched to get Ranger's attention. I mean, it was time to kill two birds with one stone, ya know. If I was giving Carlisle

a shiner, I might as well make sure Ranger's paying attention. Right? Right.

"Ranger, remember when Daddy taught ya to throw a punch?" I asked.

"Yea," he replied, nodding furiously. "You show me on Uncle Em."

I grinned, cause yeah I did.

"Well, that was just for practice," I told him. "Now, watch and learn, buddy. I'ma show you how it's done good and proper."

Then I stood up and faced a wide eyed Carlisle.

"You're not serious, are ya?" he asked, taking a step back. "I... I mean, I only came, cause... you know... I missed my son. Ya know?"

I cocked an eyebrow as I rolled my shoulders.

"I ain't even respondin' to that," I said dryly. "Now, before I give you the ass-whoopin' you deserve, answer me this; why the fuck did you come? And don't give me the I-missed-you-speech, cause I ain't buyin' it."

"But I did!" he exclaimed, holding his hands up in surrender as I took a step forward. "I'm done, Edward. I know I treated you like shit growin' up, but... I mean, I was young, ya know?" He rubbed the back of his neck, taking a step back for every step I took towards him. "Can ya really blame me? I was just a kid when I had you."

I scoffed. "And you're still a fuckin' kid." I nodded toward my family. "I was only a couple of years older when I had my first. But you don't see me leavin'. Family comes first and I couldn't love my family more."

"Punch him, Cullen!" Em bellowed from the porch. Yeah, he was furious with Carlisle, too. "Give him a real timeout!"

Carlisle looked terrified.

I liked that.

He shouldn't have come here in the first place, but now that he was here, it felt good to give him what he really deserved.

"Dad!" Carlisle pleaded with Pops. "You believe me, dontcha? I mean... fuck! I heard from Flo that Edward had some little ones runnin' around, and I just wanted to meet 'em!"

I fumed.

Deep breaths.

I cracked my knuckles, rolled my shoulders, and approached.

I was there.

I saw red.

"You ain't comin' near my children!" I roared, raising my fist before I planted a good one under his left eye.

Not enough.

I gritted my teeth.

I fisted his t-shirt, pulling him to a stand again, and then my fist connected with his nose.

Then his jaw.

I heard the crack.

"You punchin' fuckin' hard, Daddy!" Ranger shouted. "Go Daddy!"

"Go Uncle Eddie!" That was Jeb and Ethan, I think.

"No cussing, Texas!" Tiny scolded, making me chuckle breathlessly. "But... You go, Edward! Give him hell!"

Ain't nothing better than the family supporting you.

"Had enough?" I seethed, pushing Carlisle down on the ground where he clutched his face. "Have I made myself clear yet?"

"Yes!" he wheezed out. "I'll leave. Fuck."

"And?" I pressed, pushing my boot down on his chest.

"I won't be comin' back," he coughed.

*Fuck*, I grunted internally, looking down on my knuckles.

Deep breaths.

Safe to say, Tiny's giving me some lovin' after this.

"And why?" I growled, pushing harder.

He should know the answer.

There was only one.

But being the bastard he is, I doubt he knows the answer.

So, I decided to give him the answer.

"Because you fucked up a few times too many," I spat. "You had the chance to have a family and you threw it away over and over. We're fuckin' done, *Dad*."

When will people get it through their fucking heads that family is the most important thing on earth?

"Now get the fuck outta here," I said, ending it all.

I was done with that fucker.

Once and for all.

"Come on, Ranger," I said, picking him up. "Let's get some sugar from Mama."

"That was fuckin' cool, Daddy," he whispered in my ear.

I grinned.

That's my son, folks.

"Don't cuss, baby," I said, cause Tiny don't like it when he cusses. "At least not so Mama can hear ya."

I winked at him.

He winked back.

"Are you hurt, baby?" Tiny asked worriedly as I walked up the porch steps. "Lemme see, honey. I'll take care of you."

See?

Fucking glorious my wife is.

"I'm good, darlin'," I murmured, kissing her forehead. "Real good."

And it was true.

My life is fucking awesome, I do declare.

***Outtake 1/3***

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***Proudly presentin'***

***Edward Earl Cullen – The Cocky Bastard***

***Emmett Jebediah McCarty – The Guilt Trip***

***Jasper Cletus Whitlock – The Shitfaced Fuck***

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**The Cocky Bastard's POV.**

"You think it's gonna work, Cullen." It was a statement. Cause fuck yeah. I don't fail. Em knows it. "It's a pretty fuckin' bold plan."

I nodded, stilling filling the fridge with beer that Tiny and Rose had bought.

Tonight was the night.

Emmett and I are gonna be daddies soon, and the goal is to get Jasper to join us.

For Alice's sake.

Ya know?

Okay, maybe Emmett and I are a little selfish, too. But come on, it'd be cool if we all had little fuckers running around in the same age. So yeah, we're gonna convince Whitlock tonight over a friendly game of poker and... a shitload of beer.

We wouldn't do it if we didn't know that he wanted them little ones of course, but he does. The past few days have proved that over and over. The man is fucking captivated whenever Tiny and Rose talk about their pregnancies. It's just that he's scared shitless. He won't take that step. He won't go up to Alice and say, *let's go fuck until there's a bun in your oven*.

Ya know?

So, Em and I are gonna give him that tiny little nudge in the right direction.

Tonight.

"Good thing he's competitive," Em commented as he cleared the kitchen table. "Which I guess you know."

"Of course," I chuckled, grabbing me a beer. "He's gonna be seethin' by the time I'm done with him." I checked the time. Any minute now. "And by the time you're done, he'll be cryin' all the way over to Alice."

We had parts to play.

I'm gonna use the fact that Jasper is a competitive bastard, much like myself, and Emmett's gonna guilt trip his sorry ass.

*Knock, knock!*

"It's open!" I hollered, taking my seat with a deck of cards. I grinned widely when Jazz entered. The douche had no idea what he was in for. "Howdy, Whitlock."

He tipped his hat, silently taking a seat across from me. He was always a quiet one at first.

"Ready to play some poker?" Emmett smirked, and sat down next to Jazz. "I got me a good feelin' 'bout tonight."

Fuck yeah.

"Let's get started," I said.

I shuffled the cards, nodding to Em, cause it was time.

He nodded back once... and handed Jazz the first of many beers tonight.

"So... Cullen, how you dealin' with Bella's pregnancy?"

"Like a fuckin' man." I smirked cockily as I dealt the cards. "I swear my girl and I are gonna have the coolest rugrats runnin' around."

"You talkin' like there's more than one, bro," Em laughed.

*There will be.* Now that I have one coming, I want more. Call me a greedy fuck, but I want two. One ain't enough, damnit.

"We'll start with one." I shrugged. "But I'm man enough to say that I can't fuckin' wait to have more." And now, finally, Jasper reacted. "I mean, why wait when you wanna have 'em? Right?"

I placed my bet.

Emmett raised.

"Wait, so you're sayin' you should rush through it all just cause you want kids *some day*?" Jasper huffed, calling Emmett's raise. "Don't make no sense to me, Cullen."

I smirked at him. "No. I'm sayin' you shouldn't be a pussy and keep quiet if you want them *now*." I shrugged like it was no big deal, and chugged some beer. "I mean... only a weak bastard would keep somethin' like that in, ya know?" Yeah, this hit him. Emmett was finding it hard to keep his laughter at bay, so I kicked him under the table. "But what the fuck do I know?" I sighed, flipping the turn-card over. Fuck, yes. I have three 10's. "I ain't one of them pussies. I know I want little fuckers runnin' around, and I say it. Simple as that."

A couple of hours later, Jazz was losing big.

It was so fucking obvious that every cocky remark I spat out hit him right in the kisser.

Meanwhile, he was also getting plastered.

I nodded for Emmett to take over, which he did gladly, looking like a giddy little bitch.

**The Guilt Trip's POV.**

Okay. Okay. Shit. Here we go.

I nodded back in acknowledgement, and Cullen lit up a smoke, taking a deep drag before he led me in.

"By the way, Em," he said, rubbing his jaw as he looked at his cards.

"What was that thing with Alice today? Or was it yesterday?"

Yeah, Jasper was listening now.

Hehe.

"I don't know," I sighed, shrugging a little, focus still on my damn cards.

"Rosie said somethin' about Alice bein' all sad or... yeah, somethin' like that."

I paused, looking at my card a little, and fought a smile as Whitlock looked more and more frustrated.

"Ah, now I remember," I said, snapping my fingers. "Somethin' about havin' a family."

Cullen fought a grin, I fought a fucking fist pump.

"We need beer," Cullen decided. And soon we had them. Many of them. Right there on the table. "Have a cold one, Jazz."

Jazz didn't hesitate.

The man was a squirming mess for fuck's sake.

Kinda fun to see.

Ya know?

"You talked about names and shit like that?" Ah, Cullen wasn't wasting no time. "Tiny and I have started a little."

I nodded, still sipping my beer.

I belched. Good one.

"Yeah, I asked Rosie about it today," I told him. "But Alice was there, so she shushed me. Cause apparently it was a sensitive subject or whatever."

Jazz downed his beer. Then another and another.

"Poor girl," Cullen said solemnly, going all in. The fucker! "If only she had a real man, ya know?"

Jazz whimpered and chugged more beer.

This was fun.

But back to the cards. I best be folding. I don't want Rosie to whoop my ass again for losing my poker money to Cullen. It's happened way too many times.

Yeah.

I folded.

So did Jazz, and Cullen smirked like the cocky fucker he is as he collected the damn money.

"What'd you have?" I asked, lighting up a smoke.

"I ain't tellin'," he chuckled.

Fucking shit.

I bet he bluffed.

"Okay, enough!" Jazz suddenly burst. Cullen and I exchanged looks.

"What're ya s-sayin'?" he slurred. "Is my A-Alice sa-ad?"

"Well, yeah," Cullen replied, not missing a beat. "She wants a baby."

"Dang," Jazz muttered, then another beer went down.

I slapped him on his back, making him choke. Sorry about that.

"Don't worry about it, my friend," I told him, not meaning a word of what I was saying. "As long as *you're* happy." Oh, this was good. Who knew I could lie like this? Hah! "She'll come around, Jazz. I mean, so what if she's cryin' a little? She's a sweetheart and I love her, but she's a woman. They cry." Cullen grinned in approval whereas Jazz looked nauseous. "Or in Alice's case; sobbin' rivers."

### **The Shitfaced Fuck's POV.**

I can't believe this crap!

I didn't know my Ally was sad!

Just cause I's hesitating about that baby-making?

Dear Lord, what have I done? I mean, I want the little young'uns, I do declare. I's just hesitating cause I don't know if we've got the money, ya know? But maybe we do. Hell, if Cullen and Emmett can do it, then so can I!

"Are you okay, Jazz?" I heard Cullen chuckle.

I hate that honkin' bastard. Cocky and assholish just cause he's having a baby on the way. Oh yeah? Well, I show him! Yea! I show him good how it's done! The Major's ready for action!

"I'm f-fine!" I told him, pointing a finger for good measure. "And ya know what? I'm a man!" Yeah!

Those two giant bastards just laughed at me. Really honkin' loudly to boot!

I took another beer. It was... I dunno... my second or third beer tonight.

So it was cool.

"If you're all man, Whitlock, then why the fuck are you still here?" Cullen asked, cocking a brow. "Shouldn't you be bangin' the missus?"

"*You're* here," I countered. And I'ma bang my missus, I swear! "Why don't you bang *your* m-missus? Oh, *wait*. You ain't ma-arried."

"Workin' on that, too," he replied simply. Still cocky. "Like I said, Jazz, I know what I want, and when I do, I fuckin' get it."

I's fuming all of a sudden.

He's saying I ain't a man.

I'd had it.

"Enough of this shit!" I bellowed, standing up. Shit, standing upright's kinda hard. "I'm outta here. Time to ge-et my Alice up knocked."

Yeah, that sounded right. Right? Right.

"You mean, knocked up?" Emmett guffawed, but I ignored him as he let me pass. "Shit, do you need help, man?"

"Pshhh, nah!" I waved him off. "I'ma get the Major hard now."

Someway, somehow, I made my way outta the trailer, and I think I heard something about "and that's how it's done" coming from Cullen, but I's not sure.

Instead I focused on the path leading my ass to the missus and our trailer.

"Alice!" I hollered. I could see the trailer in the distant. "ALIIICE!"

Closer.

Goodness gracious, since when did we have two trailers? 'Cause I see 'em both, ya know.

"Major needs some lovin', darlin'!"

Closer.

Another step.

Focus, Whitlock!

Sir, yes, sir!

Then I's there, knocking on the door. "Lemme inside you, Ally doll!"

The door flew open and uh... I stumbled.

Back, back, shit, I'm falling.

Save me!

My ass hit the ground.

"Oh, Jazzy! What on earth-" She stopped there, and I was groaning and protesting like a badly oiled machine. "Sweet baby Jesus, are you drunk, Jasper?" Oh, stern voice.

I closed my eyes, pretending to be sleeping.

"Jasper Cletus Whitlock!" That was a growl.

Weeeell, Major woke up.

"Knock m-me up, Ally!" I whined. Shit, other way around. "No, I mean," I pointed my finger between us, back and forth, and then a circle. "Other way ar-ound. Sit on the Major, baby."

And what did the missus do?

She went back inside, closing the door behind her.

That wasn't nice. Rather rude.

So, I decided to tell her in the morning that she could stop taking them anti-baby pills, cause... it's time to go to bed now, ya know.

Yeah.

Night, folks!

### ***Outtake 2/3 – Vegas, baby!***

(Song: Pour Some Sugar On Me by Def Leppard)

### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

As hard as it was to leave our little baby Ranger at home with Lisa, Rose, Em, and Pops... and the others, I really wanted to fucking do this. Hell to

the yeah, it's time to marry my Tiny! Which is why we're in Las motherfucking Vegas.

We have twenty-four hours. Clock's ticking, folks!

And why only twenty-four hours? 'Cause you can't leave a little baby alone for long. He needs Mama and Daddy. And Mama and Daddy need Ranger, too. So, twenty-four hours. I'ma do it all, I do declare.

### ***1st hour...***

*Step inside, walk this way*

*You and me, babe, hey hey!*

"Baby, what are you doing?" Tiny giggled.

"I think it's quite obvious," I murmured, sucking on her neck. "I want you, baby doll."

Fuck, I'd been hard since we stepped off the damn plane. Didn't matter that we were now members in the mile high club. I wanted her again and again and again. Ya know?

"Me too, Cullen," she chuckled. "But let's not scare the poor cab-driver to death."

Hmph.

"You sayin' we have to wait?" I grumbled. "We can make it real quick, darlin', I swear."

She just laughed at me.

Women, right?

"At least until we've checked in at the motel," she reasoned.

I guess I can live with that.

***2nd hour...***

*Love is like a bomb, baby, c'mon get it on*

*Livin' like a lover with a radar phone*

*Lookin' like a tramp, like a video vamp*

*Demolition woman, can I be your man?*

"Holy fuck!" I moaned, both in pain and pleasure as Tiny's nails dug into my shoulder blades. I thrust harder and deeper, and shit, there went the mirror. "Jaysus, are you okay, baby?"

Sweat beaded on my forehead. Gotta love wall-sex.

"I'm fine, don't stop!" she cried out.

So, I just moved her away from the cracked wall-mirror.

Then I slammed in again.

Her sweet pussy coated my cock with wetness. My future wife sure loved it rough.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," she chanted. Tighter than ever. She was close.

Thank fuck, cause so was I.

"I'm gonna come, Tiny," I grunted. "Fuck! I... *Christ*, I need you to come."

Deeper.

Deeper.

"Oh, shit!" she gasped, followed by a shattering crash. Looking over my shoulder, I saw a broken lamp on the floor. "I accidentally kicked my shoe off," she panted. "No, no, focus here, baby," she whimpered. "Fuck me with Big Daddy!"

*God.*

Like I wasn't already losing it.

"Quit with the dirty talk," I breathed against her shoulder. "Fuck, squeeze that pussy, baby. Come all over my cock."

Thankfully she did.

### ***3rd hour...***

*Razzle n' a dazzle n' a flash a little light*

*Television lover, baby, go all night*

I couldn't quite believe my luck as I stepped out of the shower.

There, on our bed, was Tiny... ordering pay-per-view porn. She was also as naked as the day she was born. On her stomach. Remote control in her hand. Ankles crossed in the air.

"This is why you didn't wanna shower with me?" I asked, cocking a brow.

"To order porn?" I honestly didn't know if I should've been jealous or thanking God for my kinky girl. But as she winked at me and got in position, I knew I was gonna thank God.

Big Daddy was rising like the South will one day.

"Oh, baby," I cooed, walking over to the bed. "You want me to fuck you from behind while we watch porn?"

She nodded while biting that lip of hers.

*Thank you, God. Thank you kindly!*

A few minutes later, I was buried inside of her. The sounds filling the room came from us and the TV. Moaning, groaning, grunting, and whimpering. I honestly didn't pay that much attention to the movie, cause I had the best view, I do declare.

Big Daddy pounding into Tiny's slick pussy from behind.

I smacked her delectable ass, unable to help myself.

Her response?

"God, I love your big cock, Edward!" she cried out. "Do it again, baby! Spank me!"

*Seriously, thank you, God!*

#### ***4th hour...***

*Sometime, anytime, sugar me sweet*

*Little Miss innocent sugar me, yeah*

"Edward, there's a photo booth!"

I cringed as her squeal did damage to my poor ears, but I couldn't help but to grin widely at her enthusiasm. And then I walked us over to the damn photo booth, cause it was time to take pictures.

Yes, people were staring at us, maybe cause Tiny was piggyback-riding me, but *puh-lease*, there are far more fucked up shit to stare at. I mean, this is the Strip. Ya know? Freakshows everywhere, I swear.

"How do you wanna do this, darlin'?" I asked, smiling down at her.

"Get in," she instructed. "I wanna sit on you."

*Yes, ma'am!*

And sit on me she did.

Good thing jeans are sturdy, cause Big Daddy was stirring.

"Is there a problem?" she asked innocently, looking over her shoulder at me. And the coy smile, of course. I gave her a look that told her exactly what the problem was. And this happened right as the first picture was taken. "Uh-uh, smile for the camera, Edward."

I didn't.

Instead I said, "Gimme some sugar." Which she did, and by the time four pictures had been taken, Tiny was grinding shamelessly over my junk. Not that I complained. At all.

### ***5th hour...***

*Come on! Take a bottle, shake it up*

*Break the bubble, break it up*

Both of us were fucking starving, and I told Bella to choose a restaurant, thinking she'd want someplace romantic. I mean, we're getting married tonight after all. And what did she choose? Hard Rock Café. Yeah, my kinda girl!

And no, Tiny wasn't interested in no champagne. She was a beer girl all the way, and boy was she glad she could drink now that she wasn't pregnant no more. But we're working on that, though. I'ma knock her up good and proper soon. Ranger's gotta have a sibling.

"Fuck, this is so good," she moaned, licking her lips.

I couldn't quit grinning like a fool. One might think a woman would order some fruity drink and... I dunno... a salad? Not my Tiny, no. She ordered the same thing I ordered. Beer and the best fucking ribs you can get in a restaurant. Cause mine are better, ya know. The ones I barbecue back home in Texas, that is.

"I'm stuffed," she said with pout, now licking her fingers as she puffed out her not-there-at-all belly. "Want some of my ribs?"

Sweet!

"Sure you don't want more, darlin'?" I had to make sure.

"I'm sure," she replied, pushing her plate towards me. "And after we're done here, we gotta buy new t-shirts."

And I nodded, cause fuck yeah. Can't be visiting Hard Rock Café without getting no t-shirt. Shit, just thinking about Tiny in a tight t-shirt in black, along with her short denim skirt... *G'damn*, I think Big Daddy's waking up. *Again!* Her fault, though. All her fault.

"Whaddya wanna do after?" I asked, eager for a change before my cock rose higher. "Some sightseeing?" Delicious motherfucking ribs, by the way. "And I suppose we oughta drop off them legal papers, too."

"Some sightseeing sounds good." She nodded before sipping her beer. Damn, down boy. "And yeah, let's drop off the papers and our clothes. And then we should gamble some!"

I'm marrying that girl.

*Again, thank you, God!*

### ***8th hour...***

*Pour some sugar on me, ooh, in the name of love*

*Pour some sugar on me, c'mon, fire me up*

"Sugar for good luck," I said, puckering my lips.

Tiny kissed the shit outta me, grinning beautifully when she came back for air. I seriously couldn't love that woman more.

Then I said "Hit me" to the Black Jack dealer.

Fuck yeah!

"Edwaaard!" Tiny squealed.

Time for a celebratory smoke, cause I just got twenty!

And the House didn't beat it!

"How much did you win?" she asked, hugging my waist as she stood behind me, and I dropped the chips in her hand. "Shit!" she gasped. "It's like...fifty...seventy-five...*oh*...two...three... Baby, you won four hundred bucks!"

Sure fucking did.

Her eyes flashed with... *oh, shit*... "We need to find a bathroom, Edward. Now."

*Yes, ma'am!*

### **9th hour...**

*Pour some sugar on me, I can't get enough*

*I'm hot, sticky sweet from my head to my feet, yeah*

I bit down on my knuckles as I looked down.

She moaned around my cock.

I wanted to give her some major pleasure, but she had said, *"No, baby, I gotta show you how much I fucking love you right now. So, just let me suck your cock."* Which is what she's doing right now.

"Fuck, baby," I breathed, leaning back against the bathroom wall. *"Jesus, oh..."* Harder, teeth grazing, hands cupping my boys. Good God, she knows what she's doing! "Fu-... Bella, baby, I'm close," I gritted out.

### ***15 minutes later...***

*Listen, red light, yellow light, green light, go*

"Sweet baby Jesus," I breathed, taking a deep drag of my smoke. Fuck, my legs were all shaky and shit. So, I sat my ass down, right there on the sidewalk. Well, not in the middle of it, of course. But yeah, I needed to sit down after that blowjob, and there was no bench nearby. Christ is all I'm saying.

"You okay?" she chuckled, looking down at me. I was glad she didn't take a seat cause her skirt was really fucking short. "You wanna head back to the motel and rest for a while?"

I shook my head, exhaling smoke through my nose.

"Nah, gimme ten minutes and I'll be fine." I winked. She knew about my speedy recovery time. "Besides, we're gettin' married in two hours." Big goofy grin on my face just thinking about it. "No use in going back to the motel."

So, we decided to hit the slot machines, cause Tiny wanted to try 'em out.

And she ended up winning two hundred and forty bucks.

Don't worry, I licked her pussy good.

### ***10th hour...***

*Pour some sugar on me, ooh, in the name of love*

"We're gathered here tonight..." I tuned Elvis out, and I sorta worked on autopilot for a while.

I tuned the witnesses out, too. One might think I shouldn't need to, but when Bella and I walked pass two bikers that were singing merrily on songs about Texas, we just fucking knew they had to be our witnesses, ya know. It was like a sign or some shit. We just didn't think they would keep singing in here. But I didn't care. 'Cause right now they didn't even exist.

All I saw was the girl of my dreams.

Looking fucking delectable, by the way. She's both sexy as sin and beautiful as... only she can be. Fuck yeah, she's still wearing the short denim skirt, but she's also wearing a white corset in. Ya know, lacey, satiny, frilly, tight as hell, pushing them tits up. Then her shit-kickers. Mile high heels in white, ya know, to match the corset. And my shirt, I suppose. Hell, we really fucking matched. We were both wearing dark jeans, only she wore a skirt, and then I had this white button shirt with my sleeves rolled up. My shoes were black, though. Like my tie that Tiny explained was a "skinny tie" whatever that meant.

"Do you, Isabella Marie Swan..." *Blah, blah, blah.*

I grinned, feeling my vision blur an itty bit at the sight of Bella's gorgeous eyes. Glistening with unshed tears.

"I do," she said, smiling beautifully. "I really fucking do."

That's my girl.

"And do you, Edward Earl Cullen-"

"I do," I said, cutting the fucker off. Nodding, too. "I do, I do declare."

Sweet baby Jesus, I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

Ya know?

And lemme tell ya, having a ring on my finger sure did feel good!

To match Tiny's rings, mine's also white gold. And I still don't know why they call it white gold when it's clearly silvery gold.

*Yeah.*

"But the power invested..." Blah, blah, blah, lemme kiss my girl! "I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may-"

I tuned him out again, cause I was already launching, ya know.

"My wife," I mumbled against her lips. My hands went to her luscious ass, of course. "Mrs. Cullen. Fuck." That sounds unbelievably good. "I love you, baby doll."

My wife!

"God, Edward," she whimpered, and I brushed a few tears away. Cause she shouldn't cry. "I love you so much, my *husband*."

Fuck yeah!

"AHEM!"

Oh, right. We weren't alone.

"Let's go back to the motel, darlin'," I breathed in her ear. "Time to celebrate."

She moaned.

Time to leave!

**12th hour...**

*You got the peaches, I got the cream*

*Sweet to taste, saccharine*

*'Cause I'm hot, so hot, sticky sweet*

"Edward," she whimpered, arching against me. "You're teasing me."

I hummed, sucking hard on her nipple.

Of course I was teasing her. How could I not?

I had my wife, *my wife*, completely naked on the bed, covered in sugar. Whipped cream, strawberries, cherries, peaches, grapes, pineapple, and chocolate.

It was like fucking dessert. Pun intended.

Huh. Only, I wasn't fucking her.

So, to rectify that, Big Daddy slid home.

*Ah, yeah.*

**13th hour...**

*Pour some sugar on me, ooh, in the name of love*

*Pour some sugar on me, c'mon, fire me up*

"You have chocolate frosting in your hair," she chuckled, reaching up on her tippy toes to reach me, which she didn't, so I ended up kneeling for her. "Want me to wash it, baby?"

I nodded as I placed kisses on her stomach.

*Big Daddy and my boys are gonna put a baby in here soon.*

The fuckfest is far from over. Just gotta recuperate for a while.

"Oh, *Jaysus*," I groaned, feeling Tiny's fingers on my scalp. "Feels so, so good."

My eyes closed as the hot water washed over me.

I shivered.

"Wanna rest for a while?" she murmured softly. "I could give you a massage."

As much as I wanted that, and good God, I really did, I knew it was time to feed my wife.

And myself.

"How about we order some pizza first or somethin'?" I swear I purred like a cat when she added pressure to my scalp. "And then I *definitely* wanna cuddle."

I shivered again, and together we finished our shower.

### ***15th hour...***

*Pour some sugar on me, oh, I can't get enough*

*Pour some sugar on me, oh, in the name of love*

"I love you," I whispered, Eskimoing Tiny under the covers.

She snuggled closer.

"I love you, too. More than words can say."

I swallowed hard.

I knew how lucky I was, and I was never gonna take it for granted.

She had my heart, my everything, and she had given me everything in return, including our son.

"I really fuckin' love you," I had to say it again.

She hummed as she kissed my jaw. "Let's make love, baby."

I smiled, and then we did. Make love, that is.

### ***18th hour...***

*Pour some sugar on me, get it, come get it*

*Pour your sugar on me*

"Baby," I murmured, kissing her neck softly. "Wake up for me."

She didn't, but she did roll over on her back.

I hovered over her. Kissed her skin reverently.

*I love you*, I said with every kiss.

"HmMMMMMM."

I smiled against her collarbone.

"Are you wakin' up for me, darlin'?" I whispered. Hell, I knew she was beat. I was, too. But we only had a few more hours in Vegas, and I wasn't gonna let us waste it on sleep. Besides, Big Daddy was ready for round... whatever it was.

My fingers found her pussy. Up and down, gently and softly, I teased her, all while kissing her breasts, her neck, her... everything.

"You're insatiable," she mumbled sleepily then, threading her fingers through my hair. "My poor pussy's tired, baby."

I chuckled huskily.

"Well, if it weren't for you, my cock wouldn't be perpetually hard." That was true. "Besides, I have feeling my boys are gonna do the job this time."

That earned me a smile.

A big one.

My boys were singing 'Mama, I'm comin' home.' I do declare.

"Okay," she sighed contently, still smiling like the gorgeous woman she is. "Let's make that baby."

And I grinned, cause fuck yeah.

Then I pushed into her with a groan.

Home, sweet home.

"Christ," she moaned quietly. "Perfection... every time."

I know, baby, I *know*.

***23rd hour...***

*Pour some sugar on me, yeah*

*Sugar me*

"C'mere," I murmured, picking my wife up.

She was dead on her feet, and I was a fucking gentleman. So, after we had checked our luggage, I carried my wife over to the waiting area where she sat straddled on my lap. Very fine by me.

Time to go back to Texas.

"You're the best," she chuckled tiredly, burying her face in the crook of my neck. "How did I get so lucky?" she asked softly, facing me. I saw everything in her that I knew she saw in me. Adoration, devotion, sweet fucking love, and... yeah, all that shit you gotta have to feel this blessed.

"I think I'm the lucky one," I said, nuzzling my nose with hers. "Now gimme some sugar, Mrs. Cullen."

"Always, Mr. Cullen. *Always.*"

### ***Outtake 3/3 – Payback's a bitch, now scream!***

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#### **Darlin' Bella's POV.**

"So, what's the plan, ladies?" Pops drawled.

My mouth was full of saltines, so I couldn't talk.

Edward knocked me up again. So, saltines are my favorite right now.

"We're gonna go Blairwitch on their asses," Rose told him as she packed the flashlights.

Ah, yes. It's payback time for all the pranking. Alice is with us this time, cause she's knocked up to, ya know. I'm only nine weeks along, but Alice is proudly showing. Anyway, Jasper pranked her last week and we thought "That's fucking it. Time for payback." So, we decided that this weekend was perfect cause the boys decided to go camping. They left three hours ago.

"I don't even know what that means, darlin'," Pops chuckled.

"Don't worry," Alice chirped. "We'll video tape it." She showed the video camera and winked at Pops. "We could explain it, but I think it'll be more fun if you just saw it later."

Pops lit up in excitement. "Can't wait to see that."

*Hear, hear.*

"Okay," Rose sighed. "I think that's it. Flashlight, snacks, blankets, Alice has the camera... hmm... and we have the CD. Anythin' else?"

I grinned. Couldn't wait for *that* one. We had bought a CD with animal noises. Yeah.

"Oooh, what about the CD player!" Alice exclaimed.

"It's in the truck," I said before shoving another cracker into my mouth... or four. "I packed the thpeakerth, too." Um, that's *speakers*.

"Say it, don't spray it," Rose huffed, dusting my crumbs off her jeans.

"Thhhhorry," I laughed, spitting out more crumbs on her.

"Yeah, I asked for the news. Not the weather."

I rolled my eyes. Rose had clearly been watching *Friends* again.

Anyway...

We had decided to take mine and Edward's truck, cause the boys took Emmett's and Rose's Jeep, and we didn't wanna take Alice's and Jasper's truck. One simple reason.

Conway Twitty.

We don't like him.

Jazz loves the fucker and has a Conway Twitty cassette stuck in the ancient player in their truck.

So, we're taking my truck. Definitely.

"So, we're ready to go?" Alice asked hopefully.

Yep.

We said goodbye to Pops and Aunt Lisa, then our babies, and then we left.

I drove, which meant I was in control of the music, thank goodness.

As much as I love girl power, there's only so much I can take of Cindy Lauper's "Girl's Just Wanna Have Fun." So, I pushed play, smiling when Ram Jam's "Black Betty" began. Fucking perfect.

~~O~~O

"Kill the lights," Rose said, and I did.

We were close. We had already passed the boys' Jeep, and they always camped in the same spot. That was very good because we would be invisible in the woods while they would be totally exposed in the small meadow they always used as a campsite.

"Maybe we should walk from here," I suggested. The path wasn't very wide and if we continued, it would be close to impossible for me to turn the truck around, and if we needed to haul ass quickly, it would be nice not having to back all the way out of the woods. "The site is only five minutes away from here."

"Sounds good," Alice agreed.

So, that's what we did.

We grabbed the flashlights, the player with the CD, the speakers, the... everything. Then we walked in the darkness, making sure not to point the flashlight too far ahead. We didn't wanna alert the men of our presence, after all.

"Wait, do we have batteries for the player?" Alice whispered.

I nodded at her.

"Shit, it's really fuckin' dark out here," Rose smartly announced as her head whipped around like crazy. I guess someone was scared.

"Don't forget to shut your cell phones off," Alice said quietly.

Good call.

I shut mine off.

Then I stopped short... and listened. "Girls, wait." They stopped, too.

"Listen," I whispered.

.

.

.

We heard it. Laughter, not too far away.

Huddled together, the three of us walked on the edge of the pathway, careful not to make any sounds, then as we got close enough to see the boys' campsite, we entered the woods.

Slowly and soundlessly, we walked closer.

The three men sat by the fire. Two tents were up... cause nobody wants to sleep with Jasper. The dude is one helluva farter.

Just ask Alice.

"Look, they're drunk already," Rose chuckled behind her hand.

She was right.

I saw how they tipped back their bottles over and over again, and I could only imagine how many empty ones I could find in the grass that surrounded them.

"This'll be so easy." I grinned. "Shall we?"

They nodded, but we stilled again when another round of laughter rang out.

After exchanging knowing glances, we all decided to listen to them for a while.

So, we did.

Only, we weren't surprised. They're men. They talk sex, food, and sports.

Apparently I'm very bendy...according to Edward.

Apparently Rose is a screamer...according to Emmett.

Apparently Alice loves doggy style...according to Jasper.

Yeah, like we didn't already know all this.

Please.

"Ready?" I asked.

Alice nodded, standing ready with the camera. That was her job. Just... to stand here and capture everything.

Rose nodded, too, and since she wasn't knocked up, her job was to circle the meadow and make noises with rocks, twigs and shit like that.

And *I* nodded, mostly to myself. My job was to be in control of the stereo.

"Let's do it," Rose said with a grin.

A few more nods, then we split up. Alice stayed put, Rose headed to the right, and I headed to the left.

I munched on a couple of crackers on the way.

Careful not to trip.

And Rose was right. It's really fucking dark.

Heh.

*Don't be a pussy, Bella.*

Right.

The goal was to make sure the men stayed near the fire for as long as possible, cause once they started moving around, it would be impossible for Alice to catch them on camera. But with the light from the fire, we would get some lovely footage.

As soon as I had found a good spot, I pulled the blanket out from my bag, spread it out onto the ground, and placed the stereo on it. Then it was a pickle. Think about it; it was completely dark out, and I was gonna plug in the portable speakers we'd bought. Yeah. Not an easy feat. But in the end I fucking nailed it.

"Shhh!" I heard then, and the laughter quieted down. "I think I heard somethin'." That was Emmett.

I stifled a laugh behind my hand.

Rose must've started.

So, I hurried and pushed play on the stereo, quickly finding track 4.

Then I waited.

It didn't take long before low growls filled the air.

"Holy shit!" That was Jasper. "It's comin' from over there!" He pointed in my direction. Heads whipped around.

I stayed hidden behind a big ass tree, now finding comfort and humor in the darkness.

I saw them but they didn't see me.

After a few seconds, I crouched down and lowered the volume until I couldn't hear it. It wasn't supposed to be constant after all.

"You heard it, right?" Jasper hissed, standing up.

Both Emmett and Edward nodded and stood up, too.

Then I heard crunching and cracking from across the meadow. Rose. Again I laughed behind my hand. This shit was too funny. I could picture her, finding twigs to break and rocks to throw.

"What the fuck?" Edward gulped.

Next we heard more crunching, this time closer to me. Rose was really alert, and quickly after, we heard a similar sound in Alice's direction. I immediately understood that she wanted to make sounds, too, and as long as she stayed put – fine by me. And this was really good; the guys thought they were surrounded now. Noises came in every direction.

I pushed play again and cranked up the volume.

Growls filled the air.

"Sweet baby Jesus, I'm too young to die," Edward whimpered.

Aaaaah, Edward! *God*, it was hard to hold my laughter bottled up!

The three just stood there, huddled by the fire, heads whipping around to follow the noises.

But I wanted them to really freak out, so I turned down the volume again, and while I pressed forward to track 8, Rose continued to make noises.

CRACK!

*Jesus*. Whatever that was, Rose must've put some real strength to it.

"Gaaaaah! Mama, help me!" Emmett shrieked.

"Pffffff," came from me as I tried to withhold my girly giggles.

Maybe we should've taped our fucking mouths shut.

Anyway...

I pushed play on track 8.

This was epic. Seriously. It sounded like crying dolphins or something.

But it did the trick, because...

"I *knew* monsters were real!" Jasper wailed. "Oh, *God*, have mercy on meeee!"

Yeah.

Good thing I already had my mouth covered.

"For fuck's sake, Jazz!" Edward hissed. "God ain't gonna save your ass right now, you religious nut!"

"No, no, maybe Jazz is right!" Emmett cried out.

The dolphins kept on crying. Gotta say, we bought good speakers.

"We oughta pray," Emmett decided, and before I knew it, he was kneeling and clasping his hands as he looked up at the starry sky. "Dearly beloved, we're gathered here today-"

"You're *fuckin'* with me, right?" Edward asked incredulously. "Are you gonna *marry* someone?"

I was currently doubled over, laughing as silently as I possibly could. The sounds that did escape were muffled by the sleeve of my hoodie.

"Well, I'm *sorry*!" Emmett growled. "But I don't know what you're supposed to say when you're fearin' for your fuckin' life! I ain't exactly a churchgoer, now am I?"

"You don't know the Lord's Prayer?" Jazz asked Emmett. Apparently they were now focusing on religion instead of the dolphins crying. Hmph.

"That's sad, Em. Real sad."

"Even *I* know it, you asshat!" Edward exclaimed, and I shook my head, cause no, he didn't know it at all. But, Edward being Edward, had to make a fool of himself... So, he recited,

"Our Father, ya know, up there

Hallowed be your or thy name or some shit

Your kingdom's comin'

Your will be cooked and done

On Earth or wherever

Give us grub this day

And help us pay off the bookies

Or whatever

And lead us into temptation

And fuck evil."

Yeah.

I mean... what can I say?

I understood the look of disbelief Jasper gave my poor, poor husband, who was just so fucking cute.

"What?" Edward huffed, rubbing the back of his neck. "It goes like that! Or somethin'."

Jazz nodded slowly. "Yeah... Or *some*thin'."

But enough of that shit.

I cranked the volume up on max.

"Holy shit!" Emmett gasped.

"Oh, I'ma *die* out here, I *swear*!" Jasper—well, he did an *awful* lot of wailing.

The next thing I knew was Rose standing next to me, panting from all her running. She was grinning victoriously.

"Yeah, uh, maybe we oughta, ya know... *run*," Edward said, frantically eyeing his surroundings. "I don't feel like campin' no more."

And that was our cue.

Rose and I nodded to each other, then I picked up the stereo, the blanket, and... we ran.

On the way, I slowly turned the volume down, making it fade away, and then I pushed the player down in my bag, so that I could run faster, which we did. Cause now we had to hurry. Soon we met up with Alice, who was having a giggle-fit. Rose and I followed suit, unable to hold it in, and then we ran back to the truck, all while laughing.

"That was freakin' hilarious!" Alice squealed once we were all in the truck.

I had tears streaming down my face as I backed out, and by the time we were back on the main road, we were guffawing out the words of our husbands' wail-fest.

"I'm too young to die!" I cried out, mimicking Edward's words. Tears still streaming. "No, wait! This one! Hallowed be your or thy name or some shit!"

"No, no, this!" Rose chortled. "Gaaaaah! Mama, help me!"

"Dearly beloved!" I laugh-sobbed.

"I knew monsters were real!" Alice wailed through her laughs.

"God, I'm glad we caught it all on video!" Rose sniffled.

We all grinned and nodded in agreement.

Sweet motherfucking night.

"When are we gonna show them the tape?" Alice asked mischievously.

I pursed my lips, thinking about it. Rose was also in thought, tapping her chin.

"I'd say we let Pops watch it and then he can decide," Alice said firmly.

Rose and I agreed cause Pops knew best.

So, an hour later when we were back and Pops had watched it, he laughed through his tears and said, "Ladies, this is somethin' you oughta draw out for years. Taunt them, make them question everythin'."

Good thinking.

Pops is smart.

So, we hid the tape.

~~O~~O

I was half asleep when I heard Edward come home, and I had to say I was curious about the time they took to get home.

"Baby, what're you doing home?" I asked sleepily, smiling to myself as he spooned me real hard.

My man slept in the buff.

Fuck yeah.

However, with the night he'd had, I wasn't surprised when I felt Big Daddy very soft.

Poor guy.

Or something.

"Hmm? Oh, I just missed you, is all," he mumbled, tightening his hold on me. "Why sleep out in the wild, wild wilderness when you have a cuddly wife at home, ya know?" he chuckled awkwardly.

Yes, Edward, why indeed.

"Okay," I sighed contently, smiling wider. "Well, I'm glad to have you home, baby." I wriggled my ass a little against Big Daddy, hoping to get a reaction. I mean, now that he was home...

"Actually, darlin'...um... Do you mind if we just sleep tonight? I'm not really feelin' it."

Oh, yes, it was hard not to laugh.

### ***Epilogue – It's sweet fuckin' life***

(Song: Lowlife by Theory of a Deadman)

## **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"What the fuck are ya talkin' about, Tiny?" I growled into the phone. "So, Emma's gonna play without Mini? That's fucked up. They're the best strikers and should play together."

Fucking Coach Clapp. What a bitch.

I wanted to punch through fucking wall.

But Tiny would be mighty pissed if I did that again.

*"I know, right? Mini and Emma are both livid, and Emmett's not coming until the game starts, so Rose and I are trying to calm them down, but it's not working very well,"* she muttered, and I heard Rose huff in what sounded like agreement in the background. *"You better come down here, baby, cause I just wanna cut the bitch! Can't fucking believe she's making my girl sit on the damn bench!"*

Yeah, that made me smile.

And my dick twitch.

*Down, boy.*

"I'll be right there, darlin'," I promised, getting the keys to my bike. "Love you."

*"Love you, too."*

After hanging up the phone, I pulled on a wife-beater and a pair of jeans – cause it's fucking hot outside, and I usually walk around in boxers at home, ya know? – and then I left.

I always made it to Minibelle's soccer games, and today was no exception but it was some fucking picnic before the game and I needed to prepare

some shit for mine and Tiny's anniversary first. It's tomorrow and I wanna celebrate good and proper. I may be pushing forty but I'm still a running fucker. Yeah, thirty-nine years old, fucking crazy. But the way I see it, as long as I wake up with morning wood I'm young. And believe me, Big Daddy's throbbing every morning. Maybe cause it's pressed against Tiny. Yeah. But that's the way it's supposed to be, and I still thank God every day for giving me a cuddly wife.

"Hey, Dad! Wait up!"

I looked over my shoulder as I made my way across the Park and saw Ranger running towards me, most likely coming from the pool where he usually hung out with his friends. *Still can't believe he's a teenager now.* Much like Minibelle was a version of Tiny, Ranger was a small ass version of yours truly. It was both a curse and a blessing, really, cause Tiny and I have good motherfucking genes. Which means Ranger's gathering some major attention from the girls, just like Minibelle's doing with boys. I'm just glad Ranger's like me, always putting family and those that matters first. Ranger ain't vain or shallow. Sure, he's a cocky motherfucker, just ask his mama, but he's no player.

*Mini doll on the other hand...*

Sweet Jesus.

Twelve years old and already aware of her appeal to boys. Don't worry, she's not even kissed a boy yet – Ranger and I make sure it stays that way – but she sure knows how to bat her lashes.

"What's up, son?" I asked, slowing down. "I thought you were with Tiny."

"Nah, I's gonna hitch a ride with you," he said. "You leavin' now? Mama said the game didn't start until three."

I smirked. "Yeah, but there's a problem with the coach. Mama asked me to come down before she did damage."

"Good call. I'll go with you."

Alrighty.

Soon I had him behind me on the bike and I drove us toward the park where we spent most Saturdays.

Actually felt good to have Ranger with me. We were a good team, always protecting the women in our clan.

Sometimes it scared me how much like me Ranger was. Apart from his looks, which included the whole shebang with fucked up hair, lopsided smirk, green eyes, and yeah, just everything, he also dressed like me, listened to the same music, and... acted out. Yeah, rowdy little fucker. Don't worry, nothing illegal. I'd never let that happen, but... oh, the fighting. I don't know how many times me or Tiny's been called to the school. Foulmouthed little kid, too. My bad. Not that I care. Not even a little. Cause he's got my good traits, too. Heart's in the right place, he's protective, and he's loyal.

As soon as we arrived at the park, I called Tiny again to get directions to the fucking picnic, then we started walking. She didn't really like the picnics either, cause there was always some prissy parent that pissed her off, which I just found sexy as hell, but whatever. We did this shit for our kids.

"Did you fix the tickets?" Ranger asked as we walked across a massive field. "Mama's gonna love it, ya know."

"Sure did, and I hope so," I chuckled, throwing my arm around his shoulder. "You haven't told her, I hope." Reaching down to my back pocket, I fished out my smokes and lit one up.

"Of course I haven't," he huffed. "Pops knows, though."

That didn't surprise me. Nothing got passed him. Even now when he was over eighty, the old man was as alert as ever.

"That's okay." I took a drag from my smoke, thinking about telling Ranger what Emmett had told me the other day, but then I figured... nah. We don't need more fighting. The issue is Emmett and Rose's Emma. Emma's like Mini, only a year older, and if Ranger found out that his second cousin had a boyfriend now, he'd tell Jeb and Ethan, and it wouldn't be pretty. Cause they're as rowdy as Ranger. They'd probably beat the fucker that was groping they're sister. Believe me, Emmett wants that, too.

I just know that the day Mini announces that she has a boyfriend, I won't be holding Ranger back. I taught him to throw a good punch for a reason.

"Over there, Dad!" he said, pointing to our left, and sure enough, there they were. A shitload of people with blankets and picnic baskets. Runts running around and parents doing whatever.

"What was the problem anyway?" Ranger wondered, looking up at me.

"You said Mama wanted to go apeshit on someone."

"Mini's coach," I huffed, exhaling smoke through my nose. "She wanna bench Mini for the first half of the game today." Fucking crazy bitch, benching my daughter. "Mini told Tiny, Tiny confronted the coach, it didn't work, Tiny called me. She's one pissed mama bear now."

"Why the *fuck* would they bench Belle? She scored twice last Saturday!" he growled. Yep, s'got my temper, too.

And see? My kid's smart. Why the hell can't Mini's coach be smart?

"My point exactly," I told him. "And I said the same to Tiny, but since Mini also received a yellow card, the coach wants her to sit one out... or the first half, at least."

Ranger was about to say something, but Tiny saw us then and wasted no time in rushing over. Damn, still delectable, that one. She may be thirty-four, but I swear she still looks like she's in her twenties. Same style, cotton shorts and a beater in black. I gotta get on... or *in...* that tonight. It's been too long. Like... three days or something. Yeah, I *know*.

"Thank God you're here, baby," she said right before she reached us. I saw the fury in her eyes, the fury she held for Mini's coach. *Down, boy. Down.* I palmed her ass and dipped down for a kiss, cause I needed one, damnit. And then she turned to Ranger. Looked kinda funny to me, cause Ranger was almost as tall as his mama. "Hey, Tex. You came with Daddy?" She squished him in a hug and planted a good one on his forehead. That shit always made me smile. "I hope you wore your helmet." Mama-brow cocked and loaded.

"Of course, Mama," Ranger mumbled, wiping his forehead, though he secretly loved it. "Dad left it with the bike."

"Have some faith, Tiny," I chuckled, giving her ass a good squeeze. "Now, if you could show me where the fuckin' coach is..." I trailed off, taking a final drag from my smoke before putting it out with my foot.

"And where's Belle?" Ranger asked, looking around.

"Mini's trying to cool down over there with Emma and their friends," she replied, pointing toward a wooded area. And yes, I saw my little girl there, at the edge of the little forest. Stomping around and waving her arms around as she most likely vented to her friends. "And the coach is over there," Tiny continued, pointing in the opposite direction. Close to the

soccer field. My eyes narrowed. "Be my guest, Edward. Rose had to drag my ass away earlier."

"Okay," I said with a firm nod. "Ranger, you take care of your sister, and I'll deal with the menopausal bitch."

"Yes, sir!" He mock-saluted me, making me smirk at him and ruffle his hair, and then we were off.

"Oh, I'm going with you," I heard Tiny say, and before I knew it, she jumped onto my back. "I'm not missing this for the world."

I chuckled and smacked her ass.

Seriously, though, I wonder if there's something about the women in our family and piggyback-riding. Cause I swear not a day goes by when I don't see it. If it aint Alice or their little Sarah riding on Jazz, it's Rose or Emma riding on Emmett. Or, ya know, Tiny or Mini on me. Not that it stops there, though. Fuck no. Ranger's very used to Mini's climbing. Same goes for the other little ones in our big family. Piggyback-riding little sisters, and overprotective brothers. And it really is big, ya know. Our family, that is. Six parents, eight kids. Rose and Em with the triplets, me and Tiny with our two rugrats, and Jazz and Alice with two boys and one girl. Good thing we have Pops and Aunt Lisa, really.

"Giddy up, Big Daddy," Tiny purred in my ear, bringing me outta my musings.

Another smack to her ass. "That's what you say when you ride my cock, baby doll," I drawled. "Not when you're on my back."

And *seriously*... Down, boy!

As we got closer and closer to the coach, my cock deflated pretty fucking quickly, though, so don't worry.

"I wanna punch her," Bella mumbled.

I knew she did, so I hooked my arms under her legs before sticking my hands into my pockets, effectively keeping her legs wrapped around me. Which in turn made sure that the coach lived another day. It didn't happen often, but I had seen my wife throw a punch of two over the years. Not as often as I happen to get into fights, but still. My girl's not exactly against violence if that's what it takes.

"Coach," I said, alerting the old woman to my presence. She turned around after excusing herself to the parent that she was talking *whatever, who gives a fuck* with. "I heard you ain't lettin' my girl play from the get-go today. What gives?"

"Ah, Mr. Cullen," she said dryly, and I had to give Tiny's calf a squeeze in warning. Cause I could hear the sexy little growl rumbling. "Well, as I told your wife," she eyed Bella over her glasses, "Minibelle earned herself a yellow card last week when she cussed at the other team's goalie. I don't encourage that, so sitting out the first half of the game today sounds more than fair to me."

"Mini and Emma always play at the top together," I said flatly. "Without those two, there won't be anyone scorin' for ya."

I was just stating a fucking fact. Emma and Mini carried that fucking team, and screw those saying, "but it's just for fun." Cause if this had been a boy's team, there would be no coddling. The coach would rile the little ones up and only put the best players on the field. Now, let me get something straight. Tiny and I aren't all about winning, fuck no, we want the kids to have fun. And we would never force our kids to do *anything*. But Emma and Mini wanna play *and* win. Cause guess what, winning *is* fun.

"Emma's still in the same position," the coach replied with a shrug. "But Minibelle is not. Not during the first half. Emma will be playing with Tanya."

Say what?

"You're shittin' me, right?" I asked incredulously. "Tanya ain't no striker. She's a defensive player, and you oughta put her with the midfielders or the fuckin' defenders." Jesus, did the coach not even watch the games? "You have two good strikers, and now you're leavin' one out?"

Fuck, maybe Emmett and I oughta start our own team, and then we can bring these pussies down.

I decided to talk to Emmett about it later.

"Calm down, Mr. Cullen," the coach hissed. "We're talking about twelve and thirteen year old girls here."

That's fucking it!

"So what!" I snapped. "My girl deserves to be on that field and you fuckin' know it. And I find it funny how you punish her for the yellow card instead of rewarding her for the two fucking goals she scored."

Finally I was getting through to her. I had her there.

"But I can't let this slide, Mr. Cullen," she said, trying to make me see reason. *Her* reason, that is. "Cussing out the goalie-

"I'll stop you right there," I said impatiently. "I know all about the yellow card – I was there," I looked at her pointedly, "and I saw the whole thing. If *you* saw the whole thing, you'd know that she told the goalie to fuck off cause she elbowed my girl in the fuckin' ribs."

Again, I had her.

She knew this.

And in the end, after a few more rounds of her useless arguing, she caved.

Yeah.

"You're my hero, baby," Tiny whispered as we headed back toward the picnic. "You know that, right?" She tightened her hold around my neck, dropping a... shit... openmouthed kiss on the spot below my ear. She's a piggyback-riding sin. "Mini's gonna be thrilled." Another kiss. I started walking toward the wooded area, but not where Mini and her friends were, ya know. "You're the best husband, the best daddy."

That's it.

With my arm up, she got the hint and jiggled her way to my front instead, then I pressed her up against a tree before I attacked her.

"Fuckin' love you, baby doll," I groaned as she tugged on my hair. I sucked on her bottom lip. My hands were on her ass, under the shorts, of course. "Can't say shit like that," I complained in a moan. "See? Big Daddy's wakin' up." He really was. I mean, she was grinding all over my junk.

I kissed her neck.

She kissed my shoulder.

"Sorry, baby," she whimpered. "S'just that I love you so damn much, and... the way you handled the coach..."

I found her mouth again, kissed her real hard.

"Good thing I have the next few days with you, darlin'," I murmured breathlessly, cradling her beautiful face. "You and me, Tiny. All alone. Four days. Vegas. Whaddya say?"

Jaysus, that smile of hers... "Are—are you kidding me, Edward?" she gasped.

I shook my head and Eskimoed her. "Not kiddin'. We leave tomorrow."

"Oh, my-" She cut herself off by kissing me again.

Life was fucking sweet.

Hard work, but when you have this much sugar around you, the hard work ain't all that hard.

We may be a foulmouthed bunch of fuckers, but we wouldn't change a fucking thing. I felt it. Tiny felt it. We all fucking felt it.

"I love you, Edward... so much," she murmured, eyes glistening.

"Love you too, Bella."

I'm owned, I do declare.

***A year later...***

**Rowdy Ranger's POV.**

"What the fuck!" I screamed, throwing my hands in the air.

I wanted to run out there and kick that fucking ref!

"Take it easy, buddy," Uncle Em murmured. "Mini's got this."

I knew that. My sister was fucking fierce out on the field, and shit sure had changed since Dad and Em started their own team. Belle and Emma set the bar high, and the other players followed.

This was my spot every Saturday. The sidelines, right next to Dad and Em. Well, Jeb and Ethan are here, too, ya know. Same goes for Austin, but I don't like him very much, cause he's totally ogling my sister. Fucker. Good thing he's a good guy, otherwise he'd be eating grass right now. I guess it's also a good thing he's Alice and Jazz's son. Otherwise, *Dad* would've made him eat grass. Ya know?

Still bothers me, though. I mean, Austin's my friend. We're neighbors and all. Did he have to crush on my sister?

"You okay, baby?" Dad asked her as she gulped water. "How's the knee?"

"Fine, Daddy," Belle panted. "How many minutes left?"

I handed her a towel so she could wipe the sweat outta her eyes. Cause that shit stings.

"Nine minutes," Dad told her with a kiss on her forehead. "Ready for more?"

"Fuck yeah!" She grinned, then she was gone, running out on the field again.

"Atta girl," Em chuckled.

The ref blew the whistle, and I watched as Emma dribbled the ball closer and closer to the box. Belle was ready to accept on the other side. The goalie looked scared shitless, maybe cause she knew the two players that were coming for her. And I grinned, really fucking widely, as I looked across the field and saw Coach Clapp looking all pissed. Yeah, she really

shouldn't have bitched about yellow cards. I still remember that from last year. My entire family was pissed. But it's sweet revenge now!

"Go, Mini!" Dad yelled. "Watch out for number fourteen!"

Mini heard him, and instantly ran closer to the middle, eager to get rid of the defender that was up her ass, and Emma took the opportunity to pass the ball while Mini was alone. I watched with wide eyes, we all did, and I could only imagine Mama and the others sitting on the edge of their seats behind us. Come on, come on, yes, back to Emma, closer, closer. Fuck, there were players everywhere. I knew why. Cause my two girls scored often, and once they were close, the entire opposite team crept down to defend. Emma ran with the ball on the sideline, trying to find a way in, and Emmett yelled for her to use her left, which worked out perfectly cause Emma had one helluva left foot. And soon Mini had the ball again. Fuck. Number fourteen was like a fucking leach on her.

"Get in the middle, Emma!" Emmett bellowed. "Bree, Kate, and Vicki, follow up! Up, up, up!"

Mini dribbled the ball, kicked it over the closest defender and had an open shot.

"Shoot, Belle!" I screamed, pulling at my hair.

I didn't have to scream. I knew she was gonna take the shot, and she fucking did.

"That's my baby!" I heard Mama cheer.

Dad and I both grinned at each other, then we joined in on the cheering.

~~~O

As soon as Dad had smooched all over Belle for scoring twice, she headed straight for me. I always stayed close while Dad and Em talked to the girls after each game, and I's pretty sure I wanted to coach soccer when I grew up. Looked like fun, ya know. And my dad was fucking awesome. My hero.

"You were awesome, sis!" I grinned and threw my arms around her. She was sweaty as hell, but I didn't care. "Three to nothin'!"

"Thanks," she chuckled breathlessly. "Have you seen Mama?"

"They're settin' up food," I told her.

"Okay, gimme a ride, please?" Ah, the pout. Fucking hell.

"Jump up," I sighed, rolling my eyes at the shortie.

Soon I had her on my back, and I tried not to cringe when her sweaty t-shirt was soaking my black beater. Gross.

"When are Mama and Daddy leavin' tomorrow?" she asked.

This time I did cringe, cause the last thing I wanted to think about was Mama and Dad's anniversary. Last year they were supposed to be gone for four days but they got kicked outta the motel for "disrupting the peace." Yeah, I knew what that meant. So, they came back a day early with shit eating grins. Fucking nasty. Anyway, they were going this year, too. Four days.

Fine by me, cause I's allowed to stay home all alone while Mini had a sleepover with Emma and Sarah at Alice and Jazz's.

I mean, I'll be surrounded by adults, but I can still be alone, and I have plans for Tease. Fuck yeah. I'ma make sure she knows she's my girl after tomorrow night. *Officially*. And no, that ain't her real name. Her real name's Anna and she's new in Baytown. Moved here last month with her

folks, and I finally grew a pair and asked her out a couple of weeks ago. Since then we've been kissing all over the school, but I've only taken her out once.

Can't quit thinking 'bout her.

Just sucks when you share your room with your sister. I don't really mind but some privacy wouldn't hurt, ya know. I'm a teenage boy after all.

But then I smiled, remembering the conversation I had overheard a few days ago. Mama and Dad were talking about me and I think they're considering letting me move into Mama's old trailer that's still parked next to Pops' trailer. Ya know, the little silver bullet. Yeah, I love that trailer and I'm mighty glad my parents kept it. Mama said I's too young, but Dad said that it would work if we moved the trailer and put it right behind our home. That way it would really just be another room...sorta. And Belle would get her own room too, ya know, if I moved out.

"I asked you a question, Tex," Belle huffed.

Oh, right.

"They're leavin' in the mornin'," I murmured. "You're stayin' with Aunt Alice and Uncle Jazz."

"Sweet!"

I rolled my eyes. Then I decided to have a chat with Austin tonight at the weekly barbecue.

Gotta set up a few ground rules.

I mean, I'm the Cullen in charge when Mama and Dad ain't around.

Dad said so.

Speaking of Dad, he chuckled at us as he made his way to Mama. Well, excuse me for not being so quick but I have a human being climbing on my back!

"Mini doll, you have legs, ya know," Dad pointed out, slowing down to walk with us... or me. "If Ranger's carryin' you around, he ain't gonna have strength for tomorrow night." He winked at me.

My cheeks heated up.

He knew about my girl, of course, but luckily Mama didn't. Not yet. I'd like to keep it that way. To her I'm still a five year old boy. Her baby Tex. Yeah. I'm still a mama's boy, but I can't have my mama treating me like a baby in front of my friends.

"But this is more fun," Belle giggled. "Texas is my pony."

"Very funny, Belle," I said dryly.

"Ah, my rugrats," Dad snickered, and I think he kissed Belle. "And speakin' of tomorrow night, Ranger you remember what we talked about?"

Ugh. Don't remind me.

Ya know, the sex talk. I'm only fourteen for fuck's sake!

But still, Dad wanted to get it outta the way before something happened between me and my girl. Whatever.

"I remember," I mumbled, focusing on the ground.

"What talk?" Belle asked, and I glared at Dad.

"Nothin' for you to worry about, baby," he chuckled at her.

I smirked at him. "Just wait till it's her turn."

That sure wiped his funny face off. "That ain't happenin' until she's thirty."

Yeah right.

"Have you seen Belle's school books?" I asked, cocking a brow.

My sister gasped in horror before she pushed herself off of me. "Texas! Have you been snoopin' around?"

I shrugged.

I'm her brother for fuck's sake. I gotta keep up.

"Hold the fuckin' phone, kiddos," Dad said, placing a hand on my shoulder and one on Belle's. "What about her school books?" He looked at me. "Tell me."

Belle glared at me. It made me wanna cover my nuts.

But I was honest with Dad cause we were a team.

"She's written *Minibelle Whitlock* all over her books," I told him.

"Walker!" Belle shrieked.

"Minibelle!" I mimicked.

"Is that true, Mini?" Dad asked her through clenched teeth. "You're thirteen years old! You're too young to be thinkin' about boys!"

Exactly. *Way* too young.

"What's wrong, guys?"

Oh uh. Yeah, we all froze. Mama's here.

"Fuck me," Dad mumbled, shaking his head. "Can't believe this is happenin' to me."

With a sigh, he turned around to face Mama. "My babies are growin' up."

Jeesh, Dad.

Belle and I both rolled our eyes.

Mama pursed her lips to hide her smile.

"Ya know what?" he said, running a hand through his hair – a trait I had inherited. "I'm just gonna lay it all out there, darlin'." He gave me a sideways glance, and I gulped. No, no, no! "You know the Fords that live two trailers from Pops? Yeah, Ranger's datin' their daughter." Thanks a lot, Dad! "And you know the crush Austin's got on my Mini doll? Well, it looks like it's fuckin' mutual."

Mama just stared at Dad.

I looked down, kicking around some dirt with my foot.

Then I heard mama's laugh. *Laugh*. So, I sorta looked up in confusion. Dad was mighty confused, too.

"I don't see what's so fuckin' funny here!" Dad growled.

"Oh, please, Edward!" Mama guffawed. "You don't think I already know all this? Seriously! I've known about Mini and Austin since they were in diapers for Christ's sake!"

Say what?

"And I know about Texas and Anna, too!" Mama continued to laugh much to my embarrassment. Hell, I thought I was being all stealthy and shit.

"You three are so funny," she giggled.

We all glared at her.

"Aw, don't be mad." She beamed at us. Dad was already melting. He's like fucking putty in Mama's hands. "Come on, sweeties, let's get some food. We can talk about this later."

Mama whispered something in Dad's ear, to which he grinned like a fucking fool, and I decided I didn't wanna know. Gross. So, I left and focused on the damn picnic instead.

I guess it was a good thing. I thought Mama was gonna lecture me or something about Tease, but she didn't. Huh. Ah, well. But one thing was for sure; I's gonna make it hard for Austin. If he was gonna go after my baby sister, he better man up and ask her out properly. I don't want no sneaking around cause my sister deserves better than that, ya know.

Hours later, Dad was still a bit grumpy about Belle growing up, but whatever Mama had told him made it better, cause he wasn't bitching around, at least.

And the morning after, we said goodbye to Mama and Dad as they left for their vacation. Dad was in a good mood then. A really good mood, and I still didn't wanna know what they were whispering about.

Anyway, I "talked" to Austin for a while. Jeb and Ethan helped me.

I guess he's a good guy, but if he hurts my Belle, he's going down.

Cause family's the most important thing in the world. My parents taught me that.

I'ma be just like my dad when I grow up. He knows his shit.

~~O ~~O

"You sure you're okay, honey?" Aunt Rose asked, looking all concerned and shit. She didn't need to, but I appreciated it. She's good people.

"I'll be fine," I chuckled, running a hand through my hair. Okay, I's a bit nervous, cause Anna was coming over in an hour and I didn't know romantic shit. Ya know? Dad just told me to be *me* and things would work out.

"Well, you know Uncle Em and I are right next door," she said softly.

I nodded. I knew. I had family everywhere.

"Okay, sweetie," she chuckled. "Have fun tonight. But not too fun."  
Pointed look.

"Gotcha." I smirked.

She mumbled something about "Cullens" under her breath, and then she left, leaving me alone in our trailer. Yep, nervous. Not about being alone, but... shit, what if Mama's lasagna and Cokes aren't enough? Maybe I should've bought something for her?

I counted the money that Mama and Dad had left for us in the kitchen. I chewed on my lip. Four days. They'd left more than plenty to cover for food, drinks, and candy. And it wasn't even necessary cause we were gonna eat every meal with oh, I dunno... so many people. I mean, there was Pops... and Lisa, Aunt Alice and Uncle Jazz, Aunt Rose and Uncle Em. Yeah, grownups everywhere, and Mama had told me that she didn't like it very much when I was alone. So, I knew my family was gonna check in on me often. Or more than often. But I wanted this one night to show my girl that I could be romantic, ya know. And since there was plenty of cash, I grabbed a twenty and left the trailer. Thankfully, it wasn't too late.

On my way to the florist, I texted my dad. Girls like flowers, right?

**Need help. Don't tell me to be myself. That can't be enough. – Walker**

Dad's reply came after a few minutes.

**I'm telling you it will work, son. I swear. It worked for me. I got Mama, after all. – Dad**

I smiled. That was true, and if there was one thing I knew, it was that my parents loved each other like crazy.

Fucking animals, those two. I know, *gross*.

**Okay. I'll give it a go, but I'm buying flowers, too. – Walker**

Another few minutes later, Dad replied and I understood he'd asked Mama for advice.

**Can't go wrong with flowers. Buy some shit called Carnations. They have to be white, though. – Dad**

**Why? – Walker**

I thought girls liked roses.

But then again... would I be *me* if I bought roses? I dunno. Cause I don't know shit about flowers.

**Mama told me that white carnations say: You're adorable. – Dad**

Hmph.

Well, Anna *is* adorable, *very* adorable, but...

**Have you bought Mama flowers? – Walker.**

**Yeah, but I bought beer, too. And her motorcycle helmet. – Dad**

Exactly. That's how Dad is Dad.

So, I gotta do something that's me, too.

Hmm...

**So, flowers, lasagna, Coke, and her favorite candy? And maybe I could play some shit on my guitar. – Walker**

**Now you're talking. Like I said, be yourself. She'll love it. – Dad**

**Thanks, Dad. Say hi to Mama for me. – Walker**

**Will do. Love you, kiddo. – Dad**

**Love you, too. – Walker**

In the end I figured I could rent a movie too, so I got us *Face Punch*.

Fuck yeah.

~~~

When Tease knocked on the door, I was close to shitting my pants, but I sucked it up. I liked this girl and if it was meant to be, she'd like me for who I am. At least, that's what Dad says.

Deep breaths. I ran a hand through my hair. Clusterfuck sticking up all over the place.

"Okay, I can do this," I mumbled to myself as I headed for the door.

"Don't be a pussy." Lasagna was in the oven, my clothes were clean. Jeans, black t-shirt. Fucking flowers were on the kitchen table. "Just be yourself."

Another deep breath.

Then I opened the door. And I wasn't nervous no more.

"Hi, Cullen," she said, smiling really widely.

It made me smile, too. "Hey, pretty girl," I murmured, grabbing her hand to pull her closer.

Yeah, I really fucking liked this girl. She was cool. Not like the other girls in school.

Short hair in dark brown with side bangs that always got in her face, something I always saw as an excuse to touch her. Dark blue eyes. Pouty lips. She was a shortie. Wearing denim shorts and a snug t-shirt. Real shitkickers. No heels or anything pink. Yup, my kinda gal. Oh, and she was a Tease, hence my name for her. But she was *my* Tease.

After closing the door behind her, I gently pressed her up against it.

"I'm glad you're here, Tease," I whispered, dipping down as she stood on her tippy toes.

"Me too," she breathed. Arms around my neck. "I missed you," she admitted, and... the *blush*... Good God.

Fuck yeah. "Missed you, too," I murmured. It was the truth. Jaysus, this girl...

Noses touching. I had a feeling this girl was gonna turn my world upside down.

"Now, pretty girl," I whispered, brushing my lips over hers. "Gimme some sugar."

~~O ~~O

***The Mighty Fuckin' End***

~~O ~~O ~~O

*Trash & Darlins futuretake - written for the Texas Wildfire Relief*

### **Futuretake – Generations**

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#### **Trashin' Edward's POV.**

"Let's go to the bedroom, Tiny," I whined quietly.

I stood behind her, rubbing my junk against her.

Had to make her realize that I was in need.

But she wouldn't fucking relent.

So, she kept doing whatever it was by the kitchen counter.

Kidding. I knew she was making frosting for the cupcakes in the oven, but... fuck, that could wait 'til after some lovin'.

"It's been three days since I had you," I added, reaching around her to cup her luscious tits. That usually did it for her. "I miss you, ya know?" I kissed her neck. "And I've been workin' real hard today." True story. The Park is a busy place. Fucking successful.

"But, baby," she whimpered. "Tex and Anna are coming home soon. I need to do this. I wanna make his favorite."

She was still babying Ranger, even though he was seventeen years old.

Yeah, the years go by too fast when you have fun.

Good thing we still have a shitload left in our life.

I sure as shit don't feel forty-four.

But yeah, Ranger was seventeen now, and coming home from soccer camp with his girl in a few hours. He was still dead set on becoming a coach, and he'd taken over for Emmett, now coaching Mini's team with me on weekends. Emmett wanted to keep doing it, but he didn't have time.

But back to Tiny.

"What about me, darlin'?" I murmured against her neck. "Big Daddy's so fuckin' hard for you."

I had to break her fucking resolve.

We were home alone, ya know.

Mini was with Austin.

Ranger wasn't home yet.

Done deal to me.

Granted, we had a lot more alone-time nowadays. I mean, Ranger lived in Tiny's old trailer next to Pops, and Mini was always out with friends. But still... I's fucking horny!

"You're not being fair," she moaned quietly. I squeezed her tits, rolling her nipples between my fingers, all while rubbing my cock against her sweet ass. "This is an important night..." I hummed and planted an openmouthed kiss on the spot below her ear. "I think they have news..."

I thought that, too.

Sure, they were young as fuck, but I knew my son. He was like me, after all. He'd been with Anna for three years now, and she was heading to college in Houston in the fall. I was pretty sure my boy was gonna pop the question before she went. I couldn't blame him. He knew what he wanted

and went after it. Just like I did with Tiny. And Anna was a good kid. Bella loved her, and it was mutual.

How this stood in the way of me fucking my wife, though, I had no idea.

"You know you want it, baby doll," I whispered in her ear as my left hand travelled lower. "I'm willin' to bet that your sweet pussy is soaked for me already."

"Fuck," she breathed out, tilting her head to give me neck-access.

Then she reached behind her and stroked my dick outside my jeans, and that shit just wouldn't cut it. So, I released her real quick, knowing that she had already caved, and unzipped my jeans. When I had them pushed down my hips, she fisted my cock, making me moan against her shoulder. Damn woman had mad skills.

"Will you let Big Daddy fuck you now, baby?" I groaned, sliding my hand down her cotton shorts. And yeah, she was wet as hell. "Jaysus, Bella..." I slid two fingers inside her with ease.

"Yesss," she hissed.

Thank God!

Not two seconds later, I had her shorts pushed down.

"Spread those legs," I ordered, stroking myself as I watched her. "I'ma fuck you right here."

With a whimper, she obeyed.

I just stared at her for in itty bit.

*She's still sin.*

And the coy smile she threw me over her shoulder...

Drove me insane. Every fucking time.

So, I gripped her hips and aligned myself.

"Yes, Big Daddy," she moaned. "Please fuck me."

I slammed in.

"Fuck," I gritted out through clenched teeth.

I was in so deep...

Hot and wet...

Deliciously tight.

After angling myself to reach even better, I set a fast pace. Each thrust was hard and deep.

I looked down, seeing my cock slide in and out of her.

Glistening with her juices.

"Oh, fuck!" she gasped, gripping the edge of the counter.

Jesus fucking Christ, it never got old.

After eighteen years with my wife, she still drove me wild with desire for her.

"That's it, Tiny," I grunted, feeling her clamp down around me. God, there was nothing like fucking my girl. "Fuckin' amazin'..."

Reaching forward again, I started rubbing her clit.

Her moans got louder.

I drove deep.

She met my thrusts.

Panting...

Skin slapping...

Sweat beading...

"Close," she breathed out shakily.

Thank fuck.

'Cause so was I.

"Christ," I muttered breathlessly, again watching as my cock disappeared in her. "I need you to come, darlin'," I groaned, and then my head lolled back as I kept pounding into her constricting pussy. "So fuckin' close..."

I squeezed my eyes shut.

I felt the orgasm taking over.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," she gasped.

Then I felt her.

And heard her.

As she came.

So fucking hard around me.

With a guttural groan, I followed instantly, emptying myself deep inside of her.

*Oh, lordy...*

"Hot fuck," she panted as I all but collapsed on her.

I kissed her spine, still panting, still inside of her.

The only things I needed now, really, were a smoke and cuddling.

"Lemme cuddle you in bed, darlin'," I groaned as I pulled outta her.

~~O ~~O

Nothing could ruin my day.

After some fuckawesome cuddling with Bella, we enjoyed a comfortable silence in the kitchen as she finished the cupcakes.

I spent some time going through the bills, happy about not having any loans left. Well, we had one credit card that we used for the hospital visits. With a rowdy family, you're bound to end up at the hospital sometimes. Last year it was Ranger after he'd gotten into a fight with a boy who'd hit on Anna. The year before, it was Tiny after a run-in with a trucker who couldn't keep his hands to himself. Safe to say, I wasn't around at the time. Had I been... Fuck, they'd be taking that douche straight to the morgue.

Anyway...

Last month I had been the one visiting the hospital, 'cause I had dislocated my shoulders after um... some lovin' in the shower. Yeah, Bella's all bendy.

Turns out, I'm not.

Whatever.

So, we have a credit card for the shit Alice – who is a nurse – can't handle on her own.

But other than that, our economy is finally stable.

"Wanna lick the frosting out of the bowl?" I heard Bella ask, and I was already nodding furiously.

"Fuck yeah. Gimme," I said, holding my hand out.

Ain't too old to lick frosting, I swear.

"I'd rather lick it off of you, but I'll take it," I added with a wink.

"Tonight, Daddy," she purred.

*Oh, have mercy on me, woman.*

~~~

"Good to have you back, boy," I said, pulling him in for a hug.

"You too, Dad," he mumbled quietly.

The fuck? Where was the Cullen Spirit?

I glanced over at Tiny who was hugging Anna, noticing that my wife was curious, too. 'Cause the kids were all kinds of mute.

"Did soccer camp kill y'all?" I joked, placing a hand on Ranger's shoulder.

They said nothing. Both quiet, both staring at the ground.

Tiny and I exchanged looks, and I mean... I was a man, okay? I knew shit. But Bella knew, and apparently she thought it'd be best if we went inside, so we did just that.

"Are your parents home, Anna?" Tiny asked her as I closed the door behind us. "Or are they still on vacation?"

I set down their bags on the floor.

"Yeah, um, they'll be back next week," she replied quietly.

I was fucking confused.

Why the fuck were they so damn silent?

I'd figured they'd come back from camp with goofy smiles.

Ya know?

And... huh, as I looked – subtly – at Anna's hand, I noticed there was no ring on that finger of hers. Weird. 'Cause Ranger had worked for me and Em at the Park all summer, stating that he had something "important to buy" before Anna took off for Houston. Maybe he decided to wait? After all, Houston wasn't far away, and they'll still see each other several times a week, but... Well, my son wasn't known for his patience, ya know.

"Okay, let's talk in the kitchen, kids," Mama said in her Mama-voice. Yip, she was mighty worried now. "Dad and I need to know what's going on."

Hell yeah, we do!

Once the four of us were seated around the kitchen table, the kids stayed quiet. Ranger looked damn scared, but... as I tilted my head a lil' bit and saw his face, I could also see something else. I recognized it, but...

"Walker," I said, knowing that the use of his real name would let him know that this Dad meant business. "You best start talkin', son."

The reason I was suddenly nervous as hell was 'cause I knew happiness when I saw it. And behind a mask of fear and genuine worry, I saw fuckin' bliss on my boy. That shit scared the hell outta me, 'cause I remember the last time I felt it *that* much. Yeah, that was when Mini was born.

"Oh, my God!" Tiny gasped, sitting next to me. Had it just dawned on her?  
"Texas, speak!" she growled.

*Down, boy.*

Ranger shifted in his seat, eyes flicking between me and Mama.

Anna started crying, and that shit just broke my fucking heart. In a way, she was like a second daughter to me, ya know, and this was just...way too much. I seriously needed to know!

"Listen to me, Tease," Ranger murmured, hugging his girl. Good boy. Comfort her, but... time to speak, all right? "We'll be fine."

Anna nodded, and as they shared some moment, Tiny squeezed the shit outta my hand.

Then...

"Anna's pregnant," Ranger sighed.

And I died for a little while.

All blood left my face.

Pretty sure Tiny died, too.

Pregnant.

How in the...?

Now, I ain't stupid. I know very well that my boy ain't no virgin, but...

FUCK!

Pregnant?

GAH!

I's only forty-four! Way too young to be a... Hey, I'd be a Pops.

I shook my head. No, no. Too young. We already had one Pops. He was still alive and kickin', though after he found out about this...

I cringed.

He'd kick the bucket for sure.

"But...you're only seventeen," Tiny whimpered.

I sorta snapped outta my haze and squeezed my wife's hand.

"I know, Mom," Ranger mumbled. "But..." He shrugged a little. I watched him in concern. "Wasn't our fault..."

I pursed my lips, stifling amusement that Tiny would kill me for if she saw.

"Sides, I can't help that I already love it, ya know," he added defensively, and *there* was my son. "We're doin' this, Mom."

Tiny looked over at me, chewing on her lip.

It was like a silent discussion.

*They're only seventeen, Edward.*

I tilted my head a little and gave her a one shoulder shrug. *But they've made up their minds, baby.*

She sighed. *I know.*

"Cullen boys," she muttered under her breath.

And I knew that it was gonna work out.

"What're your thoughts, sweetheart?" I asked Anna.

Instead of Tiny's lip-biting, Anna's *thing* was to push her side bangs outta her face, and I knew it drove Ranger insane. So, I wasn't surprised when I

saw him shaking his head at her, 'cause she was currently fiddling with her hair. Christ, Ranger really was like me. Anna was Ranger's Tiny. Only, he called Anna his Tease.

"Um, I want the baby," she said shyly, giving my son a small smile. "But I don't think my parents are gonna be thrilled."

To which I huffed a chuckle. "Darlin', we're not thrilled, either, but..." I shrugged. "If this is what you want, we'll be here for y'all."

"But there will be rules," Bella said firmly, facing the two young'uns.

"Edward and I will talk things over, but one this is clear. You'll be staying with us." I nodded in agreement with her. "Or rather, you can live in my old trailer out back."

~~O ~~O ~~O

Two hours later, I had comforted Tiny after a minor sob-fest, and we had agreed to what was gonna happen now. So, we called the kids back in from the porch, and they joined us in the kitchen again.

"School," I said, getting down to business right away. I turned to Anna first. "Are you still plannin' on headin' to Houston?"

She shook her head. "No, I was thinking community college here in Baytown." She looked down. "For as long as I can, I s'pose."

"You're *both* goin' to college," I told them, giving Ranger a pointed look.

He gaped at me, and I knew his only plan for now was to take a couple of classes, but Bella and I wasn't having that if they were starting a family.

"You need to get educated, kids." 'Cause that's what Tiny said. "We'll help you, but you need to go to school."

"You and Mom didn't go to no college," he argued.

I shrugged. "Don't matta'. We weren't seventeen when we had you, and we both had jobs."

"This is what we're gonna do," Tiny said, placing her hands on the table. "You're both gonna go to community college. You're gonna live in my old trailer, and..." She blew out a breath. "Then we have work." She looked at me, and I took over.

"Yip," I said with a nod, facing Ranger. "You'll be workin' with me on weekends." He nodded. "Same goes for Anna. You'll be with Tiny and Rose at the diner on weekends." She nodded, even smiling a little. "Since Emmett and I own the Park, you won't have a rent to worry about, so the money you earn from workin' will go straight to the baby. 'Cause havin' little ones are fuckin' pricey."

Can I get an Amen?

"Edward and I will pay for food and utilities," Bella added. "And we'll all do our best when it comes to education, all right?"

Yeah, we'll be taking a fucking loan, but... we were already prepared for that, anyway.

"Then when the baby comes..." Tiny took a deep breath, and I squeezed her hand, silently telling her I was here and all that shit. 'Cause I'm a good husband, ya know. "We'll be there, I promise. Just as long as you keep going to school."

I nodded. "And there's a little sister, too," I reminded my son. "I'm sure Mini doll will be happy to babysit every now and then." That's what we did in our family. We helped out. Simple as that. "Anyway... what Mama and I are sayin' is that we'll make it work, and though there'll be a fuckload of hard work for y'all, we'll make sure you don't forget to be kids."

"'Cause that's what you are," Tiny said with a quick nod.

"What Bella said," I agreed.

And Ranger and Anna were relieved. Like really fucking relived.

But what did they think? That we would turn our backs on them?

Please.

Cullens don't do that shit.

United motherfucking front and all that.

Ya know?

~~~

"Jesus, Tiny," I sighed, falling back against the bed.

They were having a baby.

It was all beginning to settle.

Bella sighed, too, snuggling closer to my chest. "Yeah, you said it."

A baby. Christ.

"You'll be a Nana," I all but *giggled*. "Sexiest fuckin' Nana ever, I do declare."

She huffed, resting her chin on my chest. "You'll be Grampa."

I cocked an eyebrow at her... *Yeah, go on, Tiny doll.*

She rolled her eyes, but smiled a little. "Sexiest fucking Grampa ever, I do declare."

There we go.

Better.

Then I was more than a little nervous. "Shit," I breathed out. "Old people can still have kinky sex, right?"

Woman hit me. "You calling me old?"

Shit. Double shit. "No!" I exclaimed. "Hell, baby, you ain't even forty yet."

But I still needed that answer.

"So, we still can, right?" 'Cause I had to know!

"Yes, Edward," she laughed. "We can still have kinky sex."

Thank you, baby Jesus!

All was good in the world again.

And apparently, the family was growing.

"I love you, darlin'," I murmured, rolling us over. I kissed her nose. "So much. You know that, right?"

She nodded, looking so goddamn beautiful. "I love you, too."

"Good." I smiled. "Now, gimme some sugar."

She did.

All fucking night long.

Okay, maybe not. 'Cause we're not twenty anymore.

But we fucked for a solid forty minutes!

*Trash & Darlins futuretake - written for Fandom For No Kid Hungry*

*Beta'd by HollettLA*

### ***Futuretake – Advice***

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#### **Trashin' Edward's POV**

Sometimes, ya know, once in a blue moon, I had nightmares. They didn't come often—thank the good Lord up there—but when they did, they were awful, and they were always about the same fucking thing. That night—many years ago—when I went camping with Jasper and Emmett... We came face to face with death in that meadow. And sometimes I still dreamt about it. Those wails, all that rustling, tree branches cracking, the growling, and the rippling fear that went through us because we knew that we were about to die at the young ages of not-even-thirty.

So, when Ranger woke me up in the middle of the night—just as I dreamt about monsters dragging us into the woods, most likely to eat us—I was mighty grateful. And it wasn't a surprise, either. Anna was eight months pregnant now, and Ranger often entered our trailer in the middle of the night, in need of a good talkin' to.

"I'll be right out," I told him quietly as I rubbed sleep outta my eyes. I then kissed my sleeping Tiny and left the warmth of our bed. Dressed in jeans and nothing else, I grabbed my smokes and my lighter then joined my son out on the porch. It was a warm night. The summer hadn't even started, but it'd been hotter than hell for several weeks now.

"Can't sleep, huh?" I yawned, sitting down on the porch swing next to him. I'd built this motherfucker. Just wanted to put that out there.

"No," he muttered and grabbed a smoke for himself. The kid was just like me, but without a criminal record. I had an inch on him in height, though that was it. He had my hair, my eyes...all my features. It was like looking in a mirror...if only I was teenager and not over forty.

"I'm fuckin' nervous, Dad," he sighed, leaning forward on his knees. I did the same. "I know you said it's about just...*bein'* there for Tease and the baby, but..." He huffed and took a pull from the cigarette then tilted his face in my direction. "Is it really enough?"

I smiled and looked out at...nothing—it was really dark—and gathered my thoughts.

*I'm just full of them thoughts.*

Of course my son was gonna be a great dad. All his worries were proof of that. The first time he slipped out of Tiny's old trailer—where he lived with Anna now—and woke me up in the middle of the night, I was scared that something was up. And it was, I supposed, in a way. He needed to talk. He needed advice.

"You've always been protective," I said quietly, clearing my throat. "I remember when you were...I don't know, four or five years old? Somethin' like that. You were two shits high, but you'd think you were a giant when it came to your sister," I chuckled and lowered my gaze to the floorboards. "And when someone outside of the family wanted to see Mini, you'd huff and puff out your chest and shake your head." I gave my kid a sideways grin. "Then when Mini started datin' Austin?" I laughed and shook my head in amusement. "Ranger, I'm still surprised you let that kid live."

"Eh." He shrugged. "Mom woulda whooped my ass if I beat Aunt Alice's son. And Uncle Jazz woulda probably come after me, and then you'd go after him..." He laughed through his nose.

"True," I conceded and took a drag from my smoke. "Anyway...what I mean is that you're so fiercely protective of your sister." He looked at me as if asking...*yeah, and where are you going with this?* I smirked. "I'm just sayin' that if you feel that toward your sister...there's no limit to the protectiveness you'll feel toward your own kid." I gave him a pointed look. "You're also loyal and shit. You have a big heart, and you'd do anythin' for your family. Despite your young age." I squeezed his shoulder. "You'll be just fine, kiddo."

He nodded slowly, processing, and we were quiet for a while.

Was my son gonna make mistakes? Oh, hell to the yeah. Mistakes came hand in hand with parenthood, and the fact that Ranger was barely legal didn't really help. But that was what Tiny and I were here for. And Anna's parents, too, of course.

*Look at me. All smart and shit.*

If only Pops could see me now.

But that wasn't going to happen. Sadly.

Ya know, 'cause it was dark out. And he was most definitely sleeping.

"What would you do if Belle came home pregnant?"

Slowly, like really fucking slowly, I turned my head to face the stupid little runt next to me.

Glare intact.

"She'd have to have sex before that happened, boy," I gritted out through clenched teeth. "And that day won't come 'til she's thirty."

*Jesus.* I rubbed my chest and lit up another of them cigarettes.

My Mini doll wasn't having no sex, nuh-uh.

"Christ," I cursed, exhaling smoke through my nose. "You tryin' to give your old man a heart attack?"

He laughed quietly. "You think Belle's still a vi- Never mind." He laughed some more.

I knew how to put a stop to that shit, though. "You won't be laughin' no more if you find out next month in that delivery room that you're havin' a girl. Mark my words, son...if you ever have a daughter..." I took a breath to calm down. "I felt like God was laughin' in my face the day we had Minibelle. I love her...the good Lord knows that, but..." Being a father to a girl wasn't no easy task, I do declare. "And the way that girl can bring me to my knees?"

*That's God's way of kicking me in the nuts.*

We were quiet again.

I was stewing in my shit, and Ranger was stewing in his.

My babies were growing up and one of them was about to have his own baby.

It was still surreal.

"Tease told me yesterday that we have so much to do before the baby gets here," he muttered as I put out my smoke. I grinned at him—my little worrier. Okay, he wasn't so little, but still. "I honestly don't know what the fuck she's on about, which I told her." I winced. Bad move, son. Bad move. "What? What's with the face?"

I snickered. "Kiddo, don't ever make a woman sound like she doesn't know what she's doin'. Especially not when she's pregnant."

"I don't get it!" he groaned, frustrated. "We live in that tiny little Silver Bullet—it's not like we can prepare a fuckin' nursery, Dad. And after you helped me rip out the little seating area, I thought shit'd been taken care of. It's crowded, but there's space for the little one's crib, changing table, and all that crap."

I nodded as I listened, thinking back on when we rearranged stuff in their temporary home. It'd be theirs until they could get a loan on a real trailer. But I had to agree with him—it did look good. Granted, like he said, it was a tiny little thing, and I remembered back in the day when Tiny lived in it—before I managed to convince her to move in with me... Yeah, it was freaking small, but... Whatever, it was good enough for Ranger and Anna to begin with. Now they had a small sleeping area, and across the trailer—about six feet away or so—was now space for the baby. It'd been a little booth of some sort before, where they could sit down and eat. That was gone now, and I doubted they'd miss it seeing as Bella cooked for all of us each night. They ate with us.

However, telling his girl what Ranger'd told her?

Yeah, that'd just be a sure way of getting my boy to spend a night on our couch.

"Listen to me, buddy," I chuckled. "'Cause I know my shit. Don't go against your pregnant girl. Ever. Even if she's wrong, she's right."

"That don't make no sense, Dad."

I shrugged. "It is what it is. You can fight her, of course, but then you better take the consequences." I grinned at him. "And trust your father on this one: it's easier and less painful to surrender."

"Hey, I'm a sore fuckin' loser. Foldin' ain't my thing."

I held my hands up in...*eh, what're ya gonna do?* "Then I guess you need to learn to cope with them tears." Like me, Ranger couldn't stand it when his girl cried. To prove my point, he flinched. "Yeah, that right there," I pointed to his face, "get used to it. Unless you fold."

"Fuck," he muttered, looking so much like me when he ran a hand through his hair. "This is hard. Seriously. I mean...I wanna keep her happy, ya know?" I nodded. He did, too. "Well, that's pretty hard when nothing I do is right."

I could only smile. "Walker," I said softly. I almost wanted to call him baby or sweetheart, because he was always those things to me—he is my son, for chrissakes—but I knew he wouldn't appreciate it. "Those are hormones. Anna worships the ground you walk on—you both love each other crazy much." Again, it was like Tiny and me. "But right now, she's not really herself. Her woman-shit, you know," I patted my stomach, "it's all fucked up inside of her. Your mom once told me it's like some rollercoaster with emotions, and they can't control it."

He hummed, trying to think. I said "trying" 'cause he was my son. Cullen men didn't get thoughtful—*full of thoughts, that is*—until they hit their forties. We had our moments before that, but when we hit forty? Yeah, thoughtful times ahead.

*I think.*

It wasn't me badmouthing myself or my close ones, but it was still a fact. We weren't smart. We had our hearts in the right places, we were loyal, protective, and hard workers. No matter what, though, you wouldn't find a Cullen man in that club for IQ people. *What's it called?* Menopause. Menso. Mufasa. Menasaaah. Yeah. *That* one.

"Was there anythin' that Mom liked when she was pregnant?"

Oh, yes. I nodded. Sex. She wanted loads of sex. "Yeah." I cleared my throat. "Ice cream."

"Hmm. And when she was pissed...*for nothin'*...what'd you do then?"

I fucked her. "I gave her more ice cream."

He rubbed his chin, nodding slowly again. "Tease has a thing for, uh... cherry pie?"

*Turns out, Cullen men ain't good actors, either.*

First of all, he averted them eyes of his. Second of all, he phrased his words as a question.

*We're obviously talking about sex. Not cherry pie or ice cream.*

I cringed, choosing my words. I couldn't exactly say, "Well, go get some, buddy boy." 'Cause that shit was just wrong. Anna was like a second daughter to me, and...*now I want ice cream*. No. Really. Ice cream, not sex.

"I want ice cream and you should—should." I waved a hand in the direction of the Silver Bullet. "Ya know?" I nodded. "Cherry pie."

He got it.

"I hate cherry pie, Dad."

He didn't get it.

No way. No son of mine hated sex.

"Uh..." He rubbed the back of his neck. "*Sometimes*, I like store-bought cherry pie, but...nah."

"The fuck you say?" I gave him an incredulous look.

*What does that even mean?*

Store-bought.

I snorted.

Like...a blow-up doll?

He looked confused. "What?"

"Wait." What were we talking about? "Sex, Ranger. Sex."

"*W-what?*" He coughed and spluttered. "What're you talkin' 'bout, Dad?"

*I'm not sure, but I still want ice cream.*

"Sex," I replied slowly. "Cherry pie—sex. Same thing. Like your mother...I told you she liked ice cream, which isn't...I mean...sex..." I was confusing myself. "I said 'ice cream' but meant 'sex'."

He stared at me.

Then blinked.

And suddenly my son looked disgusted. "Dad!" he whined. "You fuckin'... ewww. That's my mom!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, standing up. "So, it's okay for you to mention sex, but it ain't okay for your old man. How's that fair?"

"I haven't mentioned sex, Dad!" he whisper-shouted as he got in my face.

"You said cherry pie—"

He cut me off. "It's a *dessert!*"

I weighed that in my head and shrugged. "Sex can be like a desser—"

"Oh, for the love of...!" He glared at me. Meanwhile, I was awfully tired and confused. And I still wanted ice cream. "I was honestly talkin' about cherry pie. Not sex." Oh. *Oh*. "Now, please don't ever talk about sex, 'cause that's my mom in there." He pointed to inside. "You doin' the nasty with her is just--"

"Hey, watch it, son," I warned. "That's my wife."

"My mom."

"My wife."

"My mom."

"My wife."

"Mom!"

"Wife!"

"MOM!"

"WIFE--"

"Yeah?" Oh, shit. That'd be Tiny Mom Wife, standing in the doorway.

I huffed and shook my head at Ranger. I even wagged my finger at him... for good measure. "You've gone and done it now, kid. You woke up your mama."

He threw me another glare and lit up a smoke.

"What's with the ruckus, guys?" Tiny yawned. It was kinda hard not to notice how edible she looked in her itty bitty shorts and one of my old t-shirts. It made me want ice cream. As in...sex. "What're you talking about? It's the middle of the night."

Ranger and I exchanged a quick look.

"Sugar!" we blurted out at the same time.

*Quick thinking going on up in here.*

"O...kay?" My Tiny was confused and tired.

*See? We're just two peas in a honkin' pod. So alike. With the confused and the tired, that is.*

Maybe she wanted ice cream, too. And ice cream. Sex.

"Uh, thanks for the talkin', old man," Ranger sighed.

I nodded. "Any time, honey."

He scowled. "Don't call me honey."

*Just the cutest, my little baby.*

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A few weeks later, we were rushing to the hospital.

'Cause Anna was in labor.

Tiny, Pops, Mini, Anna's parents, and I sat in the waiting room. Waiting. For hours.

Then, two naps later, a tired-lookin', but happy-lookin' teenager came out.

"Oh, goodness," Tiny whispered thickly, squeezing my hand. "Look at our boy's face."

I did.

He looked like he was in love, which I knew he was, but with someone new.

"It's a boy," he declared, eyes shining. "I have a fuckin' son!"

Bella and I hugged him tightly, and my own eyes started to tear up. It was unbelievable. Amazing. Still a little bittersweet, what with them being so young and all, but...still happiness all 'round.

"We love you, baby," Tiny said tearfully to Ranger. "So much. You're gonna make a helluva daddy."

"What your mama said," I agreed.

He grinned and blinked back some of them emotions. "You're Gramps now, Dad."

I forced a smile.

Tiny promised me that old people could still fuck wildly, so I wasn't too worried. Plus, Bella wasn't even forty yet, which she made sure I knew... even though I already did. Whatever. The title "Gramps" caused me to force that smile, because that was just how it was. I was a damn kid at heart, and you didn't wanna hear people call you Gramps then.

"And I'm...?" Tiny looked up at me, scrunching her nose. "Nana? Grandma?"

Well, my nana was Nana. Nana May.

"Oh-ho! I call 'Nana'," Anna's mother said.

"And I'm still Pops!" Pops laughed.

I grinned and gathered Tiny in my arms. "You're one hot little grandma, darlin'."

She forced a smile, too.

But our smiles were all genuine when Ranger took us to that big ole' window where we saw all them little ones in their plastic cribs.

"The third one—first row," Ranger said softly, eyes on his son. "We named him Carter Earl Cullen."

"Sweet baby Jesus," I breathed out, snifflin' an itty bit.

"So beautiful," Tiny cried quietly.

Ranger's son was a tiny little thing and so fucking cute. I wanted to eat him. Okay, not technically—that wasn't legal. But I wanted to pretend to munch on his little feet and make him giggle, much like I did with Ranger when he was a few months old. 'Cause if you saw your baby smile or giggle before that, it was just fartin'. Tiny told me.

"He has our hair, Dad," Ranger said, smiling.

I chuckled. "Lord help us all."

"Amen." Tiny nodded.

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"Okay, you sure you can do this?" Ranger asked, handing over little Carter to Bella. Then he gave me Carter's diaper bag.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Watch my boy, of course."

I stared at him, wondering if he was yanking my fucking chain.

But oh no, he was dead serious, my son.

"No, I ain't sure," I deadpanned. "'Cause it's not like we've got kids of our own."

Tiny laughed.

"Oh, right." Ranger nodded, finally getting it. "Forgot about that."

I tilted my head. "You forgot about yourself? That can't be good, son."

"Shut your pie hole." He scowled.

"All right, all right," Tiny chuckled. "Get out of here, honey." She pointed to the door. "Anna's waiting for you."

Oh yeah, she was. Ranger just got off work early, and Anna had just been to the baby-doc for her six-week checkup.

I knew what that meant.

*Cherry pie.*

"For the love of God, use protection," I told Ranger as he walked to the door.

"Aw, look at that, Edward," Tiny cooed. "Our son is blushing."

I laughed...which woke up Carter.

The boy can scream.

"Well, you two have fun...with *that*." Ranger smirked. "See ya later."

He was gonna get some sugar now.

And I was gonna cuddle with my grandson.

*Life's good.*

## **Playlist for Trash & Darlins**

Lowlife – Theory Of A Deadman

Girls, Girls, Girls – Mötley Crüe

Smoke On The Water – Deep Purple

Hillbilly Shoes – Montgomery Gentry

Pour Some Sugar On Me – Def Leppard

Simple Life – Lynyrd Skynyrd

Mama, I'm Coming Home – Ozzy Osbourne

Home Sweet Home – Mötley Crüe

I Was Made For Lovin' You – Kiss

Flirtin' With Disaster – Molly Hatchet

Talk Dirty To Me – Poison

Bad Craziness – D.A.D.

I Wanna Rock – Twisted Sister

Sweet Child O' Mine – Gun's N' Roses

Blind In Texas – W.A.S.P.

Pride And Joy – Stevie Ray Vaughan And Double Trouble

Black Betty – Ram Jam

Southern Ways – Lynyrd Skynyrd