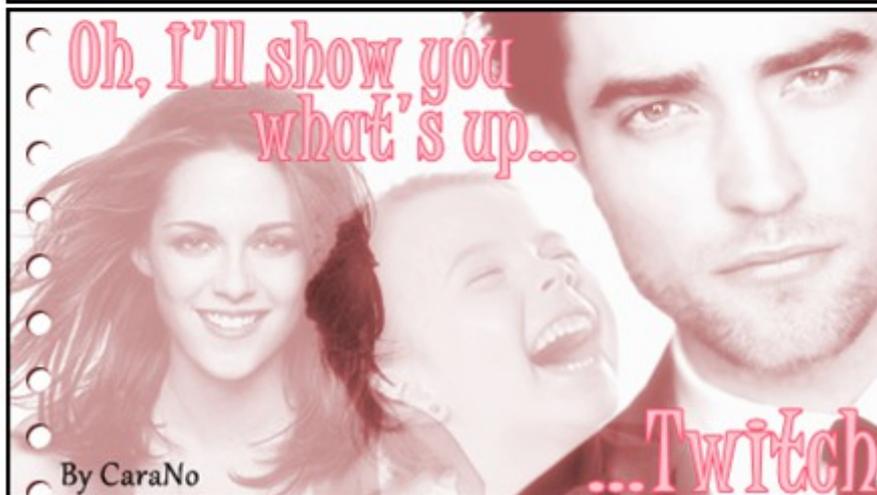


What's up, doc?

Fanfic written by CaraNo

Disclaimer: I own nothing. Just having fudging fun with SM's characters ;)

There's a companion piece to this story; Edward's version. *Oh, I'll show you what's up.* Though, it's important that you read this one first :)



Chapter 1

Alice POV.

"She's early," I murmured to myself.

Standing in my salon across the street, I could see Bella Swan listen to music in her car – the car she parked right outside what I think will be her new work place.

It had been over a family dinner that Edward and Jasper had talked about hiring a new receptionist for their private practice. This since old Mrs. Cope was retiring, and now... months later, their situation was out of hand. They're only four people working there now, and they're in great need of help. Some weird baby-boom has definitely put their pediatric practice on the map, and both my husband and brother are busier than ever, leaving the phone ringing off the hook for the two nurses – Rose and Emily – to deal with.

To top it off, Edward had to go on a medical conference in London, and was going to be MIA for two whole weeks.

This is where I saw my opening.

I wanted to influence, make a matter, in who Jazz and Edward hired.

My husband was never hard to convince, but Edward was different. He didn't see why I – his sister and someone who wasn't in the medical field – should have anything to do with the deciding of who their new receptionist should be. So, when Edward left town, I saw my opening. And I wasted no time in getting down to business.

Rose and I looked through resumes and recommendations, and only two days after Edward had left, a certain file that belonged to a woman named Isabella Swan dropped down in our laps.

She didn't have a degree in medicine, and we were about to toss her resume to the side, but then I caught a glance at the small photo attached.

Bella Swan will be perfect.

And not just for the job.

She's young – very young – and that might be a problem, but not too big. She's only four years younger than me... but she's a whooping ten years younger than my brother. At only twenty-one years old, she already has a bachelor in Education, her passion being the little ones – the cute ones – the ones that my brother and husband take care of at their practice.

Rose and I called her, hoping and wishing that the distance wouldn't be a problem for her. She's from Phoenix, and Forks is really, really far away.

But luck was on our side, and Bella didn't mind at all. We talked for a while, and both Rose and I fell for her.

She was really nice and outgoing. I wouldn't say she was as chirpy as yours truly, but she was definitely spunky.

She loves children, and when she first added her resume to the workbank we choose from, she actually thought she would enjoy this sort of job more instead of teaching.

Which brings us to today.

I can't believe it's only been two days since we spoke to her, but here she is – newly arrived from Arizona, and waiting for the interview that Jasper will hold. Rose and I will definitely be there, and hopefully, she won't be returning to Arizona for other than packing.

"Is that the new girl?" a deep voice asked from behind me.

"Yep." I grinned without turning around.

"She looks hot. You think this will get rid of Jane then?"

Ah, yes, let's fucking hope so...

Jane, AKA megawatt Bitch... and also my brother's fiancé.

We want her gone. Poof gone. Yesterday, preferably.

I wouldn't call the two college sweethearts, although that may be what people say in this sense.

Jasper and Edward met her in college, and Jane wasted no time in clawing her way into the Cullen family, but Jazzy saw through her immediately, and once Edward took her home for the first time, so did the rest of our family. We all saw through the bullshit.

Except for Edward.

He didn't see that her intentions were purely based on power and money – something that the Cullens have, especially in the medical field. Edward didn't even notice when Jane tried to steer him away from pediatrics.

She wanted him to become a surgeon like our dad – Carlisle. Our distaste for her and Edward together might also have something to do with the fact that Jane despises children. Yes, aren't they a match made in heaven?

I mean, my brother lives for the children he takes care of. And he really wants kids.

I wouldn't say that my brother was blinded by love for the bitch, but he was in love with the idea of love, and since his siblings had already found their match already, he wanted it, too.

He just happened to settle on a manipulative, gold digging bitch – a bitch that knows very well what our last name would do for her as a medical researcher. Well, I suppose it's not my last name anymore since I'm a Whitlock now, but you catch my drift.

So, when Jane proposed to Edward a few months back, Mom actually told me and Rose to start meddling. Pleaded was more like it, though. No, Mom and Dad are not impressed with Jane's icy heart.

My brother is just too gullible and trusting – too good – to see her for what she is.

The problem is that Jane is getting impatient – hence her proposal to Edward – and since Edward is still in love with the idea of love, he didn't hesitate to say yes.

He still thinks he can change her mind about having children, too, and *that* will only happen if I'm six feet under. Over my drop dead gorgeous corpse is my brother starting a family with that shrew.

No, Bella Swan's timing couldn't be better.

And my god, I'm glad Edward's still in London for another ten days.

"You know, you should send her in to me, and I'll fix her up before that hottie of your brother returns."

"How about we get through the interview before I send her to get waxed and buffed by the Queen that is you, Jake," I snickered. "And by the way," I spun around, "when are you done lusting after my brothers, my husband, and my goddamn father?"

"Hey, don't put hate in the air, bitch," he laughed, "I love my Sam, but your dad? Mmm, mmm, *mmm!* Delicious DILF. And Edward comes on a

great second place... Oooh, and let's not forget your hubby! Mmm, those curly blond locks of his..."

"You forgot about my other brother," I deadpanned.

"Oh, yeah," Jake said dreamily. "He can read me my rights anytime... anywhere."

Wow, that is just so... repulsive.

The door to the salon opened – signaling the arrival of Jake's ten o'clock appointment – and it was time for me to go across the street.

After saying a quick farewell to Jakey, I left my salon to greet Bella.

She was just leaving her rental when I came up. "You must be Bella!" I smiled and offered my hand.

She was really gorgeous – maybe a few inches taller than me, but still on the small side. Dressed casual but still very good in black dress pants, black flats, and a cute blouse in green. Oh, and her hair is just fucking beautiful! So long, thick, and wavy. I will definitely not touch her hair. She's doing an amazing job herself.

Hmm, maybe bangs, though... That would look really good on her. Bangs to the side.

"Rose or Alice?" She smiled back and shook my hand.

"I'm Alice Whitlock. It's so nice that you managed to get up here," I said sincerely.

Bella grinned and took in her surroundings a little before facing me again. "It's a shitty little town, but I like this sort of thing. It's freaking cold, too. Good thing I'm sick of the sun, eh?"

Please stay in Forks, Bella!

"It can take some getting used to, but I love it here," I said instead. "Shall we get inside?"

She nodded, and I ushered her in to the practice where Rose practically flew into us.

"Oh, God, you're Bella!" She beamed. "Let's get Jasper to hire you. Oh, I'm Rose, by the way. Rose Cullen."

"Bella Swan," Bella laughed. "Nice to meet you both. And yes, let's get Jasper to hire me."

The three of us laughed together, and Rose and I exchanged My-fucking-God-she's-perfect looks as Rose showed the way to the little lunchroom behind the reception.

My sexy husband was already there.

I skipped over and gave my Jazzy a kiss before I turned back to Bella. "Bella, this is my husband, Jasper Whitlock, and he owns this practice with my brother, Edward Cullen – also Rose's brother-in-law. And Jazzy, this is Bella Swan. You're going to hire her."

Yeah, I really needed to get it all out since we didn't want Bella to think that Rose and Edward are married just because they happen to share names.

I'm nothing but thorough.

"Dr. Whitlock, it's nice to meet you." Bella smiled beautifully and extended her hand.

"We're not formal here. Please call me Jasper." My man grinned and greeted her. "My wife's not been able to stop talking about you. Neither has my cousin," he chuckled and glanced at me and Rose.

"Wow, you're all like... family here," Bella said.

I motioned for her to sit, and Rose and I sat down next to her before I started. "Well, yes. We're three Cullens and two Whitlocks. We all grew up together here, and when I went from Cullen to Whitlock, Rose went from Whitlock to Cullen as she married my other brother, Emmett. He's the Chief of Police here in Forks and he works right next door. I'm twenty-five, my Jazzy and Edward are a bit older, Emmett is twenty-nine, and Rose is twenty-seven, and-"

"Honey, take a breath." Jasper winked.

Right. Breathing. That's important.

"How about we start this interview so we can help you find a place to live afterwards," Rose chimed in.

"Damn, you're confident," Bella chuckled.

Yes... Of course.

Bella POV.

Forks. Forktown.

Huh.

Never saw *that* coming, but here I am.

And to be honest, I freaking love it. It's a shitty little place that's barely on the map, but I love the homey feeling, the green... yeah, everything here is just so fucking green. Love it. Oh, and the people!

Gosh, I just adore Rose and Alice. I've even had the pleasure of meeting Alice's working bitch, Jake. Their words, not mine. But yes, I'm loving life in Forks.

Now I just have to find someone to Spoon with. But that could get Knifey.

"Hah! I'm funny," I laughed at myself.

No, but seriously, I'm glad to be out of Arizona. It was good and all, and I'll miss my parents, but I was just ready to move out. Out of my parents' house and away from my normality.

Not that I was miserable in Phoenix, far from it, and my childhood was great and all that. I was just ready to try something new, and I've always had a thing for smaller town where everyone knows each other.

It might sound funny that I, Bella Swan, at the age of twenty-one is looking for something small instead of travelling the world or something like that.

But really, I was never normal.

Plenty of friends, outgoing, and never missing a beat, but I always wanted something different... more, and different.

So, here I am.

The newest resident in Forks, Washington.

My life really changed quickly, but I was ready. Ready to try out my wings. And thanks to Alice, I found a place available immediately, and I merely called Mom and Dad to have my shit shipped.

It's hard to believe it's only been twelve days since Rose and Alice called me to set up the interview, and now I'm living in a new town, already loving my new job that I started on the day after the interview—well,

Jasper showed me around and I followed Rose and Emily around like a puppy, but the day after that, I started.

At first I rented a room at the only motel in the town, but after only a few days, Alice approached me with the news of an available apartment above her salon. It was a cute little place, and Alice knew I would love it, but it wasn't for rent. I had to buy it.

Lucky I'm a trust fund baby, right?

Thank you, Mommy's Mommy.

It doesn't define me, though, and this was actually only the second time since my eighteenth birthday that I've touched the money – the first being my car in Phoenix.

Anyway, now I'm all moved into my little place above Alice's salon, and though all paperwork isn't done yet, the lady who owned it before me said that since the check had cleared, I was welcome to move in. And when I say little place, I mean little. But I still love it. It's only one room and a kitchen, but the room is sorta long, so with Alice and Rose's help, I was able to divide it, using book shelves as a divider. So, now I have a living room with a small private corner for my king sized heaven-bed.

It's so soft...

And Alice being Alice, she wasted no time when it came to decorating. She and Rose took me to the nearest Target and Home Depot, and we bought everything we needed. Not that much stuff was needed to make the place look packed, but I do love my little living room area and its big plush couch in grey tweed, my black coffee table in beautiful carved wood, oh and my flat screen.

Rose introduced me to Emmett—her husband—and he and Jasper helped me repaint the apartment, going from a disgusting orange color to a light grey shade.

But the coolest thing is the wall facing where my flat screen is. Alice informed me of her mother who's an interior designer – which explained Alice's skills – and after a '*Do you trust me, Bella?*', Alice turned that wall to dark blue with a floral pattern in a slightly lighter blue shade. It's really pretty.

Did I mention I love it?

But yeah, since Alice's mom is a decorator, Alice is very creative.

I also love my hardwood floor that Alice had spray painted in white. Freaking awesome. I didn't know you could paint the floor!

Finish off with my room-dividing bookshelves that matches my coffee table, and you have my living room. Oh, and the dark blue carpet and white drapes. Must not forget the carpet and the drapes.

Hmm, what else?

Yes, my kitchen! My haven.

Since I love to cook and bake, I really loved going apeshit when it came to buying kitchen utensils.

The walls in the same grey shade as the living room, but the floor isn't white. No, she spray painted it black! How cool is that? But the coolest part of the kitchen is definitely my fridge and freezer. We found them... in a store... fuck, which one was it again? Damn, we went everywhere. Eh, whatever. They're awesome anyway. It's those glossy rounded ones from the 50's, ya know? That design, but new ones.

I love them.

Unfortunately my kitchen is too small to eat in, but I still have plenty of space to cook and bake.

Yes, ma'am.

Yet another great thing is the distance to work. Since it's right on top of Alice's salon, I live right across the street from work, and my two windows both face that street.

*o*o*o*

I crossed the street, waving to Emmett who sat in his office at the police station, and I held up the telltale box for him to see.

He immediately grinned and stood up to leave.

I mentioned I love to bake, right? Well, I have found others who love me baking, too. Emmett Cullen is definitely one of those. Jasper is another. And today I brought lemon-blueberry cupcakes.

With a hand on the door, I cleansed my system from cuss words. "Fuckity, fuck, shit, goddamnit, motherfucking hell," I mumbled under my breath.

You can't cuss in a pediatric practice, ya know? So, you better get it all out.

Then I looked up, and I don't know why, but I did. And I got snow in my eyes. That's not an awesome feeling if you wear contacts.

"Pissy ass-spunk," I added before I felt satisfied for the day.

"I've never heard that one, little B," a booming voice laughed behind me.

Mhmm, I'm already nicknamed.

"Good morning, Big E." I grinned and unlocked the door to work before entering.

"Good morning, so what's in the container today?"

I snickered at his adorable behavior and hung my jacket in the lunchroom before sitting down at the reception. "Wouldn't you like to know?" I teased.

"Aw, come on, don't be mean. Rosie only made me three omelets this morning," he whined.

Emmett can eat, by the way.

"Boohoo." I pouted. "But you have to wait until lunch."

"Why!?" he asked, thoroughly appalled by the answer.

"Because your brother returns today, and it's the first day I meet him. I figured I'd make my famous lemon cupcakes with blueberry frosting to make a good impression." I smiled innocently.

Jasper had very sheepishly explained that Dr. Cullen wasn't aware of the newest staff member, and though my job was secured and all that, I still figured that I might have some sucking up to do.

Alice and Rose told me that it wouldn't be necessary, but to be on the safe side...

"Fine." Emmett sulked. "When does Eddie start today then?"

I opened Dr. Cullen's schedule and put it next to Jasper's, and checked his first patient. "His first patient comes in at 8:30," I answered.

"That's another hour and a half!" Emmett shouted.

"Exactly, Emmett. It's only seven AM. How can you already be hungry?" I laughed.

He just shrugged. "I'm a big fella, and I start at six every morning, which means I haven't eaten in almost two hours!"

Do not back down, Bella. Stay strong.

"Didn't you bring lunch with you to work?" I asked.

"Uhm... I may have eaten it already," he mumbled and looked down.

"Well, what did you do before I started working here?"

"I starved," he replied, and tried to pull off a sad smile. Even added a dejected shrug. But I saw right through the big oaf. Rosalie would never let him starve. And I know she loves her husband so much that she always cooks for him.

"Bullshit," I huffed.

The door opened behind Emmett then, and both Rose and Jasper entered.

"Good morning," I said cheerily.

"Morning, B. Is my husband already harassing you?" Rose grinned as she disappeared into the lunch room.

"Go to work, Em," Jasper said gruffly. "Good morning, Bella. When's my first?"

I checked his schedule. "At ten, but you have drop-in's starting at seven-thirty."

He nodded. "Alright, just page me. I'll be in my office."

One thing that I'd learned in the past week is that Jasper Whitlock is not a morning person, but he still smiles at everyone that is of the opposite sex. This, because he's a true southern gentleman.

Rose came out then with a cup of coffee, but instead of taking her seat behind the desk, she headed straight for Emmett and pushed him out the door, telling him that lunch is at noon.

She returned quickly, rolling her eyes in Emmett's direction before sitting down next to me.

"You really rock pink scrubs." She snickered and eyed my now daily attire.

At first I didn't understand why I would wear scrubs. I mean, I'm not a nurse or a doctor, but after my first day, I understood.

I got puked on twice.

Not that I care. It's a small price to pay to work with children.

And I happen to love wearing scrubs. Pink even! It makes me look so nurturing and important. Not that I'm not important otherwise, but I really like my work outfit.

"Thank you," I replied. "And look, I even matched them with my shoes!" I said excitedly, showing her my pink chucks.

"Damn, girl, you're really pink!" she laughed.

"Don't I know it?" I joked and flipped my hair over my shoulder.

"So," she said after a minute. "How are you enjoying your job so far?"

"I love it." I smiled. "I get to work with children, and still use my degree."

"Well, you've been praised more than once, that's for sure." She smiled.

I really did love my job. It wasn't a teaching position, but I found myself loving this even more. I got to cheer up sick children, play with them, give them lollipops, and I literally lived for their laughter.

My job was more than that, though. But I loved it all. Even sorting charts was fun. Okay, maybe sorting charts wasn't my favorite thing, but it didn't suck.

I'd even call my job easy.

I got to use what I learned in college, and I was really thankful for listening in on the class where we as future teachers had to learn how to deal with sick children. It was very basic, of course, but it has helped a lot here. And when I answer calls from worrying mothers, I know more than a thing or two. It also helps that my mom used to be a mid-wife.

So, that's what I do here – I answer calls, make appointments, take care of siblings while the parent is with the sick brother or sister, keep track on schedules, page them when their needed, and prepare the patients' files.

Yep, lovin' the Forktown.

*o*o*o*

The first hour of the morning wasn't too bad. It was January, and most little ones that came in were here for the sniffles and occasional stomach flu, but Jasper and Rose handled it all calmly.

I was currently in heaven, because Jasper was with a mother of three – two of the children were sick with strepto, and I had the honor of watching out for little Sarah – a two year old girl who was just so fudging adorable.

"Vewy pwetty" she murmured, touching my pink shoes.

We were sitting on the floor in the small waiting area, right next to the reception, so I could still take calls, but I figured it was more fun for Sarah to sit in the small corner full of toys than behind the desk.

However, she seemed to like my shoes more than the toys.

"But your shoes are much more pretty." I smiled and pulled at the sparkly shoestring on her purple sneakers.

She giggled adorably and I couldn't help but to pull her closer for a tickle-war.

That made her squeal. "No! No! Pwease!"

The phone rang then, and I quickly picked Sarah up, placing her on my hip and walked over to the reception.

"Let's see who's calling, shall we?" I said to Sarah.

I picked up the phone and answered. "Welcome to CW Pediatric Care, this is Bella speaking. How may I help you?"

"Hi... uhm... I was wondering if it's you guys I turn to if I'm pregnant?"

"Absolutely." I grinned. "Did you just find out?"

"Uh... yeah... yesterday."

She didn't sound very excited so I decided it was best not to congratulate.

"I'd be happy to set you up with one of our doctors for your first check up."

It wasn't easy but I managed to hold the phone, hold Sarah, *and* check two schedules for openings.

"Dr. Jasper Whitlock has an opening tomorrow at one, or is that too soon?"

"Do you have anything... uh, very early in the morning?"

I didn't like the way she sounded. So scared.

Checking for other dates, I quickly found another. "Ah, here's one for the day after tomorrow. Seven-thirty with Dr. Edward Cullen."

"That'll be great," she breathed out... in relief?

"Great," I replied. "Can I take your name?"

"Victoria Hunter."

I scribbled down the information she gave me, and told her we were happy to see her on Friday at seven thirty.

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

"Yes, pwease!" She bounced happily on my lap.

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

What? I couldn't help myself. The girl is adorable.

I heard a throat clearing then, and looked up from behind the desk to see Alice stand there with a very – and my fucking God, I mean very – sexy piece of man.

The throat clearing didn't belong to the ear-to-ear-grinning Alice though, no, it belonged to the man. The God.

No, not Buddha.

I'm talking about Adonis.

Chapter 2

Bella POV.

Sweet Jesus, give me a fan. It's getting hot in here.

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

He was looking very confused and I suppose I can't blame him. He was gone for two weeks only to return to see someone new here.

Damn, he was tall. A head taller than me, easily. And Jesus, his eyes... so green.

Oh, and I think I just created a fetish for scrubs. But hey, doctor fantasies are fucking common, right? But what I found odd was Alice's expression. It was like she could barely contain herself from exploding with glee.

Weird gal.

"Hi!" I said, way too excitedly. *Nice going, Bella.* "Nice to meet you, Dr. Cullen."

"Likewise." Oh, dear Lord, his voice was like honey. "I see things have changed here?" He gave me a small smile, but seemed very apprehensive still. And his hands full of medical stuff didn't exactly help me.

I wanted to touch him, goddamnit.

"Mmhmm, but blame Jasper and Alice, please." I grinned, placing Sarah on my hip as I stood up. "They didn't tell me until two days ago that you weren't aware of me being here."

"I see," he chuckled, relaxing a bit. "Well, I trust their judgment, although I don't know why my sister... that is a *hair stylist* would be here to decide." He gave Alice a pointed look.

I grinned at the stare-down they began, but Sarah made herself know then by grabbing my hair. Really fucking hard.

"Oh, fuuu-dge!" I gasped. *Fuck, that stings!* "Sweet baby Jesus and shi-sugar!"

Breathe through the pain...

Breathe through the fucking pain!

I plastered on a sweet smile for Sarah.

"It's a good thing you're cute, little thing," I gritted out breathlessly.

"Do you want help, Bella?" Alice asked – trying to contain her laughter, but failing miserably.

Dr. Cullen was chuckling silently while watching me in my pain, and I flipped them both off with my ring finger, 'cause the middle finger is bad. But that just made them both laugh at me more!

"Well, I'm glad I amuse you so." I smiled sarcastically. "Alice, go cut someone's hair. Dr. Cullen, a pleasure to meet you and all that shi-sugar." *Damn potty mouth, this will be hard.* "Welcome back from London, your first patient will be here at eight thirty, and the chart is already in the holder outside your office."

With that said, I stomped off with Sarah – taking her to the lunchroom instead of waiting area.

That was so not how I wanted to meet Dr. Cullen.

Damn, he was hot.

Mmm, and I do have a thing for older men...

*o*o*o*

The next few hours passed quickly, and after Sarah there was little Kevin, and then there was sniffing Embry... yeah, I had my hands full with children, phone calls, and beeping pagers, but all in all, shit was good.

"Bella?"

I snapped up from my file-sorting to see Rose stand there with a little girl, and Dr. Cullen standing behind them – talking to the girl's mom.

"Yep?" I answered.

"Could you give little Tanya here a lollipop. She was really good today." She smiled sweetly at the girl.

"Of course!"

This part of the job was fucking awesome.

I grabbed the bowl of colorful suckers, rounded the desk and crouched in front of little Tanya.

"I bet I can guess your favorite color." I smiled at her.

"You can?" she asked shyly, sniffing a bit from her cold.

"Mmhmm, and if I'm right, you get two lollipops! How about that?"

This had her attention, and her blue eyes lit up with excitement. "Kay!"

It only took one glance at her little Hannah Montana dress to guess pink.

"Could it be the same as mine?" I grinned and gestured at my pink scrubs.

"Yes! How'd ya know?" she giggled.

"Because pink is just so cool, of course." I chuckled. "So, can I assume you want two pink lollipops?"

"Yes, please."

I fished two pink ones up from the bowl but... decided I wanted more of her laughter. "You wanna hear a secret?"

She nodded furiously as she eyed the candy with bright eyes.

So fucking cute.

"Did you know that your tongue will turn blue if you eat a blue lollipop?"

"Really?" she whispered in shock.

"Yep. Wanna see?"

She nodded slowly, eyes still wide. "Yea."

I winked at her and stuck out my tongue – making her laugh so hard that I could only laugh in return.

"It's blue!" she giggled.

"Told ya." I grinned and tickled her once.

I have serious issues. It's like I need their laughter more than air.

"Will my tongue be pink then?" she asked, her eyes full of hope.

"Well, little Tanya." I pursed my lips. "What color is your tongue now?"

She thought it over with a cute expression before it hit her. "Oh! S'already pink!"

"Very good!" I nodded. "So, it will simply stay pink. But if you want your tongue in another color, you could always choose one pink and one blue... or green, or black, or brown, or purple, or red."

She all of a sudden had a major decision to make, and as I noticed that Dr. Cullen and Rose were done speaking to Tanya's mother, I figured I'd better wrap it up.

"Maybe it'll be easier if you knew what they tasted like. You want me to tell you the flavors?"

"Yes, please." She smiled excitedly.

"Well, the brown one is coca cola-flavored. It's very delicious," I said seriously. "The pink one is raspberry, the blue is blueberry, the black is licorice--"

"Oooh, I want black and pink, please!" she squealed. "I can scare my little brother with the black one."

"You sure can," I laughed. "Here you go, sweetie." I handed her one black and one pink.

"But Mommy say we shouldn't stick our tongue out." She frowned.

"Your mommy's very right," I approved. "But I'll tell you what, if you ask Mommy nicely, then maybe you can show your brother. And you can always show me as long as it's okay with your parents."

Tanya immediately turned to her mother who smiled and nodded in agreement. "It's okay, Tan. Don't forget to thank Miss Bella."

"Thank you, Miss Bella." She grinned.

I ruffled her hair a little. "You're welcome, sweetie. And feel better, okay?"

I straightened up from my crouch and said goodbye to Tanya and her mother before returning the bowl of lollipops to the desk.

The next thing I heard was Emmett. "Hey, little B!"

"It must be noon," I said dryly.

"Yep, sure is. How'd ya know?"

"Because you're here," I laughed.

I checked the schedules and made sure that nothing else was up, and then I headed for the lunchroom, knowing very well that Emmett was on my tail.

Dr. Cullen, Jasper, and Rose were already there – digging in to the containers of food that Alice brought over earlier.

I grabbed a turkey sandwich and a can of soda, and sat down between Rose and Jasper. "What's up, doc?" I grinned at him.

He always rolled his eyes when I said that.

"You are just so freaking funny. Ow, my sides are hurting," he deadpanned.

"Well, you should see a doctor then." I shrugged, ignoring his jibe.

"Damn, I'm glad you moved here, little one," Emmett laughed with his mouth full of food. "Rose, let's adopt her."

"What, you want me to call you Daddy?" I guffawed.

His eyes glazed over for a while, and Rose smacked him in the back of the head.

"You're a good mother to Emmett," I told Rose.

She nodded solemnly. "Yeah, well, Esme got sick of him."

"I can imagine," I replied and watched in disgust as Emmett devoured his hamburger.

"Sho, Eddie, Whaddya fink of Bewwa?" Emmett asked his brother, again with his mouth stuffed.

"Oh, he and I are getting along just fine," I answered for him. "Two seconds after we met, he was laughing at my severe pain."

Dr so-fucking-sexy quirked an amused eyebrow my way, leaning back in his chair and crossing his... damn, so muscular arms over his chest.

"Severe?"

"Yea." I nodded slowly. "The cutest kid ever was a *devil*. She tried to scalp me."

This of course made everyone laugh, but I kept my eyes on Dr. fuck-me-please.

"Yeah, aren't they lovely, the little ones?" he chuckled.

"Of course they are. They lure you in, and when you least expect it, they charge."

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

"No, I seriously fudging love children. I live for them. But they're sneaky little things and you have to be careful," I said dead serious. "I just know that when I have kids, I'll train them well."

He gave me an odd look, but recovered quickly, and gave me a lopsided grin that just soaked my panties. "Sounds like you want an entire brood."

"A brood?" I shook my head. "Fudge no. I'm talking about a huge army of `em."

"Fudge? You know, there are no kids in here, right?"

I quirked an eyebrow. "Do you not know your own brother?"

"Touché," he said and winked.

He winked!

Dear lord, have mercy on me.

"But then again, I'm not sure you're old enough to curse. I mean, you seemed more into lollipops than little Tanya, and she's five." He smirked.

I mock-glared at him, and spoke in a deathly eerie voice. "You do *not* joke about suckers. I may be new here, but I'm not afraid to put my foot down, and you just took it too far mister... Too far."

He was shaking with silent laughter that made the corners of my mouth twitch, but I tried my best to keep my glare.

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

That cracked me up. "What, are you saying I shouldn't go up to a kid and offer him a sucker?"

Now we were both laughing hysterically at my disgusting joke, and I was soon wiping tears off my face.

"No, I think that's frowned upon," he laughed. "At least on kids."

Hmm... elaborate that last one, please.

"Not on adults?" I teased, leaning forward.

His laughter died abruptly, and I found myself staring into a pair of dark green eyes that didn't waver.

"It depends on who you offer," he murmured.

I don't think we're talking about lollipops anymore...

I felt my breathing quicken, and there was electricity around me... I'd say it was around *us*, but I didn't wanna make assumptions. But it sure appeared to crackle between us both.

His eyes were fucking intense and I couldn't look away to save my life. I was completely locked.

I loved it.

Just go for it.

I felt drawn to him like a magnet, and when I saw the tips of his tongue dart out to wet his bottom lip, I responded involuntarily by biting down on my own bottom lip.

His gaze lowered to my mouth, and I actually saw him swallow.

Fuck. Me.

Shivers upon shivers went through me, and I felt my panties dampen under his consuming stare – his eyes so dark, his features so clenched. So fucking heavy.

Please.

"EDDIIIEEE!" a shrill voice shrieked then, and I gulped as our gaze was broken.

I saw him shiver and take deep breaths, and I know I was doing the same. But it was over now. The air changed, and it felt cold.

Glancing around us, we both noticed at the same time that we were alone, and it didn't take a genius to figure out that we hadn't been subtle.

Clicking of heels came closer, and Dr. Cullen quickly went from... well, whatever we shared a moment ago, to... nervous?

"There you are!" a nasal fucking voice exclaimed.

I glanced up to see a proper clothed bitch smile sweetly at my newest wet dream.

I hated her instantly.

How dare you, bitch.

"Oh, you must be the new one," she said – acknowledging me now.

"Yeah, I'm Bella," I replied, my eyes flickering between the bitch and a visibly shrinking Dr. Cullen.

He was literally squirming in his seat.

And I have a feeling I'm about to find out why.

"Oh, how nice," she replied sweetly, but I saw through her. "I'm Jane. Edward's fiancée."

There it is, people.

Fiancée.

Wow, I think I can hear the crickets all the way from Phoenix.

That's rather impressive, I think.

I plastered a fake smile on my face and spoke to Jane while watching Dr. Asshole. "Of course, I've heard so much about you, Jane. Dr. Cullen just can't stop talking about you," I gushed.

I don't think I've ever witness that level of mortification before, bit it was quite entertaining to see Dr. can-kiss-my-ass crumble to pieces right in front of me.

"Aw, really!?" she squealed, seemingly genuinely surprised. "Isn't my Eddie a darling!?"

Oh, yes, a very faithful one, too.

"Yeah, he's a real fucking treat," I replied, venom lacing my tone.

Knowing that I wouldn't be able to keep myself under control much longer, I gave Jane a sweet ass smile before excusing myself.

Rose smiled sadly at me as I exited the lunchroom – a smile that told me she had heard everything – and I nodded in return and headed for the bathroom.

It took more than a few splashes of water to calm down, and I tried and tried to reel it in, but I couldn't.

He hadn't done anything wrong... really. There was no touching. No words... kind of. But was that intense moment just in my imagination? Did he not feel it? At all?

Fuck that. I know he did.

And why hadn't Alice and Rose said anything about the goddamn fiancée? They had spent the past week gushing over Edward, and how I was going to like him. Well, mission com-fudging-pleted, but what about *him*? Why the hell would they talk about a guy that is so obviously taken?

He's going to get married!

Jesus, have mercy.

With a few deep breaths, I left the bathroom... only to run smack into Dr. Fuck-me-over.

"Oof!" I got out as I crashed into... *damn, he smells good.*

"Fuck, I'm sorry, Bella," he rushed out, steadying me.

Mmm, say my name, bitch.

"S'alright," I mumbled instead, rubbing my nose.

I kept my eyes downcast, though. There was no way I was looking up.

"Look... can I see you in my office for a minute?"

Oh, he did *not* just say that.

He seemed to understand just how fucked up that sounded just as I actually allowed my eyes to meet his.

"To talk, I mean. Please."

I said nothing but motioned for him to walk ahead.

Yeah, like I'm *not* checking out his ass.

"Where's the fiancée?" I asked sweetly as he ushered me in to his office.

I should not be here.

I still want to jump the guy.

"Yeah, uhm, about that..." He sighed, not looking at me. "I'm sorry for what happened. I was completely out of line, and I really feel like an ass. I'm sorry."

Feeling myself growing bold, I perched my ass on his desk and waited for him to look me in the eye.

When he finally did, I smiled. "You're sorry for what happened? What happened exactly, Dr. Cullen?"

"First of all, it's Edward. And second of all, you know exactly, Bella," he huffed.

The man had nerve to huff!

At me!

"No, I actually don't," I insisted.

I needed to know what exactly he was apologizing for, and I also wanted to know if that moment was only one-sided.

He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I went too far in the lunchroom, and I shouldn't have. I can see that you want me to spill it all out for ya, so I will." He took another deep breath, and then looked me dead in the eye. "I'll be honest, I flirted with you, and I'm pretty sure you flirted with me, too."

"I'm single, you're *not*," I pointed out.

He nodded. "Which is why I'm the one apologizing. And I really am sorry, Bella. I don't know what came over me. I'm not that kind of guy, and I really don't want you to be uncomfortable here now. I've only seen a little, but you're really fucking good at what you do here, and the kids adore you. I hope I haven't messed that up for you."

Damn, the boy can really apologize.

"Fine," I sighed. "I forgive you."

I mean, what was I going to do? Say no? I couldn't do that. I loved this job already, I loved my new friends, and I already had a town-crush on Forks.

I may also have a crush on Edward's body.

It's really fine.

"You're just saying that, though. Right?" he asked quietly.

I look down. "Partly. But it doesn't matter. The kids are everything to me, and I can't see myself leaving anything here."

When he didn't respond, I look up to see him crouched with his back against the door, his face buried in his hands.

"She just had to mention the children," I heard him mumble, but it was so quiet that I figured it wasn't meant for my ears.

This is fudging hard for me, because Edward really doesn't seem like the type that flirts with random people. But heck, I've known him for less than a day, and though I've always been good at reading people, I can't be sure just yet. I do know his apology was sincere, though. He didn't lie. I could tell.

"You're really not that type of guy?" I asked.

He knew what I meant and raised his head to tell me with both his words and his eyes. "I'm really not, Bella. I... I don't know what came over me..." He shook his head like he was exhausted, and even his words – his tone... he sounded tired and confused.

I took it as confirmation that he felt what I felt.

"I forgive you," I said honestly.

I guess I just wish he could dump the bitch.

"Thank you," he sighed, giving me a sad smile.

Yes, I saw the sadness. Don't ask me why it's there, though.

"So, you're engaged, huh?" I tried to smile but it was forced.

Edward looked down again. "Uh-huh."

The sad smile makes sense now. He's not one hundred percent happy. And his *uh-huh* is not really the usual response for someone being engaged to be married.

"Well, congratulations," I offered softly, glad he's not watching me.

He actually snorted in response, and I took it as further confirmation.

His beeper went off then, and I figured it was Rose or Jasper since I wasn't at my desk, and I'm the only one paging them about incoming patients.

"Time to get back," I sighed.

Chapter 3

Bella POV.

The rest of Wednesday was painful. Cringingly awkward and so fudging uncomfortable. Everyone had witnessed our flirting, and it wasn't until our weird stare-down had started that Rose, Emmett, and Jasper had left the room. Alice and Jake also knew. Of course.

The girls – read; Alice, Rose, and *Jake* – also wanted to know what happened in Edward’s office, but I kept my mouth shut, thinking that that stays between Edward and me. And when Alice right in front of Edward once again asked me, and I told her to move the fudge on, I received a thankful yet careful smile from Edward.

Thursday was better. Not by much, but the awkwardness was dissipating at least, and at the end of the day, things were quite normal again. Maybe it was because I decided to be his friend instead of avoiding him. Problem is, my ovaries love it when he crouches down and talk to the kids, and my body seriously likes his body... and Jesus, his eyes.

Anyway, I’ve decided I like him enough to make things comfortable – even if it’s for his sake. As long as proper bitch don’t come in too often, I’ll survive.

Today it’s Friday, and I’m a little bit scared because Jasper doesn’t start until ten, and Rose starts at nine.

I always start at seven, and from seven thirty, it’ll be me, Edward, and Emily.

Wonderful.

What the fuck ever, I’m taking the bull by its horns. I’m gonna be pleasant and nice and comfortable and I’m gonna be myself.

*o*o*o*

Emmett was waiting outside the practice when I crossed the street in my pink scrubs, sparkly sneakers, and a certain container, but I paid him no mind.

He still had some groveling to do after he ate all the lemon cupcakes on Wednesday. His words *'I'm sorry little B, but I just couldn't stop. It was like a frenzy.'*

Fudger.

"Good morning, little B. You look beautiful this morning." He smiled hugely, showing off his adorable dimples.

Stand your ground, Bella, he's just kissing ass.

"Emmett," I greeted with a nod.

I sighed, closing my eyes. "Fuckity, shit, fuck, hell, motherfucking asscrack."

Apart from Emmett's chuckling, I also heard a throat clearing behind me.

Fudge.

Ignoring him, I unlocked the door to the practice and headed for the lunch room with my cookies before I started up the coffee maker.

"Good morning, Bella," his velvet voice said – his voice laced with amusement.

"Mmhmm, good morning," I replied without turning around.

I don't think I got all the cussing out.

"So, what was that?"

He had to ask, huh?

"I cleared my cuss system," I answered.

He chuckled—I wanted to jump him.

I left the lunchroom before I did just that.

Sitting by the desk, I busied myself with sorting files – while cursing Edward’s early arrival – and I comforted my mouth with a blue sucker.

Yummy for my tummy.

But then there was yet another fudging throat clearing, and my head snapped up to see Edward leaning against the front desk.

I want to lick him.

“What’s up, doc?” I said in my best Bugs Bunny voice.

Sweet hellish torture, the lopsided grins he gives me are lethal. Doesn’t really help to see those two gorgeous crinkles in the corner of his eye when he does so either.

I need to buy a rabbit.

You know which one I’m talking about.

Yeah, you do.

“I thought that greeting was reserved for Jazz,” he chuckled before he took a sip of his coffee.

Starbucks could use him. I don’t drink coffee but if Edward comes with the cup, I might start.

“You know, you’re right, Edward.” I smiled sweetly. “I think I’m gonna reserve all Doctor, Doctor jokes for you.”

“Bella, I don’t think there’s one of those I haven’t heard.” He rolled his eyes but his grin gave him away.

“Challenge accepted.” I grinned. “Every time I see you, I’m gonna give ya one.”

He smirked. “Then you better start now, right?”

I wanna kiss his smirk.

“Fine,” I said, quickly rummaging my head for a joke. “Doctor, doctor, I keep thinking I’m a bee!”

“Buzz off, can’t you see I’m busy.” He winked.

I curse his winks.

“You’re gonna have to do better than that,” he teased.

Just then, one joke popped into my head, and it was fudging brilliant, especially since I had a blue one in my mouth.

And don’t think for a second I haven’t seen him watching me suck it.

“Doctor, doctor, I think I’m a mosquito!” I gasped.

His jaw tensed, and for a split second, his eyes flickered to my mouth, but his response came quickly. “Then, go away, sucker.”

I smirked.

He shook his head as if to clear it.

Oh, I’m so affecting him.

Bad boy, Dr. Edward.

He caught my knowing smirk, and groaned in frustration. “This is fucking hard.”

I couldn’t stop myself. “That’s what she said!”

His head snapped up in a whiplash movement, and when I saw his wide eyes, I couldn't help but double over in laughter.

"Bella, you've been spending way too much time with Emmett," he chuckled.

"Hey!" I laughed, "I'm twenty-one; I'm allowed to have a crappy sense of humor!"

Then he did some weird double take and just gaped at me.

"What?" I grinned.

"You- you're w-what?!" he stuttered. "You're only twenty-one?"

I furrowed my brow. "Yeah?"

Didn't he know that?

Wait, did he say *only*?

Only twenty-one.

Crap, he has issues with my age. He really didn't know.

Mega fudge.

"Sweet motherfucking Jesus," he muttered and turned to leave. "I'm sick," he added quietly as he rounded the corner.

But I heard him.

Before I could ponder, the door opened, and a red haired woman entered – looking very scared.

I knew immediately.

Edward's seven thirty: Victoria Hunter.

"Hi, welcome to CW Pediatric Care, do you have an appointment?" I said instead.

"Uhm... yes... I'm Victoria Hunter," she replied quietly while fidgeting with the strap of her bag.

"Of course, hi, Victoria. I'm Bella. Come with me and I'll take you to Dr. Cullen," I said kindly. "He's a great obstetrician."

Usually I'd send her in the right direction and page Edward, but I wanted to see Edward's expression for this.

And where the hell is Emily?

I knocked on Edward's office and he opened quickly.

"Victoria Hunter is here for her appointment," I said, smiling in Victoria's direction.

Edward gave me an odd look, but I think he got it as soon as he saw Victoria's stance.

He got this thoughtful expression – furrowed brow and pursed lips. He was thinking what I'm thinking.

"Of course. Thank you, Bella," he said softly with an understanding nod. "Shall we get started?"

*o*o*o*

As soon as Victoria had left, I ran towards Edward's office but didn't get far as he was just about to round the corner for the reception.

"How is she?" I asked right away.

He gestured that we went to the lunchroom, so I followed him in there, and when I heard the heavy sigh escape him as he sat down, I knew.

“Eight weeks pregnant and bruised,” he sighed.

“I fucking knew it,” I muttered, shaking my head. “I heard it right away when she called on Wednesday. I just knew that either the pregnancy wasn’t welcome on her part, or to her partner. And I’m guessing her partner is the issue now. Son of a bitch.”

“Yeah... but there’s not much we can do,” he said regretfully. Then he hesitated before speaking again. “Uh, you won’t say anything, right? I mean, you work here, but you’re not under any oath...”

“Of course I won’t, Edward,” I assured softly. “I just wish there was something I could do.”

I buried my face in my hands and seriously considered tracking her boyfriend down and shoot him.

“I have an awesome aim,” I mumbled to myself. “The forest is big... No one would know... Dad would help me.”

Sighing, I leaned back in the chair and was met by a half smile and caring eyes.

“That doesn’t sound half bad,” he murmured with a rueful smile. “But I’m curious. Why would your father help you?”

I smiled at the thought of Charlie. “He’s the Chief of Police in his precinct in Phoenix, and if there’s one thing he despises, it’s spousal abuse. Family is number one for him.”

“Sounds like a good man.” He smiled warmly. “So, he taught his girl how to shoot, huh?”

I grinned wickedly, thankful for the change of subject. "Of course. I'm Daddy's girl, and he started taking me to the range when I was fourteen."

"Jeesh," he chuckled, "I hope you don't own your own gun."

"Nah, I don't need it. I've taken plenty of self-defense classes."

"Of course you have," he laughed with a shake of his head.

*o*o*o*

The rest of the day passed quickly, and I was glad that Edward and I seemed to enter the friend zone. It was far from what *I* wanted but at least it was better than awkward.

Emily's husband called in to tell us that Emily was sick, so it was a busy day, and Rose had to assist both Jasper and Edward while I took care of the reception, and also a bunch of kids. Me like mucho. What was weird, though, was that Jasper seemed to be in an exceptionally good mood, and when Alice came in around lunch, she was bouncing with joy.

Emmett continued to kiss my ass but I decided to forgive him when I served everyone with cherry cheesecake except him. Everyone made yummy-noises as he sulked without anything.

It was fun.

I'm not evil, though. I left a piece for Rose to take home to him.

At five, it was only me, Edward, and Rose left.

"Okay, I'd better take this cake home to Em," Rose sighed and put her coat on.

"Ya know, I could take it to him," Edward offered.

I grinned.

Edward had a sweet tooth, and now I had all the boys hooked on my baking skills.

I was happy with that.

"Nice try, Edward," Rose laughed. "But Jasper already offered. I told him no, too."

"Whatever," he grumbled.

"Ah, cheer up, Edward," I laughed. "I already have plans for Monday."

I swear he looked like a kid on Christmas. "Care to share?"

"Of course... On *Monday*. I never tell people what I will bake beforehand."

"God, you're as bad as Emmett, Edward" Rose muttered, but then she grinned wickedly. "Doesn't Jane bake for you?"

Oh, she didn't.

She did.

He glared at her, and she merely shrugged before kissing my cheek. "See ya tomorrow for family brunch, B."

"Yep, see ya," I replied, packing my shit together.

"Family brunch? You're coming?" Edward asked.

"Yep. Esme invited me when she called earlier."

"Huh..."

"What, shouldn't she?" I quirked an eyebrow, ready to defend myself.

"No, of course! It's just that she's never done that before." He frowned – rubbing his neck.

Great, Awkward is back.

"Whaddya mean?"

"Uh... nothing."

"Just spill, Edward," I groaned.

"Fuck, I'm sorry, okay? It's just that I'm confused. My family's been different since..."

He stopped himself, and I couldn't help but laugh.

"You mean since I arrived?"

"Yes," he groaned, pulling at his hair.

He does that a lot.

Last night when I spoke to Alice on the phone, she told me everything about dear Jane. Everything.

I don't like her one bit. And I'm glad no one else does either.

Well, except for Edward, of course.

Blind fool.

"I can't help that I'm so likeable." I shrugged.

I left before he could respond.

*o*o*o*

Rose and Alice are sneaky bitches, and I think I love them.

No, I know I do.

They are sneaky, because they have sneaky plans. I know about them, because stealthy they are *not*. But I'm keeping my mouth shut, because I sorta like their sneaky plan.

It involves me and Edward, so how can I not like it?

Yes, I have seriously developed a crush on Edward Cullen, and I would treat him a fuckload better than Jane, AKA SkankaBitch.

Since I don't have a car here yet, Emmett and Rose picked me up, but they purposely picked me up an hour early.

Wanna know why?

This is part of Rose and Alice's plan. The sneaky plan.

You see, if I arrived an hour early, I would already be BFF-ing with Esme and Carlisle by the time Edward and Jane arrived.

Sneaky little loved ones.

I thought they took things too fast and made huge assumptions based on nothing, but I was wrong. I fudging love Carlisle and Esme.

Carlisle is one hot DILF, and not that I swing that way, but Esme is absolutely a MILF.

Fo' sho'.

No, I don't really talk like that.

Anyway, it took ten minutes of small talk before Esme exploded, and couldn't keep it in anymore. She just had to gush about me – while I was sitting right there next to her. I was fine with that. Very.

I love Mama Cullen.

Mucho.

I've also started calling Carlisle "Papa C". He laughed like the gorgeous piece of man he is, and Esme started over with the gushing – stating that she just loved my spunky self.

Emmett spewed beer all over a white couch when she said this, but other than that, our hour was perfect.

I also decided then that if Papa C has his nick, then Esme should as well.

I'm nothing but fair.

She's Mama Bear now. The reason is simple. When Rose said something about Jane once again telling Edward that she will never bear his children, Esme growled.

Mama Bear.

*o*o*o*

Ding-dong-fucka-lucka-ling.

I swear their doorbell sound something like that.

"COME IN!" Emmett bellowed.

We were all sitting in the living room, having some delicious little crab cakes that Mama Bear made, and I'm cursing their size. 'Cause I could eat hundreds of them, but I don't think she made that many.

But at least Emmett is worse than me.

Anyway, I'm wedged in between Mama Bear and Big E, and I can hear SkankaBitch and Edward approaching.

He should have a nickname, too.

I'm nothing but fair, remember?

Dr. Sexward?

I'ma think on it.

Right now I wanna see if Edward looks at me differently because he's only seen me in pink scrubs and a ponytail, and now I'm wearing black dress pants, a cute blouse in dark blue, matching ballet flats, and my hair is down.

The Cullens are fancy people.

But very laid back. Mama Bear has already said the word 'fuck' twice.

I'm counting.

"Edward! Come in here, have a seat!" Esme beamed as one helluva sexy man entered. "You too, Jane," she added in a clipped tone.

Oooh, burn.

Damn, he's sssssmokin'. Black slacks and I light blue button-shirt – sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

Yummy.

"Mom." He smiled carefully and kissed her cheek.

Yes, he noticed me.

He averted his eyes quickly to greet Papa C.

Damn.

Edward and Jane sat down in the fudging loveseat, and though he did not touch her, she sure as hell had to put her manicured claws on his thigh.

Bitch.

"The food is ready soon," Mama Bear said and turned to Alice and Jasper. "You two had some news to share?"

Oh, shit!

I looked at them with wide eyes. They're smiling hugely. Oh, God! Say it's so!

That's when I noticed that both me and Mama Bear were edging on our seats with hopeful expressions.

"We do have some news, yes." Alice smiled.

And then... Jasper put his hand on Alice's stomach.

"Oh my God!" I squealed.

"Say it, say it, say it!" Esme demanded as her eyes welled up. "I need to hear you say it! Out loud!"

"We're having a baby," Jasper announced.

YEEEEES!

It was really fudging hard, but Rose and I managed to sit still – well, not *still*, but whatever – as Mama Bear, Papa C, Sexward, and Big E hugged and congratulated Alice and Jasper.

I may have kept my eyes firmly on Edward's ass when he hugged his sister, but what else is new?

It's really fine, you know.

He looked so happy for Alice. Couldn't Jane see what she was doing to him? And if she doesn't want children, the why the hell can't Edward just respect that and find someone who does?

I'm not giving names, but Bella Swan want kids.

"EEEEEEEE!!!"

That was Alice squealing, and the crowd had finally cleared.

Rose and I carefully flew into her – yes, you can do that – and the three of us turned into a squealing mess of emotions.

"You two are gonna be aunts!" Alice squealed.

Ah, hot damn, she included me.

Here comes the water work.

"Me, too?" I breathed shakily.

"Of course, silly!"

Rose and I looked at each other for one second before we burst out,
"We're gonna be aunts!!!"

Jesus effing Christ, this day is perfect!

I'm gonna rock that whole auntie-thing, by the way.

When all three of us started sobbing, Papa C and Emmett had to separate us, and while Alice clung to Jasper in happy tears, I sat down with equally sobbing Mama Bear and Rose.

A couple of weeks ago I couldn't have dreamed about this, but now I have two new best friends, a Mama Bear, and Papa C. Oh, and let's not forget Curly Doc, and Big E.

We will just have to see where Sexward fits in.

"If it's a girl, I call dibs on getting her an easy bake oven!" I exclaimed.

"I call dibs on teaching him or her how to use a gun!" Emmett boomed.

I scowled at him and he winked. We had already talked about what he and my dad had in common, and when I told him about what Charlie had me learning when I turned fourteen, he immediately made plans to knock Rose up so he could do the same.

"You will do no such thing, Emmett," Mama Bear chided.

"Actually, that sounds good. If it's a girl," Jasper said to Emmett.

"I agree." Papa C nodded.

"It's true, Mama Bear," I comforted her. "The girl will need to fend off boys, remember? I mean, you can't really expect Jasper to be there all the time, right?"

"Fine," she huffed, "But not until she's sixteen."

We'll see.

"Maybe we don't have to talk about teaching her to shoot right now. I'm only six weeks along."

We all huffed.

Except for Edward and Jane who were watching us all like we were crazy. Well, he mostly watched me like I was crazy, but whatever.

"Aren't you a little young to be thinking about children, Alice?" Jane asked then.

Everyone went quiet.

Edward closed his eyes.

Mama Bear, Alice, me, and Rose all cocked an eyebrow at her.

Mama Bear almost growled.

"If they want to start a family, then why should they wait?" Mama Bear asked.

"No, no, of course they can start a family. I was just surprised. She's only twenty-five, after all."

I scoffed. "I started thinking about children when I was thirteen."

"A little early, don't you think?" She sneered.

Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell ya. She saw me checking Edward's ass earlier.

Oops.

"Do you see me with any kids here?" I shot back. "I'm just saying that sometimes you know what you want. And if you do, you shouldn't let anything stop you. And I knew from an early age that I wanted kids. I mean, damn, I think more about children than I do about finding a man!" I laughed.

Very true, though. I don't need a guy to have kids. Just a few of his best swimmers.

Yes, I totally quoted *Friends*.

"I think the food is ready, dear?" Papa C said then.

Good boy. Stop the bitch fight.

The rest of the afternoon was pleasant, thankfully. The men and Jane did... fuck if I know. But Mama Bear, Alice, Rose, and I talked babies, babies, and more babies.

It was heaven.

And when I got home later, I spent two hours on the phone with Mom, telling her about everything, and she was so fudging happy for me.

Yeah, I inherited her personality.

And though she is as crazy about kids as I am, she and Dad could only have me. So, she was a little sad about me being so far away, but they promised to visit soon.

Things were good.

Chapter 4

Bella POV.

A few weeks passed by, and things were weird.

Edward. Weirdward.

I think he has two different personalities. Seriously.

It doesn't even go from one day to another. No, we're talking about one hour to another. He's usually happy when he comes in every morning—he's a real chatterbox—and this continues all through lunch. We all talk and laugh and goof around, and the guys devour my baked goods,

although Alice is becoming a champion in that department. I'm not kidding when I say she can eat like Emmett.

But I'm digressing.

Edward is the happiest right before and during lunch.

Then as the day go by, Edward turns into a zombie. He's snappy and moody, and really depressing. Only kids and mothers-to-be can cheer him up.

Alice and Jasper's tried to talk to him, but to no avail.

*o*o*o*

It's Friday today and I'm heading to a town called Port Angeles with the girls. Yes, also Jake. We're going to a bar and get silly-drunk. Well, not Alice, of course.

By the way? I don't like Jake at the moment. He took care of me yesterday after work, and it hurt.

It hurt so badly.

I've always shaved before, and I can't deny that waxing is far better... but it hurts!

So badly.

I called Mom and complained about it for an hour while eating ice cream, and after that, I felt a little better.

My hooaha wasn't happy with me.

Alice, Rose, and Jake laughed at me.

Bitches.

*o*o*o*

Sorting files.

Not funny anymore. At all.

"Bella."

Oooh, yes!

My head snapped up from the file cabinet, and I grinned. "Papa C! What the fudge brings you by?"

He always laughs when I call him that.

"I'm here as a consultant on one of Edward's patients." He smiled. "Is he in?"

Ah, yes. Papa C is also a doctor, but he's a surgeon at the main hospital here in Forks. He's also in Seattle a few days of the week where he specializes in the bullshit surrounding Victoria Hunter's life.

She's coming in tomorrow for her second check-up, and I guess Edward asked for Papa C's help.

Edward is good.

"Let me get him for you." I smiled.

He nodded in thanks and I headed for Edward's office.

I knocked.

Four times. But no answer.

It was unlocked, and I entered.

He wasn't there, and I was about to check one of the exam rooms when I heard some noises coming from Edward's private bathroom.

Grunting.

Groaning.

Moaning.

Oh, God.

Sweet Jesus, is he whacking off?!

I wanna help him.

Shit, shit, shit, he's actually in there... getting off! Oh, my God, I think I'm soaked. Get out, Bella. Get out, Bella. NOW!

Then I heard him.

"Fuck... Yes... Bella."

"Holy fucknut," I breathed.

Soon I heard the flushing of a toilet, and I hauled my blushing ass out of there as fast as possible, not stopping until right before I rounded the corner to the reception where a smiling Papa C waited.

"I couldn't find him," I said quite breathlessly. "I'll page him for you."

"Thank you. I *am* a bit early, so I don't mind waiting."

Oh, I'm pretty sure he's done, Papa C.

I was almost shaking as I paged him, and I had to gulp down an entire can of Mountain Dew in order to relax. I just couldn't believe what I had

just heard. Edward pleasuring himself... calling out my goddamn name!
Oh, lordy, lordy.

I knew we shared something, but we had both sorta killed it. I thought. I mean, I know I haven't forgotten about my crush on him, but my gosh, he's engaged! Why the hell would he get off, thinking about me!?

I heard Edward whistling as he came down the hall then, and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but as soon as he rounded the corner and I saw him... I knew it was neither of those two.

Gritting my teeth, I actually had to restrain myself from either saying something really stupid, or from jumping him.

I would do it if Papa C wasn't here. I swear on all things holy.

"Bella? You paged-" Then he saw his dad. "Ah, you're here. Nice to see ya, old man." He grinned.

Wow, his post coital mood is very blissfully carefree.

Then it sorta hit me.

Is this why he's always so happy and carefree before lunch everyday?

EVERY DAY?

Shit of motherfudge. I think it's safe to say that there's nothing wrong with his libido. For being 31, he sure can go at it like a... like something that can go at it a lot.

I shivered.

Every day? Is it always about me? Is he really fantasizing about yours truly?

I think my crush on him just intensified.

*o*o*o*

"I have a confession to make," I mumbled into my glass.

I was tipsy. There was music. There was a happy gay bitch who ordered the most fabulous drinks. There was fuckawesome company.

"What?" Alice and Rose asked together.

When I'm tipsy, I confess things I probably shouldn't.

"Speak up, princess!" Jake cheered.

He's more than tipsy.

"You have to swear on all things girly that you'll shut your mouths about this, okay?" I warned.

They nodded in unison. They grinned in anticipation. They rubbed their hands together like they were waiting on a feast.

Freaky.

"I walked in on Edward getting off," I rushed it all out.

"EEW!" said the sister.

"Oh, my god!" cheered the Rose.

"He's huge, isn't he?" dreamily sighed the Jake.

"I didn't see him," I clarified. "I looked for him but he didn't answer when I knocked, and I walked into his office. And then I heard him in his bathroom."

"Oh." Jake was disappointed. "I'll get us more drinks!"

As soon as he was gone, I spilled the rest. "He said my name when he came."

Rose POV:

Fucking finally. Time for the next stage of the plan.

Alice POV:

Ohmifuckinggosh!

She's gonna be Bella Cullen one day, I swear!

Bella POV:

Alice squealed.

Rose's smile was full of mischief.

"Listen to us now, Bella," Rose said seriously.

I nodded.

"Do you want him?"

"No, when I have a crush on someone, I just like to let it sit there," I deadpanned.

I'm a better deadpanner than Zooey Deschanel.

"Okay. This is what you're gonna do; You're going to flirt."

"Rose! I will do no such thing. The dude is engaged! Do I like him? Yes, a shitload. He's a wonderful man. But I'm not a home wrecker. I have morals."

"And ooh, what a home it is you're wrecking," Alice said dryly.

“Doesn’t matter. I won’t hit on him. If he wanted me enough, he would’ve dumped SkankaBitch.”

“That’s not how my brother works, Bella,” Alice said a bit sadly. “He’s a man who stands by his decision. He doesn’t care if he gets hurt, as long as no one else does. And right now, he’s in a relationship with Jane – which means she comes first... no matter how much he likes you. He probably doesn’t even know about your feelings. Therefore he only thinks he’s hurting himself.”

Well, he’s stupid.

“But how does Jane come first if he jacks off to images of me?” I challenged.

Rose cut in because Alice gagged. “That’s simple. It’s his dirty secret. He does it in his office, away from Jane. I grew up with the dude, and I’m pretty sure he feels guilty as hell doing it, but it’s what he allows himself.”

“What are we talking about, bitches?” Jake grinned and handed us new drinks.

“Bella’s crush on Edward.” Rose shrugged.

“Okay, proceed,” he said and sat down.

I was confused. And drunk.

“So, what do you propose exactly?” I asked warily.

“Simply let him know that you want him,” Alice said. “Don’t flirt blatantly, just let him know the he is the one on your mind. Be yourself, because that is who he likes... evidently.”

“And how do I thread that fucking needle? It’s a thin line between flirting and letting someone know,” I said.

“Get caught checking out his ass, and then run away as if you’re embarrassed,” Rose suggested.

That’s actually fudging clever.

“Grab his junk!” Jake squealed.

We tuned Jake out.

“Aaaw, you can draw little hearts in your calendar and keep it where he can see!” Alice sighed.

“What are we, twelve? I don’t think making me look even younger than I already am is going to help here,” I pointed out.

“Fine.” She sulked. “Listen to Rose instead.”

“Bite your lip and smile shyly at him,” Rose went on.

Good. That I can do.

“Touch him innocently. Just a hand on his arm or something.”

I nodded and wrote it down mentally with my imaginary pink, sparkly pen.

“Pretend to get off in the bathroom. Rose and I can make sure Edward walks by when you moan out his name!” Alice exclaimed then.

I thought it over. It wasn’t half bad. It was drastic, though. Very drastic. I don’t have a private bathroom like Jasper and Edward does.

“If it comes to that, I’ll think about it.” I nodded.

I would have been mortified, but fuck, if he can then I can.

“I have one!” Jake bellowed. “Text him something subtle, only the text was meant for Rose or Ali!”

We're not tuning Jake out anymore.

"Yea, that's good." Rose agreed. "Like... *Damn, he was cute with that patient today, Rose...* or something like that. Not sexy or hot, or blatant. And then you accidently text it to him instead of me and Ali. Good, Jakey."

The night went on, and soon we forgot about our plan. But not before I got a fuckload of advice, though. It's just that when we went from innocent and subtle to bending over the front desk, we sorta figured it was enough.

The drinks flowed, and we danced, laughed, and had a blast.

And we were so fudging hammered. Not Alice. She's a good girl.

"You're such a goood girl, Aliiiiice!" I slurred.

She really was a good sober girl.

She's having a baby.

I'm gonna be Auntie Bella!

"And one sexy hot mama!" Jake shouted.

"Thank you, thank you," Alice replied. "It's a good thing I don't have to drag your drunken asses home by myself."

Oh, right.

Emmett's coming to get us.

"What time is it?" Rose slurred.

"One. Emmett will be here any minute." Alice was so sober.

"Then let's dance one more time!" I squealed and grabbed Jake's hand.

Jake may be gay, and such a queen, but the man can dance. Like really dance. Like a man.

And I was over the moon when SexyBack with Justin Timberlake began. That is one sexy song.

Not the music I listen to at home, but when I'm dancing, I can't really listen to Otis Redding. Well, not grinding anyway.

"Don't look up, babycakes," Jake said in my ear. "Both Cullen bros came in looking very fine."

Oh, God.

Okay, so I'm not looking up. I'll just keep dancing against Jake.

Jake was good. He danced behind me, encouraging me to lean my head back against his chest, and with his hands on my hips, he guided me flawlessly. Not that I'm a bad dancer, but Jake is definitely better.

"Eddie has definitely seen you, shawtie. And Rosie's grinning proudly," Jake informed me. "Dayum, I wish he was ogling me instead. Hunk of fine meat, that one."

I closed my eyes and smiled lazily, dragging an arm up and behind me to rest around Jake's neck. I was getting a hang of this, and my skinny jeans and tube top was probably not working against me.

The music was really working me, and the buzz in my system made it easier to picture Edward behind me, although he's taller than Jakey. And if Dr. cum-in-me danced with me, I'd be hoping for something hard against my lower back.

So hard.

I bet he's big.

When the song ended, I was in great need of a cold shower, and when Jake led us back to the table, it didn't exactly help to see Edward looking all hot in dark jeans, a black t-shirt and a fudging beanie.

He looked like the ultimate bad boy.

Lord is having no mercy on my panties.

I sat down next to Rose despite Jake's attempt to sit me down next to Edward, so he sat down next to my favorite doc instead. But seriously, there is no saying I won't jump him if I'm too close.

"A bit drunk, little B?" Emmett laughed.

Oh, right. Emmett's here. "Hi, Em!"

"She's plastery-merged. Hammered," Rose guffawed and chugged her drink.

"Maybe you should take them to the station for the night." Edward smirked at his brother.

Mmm, you can take me anywhere, Edward...

"Not a bad idea, bro," Emmett laughed.

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

He's so sexy.

Wait.

What did I call him?

Emmett, Rose, Jake, and Alice exploded in laughter.

I believe I called him Sexward. I did, didn't I?

Edward smirked and cocked an amused eyebrow.

Crap.

I did.

Ah fuck it. "Whatever." I waved them off. "Like you Cullens don't know how hot you all are."

Nice save.

"Cheers to that!" Jakey boomed. "Here's to Dr. Sexward and Officer Emmem-chicka-bow-wow!"

"Boom-chicka-bow-wow!" Rose and I sang, dancing as seductively one could while sitting down.

"Jesus, we're gonna get pulled over by my own deputy," Emmett muttered.

"Ooh! I know Emmett!" I said excitedly. "If we get pulled over, I'll do the talking, 'cause I know what to say to a cop if he pulls you over!"

"Ah, this oughta be good. Let's hear her out," Edward snickered.

"Okay!" I may have bounced in my seat and that's not good if you have a tube top, but I managed to save it. "If a cop pulls me over, I say 'Could you hold my beer so I can reach my license?' Good, huh?"

"Is this like the Doctor, Doctor jokes, Bella?" Edward laughed. "I think Emmett's heard all the things you shouldn't say if you get pulled over."

"Fudge you," I retorted.

That earned me a round of laughter and a delicious wink from Edward.

Mmm...

"My turn!" Rose said. "If I get pulled over, I say, 'Wow, you must've been doing 125 to keep up with me. Good job!'"

We continued this for a while, and while Emmett and Edward tried to look disinterested and bored, their snickers, smirks, and amused expressions totally gave them away.

So, what would you say if you get pulled over?

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

"Bad cop, no donut!" Rose scolded.

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

"I wanted to be a cop, but then I decided to graduate from High School instead!" I laughed.

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

"Aren't you the dude from-om Village People?" I hiccupped.

I'm wasted.

"Alright, alright," Edward chuckled, "Jake can apparently hold his liquor but Bella and Rose can't."

"Time to go home." Emmett nodded.

Rose and I pouted but it didn't do shit for us.

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

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

I guess she wasn't as quiet she thought.

"There's nothing wrong with our boobs, Emmett. If Rose wants to flash, she can," I said.

"Neither of you are flashing anything," Edward said and stood up.

"Mmm, I love it when you're demanding." I rolled my eyes.

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

The next thing we knew was... well, we were upside down, but I was looking at a very sexy ass. I wish I could squeeze it, but it belongs to Edward, and that would be the opposite of subtle.

Anyway, they had us thrown over their shoulders, and Alice was walking soberly with Jakey.

"Giddy up!" I heard myself say.

At least he didn't get offended. 'Cause I heard him chuckle.

I think I fell asleep on the way back to Forks, because the next thing I knew was Edward carrying me up to my apartment, and I had my face buried in the crook of his neck.

I liked that.

"Are ya staying?" I hummed. Damn he smells goooooood.

"Damn, Bella," he chuckled, "I wonder if you will remember this tomorrow at brunch."

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

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

I giggled. "You said boobs. You're a doctor. You're supposed to say breasts."

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

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

He found them.

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

"Uh... okay? And why?"

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

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

"Mmhmm, I love them lots and lots."

"I know."

I'm sleepy.

"Nice place."

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

There are many towns I like, but I really love Forks. Ooh and New Orleans. That's a great city. Dad took me and Mom for vacation there once.

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

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

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

"Uhm, yes, a few times."

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

"Well, they have very good music there. Here's your toothbrush."

He sat me down on the toilet and I started brushing my teeth and kicking off my shoes and jacket.

"This time I'm walking to New Orleans..." Singing with a toothbrush aint easy but I'm smooth like that, so I can pull it off. *"I'm walking to New Orleans! I'm gonna need two pair of shoes, when I get through walking this blues. When I get back to New Orleans. Singing is fun. I've got my suitcase in my hand, now aint that a shame. I'm leaving here today. Yes, I'm going back home to stay. Yes, I'm walking to New Orleans..."*

"I really love New Orleans, EdSon C."

"You just sang Fats Domino, Bella."

"I know!" I said excitedly, but then I started choking on toothpaste, and Dr. EdSon C had to help me over to the sink.

"You know Fats Domino?" I choked. "I love him. That's my music, ya know?"

"Just another fucking thing to the list," I heard him mutter quietly, "What goddamn twenty-one year old listens to music from the 50's? Bella, of course. Of course we would share that, too. Fucking hell."

I don't think Edward realizes that when he speaks to himself, I can always hear him.

What was he saying again?

But then he distracted me by saying, "Let's get you to bed," and I liked that a lot.

Really.

"I like the sound of that."

I don't know how it happened, but soon I felt softness, and my eyes closed.

"G'night, Dr. SexEdSon C."

"Sweet dreams, beautiful."

Chapter 5

Bella POV.

Ow.

It hurts. Everywhere.

Knock, knock, knock!

No. Oh, God. Please, no.

Did I drink the bar last night?

"I know you're in there! Open up!"

Rose.

No, I'm not alive. I'm not opening my eyes, because I don't think it's possible. Honestly, I think the curtain is closed. Forever.

What the hell happened last night? What do I remember?

I remember our plan.

The next stage in my plan to land Edward Cullen.

Call me arrogant, call me cocky. I'm neither of those, and I'm also usually more timid and shy. But fuck me, if it's right, it's right. And I know this is right.

"Using my key now, bitch!"

Ooh, someone's cranky.

Me, too.

And then the door flew open.

"Bella, you better get the fuck out of that bed right fucking now. I have a goddamn headache, and I'm in no mood to act yo' mama. Get up!"

"Yes, ma'am," I whimpered.

She gave me ten minutes to shower and if I wasn't back by then, she threatened to call my parents.

Oh, Rose, Alice, and Mom have already BFF'd each other over the phone.

Nine minutes later, I stood in a towel, freezing my ass off in front of the small closet next to the bathroom. And my eyes were stinging like hell since I slept with my goddamn contacts.

Rose looked gorgeous but not nearly as gorgeous as she usually does, and she's wearing pajama bottoms. Pink pajama bottoms and one of Emmett's hoodies. Top it off with a ponytail and no make up and you have Rose Cullen on her way to the weekly Cullen lunch or brunch or whatever the hell it is.

Not so proper anymore.

Well, if she's doing it, then so am I.

I pulled out a pair of light blue pajama bottoms, a black hoodie, and fixed my hair into one of those messy buns. Oh, and a pair of sneakers.

"Are you wearing a bra under there?" I asked her.

"No."

"Panties?"

"No."

"Socks?"

"No."

"Then I'm done," I said.

There were a few people walking by and eyed our very erect nipples in the mid February weather, but what the fudge ever.

"I see you're as chipper as Rosie this noon?" Emmett grinned as Rose and I got in their Jeep.

"Shut up and drive, Officer Crap-head," I grumbled.

He laughed.

Rose and I flipped him off.

We snuggled.

Then we were jostled awake by a laughing Emmett, saying that we were there. And glancing out the window, I saw that everyone else were, too. Jasper and Alice. Edward and SkankaBitch. Lovely.

"Come on, ladies," he chuckled.

"We don't wanna!" Rose whined.

I agreed with her.

Then we were upside down again.

Emmett is a big guy. He grabbed us both and threw us over his shoulders, and we were in too much pain to argue. We did whine like puppies, though.

"Oh, dear! Emmett, what did you do to my girls!?" Mama C gasped as we apparently entered the living room.

Yeah, I changed her to Mama C.

Rose and I yelped as Big E threw us like fudging ragdolls on a couch.

Rose flipped him off, and I stuck out my tongue.

Then we snuggled together on the couch in our comfy outfits after Mama C ordered Emmett to take off our shoes.

I love her.

"How are ya this morning?" Alice laughed.

"C'mere," I said and hooked my finger for emphasis, cause I had important shit to do but I couldn't move.

She came over, and I groaned as I sat up straighter, but I managed at least. And then I did what I've done whenever I've seen Alice for the past few weeks; I exposed her flat belly and kissed it.

"G'morning, munchkin. Auntie Bella loves you but I don't feel good today. Sleep well and grow up so I can see you soon."

Then it was Rose. "Morning, Whitlock-spawn. When you grow up I'm gonna show how much I love you by forbidding you to drink."

This happened every day. Normal behavior.

"How are you girls today?" Papa C grinned.

"Not good, Papa C," Rose said – yep, she also adopted the nicknames.

A memory came to me then. "No, it's not good. Edward flashed his boobs to us last night."

Right?

But did I really only call him Edward?

Hmm.

There was laughing all around. And SkankaBitch narrowed her eyes at me.

She and hubby-to-be were looking fine as ever. Fancy clothing. Fuck them.

"That's not really what happened, now is it?" Edward said with narrowed eyes. But the corners of his mouth were twitching.

What did he say?

Oh, right. "Then you tell the story 'cause that's how I remember it... I think."

What the hell happened last night?

And then Edward did. Tell us, that is. With help from Emmett and Alice.

Rose and I were mortified.

"That's fucking awful!" Rose groaned after Emmett told us how Rose puked in bed – something she didn't even remember. "I'm so sorry, babe."

"What the fudge ever," I huffed. "I don't even remember how I got home!"

"Edward helped you." Emmett shrugged.

"He did what!?" Jane, I, and Mama C exclaimed, although in different tones. The SkankaBitch growled, I gasped in mortification, and Mama C giggled.

"I think I need some air," I groaned and stood up.

Shoving my feet into my sneakers, I stepped out in the cold, and sat my ass down in one of the wooden chairs on their wraparound porch.

After hearing about how embarrassing I was at the bar, I don't even wanna know what I said when Edward took me home. I know I'm a talker when I'm drunk, and I can only imagine that I took shit too far.

"Is someone embarrassed?" asked a velvet voice.

Damn it all to hell.

"No," I lied.

I can't fudging believe I called him Dr. SexEdSon C. I mean, what the hell *is* that? That was the only thing he told me I had said as he was in my apartment. He refused – with a wink – to divulge the rest.

Edward sat down next to me, and I want my mommy.

"Where's Ska-Jane?" Shit, that was close.

"She's inside with my mom." He shrugged.

"Mama C," I corrected.

"I'm not going to call my mother Mama C," he chuckled with a shake of his head.

I wanna *lick* him.

"Whatever," I sighed. "So... are ya gonna tell me how embarrassing I was when you took me home?"

His eyes were full of mischief, and I just fudging knew I had been... not subtle.

Hot fudge.

"You mean apart from calling me all sorts of Sexward?" He grinned.

I smacked his chest.

"I was drunk, you ass. And like you Cullens don't know how hot you are," I huffed.

Nice save.

Oh, *déjà vu*.

"You said that last night, too," he laughed.

Oh...

Then he gave me some odd look, and turned his body to face me more fully. "You sang," he said softly.

Motherfudging crap.

"Oh, God," I groaned, burying my face in my hands. "What did I sing? Otis? I tend to sing Otis Redding when I'm drunk... Oh, Shit! I sang Nina Simone, didn't I? Fuuuudge!" I groaned again. Damn me. I always embarrass myself by singing Nina Simone, and no one can sing like her. And then an even more mortifying image popped up. Me singing John Lee Hooker's 'Boom, Boom'. It can't get worse than that. 'Cause I shake my booty when I sing that one.

"Please," I whimpered. "Tell me I didn't sing John Lee Hooker, 'cause sometimes I do that, but only when I'm alone! I just like have a thing for the glasses and the hat..." Then I gasped and looked up at Edward. "Fuck, I didn't show you the hat, did I?"

But then I sorta stopped because Edward looked mad.

I know I've been rambling bullshit, but does that make him mad? I mean, isn't clenching your jaw, closing your eyes, and pinching the bridge of your nose a little too over the top?

"Edward? Did I say something wrong?"

In a whiplash movement, he was staring at me with... like, really dark eyes. "Is that the music you listen to? Lee Hooker, Simone, Redding?"

I nodded and looked at him confused.

Does that make him mad?

What a twisted fuck, in that case.

"You sang a very beautifully garbled version of Fats Domino's 'Walking to New Orleans'," he sighed with some weird far-away-look.

One word popped up.

"Garbled?" I frowned.

His eyes met mine then and he chuckled. "Yeah, you were sorta brushing your teeth while you did it."

Can someone shoot me?

I'll even beg.

But damn, that is one good song. I wonder why I thought of it, though. I haven't listened to Fats in a long time. Is that record still in Phoenix? I better call mom later.

"It's a great song," I mumbled before looking up at Edward again. "You don't happen to know why I sang that one, huh?"

"You were talking about New Orleans. Don't ask me why." He snickered. "I have no idea what brought that subject up."

Huh.

Well, I *am* weird.

"I love New Orleans, though," I muttered to myself. "Have you ever been there?"

Maybe I could go there on vacation this summer... That actually sounds awesome. Maybe with friends... maybe with my parents...

I'll think about it.

Damn, I'm scatter brained.

"A few times." He nodded. "Music festivals."

That had my attention!

"Really?" I asked excitedly. "Fudge, you're so lucky! Which ones have you visited?"

He got this animated look on his face, and I had to fight the urge to kiss his nose of all things.

Adorable.

Twinkling eyes.

"The best one was definitely House of Soul and Rn'B three years ago. It was sort of a block party with musicians everywhere. One week of nothing but New Orleans music. Fucking awesome."

Okay, I'm jealous.

"Ah, man, that sounds wonderful," I sighed wistfully. "I've never been to a festival or anything, but when we were there, they had this contest, and there were cover bands doing all my favorites." I smiled at the memory of our time in New Orleans. It was really an awesome vacation. "Mom and I were there to take in the culture, and we both fell in love with the music." I chuckled at the thought of Charlie, though. "Dad on the other hand was there to catch bullfrogs and go fishing."

Edward laughed carefree, and why do I want to kiss his nose? I mean, it is adorable... well, not adorable. It's manly and straight. But it crinkles adorably when he laughs.

"Did he catch any?" he laughed. "And how long were you there? That can be an awful lot of frogs."

"Two weeks when I was fifteen, and yes, he was so proud when they came back. He had caught fourteen of them." I grinned before I shuddered. "Nasty shits."

That made Edward laugh harder, and it made me feel giddy and so warm and it was like rainbows, leprechauns, fireworks, and butterflies.

Then it hit me as I looked at his handsome face, so happy and serene.

Double mega fudge.

I'm in love him.

"Edward? Bella? It's lunch," Papa C announced from the door then.

It was like a bubbled had burst, and I don't think I was the only one who noticed. Edward sighed heavily and gave me a wistful smile before we headed in.

*o*o*o*

Another few weeks have passed, and now everyone knows I'm in love with Doctor, Doctor Cullen.

Just great.

I'm trying not to think about it, because there are many good things in my life to focus on. For one, I may have walked in on Edward once or seven times as he has his midday delight in his bathroom. And he may have once or seven times moaned out my goddamn name when he comes.

To be honest, the first time was accidental... but, after that, I may have looked for reasons to knock on his door before lunch.

Oh, and he's very vocal.

"Goddamnit... yes... oh, Bella..."

"Fuck, Bella... that's it..."

"Yes, right there... ah... Bella... fuck..."

"Mmm, Bella... so fucking good..."

Or my favorite.

"*BELLA!*"

Apparently I'm good.

I just wish I was there.

Yes, I really wish I was there, because to be honest, I'm getting really fucking horny.

Any-fudging-way, there are many things in my life that's good. Not just my stalker-listening.

Alice is almost three months along now, and I love her so much, so *much* for carrying my nephew. Ah, yes. There's a bet going on, and I'm certain that it's a boy. 'Cause she eats more than Emmett.

I named the baby Hercules but no one likes it.

What else...

Oh, my parents are visiting next week!

Can't fudging wait!

Lastly, I'm really close with Edward. He's become an awesome friend, and we have lots and lots in common, but mostly we talk music. And it's funny, because sometimes we sing quietly to ourselves, and then the other will hear, and it will go too far where we end up singing or whistling that tune all day long or until Rose, Emily or Doctor Curly snaps.

*o*o*o*

I hate it when kids cry.

I've managed to get sniffing little Michelle to go from sobbing to whimpering, so it's progress, but she's just too cute to cry.

"Feeling a little better?" I asked after I had handed her the green sucker.

She sniffled and nodded shyly.

Her mom was with baby brother and Edward, and I took care of Michelle at my desk. Michelle's baby brother is a newborn with colic, and so fudging cute it's insane. Even with his face red from screaming.

Just then I heard the voices of Edward, and Michelle's mom, and I knew just how to cheer Michelle up.

"Michelle, sweetie?"

"Yea?" she hiccupped and looked up at me with those glistening brown eyes.

Edward and the mother came into view then, and I pointed at Edward.
"See Dr. Eddie there?"

Michelle nodded.

"Do you wanna see how I can make him sound like a sheep?" I asked grinning.

"Yes," she giggled.

Victory is mine!

Bella loves giggling.

"Dr. Eddie?" I called to get his attention.

He rolled his eyes but grinned at his nickname, and came over with mommy dearest – who should care more about baby brother than Eddie’s ass.

“What is it, Bella?” he chuckled at me before smiling warmly at Michelle in my lap.

“Just listen to this, sweetie,” I told her before turning to Edward. “Doctor, doctor, I feel like a sheep!”

“That’s baaaaaaaad!” Edward responded with his crooked smile.

Both Edward and I smiled hugely as Michelle broke down in a case of the giggles.

“Are you laughing at me, princess?” Edward asked and tickled Michelle.

I think my ovaries swooned.

“You think your... did *what?*” Edward asked, bewildered.

Oh, my fucking lordy.

I said that out loud? Shit, shit, fuckity, assmonkey!

Mommy dearest snickered behind him.

Michelle was still giggling.

Bella was mortified.

“Michelle, honey, it’s time to go home,” Mommy dearest said.

She winked at me, and I sent her a grateful smile for getting Edward’s attention.

I said goodbye to Michelle, and as soon as they were gone, I tried to look motherfudging busy with sorting charts for Dr. Cullen and Dr. Whitlock.

I am a professional.

With swooning ovaries. Apparently.

"Bella?" a velvet voice sang.

No.

I'm sorting files.

"Bella, you think your ovaries did what?"

I know I was blushing crimson as I looked up from the cabinet and met Edward's very amused expression.

"May I help you, Dr. Cullen?" I asked curtly.

"Damn, Bella," he laughed. "Avoiding the question, are we?"

"No, I'm avoiding the answer," I replied, not missing a beat.

"Oh, come on, I wanna hear."

Then, fuck me if I wasn't saved by the bell. The doorbell.

Edward's next patient was here.

Thank you.

I smirked at him and he gave me a playful scowl before heading to the exam room.

I avoided him or kept myself insanely busy for the rest of the day, but when I came home that night, I decided that it was time to let Edward know how I felt.

Starting slow.

Starting with that texting-idea Jake came up with at the bar.

Rose, I'm losing my mind. I can't stop thinking about him :(Call me when you can. I need some cheering up. xo – Bella.

Then I deliberately sent it to Edward.

I also sent it to Rose, Ali, and Jakey, telling them that I sent it to Edward.

The cards have been dealt, bitch! Good for you! – Jakey.

Yes! Good for you, B. About time you picked it up a notch! xxx – Alice.

I approve, girl! Love ya – Rose.

Yeah, now we'll just have to see how he responds...

Edward didn't respond, but Rose called a few hours later.

"Hey, chica," I answered.

"Okay, you want the scoop?"

Nice greeting, eh?

"Scoop about what?"

"Emmett just got off the phone with our Eddie. I may or may not have picked up the phone in the bedroom to listen in."

Oh, man, oh man! Bring the popcorn.

AND BUTTER!

"Spill!" I demanded, cuddling my ass down on my couch.

"Okay, so, Edward called, and he was... weird. It was like he tried to find out shit about you without sounding... weird about it."

"Explain," I groaned.

I'm dying here!

Death by suspense.

"He tried to come off as casual, asking about what was new in life. He pretty much crossed us all off a goddamn list. Like, anything new in your life? No? And what about Rose. Jasper? Alice? Hmm... anything new about Bella? But he wasn't casual for shit," she laughed.

I felt like one of those bubbly girls- wait. I *am* one of those. Anyway, all I wanna do is squeal out, 'does he like me, does he like me?'

"So, what did Big E say?" I pressed.

"He was clueless, of course. Which is probably why Edward called his brother instead of Jazz, because Jazz would've seen through him. And Emmett didn't say much. He was mostly confused, and wondered why he asked the questions 'cause Eddie is around the family as much as Em is, ya know? So, I doubt Edward got much out of it."

"Hmm, we'll just have to see if he acts differently tomorrow," I thought out loud.

"Yeah, and you might wanna crank it up some more, B."

"Whaddya mean?" I asked, confused.

"Gee, I don't know... Drop a fucking pen or something and bend over."

"Cause that's subtle," I snorted.

She was quiet for awhile before responding. *"You know what, Bella, I'll think of something. Just follow my lead tomorrow at lunch."*

Chapter 6

Bella POV.

"What's in the container, BellyBee?"

"Fuck, shit, motherfucking, assballs with pineapplespunk," I hissed under my breath before unlocking the door.

I ignored Emmett behind me and just entered the practice, heading straight for the lunch room.

"Why aren't ya answering me!" he whined from behind the desk.

Yes, Rose and I have banned him from the lunch room unless it's lunch.

"Because you haven't greeted me, you oaf," I replied, shrugging off my jacket.

I'm still in love with my pink scrubs. Just FYI.

"I'm sorry, Bella. Hello. How do you do and all that shit. Can you please tell me what you baked for today?"

Such a boy, I thought as I walked out to the desk and took my seat. "I made chocolate cake with white chocolate frosting and raspberry cream."

I smiled sweetly as Emmett's mouth dropped to the floor.

The door opened then and both Jasper and Edward walked in – them both having patients early this morning.

"What's up, doc!" I grinned at Jasper.

He answered with a forced smile. "That'll never get old," he said through clenched teeth.

"I know." I shrugged before turning to Sexward who was giving me some odd look. "Doctor, doctor, you have to help me out!"

I actually thought I had him with that one, but as he rolled his eyes and shook his head in amusement, I knew that he'd heard this one, too.

"Well, of course. Which way did you come in?"

"Fudge," I hissed in defeat.

"What's going on with Emmett?" Jasper asked then.

"Oh, I just told him what I baked for today." I waved him off.

Jasper and Edward both looked at me with the you-better-tell-us-because-we're-your-bosses look.

So, I sighed and told them. "Chocolate cake with white chocolate frosting and raspberry cream."

"Damn, that sounds delicious," Jasper sighed dreamily.

Edward nodded in agreement, and added, "Yeah, and it better be huge."

"That's what she said!" Emmett and I both exclaimed.

Then we stared at each other for two seconds before bursting out in laughter.

"Are you sure you two aren't related?" Jasper yawned before retreating to his office.

"Nah, we're just equally awesome!" I laughed.

"Damn straight." Emmett grinned. "Alright, I better get back to work."

"Yeah, go save the town from all the criminals," I giggled.

He narrowed his eyes at me and huffed something under his breath before he left.

And then there were two.

And he was still eyeing me weirdly, like frowning and pursing his lips. Could this by any chance have anything to do with a certain text message?

"You okay, Eddie?" I chirped, knowing full well that I was only allowed to call him that in front of kiddos.

"Yep, just fine." He nodded before quickly hauling his fine ass towards his office.

Well, alright then.

Rose arrived a few minutes later, laughing her ass off, and when I asked why, she just told me to ask what Emmett did yesterday when he was in Port Angeles with his deputy.

So, I will.

A few hours later I had this song stuck in my head 'cause I heard Sexward humming it, and it just. Wont. Get. Out.

So, I started singing it quietly instead of even bothering banging my head on the front desk to get rid of it. But then again, I love my Otis, and "Sittin' on the Dock by the Bay" is an awesome song.

*Sitting in the morning sun
I'll be sitting when the evening comes*

*Watching the ships roll in
And I watch 'em roll away again*

*Sitting on the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll away
I'm just sitting on the dock of the bay
Wasting time*

I noticed a double booked appointment for Jasper that I hadn't made, so I made my way to his office and knocked.

*I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the 'Frisco bay
'Cause I had nothin to live for
And look like nothing's gonna come my way*

No answer...

I went to his exam room then.

*Look like nothing's gonna change
Everything still remains the same
I can't do what ten people tell me to do
So I guess I'll remain the same*

*Sittin here resting my bones
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
It's two thousand miles I roamed
Just to make this dock my home*

No one there.

I heard a chuckle and spun around to see Sexward, leaning against the doorway to his office, looking sexy as ever in his blue scrubs.

"Something, funny?" I asked, smiling just because I sorta have a thing for his smile.

"You," he replied. "Got a song stuck?"

I mock-glared at him. "Yeah, thanks by the way. I can't get it out!"

"*That's what he said!*" I heard Emily yell from Exam room 2.

"Shame on you, Emily!" Edward laughed. "You're not supposed to be like Bella and Emmett."

"Hey!" I exclaimed, so fudging ready to defend myself. "Aint nothing wrong with a little humor, mister."

"Humor is supposed to be funny, Bella," he sang, walking away.

Damn.

What a lovely ass.

I sighed dreamily, watching the ass walk away.

I just... wanna take a *bite*... ya know?

But then he turned around, looking surprised when he saw that I was still in the same spot... looking at him. And it hit me then that he did in fact just caught me checking him out. It wasn't just something the girls and I had come up with anymore. It actually fucking happened, and now I don't have to fake a blush, 'cause it's very real, and so fucking *there*. In my *face*. Or *on* it. Whatever.

Oh, my God.

I'm turning around.

I'm heading for Exam room 2 where Emily is.

"Hey, chica," I chuckled breathlessly as I closed the door behind me.

Did I just run a goddamn marathon?

"Uh, hey, Bella?"

Yeah, I don't know what I'm doing here either, Emily.

Luckily there was no patient. She was just doing paper work.

Think fast, think fast.

I checked my watch.

Bingo.

"Yeah, so uh... it's lunch in ten minutes..."

Emily is watching me like I just told her I believe in vampires and that they have sparkling dicks.

If I was one of those... would I have sparkling ovaries?

Just thinking.

"Uhm... I know," she replied slowly.

I know I'm weird, Emily.

"Okay." I nodded. "See ya soon then."

Glancing out the doorway, I breathed out a 'phew' before I mumbled 'all clear' to myself.

And then because I'm a freak, I remembered it was right before lunch.

I know where Sexward is right now.

I'm gonna knock.

I knocked.

No answer.

Knocked again... just a *little* louder.

No answer.

Ah, would ya look at that, the door's open.

I stepped in.

Mmmmoaning.

Grrrrroaning.

I heard him. Oh, boy, I heard him.

Come on, talk to me, baby.

"Fuck, yeah... you're a... fuck... a cockteaser, you know that?"

Oooh, someone's vocal today.

And am I? Am I a cockteaser? Huh. Never thought about it. The only thing I know is that I need new panties.

"God, I wish I could punish you..."

"Shit," I breathed quietly.

Oh, pretty, pretty please, punish me! Hard! Repeatedly!

I really need to get laid. Damn, when was the last time? More that two months before I left Phoenix? Gosh darn it, that's almost five months ago.

"... I would... fuck that pussy... I bet you're tight..."

"Oh, God," I whimpered under my breath, rubbing my thighs together.

"Would you like that, Bella?"

Fuck, yes. I really would. I would love it if you pressed me up against a wall and slammed into me.

"Fuck... I'm close... God, you're so sexy..."

Yeah, and you're stupid for not leaving Jane.

With that thought, I left his office before I got caught.

Unsatisfied.

And if he's whistling when he comes out, I swear on all things holy, I will kick his post coital ass.

I ran into Rose on the way back to the lunchroom, and told her everything. Including the part about kicking his ass if he shoves his face in my direction.

"Well, things are about to change," she told me cryptically as we reached the lunchroom.

I was so horny and in love that I didn't care if she screamed out how badly I wanted him, so I just let her words go.

"Ladies," Emmett greeted, tipping an imaginary top hat.

"Hey, Big E." I grinned. "Rose told me earlier that I was supposed to ask you what you did yesterday."

"Aaaw, Rosie!" he whined. "You promised you wouldn't say anything!"

Both Rose and Jasper were laughing, so I figured he already knew.

"Tell me!" I demanded.

Emmett refused, so Jasper took over.

"Yesterday when he and Mark were on their way home from Port Angeles, they stopped at McDonalds drive through..." Jasper was laughing too hard now, so Rose stepped in. She was also laughing very, very hard, and I was bouncing in my seat.

"So, they're at the drive through, and they order... and Emmett says they want... the food to go!"

My eyes went to Emmett, and before I allowed myself to break down, I had to ask.

"Just a second," I giggled. "You're in the *drive through*... and you ask to have it *to go*?"

He nodded sullenly. "It just came out."

"My God, Emmett!" I laughed. Oh, I laughed. Damn, it felt good.

Tears were involved and I couldn't help to think back on the night at the bar, and we told him stupid shit about police officers. Emmett, Emmett, Emmett.

"What's so funny?" Emily asked as she came in.

But before Rose could retell it, I heard goddamn *whistling*.

I growled. It was fury. Blazing and shit.

I was out of my seat, ready to kick his ass for using me to get off... without me.

Rose pushed me down in my seat again.

She's a strong little shit.

Okay, she's bigger than me, but... she's strong.

Damn.

"I'm starving," Edward announced as he entered the lunchroom with a post fudging coital smile.

"I bet you are," I grumbled under my breath.

Rose calmed me down, telling me that she had a plan.

I was okay with that, and soon we were all sitting down, eating the food we had delivered from The Lodge.

Alice and Jakey were busy working, so it was just us the worked at CW... oh, and Emmett.

"Bella, Emily, have you guys seen 'When Harry met Sally?'" Rose asked... conversationally?

"Yeah, it's good." Emily nodded excitedly.

"I beg to differ," I huffed. "I don't like Billy Crystal."

"He's adorable for an older guy!" Emily argued, and Rose agreed.

"Fuck no," I replied, thoroughly disgusted. "That dude is all pruny, and his hair looks like grey pubes." I shook my head in disgust at the old fart. "I bet his balls look like to raisins."

Glancing up from my salad, I noticed five sets of eyes on me.

One... two... three...

They all burst out in laughter.

I don't understand. The dude is old!

"That's just great, Bella, don't hold back!" Jasper laughed.

"God, Bella, I just lost my appetite!" Emily chuckled.

"Why?" I asked. "Did you order a dish of raisins or anything?"

Another round of laughter.

Anyway, I'll just wait until they're done.

It took a while.

"That's not why I asked!" Rose exclaimed, effectively silencing everyone's laughter.

"Then why did ya ask, Rose?" I wondered, cocking an eyebrow for good measure.

"I asked because I wanted your input on Meg Ryan's orgasm noises."

Everyone went silent.

I was on to her. I love her.

Edward actually blushed and looked down. True story.

Jasper gagged. "You're my cousin, Rosie. I don't wanna hear about that shit."

"I do!" Emmett boomed.

"Why? Don't you hear them otherwise?" I just had to ask, right?

"Hardy-fucking-har-har," he deadpanned, giving me a glare, too.

I just smiled sweetly at him.

"No, but seriously, I don't think Meg Ryan did a good job," Rose said with a thoughtful expression.

She's a good actress.

And here comes my line. "No? How would you do it then, Rose?"

She didn't even hesitate to start.

"Oh... Oh, fuck!" she moaned, closing her eyes in pleasure. "Yes," she hissed. "Yes, right there, Emmett!" Then she turned to gasping. "Oh, shit! Yes. Yes. Yes! Fuck, yes!!!"

Silence.

Jasper gagged.

Emmett breathed heavily.

Edward... actually looked more like Jasper. "Rose, you're like my goddamn sister. Don't do that again. Please."

Oh, he shouldn't have said that.

"Fine," she retorted, turning to me. "How would you do it, B?"

And there it is, ladies and fuckers.

She was all innocent when asking me, of course. Because there was just no way Rose had a point with all this. This was not a way for Edward to hear me moan. Oh, God no.

"Hmm." I pondered, looking up. Index finger on my chin, tapping, of course. "I guess I'm a bit more about whimpering desperately. Breathly moans is more me, I think."

"Care to share?" she asked amusingly.

Not at all.

"Sure." I shrugged, leaning back in my chair, and closing my eyes.

"Oh, God... ungh... yes," I whimpered.

"Oh, oh... please... *More...*" I moaned.

"Yes! Oh, *fuck*, yes! Harder... *please!*" I gasped then. "Yes! Right there!!!"

I'm awesome.

And I need to get laid.

ASAP.

It was very quiet when I opened my eyes.

Jasper didn't really have an expression.

Rose and Emily both looked amused as hell.

Edward looked like he was in pain. Almost as if he was restraining himself from doing... something.

Emmett gagged. "Sorry, B, but you are like a sister to me... So, no... nuh-uh. In fact, I'd like to give you a big brother speech. You're not to have sex until you're married."

I guffawed at that. "What the fudge made you believe I'm a virgin, Big E? I may be young, but hell, since when did people lose their v-cards when they were twenty-one?"

"Emmett was nineteen." Rose grinned. "But that's because the goof waited for me."

"That's adorable." I smiled. It really was, especially when you think about how guys usually can't wait to have sex. And then I did the math, and I had to laugh, "Wow, he waited until you were seventeen, Rose? That's a whole year after the consented age."

"I know, he's my gentleman," she giggled.

"Okay, lunchtime is over," Edward announced, standing up before quickly getting out of here.

Bye, bye, fine ass.

"You chicks are lethal," Jasper muttered, but his mouth was twitching in amusement.

"Don't know what you're talking about," Rose replied nonchalantly.

"Uh-huh, sure you don't," Emmett chuckled. "So, this isn't some crazy idea to get Eddie to dump Jane?"

I started whistling, averting my eyes to the ceiling.

Rose did the same.

"By all means, keep the good work up... But let me know if you want real advice," Jasper said then.

He had our attention.

"Do tell." I grinned.

"As much as I wouldn't mind seeing Edward with Bella, she's still like a sister, so... goodbye, people," Emmett said.

"No cake?" I asked him, bewildered.

"Oh. My. God," he whispered shakily. "What is happening to me? I forgot about cake?"

It actually turned into whining at the end.

Poor soul.

After handing him a big ass piece, he left with a huge grin.

And Emily took her piece to her office/Exam room.

"Now, spill," Rose told him.

I nodded in agreement, 'cause yeah, I wanna know.

"All dudes have turn on's." He shrugged. "And though I know that whatever it is that you're already doing works fine, you haven't gone in for the kill yet."

"What's the kill?" I asked, really, really interested.

"You, my sweet, sweet Bella," he grinned wickedly, "should not wear your contacts."

Huh?

"Eh, what?" Rose asked.

Jasper rolled his eyes. "Glasses, ladies. Edward has a thing for glasses."

Rose and I both leaned back in our chairs, thinking shit over.

Glasses?

Sure I have glasses, but I use my contacts.

And he likes glasses?

I thought that was what guys *didn't* like. And he likes it.

And then I understood.

"Aaaaaah," I said, nodding. "Librarian, right?"

"Exactly." He nodded back.

I made a mental note to buy new glasses.

Chapter 7

Bella POV.

Friday.

It's April 1st today. Ya know, April fools and all that shit.

Yeah, stuff is about to go down.

Oh, and my parents are coming tomorrow. I can't wait. Mama C even invited them over for brunch on Sunday.

My new glasses also arrived yesterday, just saying.

To be perfectly honest, I needed new ones. My old ones were too ugly to be used. So, now I have black rimmed glasses, AKA librarian style. They're fucking hot to be honest.

I'm so wearing them today.

*o*o*o*

"Morning, Bella," Jasper grumbled, walking through the door.

"What's up, doc!" I grinned.

I'm actually getting sick of that one. I might stop. Soon. Maybe.

Jasper groaned in frustration but stopped mid-groan when he saw my glasses.

That cheered him the fuck up.

"Oh, *this* I gotta see," he laughed. "When's Edward coming in?"

I checked his schedule.

"Any minute now." I smiled.

Jasper ran at full speed to his office only to return in his work clothes a minute later.

"You really think he'll notice?" I asked somewhat warily.

This was a guy I was really in love with, and I might have cried a bit yesterday. You know, feeling sorry for myself and all that.

I really want him.

"Nope. I don't think. I know," he replied confidently.

Let's hope so, I thought just as the door opened.

I looked up at him from the desk, wearing the same smile I do every morning.

"Good morning, Edward."

He said nothing.

He was watching me with wide eyes. And he gulped.

I think he noticed the glasses.

Jasper snickered behind me.

"Edward, are you okay?" I asked, faking concern.

He seemed to snap out of it then.

"Uh... yea... you, too. I'll be in my office."

Uhmmm, okay?

"Thank you, Bella," Jasper laughed as soon as Edward was gone. "You just made my day!"

Mhmm, but Edward avoided me for the rest of *my* day.

I'm beginning to lose hope.

I skipped the whole April fools bullshit.

*o*o*o*

"Bella, don't forget to call me tomorrow," Rose said as we were locking up for the day. "You sure you don't want anyone to go with you to Seattle?"

She's been concerned about me all day. I don't like that. I'm perfectly fine, you know.

"I'll be fine, Rose. Promise." I smiled as genuinely as possible.

She frowned. Busted.

Thankfully she let it go, anyway. I mean, there's nothing that can be done.

“Emmett will swing by your place tomorrow morning with the Jeep...”

I was about to thank her yet again for letting me borrow their car for picking my parents up at Sea-Tac, but *that* fudging voice interrupted, coming up from behind me.

“Are you picking your parents up by yourself?”

With a deep sigh, I turned around and came face-to-chest with Sexward.

Rose kissed my cheek, now standing behind me, and said toodles. Yes, she said toodles.

Concerned or not, she still thinks Edward will be mine. Soon.

I don't.

“Yes,” I answered him. “My parents’ flight comes in at noon, and I’ll be there to pick them up. Em and Rose were kind enough to let me borrow their car.”

Glancing up at him, I saw that he was once more looking at my damn glasses, and I wondered if maybe they were too much of a distraction for him. Because apparently he can't speak when I wear them.

“I can drive you,” he seemingly blurted out then.

This is where time stops in a movie, and I turn to the camera and ask, ‘what to do, what to do?’

In actuality, time didn't stop and there was no camera.

“If you want to, of course,” he added, now appearing to realize what he offered, and also not retracting.

Interesting.

“Eight hours in a car with me?” I asked him, wanting him to understand what he was really asking. “Four of those will be with my parents.”

I heard a cry then, and Edward heard it, too.

Both of us followed the direction of the cry, and what I saw made my skin boil.

It was Victoria... and what I presumed was her boyfriend or baby-daddy.

Baby-daddy was about to become pig-food if he kept this up. Yes, I’ve heard the mafia fed their pigs with killed victims, because the pig digested everything. Including bone. That would work great right about now.

The ponytailed prick-a-douche and Victoria were standing outside the only bar we had here in Forktown – across the street, a few houses over from Alice’s salon – and it was quite fucking obvious that they were fighting.

I gave him a onceover and came to a conclusion. I could not take him, but I could so take him. No, that did not make any sense at all. But I’m gonna hope I can take him. Dad taught me a lot.

“Oh, no, you don’t,” I heard Edward say, holding me back with a hand on my shoulder. I guess I had been on my way over.

Damn, I even forgot he was even here.

“Let go, I have some ass to kick,” I seethed quietly, my eyes trained on prick-a-douche.

I could also put prick-a-douche on fire... Just a thought.

“No, you don’t, Bella.”

I turned around to glare at him. “What?” I gritted out, “you’re just gonna stand there and do nothing?!”

He held up his phone. "While you were mumbling about pig-food and digestion, I texted Emmett. He's on duty and will be here in ten minutes."

Oh...

Oh.

"Well, that's just not good enough," I replied, turning around again only to see prick-a-douche and Victoria enter the bar. "See, they're going in, Edward. I'll follow and keep an eye on them."

"Fuck, you're stubborn," he huffed. "And insane if you think I'll let you go in there alone."

"Then I guess we're both going," I shot back, already making my way across the street.

I could totally take that guy. I could pull his disgusting ponytail off- yes! I can scalp the fucker!

"Goddamnit, Bella," Edward growled behind me, catching up, too. "I just don't want you to get hurt, can't you understand that?!"

"I won't get hurt," I huffed.

"Wait, wait!"

I was about to open the door for the bar when Edward once again pulled me back.

I glared at him.

He clarified. "I'm just saying that maybe we shouldn't just barge in there. Think about it."

I can't think! I wanna punch and turn prick-a-douche into a snack!

“Act, Bella. I’m telling you to at least *act* like you’re just there to get a fucking drink. Don’t go in there just to stare at them.”

Ah, now I get it.

“You’re smart, Sexward. I knew I kept you around for a reason.” I nodded.

“Gee, thanks,” he snarked.

I ignored him. “Okay, so we’re just two co-workers getting a drink after work.”

With that said, I opened the door to the smokey bar, and headed straight for a table close to prick-a-douche and Victoria.

Edward followed and sat down next to me so we both had a clear view of prick-a-douche, but I also suspected that he sat down, blocking my exit if I wanted to purchase pig-food.

Where might one find pigs in Forktown, though?

“Emmett will be here in minutes, Bella. Calm down,” Edward murmured softly and way too close for my liking... or *his* liking if he didn’t wanna be licked.

On his nose.

“We’re keeping an eye on them, aren’t we? Nothing will happen in a bar,” he continued, placing a hand on my hand that was apparently crushing the wood on the table.

Maybe not crushing, but trying.

Maybe I should breathe.

Yeah, I'll try that.

But then I saw prick-a-douche grab Victoria's arm really roughly.

"Nothing will happen in a bar, my ass," I hissed, ready to jump over the table if Edward didn't let me out, but... Edward wasn't next to me anymore.

How the hell did that happen?

Then I saw that he was already on his way over to prick-a-douche.

I hauled my ass over there.

"Let go of her," I heard Edward growl to Ponytail.

I tried keeping my eyes on Victoria who looked terrified, and it hit me that maybe Ponytail didn't know about the pregnancy yet.

"What I do with my girl's got shit to do with you," Ponytail spat.

I clenched my fists.

Oh, but I didn't have to do that, because, because, because, holy shit, Edward punched Ponytail!

Holy crapper, that did *not* sound like the punches in Die Hard! John McClane is so faking it!

This was more of a thud.

Victoria yelped then, and more fists were flying.

"We've already called the police!" I shouted to the bartender.

I hurried over to grab her, keeping a hand on her stomach as we made our way over to a safer spot. But I just couldn't take my eyes off Ponytail

and Edward. There was shouting everywhere, some for them to stop, and some for them to continue. Wacky people!

He was just so goddamn strong! Edward, I mean. And damn, they were really battling shit out on the floor. It was like schwing-batter-batter-schuWING as Edward's fists went through the air.

And my God, he was hot. Still in his blue scrubs and black ski-jacket, and the freaking beanie... oh, and Converse shoes... so sexy, and holy shit, is his lip busted!?

Oh, no, you did *not* do that to my Edward, Ponytail!

Leaving Victoria behind, I made my way to the middle of the floor to charge at Ponytail for busting Edward's lip, but I was stopped.

"No fucking way, Bella. Stand back!" I heard a booming voice demand.

Emmett.

Him and his deputy – Mark – came flying in like vampires on speed and broke up the fight easily, and fuck me if Ponytail wasn't close to blacking out. My Edward certainly pulled a number on him.

"Edward, are you okay?!" I cried, not even aware of the tears streaming down my face, but now when I think about it, it makes sense. I just witnessed my first bar-fight.

"I'm fine," he grumbled as he padded a napkin over his lip, sitting down on a bar stool while Emmett took Ponytail out. And I think I saw Mark over with Victoria.

"You said nothing happened in bars," I whimpered, itching to touch him.

Not in that way, you skanks!

I just wanna hug him.

Edward's eyes snapped to mine and his face changed.

"Don't cry," he murmured, giving me a half smile. But he flinched, most likely from the pain in his bottom lip. "Come here."

I obeyed and my God, I cried heavier when he hugged me to him.

"Don't cry, beautiful," he whispered.

I cried harder.

"But you're hurt," I cried. *And you're hugging me, and it feels so good...*

"It's just superficial, Bella... I've had worse," he chuckled silently. "Come on, baby, we need to get out of here."

I nodded into his God-smelling neck, and continued clinging to him as he led us out of the bar.

Questioning was next, of course, but Emmett told us that he'd come to the clinic after he dropped Ponytail off at the hospital.

It wasn't like Edward was going to run away from his brother.

So, with Edward's arm around me, we headed for the clinic.

I was still sniffing and blinking away tears from everything that had happened, and I was most likely in shock, but I managed to get the door open.

"Ready to be my nurse?" Edward tried to joke as we made our way to Exam room 1.

I didn't laugh.

"Sit down," I croaked and pointed at the bench that's meant for children.

"Bella," he murmured, "I'm the doctor, remember?"

"Don't care," I said. I knew a thing or two and I needed to fix him now.

"Sit. Down."

I think he did it just to humor me but I didn't care.

Walking over to his work station, I grabbed hydrogen peroxide, gauze, tissues, ibuprofen, and then a glass of water from the water-cooler in the corner.

He watched me. I felt his eyes on me, but I was too distressed to care. This was just something I had to do, and I was glad that he humored me.

"Here, it'll help stop the swelling," I whispered brokenly, handing him the 400 mg ibuprofen pill and the glass of water.

He knew this of course... but I just went through the motions.

"Lie down," I mumbled.

Once again, he obeyed silently.

Turning on the overhead light to see clearer, I grabbed a cotton swab and added a few drops of hydrogen peroxide before I leaned in... so close to his beautiful face.

"It's gonna sting," I whispered, diverting my eyes from his and focused on his cracked lip.

He flinched slightly when I dabbed the swab across his lip, and I blinked back more tears.

"You don't have to do this, beautiful," he whispered.

"Yeah," I croaked, yet again blinking away tears. "I really do."

I realized then that my tears were there for so many reasons. It wasn't just for him getting in a bar fight because I couldn't wait for Emmett. It wasn't just because Ponytail busted his lip open. It was also my months of being nothing but a friend to Edward, knowing that he's to be married to someone who is completely wrong for him – someone who is hurting him. I just want him to... be with me. I want him to love me like I love him.

Shaking my head to clear it, I focused on his lip again.

"It won't need stitches," I mumbled. Leaning over to his table, I grabbed the packet of gauze and tore it open. "Add pressure on the wound for thirty minutes or so. You're not really bleeding anymore so maybe you won't have to go that long."

Trying to keep my hands to myself, I threw away the trash and cleaned off his work-space before I briefly checked his knuckles.

"They'll bruise... but you didn't break skin," I mumbled, mostly to myself. "Some ice should do the trick."

He sat back up and grabbed my hand as I backed away, but I couldn't look him in the eye. It was just too much. I wanted him too much. I wanted to be the one taking care of him. Not because I happened to be at the same place, but because I wish I was his.

The way... Jane is.

"Bella," he breathed.

No.

I can't.

I'm exhausted and have no restraint left.

"Look at me... please."

No.

He pulled me in then, closer to his body, and I felt myself crumble. Crumble as he held me so closely, his arms around my waist and his face so close... our foreheads touching.

Please. Kiss me. Don't kiss me. Love me. Break up with her. Kiss me. Don't kiss me. It's wrong but so right.

Closer.

So close.

My eyes welled up all over again and I clenched them shut.

Our breaths mixed together. Heavy. Mint, coffee, hydrogen peroxide, cherry, and... us.

"I'm sorry..." I heard him whisper. "... but I have to."

Then I felt his lips press against mine.

Chapter 8

Bella POV.

Then I felt his lips press against mine.

The last ounce of restraint flew out the window and I kissed him back. Softly. Warm lips. He flinched slightly at contact with his lip, but he didn't pull away. He *added* pressure. Added. Added. Firmly.

We both shivered and breathed heavier.

He parted his lips, and I did the same, my tears still running freely but I didn't care as his tongue met mine. It was wrong on so many levels. Morally. Physically, too, in our state. Our taste mixed with tears and antiseptics can't be normal, but it was what I had. And I took it. If he changed his mind in an hour or tomorrow... I would take what he gave me.

Our mouths moved together passionately, tongues caressing each other, and it wasn't enough. I needed more. So much more. All of him.

"Edward," I whimpered in his mouth. Pleadingly.

It triggered him, I think, and he started kissing me hungrily. So intense. Desperate. And I clung to him just as desperately, kissing him back with all I had. But still... not enough. More. More. I found his hair, and I tugged. He groaned and the sound, the vibrations... it all sent shivers to my core.

Standing between his legs, he pulled me even closer, his hands cupping my ass firmly. More. Harder. Then... then... he slid his hands underneath my scrubs. Kneading my ass. Roughly. While groaning.

I did the same, placing my hand on his bare chest. He groaned louder, and I moaned. Not enough. Panting. Frantic.

I was igniting. Arching into him... finally. I felt him. Hard. So hard against my abdomen. And his hand traveled. Traveled to my sides. Please, more.

"Please," I moaned in his mouth.

He growled, a sound that soaked my panties, and he lifted me up... switching our positions, so I was sitting... and him standing between my legs. His mouth still firmly attached to mine, our tongues tasting, savoring, and desperate against each other. More. Harder. Still not enough!

My hand descended on his firm body. Pecks. Ribcage. Stomach. Muscular. That trail... leading down. Yes. I was determined and needy, desperate for him. To feel him.

Then...

On the outside of his boxers I felt him. All of him. Big, no, *huge*. Hard.

"Fuck," he hissed as his mouth began trailing wet kisses down my neck.

"Yes."

Yes.

I reached inside his boxers just as both his hands made their way to cup my breasts, and we arched against each other. Yes. Finally. Large hands. Firm. Kneading, pinching... working me.

"I have to, Bella," he grunted as I started stroking his hard cock in my hand. "I fucking need it."

Yes. Please. Me, too.

"Anything," I heard myself moan as he sucked on my pulse point.

His hands grabbed my arms then, and he held them down to the bench.

"Hold on," he said as he hooked his thumbs to the inside of my pants.

I understood and held myself up so he could pull my scrubs down. Gulp. Including panties.

But this was what he gave me. I would take it. I would savor it.

So, I did the same to him, lowering his pants, and freeing his... shit, huge erection.

"Now," I heard myself pant, my eyes fixed on his cock. "I need you."

"Goddamnit... yes," he hissed.

And then we left sanity behind. Or maybe we left that long ago. But he kissed me. Hard. So fucking hard, and I was suddenly on fire. Teeth clashing, tongues battling, hands groping and roaming, his cock... oh God, he ground his cock against me. The tip. The wet tip touched me. More. More. More!

"Need... to feel you," he panted in my mouth.

Before I could register his words, I felt his finger tease my slit. My very soaked slit. And he liked it by the loud moan he gave me. I loved it. He loved it, and added pressure. Parting my folds, he started fingering my pussy slowly, only teasing the entrance as well as my clit.

"More," I whimpered, bucking against him.

"Fuck yes," he groaned, holding my legs up to wrap them around his hips. And then... then, he pushed me back to lean on my elbows... and Jesus, he positioned himself at my entrance.

With our eyes locked in a burning gaze, he pushed firmly but slowly. Into me. Stretching me fiercely. We panted through clenched teeth, just... watching each other, and it was primal... sexy, and desperate. We both needed this. It wasn't just me. Holy shit, he's big.

Swallowing hard, biting down on my lip, I focused on feeling him fill me completely. And then I looked down at where we were joined, and I moaned louder than a goddamn porn star. It was magnificent. Powerful and raw. Connected.

"Christ," I heard him breathe, and glancing up, I noticed that he was watching where we were joined, too.

"Edward," I whispered shakily to get his attention, and once I did, I nodded once at him.

He understood.

Leaning forward, he captured my mouth with his in a sensual and wet kiss before he started moving inside me. Firmly yet slowly, deep and long strokes, not stopping until he hit that spot. *That* spot I had only read about.

"Yes," I gasped, clenching my eyes shut as the shivers buzzed through me.

Encouraged by my gasping and arching, he began to move faster and harder.

"So goddamn tight," he breathed. "I... need more, Bella."

"Yes!" I cried out. "Please, Edward... fuck me."

He growled again and I knew he could feel the gush of wetness that coated his cock, but I didn't care. In fact, I loved it. I wanted him to know what his sounds did to me.

And Edward obeyed. Gripping my hips firmly, he pulled out of me before he slammed into me with a force that left me breathless. And it was this. It was this I wanted, needed, right now.

"Look at us," he moaned. "Look at us, baby."

I did, and the sight brought me closer to an orgasm. He felt me constrict. Yes, we were both equally wide eyed as we watched him fuck my bare pussy. His swollen cock, glistening with my wetness, pounding into me without restraints.

In and out, in and out... deep, disappearing into me... out again, my walls squeezing him tightly... long strokes... his fingers rubbing my clit... slamming into me again, making us both moan out loudly... harder... more... closer... yes...

"Oh, fuck, Edward!" I moaned out, feeling my orgasm approach rapidly.

"Yes, that's it, Bella... I can feel you... goddamnit!" he grunted, increasing his pace.

It was shivers and buzzing and trembling and clenching and shaking...

"Fuck, you're beautiful," he panted.

I exploded.

It was everything.

His body, his heart and soul, his cock, his words, him calling me beautiful... him calling me baby... it felt like I belonged with him... to him.

I came hard, moaning out his name loudly as the orgasm washed over me, through me, pushed me down, it was everywhere. Consuming me with nothing but pure pleasure.

"Fuck, Bella!" I heard him groan, but it sounded far away as I was still so fucking high on my orgasm. "I'm- Goddamnit... ungh... I'm coming!"

His far-away words only prolonged my orgasm, and I milked him fiercely with everything I had. It was beyond anything I had ever felt, and I was truly out of control. It was him... all him, and he owned my body... and heart.

The only thing I knew was that we collapsed together, both panting breathlessly for minutes and minutes while we regained our breaths. Both spent and both sated... and... us both realizing... what just... happened.

I swallowed hard, trying desperately to keep my tears at bay.

Would he run away now? Would he tell me what a great mistake this was?

Probably.

I steeled myself.

Slowly, he pulled out of me, and I hurried to fix my clothing, just waiting... for him to say... something.

It wasn't awkward but it was bad. Really bad.

Silence.

Awesome.

I felt numb as I just kept my eyes fixed on the floor. I heard him sigh, and I could imagine him pinching the bridge of his nose. He always did that. And pulled at his hair...

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

Right.

You're sorry. I know.

So am I, but for other reasons.

"Okay," I breathed, feeling my eyes well up.

He was about to say something, but we were interrupted by Emmett yelling out for us from the reception.

It was a harsh wake up call, and Edward left the room quickly.

"I'm screwed," I mumbled to myself before walking out to face Emmett's questions.

*o*o*o*

Emmett didn't notice the weirdness, and if he did, he played it off as aftershock from our night.

Questions were asked, and we were both cleared after a few hours.

Ponytail, or James, obviously wanted to press charges against Edward, but Victoria actually stepped in and told him that if he did, she would press charges against James. And I was happy to hear that Victoria told Emmett to tell us that she's moving to her mother in Oregon. Yes, I was thrilled that she was finally leaving Ponytail's sorry ass.

Anyway, the three of us parted ways quietly. Edward headed to his car, Emmett told me he'd swing by with the Jeep in the morning, and then I went home.

Crying myself to sleep, but whatever.

My only comfort is that I'll see my parents tomorrow.

*o*o*o*

Saturday was wonderful. It was just what I needed.

I picked Mom and Dad up at the airport a little after noon, and then Dad took us to lunch in Seattle before we headed back to Forktown.

I wasn't surprised to see Alice and Jake run out of their salon when we arrived, and I wasn't surprised when Alice pulled us into the salon either. But it turned out funny as hell. Sure, Mom and Dad were tired, but they were also happy to meet my friends. Though Dad wasn't thrilled about just how close of a friend Jake wanted to be... yeah, you know what I mean. But hey, we got a few laughs out of it. And then when Dad had had

enough, I showed him my apartment and where he could rest for a while before I went back to the salon.

Mom already knows everything about me and Edward – apart from what happened on Friday. No one knew about that – so, it was gossip party in the salon by the time I returned. And we covered everything.

Jake wasted no time in fixing Mom's nails, giving her mani and pedi, and while she got that done, Alice forced me into a chair, and the woman gave me side bangs. To be honest, I'm fudging hot.

The day was just what I needed to forget about my encounter with Edward. It was girly gossip, sex talk, pregnancy talk with Alice, her and Jakey fixing us up... we ordered pizza which Jakey ordered us to eat with utensils since we just got our nails done, and then there was wine. Of course.

Rose showed up around eight pm and that's when we started over to fill her in.

Fucking fabulous.

And now I am, too. Fabulous, that is.

Mom really liked my new glasses, and so does everyone else. Oh, and with side bangs, it looks even better. My hair is all shiny now, too. Alice is magical, I swear.

Of course we touched the subject of Edward more than once, and it took some goddamn hard work to steer them away, but somehow we always ended there again.

Whatever. I may be madly and unhappily in love, but I'm also me. And I'm strong. It's his fucking loss if you ask me. And mine, but I might not

admit to that. Okay, maybe I just did, but I need to keep my shiny haired head held up high.

The night wasn't awesome, though.

Mom and Dad took my bed since my apartment is so small, so I had to sleep on the couch. Hey, it's comfortable and all that but my dad snores. Loudly. I don't understand how my mom stands it.

*o*o*o*

Time for Sunday brunch with the Cullens.

We still had Emmett's Jeep, so I had to listen to Dad's complaining about my driving skills all the way over there, but that's nothing new.

God, I hope Emmett and he will hit it off. Both being Chiefs of Police and all that. And Mom drove me slightly insane when she insisted that I wore a dress.

Don't worry. I fudging won that fight.

I'm rocking a pair of dark washed jeans in dark blue, a black vest top, a grey knitted beanie, and grey ballet flats.

Nothing shall ruin this glorious day.

"Wow, this house is lovely!" Mom beamed as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

"I know, isn't it?" I smiled. "And you gonna fudging love Mama and Papa C."

"Oh, I have no doubt about that." She grinned. "I already love Rose and Alice."

We left the car, but didn't get far before the door was ripped open and Alice and Rose came running out.

"Mama Rae-Rae!" they squealed.

Yes, Mom has become nicknamed.

"Chief!!!" they squealed then.

Mmhmm, Dad is Chief to them.

Oh, there were so many hugs I didn't even bother to count them.

"My sweet Bella!"

Now, *that* squeal I recognized.

"Mama C!" I laughed.

Glancing up the porch, I noticed that the entire family was gathered in the doorway.

Yes, Edward, too. And boy, did he look like he was in pain.

There were more hugs and squeals, Mama C and Mom already claiming to be new best friends and all that shit.

"Chief Charlie." Emmett grinned, putting his hand out for Dad to greet him. "I'm the chief that looks after your whirlwind of a daughter here in Forks."

"Glad to meet ya, son," Dad chuckled, shaking his hand. "God knows those are needed where my Bells is."

"Hey!" I exclaimed. "Don't talk down on me!"

He just ignored me.

"That is one fine Jeep you let her borrow," Dad told him. "Just don't do it again if you wanna keep it."

There were laughs at my expense so I moved the fudge on, joining mom, Mama C, Rose and Alice in the living room.

However.

Emmett and Dad obviously wanted me to hear their bullcrappy, so it didn't take long until we were all gathered in the living room. And surprisingly, I found not only Emmett and Dad getting along. Edward was also laughing at something Dad had said.

I needed something to divert my attention and when I saw Alice...

"Where's my munchkin?" I gushed in baby-talk.

She rolled her eyes at me but stood up dutifully and lifted her blouse.

"Still not growing, huh?" I frowned before kissing her tummy. "You need to grow up and make Mommy fat, so I can see you. Obey Auntie Bella, m'kay?"

"Alright, alright, that's enough," Mama C chuckled. "Sit down now, Bella. We have lots to talk about."

I obeyed Mama C, 'cause you do that.

Looking around the living room, I noticed two things. One, that all the men were gathered in one half of the room, and they were all laughing and talking bullcrappy, and the women were gathered in the other half of the room, and that's not bullcrappy, that's important talk going on.

And two, SkankaBitch aint here.

Huh.

I guess it is a good day after all.

"What'cha wanna talk 'bout?" I chirped.

"Well, first of all I have to say I love your bangs, sweetie, and also your glasses and your outfit!" Mama C beamed, even clapped her hands together. "And second! Why didn't you tell your parents to visit sooner!"

Uh-oh...

"I'm sorry?" I replied, smiling innocently.

"Bells?" I heard dad call then.

Looking over my shoulder, I cocked an eyebrow in question.

"Why didn't you tell me the fishing's good here?"

Uh-oh...

No, wait. That's not my fault.

"Cause I had no fudging idea, Dad," I huffed.

"Baby, I'm talking to you," Mom exclaimed then, grabbing my attention again.

I was going to wring my neck if this continued.

"What'd you say, Mom?"

"I asked you if this is where you gonna have all those babies. In Forks, I mean. Is this where you're settling down?"

Well, first of all... her question threw me off.

And secondly... no, I think the first one was enough.

"I love Forktown if that's what you're asking," I offered.

Could I see myself settling down here? Of course, but to do that, you need a man, a house, and babies.

I have neither, and the man I'm in love with is off the market... even if he fucked me two days ago.

Damn.

"You know, I was only eighteen when I had you, sweetie," she reminded me.

"I know, Mom," I groaned.

"Same with me!" Mama C announced loudly. "I was only eighteen when I had Edward!"

"Which means it's time, honey," Mom sang to me.

Yeah, she's itching for grandbabies.

We've always been all about family in our... family. Young mothers, young fathers, and careers have come either simultaneously or after the first baby was born. I guess it's possible because the Swans are a wealthy family in Phoenix and there's money everywhere. And as long as we go to college, we've always been encouraged to follow our hearts.

I will never be a housewife or anything like that, but I do want a family more than anything. Children are everything to me. And love.

"Time?" Mama C huffed. "If you think Bella's bad, take a look at my children. My youngest is twenty-five and expecting her first. My Edward's almost thirty-two(!) and has no children! And my Emmett is twenty-nine, and also; no children!"

"Poor, poor Mama C." I pouted playfully.

Rose stayed quiet, most likely not liking this discussion, and Alice was beaming with pride, being the youngest *and* knocked up.

"Esme, darling, you're quite loud," I heard Papa C laugh. "We know you want to be a grandmother."

Mama C pouted and held Alice's hand.

Most of the men laughed.

Not Edward, though.

He looked broken. Like really broken.

And all I wanted was to comfort him.

A few hours later, everyone had eaten, and though Emmett and Alice kept snacking on leftovers, we had eaten plenty. In fact, I don't think I've ever seen so much food. And this was just brunch.

But anyway, we were back in the living room.

But not Edward.

I had watched him during the meal, and something was seriously wrong with him. It was evident that he tried to keep up with the women talking babies and the men talking fishing or sports, but I could see him failing. Failing to keep his mask in place.

And after brunch, he disappeared upstairs.

"Maybe you should go talk to him," I heard Mama C whisper in my ear.

Of course she had seen me watch him.

Mama C sees it all. Just like mom.

But should I? Should I talk to him?

I'm not so sure.

But I'm gonna.

I nodded at her before getting up, desperate to not attract questioning eyes, but as I watched them all being involved in serious or not so serious discussions, it was quite clear that only Mama C and mom knew where I was going.

It took a while. A long while. Before I found Edward's room.

I knocked.

"Who is it?"

He had to ask that?

I sighed. "Bella."

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"Come in."

Chapter 9

Bella POV.

Opening the door, I entered the room with my eyes downcast. Don't know why. But then I looked up to see Edward sit on a bed in what I assume was his old room. I noticed that he wasn't as proper looking today. Not as

fancy and stiff. Today it was dark jeans and a Mariner's t-shirt in vintage. His hair was also messier.

"Wanna talk about why you're walking the blues?" I asked, moving towards the desk chair to sit down.

As he leaned back against the headboard, he watched me with tired eyes, and then he spoke quietly.

"Did you draw the short straw?"

I chuckled once... without humor. "No. I was worried."

He nodded and looked down.

Okay then.

I tried a different approach. "Where's Jane?"

"She's gone," he sighed, still looking down.

Gone?

As in... huh?

"I broke up with her," he clarified. "I cheated on her."

Oh...

So, that's why he did it.

Well, I'm not apologizing. I can't regret anything.

"Maybe she'll forgive you," I mumbled, also looking down now.

"She did. But it doesn't matter."

Uhmmm... okay?

"Why doesn't it matter?" I asked.

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"Because I can't pretend I love her anymore."

"Hhh-*oly shit...*

I swallowed hard.

"Anyway... I sorta forgot your parents were coming," he sighed then. "I was coming here today to tell everyone I'm moving."

My head snapped up in shock.

D-did he just say he's... moving? As in leaving Forktown? Or just the house he shared with Jane?

"Where?" I asked shakily, frustrated that he still wouldn't look up.

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"Chicago. I've had a standing invitation at a hospital there."

I saw myself moving back to Phoenix.

He's leaving.

He won't be here anymore.

"Okay," I breathed, blinking back tears as I lowered my gaze to the floor.

Not surprising. I've been crying a lot the past week. But this... this is too much. It hurts. God, it hurts.

"Why are you crying?" he murmured.

A humorless laugh escaped me. "Because you're leaving, obviously."

I mean, is he stupid?

"I... don't understand, Bella."

Deciding to meet his eyes, I raised my head and was met with a confused frown.

God, he really is dumb.

"Why are you leaving?" I asked instead, wiping tears off my face. "Is it because of me?"

"No, not in that sense... it's just too hard..." He trailed off.

I was confused as hell but determined to get to the bottom of this. Because truth be told, I think he has feelings for me. All those quiet mumblings I've heard, the times I've walked in on him before lunch, the way he called me baby and beautiful...

Walking over to his bed, I didn't stop until I was straddling his sorry ass... sorry and *shocked* ass since I straddled him.

"W-what are you doing?" he stuttered.

"Getting answers," I replied. "Why are you leaving, Edward?"

He looked down but there was no way I'd have that shit, so hooking a finger under his chin, I made him face me.

"You owe me an explanation," I pointed out.

His mask slipped and I could see him surrender.

"Why are you leaving?" I asked once more.

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"Because you slept with me when you were in shock."

That was *so* not the answer I expected.

Not even *true*.

"That's not true," I huffed. "I may have been in shock but that doesn't take away the fact that I wanted it."

"Of course it does, Bella," he argued. "It's the only rational explanation."

"For a doctor you're awfully stupid," I retorted.

I continued. "Even if I did sleep with you because I was in shock, why would that make you leave?"

'Cause that don't make no sense to me, ya know?

"Bella," he groaned in frustration. "You're really gonna make me spell it out for you?"

"Yes."

Duh.

"Fine," he snapped, his expression changing into one of anger. "I'm moving away because I can't stand seeing you everyday. I'm moving

away because sleeping with you made it impossible for me to not want more. I'm moving away because I fell in love with you!"

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Uh, what?

He's in love with me?

Granted, I expected feelings 'cause he's been jerking off to me everyday, but... love? He's in love with me?

Wow.

"Could you please get off me now?" he sighed.

"Why?" I blurted out.

Yes, so many 'why's here.

Why would he leave if he loves me? Why would he ask me to get off of him if he wants more? And why... yes, just why.

"Did you not just hear what I said?!" he asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I did. And I understand shit. Why would you move away if you're in love with me?"

He just stared at me.

And I was just so fudging confused. I mean, isn't this where we start celebrating that we love each other?

"Because if you love someone, you usually want that person," he answered eventually, slowly as if I was mentally challenged.

"Still don't see the problem, Edward."

"Holy fucking hell, Bella, are you stupid? Do you really not see the problem here?!" he... well, the bastard almost shouted. "So what, I should just chain you to me, force you to be with me?"

Should I call 911, 'cause I'm getting worried.

"Why would you have to force me? If two people love each other, that's usually a reason for celebration!"

He froze.

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"Uh... what? I mean... you what?" he stuttered out with eyes wide as saucers.

"I what?!" I groaned, seriously confused and frustrated here!

"You said when two people love each other," he stated.

"Yeah? What's your fucking point?"

He frowned. Frowned deeper. Even deeper. Damn, the man can frown.

"You love me?" he asked then.

Oh.

Right, I forgot to mention that to him earlier, didn't I?

Wow, maybe I *am* stupid.

"Well, yea." I shrugged, trying not to come off as the nervous fool I just turned into.

"You can't love me," he blurted out.

"Excuse me?!" I exclaimed, saying buh-bye to my eyebrows because they shot through the roof. "You saying I can't decide who I love for myself?"

My fudging lord, are we actually arguing over this?

Jane is gone. We're both single. We evidently love each other, and this is how we're spending our minutes after declaring ourselves?

That's fucked up.

Right up there, so fucked.

"Bella," he sighed tiredly. "You're ten years younger than me. There's no chance in hell we're after the same things. You can't love me."

Edward would make great pig-food.

"Those ten years didn't seem to matter a whole lot when *you fucked me,*" I snapped.

He gaped at me. Maybe because I was blunt. I don't know. But I'll be damned if he's gonna let ten years stand between us. He *will* be pig-food in that case.

And we both want the same things!

"Actually," I sighed. "You're right. We don't want the same things, because there is no fudging way I'm moving to Chicago... So, I guess you're right."

I made my move to get off him but Eddie woke up and held me steady.

"I need..." He swallowed hard, still staring wide eyed at me. "... I need to know what you want."

"You," I replied simply, "You and all your thirty-one years. I want lots of things, but I want them with you. I want you to take me to New Orleans and their music festivals, I want you to take me on dates, I want to cook for you, I want more encounters in the exam rooms, I want a future with you, and I want... kids with you."

He stared at me. Swallowing and breathing heavily, but it wasn't sexual. No, this was more my-god-is-this-really-happening?

"You're only twenty-one," he whispered.

Narrowing my eyes at him, I asked the only question that mattered. "If we want the same things, is my age gonna bother you?"

"No!" he almost shouted out. "But how can we want the same things, Bella? How can you already want marriage and children and settling down in a small town?"

"First of all, are you gonna propose tomorrow?" I asked, cocking an eyebrow at him.

"No, but that's where I am in my life."

Yeah, so am I, Dr. Dipshit.

"Second of all, have you not heard me talk about children before? I mean, have you been both blind *and* deaf?"

"No, I've heard you," he mumbled like a little boy.

"And thirdly, didn't I move to this little town before I met you?"

"Yes..."

"Alright then. The ball's in your corner, dude. You know what I want." I shrugged.

His eyes flickered to my mouth, and I fought the urge to smirk. But I needed him to say he wanted me, too.

I was so in love with this man that there was no way I'd make assumptions, because they will rip me apart. As far as I know, he's still moving to Chicago.

I will not get ahead of myself.

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"You actually love me?" he whispered.

I nodded. Looking down. Looking down.

"When are you leaving for Chicago?" I asked quietly.

I hate Chicago. I don't even like Oprah. And Sears Tower is just so goddamn overrated. I'd rather take the Space Needle.

Edward can't wear his Mariner shirt in Chicago. That's just not possible.

What teams do they have in Chicago? The Cubs? Oh, clever name. Bear kids. Manly stuff, eh? *'Yeah, wanna go to the cubs-game? They're just so cute.'*

Seattle is better. Forktown is better. Chicago is windy. Blowing and shit.

The umbrellas don't live long there. 'Cause of all the blowing. And shit.

Oh, and then there's the whole Capone-thing. Nasty shit of a man that was.

"You actually think I'm leaving now, Bella?"

"How should I know?" I huffed, refusing to look at him.

Call me petulant but what-the-fudge-smudge-ever.

"Could you look at me?" he asked. Could I hear a smirk? I could hear a smirk.

"Oh, I could..." I trailed off.

I think I'm stalling now.

So, he's not leaving?

"Then do so," he chuckled.

Maybe I could...

Okay. Looking up. Meeting his eyes. Damn, they are happy eyes. Grrrreen eyes.

That reminds me of all the grrrrroaning I've heard.

I giggled.

"What's so funny?" he asked, grinning widely.

"Nothing," I giggled more.

"You know, you're sorta ruining things for me right now, Bella."

I stopped giggling.

"How come?" I wondered curiously.

"Because if you're laughing, I can't do this..."

He kissed me.

Happy lips on my happy lips. Soft. Oh, we're moving now. Okay, kissing back. More. Mmm, I love his tongue.

Squirming closer to his body, I elicited a mmmmoan from him... I giggled in his mouth.

"Shut the fuck up, baby," he mumbled against my lips.

Shutting up.

The tension shifted then, and everything was suddenly hitting me from every direction.

He loves me?

He's kissing me?

His hands on my hips?

He's mine?

"Are you mine?" I whimpered as his mouth latched onto my neck.

"As long as you're mine," he murmured, pulling me impossibly closer to his... oh, God, he's hard.

"Fuck," he breathed, tightening his hold on me before kissing me harder.

"I... I love you."

"I love *you*," I moaned, still trying to believe this was really happening.

With a growl, he flipped me over, so, I was on my back, and I had Sexward hovering above me with intense eyes.

"Say it again," he pleaded.

"I love you, Edward," I spoke with confidence.

"Say you want me, say you won't get tired with me."

I furrowed my brow.

"Why would I get tired of you? You're all I think about, and it's been that way for a while now, Edward."

"I just... don't want you to change your mind," he murmured.

Automatically, I reached up and smoothed the crease between his brows.

'Cause he shouldn't look sad.

"I won't change my mind," I whispered, looking him deep in the eye.

Slowly, he dipped down to capture my lips with his, his eyes never leaving mine, and it was one of those moments where you start crying because of how intense it is.

So, my vision became sorta blurry.

All that fudging tension just leaving me. All those weeks of dreaming about him. Months, really.

And I felt it in the way he kissed me... lovingly. His tongue tasting and caressing mine. Soft lips. Wet. He's tasty as hell.

"I love you," I breathed into his mouth.

Groaning, he pressed his body harder against mine, our bodies moving for friction. Heavenly friction. Hands roaming.

"Fuck," he moaned. "I need you, beautiful."

Shivers. So many shivery shivers.

Goose flesh.

"I need you, too," I gasped, feeling his erection press against my pussy.

He was gone then, and I was about to scream out 'Get the fudge back here, you pussy teaser' but then I saw that he was removing fabric from his Sexwardian body, and I figured; I should do the same.

Sitting up, I threw my vest top over my head, and then I squirmed around until my pants were gone.

I'm done. Come on now, Dr. Fuck-my-brains-out.

And then he was naked. On his knees between my legs. Stroking himself in front of me.

C-c-can I have his c-c-cock c-c-cumming now, please?

"You're so goddamn sexy, Bella," he moaned as he eye-fucked me.

"Instead of eye-fucking, you could be cock-fucking," I told him.

He chuckled huskily, shaking his head in amusement. "That was one of the first things I loved about you," he said, lowering himself over my body. Hovering. Noses touching. "Your wit." He winked, teasing my clit with the tip of his cock. "The way you're so fucking free spirited."

"Less talking, baby," I moaned.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied before he pushed into me in one thrust.

"Holy cock!" I gasped.

Shit, he's a beast. A mammoth. Without the fangs.

Edward let out a sound, a mixture of a groan, a chuckle, and a snort.

It wasn't pretty, but all that was forgotten when his features changed.

His eyes grew dark as hell, and he shot me a look that told me he was boss now.

Pulling out of me slowly, he kept our gaze locked, the key thrown away, and then he pushed in again. Harder. Saying hello to my deep spot.

My spot. *That* spot. She said, 'hi, and welcum back!'

And she coated him in love juice.

"Fuck, you're soaked, baby," he groaned.

Oh, and his fucking words. Fucking-words.

"All for you," I moaned. You and your glorious love-stick. "Harder," I whimpered.

"God, yes," he moaned, pulling out to slam into me. "You like it hard, Bella?"

"Oh shit, yes!" I panted. "I... God, I love you, Edward!"

"Yes," he growled, fucking me harder and deeper. "Always, baby... I'm not letting you go now."

Hot damn, the sizzling and buzzing. Shivering, gasping, meeting his thrusts, feeling him so deep inside of me, so hard for me... loving me... groaning in pleasure... his words sending me to heaven.

More.

His lips and tongue on my neck. His hand pinching my nipple. Sucking and kissing and fucking and pleasuring and loving...

Harder.

Deeper.

Closer.

Soaking him. Moaning for him.

"So g'damn tight, baby... Fuck, I love your pussy," he grunted.

Again, his words. Motherfucking magic.

Our slick bodies moved together in a frenzy, and he cupped my ass, holding me tightly to him, and I gasped breathlessly as my orgasm approached with a rapid speed.

"I'm so close," I almost sobbed out.

"Not yet, love. We're gonna come together," he breathed. "You're gonna come all over my cock, baby. Understood?"

Holy hell, I've won the goddamn lottery with this man.

"Yes," I whimpered as I clung to him. "Fuck, Edward!"

It was just the sounds of our breathing, and the slapping of skin as he fucked me into oblivion, and there was nothing for me to do but to fight off the orgasm, because he was right. I wanted us to come together. So hard.

Lifting me up slightly, he hit my deepest spot repeatedly, and I reacted immediately by almost screaming out his name, clenching fiercely around his cock, and thankfully, this was his undoing, because there was not a chance in hell I'd be able to hold it any longer.

"That's it, Bella... Come with me," he gritted out.

"Oh, fuuuck!" I chocked out, feeling wave after wave wash over me.

Intense and consuming. Leaving me breathless.

It was all there as we came together. Him spilling into me, me clamping down on him, our bodies tensing... So fucking powerful.

"Christ, you're my goddamn dream come true," he panted as he collapsed on top of me.

Great, now I can't breathe at all.

Doesn't matter. I'm too satisfied to care.

"And you're magical with that cock of yours," I wheezed out.

What, he deserved to know the truth.

He chuckled breathlessly as he pulled out of me, thankfully deciding to lie down next to me instead of *on* me.

"Consider my ego very stroked, beautiful," he chuckled.

"Hmnnnnmenemph, you needed to know," I mumbled against his bare chest.

Damn, I wasn't even aware of the fact that he had dragged my spent body with him.

He chuckled breathlessly again but said nothing.

He just held me. Kissed my skin. Softly. Drawing lazy circles on my back, making me shiver. And sleepy. Yes, I was sleepy now.

"I love you," he whispered.

That made me smile so hard. We're talking butterflies in my belly.

Resting my chin on his chest, I looked up at him and was met with the most gorgeous pair of green eyes I've ever seen. So vibrant and happy.

I'm happy, too. Sorta ecstatic. Blissful. In love.

"I love you, too, Edward... So fudging much it's insane," I murmured.

Chapter 10

Bella POV.

"I love you, too, Edward... So fudging much it's insane," I murmured.

He grinned wider then. Carefree.

"I love your language, and the way you speak. You're funny as hell," he said. Grinning but honestly.

I loved that compliment.

"I love the way you're selfless," I told him.

"I love your taste in music," he countered with a wink.

I caught on to the game.

"I love that you humor me with all the Doctor, doctor-jokes."

"I wouldn't wanna live with out them anymore," he murmured seriously.

"I love all your replacement-words... and nicknames."

"Like Sexward?" I teased, grinning ear to ear.

"Especially that one," he chuckled.

"My turn," I said. "I love the way you look in scrubs. It's seriously panty-soaking."

"Ditto, love. Fucking ditto," he laughed. "Although you don't soak my panties."

Oh, I know. You soak your office toilet with love-juice instead.

But I'm saving that one for later.

"I love that you're so in love with your job that you became both an obstetrician and a pediatrician."

I really did. He had told me so casually that he couldn't decide, so, he simply went back to school, and studied to become both. All those years in school, and all that hard work just so he could follow a child from conception to birth, and then continue to be there as the child grows.

I mean, seriously, we're talking... like... totally... a gazillion years of school or some bizarre fudge like that, you know.

And the look Edward gave me told me how much he appreciated the fact that I understood him, and that I felt the same. That I loved how much he loved his job, and saw how important it was.

"I love how wonderful you are with the kids at work," he murmured softly.

"Ditto," I whispered.

He sighed deeply, and then his eyes changed.

I could smell the mischief a mile away.

"I love your body." He smirked. "So fucking gorgeous... and goddamn sexy."

I shivered.

"I love your love-stick," I replied bluntly. "It makes me see God."

He laughed incredulously, but I sorta saw that coming.

"My ego loves your words," he laughed.

"My pussy loves your dirty talk," I shot back, not missing a beat.

He stopped laughing.

I think I heard a growl.

A second later I found myself on my back, and I had a fuckhot doctor towering over me.

"Seriously, tell me," he told me. "I want to know what you like."

It was suggestive and very hot, but I understood that he was actually wondering, and in return, it made me wonder what he's had before me.

Yeah, I'd noticed how he started out slow both times we were together. Was that because that's what he was used to?

I went with honesty... in my own way. Vixen-Bella style.

Pushing him off me after I gave him a wink, I positioned myself in the middle of the bed, standing on my knees.

"Get behind me," I instructed.

He was confused but complied anyway, and soon I felt him, standing in same position as me... right behind me.

Taking his hands, I placed them on my stomach and held onto them with my own hands.

"I love instinctual," I started, letting my head fall back on his chest. "I love it hard and primal," I continued, loving how his breathing picked up.

"I love it needy and rough," I told him, moving our hands to cover my breasts. He moaned, I moaned. "I love it fast and deep." His hands kneaded me. His lips latched onto my neck, sucking and licking. And he was already hard against my lower back. "I love it experimental." One of

his hands found my pussy then, and I knew exactly how I wanted him to take me. "I love it raw and feral." He fingered me slowly, teasingly. I moaned. He moaned. "I love it sweet and lovingly, too... but it all depends on the mood," I whimpered. "But usually... I love it... animalistic."

With that said, I fell forward until I was standing on all fours.

"Fucking hell," he panted. "Are you... Are you serious with all this?"

Oh, I heard the hopefulness in his voice. Hoping this was what I wanted and loved.

I'd bet that my Edward's been sexually neglected in his previous relationship, and that thought thrilled me to no end.

"I'm serious, Edward," I breathed, feeling him drag the head of his cock along my slit. "Take me."

From behind, he slammed into me with a growl that made my pussy quiver.

Not kidding.

"Like this, baby girl?" he gritted out.

"Yes," I choked out, worried that his cock would pierce through my body.

And God, it was so fucking deep in this position. So deep.

"Jesus, you really are my goddamn dream come true," he moaned, setting a fast pace.

I fisted the covers and met his thrusts, moaning every time he hit my spot, and fuck me if I couldn't feel myself seeping down my thighs.

"Touch yourself for me, Bella," he grunted as he pounded his thick cock into me.

Instead of using my fingers, I pressed my palm down on my clit, moving it in circles while my fingers gently scraped his length whenever he pulled out of me, and the loud 'FUCK' I got as response told me how much he loved that.

It was what I spoke about. Fast, hard, so fucking rough, and it was perfect. Breath-hitching. Consuming.

Trembling.

Convulsing.

Shivering and gasping again.

Fuck, already close.

"Fuck, baby... I can feel your pussy squeeze me," he groaned.

Oh, God...

Throbbing.

And then... and then... and then...

"Yes... Come for me, Bella..." he moaned out loudly.

Explosion.

Pulsing around him, I came, came, came, and cried out his name. Shit was even ringing in my ears as I came down from my intense high, and... fuck, just feeling him come inside of me... It's just so fucking hot.

"Oh, fuck," he breathed shallowly. "I swear you'll be the death of me."

We both collapsed, totally spent, on the bed, again with me in his arms, but don't fucking ask me how it happened because I don't know. I just know I'm there now. In his arms. Utterly fucked.

"Christ, Bella, are you okay?" he whisper-yelled.

"Uhmhum." I nodded against his chest.

"Please let me look at you," he pleaded.

"Where's the fudging fire?" I mumbled sleepily, a bit annoyed with his frantic behavior.

"Your goddamn hips, Bella, that's what's wrong," he snapped. "I'm a fucking monster."

Pun intended? 'Cause I love my fucking-monster.

Glancing down on my hips to see what the fuss was about, I noticed the slight pink marks from his grip.

Oh.

Well, whatever.

"Can't even feel 'em," I grumbled, crashing down on his chest again.

"Mmm...letmesleep,m'kay?"

That sounded about right, right?

But. He. Wouldn't. Quit.

So, after ten minutes of him bitching around, I got outta bed and got dressed.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"When you stop calling the love of my life a monster and all that other bullshit you spewed out, call me, okay?" I snapped.

He sorta froze there.

Naked as the day he was born, standing next to the bed.

Cutiepie.

"Why are you all rigid and shit?" I asked annoyingly, straightening out my clothes... 'cause there was a family or two downstairs.

Yeeeeaaaah. Awesome.

"Uhm," he uttered smartly.

Ah, he's suffering from the uhm's. Yeah, I've heard of that. Nasty shit. Turns you into a mute and all.

But maybe if I...

Yes.

"Doctor, doctor, I feel like a deck of cards!" I exclaimed.

"I'll deal with you later," he replied automatically.

I grinned widely, 'cause I can apparently cure the uhm's.

He snapped out of it then, and he, too, grinned. Then snickered. Then chuckled and shook his head in amusement. And then he walked over to me in all his jaybird glory, cupped my face, and smiled.

"You're the love of my life, too. Without a fucking doubt," he whispered before dipping down to kiss me.

Oh... Oh, so that's why he froze... 'cause I said he was that. *That*. The love of my life.

Wow, he's all kinds of adorable.

"Get dressed," I mumbled against his lips. "We have a firing squad to face."

Yeah, that ended the kiss rather fudging abruptly.

He rushed to get dressed.

"Shit, is your dad gonna go apeshit on my ass now?" he asked nervously as he pulled his t-shirt on.

I could lie here and say yes.

But I won't do that.

Could've been fun, though.

"No, he won't," I chuckled. "My dad's not like normal fathers."

"Glad to hear that," he said in relief.

When we were both ready and all that, and he had a hand on the door handle, he stopped. "Hand in hand, or is this something you wanna deal with later?"

"Hand in fucking hand, Sexward. You're mine now," I huffed.

Like I could wait shouting this shit out.

Preposterous.

"Damn, I love you, Bella," he chuckled before kissing the top of my head.

He can do that 'cause of how fudging tall he is.

Then we headed down the stairs.

Hand in hand.

And on the last step of the stairs, we were met with eight set of cocked eyebrows.

Looked kinda funny.

And they were all quiet and still.

Edward let go of my hand then, and draped a lazy arm around my shoulders instead, and then we just stood there. Waiting.

Who would break the silence first?

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“Did you do it?” Rose asked quietly.

No, I wasn’t surprised. This was Rose after all.

I held up two fingers, making Edward cough.

“Twice,” I replied simply.

Oooh, I didn’t know Edward could blush that hard!

Wow.

But something else caught our attention then.

Shouting, announcing, and running around.

"I had two!" Rose guffawed. "Hand me your money, bitches!"

"Goddamnit, I thought they'd settle for one," Jasper grumbled.

"I'm proud of my baby," Mom giggled.

"Hmph," Charlie responded, rolling his eyes. But still grinning.

"I didn't know Eddie had the libido for that!" Emmett laughed.

"I thought he would take her on a date first," Papa C laughed. "But I guess he's just like me! Isn't that right, Esme?"

"Jazzy, give her a twenty from me, too. I also bet on one time," Alice sighed.

Yep, our family took bets.

"Are you together now then?" Mama C asked, and everyone shut up again.

"Yep, the good doc is finally mine." I grinned proudly.

"Mmhmm, and I'm goddamn confused," I heard Edward say.

And I understood.

"Well, that's because they all knew I was in love with ya, Sexward." I shrugged before going over to sit on the couch.

"We've known for a loooong, long time." Rose nodded solemnly.

"Loooong time," Alice echoed.

And Jesus, then we told him all about the past few months, and how I wanted to pursue him innocently. All about the texting, the dancing with Jake, the glasses, the sneaky, sneaky plans, and even the part about why

Rose and Alice loved my resume so much. All about how they wanted to hire someone that would be perfect for Edward. And he sat there. Wide eyed. Mouth popped open a few times. He blushed when Jasper piped in about the glasses. He groaned when Rose mentioned the texting, and he shot Alice a look of annoyance about hiring the 'perfect girl', but we all saw through him. My Edward was smiling a lot, too. Something that made Mama C tear up. And she and Mom sorta hugged a lot.

Lots and lots. And they whispered lots, too.

"So, that's the story," I concluded once we had told him everything.

Apart from the lunch-wanking. I was still saving that one for the perfect moment.

"Shit... uhm... Fuck, so you like... You're like *really* in love with me?" he stuttered.

"Nah, just a tad." I shrugged before guffawing with the rest of the family. "Of course I'm in love with you!"

He didn't guffaw or chortle, but he did pull me really close.

And he whispered...

"Then you better be ready for a proposal soon, beautiful."

Motherfucking peacocking.

I'm one lucky bitch in love.

*o*o*o*

Edward took me to Seattle the week after.

And he proposed.

Said, "You had me at 'fudge,' beautiful. And I really hope I get to hear that word for the rest of my life. Will you marry me?"

And I sobbed out, "Fudge yes!"

Then we fudged all night long.

*o*o*o*

Since Sexward finally became mine... a month ago, life has been muy perfecto.

Edward moved in with me in my tiny apartment 'cause he was selling his house, and then we'll buy something together, but we agreed on keeping the apartment since it was so close to work.

Yeah, that means it's perfect for a lunch-fuck.

Not that his office isn't great 'cause it really is, but we can't be very vocal in there. He thinks we can, but I *know* we can't. He doesn't know how I know.

But I know why and how I know.

You with me so far?

Good.

So yeah, Sexward and I are solid.

We work, he winks, I suck on suckers, we get worked up, and then we have a rabunk-a-dunk-a-funk during lunch. You know, the fast and hard kind. Mmm, and I love it. And then I cook and bake for him because I love it, and he takes me on dates because he loves to spoil me. Not kidding. And I get horny because he moans a lot when he eats my food. 'Cause he loves it. And I love him. And his mmmmmmoaning.

But we've already established that.

Then, one of my favorites. The nights we spend in our tiny place. A bottle of wine. Listening to records. Kissing. Making love. Fucking like bunnies. Listening to more music. And hot damn, he's all hands... all the time. Says he can't stop touching me. I'm fine with that. Oh, and he's always saying cute stuff. You know compliments, and romantic things.

Makes me all gooey inside.

And sometimes I sing because Edward admitted that he loved my voice. And I shouted out that I loved it when he played the piano, so I sorta quickly bought a keyboard for him.

`Cause if we were to put his baby grand in our apartment, we wouldn't fit.

*o*o*o*

Time for lunch.

And I was kinda surprised to see Rose, Emily, and Alice stand outside the lunchroom with their ears against the door to said lunchroom.

"Whatcha doin?" I asked.

"Get over here and listen," Rose whispered.

"Jazz, Em, Eddie, and Jake are in there," Alice giggled. "They're talking about experience with the ladies."

Oooh, I gotta hear that.

A second later, I had my ear pressed up against the door.

"I've seen more pussies than you three combined!" I heard Jake laugh.

"And still you wouldn't know what to do with one," my Edward retorted.

Mmm, but you sure do, loverboy... Just thinking what you did with your tongue this morning in the shower...

"Eh, I just make them pretty, and then the rest of you take over."

"And I'm forever grateful," I heard Emmett reply solemnly.

"Hear, hear!" Curly Doc seconded.

"Yep, you're a good man, Jake," Edward agreed.

God, they're really discussing our waxed hooahas?

I don't know if that's really straight, or really fudging gay.

"So good that you'll examine me, Sexward?" Jake teased.

I giggled. But then I thought 'fuck no, only I'm allowed to call him that!'

"Sorry, Jake," Edward laughed. *"But I'm only into one thing, and that's Bella's..."*

Hot damn, did my Sexward just make a joke? A suggestive one?

"What the hell happened to you, bro?" Emmett guffawed. *"You used to be all prude and shit."*

"Yeah, well, that was before Bella... Damn, she's kinky."

I beamed.

Rose grinned proudly.

Alice gagged.

Emily snickered.

"How kinky?" Jake challenged.

"Like you wouldn't believe," Edward sighed... dreamily? "She's seriously my fantasy come true. Like yesterday when-"

"Not that detailed, bro! She's like my sister!" Emmett boomed.

"What?" I heard three of them ask.

And then the door flew open.

Ooops.

"Ladies," Curly Doc said. "Looks like you've been caught."

Just a little.

Squaring my shoulders, I shrugged like I didn't know what he was talking about, and then I walked in to the room where Edward watched me with narrowed eyes.

I pretended I didn't notice.

The girls followed suit.

And then we had lunch.

*o*o*o*

I'm feeling iffy.

For the past two weeks.

Just a little, but more over the past four days.

And there might be a reason.

I had lunch with Mama C, Rose, and Alice today. It's Saturday, and Edward has the guys over at this old house to move the shit out.

Yeah, we have bought a house together.

Three months together and we're moving in together. But there might be more. And I'm hoping.

Anyway, Mama C and Alice eyed me weirdly when I didn't eat much but I blamed it on having two slices of pizza before lunch.

I lied.

And now I'm at the clinic. 'Cause that place is full of... supplies.

All alone. 'Cause it's closed on Saturdays, you dummy.

Hoping. 'Cause this is why I was put on this earth.

Peeing on a stick. 'Cause I want an answer.

I'm on the pill.

And Edward and I haven't talked about children.

Well, that's a lie, because we both know we want them. Somewhat soon. And we even bought a house, fully knowing that we wanted to raise a family there.

But yeah, I'm still on the pill. We haven't set a fudgedamn date so to speak.

Okay. Time to wait.

Waiting.

Goddamn waiting.

The buzzer buzzed.

Oh, God.

Sexward has powerful swimmers.

Good job, boys.

I'm gonna be a mama.

I'm pregnant.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIIIIIIIT!!!" I screamed.

Just had to get it out.

"EEEEEE!!!" I squealed.

Had to get that out, too.

Before I left the clinic, I made an appointment with Dr. Edward Cullen for tomorrow morning at 8 am.

And all of the sudden I understand why Alice wouldn't wanna name their son Hercules.

Hideous name for fuck's sake.

*o*o*o*

I flushed the toilet.

Sexward's toilet. In his office. 'Cause I threw up.

It's five minutes to seven, and I know that Curly doc and Emily will be here any minute. And then I have my appointment in an hour.

Honestly, I was glad Edward was still asleep this morning when I left the apartment, and I was equally thrilled that he was so fudging tired yesterday when he came home.

He just crashed.

Well, after I gave him a blowjob and a massage. Poor boy had been up all day, lifting heavy things to make our house gorgeous.

He wanted to return the favor or some gentlemanly shit like that, 'cause that's just my Edward, but I told him no.

And then he slept.

I on the other hand... I paced. In our tiny living room. Just paced. Feeling my belly.

Eating cookie dough, too.

It was yummy.

Anyway, I left Edward's office and walked out to the reception, grabbed a sugary soda before I sat down by my desk.

So tired.

So happy.

My forehead kissed the desk. So sleepy.

The door opened but I was too tired to look up.

"Morning, Bella," I heard Curly Doc say.

"What's up, doc?" I mumbled.

He sighed. "When's my first?"

"Seven thirty," I replied, knowing the answer in my sleepy, sleepy head.

"Okay... Uhm, are you alright?"

"Fucking A," I grumbled, even giving him the thumbs up.

Rose and Emily came then.

And the day began.

Emily agreed to fill in for an hour without asking why.

I was feeling slightly better at ten to eight, and that's when the father of my unborn child walked in.

This was perfect because I was standing in the lunch room, making a sandwich, so I couldn't check his schedule for his first patient.

He would have to do that.

"Baby?" I heard him call from the front desk.

"Yeah?" I replied, trying but failing to hide my smile.

"Uhm... why does it say Bella Swan for OB on my eight o'clock?"

Yeah, why indeed.

Well, to be honest, I couldn't very well write 'Bella Cullen,' now could I? I mean, we're not getting married until two months from now.

In New Orleans. Families coming, and then they'll leave while we stay two weeks for our honey moon. Can't wait.

Edward was so fudging adorable when he asked if we could... you know, get married soooooon. 'Cause he wanted me to be his wife like... yesterday.

I want that, too. Not for him to be my wife, but for him to be my husband.

But back to this day.

"Huh, does it now?" I replied.

"Yes, it does."

There was a change in his voice now. Sorta clipped... maybe even annoyed?

I snickered, took my sandwich, which was fudging awesome, and then I walked out to the reception.

Didn't even meet his eyes as I glanced down on his schedule for today.

"Would'ya look at that. It *does* say Bella Swan," I hmm'd.

Then I looked up.

It was that look. You know... the you-better-speak-up-before-I-lose-my-goddamn-mind. That look.

I smiled.

He swallowed hard. Wide eyes. Emotional. The longing so evident.

I nodded. And smiled wider.

"Yes?" he breathed.

"Yes," I confirmed.

"You-," He cleared his throat. "You're... pregnant?" he whispered shakily.

I nodded again, unable to speak.

Bloody emotions. You know, crying and shit.

I swear on Ellen DeGeneres – 'cause I love that chica – that Edward flew over the front desk, and then he cradled my face.

So emotional.

"We're having a baby?"

Tears spilled over. From both of us. As I nodded once more.

Little did we know *then*... that we were having twin boys.

What's up, doc?

The first epilogue

Conversations between Sexward and Spunkyella.

Bella POV.

5 months pregnant.

5 months pregnant.

What a bitch it is. Seriously.

Maybe I should clarify, cause the pregnancy is fine, and hot fudge, we're having twins. Twin boys!!!

You better believe that Edward and I were excited the day we found out. Sweet Jesus, there was crying all over the place.

And some hot fudge loving followed that night.

Gosh, I'm digressing.

The bitch is Sexward.

The man won't leave me alone. The man won't allow me to carry anything. The man is all over, checking on me, telling me to rest more, telling me to eat more, telling me to take things slow.

And I swear on all things holy, if he says, 'Take it easy, love, maybe I should do that for you,' one more time, I'm gonna chop his love-stick off.

Nah, kidding. Cause I love that thing.

Even named the fucker.

To Dr. Cum-getter.

It's fitting. Just ask my g-spot.

"Earth to Bella!"

Oh, right. Edward's talking. In our gorgeous kitchen. In our gorgeous house. In gorgeous Forktown.

Apparently he doesn't want me driving while pregnant now either.

Maybe cause I sorta... you know... accidently... hit a mailbox with my car.

Wasn't my fault. The thing came outta nowhere! I swear!

But Edward doesn't believe me.

"Honey, what's the point of having a brand new car if I can't drive it?" I asked softly, trying to reason with him.

And yes, Sexward bought me a car after the wedding.

A Volvo. Same as he drives, cause it's safe for kiddos.

But he gave it to me... had it special ordered... IT'S PINK!!!

Forks aint so green no more, nuh-uh.

I gave Sexward and Dr. Cum-getter some hot lovin' that night. And the day after... a couple of... seven times.

"Honey," he mimicked. "You're right. There *is* no point in having a brand new car if you're not going to drive it... But you're not driving it regardless... Cause you're crashing it!"

See? He's a bitch.

"Wasn't my fault," I mumbled, looking down at my sparkly shoes.

Says Mrs. Cullen on them with rhinestones.

Edward loves them. Despite them being pink.

He even demanded that I said my full name when I answer the phone at work. Not just Bella, but Bella Cullen.

I don't mind. At all.

"Of course it wasn't your fault, baby... I'm wrong here. So is Ali, Rose, my parents, Jasper, Em, Jake, and Charlie and Renée," he deadpanned.

I gasped. Even pointed a finger at him.

"Traitor! You called my parents?!"

"Of course." He shrugged, smirking a little. "And seriously, love, you know your mom, dontcha? She calls me everyday."

Yeah, I sorta know. Mom's a traitor, too. Even Dad, cause they all fucking love Sexward, and he's sorta favored.

Bitches all of 'em.

"You're not on my side." I pouted.

He faltered, cause he could never stand my pout.

But the fudger snapped back then. Much to my chagrin.

"That's the opposite of true, baby, and you know it," he huffed. "I just want my wife and two children alive... cause I sorta live for them, you know."

Ah, crap. How can I stay mad when he says shit like that?

But seriously... a mailbox couldn't kill me, could it?

Maybe it could, I shrugged to myself, cause now when I think about it, they don't look like the good guys. And I can totally see it... The next Tom Cruise movie... him as an agent, saving the world from the mailboxes trying to take over.

Oh, Morgan Freeman is so narrating that movie, I swear.

And chicas in pink Volvos always die first.

I shuddered at the thought.

"Okay, I won't drive," I told Sexward, making him smile all sorts of sexy.

5 months and 2 weeks pregnant.

"We can name our kids after John Lee Hooker!" I exclaimed, rather fudging proud of my idea. "In his honor, 'cause we both love his music!"

"Baby, with all due respect, I'm not naming our son 'Hooker'," he told me in that I-love-you-but-you're-being-crazy-now voice.

"Actually, wouldn't Hooker be a unisex name?" I asked curiously.

It should, right?

Profession with mostly women, but a profession *loved* by mostly men.

Makes sense to me.

"Doesn't matter, beautiful. We're not naming our child Hooker. Leave the crazy names for Sam or Jake now that they're adopting. They're into the whole crazy bullshit where you name your kid after some character on

Star Wars. Yeah, I'm sure they'll love Hooker. Maybe an intergalactic one." He winked.

I gasped. "I am so telling on you, Sexward!"

I really am.

6 months pregnant.

I love waking up in the morning... especially when you have Sexward's morning wood wedged in between my thighs.

LOVE IT!

I mean seriously, not everyone can take that for granted, you know, waking up with a cock between your legs...

Wait a minute.

Well... guys can... cause they have them... you know, attached.

But what I need to focus on now... is finding a birthday gift for mom.

And about that, Mom and Dad are moving to Forktown. Isn't that fudging awesome?!

My dad is so fudging cool for landing the position of Chief of Police in Port Angeles. Yes, he is, mmhmm.

"Mmm, good morning, beautiful," Edward murmured then, and oh... then his lips were on my neck.

Have to stay focused here. Birthday gift- oh, fuck, his hand... wandering... you know, down... towards my... pussy.

"Can't keep my hands off of you, baby," he whispered, nibbling on my earlobe.

Fucking focus!

Focus on fucking?

NO!

"Microwave!" I blurted out.

He stilled.

Chuckled incredulously.

But then he started again, because he knows my mind now. True story.
He knows me so well.

"Birthday gift for Renée?" he guessed, grinning against my neck.

Told ya. The fudger knows me.

And again, it was hard to focus... mmm... yes, right there...

But uh, would a microwave work?

And then I was suddenly lifted up... and positioned... oh, God... on top of
Sexward, Hornyward, Husbandward, Insatiableward... you name it.

"Ride me, baby," he groaned, and I moaned, and it was heaven, as he
lowered me on his erection, filling me completely.

"Oh, God," I breathed out shakily.

"Fuck, you're..." he stopped there. Just watched me like... I was
everything. Caressed me, my protruding stomach, my sensitive breasts,
my hips, my ass... And I figured... I can definitely pick something out for
my mom later. Much later.

He sat up then, against the headboard, groaning as I rolled my hips, and when he was positioned, he wasted no time in kissing my breasts. And that shit was golden during the pregnancy. I swear I could come just by that.

"Fuck, you feel so good around me, Bella," he moaned as we started moving together.

How he could still speak... I have no idea, cause all I can... focus on... is his thick cock... pulsing... in and out of me... his hot mouth sucking on my nipple... firm hands on my ass... And then more... harder...

Deeper.

"Yes!" I gasped, feeling him hit my sweet spot... again... again... again...

"That's it, baby... fuck, yes," he grunted, moving us faster... "Christ, I can feel you... ungh... tighter..."

I leaned back on his thighs, and fuck, he filled me to the hilt... over and over... our bodies covered in a light sheen of sweat... oh, the trembling... panting.

"So sexy," he breathed out, rubbing my clit firmly as he continued multitasking... like a God. "I need you to come, baby," he gritted out. "Need you to come around me..."

I felt him throb, and I shivered and moaned out, loudly as my orgasm approached... yes, closer... more... harder... so close.

Edward gave me what I needed as he pressed down on my clit... and sucked hard on my neck...

"Come, sweetheart."

And I did. So hard, I exploded around him, holding my breath as waves and waves pulsed through me, and this was what I loved most – when we came *together*.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” I panted, trying and failing to regain my breath.

Gotta give it a minute.

There was one thing that topped sex with Sexward, though. And that was whenever we just held each other, and he caressed my body, my stomach, kissed me reverently, lovingly, making me feel so goddamn precious I could cry.

“I love you, angel,” he breathed, kissing the spot below my ear.

Goddamn emotions.

“Love you, too,” I whispered, holding him tightly.

6 months and 2 weeks pregnant.

“Baby, I need you!!!” I shouted.

I was in the kitchen, he was upstairs, getting ready for work. But like a vampire on speed, he rushed down the stairs, and yum, he was only wearing boxers. But he isn’t a real vampire, cause his dick doesn’t sparkle.

I’ve checked. Many times.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, slightly, or more than slightly, panicked.

“Could’ya do me a favor today at lunch?” I asked sweetly. Even twirled a lock of hair between my fingers and looked up at from under my lashes.

This is where Edward goes from scared to annoyed to relieved to chuckling, most likely thinking 'my wife is giving me grays, I swear.'

But I'm not. His hair is glorious. I swear!

"And what's that, love?" he asked, sitting down when I served him a plate with breakfast. "Thank you," he added, smiling that panty-dropping smile. You know the one.

But back to the issue.

"I have a shit-list and people are on it," I announced, sitting down across from him.

"Am I on it?" he asked with his mouth full of food.

Lovely.

But I'm used to it now. When it comes to food, Edward, Emmett, and Jasper are all the same.

Handsome pigs.

Well, not Sexward, because his name aint Handsomeward, it's Sexward, so he's a... sexy pig.

Yeah, that doesn't sound good at all.

Anyway.

"Do you have a reason to be on it?" I asked, cocking an eyebrow for good measure.

He's so cute when he gets nervous.

"No, you're not on it," I chuckled.

"Oh, thank God," he groaned in relief.

"But your brother and sister are," I continued. "Emmett called me fatty."

True story. He did. Yesterday at work.

"I'll punch him, love," Edward replied, even nodded at me.

I love him dearly.

"Thank you. And then there's your sister. She said Nathan was way cooler than our boys will ever be."

Nathan, Alice and Jasper little baby boy was obviously a charmer, but come on, Edward's the father of our kiddos. We're obviously gonna beat them.

Am I right, or am I right?

"I'll pull her hair, love," Edward replied, even nodded at me.

I love him dearly.

And then he said something that made me love him even more.

"Ali seriously said that? Jesus, she couldn't have been more wrong," he huffed. "Our boys are gonna be the coolest ever."

7 months pregnant.

"Stop looking at me like that," I whined.

He was resting his Sexwardian head in my lap while caressing my belly, and we were supposed to watch a movie on our new flat screen, but Sexward had his eyes, like... so not in the direction of the screen. He was totally ogling his wife, AKA me.

But not ogling as in I'm-horny-Bella-let's-fudge. No, this was that intense You-have-made-me-the-luckiest-man-alive look, and though I loved, loved, *loved*, when he looked at me like that... well, to be honest, I was getting dehydrated.

You know, pregnancy hormones. All the crying. And Edward watching me like I'm God's gift on earth aint exactly helping.

I was already tearing up for fuck's sake.

"Look at you like what?" He frowned in confusion.

"Like I'm everything," I replied, dragging my fingers through his glorious sex-hair. So soft and silky... and he always looks so relaxed when I do that.

"But you are," he murmured, closing his eyes and humming as I continued the ministrations in his hair. "Doesn't feel like I deserve to be this happy... To have you as my wife... To have two children on the way... There are no words, beautiful..."

Great, now I'm crying again.

Sobbing was more like it, especially when he started whispering, his lips gently pressed against my belly, about how happy he was. Happy to be our boys' daddy, and how wonderful their mommy was.

7 months and 2 weeks pregnant.

Yesterday, Edward and I finally found the perfect names for our sons, and we were eager for their arrival.

The one kicking me right now... wait, let me just feel... hmm... yea... Yep, that's Lee. He's a wild one. And then the one pressing lovingly on my goddamn bladder, is Jackson.

Yes, Jackson and Lee Cullen.

But we still have muy importante shit to do, which is why I'm heading towards the kitchen where Sexward is making me food.

Hah! No, he can't really cook, but he knows how to work the microwave, and one of my pregnancy cravings are Hot Pockets.

LOVE THEM!!!

"Hey, Husbandward," I chirped as I entered the kitchen.

"Hey... Wifella," he mimicked, his shoulders shaking in silent laughter.

Can't believe I'm married to that fine ass, I thought as I sat down at the table... with my list.

Hot Pocket and Hot Ass. Can't beat that.

"Something on your mind, beautiful?" Edward asked as the microwave dinged.

"Yes." I nodded, even though he had his back to me. "Hot Pockets, your ass, and my list. By the way, can I bite it later?"

My teeth are itching for it. His ass, that is.

One might think that some weird shit like this would throw my husband off, but like I've said before, he knows me. And believe you me, Edward's got kink. He's not the normal dude, and sometimes his personality's sorta freaky like mine.

"Sure, if I can bite yours." He shrugged as he put my Hot Pocket on a plate. "And... a list?" he added as he brought my Hot Pocket closer... closer... yes... closer... and BAM, right in front of me. "Is this another shit-list?"

I ogled my Hot Pocket – that was too hot for eating right this second, as I replied. “No, it’s a list with nicknames.”

“Come again?” he responded, looking confused.

“No, the two you gave me earlier are still enough, but come again tonight,” I said, desperate to get back to my point. I mean, why did he have to bring up orgasms now, right? Jeesh. “Anyway, we need to nickname our kiddos, Sexward.”

Edward watched me with a very amused expression as he got started on his own Hot Pocket.

Mine, I growled internally. But then I thought ‘he can always buy more.’

“Nickname our kiddos? Like I’m Sexward to you?” he asked... with his mouth full of food.

Mmm, my sexy pig. Pigward.

HAH!

“Yes, although you’re gonna be Daddyward when the kids are here, cause Sexward’s all mine.” I nodded, nibbling on the edges of my delicious Hot Pocket. “Everyone’s nicknamed and our children deserve the same treatment.”

He nodded thoughtfully. “Well, correct me if I’m wrong but Rose and Alice aren’t nicknamed.”

“I’m correcting you, honey, cause you’re all kinds of wrong,” I countered, blowing on my Hot Pocket. “Rose is the nickname of Rosalie, and Alice is the nickname of Alison. Surely you would know that, what with you growing up with them and all...”

Double Jeesh, right?

Edward just snickered at me. "Okay, baby. So what'd ya have in mind?"

But then his expression changed, like he just remembered something.

"I'm sorta referring to the boys as something already, though."

Oh? That had my attention.

"What's that?" I asked, finally able to dig in on my Hot Pocket... cause it's not too fudging hot anymore.

DELICIOUS!

If I eat it quickly, I could snatch Edward's before he's finished with his own...

"Lee's the Kicker," he said, and I nodded furiously, cause he really is a kicker, and that nickname is muy perfecto for him.

"Excellent." I beamed.

With my sparkly pen, I wrote it down.

Lee Cullen. Kicker.

Lee-Kick. No. LKC. No. Kick-Lee. God, no, no one's kicking our Lee.

Kicker's fine. Maybe Mini-Kicker.

"Proceed," I told Edward.

"You're sorta cute when you get all excited, you know," he murmured, winking at me.

S'he talking about sex again? Cause I'm excited about nicknames. Not sex. Right this minute.

"And your ass is bitable," I said. I mean, he gave me a compliment, so I wanted to give one back. Simple as that.

Edward just chuckled and shook his head, so once again, I told him to proceeeeeeeeeed!

"Alright, alright, honey," he laughed, holding his hands up in surrender. "I'll proceed."

Triple Jeesh!

"Jackson's the Cub, cause I think he's gonna have your dark hair...like a little bear cub," he said, smiling and making me all gooey inside.

Cub. Huh.

I like that. As long as we're not talking Chicago Cubs, cause you know... they suck.

"It's cute." I nodded, smiling back at Name-Dropward.

"Yeah?"

"Absolutely," I confirmed, writing it down with my sparkly pen.

It's pink, you know.

Jackson Cullen. Cub.

Cub Cullen. No. CC. No. Jack-Cub. Fudge no. Sounds retarded for fuck's sake.

"J-Cub," I thought out loud.

Edward grinned, eyeing me curiously. "What about him?"

Eh?

"What?" I asked.

"What about Jacob?" he clarified.

Oh.

Ooooooooooh. Get it now.

Okay, so J-Cub is out.

"Nothing, never mind," I said. "Okay, so we have Kicker and Cub," I continued. "I really like that, Sexward... You're good with nicknames."

"Learned from the best," he snickered, once again sending me a wink.

Getting horny here...

"Daddyward, Cub, and Kicker Cullen..." I nodded to myself, tapping my sparkly pen against my chin. "But what about me? I demand to be included, ya know." Edward opened his mouth to speak, but I already knew what he was gonna say, so I cut him off. "Honey, Sweetheart, Angel, Gorgeous, Baby, Beautiful – shit like that won't fly. S'not funny enough."

He closed his mouth again, nodded in understanding.

"Yes, ma'am."

And then I wondered... did Edward ever have a nickname for me? Like I had for him? You know, before we finally got together.

"Did you ever nickname me, baby?" I asked curiously. "Like I named you Sexward in my pretty little head early on... Did you ever do the same with me?"

All of the sudden, Edward's features changed, and now he was... blushing.

Bingo.

"Uh, no. Wouldn't do that," he said firmly... lying through his teeth.

"Anyway, I gotta go... I have... stuff to do. Yeah."

And like a vampire on speed, he left the kitchen.

He did so name me something naughty in his Sexwardian head. And I'm gonna find out. Sooner or later.

Naughty, naughty, Naughtyward.

Something good came out of his speedy departure, though, cause the dude totally left half his Hot Pocket.

Win for me.

8 months pregnant.

Sexward has made the shit-list.

Shitward.

He ate all my Oreos, and I was *this* close to spilling the beans about his pre-Bella-lunch-wanking... just to have something to throw in his face.

Erm, I'm holding my thumb and index finger together... with like, now space in between whatsoever. Yeah, that's how close I was to tell him.

But I didn't.

I'm still waiting for that perfect moment, and I want him beet red. I want the entire family there for that.

Oh, I can hear his car pull in. He's back with more Oreos!

Better be double stuffed.

8 months and 2 weeks pregnant.

It hurts. It hurts. It hurts.

I'm in labor. Ten centimeters dilated and all.

Edward's wiping my forehead, telling me how much he loves me, telling me how good I'm doing, and how perfect I am.

Funny, cause shit doesn't feel perfect!

Oh my GOD! SOMEONE IS RIPPING ME APAAAART!!!

"Push, Bella!" the doctor said.

I pushed. I cried. I realized I hadn't cleared my cuss system.

"Oh, my GOOOOOD!" I shouted.

"That's great, baby," Edward whispered thickly against my clammy skin.

"You're doing so well, angel."

Fuck you!

I panted and cried as we waited for the next contraction to hit, and I... didn't like this anymore. Wanna go home. Cub and Kicker can stay where they are.

"I need... I need..." I panted... "To CUSS!"

"Curse, honey. Seriously, curse," Edward told me, and I cried, cause I don't want our children to hear their mama curse when they were brand new in the new world. But a contraction hit then, and I squeezed the living shit outta Edward's hand as I... PUUUSHED!

"That's great, Bella!" the fucking doc praised. "I can see the head now..."

I lost the last of my verbal filter.

“MY FUCKING GOD, WOMAN, ARE YOU SERIOUS?! JUST GET THEM THE FUCK OUT OF MEEEEEE!!!”

Another contraction. I pushed.

Panting and sobbing, I turned to my husband. “Would... you get... them... out of me... faster?”

“I’m sorry, baby,” he murmured, flinching as I did the same.

I knew he hated to see me in pain. And guess what, I don’t like seeing me in pain either!

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

Edward told me how much he loved me.

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

Head was out. I cursed some more.

Edward wiped my forehead with a chilled cloth. That shit felt good, but...

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

“One more push, honey,” the good doc said. “And then you’ll have Baby Jackson here.”

“YEA, BUT THERE’S STILL ONE MORE TO GOOOOOO!” I screamed.

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

“You’re doing so well, beautiful... love you so much...”

Jackson was out, and the air was filled by a wailing that made my heart clench... and I cried more, harder, panted like crazy...

Edward gave our son a glance, tears running down his face.

"Go check him, Edward," I croaked as a nurse took Cub away. "Only trust you here. Go check him."

He shook his head. "I'm staying with you. They're doing a good job, baby. I can even hear them doing the Apgar."

I can't hear shit, cause it's ringing in my fudgedamn ears!

Fuck, this hurts!

Imagine pushing a child out of your hooaha, cause that's just how it feels! And here I was, thinking that getting your girly bits waxed by a gay Jakey was painful... Hot fudge, that's like a feathery caress now.

"Cub is fine, angel," Edward rasped against my temple. "His one minute score was seven, and you know that's great for a twin."

I knew. Edward had told me over and over, but I want Cub to get nine or ten points!

And as if he read my mind, he continued. "Give it a few minutes, baby. You know the five minute score's coming up soon."

I knew that, too. Yes.

The good doc announced then that Lee was eager.

Fuck you, bitch. Like I can't already feel that!

And then we returned to misery.

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

Edward whispered sweet bullshit.

The doc praised me, and I told her to go fuck herself.

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

Jackson was healthy and well and screaming, competing with his mama.

I totally won.

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

I lost track of time. Could only focus on the fudging pain. But time passed, and soon – but not too soon – the doc said, “One more push, honey.”

Contraction. I pushed. Cursed, panted, gasped, and screamed.

Kicker was here.

I cried. Edward cried, too, and I started to love him again as the pain slowly subsided.

A shitload of time later, we had two healthy boys in our arms.

We had never been happier.

6 weeks after the birth.

We’re good to go. I’ve been cleared.

I can have sex again. Fucking finally. Finally fucking.

Boom-chicka-bow-wow is all I’m saying. Sexward and I are having some serious hot loving tonight.

I’m bringing Fuckward out to play.

Mom and Mama C are watching the twins tonight, and hot fudge, Sexward won’t know what hit him.

I did the math. We have three bedrooms in our house – not counting the nursery – one kitchen, one living room, and two bathrooms, and a laundry room.

That's eight spaces, and Mama C and mom can take care of the twins for seven hours before I'm needed.

By the way, freezing breast milk is awesome.

Just make sure that your brother-in-law makes sure it's water in the ice cube trays before he adds them to his Coke.

Any-fucking-way. eight spaces to defile. Seven hours.

Well, considering my husband's libido, I know that the five first times are gonna be easy, especially since we haven't had sex since the week before our boys were born. I'm thinking that our first time is gonna be over for the both of us in two minutes.

I'm gonna ride him like a bronco, I swear.

"Holy box-shit!" I gasped.

I glanced up from the steering wheel.

Crap.

I hit another mailbox.

Mental high-five to the girl owning a pink Volvo. Agent Tom Cruise would be proud.

But then I thought about it...

Yes, Edward is so punishing me for this tonight.

Mmhmm, I've been a naughty, naughty girl, Sexward. You better pull out Dr. Cum-getter and arrest me.

Mmm, Cumward, cum hither, cum hither...

Another 7 weeks later.

I was in disbelief.

I was ecstatic.

I swear it happened when he punished me for hitting that mailbox. And he punished me good and proper... on the kitchen island.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIIIIIT!" I screamed.

Just had to get it out.

"EEEEEEEEEE!" I squealed.

Had to get that out, too.

"*Baby, what's wrong?!*" I heard Edward's frantic voice filter through the door.

Right, this time I wasn't alone in his office. Now I was home. And Edward was mighty worried about now.

Worryward.

"Nothing's wrong, honey," I cried, and no, Edward wouldn't believe me until I told him *why* I was crying.

Edward hadn't dared to give me his opinion after the twins were born, you know, about birth control.

My doctor had asked me of course, and Edward had just told me it was up to me. Said that he was blissfully happy with everything I had already given him. But I knew what he didn't dare hope.

"Please open the door, Bella!"

Ugh, not now! I'm explaining here!

Anyway.

I wished for it as much as Daddyward, so I told the good doctor that no, I don't want birth control.

Edward got a bit emotional.

Bella got a bit emotional when Bella saw that Edward got emotional.

We're not aiming to get pregnant. We're just not protecting ourselves from it.

And now...

I opened the door. Sniffing and crying and beaming.

Sexward's confused as hell, searching my face for traces of distress.

"What's wrong, beautiful?" he asked, pleading with his eyes for me to just spill.

So, I handed him the test. The one with a smiley.

He held it. Opened his mouth to speak. Several times, but closed it again. And then his eyes welled up, just slightly, as they met my, more than slightly welled up, eyes.

We were both smiling. Hugely. But he still couldn't speak.

I knew, though. I knew because Edward and I were the same. We both wanted this so much, and had wanted it for a long time. But Edward had wanted it for so much longer, and now... yes, I knew this was overwhelming. For the both of us, but mostly for him.

To go from having nothing, from just wishing and hoping... to having the wife you're deeply in love with, to have two sons... to have a third child on the way... All this in just a year.

No wonder he couldn't speak.

Speechlessward hugged me tightly instead.

"No words, beautiful," he whispered thickly against the top of my head. "'I love you' doesn't quite cover it..."

Months later, our family was completed when I gave birth to our daughter, and I giggled 'snip-snip' when Edward visited the good doctor a couple of months later.

The reason for a vasectomy?

'Cause he knocked me up a third time. With out *fourth* child.

Just to be clear, though; Vasectomyward is fudging awesome.

What's up, doc?

Christmas greetings from Spunkyella in Forktown...some years later.

Bella POV.

Tom Cruise would promote me.

I hit a mailbox with my pink Volvo.

Wasn't my fault. I swear.

"It's your fault," I told Jakey who's sitting next to me with wide eyes.

Jakey and I volunteered to go out and buy more eggnog, and we shouldn't have done that, cause our husbands are better drivers. Yeah, Jakey and I are the wives. I mean, duh.

He's a queen, and I... well, I love pink, and I have a vagina.

Nuff said.

We have twenty-something people waiting for us, over at the Cullen mansion.

Want me to fill you in?

Well, we have Mama C, Papa C, Mama Rae-Rae, Chief, Billy B, Big E, Rose, Curly doc, Alice, Sammy, and my Sexward.

Then we have the little ones.

Cub and Kicker, you know of them. Then of course our little Sadie – Daddy's princess – AKA Freckle. Yes, another nickname coming from Daddyward. And it fits her, cause she has my freckles on her nose. She also has my hair and my eyes, and Sexward loves that like crazy.

And then lastly, our little Junior. Yes, he was sent by Edward a couple of months after Sadie arrived, and hot fudge, we were ecstatic, but... oh, so tired. Handling three little ones and have a fourth on the way... well, safe to say, I only work part time nowadays, but still, we couldn't be happier about it now. And Junior, my lord, he is a cutie. And this time *I* got to name the precious one. It wasn't easy, and it wasn't until he was actually born that the name came to me.

Edward Junior. Or EJ as most of us call him... when I'm not calling him Junior, of course, cause that's his nickname after all.

He is an Edward. With the whole shebang. The hair, the nose, the eyes, the personality, and fudge, he's a mama's boy.

I love him dearly.

Cub and Kicker are identical twins with my dark hair and Daddy's eyes, but that's not all. Their personalities are... Jeesh, let's just say that our house is never quiet, because they have taken after yours truly on the crazy-scale. But I think that's a big reason for Edward loving them so, cause the dude never stops smiling when they're up to no good. So, Mama's taking care of their discipline cause Daddy's too whipped to do it.

But gosh, just thinking about my family... cue dreamy sigh, ya know?

"It's so not my fault, bitch!" Jakey screeched.

Shut up, Queen Jakey, I'm explaining to the readers here!

Jeesh, right?

Anyway. Then we have Big E and Rose. They have two kiddos. Kellan, AKA Champ C, and then Lily, AKA Squirt.

Curly Doc and Alice have Nathan, AKA Curly Jr, and Mary, AKA Squealy, cause she squeals... a lot. And lastly, Sarah, AKA Tinkerbell, cause she looks like a little fairy.

Err, not fairy like Jake fairy, though.

Oh, crap, I'm not done.

"I'm calling Officer Em," Jake said. "He's gonna have to pick us up, cause we can't get out of this pile of snowy shit, B."

I nodded. "But make sure he doesn't tell on us. Sexward and Sammy are gonna be mighty pissed."

"Agreed."

Where was I? Oh, right.

Lastly we have Sammy and Jakey. Edward was right, they *did* give their kiddos... odd names. I mean, seriously, what kind of name is Renesmee? Jeesh. And Quil? Hot fudge.

But Sexward and I named them Sporty Spice and Alpha, cause Renesmee loves the Spice Girls – born in the wrong era much? – and Quil is Alpha cause he's the dude's dude in the house.

Enough jibber jabber. I'm done.

Sorta.

Maybe I should mention it's Christmas in Forktown... and there's snow... everywhere.

Jakey was on the phone then. "Officer Goodbody, Bellicious and I need you, and you might need to cuff me, hard."

Jeesh.

Jakey wasn't done. "Bellicious hit a mailbox... Yes, I know, again... Where we are?" He glanced around before yapping. "Um, there's snow all over, and houses and a tipped over mailbox... Oh! Gotcha, we're on Third Street."

He's special.

"But don't tell Dr. Sexward or my Sammy, m'kay?" Then he hung up, turned to me with a wicked smile. "He'll be here in ten, but Chief Günter is comin', too."

Oh, fudge!

By the way. Chief Günter, that's my dad. Jakey thinks he looks like a German porn star in his mustache. I refuse to comment.

Ten minutes later, Big E and Chief... Günter showed up. Yeah, I don't like saying it, but I mean, what can I do about it?

Nicknames are carved in stone, you know.

"Oh, my Gaaaawd! They're gonna cuff us, Bellicious!!!" Jakey squealed, and I shook my head at him, cause no, they won't-

"What the hell?"

Yeah, that comment came from yours fucking truly, cause Big E is dragging me out, and... "Emmett, what the fudge! Are you cuffing me?!" I screeched, trying to get free, but the fudger is massive, I tell ya. Massive!

"Sure am, BellyBee!" Emmett laughed, and sure enough, my wrists were cuffed behind my back.

"This is totes my favorite day ever!" Jakey exclaimed, apparently very excited to have my dad slap cuffs on him.

Such a hussy.

"Time for the walk of shame, ladies," Dad laughed as he gestured for us to get inside Emmett's cruiser.

"No, no, no, Dad! Come on! You can't be serious! Sexward's gonna go Killward on my booty! Don't you want your daughter alive?!"

My words had zero affect on the two officers, and soon it was Jakey and me, sitting in the backseat of a fudgedamn police cruiser.

So not how I thought I was gonna spend Christmas Eve, you know. Not in the least! I want my pink Volvo!

"Mmm, think about it, Bellicious." Jakey grinned with eyes lighting up in excitement. "What if they throw us in jail! I'm soo gonna drop the soap, girly, mmhmm."

"You shut your whorish mouth, Jakey, comprende?" I said seriously, even glaring at the queen. "Don't you get it? They're not gonna throw us in the slammer. They're gonna make us face our husbands! In cuffs!"

"YUM!" was his stupid, *stupid* reply.

But then I realized that I was approaching the problem all wrong, you know, cause what I need to do is this...

"Jakey," I said, calmly and softly. "Sammy's gonna forbid you to drive your baby blue Porsche."

That did it.

"Ah, heeeeeeeell no!"

Such a ghetto hussy just because we got 'arrested.'

"Be quiet, back there!" Big E bellowed in a very, very authorial voice.

Kinda scared the bejesus outta me.

"Yes, sir, mighty sir," Jakey whispered shakily.

Poor... thing. Special thing.

But I would have to worry about Drama Queen later, cause I needed to... you know... get loose.

As a goose.

"Daddy, surely you don't want me to get in trouble with Edward, do you?" I asked, making sure to give him my best puppy eyes and bite down on a trembling lip when he glanced back at me. "I mean, he's gonna be mighty mad with me, Daddy, and I will cry. Cry, Daddy. I will cry... real tears and all."

"Don't fall for it, Chief," Emmett said sternly, watching me in the rearview mirror. "I've fallen for it, and it got me in trouble with Rose and Edward."

"I know." Dad frowned. "I've gotten in trouble for it, too... With Renée and Edward... But look at my girl... She looks so sad."

Yes!

"Please, Daddy," I forced out, making it sound like I was on the verge of crying. "I just want Edward to stay happy, is all."

"Do. Not. Fall. For. It," Big E repeated. "Stop looking at her, Chief. Just look straight ahead."

Fudge you!

With a heavy sigh, Dad obeyed Emmett.

Emmett would make great pig-food.

S'all I'm saying.

Some minutes later, Emmett killed the engine, and we were officially screwed as Emmett wrapped his big paw around my arm to drag me inside the Cullen mansion... to face future-Killward.

Ruh-roh.

Yeeeeeaaah, um, EJ loves Scooby Doo and... I may love it, too.

Anyway. Jakey and I were sure as hell walking the walk of shame as two cops led us inside the house... and into the living room where our massive-mega-huge family was gathered on couches, ottomans, and chairs.

Lots and lots of children all around, but most of them very sleepy, and their sleepy eyes were directed at the flat screen where they had *Fred Claus* on.

LOVE THAT MOVIE!

They all went quiet, and I smiled sheepishly at Edward who had Sadie in his lap as he glanced up towards us... and he did that double-take as the fuckery dawned on him. You know, why Emmett was standing behind me, and why I had my hands behind my back.

"Did you make Tom Cruise proud, baby?" he asked, cocking an eyebrow.

Foolward is making fun of me. But I didn't care as I nodded solemnly.

"Yes, sir, mighty proud."

He nodded once, and then asked Emmett. "Can't you revoke her license or something, cause I swear a mailbox will one day be the death of my wife, and I refuse to put that on her headstone."

"Wasn't my fault, I swear!" I vowed... maybe lying.

"Sure, angel," Edward grumbled, handing Freckle over to Mama C before walking towards me. "Emmett, hand her over to me," he sighed, maybe cause he's used to this by now.

Sammy was at the same time stalking over to Jakey, but those two just looked horny and very ready to devour each other.

That's it! God, of course! I'll just turn my charm on, goddamnit.

"Perhaps we should keep the cuffs on... sir?" I whispered as Edward reached me.

Emmett gagged, standing close enough to hear, but I didn't care because Edward was faltering, losing his look of authority- well, actually, his look of authority was very much present, but it just turned into the master-look. You know the one. The oh-I'm-so-gonna-take-her-hard. That one.

"Yes, let's leave them on." He smirked at me before facing his gagging brother. "Just give me the key, will ya? I'll give it back later."

"You know what, bro?" Emmett shuddered as he tossed Edward the key and pushed me towards Masterward. "Keep it. I have extra sets at the station."

"Yeah, you do." Rose nodded, grinning widely from where she sat with Curly doc and Alice. "You have a few sets at home, too. Dontcha, big boy?"

"Yes, ma'am." Emmett winked.

"Come on, honey." Edward smirked, grabbing my arm, and I squealed internally as he led me up the stairs. "Good thing Jackson and Lee just fell asleep, otherwise they would come rescue you."

Well, it's a good thing I don't wanna be rescued then, eh?

"Mmhmm," was my reply.

And then we were in what used to be Edward's room, but was now our guest room for when we stayed over.

"So, how should I punish you this time, baby?" Edward murmured, leading me over to the bed.

"Good and proper, sir," I replied, but then I thought about it and I would never bet against the mighty force behind Edward's vasectomy-swimmers. "But not too good and proper."

Four children is perfecto and why ruin perfecto?

But... something... was off.

Huh...

"I hear you, beautiful," Edward laughed softly. "Loud and clear."

"Um, wait," he said then, stopping me when I was about to lie down on the bed, and before I could ask, he... uncuffed me. And spun me around to face him.

It wasn't the Master-look he gave me as he cradled my face. It was the I'm-gonna-make-you-cry-by-just-looking-at-you. That one.

"Are you okay?" he asked quietly, frowning slightly. "You weren't hurt, were you?"

Worryward again. I love him mighty much.

"The mailbox put up no resistance, I promise. And there wasn't a scratch on the pink Volvo," I replied, smiling... cause I was a bit proud.

"Good," he whispered, dipping down to kiss me, and oh... feels good... so softly... lovingly.

"You're not gonna punish me?" I mumbled against his lips, and to be honest, I wish we could just stay here, kissing and snuggling, cause that's golden.

"Of course I am," he chuckled, breaking the kiss before lowering me to the bed. "But not tonight."

He continued kissing me, setting the pace as our tongues mingled together slowly, and I clung to him, always overwhelmed when he showed me how much he loved me. Sometimes it was much better than words, and Loveward was mighty good in *showing* love and affection. Always so thankful. Always acting like I saved him or something, when in fact, we've made *each other* this happy. Wasn't just me. And I know that I would never had found *this* bliss if it weren't for my husband.

"I love you," he whispered, breaking the kiss.

"Love you, too," I breathed, and hot fudge, as his eyes fluttered open and found mine... One might think I'm preggo cause it was that emotional stuff again.

"You're giving me that look again," I said quietly, and Edward smiled beautifully, flipping us over so he was on his back, and I was resting my chin on his chest as I continued watching him.

"Is that so weird, though?" he murmured, focusing his eyes on a strand of my hair that he twirled around his fingers. "You've made me the happiest man on earth, Bella... and..." He sighed, still keeping his eyes on the hair he played with, and I knew this was him thinking out loud. He did that sometimes when he was triggered. Sometimes it was when our children had done something new, sometimes it was a memory from our past years together, and sometimes it was thinking about the many years to come. "I helped Cub wrapping his gift for you today," he said then, out of the blue, smiling at the memory, and I smiled, too, remembering how Cub and Kicker had asked Daddyward for help... just like they had been sneaky, sneaky, asking Mommyella to help them with Daddy's gifts. "I think you're gonna love it," he chuckled silently. "And I know you're gonna get a kick outta Lee's gift."

"You're gonna love what they're giving you, too," I whispered.

He smiled, still deep in thought. "I have no doubt about that."

I had to know.

"What's on your mind? You're miles away, baby," I murmured.

He smiled again, wider, and shook his head slightly. "Just thinking about the past years... how happy I am to have my family."

I sighed in contentment, closing my eyes and just... enjoyed the silence. And it was always like this with Edward. He could be a funny freak at times, and sometimes as weird as I am, but then... at times, when we had a quiet moment, we just... enjoyed.

After eight years, our lives had definitely changed, but it was for the better. Always the better.

One of my fondest memories came from the day Edward and Jasper announced that they wanted their children closer when they worked, and today we have CW Daycare next to their practice, and it's a funny, older woman named Carmen who runs it, and though Cub and Kicker are now in school, we still have Freckle and Junior right next door to our work. And it's the same for the rest. All our little ones go there, and it's perfect because we're always together. And then Rose and I leave after lunch, letting Angela and her husband Ben take over – Ben being the receptionist and Angela being a midwife – and they're just as crazy as I am. Well, maybe not *just* as crazy but not far off. And they, too, have their children at CW Daycare.

"They grow up too fast, though," Edward said then, bringing me back.

"Sadie's already saying fudge, you know."

I couldn't help but laugh, because it was true. She did say that.

"Good thing she doesn't know the meaning behind it, eh?" I grinned.

Edward huffed petulantly at that, cause Freckle's his little princess, and if he had his way, there wouldn't be a single boy in her life. Ever. Unless they're related.

"I swear I'm joining the NRA when Freckle starts school," he grumbled.

"Alice told me that Curly doc says the same," I giggled.

"Oh, I know," Edward assured, grinning proudly. "Jazz and I already have plans to include Cub, Kicker, and Nathan in our plans to protect Sadie, Sarah, and Mary."

"I'm sure you do," I laughed, not surprised at all.

Knock, knock.

Edward and I smiled knowingly at each other, because whereas Cub and Kicker can fall asleep anywhere at any time, Sadie and EJ can't.

"Come in," Edward said.

The door opened as Edward and I sat up in the bed, and sure enough, it was Mama C, leading in two sleepy kiddos, wearing their Christmas PJ's.

"I was putting them to bed but they want their goodnight's from you first." Mama C smiled.

"Of course," Daddyward said, motioning for our little ones to hop join us.

"Is Santa coming soon, Daddy?" Sadie asked as she jumped into bed and charged at a grinning Edward. And soon we had two kiddos squealing between us as Edward tickled the bejesus outta them, asking them if they had been good all year.

"Yes, sir, I ate my veggies everyday!" Junior laughed. "Right, Mama? Gah, stop, Daddy! Tickle!"

Crap, Edward's right. They do grow up too fast.

They're not my babies anymore...

"You sure have," I answered him, grinning like a fool as Edward blew raspberries on his stomach. And that led to Freckle flying into me seeing as she hated the farting noises Daddy loved to make with Cub and Kicker, so obviously she assumed she would be a victim here.

"Mommy's got you, cutie," I giggled, holding my girl tightly.

"Ah, look at that, son." Edward grinned mischievously. "They think they're safe from us. Should we tickle Mommy and Sadie?"

Double mega fudge.

"Yes!" EJ obviously exclaimed.

"No, Daddy, no!" Sadie scolded, even pointing a finger at him.

"Yes, princess, yes!" Daddyward mimicked, approaching slowly with Junior in tow, both of them wearing identical crooked grins.

GAH!

Sadie and I screeched, squeaked, and squealed as Daddyward and Junior attacked us, and soon we were all a tangled mess of limbs, and to be honest, I had no fucking idea of what was up and what was down.

"Daddy, noooo! And stop it, EJ!!!" Sadie screeched through her laughter.

"Alright, alright," Tickleward laughed. "We'll back off now. Let's allow them a breather, buddy," he added, chuckling as he lifted Junior off of us, cause that little dude had climbed us like a mountain, I swear.

"Thank God!" I panted.

Sadie and I gasped for air as we totally gave the boys the evil eye. Totally.

"Come on, sweets, say goodnight to Mommy and Daddy," Mama C giggled from the doorway. "The sooner you get to bed..."

"Sooner Santa comes!" Sadie squealed, even fist pumping the air, something she's picked up from her older brothers, and then she turned in my arms, giving me one helluva smooch before hugging me tightly.

"Night, Mommy."

"Goodnight, Freckle," I whispered, kissing her little cheek. "Love you."

"Love you, too, now let go. Gonna say night to Daddy also, cause Santa's coming soon."

I snickered as she jumped over to her beaming daddy, and then Junior was in my arms. "G'night, Mama. Love you."

"Love you, too, kiddo."

Sadie was still in Edward's arms as Junior bounced over and... oh FUCK, did my ovaries just swoon?

Fudge!

"Love you, too, buddy. So much," I heard Daddyward say, smiling as he accepted smooches all over his face by Junior and Freckle, and I'm... sitting here almost... gasping for air, cause my... ovaries are definitely swooning.

Oh... my... God!

I glanced over at Mama C in the doorway, and that woman nodded and flashed me a knowing smile.

I'm toast.

"Reverse is all I'm saying, sweetie," she sang.

Reverse.

Oh, hot fudge.

Edward was done smooching the kiddos then, and told them goodnight once more before they jumped off the bed and ran towards their Nana C, but I couldn't... really move... I mean, really? Oh, who the hell am I kidding. I'm definitely gonna have to think about this.

But then again, I'm already pretty sure.

Fudge, I want more.

"Wanna head downstairs, beautiful?" Sexward murmured, kissing my neck as we watched Mama C take our little ones to their room.

Keep quiet, Bella, keep quiet!

"Your vasectomy is reversible!" I blurted out.

That wasn't keeping things quiet.

Edward froze with his mouth still attached to my shoulder and I wasn't sure, but I do believe he stopped breathing, and that can't be good. Cause he totally needs air.

Did Edward want more children? Yes and pretty much.

We were thrilled to have four perfect kiddos, and when we found out about Junior, Edward's vasectomy was a mutual decision because we really were more than happy with four of them, and though Edward has said that four was perfect for him, I know he wouldn't mind... you know... a fifth. At all. And now... when we've had a few years without pregnancies... Well, I'm sorta missing it.

A lot.

I honestly didn't think having more children would be for us, but maybe that was 'cause we had four so closely together.

Edward cleared his throat, and I felt him breathe heavily against my shoulder.

"Um, yes, it is," he replied quietly.

I shivered and nodded.

"Reverse it?" I asked, holding my breath while I waited for his reaction.

Vampire-on-Speedward had me on my back then, and he hovered over me, studying me closely.

"You-" He swallowed hard. "You want... one more?"

"Yes," I breathed out, also swallowing hard.

"Fuck, yes," he whispered and then his lips were on mine. Hard. Unyielding. Forceful and with so much passion that I nearly died, I swear. And I whimpered as he pressed his body against mine, showing me exactly how much he um, you know... loved me at that moment.

"Need you," I gasped out, closing my eyes in pleasure as he began kissing my neck. "Now, Edward, please."

"Goddamn," he breathed, sitting up to unbutton his jeans. "You... you seriously want more?"

And I nodded furiously, unbuttoning my own jeans.

"You?" I asked, already knowing the answer as I shoved my jeans down.

"Absolutely," he groaned, breathing heavier when he noticed that I didn't wear any panties. "I think we're ready for it now... and yes, I really want one more with you, love."

"Or two?" I squeaked out.

"Or two." He grinned widely.

My eyes welled up, and I shouldn't have been surprised that we were once again on the same page, feeling ready now that Cub, Kicker, Sadie, and EJ are older, but I still was. I was still surprised.

"Hey, what's with the tears, baby?" Edward murmured softly, lowering himself on me to brush my tears away.

"Just love you so much," I whispered, throwing my arms around him.

"Love you, too, beautiful... So goddamn much," he whispered back, holding me tightly as he dropped kisses on my shoulder.

Oh, but then I sorta felt Dr. Cum-getter... hard and ready, so I stopped crying... well, actually, my pussy wept. Happy tears.

"Fuck," he moaned as I squirmed under him.

Luckily he understood and positioned his magnificent cock at my entrance.

That's what I'm talking about!

"Let's start practicing then, eh?"

He smirked cockily before-

"Holy cock!" I gasped out.

"Mm, yes, you've said that before, baby," he breathed before kissing me deeply as he set that fuckawesome fuck-pace that leaves me breathless.

Oh, God, so much, too much... yes, right there!

"So fucking wet for me, love," he moaned, rubbing my clit as he continued delivering deep and oh, so hard strokes.

Can't focus... oh, God, so deep... so hard... mmmmoaning...

Over and over.

Hips swiveling.

Grinding.

Hot kisses, hot breaths.

The fire surged through me.

"God, Edward," I gasped, feeling my orgasm approach quickly as he hit my sweet spot. "Close... fuck, so close already, baby!"

He moaned. Loudly.

Fucked me harder.

Yes. Closer.

Deeper. Shit, how is that even *possible*?!

More.

"I can feel you, angel... so fucking tight... let me feel you come," he grunted, sitting up slightly to watch us, and fuck me if that didn't bring me closer... yes... oh!

"Fuck!" I heard Edward bellow, but I couldn't focus more, cause oh, my God! The orgasm came fast, rushing through me, making me clench fiercely around him, and more... more... fudge, just kill me already.

Edward crashed his body against mine then, holding me tightly as he spilled into me, and I gasped for air, feeling my orgasm subside slowly... and in the end leaving me like a pile of mush, I swear.

Dr. Cum-getter does that.

"Christ, Bella," he panted, pulling out of me slowly before collapsing next to me. "Just... Christ..."

"Hummmmmenumphmmyes," was my sleepy, sleepy reply.

*o*o*o*

It took time cause I was utterly fucked, but after a while, Sexward and I joined the others downstairs. Though, now it was only the grownups left.

"Hot damn, you're both loud," Big E boomed out as we sat down in a loveseat. "Seriously, use a gag next time!"

Ooops.

Thankfully, Dad wasn't here.

That would've made Sexward uncomfortable.

"Um... sorry," Edward chuckled... okay maybe still a bit uncomfortably.

"Okay, are you guys ready?" I heard Mama C say, coming from the kitchen with Papa C and Dad. "Oh, Bella, Edward, you're back! How lovely!"

Yes... lovely.

Ten minutes later, we were all gathered in the living room, you know, Sexward, me, Mama C, Papa C, Mom and Dad, Jakey and Sammy, Billy B, Curly and Alice, Big E and Rose... those ones. And it was time for the annual Cullen Christmas Cool Confession. It's a game that Alice, Rose and I made up a few years back, and the rules are simple. Don't laugh.

You gots to keep it cool, chicas.

Mmhmm, no matter what's thrown at you, whether it's embarrassing stories or funny faces, you gots to keep your cool.

And I know that this is my year. You know what I'm talking about. Yeah, you do.

It's time to out Wankward.

"I think we should start with the Confession part," Dad said then, and I knew this was his favorite part of the game, and again, the rules are simple; you do not laugh. You gots to keep your cool. And what we're going to do now is go around the table so to speak, you know, let everyone confess something about their significant other, but this is not where I'll be outing Wankward. Don't worry, though. It's cumming soon.

Cause it's a contest.

If you giggle or laugh, Billy B will add a point to your team, and you don't want points. Oh, and if you laugh at someone in your own team, AKA your spouse, you're out.

"Okay, Dad's the judge!" Jakey exclaimed, pointing a pink claw at Billy B since he doesn't have a partner here, cause Sue is visiting her son in Canada.

"Fine by me," Billy B chuckled.

"And I'm starting, cause I have some shit I need to get out," Dad said, and oh, I forgot to mention that you're not allowed to get mad at your spouse for the confession, which is why Curly doc, Big E, and Dad are excited right now. They have stuff to complain about and their wives aren't allowed to get pissed.

Billy B gave Dad the go.

"Okay," Dad sighed, adjusting his Santa hat. "Renée, remember a couple of months ago when the coffee maker magically broke down?"

Uh-oh.

"Yes," Mom replied, narrowing her eyes at dad.

Dad smiled sheepishly. "Edward and I kinda broke it."

I gasped. Covering my mouth, too.

"Charlie, what the fuck!" Edward exclaimed. "You didn't have to mention my goddamn name! Renée, it was Charlie's idea, I swear! He was the one mentioning your-"

"Shut up, son!" Dad hissed.

It was like watching a tennis match. Mighty fun.

"No fucking way, old man," Edward huffed before turning back to mom.

"Charlie called you 'all hopped up on crack, goddamn energizer bunny',

and didn't want you to get more caffeine in your system. I was merely there. Didn't do shit!"

Gasps all around.

Dad said that about my mommy?!

The fudge!

And then... Alice and Mama C giggled.

Papa C and Curly doc glared at their chicas.

I gave Billy B a pointed look to add points to them.

Importante.

Mom was mighty mad but couldn't show it, so it was silently fuming for her as we moved over to Papa C.

"Dear," he said calmly, even taking Mama C's hands in caution, and I stifled a giggle in anticipation as I snuggled closer to my Edward. "I truly love you Esme, but... well, if... I mean..."

"Spit it out, *dear*." Mama C sneered.

Papa C obeyed. "I'm not taking you to the opera again if you're going to sit there and... sing along."

Edward clamped his hand over my mouth before I could laugh, and I noticed Curly doc doing the same on Alice. Yes, our men are smart.

Jakey however... "OH MY LORDY, MAMA C! YOU SINGIN' WITH THEM OPERA BITCHES?!" he guffawed.

It was a chain reaction.

Emmett burst out in laughter. Mom, too. And Rose.

AND PAPA C!

"YOU'RE OUT!" Sexward and I shouted at him.

You get the game now? Papa C laughed at his own teammate, which means he and Mama C are out.

"Thanks a lot, darling," Mama C hissed. "You made us lose!"

"We're so gonna win, baby," Edward whispered in my ear, and I nodded, cause yeah, we're gonna win.

At his expense.

Anyway, Billy B gave points to the gigglers and laughers and also gave Mama-Papa-C the boot. And then we continued for a while, and it didn't take long until mom and dad were out, too... followed by Jakey and Sammy.

It was Emmett's turn again then, and Rose, having already confessed to hating Emmett's farting, was now awaiting the revenge.

Emmett sighed deeply, and cringed away from Rose as he rushed the words out. "Rosie, I love you, but I don't think you realize that when you hit me, it really hurts!"

I clamped a hand over Sexward's mouth, knowing that he would love to laugh at his brother right about now, and I was right as I felt his lips twitch like crazy under my hand.

Emmett wasn't smart, though, cause Rose laughed. Really loudly.

"YOU'RE OUT!" many of us shouted at them.

"Look what you did, Rose!" Big E complained. Whined.

SMACK!

"OOOWWWAA!"

Yeah, that was Rose and Big E.

"Okay, everyone!" Billy B hollered to get everyone's attention, cause hot fudge, there was giggling and laughing all over. "There are two couples left, and that's Edward and Bella, and Jasper and Alice. Now, you have both confessed twice... each... So, now we're moving over to 'Cool.'"

The time has come, chicas.

Everyone is quiet. Just sipping eggnog and eating fudge. And first up are Curly doc and Sexward, and it's simple; they are to say things about their wives in order to get the other team to laugh. For instance, Edward is to say something about *me*, and hopefully that will make *Alice* laugh. And if she does, they get one strike.

Three strikes and you're out.

But remember, the old rule applies; If I laugh at something Sexward says, we're out.

This is the fourth year in a row Edward and I have gone to the motherfudging finale, cause we're awesome at this.

"Edward, Jasper, you ready?" Billy B asked.

Deep breaths.

Alice and I kissed them for good luck.

"Yes, sir," Curly doc and Sexward said, even nodded and all.

Deep breaths.

"Jasper, go ahead," Billy B said.

Edward squeezed my hand, and I took a deep breath, again, and chanted internally, *I will not laugh, I will not laugh.*

Jasper smirked at me. "Alice's biggest craving when she was pregnant with Sarah... was to lick her leather jacket."

I gulped as Alice glared at Curly doc. *I will not laugh, I will not laugh!*

Oh, God.

Didn't exactly help when everyone around us were stifling guffaws behind their hands.

"You okay, baby?" Edward whimpered, trying to stifle his own amusement.

I nodded, cause I'm the bomb.

Edward's turn and he wasted no time. "Hyper, my dear sister, when Bella tried to dye her own hair last year, it turned green, and I had to run out and get Jake in order to keep it from you."

Fuck him! Yeah, I glared at him.

Hateful!

But then I smiled... cause Alice giggled... before bursting out in laughter.

Strike one.

A few rounds later, it was Alice and my turn, and they had two strikes, but Edward and I only had one, but come on, how can I not laugh when Curly tells me how Alice accidentally pulled out a tampon instead of her lipgloss the last time they had dinner with Curly's folks, and that it wasn't until she

had the tampon at her lip that she noticed it... oh, and Curly's parents saw it all.

"You're going down, brother." Alice sneered at Edward.

"You're going downer," I shot back, eying both Curly and Alice.

"Yeah, you tell 'em, baby." Edward grinned.

Damn straight.

"Alice, go ahead," Billy B said.

Deep breaths. Oh, and I totally squeezed Edward's hand in reassurance, you know, cause I'm supportive.

"Edward, remember when you and Jazz were in high school and he had spare jeans in his locker?"

Jasper paled at Alice's question, and Edward nodded eagerly, like he knew he was going to get something major juicy.

"That's cause he sometimes jizzed his pants."

I choked and clamped a hand over my mouth as I looked pleadingly at Edward to keep his cool, but-

"GOD-FUCKING-DAMNIT, JAZZ!!!" Edward guffawed, followed by Emmett and... well, pretty much everyone.

Except me and Curly, cause he was mortified, and I was too into the game, cause we just got our second strike.

"I'm sorry, baby," Edward laughed against my shoulder. "But I've been dying to find out about that for years! Holy fucking hell!"

"It's okay, Wankward, I forgive you," I smiled sweetly.

His laughter sorta died as he glanced up with me with a curious look.

“What’d you call me?” he chuckled confusingly.

“Nothing, honey, nothing at all,” I replied innocently. “Just watch me bring the game home now, m’kay?”

“Everyone, quiet down! Bella’s next and both teams have two strikes!”
Billy B bellowed.

I smiled as everyone quieted down, and smiled wider as they smiled curiously when I stood up.

“Curly doc Jizz, you’re going down,” I said, earning myself a few giggles from Mama C and Mom.

Edward actually looked a little nervous – with right – as I sent him a wink before taking that mighty big breath.

And then I shouted out.

“BEFORE SEXWARD BECAME MINE, HE JERKED OFF IN HIS OFFICE EVERY DAY! AND HE ALWAYS MOANED OUT MY NAME AS HE CAAAAAAME!!!”

Hot fudge, that felt good.

Gasps all around.

I glanced down at Edward who... well, he’s Blushward now. And wide-eyedward. And Gapeward. Looking down.

And then the laughter came. One by one. Everyone.

Including Jasper; “DR. WANKWARD!!!”

That’s a good one!

That pissed Edward off and he stood up and shouted at Curly doc. "DR. JIZZPER!!!"

Another good one!

Yes, everyone, welcome to CW Pediatric Care. We have two mighty fine doctors here, good and ready to look after your child.

Everyone laughed, and Billy B announced my team as the winner as Edward and Jasper slouched down in their seats, wearing matching expressions of can't-fucking-believe-this... or maybe in Wankward's case; can't-fucking-believe-she-knew.

"I think we need more beer," Dad announced, and Papa C nodded furiously before the two of them left with Billy B in tow.

Sitting down again, I smiled at my husband but he couldn't see, cause he totally had his face buried in his hands. Cuteward.

"Everyday, Edward? Really, honey?" Mom asked him quietly with a very amused expression, and this of course set off a new round of snickering.

Wankward just groaned and shook his head at the fuckery, and kept his face buried.

"Same question for JizzyPants," Jakey giggled. "Did ya squirt them pants everyday?"

Jizzper just groaned and shook his head at the fuckery, and kept his face buried.

"Perhaps we should tell something embarrassing about Emmett, too," Rose mused... and yes, she had our attention then. "I mean, it's only fair, right?"

"No, it's not!" Emmett said, shaking his head furiously at Rose.

Rose ignored him. "Well, since we already have Dr. Jizzper and Dr. Wankward, we should have... Officer Humpett."

I'm... confused. And eager for her to clarify!

"Whaddya mean?" Alice asked.

"Cause sometimes when I wake up in the middle of the night, Emmett's humping either me or the bed." Rose shrugged.

"Oh, my Lord, are you two really my sons?" Mama C muttered, eyeing Edward and Emmett, both of them unaware, cause Emmett had joined Edward and Jasper in their face-hiding.

Safe to say, our Christmas Eve was full of fun... well, for the wives. The men... not so much.

*o*o*o*

"Can't fucking believe you outed me, baby, *and* in front of our parents!" Edward mumbled like the cute boy he is. "God, I thought I was so stealthy back then."

We were in bed, and I really wanted to sleep, because we had so many kids that would turn our hair grey in the morning.

"Can't fucking believe you never asked me to join you," I mumbled back in my sleepy state. "Come on now, baby, give me some cuddlin' so we can sleep. You know we're gonna have four little ones kicking our door down at the ass crack of dawn."

"Fine," he sighed, scooting his delicious body against mine, cause we both love spooning in Forktown. "I love you, Tw-honey."

Tw-honey?

“Um, I love you, too, but what about Tw...?”

“Uh, nothing, just... goodnight, love.”

And then he kissed me until I lost my wits.

Cause he can do that.

*o*o*o*

“Mom, Dad. Wake up, it’s Christmas.”

That would be Cub.

“Momella, Dadward.”

That would be Kicker, cause he loves nicknames. Don’t know who he got that from.

“Daddy, Mommy! Santa’s been here!”

That would be Freckle.

“Mama, Daddy, s’time to wake up.”

That would be Junior.

“Kick, why’s Daddy holdin’ Mommy so hard?” Sadie asked, and I fought the urge to smile as I felt Edward’s smile against my neck. Yes, he was awake, too.

“I dunno,” Kicker replied. “But they do it all the stinking time. S’almost like they got glued stuck. Jack, remember when we saw that mark on Mom?”

Oh, my God! What mark?!

"Yea, last summer in Mexico," Cub chuckled, and I racked my brain as Edward shook with silent laughter behind me. But seriously, what mark? Mexico, Mexico, yes, we were there last summer on vacation, but I can't remember anything about a mark.

"You think Dad did it?" Kicker asked.

"Maybe," Cub laughed. "It would explain why Mom sometimes says Dad's a vampire."

OH MY FUDGE!!!

I remember now. God-fudge-damnit, I had a bite mark below my ass, and of-fucking-course it would show in the bikini! God, I'm so stupid! But in my defense, Edward could've told me! Damn him! Then again, I didn't tell *him* when he had a big ass hickey on his neck... when it was that day in school, you know... you know the day... when daddies show up in class to talk about their profession. That day.

Yes, Edward had a mighty fine hickey on display then.

"I think Daddy's cold, cause he's shaking," Sadie announced, and we couldn't hold it in any longer.

Edward and I both laughed as we opened our eyes and saw our kiddos stand there, and we sat up in the bed, knowing that we were about to get company.

"You're up!" all of them boomed out as they charged for the bed.

"Merry Christmas, love," Edward whispered before giving me a sweet kiss.

My ovaries just swooned, I swear.

And good Lord, there are children everywhere here!

"Your-" Edward choked, looking awfully shocked before he relaxed again, and then he flashed me his award winning smile as he continued. "Again, huh?"

And I didn't understand one little bit of it.

"What?" I asked as EJ flew into my arms.

"Mornin', Mama," he said, grinning goofily before kissing me.

"Merry Christmas, cute stuff," I murmured before he darted off and onto Edward's lap.

"Mornin', Daddy."

"Morning, buddy." Daddyward grinned, Eskimoing our little boy.

Yes, it's a word. But don't look it up, just take my word for it.

Word.

"Your ovaries swooned, huh?" Edward whispered then, giving me that crooked smirk.

Hot fudge, I don't have any verbal filter at all, do I?

"Is that something you wanna take care of soon?" he asked teasingly... but behind his playfulness was a real question.

"Very soon," I whispered back, and then I kissed him, cause he's mine and I can do that. "Can't wait."

"Me neither," he murmured, and then he kissed me better cause I'm his, and he can do that.

"Not again!" we heard Cub yell out. "Always with the smooching!"

"You'll understand one day, kiddo," Dadward laughed softly as we broke the kiss.

"So will Sadie," I said, smiling innocently.

"No, she will not. Not ever," Dadward huffed, reaching out to grab a giggling Freckle.

"Yes, I will, Daddy!" she squealed, having no fudging idea of what she was talking about, but it made Edward growl at her before attacking her with kisses. "Yes, I will, yes, I will, yes, I wiiiiiiiill, Daddy!"

"Freck's weird, Mom," Kicker whispered as he snuggled with his mama, AKA me.

"And you're not?" I chuckled, cause I'd say Cub and Kicker are the weirdest kiddos in the world, which is why we love them so fudging much.

"Sadie's weirder." Kicker grinned. "Before when we got downstairs, she and Mary tried to sneak up on Pops."

Ah, perhaps I should explain.

Every Christmas, the kids are obviously curious about the Mount Everest of gifts by the Christmas tree, and we quickly ordered Dad and Big E – since they are police men – to stand guard. And they do; from four in the morning, they take one hour shifts, guarding the tree and the mountain. And speaking of, I think it's time to head downstairs for breakfast.

This is the best day of the year for me and Edward, and for the other adults for that matter.

*o*o*o*

"Enjoying the view?" Sexward murmured, coming up from behind me to wrap his arms around my waist.

Standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the living room, I had the perfect view of all the shouting kids as they unwrapped their gifts.

All parents stood like this. It was only Dad and Papa C who were in the middle of the frenzy, acting like security guards amongst the miles of crumbled gift wrapping.

"Yeah," I sighed contentedly, leaning back against Husbandward. And as I felt his hands rubbing my belly, I knew our thoughts were the same. We couldn't wait. "We're gonna need a bigger car."

Already, we needed two cars if we were all going someplace.

"Mmhmm," Edward hummed, and I felt him smile against my neck. "But we'll buy two, cause I know my gorgeous wife, and I think she's gonna want a pink one."

I cannot love this man more. I swear.

Glancing around, everything was perfect to me.

Christmas music, the smell of Mama C's freshly baked scones, the kiddos laughing and grinning goofily as they opened their gifts, and then how they darted around to thank whomever it was that had given them the newly opened gift, Mama C and mom taking pictures, Papa C and dad in the middle of the floor, practically buried in gift wrapping, Big E embracing Rose, Sammy and Jakey cuddling with little Quil, Curly with Alice on his lap, Sexward standing behind me, holding me... It's indescribable how happy one can feel at times.

"Dad, Uncle Jazz told me to call you DaddyWank. Why should I do that and what does it mean?" Kicker asked, appearing in front of us with a confused expression.

"God-fucking-damnit, I'm gonna kill Jazz," Edward hissed quietly against my neck.

Looking over at Curly and Alice, I saw them shake with silent laughter as they watched us, and I narrowed my eyes at them.

"Don't listen to your uncle, bud," Edward said, crouching down in front of him. "But listen to Dad now; call your him Uncle Jizz from now on, okay, Kick?"

"Yes, sir!" Kicker chuckled, mock-saluting Dadward before rushing off.

"Good one," I snickered as Edward returned to me.

"Thank you, ma'am." He grinned proudly.

Exactly one year later... plus a few hours.

"I feel paralyzed," I groaned as I buckled my seatbelt.

Let's just say that Mama C and Mom can cook. And hot fudge, there was food everywhere. And I mean it. I mean, it was food for more than twenty people that had to be cooked. Don't understand why they would cook for fifty then.

Alright, I eat for three people but whatever.

Anyway, I'm full as a... stuffed pig. But I'm happy, cause this is tradition for Cullen Christmas. After dinner and sweet goods, the parents say goodbye to their kiddos, and then the grandparents take over.

Don't fucking ask me how four grandparents survive with all them kiddos, but I ain't complain' if you know what I'm sayin'.

Because tonight is all mine with my husband, and I can't wait. Just the two of us, snuggling and fudging all night long... maybe to set things in motion.

"How does one *feel* paralyzed, love?" Edward snickered as he put the car in reverse.

"Funny, funny man." I grimaced.

"Mm, aren't I?" he replied, winking at me. "Seriously, though... have you had a good Christmas, beautiful?"

"The best," I sighed dreamily, taking Husbandward's hand, cause I love it. "And you?"

"Same here," he murmured, kissing my hand before placing them on my mega-huge belly.

Ah, yes, I'm knocked up, good and proper.

Twins. Again.

Yes, you read it.

We couldn't be happier, cause this saves us the trouble of going through labor twice. I mean, we decided pretty quickly that we wanted two more, and thanks to Sexward's high sperm-count after the reversed vasectomy, his magic jizz took care of things. And now, a boy and a girl can show up at any time, cause today was my due date, and twins usually come early.

We've already named them of course, and after we had shot down Cub and Kicker's weird suggestions, we named the girl Abigail, and the boy Anthony.

EJ and Sadie decided nicknames for them, though, and Dadward and I were mighty proud when they announced Ant for Anthony and Mini for Abigail, cause she's tiny on the sonograms.

And speaking of nicknames...

"I think it's time you finally tell me what you called me in that pretty head of yours before we got our freak on," I said.

I mean, it's time, right?

"Who says I stopped calling you that once we got our freak on, love?" He winked and stopped for a red light.

Yes, you have to stop when it's red. I know that.

We got the lecture from Sternward and dad when Alice and I accidentally you know... forgot to stop... once. But in our defense, we're both knocked up with kiddos and pregnancy hormones, so we can get a bit... distracted.

But back to Edward.

"Tell me, I wanna know," I said, even pouting and shit, knowing that Edward couldn't deny me then, especially when you combine it with a big belly full of his children. "I've waited for years and years, you know. I just wanna know, is all."

He said nothing. Just bit his lip and scrunched his nose and kept his eyes on the road.

Time to pull out the big guns.

"Sexward, you listen to me now, and you listen good," I said, even pointing a finger at him for good measure. "I already told you what my nickname for you was, and as the good Lord is my witness, I use it all the time. Now fess up, will ya?!"

I can see it working. Yes. Come on.

It took a while, and it wasn't until Edward made the turn for our street that he spoke... quietly and sorta... cringing.

"Fine, my nickname for you was Tw--"

"OH MY GOD!" I gasped then, clutching my belly. "Daddyward, my water broke."

CRASH!

The fudge?

I looked up, you know, to see why we stopped so abruptly and then gasped as I saw... oh my fudge!

I stared wide eyed at a sheepish looking Deadward.

"YOU HIT OUR PINK MAILBOX, EDWARD!"

The Fudging End