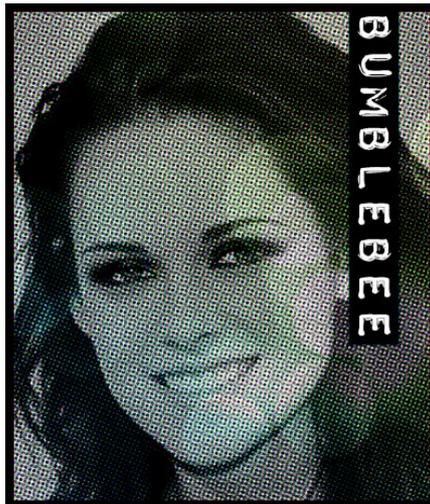


Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

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1

## **BPOV**

"ID," the bouncer demands, and I show it to him. He smirks. "Happy twenty-first, sugar."

I smile bashfully and enter the club.

I only have one purpose tonight and that is to lose my virginity. I'm officially twenty-one years old; it's about damn time to cash in that V-card. So, that's why I'm here. At a club. In Seattle. Alone. Yeah, I didn't wanna bring anyone to cramp my style.

I just told my parents that I was having a sleepover with a friend, and then I drove outta Port Angeles.

Clutching the condom tightly in my hand, I head to the bar.

It shouldn't be too hard to find someone, right? The skimpy denim skirt and revealing top should make it easy. I mean...I'm a catch. I may not be model material, but God blessed me with an awesome rack and a spectacular badonkadonk. I'm thankful.

*Time to get laid.*

I want to find an older man, one who knows what he's doing.

Man, if Felix, Alec, Seth, and Emmett knew what their little sister was about to do...

Heh.



**EPOV**

I chew on my lip and scan the crowd.

Every so often, my eyes meet Dad's, and he gives me a pointed look that says, "Don't look at me, you fool!"

I sigh and look out again. There are some pretty women, I suppose, but...I dunno.

They're all so skinny.

I want some extra love in the trunk.

"How fuckin' hard can it be?!" Dad shouts over the music. He always shouts. "Jesus Christ, Edward!"

"Will you stop it?" I hiss. He's so embarrassing me. I'm twenty-nine years old, for fuck's sake. I can get girls. I think. I hope. I haven't actually tried yet. I mean...high school was just awkward. I had braces, acne, and I was really gassy. This was before I knew I was lactose intolerant.

I have pills now.

And, um, college wasn't easier. I had braces, acne, and I was really gassy.

I didn't know I was lactose intolerant until I was twenty-five, so...

*Yeah.*

"Over there!" Dad shouts. He's pointing toward the bar. "See the ass on that? TAP IT!"

I palm my face.

Why did I let Dad convince me to go out to a club?

How fucking lame am I—bringing my fifty-five-year-old father to a night club.

Actually, it would be lame even if he was my age. Uh, not that that would work. Ugh, never-fucking-mind.

"Look—" Dad punches my shoulder "—we're gonna be all new in Port Angeles. Don't you wanna start off being, you know, not a virgin?"

I glare at him.

He stares right back.

"Fine," I grit out. "Who're you talking about?" He points toward the bar again, and I follow his direction. Okay, I see it. That ass. On a chick. Holy shit, now we're talking. She's fucking gorgeous. One in a million. "What do I say?" I ask, running a hand through my hair.

"You wanna impress her," he says firmly. "You tell her the truth—you work in a hospital. Well, you're gonna. And buy her a drink, too. They all drink Cosmopo—"

"Cosmopolitans!" I cut him off, nodding. I watch *Sex and the City* reruns. I may even own the whole box set. "I think I got it! So, now I just walk over there?!" Jesus, the music is really loud.

"Be confident!" he adds loudly. "If women wanted pussy, they'd be lesbians!"

If I had a pussy, I'd love myself more. Literally. With my fingers.

*Errant thought.*

"Okay, I'm gonna go!" I stand up and straighten my tie. Dad told me a suit was the way to go tonight. "Wish me luck!"

"Did you take your pills?!" he shouts, and I nod. "OH, OH!" He snaps his fingers. "Do you remember the pick-up lines?!"

I nod again and leave my old man behind.

I even put on a fucking swagger, feeling fly.

"YOU'RE WHITE, SON!"

I quit with the swaggering.

### 3

#### **BPOV**

When I finally get the bartender's attention, I order a Lemon Drop.

It's still early, but the club is already packed with people.

And about twenty minutes later, while I'm sipping on my second Lemon Drop, a very sexy man approaches. He's dressed in an expensive-looking black suit, and I find myself wanting to lick his face. Older. He's definitely older. Late twenties or early thirties.

"Hi," I say with a sly grin.

He has his back to the bar, his elbows resting on the top of it, and he tilts his head in my direction with a deadly smile playing on his lips. "Hello," he says in a smooth voice. "You know what I was thinking?"

I smile curiously. "No. What?"

"That your clothes would look so good on the floor of my hotel suite."

Oh, good God, tell me he did not just say that.

#### 4

### **BPOV**

But he's really fucking hot, and I can't afford to be picky, so I ignore the worst line in the book of pick-up lines.

"I'm Bella," I say, extending my hand.

He grins widely. "Blah, blah Cullen." Okay, he didn't actually say *blah, blah*, but the music is too loud. It was...Edwin, Edward, Edgar...something or the other. After releasing my hand, he asks, "May I get you another drink?"

Polite. That's good. "Yes, please."

"Let me guess," he chuckles, smirking rather cockily. "Cosmo?"

Um.

I hold up my drink. "Lemon Drop."

"Oh. Right." For a second, he looks nervous. "Excuse me for a second. I just need to go to the bathroom."

I nod dumbly, guessing he's either escaping or...yeah, probably escaping.

Just don't ask me why.

Maybe he doesn't like Lemon Drops?

However, he returns after a couple of minutes and orders me a new drink.

"So, are you from Seattle, Bella?"

I'm not really looking for someone to chit-chat with; I'm here to lose my virginity.

"How about we skip this, yeah? You wanna have sex?"

His eyes grow wide, but he composes himself pretty quickly. "Damn, you're forward." He chuckles and shakes his head. "But yes. I really want to have sex with you. Really, I do. So much. I swear you're the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. Fuck. Shit. I'm rambling. Shall we get out of here?" He looks at me apprehensively.

My eyebrows rise, and I wonder how someone who looks so confident and sexy can be nervous. I mean, the way he's dressed, how he smirks, how he stands...I don't know. He looks like a CEO. Strong. Broad shoulders.

*Whatever. Let's put that condom to use!*

"Let's go," I finally say.

## 5

### **EPOV**

When we leave the club, I spot Dad giving me two thumbs up from where he sits.

He's wack.

"Where's your hotel?" Bella asks as I flag down a cab.

Since I don't know shit about Seattle, I just say, "Uh, about ten minutes away." Just then, a cab stops and I hold open the door for Ms. I-Got-A-Killer-Ass. Once seated myself, I rattle off the hotel to the driver and off we go.

Good thing Dad and I didn't share a hotel room. That'd be embarrassing, huh?

It's also a good thing my mom isn't here. She's already at the house in Port Angeles, 'cause she flew while Dad and I drove with all our stuff.

"So, tell me about yourself," I request smoothly. I also drape my arm around her shoulders, 'cause I'm going for suave and confident.

"Uh, you know my name, I live in a small town a few hours from here, I work two jobs, my favorite color is blue." She points at me. "Now you go."

Right. I loosen my tie, not used to wearing one. Then I tell her, with a smirk, that I'm about to start a new job at a hospital. I add that I just arrived in Washington from Chicago, that I'm just passing through here, and that I'm a musician in my spare time. Safe to say, Bella is impressed, and maybe that's why she attacks.

"Oh, shit," I breathe out, kissing her back. The dick is already working up a backbone. "Baby..." She's all over me. I fucking love it. Oh, and then I palm her bubble ass and die. 'Cause I see... "God," I groan.

"You're so hot," she pants, grasping the lapels of my suit. "I want you. Mmm, Dr. Cullen."

*God, that's hot.*

She's killing me. "Me too—er, I mean, I want you." Fuck. Stop talking.

"I said we're here!" the driver shouts. "Jesus Christ!"

I throw some money at him and usher Bella outta the car. Hand in hand, I guide her inside, and when we're in the elevator, we're all over each other again. She's so hot and...*willing*. Not like when I went to prom in high school and my date said, "*Uh, I can touch your dick once, but you ain't*

*getting close to my pussy.*" That's the extent of my experience—an index finger touching the base of my dick.

But now I have this hot little mama rubbing her sexy bod over my junk.

The elevator dings, signaling that we're on my floor, but I can't walk when I'm cornered. So, I do what any twenty-nine-year-old respectable-but-eager virgin would do. I throw her over my shoulder and run toward my room.

"Oh, my God, you're not kidnapping me, are you?!" she shrieks, fisting the back of my suit jacket.

"No!" I cry out, horrified, and put her down on the ground again. We're right outside my room. "Christ—no, I'm not...oh, God. I'm sorry. I'm just..." *ready to bust a fucking nut.*

"Oh, okay." She smiles in relief. "So, why are we standing out here?"

Good question.

## 6

### **EPOV**

As soon as we're inside the room, our mouths crash against each other and clothes begin to fly as I lead us toward the bed.

"I have a condom!" she exclaims as we tumble down on the bed. "Yes, yes, yes, time to get laid!" She punches the air.

I'm busy staring at her titties. Seriously. Those bad boys are *big*. And round. And waiting for my mouth. Fuck, I better not blow my load before I get inside her.

"Holy shit, that's your cock!" She lets out a squeak.

I look down at myself and see that my dick is saluting her.

"Um, yeah." I point to her titties. "Can I put my mouth there?"

And it's her turn to look down at herself. "Oh. Sure. But here. Put it on. I'm ready." She hands me a condom, so I guess I won't be using the ones I bought. "Can I touch you?" I nod furiously while I work the wrapper. It's wrinkled, looking like she's been squeezing it a lot. But the condom is forgotten when I feel Bella's hand give my cock a firm stroke.

"Oh, Jesus fucking Christ!" My hips buck into her hand. "Please don't stop, please don't stop." Suddenly needing much more of her, I cover her body with mine and pepper her face with kisses. In this position, she can't jack my cock, but I get delicious friction when I slide my erection against her wet pussy. OH! She's wet! That's good. "You're one in a million," I say, wanting to be a little sweet.

"Condom," she mumbles against my lips. Her hands, God, they're clawing at my back, and it's so fucking hot. "I—fuck, I need more."

All while I kiss her and slide my dick against the wet lips of her pussy, I try to get the fucking condom unwrapped.

I'm way too eager, I'm thinking.

Too bad I don't give a fuck, 'cause all I can think of is...*I'm about to get some pussy for the first time in my life, and the girl is actually smoking hot!*

Ya know?

"You're so wet, baby," I moan and kiss my way down her neck. I don't stop until I reach those luscious tits. Wrapping my lips around one nipple, I moan loudly and push my hips forward. She must like that, 'cause she cries out and pleads for more. I just wanna bury my face between her

titties and go *brrr*. "Oh, man, I'm ready..." *to die, to fuck, to cry happy tears, to die again.*

"Thank God! Okay, fuck me," she whimpers. "Just, just...go slow at first?"

Huh? I nod slowly, a bit confused, but my focus is still on her tits.

Until something else catches my attention. Like, when she digs her heels into my ass and actually pushes my cock inside of her.

"Shit!" I cry out, overwhelmed by the fuckawesomeness that is sex. The pleasure is just everywhere!

Slick, hot, tight, slick, hot, tight—*engulfing* me.

I think there was something in my hand, but I'm not sure. Regardless, there's nothing now, so I just grab a tit instead.

The only thing that isn't out of this world right now is Bella's sex face.

"You don't look like you're loving this," I pant, fucking her. In and out, in and out, in and out. "Oh shit, am I too big?" I ask, concerned and proud. I think I'm too big. Poor girl. It's not her fault I'm ginormous. "Do you want me to stop?" The *horror* at that thought...

But I would do it for this girl. I would. I solemnly swear.

"Um. Sure. You're huge—" She grits her teeth, and I slow down a little. Smooth strokes, in and out, oh so deep. "But you feel so good. I'm gonna come soon."

Holy fuck, really?! How awesome am I?

"Oh baby, I want to make you come so bad," I groan.

She nods quickly as I start sucking on her nipples again. "I'm—I'm there, baby. I'm coming!"

Damn, I gotta be really good for her to be orgasming so quickly.

I haven't even touched her clitoris! But this is good, 'cause I'm like two seconds from coming, too.

While Bella *screams* out her explosive climax—talk about proud moment right there—I give another three pumps before my orgasm washes over me. That's also the exact motherfucking moment I remember that I'm not wearing the condom Bella gave me. So, I quickly pull out and come in my hand.

"FUCK!" My head tilts back, ecstasy rushing through me. "YEAH!"

I'm no longer a virgin!

*WOOT!*

I'm the *man*.

## 7

### **BPOV**

Edwin-Edward-Edgar Cullen is strange. A hot-as-fuck doctor...but strange.

He's just kneeling between my parted legs, holding his dick. Oh, and when he came earlier, his eyes crossed.

*Not his sexiest moment.*

And I can't *believe* he bought my act about coming. I'm a horrible actress, yet he still thinks I saw stars.

"That was awesome," he pants, dropping his chin to his chest. "Really, really...fucking awesome."

Well, we're all entitled to an opinion.

My pussy's sore. I wouldn't exactly call him huge—I've watched a *lotta* porn in my days—but I'd say he's still a little above average.

"I'm just gonna..." Still panting, he points his free hand to the door to the bathroom. I nod, figuring he's talking about disposing of the condom. I kinda wish I could see his dick; I hope there's no blood on it. In all fairness, my pink dildo claimed the first "I was here" title when I was sixteen, but I don't know. There was no blood then, either.

By the time Edgar returns from the bathroom, I've put on my panties and top again. One part of me wants to snuggle with this sexy man, but the other is ready to bolt. I've never had an awkward morning-after convo, and I kinda like my track record on that one.

"You're gonna spend the night, right?" Edward asks, joining me on the bed. "I hope you will." He smiles boyishly, and I wonder if the CEO guy left the building when he dropped his suit.

"Um. Sure?" That's my reply.

"Cool!" He grins widely and then kisses me soundly. "Fuck, you're gorgeous." Okay, he's a good one. "Let's cuddle."

Chuckling awkwardly, I lie down on the bed and Edwin follows after turning off the lights.

"Good night, Bella," he murmurs sweetly.

He falls asleep with his face buried between my boobs, and I soon find out that he snores a lot—sounds that come out all muffled by my goodies.

Inhale, "Mmmbrrrraaww..." Exhale, "Pfffffffff..."

## 8

### **BPOV**

The morning after, I sneak outta bed while Edwin's still fast asleep.

He's hugging a pillow and mumbling about "spectacular titties" and "extra love in the trunk".

With a snicker, I tear off a sheet of paper from the notepad on the nightstand and write him a few lines.

*Thank you for last night, Dr. Cullen ;)*

*I had a great time, and feel free to give me a call next time you're in Seattle. You can find my number on the other side of this note.*

*XOXO Bella*

I figure since he's living in a hotel here, he can't really be a Seattle resident. Plus, I think I recall him saying something about just passing through Seattle, though I don't remember if he told me where his final stop was.

Anyway, after leaving the note next to him, I grab the notepad, put it into my tiny purse, and make my way out. However, when I pass the bathroom, I make a quick dash inside to snatch the complimentary shampoo bottles and soap bars. Oh, and the sewing kit from the dresser near the door. And the pen that goes with the notepad back in the bedroom. Since I'm already there, I grab the Bible, too.

*Never know when that can come in handy.*

## 9

## **EPOV**

"I'm so proud of you, son!" Dad says, kissing me loudly on the cheek.

I grimace and wipe said cheek before dumping my overnight bag in the truck. We've checked out of the hotel now, and it's time to head to our new home in Port Angeles.

"Still wish she would've stayed, though," I mumble as I fasten my seat belt. But at least I have her number. She probably lives here in Seattle, and once I've gathered the courage, I'm definitely gonna call her. I just need to get settled in in Port Angeles first. Not to mention my job. Gotta get settled there, too.

"You should consider yourself lucky," Dad counters. "The ass she had?" He whistles. "Not all of us can say we've tapped something so fine."

He's right on that one. Bella's ass...and those tits!

"Fuck," I whisper under my breath and adjust my cock. My ginormous cock that barely fit inside Bella's flawless pussy. *Unnnnngh*.

"Hey, maybe she could be your booty call here in Seattle," he muses. "Then again, if she's willing to give it to ya again, you better hold on for dear life. Imagine being married to her? Shit. Why can't your mother have an ass like that?"

"Because God loves me!" I shout. I do *not* wanna talk about my mother's ass. Especially not the morning after I got my dick wet for the first time.

"Just drive, old man!"

*Jesus Christ.*

## **BPOV**

### ***Two months later...***

"Oh, my God!" I scream. "This can't be HAPPENING!" Chest heaving, I stare down at the pregnancy test. Two pink fucking lines. "AARGH!" I pull at my hair. All I wanted was to lose my virginity, and that fuck-hot stranger sure got the job done. What was his name? Edwin? Ugh, it was something. "Oh, fuck," I whimper. But, but, but he wore a condom! "HE WORE A CONDOM!" I scream some more.

"What is the matter, Bella?" Great. Jasper comes running into the bathroom.

"DO YOU MIND?!" I screech. Maybe because I'm still sitting on the fucking toilet! But the last thing I need right now is Jasper yapping about his incomprehensible bullshit.

While my brother—my youngest big brother—Alec is in Sweden as an exchange student, we got *this* guy in return. My mother thought it'd be fun to learn about a new culture.

Jasper—though he pronounces his name Yahsperrr—is from that country in Europe most people don't have a clue about.

*"Helvete, du är ju gravid!"* he shouts. *"JÄVLAR! Jag trodde bara detta hände i filmer!"*

See? Anyone got that?

"Get the fuck out!" I glare at him and point to the door, still clutching the purple and white stick of doom.

The only Swedish word I know is *fitta*. Jasper told me it means sweet. Oh, and I know *tack*, which means thank you.

And why am I thinking about this now? All I need to do now is find some dude named Edwin. 'Cause that fucker took my V-card and gave me a load of sperm in return. That was not the deal!

Thankfully, Jasper stumbles out, and I yell in a sarcastic tone, "*Tack!* You're so fucking *fitta!*"

## **Translation**

*Helvete, du är ju gravid!* = Hell, you're pregnant!

*JÄVLAR! Jag trodde bara detta hände i filmer!* = Damn! I thought this only happened in the movies!

*Tack* = Thanks/Thank you.

*Fitta* = Pussy/Cunt

## **11**

### **BPOV**

"I'm so happy, baby!" Mom squeals and crushes me in a hug. "I'm gonna be a nana!"

I grimace and pull away. "Mom." I give her a look. "I'm twenty-one years old, I don't know the father, and I'm working two jobs. How the hell am I gonna be able to pull this off?"

My mom owns The Swan Diner here in Port Angeles, in which I work three nights a week. And Dad owns Swans' Outfitters, where I work full time. I'm trying to save up for an apartment, and I know that my aunt, who owns Swan Real Estate, has several lined up for me. I just gotta be able to afford the rent. Plus, I want some savings in case something happens, too.

"Oh honey, this'll work out," Mom assures me. "We're a big family—we help each other out."

The word *big* is an understatement if you wanna describe our family.

We've lived in Port Angeles for generations, and our women know how to push out children. My grandmother on Dad's side, for instance...she's given birth to seven hellions. Each of my dad's siblings has at *least* three children of their own.

Let's just say that if the Swans left Port Angeles, the town would be considered a ghost town.

There's even a running joke in town amongst the teenagers. Girls say, "When I grow up, I'm gonna marry a Swan." Because that's just more than likely since there are so many of us. Or guys saying, "One day, I'll probably give away my daughter to a Swan."

One of my uncles is actually the mayor in town.

We'd have to rent a whole hotel for holidays—for us all to fit—if it weren't for the fact that all four hotels in town are already owned by Swans. There's the Little Swan Inn, Swan Holiday Resort, Swan's Stay, and Motel Swan.

We're just all over the fucking place. Teachers, doctors, police officers, nurses, shop owners, bartenders...oh, and another uncle of mine is actually a PI, though he lives in Seattle. Something about Port Angeles not bringing him any work. Maybe 'cause we're all basically family, and we're not a part of some Agatha Christie mystery. Anyway, I should give him a call. He might be able to track down Dr. Edwin-Edgar-Edward Cullen for me.

"How am I gonna break this to Dad?" I ask, nervous as hell. Because he thinks I'm saving myself for marriage. Yeah...

Mom puffs out her cheeks, thinking, and taps her chin. "Immaculate conception?"

I roll my eyes.

"I honestly don't know." She looks helpless. "I don't know how your brothers are going to take it, either."

I do. They're gonna go apeshit.

Felix, my oldest brother, is twenty-eight and the owner of Black Swan's Hideout on Main Street. It's a bar for bikers, basically.

Emmett is twenty-seven, and he's a cop—with a gun and the hankering to arrest and lock up any guy who looks at me in a certain way.

Seth...a twenty-five-year-old car mechanic. He owns Swan's Auto Shop a few blocks over.

Alec is the youngest of my big brothers. At the age of twenty-two, he's a student at Port Angeles Community College, though he's in Sweden right now—as mentioned. The community college here in town is doing some collaboration with a high school and a university in Sweden. So, we've got several Swedes wandering the streets in Washington right now. Some are in high school and some are in college.

I digress.

All my brothers are 6'4" and weigh in at two hundred and fifty pounds of solid muscle, give or take twenty pounds.

If...*when*...their little sister comes home with a baby bump and no rock on her left ring finger, there's gonna be mayhem. A complete and utter shitstorm. Poor Edgar.

Looking down, I adjust my boobs in my little tank and say, "Whatever. I'm gonna try to track down Baby Daddy, and then I'm gonna get myself an obstetrician. I'll take it from there."

Fuck, maybe Dr. Edwin would prefer it if I *didn't* track him down.

'Cause my family won't go easy on him.

But I owe it to all of us to try my best.

"Oh—" Mom fans her face "—I still can't believe my girl's having a baby." She gives me a watery smile and cups my face. "Are you happy? And how was it—you know...you *know*. With the guy." Her eyebrows crease in concern. "Did it hurt?"

I stare at her blankly. "No, I saw stars," I deadpan.

She giggles and grimaces at the same time. "I'm sorry, honey." She rubs my arms. "But you know it didn't have to be like this, right?" Pointed look. "You could've waited, met someone, fallen in love..."

I grin. "'Cause that's what you did?"

See, the thing is, the only reason I've told my mom everything about my little trip to Seattle is because this exact thing happened to her.

She set out to lose her V-card at the age of eighteen, and my dad was the *lucky* one. And guess what happened...

Yeah, Felix happened.

As Mom would say dreamily when she's drunk, "It was fuck at first sight."

Thankfully, Jasper promises to keep quiet about my pregnancy, and Mom helps me, too. With only a name and an occupation, Mom and I drive to Uncle Reggie in Seattle and talk to him about finding Baby Daddy.

And then, another few days later, we return for some answers.

"Sorry, sweethearts," Reggie sighs, swaying in his office chair. "There's no doctor by the name of Cullen in all of Washington."

My shoulders slump.

"But didn't you say he was new here, hon?" Mom asks me, always the optimist. "Maybe he's not, uh, registered yet?"

"But it's been over two months now," I mumble. Two months and one week to be exact. I visited my new doctor two days ago, and she told me what I already knew. I'm knocked up. And since you count the two weeks before conception, I'm already eleven weeks along.

"Listen, cupcakes," Reggie says, "don't lose hope. I did find someone..." He hesitates. "A man named Carlisle Cullen—he just moved to Port Angeles, actually. Wife and kid, too. Maybe they know your Edwin? It's worth a try." He shrugs. "Cullen isn't the most common name."

So, that's how I end up parked in front of a Carlisle Cullen's house the next day.

It's actually just a five minute drive from where I live. A nice two-story house. White with light blue shutters. A white picket fence, a nice front yard, and two cars parked in the driveway.

Blowing out a breath, I steel myself and walk up to the door and knock.

I'm so fucking nervous 'cause this is it, my only viable lead, and I really hope this Carlisle knows where I can find Edward.

A moment later, the door opens and *ohmyfuckingGod*.

That'd be Edgar standing there. Eyes wide as saucers, jaw dropped, hair all wild and messy, and...oh joy, he's only dressed in a pair of tighty whities. And black-rimmed glasses.

*Found you.*

"Um, hi." I wave awkwardly.

He blinks once and then *screams*.

"MOM!"

## 13

### **EPOV**

*Today is the day.*

The day I'm gonna find my balls to call Bella.

I adjust my glasses and pour some Fruit Loops into a bowl. The milk is next. I mean, it's not like I've had the time to call her—okay, that's bullshit. It took me a month to get settled at my new job, decorate my own place, help Mom and Dad fix the house, and buy a new car. The second month, though... I sigh and slurp some milk and cereal into my mouth. Yeah, the second month has been all about procrastination.

What if she's forgotten me?

What if she wants nothing to do with me?

I pout to myself.

*"Eddiekins!"* I hear my mother yell from upstairs.

She's in her office, writing her next best seller. She's Dad's suga' mama.

"Yeah!" I shout and wipe some milk from my chin.

*"Just wanted to make sure you were up, honey!"*

Well, I am. I don't have to go in to the hospital today, but I do have stuff to do. Since leaving Chicago behind, I don't have a band anymore. And I'm a musician, you know. I gotta find a band here. I also gotta send some character graphics to my buddy in Portland. That's where the ka'ching is. Still, I'm a social butterfly in *some* aspects, so I can't be holed up in my Edcave all day long, hence having a "real" job, too.

Suddenly, there's a timid knock on the front door, and since Mom's upstairs and Dad's working, I make my way to the door. I probably should've put some real clothes on, but whatever. My bod is pretty damn hot.

But when I open the door, this bod of mine turns into a block of ice.

*Fuuuuuuuck!*

It's—oh, God—it's *her!*

Bella, Bella, the girl who's more than stella'.

Bella, Bella, pick me as your fella'.

I've dreamed about her for months now... Her bubble ass and spectacular titties.

*Unf.*

"Um, hi," she mumbles.

What do I say? Why is she here? How did she find me?

I do what any confused and sexually frustrated man would do when they're standing in front of the girl who popped their twenty-nine-year-old cherry.

I scream out for my mother.

"MOM!"

Also? I slam the door in Bella's face.

"OhmyGod, ohmyGod, ohmyGod," I chant, running up the stairs to Mom's office.

## 14

### **EPOV**

*"I'm busy, honey!"* Mom shouts as I bang on her door. *"Unless this is a 911 emergency...!"* She trails off, being all threatening.

I gulp and run down the stairs again. Then I grab the phone in the kitchen and dial Dad's number. While I wait for him to answer, I peek through the shut curtain and see that Bella's still out there, just staring at the closed door. Oh, goodness. She looks scrumptious. She's wearing this itty bitty little skirt and a tank top.

*"Yellow!"* Dad answers.

"Dad! She's here!" I hiss. And then I ramble, ramble, ramble. I tell him the whole horror story about Bella coming here and...well, that's about it.

Luckily, my father is a great man and gives me some excellent advice. Girls want guys with confidence, experience, and arrogance. The last one is something women deny, but they're lying, and I trust Pop.

"Okay." The call's been ended, and now I'm breathing. "Okay." I can be confident—a suave motherfucker. "Okay." Experienced. With the ladies. "Okay." And then I reach the hallway and open the door again.

*Bond. Edward Bond. Shaken, not stirred.*

"What's up, doll face?" I jerk my chin at her and lean against the doorframe.

"Uh..." She looks confused, frustrated, and a bit annoyed. "Hi?"

I lick my lips and let my eyes roam over her.

*Oh yeah, baby. Come to Papa.*

Okay, internal cringe. That's just wrong.

"How—how are you?" she asks, still with the same expression.

"Oh, I've been *good*." I smirk cockily and grab my junk. "Let's just say the women in my life keep me busy." I give her a slow, conspiratorial wink. "If you know what I mean. Know what I mean?"

She stares at me with a flat look. "What?"

Puffing out my cheeks, I pretend to count. "Hmm. I don't know. Maybe..." I look down at my fingers, ticking off fake name after fake name. "A hundred and fifty girls? Since you." I wink again.

That oughta impress her, right? Dad did say a woman wants her man experienced.

"Wait..." She shakes her head slowly, brows furrowed. "A hundred and fifty what?"

"Girls." I lean forward a little. "Since I banged you."

Almost as if she's moving in slow motion, her face morphs into one of disgust.

*Uh-oh. Too much?*

"Are you..." She lets out a weird sound, disgust still evident. "Shit, shit, shit. "Are you *kidding* me?!"

I backpedal as quickly as I fucking can. "Yes! God, yes! I was joking. It's only seventy-five."

"Seventy-five fucking women in two months?!" she shrieks. "That's—that's ewww!"

FUCK!

"Fifty!" I blurt out, panicking.

"But you just said..."

"Twenty!" I cry out and fist my hair.

She blows out a breath in frustration and puts her hands on her hips.

"Seven?" I squeak, cringing.

I swear she growls at me.

My hands drop to my sides. "Okay, it's just been you," I whimper.

I am a man defeated.

**15**

**BPOV**

I don't...I can't even...

*Oh, Jesus.*

I tap my foot, staring at Edgar, torn between wanting to scream and pull my hair out, or scream and pull *his* hair out.

"*Look,*" I grit out, hands on my hips, "you've got some seriously fucking explaining to do."

He gulps and adjusts his glasses. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Ma'am?!" I shriek.

As my favorite Skip would say in a particular fanfic, "GET THE FUCK OUTTA HEA'!"

But I can't pull that shit off 'cause I'm not from Brooklyn, so I just keep quiet and glare at Edward.

However, there's only so much of stilted silence I can take, and it doesn't take long before I blow.

"I can't believe this!" I cry out. "I went out to lose my V-card, and then I got a literal load of tiny Edwins!"

"It's Edward," he says automatically.

"WHATEVER!" I scream. Then I point a finger at him. "Explain yourself! I gave you the fucking condom, so tell me why the hell I'm pregnant now!"

His bottom lip quivers a little as if he's going to cry, and that kinda makes me all gooey in the center. "Please don't yell at me?" My eyes soften, and I wanna hug him for a second.

"Edward," I say calmly and release a breath. His glistening eyes meet mine, and he bites down on his lip. Christ, this day has been too much already. "Didn't you use the condom?"

Looking overwhelmed, flushed, and confused, he wrings his hands awkwardly and nods slowly.

"Ummmm, yes?"

I narrow my eyes at him.

I'm not stupid; I know that condoms aren't a hundred percent safe, but pardon me for thinking it's an awful coincidence that I get knocked up the very first time I have sex.

He leans forward a little. "I may have forgotten it," he whispers, and then he points to my chest. "Your gorgeous titties—um, breasts distracted me."

My jaw drops.

"Oh," I breathe out and adjust my boobs. My cheeks flush as I pull at the hem of my tank a little. Wow, whatta kind man. That has got to be the sweetest thing I've ever heard. I mean, I know my rack is amazing, but to hear it from this man? *So adorable!* "These old things?" I giggle nervously. When I clasp my hands in front of me, my tits sorta get pushed together a little. "Um, thank you."

He stares at my breasts, ears tinting red. God, I'd forgotten how handsome he is. Tightly whities *aside*.

*Oh!* Looking down at mentioned whities, I see that they're tenting slightly.

"Wait!" His eyes snap to mine abruptly. "Did—did you j-just say you're p-pregnant?!"

## **EPOV**

"You don't have to be involved!" she says quickly.

I nod dumbly, stuck in a daze.

1. I am Bella's first lover. Or fucker, really. This is unbelievable.

Incredible.

2. My forgetting to put on that condom—even though I pulled out—has resulted in an unplanned pregnancy.

3. I am very something about this.

That's for sure.

"Come in," I croak, stepping to the side. "We ought to discuss this."

As we end up in the kitchen, I can plainly hear my stomach giving out a loud gurgle, which reminds me of the fact that I haven't taken my belly pill yet. So, after I've told her to take a seat at the table, I rush over to the cabinet above the microwave and take out two pills.

"Would you like something to drink?" I ask politely, opening the fridge. I grab a bottle of water for myself and down the two pills. Hopefully, they'll set in before I get the runs.

"No, thank you."

Okay, then. I sit down across from my beautiful Bella, elbows on the table, and cup my cheeks. God, she is truly lovely. And she's apparently been impregnated by me. Me and my ginormous cock.

"Um, can I just ask what the fuck you did out there?" She points out the window. "You know, lying to me about all those women?"

My face falls a little as shame blankets me. "I'm sorry," I mumble, looking down at my lap. My hands are in my lap now, too. "It's just that my father told me women want men who are experienced, and..." I shrug dejectedly

and push up my glasses. "It's not like a twenty-nine-year-old virgin would have girls such as yourself flocking to him."

Silence.

## 17

### **EPOV**

When I finally gather courage to look up, I see that Bella's mouth is shaped like a small "o".

"Wait." She squeaks. "You were a virgin, too?"

My ears feel hot; I give a single nod and look down again.

"Well, this really explains things," she mutters.

"Huh?" I scrunch my nose and face her. "Explains what?"

"It explains why you sucked in bed," she says frankly. "I mean, I sucked ass big time—" she places a hand on her chest "—but I wondered why you did, too."

"I sucked?" I whisper, crestfallen. "But you exploded and screamed."

Now she looks sheepish and apologetic. "I'm sorry about that. That's all my fault. But I had to fake it—my pussy hurt, you know? My vibrator isn't as big as you, so it kinda caught me off-guard."

Oh. I nod solemnly, understanding now. "My ginormous cock. I get it."

"Um. Right." She gives me a tight-lipped smile. "That's why. Yeah. It's not because my vibrator's tiny."

I nod again and sigh. "For the record, though? I don't think you sucked."

She actually grins. "You have nothing to compare it with. Believe me, I was *terrible*. I rushed it—only focused on losing my virginity. And I should've just told you I was a virgin. Had we slowed things down...I don't know. I think it would've been better for both of us."

"Eh, it is what it is." I shrug, and my stomach rumbles again. Thankfully, Bella doesn't comment on it. Being lactose intolerant is a curse. "I didn't tell you, either."

She's quiet for a second, averting her eyes, but then she looks to me again. "So...you're not a doctor, are ya?"

My eyes widen. Technically, I haven't lied to her. I just told her I work in a hospital; she was the one who assumed I was a doctor. Then again, I never corrected her.

"Um..."

She smirks. "Yeah, I figured. It's okay—you didn't specifically say you were. Whatever."

"How did you know?" I can't help but ask. "And how did you find me?"

"My uncle is a private investigator."

Huh. "I see." I wring my hands together in my lap. "Well, you found me," I say lamely. "Um, I'm new in town, but if you want, I can show you around?" I mean, if she's carrying our child, I'd like to believe she's sticking around for a while until we've settled what we're gonna do. "Just don't freak out when you see the name Swan all over town," I chuckle nervously. "I don't know if you noticed it, but on the 'Welcome to Port Angeles' sign outside of town, it actually says 'Home of the Swans'."

Bella smiles like she knows a secret. "No shit?"

**EPOV**

Bella declines my invitation to show her around, stating that we might wanna broach the baby issue first.

"Well, I sincerely hope you're—we...are gonna keep it," I say, surprising myself with the truth of those words. It's really beginning to dawn on me. Bella's pregnant. We're going to have a child. I'm going to become a father. Holy fuck!

First comes fuck, and then comes...baby?

Talk about natural order of things.

"Definitely keeping the baby," Bella assures me, and my heart calms down. "I guess I just wanna know how involved you wanna be. I mean, I know we're practically strangers, but..."

"I'm all in," I say confidently. "I kinda..." *Love children*. It's just that I never saw myself settling down, as the ladies' man I am. Okay, that's a load of horseshit, but whatever. I honestly don't know why some chickie hasn't snatched me up yet. But now...this is actually happening, and that makes me smile. "I'm kinda happy." I smile, a nervous but joyous mess.

"Yeah?" Her own smile is sorta shy, a new side of her. "I'm still... processing, I think. But, um, when I think about, like, abortion and stuff? It makes my chest hurt."

I blow out a breath, relieved. 'Cause the thought of eliminating... I shudder. No, thanks. Never.

"Hey, do you wanna go to my place instead?" I suggest. "It'll give us some more privacy."

"Oh, but..." Her brows furrow, and she eyes my bare chest. *Nice*. "I thought you—oh, thank God." She suddenly laughs, relief visible in her features. "I thought you lived with your parents!" she admits, grinning widely. "Phew. Dodged that one, huh?"

I laugh. "Jesus! I'm twenty-nine years old, Bella! Like I'd *live* with my *parents*." I shake my head and snort at her. Silly girl. "No, I have my own place, thank you very much. Come on—" I stand up, ready to show her my Edcave "—it's down in the basement."

Bella's smile is gone, and she looks confused again. "What?"

"It's downstairs," I repeat slowly. "Something wrong?"

Pursing her lips together, she shakes her head quickly and follows me down the stairs.

I come to a stop in the middle of my room and spin around to face Bella with my arms out. "Pretty cool, huh?" I'm grinning and nodding with my words. "Welcome to the Edcave!"

Bella stares at me, appearing to be shell-shocked.

I bet she's at a loss for words to describe how awesome my *casa* is.



19

### **BPOV**

Dear Lord in heaven...what the *fuck* did I ever do to you?

Okay... Breathe in, breathe out.

I get it now. We're God's personal joke. He's up there on his motherfucking cloud LOL'ing his fat ass all over the place.

We have *Two and a Half Men*; God has us.

'Cause...when Edward said he had his own place, I didn't expect him to lead me down to his parents' basement. Maybe I should've. My bad. So, here we are...in the *Edcave*.

Edward, still only dressed in his tifty whities and black-rimmed glasses, is standing in the middle of this...*room*...arms out, grin so wide, waiting for my reaction.

Hugging myself, I tilt my head and take in my surroundings. As far as basements go, it's certainly...nice. And big. It's completely square and wide open. In one corner, there's a large bed. In another corner, there's a lot of computer stuff. Seriously, four big computer screens are set up on a big desk. Only one keyboard for all of 'em. In the final corner—the staircase takes up the fourth corner—there's a big plush couch, a massive flat screen, a huge Laz-E-Boy—no, wait. That's not a simple recliner. It's a fucking gaming chair.

Shelves upon shelves with video games and DVDs.

A huge stereo system.

Turning to Edward again, I give him a strained smile. "It's..." *perfect for a teenage boy.*

"I know! Awesome, right?" He looks so excited. "I knew you were gonna love it." He walks toward me and points behind me. "I have my own bathroom here, too." Huh. Under the staircase is the sorriest excuse of a bathroom known to man. I'm willing to bet Edward can barely fit in there. There's a toilet and a sink. There's also a shower head, but no stall. "I'm gonna renovate here, though," he says seriously. "A wall is gonna go up here—" He's back in his room, gesturing with his arms—"and while it will make this space smaller, I will have a bigger bathroom and my own kitchen. Or kitchenette, really." He smiles boyishly. "Isn't it just perfect?"

I open my mouth then close it again. "Uh...it's something."

"Yeah..." He lets out a dreamy sigh. "And look," he chuckles and points at his nightstand, "that's actually a mini fridge. I just love it."

And I'm thinking I wanna introduce him to my brothers now.

## **BPOV**

After suggesting that Edward gets dressed, I ask him to come with me.

He agrees right away, looking rather fucking sexy in a pair of dark wash jeans, a black t-shirt, those glasses, green Chucks, and a black beanie. Although, Emmett won't see what's so funny with Edward's t-shirt. 'Cause it says, "Strangers have the best candy", and my cop brother has no sense of humor.



"So, where are we going?" he asks happily, doing the helicopter with his key chain.

I snicker and get behind the wheel of my truck. It's my black beauty. Black and glossy Ford beauty.

"Thought I'd show you around town," I answer with a smirk as I fasten my seat belt. Edward, also fastening his belt, tilts his head at me, a look of surprise on his face. "Yeah, born and raised here in Port Angeles, Eddie boy." I pull away from the curb and add in a by-the-way tone, "Bella Swan. Nice to meet your acquaintance."

"Oh, bugger," he breathes out, eyes wide.

I crack up.

"So, your family owns the town?" He gulps.

"Eh..." I shrug. "I wouldn't *really* say that. We're a big family. My parents just own two spots. Then I have uncles, aunts, *cousins*..." I've lost count on how many cousins I have. Or actually, I just stopped counting at twenty.

"Ummm...how old are you, Bella?" he asks nervously. "I realize I've never asked."

I side-eye him and speed up at a yellow light. I totally make it. "The night we met? That was my twenty-first birthday."

I didn't know it was possible, but his eyes grow even wider. "Holy shit, now I feel like a dingus. I wish you'd told me. I would've...um, I dunno." He scratches his forehead under the beanie. "Bought you a drink?"

"You did," I point out with a smile. And I can't really believe I'm about to say this, but it actually rings true in my head now. "You also gave me another gift."

"I did?" He frowns in confusion.

I nod and take a left as we reach Swan-Mart. "You gave me a load of you."

"It wasn't an actual load, though," he replies matter-of-factly, not missing a beat. "I pulled out, so it must've been a pre-ejaculation."

Yeah, I don't really give a shit if it was a whole load or just a half.

You only need one swimmer to make a runtling.

"I tend to do that, now that I think of it," he muses pensively.

My brows knit together as I park the truck. "What do you mean?" Turning in my seat, I face him better.

"Pre-ejaculate," he says frankly. "I tend to do that."

I...I don't know how to respond to that.

## 21

### **EPOV**

I have no clue what we're doing at Swan-Mart. Unless Bella realized she's hungry and feels the need to grocery shop, that is.

*Maybe she's introducing you to a family member?*

Oh, shit. That could be it.

"Fuck," I whisper under my breath as Bella grabs a cart. I should've put on a tie...or gone with the tuxedo t-shirt I have. 'Cause the last thing I want is for my child's grandparents to think I ain't classy.

"Oooh, buy one—get one free." Bella stops at a display packed with toothpick holders. "Hmm, if one breaks, it's always best to have a second one." She seems to be talking to herself. "Plus, you get a bunch of extra toothpicks if you buy two, so there we go." Two holders end up in the cart, and then we keep walking.

Looking around, I see that they have all kinds of crap in this store.

"My best friend works here," she mentions casually. "Oh, and Jasper, too. He should be here." She checks her watch. "Or maybe he's already ended his shift. He only works a couple hours every day—after school."

I tilt my head at her. "School?" College, I hope. I dunno, but it feels a little weird if my baby mama is hanging out with high school kids when I'm less than a year away from thirty.

I have a rep to uphold.

"Yeah—" she nods "—Jasper lives with us while Alec's living with Jasper's parents."

Now I'm frowning. "That makes no sense. Who's Jasper and who's Alec?"

"Alec is my youngest big brother," she informs me as she stops at a huge basket full of yarn. They're on sale, the sign states. "Jasper's the fucko living with us—ooh, purple." She grabs some purple yarn. "He's an exchange student from Sweden. Jasper—um, don't ask me how to spell his last name, but you pronounce it Veetlock. Some shit like that." Blue yarn, yellow, red, green. It all goes into the cart. "This is basically a steal. And I've always wanted to learn how to knit. Now I have a reason."

It's kind of difficult to keep up with her, but I do my best. "So, your brother is in Sweden now?"

That's the country near the North Pole, right?

Oh, and *all* women there are blond and named Inga. This is a fact.

She nods and we're walking again. "Yep. You'll meet him when he comes home in a few months. Until then, I have three more big brothers for you to meet."

I come to a screeching stop. "You—" I swallow my heart "—you have *four* big brothers?!"

*Holy fuck!*

"Yes, and now we need to go over to the kitchen utensils. I saw that the cheese graters were twenty percent off. Another steal, if you ask me. Mmhmm." We walk. I try to breathe. *Four* older brothers. And a father, I presume. But...then again, you can only die once. Right? They could be a thousand of them; it doesn't matter. I'm a positive motherfucker. The glass is half full.

"Bella!" a woman cries out in delight.

Looking over my shoulder, I see a chickie running toward us. She's wearing a vest that says, "I'm Alice, and I love my job at Swan-Mart."

"Hey, Alice!" Bella smiles widely and holds up two cheese graters. "Which one do you think is the prettiest?"

"The one with the purple handle," this Alice replies right away. Then she leans closer to Bella and keeps her voice low as she says, "If you want, I can get it for you—a *hundred* percent off."

My eyebrows rise.

Bella giggles and shakes her head. "Oh, Alice," she admonishes half-heartedly. "I *told* you. You can't keep stealing from my uncle Marty."

*Marty's Swan-Mart?*

Alice shrugs and smiles innocently, and then finally appears to notice that Bella's not alone here. "Um. Hello."

"Hey," I say lamely with a limp wave.

"This is Edward," Bella introduces, linking her arm with mine. I dig that hard. "Edward, this is Alice—my best friend."

"Nice to meet you." I nod with a dip of my chin.

"Ditto, I s'pose." She shrugs and turns to Bella again. "So, I finally fucked Jasper."

## 22

### **BPOV**

"You cougar slut," I giggle. "He's like seventeen, you know. And you're twenty-five."

"Does it look like I care?" she retorts, grabbing a cheese grater for herself—one with a pink handle. That one's cute, too. Alice opens her vest and smoothly slips the cheese grater in there. I sigh and pull out my phone, shooting off a two-worded text to Emmett. *Alice. Mart.* "By the way, he told me he wants to stay in the States. For me." She grins. "I think I love him."

I'm not surprised. Alice has been drooling over Jasper for three months now. Not that Jasper hasn't drooled back, but I don't know. He told Mom he isn't here to find girls. Guess he caved. For a piece of ass.

"He wants to stay, huh?" I'm ready to leave. My brothers are on their way to our parents' soon for dinner, which is when I plan to stop by with Edward. Finding bargains here is just the perfect way to pass time.

"Yeah. He's too cute for words. He calls me his *lilla fis*—whatever that means." Alice giggles and slips a tablespoon into her pocket. Edward looks embarrassed and averts his eyes. "So, I'm helping him. I went online, right? And I found this guy in Nigeria who can help us with a green card for Jasper. All I had to do was pay him two hundred bucks." She shrugs while I exchange a wide-eyed look with Edward. "FedEx should be here with it any day now."

"Um..." I swallow my laughs. "That's—that's awesome, Alice." I begin to push my cart forward. "We gotta go, but we'll talk later, yeah?" She nods

happily. "Oh, and my brother's on his way, in case you wanna empty your pockets." I give her a pointed look.

She's the picture of innocence. "Whatever do you mean, hon?"

"That's what I thought," I snort-chuckle. Alice has a compulsion to steal, but I swear she gets off on having my brother give her a stern talking to. "See ya, Alice."

### **Translation**

*Lilla fis* = Little fart. (And, um, no...it's not a term of endearment we actually use in Sweden.)

## **23**

### **EPOV**

"Do all your friends steal?" I whisper to Bella as we walk away from that Alice character. And the reason I'm asking is because I remember the morning after in Seattle and I wanted to take a shower... There was no shampoo. There was also no pen and no notepad.

Did Bella snatch 'em?

I can't help but wonder since she left a note, you know? And that was written on a piece of paper that had the hotel logo on it.

"No, that's just Alice," Bella responds casually. We're almost at the registers, and I'm sorta happy about that, 'cause I need to sit down.

"Well, then. I think I need to call the hotel I stayed at in Seattle," I mutter, because I do loathe bad hotel service. "They didn't give me any shampoo in my room."

"What?" she asks, peering up at me. "Whaddy mean?"

I nod. "The hotel I stayed at? They totally ripped me off. No shampoo or anything."

There wasn't even a bible!

There was a robe, though, so the staff didn't fuck up on that one. That robe is in the Edcave now.

It's not stealing when it's a comp.

"Oh, I bet it was those cleaning ladies," Bella says in disgust. "They probably took all that from you. Nasty bitches."

"I bet you're right," I respond solemnly.

"Hey, Michelle!" Bella greets another Swan-Mart employee and begins to load things on the conveyor belt. "Edward, this is Michelle—my cousin."

A small wave from me. "Hello."

And this is how it is as we make our way toward Bella's home. At the gas station, we bump into a few of Bella's cousins. At a red light, we spot car full of family. We also pass another cousin, with her five fucking children, and another aunt while we drive. The names roll off her tongue—Megan, Luke, Jolynne, Sarah, Thomas, Tina, Simon, Rachel, Lisa, Tammy, Didi, another Lisa, Renata, Jimmy, Jimmy Jr., Lorraine, Jackie, Abby...like I'm supposed to *remember* all these people?

The Swans, I'm telling ya...*big*, big family.

Then we're standing outside a house that looks sort of like my parents' house, only slightly larger.

"Emmett will be here once he's done with Alice," Bella says frankly as we walk toward the house. "We all eat dinner together every night—well, almost. But not everyone lives here."

"Bella." I'm suddenly panicking a little, and I grab her arm to halt her before I meet my demise. "Isn't this too soon? We haven't even discussed our next step, you know? Plus, I..." How do I say this right? "I don't know anything about your pregnancy," I whisper. "I have questions—shouldn't I ask them before I..." *die?*

She smiles. "I don't know what you're talking about. My family is going to *love* you."

For some reason, I don't believe her.

"Oh, and Edward? Why didn't you ever call me back? I gave you my number..."

## 24

### **BPOV**

I don't wait for him to answer that question. I'm about to get some of my fury out, and my family will help. I'm not *seriously* furious, but I do hold some resentment toward Edward. I gave him a condom, and he forgot to use it. I get that, I guess, but the least he could've done was tell me afterward. Next: I bailed, sure, but I wasn't heartless. I left my number, and my note was anything but curt. But he didn't call, which obviously leads me to believe I'm not really someone he wants more with. And now we're *stuck* together because of a child.

As I open the door to the house, I can hear Edward mumbling reassurances to himself.

"It's okay. I will live. I will survive. I know Kung Pow."

I cock a brow and peer up at him over my shoulder. "You mean the *chicken*? How's *that* gonna help you?"

Edward, looking a little constipated, doesn't answer.

So, with a shrug, I enter the house, which smells delicious, dump the shopping bags on the floor in the hallway, and call out for Mom. "Mom! I'm home!" I can already hear Felix, Dad, and Seth in the living room. As expected, my cutesie runs toward me, barking as he does. "Hi, little baby!" I pick up my dog and accept his kisses.

"You have a dog," Edward states and clears his throat.

"Yep." My Jack Russell. He's tiny even for a Jack Russell, making him look like a puppy, but he's an old one. Alec and I got him when I was eight. "His name is Dum-Dum. Dum for short."

"That's..." Edward struggles for a word. "Nice."

"I know."

"In the kitchen, honey!" Mom hollers. "Dinner's almost ready!"

Without further ado, I set Dum down on the floor again, and then I grab Edward's arm and usher him into the kitchen.

## 25

### **BPOV**

"Hey, Jasper," I say, spotting him at the kitchen table. "This is Edward."

That causes Mom to look away from the stove, eyes already wide.

"It is nice to meet you, Edward," Jasper responds with a polite smile.

*"Ibland tänker jag på bruden bredvid dig när jag runkar."*

"Uh..." Edward offers a small nod, looking a little confused. I can't blame him; Jasper's a weird one. We've learned to tune him out. "Nice to meet you, too?"

"Oh, Bella." Mom smiles carefully. "What have you done?" I grin. "Or more correctly, what has this young man done to deserve this? The wolves are in the living room."

Before I can answer, the front door opens, and I hear Emmett. "Sorry I'm late, Ma! I had to deal with Alice!"

"Don't yell like that." Oh joy, Rose is here, too. "Have we not already had this discussion, Emmie?"

"I'm sorry, Rose," Emmett grumbles.

Their relationship is...um, different, I suppose you could say. While they're engaged to be married, they don't always act like a couple. I swear I've heard Em call Rose his "Mama Rose" once or twice.

But I'm not judging.

Okay, that's a load of crap. I'm totally judging, and those two are *freaks*.

In other news, Edward is sweating bullets.

And it only gets worse when the wolves descend; Dad, Seth, and Felix haul their hulking selves into the kitchen. Emmett and Rose follow.

Our kitchen is officially full, and it's time for me to speak. Edward might as well have a sign over his head saying, "LOOK AT ME!" because he already has everyone's attention.

"So, this is Edward," I say, waving a flourish hand in his direction. "A couple months ago, I went to Seattle to get my cherry popped." Mom sighs and gives me an oh-honey-what-are-you-doing look. And Edward

gulps. "We had sex. I gave him a condom, but he didn't use it." I place my hands over my belly. "And now I'm eleven weeks pregnant."

Dad, Felix, Emmett, and Seth all look like they're seconds away from having smoke coming outta their ears, murderous glares fixed on my baby daddy.

"Um, hi." Edward's voice totally cracked. Twenty-nine years old, my ass. Maybe I should check for ID to make sure he's not thirteen or something. "I, uh...I'm the daddy."

### **Translation**

*Ibland tänker jag på bruden bredvid dig när jag runkar* = Sometimes I think about the broad next to you when I jerk off.

## **26**

### **EPOV**

Four beasts with four moustaches are looking at me like I'm someone to kill.

For them, I am.

Because Bella sold me out. Not that I don't deserve it. I should've at least told her I didn't use the condom she gave me. But again, I chickened out, and now Bella's whole life has changed because of it.

Karma is a bitch...and then you die. That's the saying, right?

I'm scared, and I want to call my mother. And Dad.

Mrs. Swan looks resigned.

Jasper is smiling. I don't like him for that reason alone. He's creepy.

The pudgy Rose woman is glaring at one of the beasts.

"You're *pregnant*?" Papa Swan grits out, clearly talking to his daughter, though his eyes are still trained on me.

"Yeah." Bella points at me. "He did it."

*Thanks.*

"You don't have to point," I whisper to her, swallowing hard. "Pretty sure your father knows who 'he' is." I make air quotes.

"I know a place to hide his body," one of the beasts growls.

Another one snarls—the one in a cop uniform. "I'll overlook the crime."

One barks. Or maybe that was Dum-Dum.

"You defiled our baby sister?" the biggest of 'em all asks through clenched teeth. He has a leather vest with the name Felix on the chest pocket. There's also the Harley Davidson logo. *Great.* A big bulky biker. And his moustache is nearly as big as Papa Swan's.

I honestly cannot see how Bella is related to these humongous apes. I mean, they're as tall as they are wide, and Bella is approximately 5'3". The only things big on that little body of hers are her titties and ass. God, I shouldn't be thinking about that now. Titties, titties, titties, asssssss. Hey, Swans, my mouth has been all over her bad boys. *Fuck.*

"It was mutual," I croak, pushing up my glasses.

Papa Swan could quite possibly kill me with that glare of his, and the way he's towering over me isn't helping.

I'm not short, mind you. I stand tall at 6'3", but I'm built like a human being, not a gorilla. Plus, the Swans are causing me to shrink back a little.

"Okay, I think this is enough," Pudgy Rose declares.

"Yeah," Bella agrees—to my astonishment. "He's been scared enough."

Mrs. Swan nods. "Charlie honey, calm your fucking tits. The kids made a mistake, but you gotta hear the boy out. Edward—" she turns to me "—will you do right by my daughter?"

"Of course!" I vow quickly. There's nothing I wouldn't do for Bella and our child. "I've already promised her to be there—for both of them—and it's what I *want* to do." Facing Bella, I plead with her. "I've wanted to call you. Honest. For two months, more than that, I've tried to gather the courage to call you."

Her eyes soften. "Why didn't you tell me that, though? Like, *before* you showed me, um, your place."

"Because the Edcave is awesome," I answer automatically, and I'm pretty sure that was not the correct answer. Because she rolls her eyes.

*Shit, shit, shit.*

"Wow, so we've got a boy without balls," the beast in the police uniform drawls. That'd be Emmett, I think. His moustache is kinda tiny, like he's having difficulty growing it.

And I do have balls, by the way. Big, big balls.

"Before I calm *anything*," Papa Swan sneers, "I want to have a little chat with Edward here. In private."

"What do you think they're saying?" I ask nervously, peeking out the window in the kitchen. Dad, my brothers, and Edward are standing on the porch; there's some wild gesturing going on. I only wanted to scare Edward a bit. I don't want him to die or nuthin'.

"I don't know," Rose mutters, "but Emmett better be on his best behavior."

Mom and I exchange a look. "Or what, Rose?" she asks her.

Rose inspects her fingernails as she responds. "Well, I will ground him, of course. And no TV for a week."

"Okaaaay," I mouth, twirling a finger at my temple.

Mom tightens her hold on a knife, and behind Rose's back, she pretends to stab her daughter-in-law to be.

It makes me giggle.

Thing is, Mom and Rose don't get along. There's only room for one mother in Emmett's life, and Rose is walking all over Mom's territory. But the problem is that Emmett loves it. Mom and Rose are his favorite women in the whole world, and he wants them to play the same role, that sick fuck.

"*Ha! Dumma jävla jänkare!*" I hear Jasper laugh from the living room.

Needing an escape from Mom and Rose, I leave the kitchen and walk into the living room where Jasper's sitting. He left the kitchen earlier when Dad, my brothers, and Edward did.

"What's so funny?" I sit down next to Jasper on the couch, willing time to move faster. I'm anxious for Edward to get back.

"This." Jasper waves the remote at the TV, where AFV reruns are on. "I swear, shows like this will always exist in the US, because you will never

stop doing stupid shit." My eyebrows shoot up. "We have this show in Sweden, too." He chuckles to himself and nods. "Paints a *lovely* picture of Americans."

"Hey, Jasper?" I whisper and lean real close. "You might not wanna insult Americans in a house full of 'em." I smile sweetly. "I mean, what does that say about *you*, huh?" With that said, I slam down my fist on his balls before I get up. "Sorry," I lie, starting to leave. "I just don't have any control over my American limbs. Blame my nationality."

"*Oh, herregud.*" Jasper cries some bullshit. "*Mina kära kulor!*"

I grin to myself, pick up the shopping bags in the hallway, and walk to the kitchen again to show Mom my findings.

"...and you really shouldn't encourage such behavior," Rose is saying to my mother. "I know these things, Renee; I am a teacher, after all." Oy. It looks like Mom is ready to blow a fuse, though she's hiding it with a tight-lipped smile. "I witness this on a daily basis, and it will make things more difficult for the children later in life. You're enabling them."

"Enabling, huh? Well, how about I *disable* you?" Mom offers and picks up the knife again. "Just come a little bit closer."

"Okay, that's enough, you two." I come between them. "Mom, you wanna see what I bought today?" I smile.

Mom flips Rose the bird then faces me with a sweet smile. But then it turns to concern. "Oh honey, I thought you were gonna stay away from the Mart."

I roll my eyes but refrain from making a verbal comment. My family thinks I have a problem with shopping. Which is totally untrue. I only shop when it's something we could really use.

"Look, isn't it pretty?" I dig up the cheese grater. "Twenty percent off."

Mom arches a brow. "So, we can throw away our old grater, then?"

"No!" I gape at her. "Why would you do such a stupid thing? It's still a perfectly functioning utensil. You—*God*." I can't believe her. "You can't throw away something that still works!"

"Sweetie," Rose says softly and puts her hand on my arm. She's trying to be comforting. "You need to realize that you have a hoarding problem."

"Okay, back the fuck off, Rose," I chuckle darkly. "I'm more than happy to demonstrate on you that our old grater still works."

Mom, in a flash, pulls out a drawer and fetches me the old cheese grater.

"Do it," she dares.

"Heavens, you uncivilized people!" Rose throws her hands up. "It's no wonder I'm having problems with Emmie."

Mom is about to attack and I'm about to hesitate before I finally hold her back, but we don't get that far. Dad, Felix, Emmett, Seth, and Edward come back inside and enter the kitchen.

Edward looks like he's been sentenced to death.

Or devoured by a pack of wolves.

## **Translation**

*Ha! Dumma jävla jänkare* = Ha! Stupid fucking yankees.

*Oh, herregud* = Oh, my God.

*Mina kära kulor* = My dear balls.

**EPOV**

"Listen to me, you little punk." Papa Swan points a beefy finger in my face. "I want you to know this: my little Bella angel is fuckin' perfect. Not a single flaw—you hear me, boy?"

"Yes, sir." I nod and struggle not to die.

"Right. So, what're you gonna do to deserve her, huh?"

"Be there for her?" Fuck, my voice cracked there a little. Not cool, yo.

Felix takes a step forward, glaring at me in the most menacing way.

"You're gonna fucking marry her!"

I can do that! "Understood." I'm nodding, kinda excited. "I'll marry her in a jiffy. I swear on my life."

Imagine coming home to those titties every day?

Dad will be *so* jealous.

"You're gonna give her a castle," Papa Swan adds. "A big mansion. With a pool." Oh, I can't really afford that, though. I have plenty of money in the bank, but not *that* much. "If you can't give her that yet, then you better start saving. And you can live here until then."

My eyes widen.

"She's always wanted a convertible," the beast without name mentions. It's not the dad, not the Felix, and not the Emmett.

"When she was little, she wanted a pony," Emmett says with a nod. "Can you give her a pony, punk?"

"If you're horny, let's do it. Ride my pony," I whisper-sing under my breath.

Crap. Now I'm beet red in the face.

Luckily, the beasts didn't hear me. And pardon me, but Ginuwine is a hip-hop genius.

Know what I' sayin'?

"You're gonna name that kid after me," Papa Swan goes on. "Charles if it's a boy—um, Charlene if it's a girl."

But I don't want those names!

"You ain't never havin' sex with her again." Stupidhead Felix. "That's just wrong!"

Papa Swan's not done. "When you get married, you take our name."

Oh, God...

"You'll have dinner here with us every night." Emmett's on a roll, too. "I won't accept you stealing her from us."

Dread creeps up my spine.

"And then..." I swallow thickly. "Then I will deserve her—if I do all this?"

Four beasts laugh.

"NO!"

I flinch, sure my face is drained of all color.

"But we won't bash your fucking head in," the unnamed monkey chuckles.

"Now, come on," Papa Swan laughs and grabs me by the neck. "I think we should go back in and make my girl happy. She will love all this, and that's what's important."

I don't even know how my feet carry me indoors—I just wanna go home and cry—but we somehow end up in the kitchen again.

I gulp when I see Bella.

*Don't cry, dawg. Don't fucking cry. That ain't cool.*

"How did it go?" my baby mama asks timidly.

I avert my eyes to the floor and bite down on my lip. "Good, I s'pose," I say in a small voice.

"Oh, fuck—Daddy, what'd you do?!" she shouts at Papa Swan.

## 29

### **EPOV**

Before I even know it, World War III erupts in the kitchen.

Or maybe it's the Civil War II since only Americans are involved. Although, a lone Swede creeps in and stands in the doorway...with a grin on his face. He is so weird.

"I'm Sweden," he tells me, holding up his hands. "I don't get involved."

I ignore him.

"You're going to marry him, young lady!" Papa Swan yells.

"Not because you say so!" Bella screams, arms flailing.

She is so fuckin' fine right now.

"We only want you to be happy!" Felix booms out.

"Fuck you!" Bella shouts at him. "I make my own happiness!"

"He should provide for you!" Emmett argues.

"Emmie," Pudgy Rose warns. "What have we said about raising our voices? Now, use your indoor voice, please."

Emmett looks down, looking chastened. And, um, aroused.

Standing behind Pudgy Rose, Mrs. Swan picks up a knife. Possibly to make a salad for dinner. I do not know.

"God, you need to stop this!" Bella glares at her father and brothers. She's one in a million. I think I love her. Okay, so I don't know shit about love, but if it involves a pounding heart and a stiffening dick, then I'm so in love. "Edward and I are having this baby, and we're doing it our way! Are we fucking clear on that?!" she screams at the top of her lungs. I swear the walls are shaking. Four beasts nod sullenly. "Good. Now, please tell me what you think of our new cheese grater."

"It's pretty, sis."

"Very."

"It's purple."

"It's nice, baby sis."

Bella turns to me, an expectant look on her face, and I scramble for an answer.

"You can't have too many cheese graters?" I squeak.

For some reason, she beams at me. "We have a winner!"

"Well, that's good—that you think he's a winner." Papa Swan grunts and looks mad. "'Cause you'll be sharing a room with him."

*Whoa.*

What?!

"What?" Bella frowns.

Papa Swan folds his arms over his chest. "Baby Charlie shouldn't grow up in two homes."

"Amen," Rose says and throws her hands in the air. She's being all hallelujah-like.

"Whore," Mrs. Swan coughs.

"First of all—" Bella holds up a finger "—baby who? Second, what the fuck are you talking about?"

"You need to get married, live together—"

"No, we don't!" she cries out.

It's like I'm watching a tennis match.

"Well, where are you gonna live then, huh?" Papa Swan raises a brow, and his 'stache twitches. "I don't want my grandbaby to grow up like modern kids with divorced parents. You're not welcome here anymore unless Edward moves in."

"Charlie!" Mrs. Swan exclaims, aghast.

As much as I want to live with Bella, I kinda wanna be on her side more, so... "If Bella and I lived together, she might wanna have sex with me." I

throw that out there, knowing her brothers don't want me to ever have sex with Bella again.

*Uh-oh.* Four beasts turn to me.

"What the fuck did you just say?" Felix grits out.

I panic. "I said that if Bella and I lived together, she might get dyslexia!"

## 30

### **BPOV**

Ignoring Edward's weird outburst, I turn to Dad and take a calming breath. "Dad...why are you so insistent that we live together—*here?*"

He doesn't miss a beat. "It's so I can monitor you, obviously."

"Have you forgotten that I'm a grown woman?" I sneer at him. "You have no right to dictate, old man!"

"This is my house, Isabella!" he shouts angrily.

I jut my chin out, anything but intimidated. "Yeah? Well, I guess I'll just move out, then!"

"You wouldn't," he growls.

I smile smugly. "Oh, but I would."

And after some more screaming, I end up at Edward's house again.

I'm kinda shaken, not having expected all this to go down.

Mom promised to try to talk some sense into my father and brothers, but I refuse to live in that house when they're being all fucky.

"I'm so happy, Bella!" Edward plants a kiss on my cheek before unlocking the front door to his house. Correction: his parents' house. "I will take care of you, you know. We'll be happy in my Edcave." He's nodding and ushering me inside. My truck is full of stuff, but we'll deal with that tomorrow, I guess. "Oh, Dad's home. Dad!" Grabbing my hand, Edward leads me to the kitchen.

And what I see is a man eating a hamburger in tighty whities by the kitchen counter.

I'm gonna cry any minute now. I can feel it coming.

## 31

### **BPOV**

"Pop, this is Bella." Edward's smiling widely as he introduces us. "You remember her, dontcha?"

I don't see how this man would remember me. We've never met.

"Oh, I sure do." Mr. Cullen nods, wipes his greasy hands on his thighs, and then extend his right one. "The chickie who orders Lemon Drops instead of Cosmos."

Uh-huh...? Right.

I plaster a smile on my lips and give his hand a brief shake. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Cullen."

"Call me Carlisle, darling." He winks.

*Dude. You're like old. You can't wink.*

This is the man who's been giving Edward terrible advice on how to act around women.

"Bella's pregnant with my baby, Dad," Edward says, still looking so excited. I gotta say it's cute. "Can you believe it? I forgot the condom, so we're having a baby!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Carlisle mirrors his son's smile. "Congratulations!"

"Thank you." Edward's ears tint red, and he adjusts his glasses. "Um, she's going to live with me in the Edcave. Hope that's okay."

Temporarily. He forgot to say that I'm going to live here *temporarily*.

Speaking of living here, is there no mother around? I mean, Edward did a pretty good job at yelling for Mommy earlier today. Shouldn't she be here?

"Of course," Carlisle replies passionately. "You need to be together now. And come to me when you need advice, son." Ah, *hell* no! "I've gone through a pregnancy before, after all."

"Um, Edward?" I say quietly and tug on his arm. "I'm kinda tired..." *Read my mind, Edward. Read it! Do not, under any circumstances, seek advice from your father.* "Can we, uh, go downstairs?"

"Hell yeah, we can!" He beams at me.

## 32

### **EPOV**

The second we reach my Edcave, Bella bursts into tears.

I don't know what's wrong.

"Bella?" I ask softly, nervously, so cautiously.

"I'm okay, I'm okay," she sobs into her hands and sits down on the edge of my bed. "I'm sorry—I'm okay!"

First time I've had a girl in my bed. Ever. And I'm a little excited about this—okay, a lot. So, now I'm getting myself a stiffie.

"Um, you don't sound okay," I murmur, sitting down next to her. A little scared, I tentatively rub her lower back. "Tell me what's wrong, pumpkin head. Maybe I can help."

Her sobbing gets worse. "Don't—don't call me p-pumpkin head!"

I nod. "Okay." Chewing on my bottom lip, I try to come up with a term of endearment she might like. "Snugglepuff?"

"Nooo!" she wails, and my stiffie dies down.

All right... "Swansterlove?"

"Oh, my God!" she screams through her cries, and then she drops down on her stomach and buries her face in my pillow. "You suck, Edward!"

"Oh," I mouth, looking down at my lap. "I'm sorry, Bella."

"Me too." She hiccups. "I'm sorry—you don't suck, but you kinda do. We both do. I suck really bad—I'm a horrible, horrible person." She confuses me. "One second, you're out of your fucking mind. Then, then, then..." She sobs more. "Then you're sweet and weird and adorable! Oh, God—this day has just been... And now I'm taking it all out on y-yooooouuu!" That's one long wail, that one.

I smile; this is our first fight. Such a milestone, really.

"Are you hormonal, my little bumblebee?" I ask knowingly.

"Aaargh!" she shrieks...

...and kicks me off the bed.

I yelp as my ass hits the floor.

I'm a little stunned!

*Perhaps I ought to go upstairs and ask Pop for some advice.*

Carefully, I get up from the floor. "Uh, Bella? I'm just gonna go upstairs and talk to—"

She cuts me off by jumping off the bed and glaring up at me. A pointed finger is next—right there, in my face. "Don't you dare!" she seethes, a sniffling mess. "If I'm going to live here, we need rules. Got it?"

I gulp and nod. "Anything you say," I whisper.

"Rule number one," she cries, "you're not allowed to ask your dad for ad-ad-vice! None!"

"Understood," I say quickly.

"Rule number two," she wails, "you're not allowed to ask me if I'm hormonal!"

I nod again, fearful.

"Rule number three," she sobs, "the bed is mine!"

"Okay," I agree, nodding furiously. "Anything, honeybun."

That earns me another scream. And flailing arms.

"HONEYBUN IS NOT OKAY!"

"All right," I whimper. "I'm sorry—I'm so, so sorry!"

"Good!" she growls. "Now—" she points at the couch "—go over there. Don't come near the bed. Goodnight!" Another hiccup. "I'll apologize tomorrow for being such a heinous bitch."

We're not having sex tonight, are we?

### 33

#### **EPOV**

When I wake up on the couch the next morning, I find Bella sitting on the coffee table, leaning forward, her face about two feet away from mine.

She's just staring at me, eyes slightly narrowed.

She's an itty bit blurry, but that's just 'cause I'm not wearing my glasses.

"Uh..." I clear my throat and rub my eyes from sleep. Then *blink, blink, blink*. She's still there. And I see that she's been in my closet, 'cause she's wearing one of my t-shirts. A black one that says, "YouTube Myspace and I'll Google your Yahoo." I also see that her hair is wet, pulled up in a high ponytail.



"You sleep a lot," she states. "It's almost noon."

"Uh..."

"I've already unpacked my truck, thrown up twice, showered, talked to your mother, and found space for my stuff."

"Uh..."

"By the way, I noticed that you're almost out of toothpaste. Swan-Mart has a special on Colgate this week—buy one, get one free."

Um. Right. "Uh..."

"Look, I'm hungry. Your mother told me you don't have to work at the hospital today either, so can we go out for breakfast? My treat for behaving so badly last night—I am *really*, really sorry about that. You didn't deserve that at all. And what is it exactly that you do at the hospital? Inquiring minds want to know. Oh, and I've taken this week off work. I figured we could use this time to get to know each other and get settled in—whatever."

"Uh...coffee," I rasp and point toward my desk. I have a coffeemaker there, and I'm unable to function until I've had a cup. Every night before I go to sleep, I prepare it.

"You want coffee? Go make it. I'm pregnant, so I can't have it anymore. Fuck if I'm going to help you get it then. Dammit," she hisses, "now I was a bitch again. I'm sorry." She walks over to the coffeemaker and switches it on.

Oh, of course, and this when yesterday comes crashing back down on me.

After thinking through each event, I can't help but smile.

"You're pregnant with our baby," I whisper.

"Yeah, no shit." Her voice was all flat there, but now, right now, there's a smile tugging at the corner of her mouth. And her eyes are bright as she looks back at me. "Get up, lazy."

"Yeah, okay."

"And we're buying you new underwear today," she adds and comes back to sit on the table.

I frown and force myself to sit up. "I have underwear."

"You have tighty whities."

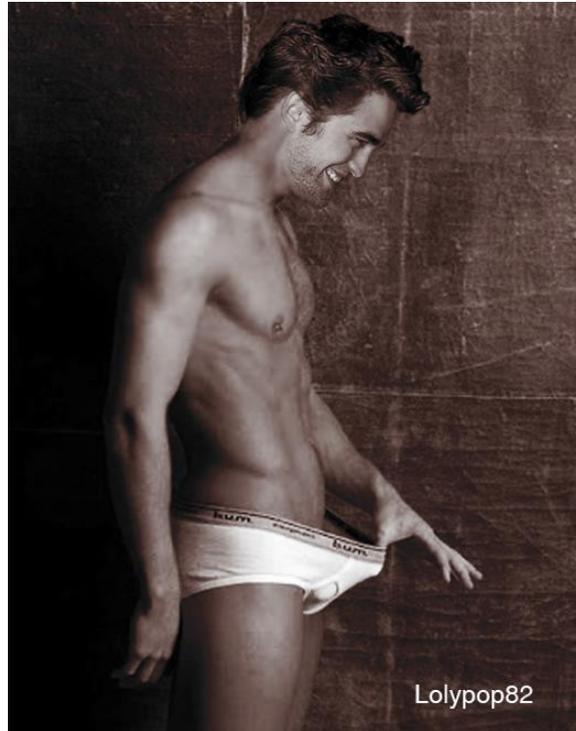
Reaching for my glasses, I push them up my nose. "What's wrong with my underwear? I've worn these since I was five." Well, not this pair, but this *kind* of underwear.

She gives me a blank stare. "I fucking believe you."

"Huh?" I'm so confused and tired and not used to having someone living with me.

"Yeah, tighty whities? They're okay if you're five years old. Not twenty-nine."

Oh. I had no idea. They're just so *comfy*.



## 34

### **BPOV**

Over the next few days, Edward and I focus on ourselves. We learn more about each other, and I fill him in on everything I know about my pregnancy. It's a little routine we create, and I gotta admit that I'm warming up to him. I'm also glad he doesn't seem to have any difficulties living with my, um, quirks.

Every morning, we eat breakfast together at Swan's Brekkie—a small place owned by my aunt who wishes she were Austraaayen. Her name is Kim and she's fucking nuts. But that's neither here nor there. Her pancakes are *euphorically* delicious, and it's a nice place to talk to Edward. At Brekkie, we've somehow ended up talking a lot about hobbies.

Five days ago...

*"Well, I'm a musician in my spare time," he says proudly as he nibbles on a pancake.*

*"That's cool," I respond honestly. I think I remember him saying something about that when we met in Seattle, too. "What do you play?"*

*He winks, being all sorts of sexy. "I play four instruments, actually. Air guitar, air drums, air flute, and air saxophone."*

*I, um, I don't have...I can't...oh, God. And there goes the sexy. It doesn't matter that he's not wearing tighty whities anymore. Okay, it totally does, 'cause black boxers are a gazillion times hotter than...you know...but... Jesus fucking Christ.*

*"Impressed?" He smirks.*

*"Sure," I mumble and reach for the syrup.*

*"Wanna hear me play sometime?" he asks excitedly.*

*I stare at him. "How the hell is that even possible when, you know, you're not really playing?"*

*"You have an imagination, dontcha?" He winks again.*

*I chuckle awkwardly. "It's not that vivid, but I'll give it a shot, I guess."*

After breakfast, we drive around for a while, and I introduce him to more family members. In the car, usually my truck, we just shoot questions at each other.

Four days ago...

*"Favorite color?" he asks, and I wave to my cousin Emma and Aunt JoEllen, both coming out from a store.*

*"Turquoise," I answer. "You?"*

*"Blue. Favorite band?"*

*I hum, thinking, and make a turn; we're on our way to Swan Smusic. My aunt Trina and her life partner Tamy have the best collection of vintage records. "That's a tough one, but one of my favorites is definitely Maroon 5. What about you?"*

*"The Lonely Island."*

*I'm not surprised. Suppressing a snort, I stop at a red light and spot my brother making an arrest down an alley. I don't envy him since he's arresting our cousin. Hollett is the town harlot, and Emmett has arrested her too many times to count. If you're not a Swan, she will approach you.*

Then we eat lunch at Kitty Swan's Kebob Stand, and we sit at one of the picnic tables and just...talk.

Three days ago...

*"Do you have any preference?" I ask curiously. He knows what I'm talking about since his hand is on my still-flat stomach. He likes to feel my belly, which I think is so cute.*

*"Not really," he responds softly. "Do you?"*

*I smile. "Not on the gender, but I hope he or she will have your eyes."*

*"Yeah?" His ears flush red. "You like my eyes?"*

*"Yeah," I admit, feeling my cheeks heat up. He does have gorgeous eyes —there's no denying that. He even looks hot in glasses. "And if we have a girl, I hope she gets my boobs when she grows up."*

*"I don't!" He glares at me. Though, his eyes trail down, which means the glare disappears. "Damn, damn, damn." He adjusts himself.*

*"I'm up here." I snap my fingers. Internally, I'm giddy.*

Same goes for Sandy Swan Swears it's Sundae, where we share a Chocolate Dream. We talk, talk, talk, and I've learned a lot about Edward Carlisle Anthony Masen Cullen. Ugh, I know. Many names.

At Forks Hospital, he works two jobs. One day a week, he cuddles babies in the maternity ward, and three days a week, he works in the cafeteria. Yeah, he's no doctor. And Carlisle...that old perv...he's a full-time janitor.

Esme Cullen, whom I've spoken with but not seen or officially met, is a best-selling author. She's always, and I mean that literally, holed up in her office. Writing, writing, writing. Her response to me when I introduced myself through the door and told her I'm pregnant with her grandchild was, "That's nice, dear. Welcome to the family."

Edward has explained to me that he rarely sees her. Carlisle doesn't either, and that might be why he's such a pervert. He must not be getting any.

Anyway...

Since my cousin Katie has a sale at Flippy Swan's Flip-Flops this week, I took Edward a couple days ago, and while we wandered the aisles, we spoke more about work.

Two days ago...

*"So, that's all you do?" I wonder, stopping when I spot a pair of turquoise flip-flops with dark blue rhinestones on 'em. "I mean, I get that you don't have a rent to pay, maybe...but..."*

*"No, I only keep the jobs at the hospital because I'm a social butterfly," he answers matter-of-factly. "That's not for money."*

*"Right." I slip out of my turquoise flip-flops with dark blue rhinestones to try on the turquoise flip-flops with dark blue rhinestones. "So, what do you do for money, then?" Oh wow, these are actually fifty percent off, and I will need these when my old ones kick the bucket.*

*"I design characters for a computer game that my friend has created," he replies shyly. "Those flip-flops are very pretty."*

*I smile and duck my head. Edward is just so sweet. "Thank you." I do love flip-flops. I have a red pair with rhinestones at my parents' house where the straps have detached, but I can't throw them away. Any day now, I'm sure I will find a purpose for the rhinestones—that are still perfectly sparkly. Hell, maybe I can find shoes in here that need those very rhinestones? THAT is why I don't throw away stuff. "So, tell me more about those characters?"*

*"Well..." He looks pensive and scratches his ass. He's still getting used to the black boxers I've bought him. I bought them in bulk and threw away all the tighties. "Ben, that's his name, has created this online game—sorta like World of Warcraft—and he hired me to create the avatars the players can use." He gives me the thumbs up when I hold up a pair of light green flip-flops. "His game—Volterra Battle—has attracted a lot more female gamers in the past few months, so he actually asked me a few days ago to create three new female avatars for him."*

*Huh. That's kinda cool.*

*"But enough about me," he says with a smile. What he doesn't notice is that two cousins of mine, Jenn and Carlee, are totally checking him out. I shoot them a scowl, and they scamper off to another aisle. "Tell me about your work? Two jobs, right?"*

*I nod and blow out a breath. "I work full-time at my dad's store—Swans' Outfitters—and I work extra at my mom's diner. I think I'm gonna quit the extra gig, though. With a baby in the mix, I feel like I need more time, you know?" He nods, understanding. "Oh, and I drive some of my cousins' kids around sometimes."*

That's actually what we're doing right now. Three of my cousins and their spouses work late, so I pitch in and pick up their children from various places. This time, I'm picking up little Bobbi, Cris, and Nicole from swim practice at Swan Dive. Then I'll drop them off at their grandparents'. Earlier today, while Edward worked a couple hours, I picked up Serena, Jennifer, and Brittany from Smalley Swan's Day Care. I was supposed to pick up Bianca and Karee from Crazy Crystan's Swan Balls, too, but their fathers called and said they'd planned a day with their kiddos, so...

"Um, it's Sunday tomorrow," Edward mentions as I drive. "Any plans?"

I think about that, mentally going through my calendar, and take the opportunity to point out Sarah, Cassi, Bill, and Jay as we pass them. They're aunts and uncles of mine, and Edward nods and wipes his forehead. I think he's a bit overwhelmed by the size of my family; he mumbles something about too many Sarahs and Lisas and Jennifers.

"I'm gonna meet Mom real quick just to catch up a bit, but that's it," I say then, answering his question. "Why?"

"Well, a few guys have responded to my ad, so I'm gonna interview them tomorrow for my new band."

There are more people like Edward out there?

"Will you be there with me?" he asks sweetly.

God, I wanna say no. Can I say no? I'd like to say no. "Uh, sure..."

"Awesome!"

His excitement is oddly endearing, though.

Edward makes my teeth ache from all that sweetness.

## 35

### **BPOV**

After saying goodbye to Mom, I slowly make my way back to Edward's house. As usual, Mom asked me if I wanted to go with her to her lady club—the Midnight Cougar Swans—but I declined. As much as I don't want to meet Edward's "band mates", I want to sit with a bunch of women gushing over some young actor even less.

Once I arrive at the Cullen house, Carlisle is the first one I run into.

Let it be known that he's still running around in tighty whities at home.

He's *not* on the black boxer train.

"Hey there, sugar!" He waves from the kitchen table.

"Hello." I smile politely and walk over to the fridge. "I was just grabbing a soda."

"You wanna play chess with me? Or charades? I'm bored."

"Uh..." Think fast, think fast, think fast. "Actually, I heard earlier that Esme wants you in her office."

His eyes light up. "*Really?* Okay, gotta jet!" He's gone.

Shaking my head, I take my soda and walk out to the hallway again. There, I open the door leading to the basement, and the first thing I hear as I walk down is, "Gosh darn it! I'm sorry, Edward—I missed a chord."

I roll my eyes, wondering how you can miss a chord on an *air* guitar...or whatever the dude's playing.

And then Edward replies, "Well, stop fucking up, Jake. If you wanna be in my band, you gotta know how to play."

## 36

### **BPOV**

When Edward spots me, I'm standing on the last step of the stairs, and I'm peeking between my fingers at the three guys.

"You're finally here!" He gets up from his little drum stool, walks around his imaginary drum set, and speedily heads toward me. But as ridiculous as he is, his big smile is...affecting me. "I missed you today," he says sweetly and gives my hand a little squeeze. I can't help but smile back... even though I've only been gone for two hours. "Um." Looking nervous all of a sudden, he leans in and whispers in my ear. "Can you please pretend to be my girlfriend?"

My eyes grow wide as I stare back at him.

Is it not enough that I'm carrying his baby?

"I just wanna look cool in front of my new friends," he whispers anxiously.

"Oh." Peering around Edward, I see the other two guys standing there. If possible, they look ten times geekier than Edward ever has. "Okay," I respond quietly. It almost feels like there are butterflies in my belly.

"Thank you!" God, he's so cute. And hot. Fuck. Even wearing a t-shirt which says, "Graduate of Wikipedia", he looks undeniably handsome. The dark jeans and black beanie only add to it.



Edward takes my hand and threads our fingers together, and then we walk over to the middle of the room where their...um, instruments are? Fuck if I know, but that's where the two others are standing and pretending to hold a guitar and bass.

"Guys, this is my girlfriend Bella," he introduces me proudly. "Sweetie pie, this is Jake—he's our guitarist." I ignore the term of *whatever* and offer Jake a small wave, who is picking his nose. He's almost as tall as Edward and just as lanky. Edward has muscles, mind you, and he's pretty broad-shouldered, but those muscles are only really visible when he's naked. Oops, shouldn't think about that right now. Um, the Jake guy...right. Greasy hair, huge glasses, skinny jeans, and a black t-shirt that says, "I'll look better soon. Just keep drinking." How fitting.



"And that's Embry—our bass player," Edward finishes. And Embry looks a lot like Jake, only he's shorter and a bit, um, more...well, what I mean is... he's a little, uh... He's fat.

"Wow," Jake whispers and looks at me like I'm Xena. It doesn't escape my notice that he tries to cover his growing dick behind his guitar. And then he realizes that his guitar isn't actually *real*, so he places his hands over his crotch instead. I think this is where the Jews go...*oy vey*. That's right. I know my Yiddish. "How were able to land that, Edward?"

"He knocked me up," I say.

"*And she loves me,*" Edward adds, nodding.

"Right." I play along. "That, too."

"Um, can we go back to rehearsing now?" Embry mumbles. "My mom wants me home for dinner soon, and La Push is a long drive."

"You live in La Push?" I ask curiously. Embry just blushes and ducks his head, so Jake answers for him.

"Yeah, we both d-do—we're, um, c-cousins," he stammers. "But we'll be h-here every Sunday to rehearse with Ed."

"I see." I pause. "So, uh, can I ask how old you are?"

'Cause I don't think it's cool for Edward to hang out with kids in junior high.

"I'm th-thirty," Jake says.

*Oh, Jesus.*

"Twenty-six," Embry replies, gulping.

I plaster a smile on my face. "Well, don't let me interrupt. I'll just go over there and read the next Swan-Mart newsletter." I point toward the bed. I gotta read up on Swan's Market and their next week's offers, too.

## 37

### **BPOV**

After Edward's very quiet band rehearsal, he says goodbye to the guys before he tells me he's gonna take a shower. And judging by the way his stomach is gurgling, I know that's not all he's gonna do. So, I nod and smile, and as soon as he's outta sight, I plug in my earbuds and push play on my iPod.

*Why spend gazillions on an iPod Nano when you can get an iPod Ninja at Swan-Mart for only \$9.99?*



While I wait for Edward to finish, I sing along to some tunes and go through a few texts that I've gotten—mainly from my father and brothers.

**U can't avoid me 4ever. –Seth**

"Watch me," I retort.

**If you don't contact me soon, I'm gonna tell Rose! –Emmett**

"Be my guest, you sissy mama's boy," I mutter. "I bet you'll love the spanking Rose will give you for tattling."

**CALL+ME+YOUNG+LADY! –DAD**

I see he still can't figure out how to do spaces.

And then another one from Dad...

**WHY+ARE+THE+LETTERS+ALL+CAPS? –DAD**

Felix is next...

**Pop wants to know if you're coming to work tomorrow. –Felix**

I type out a quick reply to my oldest brother. **Maybe. If he stops acting like I'm in kindergarten. –Bella**

The last text is actually from Alec. My guess is that Dad has called him in Sweden, knowing that Alec is the only brother who I actually listen to. I dunno, but he's the one I'm closest to.

**Stay strong, sis. Don't fall for Dad's BS. Btw, call me when you can. I wanna know all about that guy of yours and the baby you've created, haha. He good to you? He better be ;) Love you. –Alec**

I sigh softly, missing my favorite bro.

**Edward is...different. He's very sweet, more than a little geeky, and very hot. I'll tell you all about him soon, but I could definitely have done worse. He's a good one for sure. A sweetheart. Love you, too! –Bella**

Just as I've fired off the text to Alec, I see something moving in my periphery, so I look up, and...oh, fuck... That'd be Edward wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his hips.

His looks combined with the gentle heart he has...

God, I think I'm crushing on my kid's dad.

## 38

### EPOV

After taking a dump, a shower—where I rubbed one out—and brushing my teeth, I leave my little bathroom and head toward my closet. It's almost time for bed, so I just pick out a random t-shirt and a pair of pajama bottoms. Though I've finally started to like my new boxers, they're not all that comfy to sleep in. So, I go commando.

"Um, Edward?"

Looking over my shoulder, I see Bella on the bed. Her cheeks are a little flushed.

"Yeah?" With the towel still wrapped around me, I pull up my pajama bottoms before dropping the towel. "What's up?"

"You, uh..." She sits up and points at the flat screen. "You wanna watch a movie with me before bed?"

I smile, knowing the *perfect* movie. "Absolutely!" Pulling the t-shirt over my head, I add, "We need snacks for that." So, I walk over to the nightstand slash mini fridge and grab two sodas and a couple chocolate bars.

I've learned that Bella's favorite movie of all time is *Land of the Dead*, and I have to agree with her; it's absolutely outstanding. And I happen to have it.

"Oh, my God—yes!" she squeals when I show her the cover.

I smile to myself and put it in.

Then I turn off the lights.

Soon, we're seated next to each other on the couch, a blanket drawn to our chests, and I may or may not have my arm resting on the back of the sofa behind her. I did the whole yawning and stretching bit, you know? And she didn't notice.

I can be so sly.

"Watch out for the zombie!" Bella cries out at the screen, hands covering her face. Which means she's peeking through her fingers.

She's too fucking precious, my li'l baby mama.

"Are you scared?" I tease. She's seen this movie a thousand times, or so she's told me, so I can't really believe she still gets so passionate about it.

"Shuddup," she mumbles and rests her head on my chest.

*Holy shit.* Suddenly, my heart's pounding.

Pushing my luck, I place my arm directly around her shoulders. Then I hold my breath, eyes on the screen, and hope she won't back away.

She doesn't.

## 39

### **EPOV**

"OhmyGod, ohmyGod, ohmyGod—*Edward*," she whines and scoots closer to me. "That guy—when he reaches behind the counter- Yep! There we go! Bitten! Now he's gonna die." She shudders and pulls up her legs.

I chuckle softly, wanting to write a romantic rap song about this moment.

"You talk a lot during movies, I see," I quip.

Bella peers up at me with her eyes narrowed in a playful scowl. "Shut your face," she says before giggling. "I only comment a *little*."

Staring into her eyes, I lose my words, something I often do...but now for another reason.

I know I'm not the brightest guy on earth—not the sharpest tool in the shed. Sometimes I need a little help along the way. Or more than a little. My humor is twisted, I have no verbal filter, I'm kinda sheltered, and I never went to college. Well, I did, but it sure didn't help me to socialize. It

was all about computers for me. I've never really had many friends, though I'm still a genuinely happy person. I've found happiness in my job, my family, and my hobbies. I've just never bothered to care about people who don't understand me or whatever. But Bella...she's trying for me, and there's more, too. Sometimes I make her smile shyly, and she gets this extremely beautiful look in her eyes. I can't put a finger on what it is exactly, but...

Truth be told, I don't have a lot to offer her. I have some money saved, sure, and I know I won't have any difficulty taking care of her. But I won't be the best father in the world. I will make mistakes, and I won't know what I'm doing wrong when I'm doing it. Same thing applies if she'll ever give me a chance to be more to her than a friend. Or our child's dad. I don't even know what's expected of me.

I blurt out things at the most inappropriate times, and my mind is always in the gutter. Especially when it comes to Bella's tits and ass.

*Jesus Christ.*

But there are good things I can promise her, too, though—thank God.

If she'll let me, I will be there to pick her up when she's down.

And no matter what she says or allows me, it's only a matter of time before I fall head over heels in love with her. I know that for sure...even though I'm still learning about all this. It's just a gut feeling. After all, she's all I can think about. She and the baby bean.

Question now is...will she let me love on her?

A kiss is the first step. No, wait. *Asking* for a kiss is the first step.

**EPOV**

"Bella?" I whisper, and then clear my throat.

"Uh-huh..." She's staring at my mouth.

I *think* that's a good thing.

"Can—can I k-kiss you?" I stammer.

*Fuck.*

"Oh," she breathes out, quickly meeting my hopeful gaze. "Yes."

*She said yes!*

Mutuality is a very important thing.

I smile nervously and slowly cup her cheek.

She told me a few days ago that if we had taken things slower in Seattle, perhaps it would've been better.

*Here goes everything.*

Dipping down, I softly brush my lips to hers. My hand slides to her neck, under her silky hair, and I thread my fingers into her wavy tresses. At the same time, I apply some pressure and kiss her a bit harder.

She seems very willing, so I push the proverbial "like" button.

I rein in my eagerness and pepper her mouth with gentle little pecks. Then I take the next step and part my lips a little to capture her upper lip

between mine. My tongue peeks out and swipes over her soft flesh. And that earns me a little moan. Fuck, that's gotta be good.

"Edward," she breathes out.

"Yeah?" I back away slightly, nervous that she wants to stop.

"Oh—no, I just..." She shakes her head and cups my cheeks. "Um, I just wanted to say your name. Kiss me again."

I nod. "Thank you." And I kiss her once more. This time more firmly. My mouth closes over hers, and our lips move in sync. This feels...well, so fucking good that my dick is hardening. "So good," I moan quietly into the kiss. My lips are kinda tingling a little, and blood rushes to every surface of me, my dick being the most ginormous surface.

"Oh, okay." I nod furiously when she suddenly straddles me, the blanket still covering us. "Back to kissing, please," I mumble and capture her mouth with mine again. "Unf..." Oh, this is heaven! Her body is now pressing in all the right places. "Titties...goodness—God." My eyes ask the question. *May I? Please, please, please? With a cherry on top?* And she smirks and nods and kisses me and drives me insane. "Fuck," I groan, cupping her full tits in my hands. So big, so round, so soft.

I realize now that I'm in way over my head, so I decide to just follow Bella's lead.

"You're amazing. You know that?" she whimpers and kisses my jaw.

That kind of surprises me. "You really think so?" A low moan slips through my lips when she rolls her hips over my hard cock. "Oh, Jesus."

"I do," she whispers.

"So are you." I give her tits a squeeze, and I moan just because. Dammit, my glasses are getting foggy. "Um, hold on, my bumblebee." I fumble with shaky fingers but manage to remove my glasses and drop them on to the couch next to us.

For some reason, Bella giggles.

"Did I say something funny?" I ask gruffly, grabbing her boobs again.

"You and your terms of endearment..." She shakes her head in amusement. "In Seattle you went with 'baby'—more normal stuff."

"We're not normal," I blurt out, checking out her titties. Through her grey tank top, I can see the outline of her nipples. "You're one in a million. That means you need a better nickname."

"Oh." The humor is gone from her eyes, replaced with something else. Giving her gaze a quick glance before I return to her goodies, I come to the conclusion that it's tenderness in her eyes. I think that's good, too.

All of a sudden, Bella attacks me.

Much like she did in the cab in Seattle.

She's just all over my bod.

"Bella, bumblebee!" I moan, overcome with lust. While pushing her tongue into my mouth and kissing me so hard, she also rubs against me. Her pussy over my super hard and ginormous cock, her tits against my chest, and her hands tugging on my hair.

"I can't help myself," she gasps and grinds, grinds, grinds.

"Oh, that's—that's okay," I groan out of breath, "but...fuck, Bella..." I'm not very experienced, and stamina is something I don't have. "If you keep

—fuck!" I thrust upward, unable to help it. Holy shit, the pleasure spikes through me. It's like a steady current of tiny explosions.

"Touch me," she begs.

"Yeah," I pant. "Fuck, yeah." After flexing my fingers and shaking off the nervousness I feel, I slip a hand between our rocking bods and... "Oh, my God, I'm touching your pussy!"

*Don't jizz yet, don't jizz yet, don't jizz yet!*

## 41

### **BPOV**

He's so dorky, but I can't help but like him.

With a grin on my face, I kiss him hard and guide his fingers where I want them. Immediately, when his middle finger is on my clit, I moan and clamp my thighs tighter around his. Still straddling him, I move over him and find a rhythm for us.

"God, so wet," he mumbles as I nibble on his bottom lip. "You're wet, bumblebee."

I giggle breathlessly at "bumblebee", though it morphs into a whimper when he applies pressure.

"You make me wet," I admit in a soft moan.

Edward shudders under me.

"Just..." I swallow, my mouth suddenly dry. "Keep going," I breathe out. He nods in response, and it appears he's in a trance or something. But I have a feeling I know just how to make him snap out of it. So, I remove my hand from his and slip my right one under his pajama bottoms.

"Shit!" he cries out.

Yeah, that did it. Gripping his smooth and hot cock in my hand, I give it a test squeeze, sorta like I did once in Seattle. Edward responds by moaning and bucking his hips, and I'm a little surprised his fingers circling my clit never falter.

*Holy hell, that feels amazing.*

Edward and I get lost in our movements, heads buried in each others necks. Our breathing becomes labored and hot against our skin. It takes some maneuvering, and at a point or two it gets a little awkward, but this...*God*, this is still so much better than what we shared in Seattle.

"Close, baby." His voice is gritty and sexy, and his free hand tightens on my ass, pushing me closer. At the same time, he adds even more pressure on my clit and circles it a bit faster.

"Come," I whimper, close myself. My entire body heats up, a sensational spike of pleasure rushing through me. It makes each muscle tense up, and when Edward's moans get louder and more husky, another blast of heat surges through me. I feel like I have a fever.

Tightening my grip a little on Edward's cock, I stroke him faster and let my thumb brush over the wet slit on the upstroke.

"Oh, God," he groans breathlessly. "Now, now, now..."

When Edward's orgasm assaults him, I take over and move my hand over his again. I mean, I can't really blame him for not being able to bring me to my climax *while* he's enjoying his own.

Another few passes over my clit later, I rock my hips hard against Edward's cock and fall apart with a keening whimper. My eyes are

screwed shut and my lips slightly parted. *No air*. Fuck, I'm not breathing, I realize. *God, God, God...*

Then I gasp for air, dropping my forehead to Edward's shoulder. I don't even care about the sticky mess in between our bodies, and I doubt he does, either.

"Goodness gracious," Edward pants and then swallows hard.

I hum, agreeing.

After a minute or two, though, I finally start to regain my strength, and I lean back a little, a lazy smile on my lips. And that's pretty much when I notice the details on Edward's t-shirt.

*How fucking appropriate.*

On the t-shirt it says, "With me, you'll get all that jizz."



"No, no—stop that!" I chuckle and bat away Bella's hands. She has no business touching my tech stuff. Especially not if it has to do with turning a black leather skirt bright yellow with pink flowers. "Lemme do this, bumblebee." I kiss her neck, my fingers flying over the keyboard. My eyes are fixed on computer screen number three, and I gotta say my third female avatar is shaping up nicely. Ben will like this.

Bella, who's sitting on my lap, giggles when I get started on the avatar's hair. "No! Too Farrah Fawcett."

"Nothing wrong with Charlie's Angels," I mutter, though I do agree with her. The hair is just too...*wind-blowy*. It's a word. I swear.

After sizing down the long hair, I move on to the color. Since I have my baby mama on my lap, it takes some maneuvering, but I crane my neck and look over at the second screen without too much problem. Plus, if it means I can keep Bella here, it's all good.

She's the woman I love, after all.

"Brown?" she asks.

I nod.

"Not platinum blond?"

I grin and drop another kiss on her neck. They always make her shiver.

"Can't you see who the warrior represents?"

With the avatar's big titties, bubble ass, and big brown eyes, I thought it was clear.

It's been a few weeks since we watched *Land of the Dead* and I jizzed all over us, and since then, I've become *very* familiar with Bella's perfect

body. I even asked her to be my girl, to which she giggled, ruffled my hair, and said, "Of course, silly."

I am an extremely happy man.

We've yet to engage in sexual intercourse, other than our very first night in Seattle, but all other bases are covered and we now share my bed every night, which is just fucking awesomesauce.

"Oh, my God!" Bella suddenly gasps. She points to the third screen. "Is that *me*?"

"Yes." I smile and push up my glasses. "Is that okay?"

"More than okay," she gushes. "I'm so honored, baby!"

My cheeks heat up, and I spend the next few minutes working in silence as I try to calm down. But it's very difficult. Because ever since Bella truly became my girl, she's been so cuddly and affectionate, and it's so new to me. And more than that, she's embracing me for who I am. Granted, there've been a few changes. I'm not allowed to ask my dad for advice, no more white cotton underwear, and she makes sure I don't forget my belly pill each morning. Oh, and she's helping me get on track with all this baby stuff. She's bought me books on pregnancy and fatherhood, and I'm more than happy to read them. I just need help getting started, and Bella's there for me to do that.

I couldn't have asked for a more perfect girlfriend or baby mama.

"Hey, is my warrior gonna say stuff, too?" Bella asks, placing an arm around my shoulders.

"Yeah." All the avatars on Ben's game have several words—or more like war cries. There are the standard words: fuck, yes, no, shit, die, bloody... And then sentences that are unique for each avatar. For instance, I made

an avatar a few months ago that was particularly gruff and Arnold-like, so I had him say, "I live, you die", in a German accent. Due to legal problems, I couldn't have him say, "*Hasta la vista, baby.*" Shame, really.

"Ooh, I wanna say, 'Freeze, motherfucker!'," she giggles. "I've always wanted to say that to Emmett."

I laugh. "You're too cute—you know that?"

"Yeah, yeah." She waves that off. "Can I have a cool accent, too?" She bats her lashes at me.

I chuckle and think about that for a moment.

"Southern accents are pretty hot," I say casually.

Bella leans in, a breathy little moan slipping through her lips, and it makes my dick stiffen slightly. "Southern, huh?" Oh God, she's being all provocative with me. "Mmm..." She threads her fingers through my hair, causing me to moan in pleasure. "Oh, Aydwerrd. Yer so purdy—I'm just a sexually frustrayded puuuddle."

I groan and close my eyes, my hips bucking upward. "God, that's so sexy, bumblebee."

## 43

### **BPOV**

"I'm here! I'm here!" Edward cries out, bursting into the exam room, eyes wild and cheeks flushed. He's still dressed in his work clothes, sans hairnet, thank God. "Bugger! Am I too late?" He runs over to me as Aunt Shannon smears the goo on my belly. "The lunch line in the cafeteria was crazy long. Sorry." He gives me a sweet kiss on the lips. "Hi."

I grin. "Hi, honey. No, you're not too late. Aunt Shannon's just getting started."

And I already knew he was gonna be busy in the cafeteria today. My cousin Tami had a baby last night, so it's my family's fault for the long lunch line. I popped by to visit Tami just before this exam.

"You ready to find out the sex today, kiddos?" Shannon asks happily.

"Yep." I smile.

Edward sits down next to me and squeezes my right hand in both of his.

Glancing over at him, at his excited and tender expression, I come to a conclusion.

I'd rather watch Edward practice with his air band than go to Swan-Mart.

Shit, I'm falling in love.

"Okay, here we go." Aunt Shannon grabs my attention, and Edward tightens his hold on my hand as the wand moves over my stomach. It's cold; I wince a little, but as soon as the sound of our baby's heartbeat fills the room, a war could start and I wouldn't notice.

"Baby bean," Edward whispers.

I smile, my vision getting a little blurry. Only a mother or a mother-to-be can know this feeling, and even then, it's impossible to describe it.

On our last visit, the baby had been shy, but I'm eighteen weeks along now, so here's to hoping.

"Wow, is that—?" Edward points at the screen, his eyes wide behind his glasses. "I mean...it's ginormous like—"

"Edward," I hiss.

The man still thinks his dick is the biggest known to man.

I don't have the heart to tell him the truth.

To men, it's all about size. But as my Nana Segolene used to say, *"It's the throb of the knob that does the job. Not always the thick of the prick that does the trick."*

"That's a leg, Edward," Aunt Shannon laughs softly.

"Oh," Edward mouths, and then adds in a mumble, "I knew that."

"Actually," my aunt goes on with a soft smile, "there's no penis on this little one. Congratulations, kiddos—you're having a baby girl."

"YES!" I shout. *No tighty whities for my baby!*

I fist pump the air.

While I have honestly not had a preference in the past, my new relationship with Edward has made me think further ahead. And I don't want to deal with certain things in the future. Like tighty whities and more Edcaves.

"We're having a girl, bumblebee," Edward says thickly and starts to pepper my face with kisses. I giggle and cup his cheeks, and then kiss him right back. "Can we name her Edwina?"

I let out a noise of disgust and push him away. "No! Christ!"

He smiles sheepishly. "Edna?"

"No!" I slap his arm. "No, no, no, NO!"

"But," he frowns, "I don't want her to be named Charlene."

I close my eyes and count to ten.

Then, calmly, I grab his hand and say, "There are other names, you know."

"Yeah, okay." His goofy smile is back.

I wonder if that smile will be there later when we have dinner with my family.

## 44

### **EPOV**

Since the last time we were here—at the Swans' house—I haven't spoken to Papa Swan or the brothers. Sure, I've seen them in town on more than one occasion, but I'm a skilled hider. The only one I've met and actually started to like is Renee.

She calls me "dear boy", and she makes delicious rum balls.

So, anyway...you can imagine that I'm nervous when Bella and I walk up the porch steps to her parents' house to have dinner with her family.

She may have daily contact with her family, especially her dad since they work together, but I sure don't.

However, a little of the nervousness disappears when we open the door and all we hear is some screaming about Jasper.

*Maybe I won't be the center of attention tonight.*

"I wonder what's going on," Bella mutters as I close the door behind us.

The yelling is coming from the kitchen, so we walk in there. 'Cause that's what you do, you know. You walk toward the danger just like people in horror movies say, "Let's split up!"

Upon entering the kitchen, we see Renee and Pudgy Rose shouting at each other. Felix and Seth are flanking their mother, and Emmett is torn, which leaves him standing between, although slightly aside from, Renee and Pudgy Rose. And Papa Swan is sitting at the table cutting slices of cucumber.

*You can't have cucumber without "cum".*

Just sayin'...

"Whoa!" Bella yells. "What the hell is going on here?!"

Everyone quiets down and turns in our direction.

*So much for not being the center of attention.*

"Hello," I say politely.

All I want to do is shout out that Bella and I are having a daughter, but something tells me this isn't the most opportune moment for that. And I think my coming to this conclusion is proof of personal *growth* on my part.

"Hi, dear boy," Renee says with a motherly smile before facing my bumblebee. "Bella honey, will you please tell this fucking bitch—" she jerks a thumb at Pudgy Rose "—that she's no longer welcome in my house?"

Pudgy Rose glares at Renee.

"Um, sure...but why?" Bella asks warily.

"Because she's all up in my business," Renee spits out. "She thinks just because we don't know where Jasper is at the moment that we're unfit to be parents."

"That is not very nice," I mutter and push up my glasses some. Renee is a lovely mother to Bella. And the other guys, I presume.

"What Edward said," Seth grunts.

Oh, my goodness. Seth, one of the beasts, just *agreed* with me!

"Yeah." Felix, too!

*Maybe there's hope for me yet.*

As if she's feeling my excitement, Bella threads our fingers together and gives me a quick but sweet smile.

"But back to the part where you don't know where Jasper is...?" Bella looks to her parents.

Papa Swan shrugs. "I haven't seen him in a couple days."

My baby mama is about to speak up again, but she's interrupted by a sing-song voice coming from the hallway. "Helloo-oo!" And that'd be Alice from Swan-Mart skipping in with a wide smile on her face. "I came to see Jasper—where is he?"

"We don't know," Renee says with a frown.

Alice looks put out. "But we only have a week until he returns to Sweden."

"You're the police officer, Emmett," Papa Swan says gruffly. "Any ideas?"

Emmett rubs his mustache pensively. "I need a few months to come up with something."

I nod, thinking that's *very* acceptable.

"Can we tell them now, Bella?" I ask pleadingly, about to burst with excitement. "Can we, can we?"

She giggles and nods and places a hand on my chest. "You tell 'em."

Yeah, fuck, yeah, okay, here we go! "We're having a girl!"

Just a couple months ago, the Swan beasts were ready to kill me, but now... Well, I guess Renee has been talking sense into them? Either way, they clap me on the shoulder and congratulate me before hugging their sister tightly. Or daughter, in Papa Swan's case. And speaking of Papa Swan, he tells me very quietly that I'm allowed to marry his daughter and give her *my* name. That right there is just some of the best news *ever*.

"But if you fuck up, you're dead," he adds in warning.

So...I guess I'm dead, then.

"We should celebrate!" Renee gushes.

"But what about Jasper?!" Alice cries out, arms flailing.

"Who?" Felix asks. "Oh, right. Him. Well..." He looks at a loss.

Hell, so are the rest of us. People sometimes disappear.

## 45

### **BPOV**

Tapping my chin, I stare pensively at Alice.

She looks so distraught over not knowing where Jasper is.

Yet, I can't help but wonder...

I mean, Jasper's going home next week, and I know Alice hates this fact. Actually, I've heard Jasper express his own dismay. I think they're really in love. Maybe. So...

"Alice," I say calmly and take a few steps toward her. With that pout on her lips, she meets my gaze. I tilt my head. "Um, please just hear me out, all right?" She nods, a crease appearing between her brows. "Well, is it possible you're here to, you know, create an alibi?"

She frowns. "What?"

I narrow my eyes at her and decide to just blurt it out. "Did you steal Jasper?"

"AY!" Felix.

"OH!" Emmett.

"Whoa!" Seth.

Alice starts to fidget.

I tsk and shake my head. "I knew it." Hands on my hips. "Where is he?"

"I don't know?" She squeaks and flushes bright red. "Honest!"

"Oh, honey," Mom sighs and joins us. She pats Alice's arm. "Tell us where he is."

Alice harrumphs, rolls her eyes, growls, huffs, stomps her foot, pouts, and then...

"At a warehouse down by the water."

"My gosh, that was so fucking hot, bumblebee," Edward whispers as I turn the key in the ignition. "The way you just outed Alice—like Jessica Fletcher on *Murder, She Wrote*."

I snort a laugh and fasten my seat belt. Then I pull away from the curb and follow my dad's truck.

We're all on our way down to the docks.

"You think I look like that old lady?" I give him a sideways glance.

"Goodness, no! But she *was* pretty hardcore, that chickie," he muses.

Not really having a response to that, I keep quiet and drive.

Truth be told, I hope this night won't drag on forever, 'cause I need some alone time with Edward—and soon. I just can't help it. And I hope we can go all the way, too.

Edward has become pretty damn skilled with his fingers, I gotta say, but... fuck, I need more.

The only thing I won't ever do with Edward again is the sixty-nine.

We tried it once last week, and it turns out that my boyfriend and baby daddy is a screamer in that position. And since I had a mouth full of cock, I couldn't exactly tell him to shut the fuck up. Plus, I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

By the way, if you chant "Oh, my God" over and over, and it's muffled by a pussy, it comes out as, "UmwaGuh, umwaGuh, umwaGuh."

*Not so sexy.*

Edward's idea of dirty talk isn't the sexiest, either.

Last night he told me he wanted to dunk me like a fucking donut.

I shake my head to get rid of those thoughts; I have something important to bring up with Edward, and why wait?

"Edward?"

"Yes, bumblebee?"

I snicker. "Um..." Okay, here we go. "Have you given our living arrangements any thought?"

In my periphery, I can see him frowning. "What do you mean, sugar plum?"

I shake my head quickly. "Stick to bumblebee, honey."

"Yeah, okay." He nods.

Getting back on track, I ask, "Do you expect us to live in your basement forever?"

"Oh, you mean the Edcave?" he corrects, and I grit my teeth and count to ten. "Well, is there something wrong with living there?"

*Yes! A thousand times yes!*

"What do we do when our daughter needs her own room?" I ask, forcing myself to keep calm. "Or where are we gonna put her changing table? Diaper pail? Where are we gonna heat up food? Where is she gonna sleep?"

When I look over at Edward, I see that his face is all pale.

"We have to move!" he blurts out. "Like, right *now!*"

My eyes widen.

"Bella, don't you see?" Christ, he's panicking. "We can't raise a baby in the Edcave!"

*And the year supply of coffee goes to Edward Carlisle Anthony Masen Cullen!*

My shoulders sag in relief, and I can't withhold the large smile. "So, we can buy a house together?"

"Oh, yes." He nods firmly. "As long as it has a basement..." He trails off, looking out the window.

## 47

### **EPOV**

When we arrive at the warehouse, Alice drags her feet as she reluctantly leads us to where she's hiding Jasper.

"It's dark out here," I comment quietly, looking around.

If I already had the house I'm going to buy for our family, I may or may not have gone over there to hide. Perhaps in the future Edcave 2.0.

"You scared, baby?" Bella teases.

I scoff. "No." Yes.

"Okay, in here," Alice mumbles and points to a massive door.

Felix and Seth push it open, and we all step inside to see a gazillion wooden crates. They're piled up all over the place.

To protect Bella—no other reason—I hold her close to me, even letting a hand rest on her baby bump.

"Did you hear that?" Renee asks, and we all stop. Except for Alice; she walks over to a large crate, big enough for a large hot tub, and pulls out a crowbar from her jacket. And then we all hear it. It's quiet and muffled, but it's definitely Jasper.

"How did you even manage to steal him?" Felix chuckles.

Alice shrugs and begins to open the crate. "Jasper sleepwalks. It wasn't difficult to lead him here."

"So, he's been here for two days?" Bella asks incredulously. "What about food and water?"

*Or the fact that this is totally illegal?*

"He's got air holes," Alice defends with a scowl. "And I've been here several times to feed him." With a final grunt, the crate suddenly opens and a furious Jasper hops out. Oh, he's wearing a cool t-shirt to go with his pajama bottoms. It says, "Girlfriends are a pain in the cash."



It's almost as funny as my own, which says, "How dare I wear this GODDAMN t-shirt in front of your FUCKING children?"



I snicker to myself.

*"Du e fan inte klok Alice!" Jasper screams, glaring at Alice. "Du har varit borta i flera timmar! Jag må älska dig men du kan fan inte ha många IQ poäng in din jävla hönshjärna! Jag kan förlåta dig för kidnappning men att glömma att ge mig mat?! I HELVETE HELLER!"*

We're all just staring at him, not having a friggin' clue what he's talking about. But I bet it's *good*.

I am quite amused. So are the rest of us. Again, except for Alice. She looks a little scared.

"Um, I love you?" she whispers to him.

Jasper screams again, this time pulling at his hair. He's all red in the face as he stalks toward Alice.

## **Translation:**

*Du e fan inte klok Alice!* = You're out of your mind, Alice!

*Du har varit borta I flera timmar! Jag må älska dig men du kan fan inte ha många IQ poäng in din jävla hönshjärna! Jag kan förlåta dig för kidnappning men att glömma att ge mig mat?! I HELVETE HELLER!* =  
You've been gone for several hours! I may love you, but you can't have many IQ points in that fucking chicken brain of yours! I can forgive you for kidnapping me, but to forget to bring me food?! HELL NO!

## **48**

### **EPOV**

While Alice and Jasper step away a little to argue and scream and gesture wildly, Bella and I spend some time just kissing and holding each other. Don't worry, we're keeping it rated Kid since we have all the Swan men a few feet away, but it's impossible not to do a damn thing when I have this gorgeous girl in my arms.

"I have to go back to Sweden, Alice!" I hear Jasper yell in the background. "I'm graduating soon, and then I'm going to study medicine!"

"So..." Bella smiles up at me. "We're gonna buy a house."

I nod and kiss her nose. "We'll start looking tomorrow."

"You can study medicine here!" Alice cries out.

Bella's smile turns rueful, though there's still a good amount of amusement there. "You want to turn another basement into an Edcave, don't you?"

"Oh, um..." I give her a sheepish look. "May I? Pretty please?"

"Yeah?! Will you pay for it?" Jasper shouts some more, and Bella and I cringe. "Med school is free in Sweden, Alice!"

"Ten bucks Alice will kick Jasper in the nuts," Felix mutters.

"But we can't *live* down there, honey," Bella implores softly and cups my cheeks.

I shake my head quickly. "I know that," I assure her in a rush. "I was thinking a pool table, a dart board, maybe chess...um, and video games. Another mini fridge—" I nod to myself—"and definitely some karaoke."

"Yo, tell her straight, Jasper!" Renee cheers and fist pumps the air.

"Why can't you just work at Swan-Mart like normal people?!" Alice screams.

Bella grins and stands on her tiptoes to kiss my throat. "It can be like your Edcave 2.0—the improved version."

Oh, my God. My eyes widen, and I—I...I can't believe this. Grasping her arms, I stare down at her, mouth gaping. "You just—it's like you can read my mind, bumblebee!" I cry out. Then I kiss her silly, pushing my tongue down her throat until she starts coughing. "Fuck—" I break the kiss, panting "I'm sorry. I just got so excited. God—I *love* you." I kiss her again.

Bella lets out a squeak and freezes for a second, but then she attacks me with a force that's unknown to humans.

The yelling in the background continues, but I don't care. This is fucking awesome!

"Do you realize what you just said, baby?" She peppers my face with kisses, causing me to smile so big. And I shake my head, not really knowing what she's talking about. "You told me you love me."

*Oh.*

My heart stops.

Cautious and scared, I meet Bella's gaze and hope I haven't taken things too far too fast.

"I love you, too, you know," she says with a shy smile.

"Goodness gracious," I breathe out in shock. I get a little dizzy, too. Holy crapper. "Give...give me a minute." I hold up a finger and lean back against a crate.

It feels like I've just won The Annual Air Guitar World Championship.

Only, it actually feels ten times better. Now, how that is possible, I do not know.

"Excuse me?!" someone suddenly bellows.

Still in shock, I turn my head in the direction of the large front door, and I see a woman sticking her head in, a flashlight in her hand. There's also a dog.

"Oh hey, sis," Papa Swan says with a wave.

"It's my aunt Monica," Bella whispers. "That's Nopi—her poodle."

I nod, dazed. "You love me, bumblebee?"

"Yes." She winks and hops up to give my cheek a peck. "I really do."

"Thank you." Gotta remain polite. Gotta calm down my heart. Gotta not cry.

"What are you guys doing in here?" this Monica chickie asks. As she steps farther into the warehouse, I assume she's a security guard judging from her uniform. And man, is she wielding a ginormous gun!

All of us turn to point at our reason for being here, Alice and Jasper, but when we face that direction, we're all quick to avert our eyes again.

"My eyes!" Seth shouts, cringing.

"Okay, that's just wrong!" Emmett whines.

"Stop whining, Emmie," Pudgy Rose scolds and pulls Emmett's ear. "What have we said about whining?"

I shudder and bury my face in Bella's neck.

However, now that we're unwillingly paying attention, we can still *hear* them. Jasper and Alice. Hear them...going at it...against a crate.

*Well, at least they're not fighting anymore.*

"Uh, how about we—" Renee points at the front door "—yeah, let's get the fuck out of here."

Get the fuck out we do.

And that night, I unleash the mad passion I have in my pants for my bumblebee.

## **BPOV**

"I'm glad I forgot the condom," Edward whispers thickly.

I chuckle tiredly through my tears. "Me too." And I really am, despite the constant flow of emotion. Let's just say that labor is a bitch. But so worth it. Looking down on my chest, I watch as our baby girl grips Edward's finger in her sleep.

"She's strong," he says softly, and when he meets my gaze, I see the tender smile and the eyes full of emotion. "I love you."

I peck his lips. "Love you, too." More than I ever thought possible.

I'm so tired, and I know it won't be long before I fall asleep, but I still want to savor this moment.

It's taken us a while to find a house we love, so it wasn't until last week we started to move. And this morning, my entire family, as well as Edward's father, had been driving back and forth to get things done as fast as possible. However, it wasn't fast enough, 'cause I went into labor shortly before lunch. Christ, I felt like the president or something when we drove off to the hospital, because I had quite the following of cars. Alec, my brother, drove us while Edward coached me in the back. Mom and Dad followed behind us, and then Felix and his new girlfriend on his Harley. Then Emmett and Rose. Seth. Carlisle. Hell, Esme too, although her laptop was in her lap. She's an odd one. And the waiting room kept filling up while I gave birth to Edward and my daughter.

Alice and Jasper called to congratulate us; they're in Sweden where they'll stay throughout Jasper's education, and then they will return in a few years.

And ever since our little bean was born, it feels like a hundred people have come and gone. The room is filled up with balloons, stuffed animals, and banners.

"She looks like her beautiful mommy," Edward muses.

I giggle through a yawn. "She does, doesn't she?" But I have high hopes for her eyes turning green one day. "She's so gorgeous," I whisper.

Our baby Elise.

*Elise Marie Cullen.*

It was actually Edward who picked the names, and I was more than a little stunned that he'd come up with something as beautiful as Elise after the disastrous Edwina and Edna.

Dad was a little disappointed we didn't name her Charlene after him, but Mom smacked him into understanding.

"Like you, my bumblebee." Edward kisses my temple.

I'm sore, exhausted, still sweaty, overwhelmed, unable to get very comfortable, and just as unable to stop crying, yet Edward never fails to make me feel like a hot piece of ass. His words. He actually said that while I was waiting for the epidural to kick in.

"You should rest," he murmurs and caresses our daughter's cheek. "It's been a long day."

"In a minute," I bargain softly. All I want this minute is to enjoy this moment with my daughter and fiancé.

Come tomorrow, I know all I'm going to want is to go home with my precious family.

To our new house.

It's got a white picket fence and an Edcave 2.0.

## **Epilogue**

## **EPOV**

"Fuck, that feels amazing." She arches her back when I suck a nipple into my mouth.

Bella always works me up into a frenzy.

"You're one in a million," I groan and slide my ginormous cock between her slick folds. "So hot—swimming pool wet."

"Now, baby," she begs, pushing the heels of her feet into my ass.

I moan and crash my mouth to hers.

With a grip on my dick, I begin to push-

"Shit!" she yelps. "Wrong hole!"

*Oops.*

"Sorry, sorry, sorry!" I fuss over her to make sure she's okay. "I'm so sorry—did it hurt?"

"It's all right," she groans. "Just—fuck, I need you, Edward."

"Yeah, okay." I nod and guide my dick to, um, the right hole. And then I push in and I'm in heaven again. Let's just hope I can last more than two minutes. I've already brought my bumblebee to orgasm with my tongue, so I won't feel too horrible if I fail, but still. Then again, we gotta hurry, 'cause our daughter wakes up all the time. It's as if she doesn't like her parents getting it on!

"I love you," I say against her lips as I start moving in her. God, it feels too good. We fucked like bunnies—all for the purpose of practice makes perfect—in the few months leading up to Elise's birth, but now...now it's been six weeks and three days since Bella and I engaged in sexual

intercourse, and I'm beginning to realize I won't last long at all. Especially when my hot fiancée licks my lips, tasting herself on them, and clenches her pussy around me.

"I love you, too," she whimpers. "So much."

Threading our fingers together, I hold her hands in my left one above her head, my free hand slipping between us to stimulate her clitoris. I feel the smooth surface of her engagement ring, reminding me of the day a couple months ago when I popped the question. I'd written a poem to her and everything.

"Fuck," I grit out, speeding up. My sexy bod tenses up, and I can feel the beginning of one helluva orgasm building up. "I can't hold it, baby."

"It's okay—come." She licks the shell of my ear, something I've discovered I fucking love. "I wanna feel you, Edward."

"Unf..." The fire spreads in me, my stomach clenching. "Oh, God!" Sliding out, I grip her hip and then slam in again. That's my undoing, and I cry out into Bella's neck as I explode.

Holy fuck, holy fuck, holy fuck. It's like making love to a saint.

*St. Bella.*

"Goodness," I pant, blinking repeatedly.

Bella hums softly and drags her fingers through my hair, causing shivers to run through me; it feels heavenly.

"I'm sorry," I mutter. "I'm crushing you."

"Do you hear me complaining?" she giggles and kisses my shoulder.

Lifting my head, I grin lazily and kiss her on the lips.

Then I see something laying on the bed next to us—something that was in my hand mere minutes ago.

*Shit, shit, shit.*

"Um, Bella?" I scratch my nose, still breathing heavily. "I forgot to wear the condom."

**The End**

