

**Fanfiction Based On Characters From Stephenie Meyer's Twilight Series
Rated MA for Mature Adult**

The How To Guide

By *Stavanger1* & *Kinolaughs*

Summary: *AU A more mature Edward meets newly single Bella in college. After a rough start he confides his darkest secret to her. Her reaction? She thinks he's cuckoo. OOC. Collab between stavanger1 and kinolaughs*

Chapter One: How to make a bad first impression.

BPOV

One more box. The last bit of my belongings, contained in a cube of cardboard, waiting to be brought up to my new room in the dorms from where they sat in my trusty red truck. God, I never thought things would turn out like this.

Five years ago if someone had told you I'd be living with my childhood friend Jacob as his girlfriend I would have said they were nuts. Jacob had always been like a brother; and as we got older I had discouraged his flirtatious advances. But over time, he'd worn me down.....he told me we were soul mates; I laughed in his face. But then I saw his sad expression and I caved.

Two months ago if that same person had told me that my best friend and lover would cheat on me and then dump me for the other girl I would have scoffed. I trusted Jacob, and he honestly seemed more into the relationship than I ever was; he practically growled at any other guy who dared to as much as look at me.

Last week, everything changed. Professor Wharton took a sick day. Funny how things work; the one teacher on campus that never took time off, and didn't trust anyone with his class called in sick. So I went home.

If he hadn't been sick I wouldn't have gotten back to the apartment for another hour. If he hadn't been sick, I wouldn't have caught Jacob in *our* bed with his best friend's sister Leah.

Why the hell did this have to happen to me?

Why would Jacob chase me for *four years* only to throw everything away just two and a half months after we moved in together?

What was the point of any of it?

The weird thing was I wasn't even as angry as I ought to be. Didn't I love Jacob?

That was silly; of course I did.....just maybe not *that* way.

It made sense. He was always getting upset claiming that he cared more about me than I did about him. Plus in all honesty, I was more bugged about the inconvenience of finding a new place to live in the middle of the semester than anything else.

Maybe I was a frigid unfeeling bitch. Perhaps I ought to call my dad Charlie's therapist and book an appointment. Huh.

No. I wasn't a frigid bitch! I cared damn it!

Ugh! This is what happens when you spend your entire life taking care of other people and putting your own needs last; you blame yourself. I wasn't the one boffing someone behind *his* back for Pete's sake!

I didn't need therapy I needed.....kick boxing lessons. Yeah!

Thrilled with my revelation I started my training, grabbing the box from the truck and kicking the tailgate closed with a loud 'Hiya!'

Rust shuddered down from where the hinges creaked in protest. Oh shit!

"Sorry Bessie, it isn't your fault," I cooed to my truck, patting the rear fender lovingly with my free hand.

Okay so maybe I should hold off on the kick boxing until I was in the gym with a bag and a trainer. With that thought in mind I whirled around quickly, planning on heading into the dorm to begin unpacking.

Only instead I tripped over the curb. When did that get there? My box flew out of my hands and went careening straight into someone. Oops.

After I managed to pick myself up off of the cement I looked up, fully planning on apologizing to my latest victim.

I raised my eyes and saw....good God! My victim was clearly the hottest guy I had ever laid eyes on. Tall, perfectly muscled with bronze colored sex hair, a square jaw and..... *the* most angry eyes I'd ever seen in my life. Uh oh!

Said pissed off mega stud had actually managed to catch my box without any of the contents falling out. He held it out to me with a murderous expression on his face.

Gee dude, it's not like I *meant* to throw my stuff at you!

Maybe I should try to make nice.

"I'm so sorry," I started using my best contrite voice.

He didn't respond, he just glared at me with pitch black eyes. Captain Pissy was starting to make me nervous. I tried again, twisting my fingers together and shuffling my feet.

"I totally forgot about the curb and my mind was just elsewhere. I don't know how I could have forgotten. I mean it *is* a parking lot and sidewalk, there *are* curbs. Duh! Anyway thanks for catching my box. You didn't get hurt did you? No; of course you didn't, you'd have yelped or something. Yeah, I'm just moving in today. Weird timing in the middle of the semester like this, huh?" Great now I was babbling like a moron.

“You should watch where you’re going,” he ground out before shoving my box at me roughly and storming away.

Asshole!

Okay, well I *did* fling a slightly heavy box of stuff at him without warning, *but I said sorry*.

Someone needed anger management classes.

I huffed out the breath I’d been holding and made my way back to the dorm, praying that I would never again have to encounter that jerk!

I took the elevator up to the third floor of the co-ed dorm I was moving into. Yeah, I had a single room. A teeny, tiny, might-as-well-be-a-jail-cell room to look forward to because everything else was taken! It was in the oldest dorm on campus, which most likely meant crappy heating and creaking floors.

Think positive Bella.

Okay, I was a senior lit. major, I could spin this. What would a realtor say about this place? Oh yes! My cozy sub-cottage like abode had historical significance and character. A real find! I snorted. Yeah, right!

I walked down the hall looking at the makeshift personalized dry erase boards that our R.A. Tiffany had made for everyone. She thought it would be nice for the residents to leave notes for each other, that way we could all bond and be the hap-hap-happiest floor on the campus. Tiffany scared me a little; the names were all written in letters with polka dots on the ends and surrounded by multi-colored swirls.

Oh well, might as well see who the new neighbors are.

Hmm...301 Angela Weber had a little note on hers. *Sorry to have missed you baby. Love, Ben.*

303 Lauren Mallory and Jessica Stanley. Someone had left a crude drawing for them; maybe it was 305 Mike Newton?

Then there was 307 Edward Cullen, gee must be nice to have a double all to yourself. His laminated page looked slightly stained like he got a lot of messages. There was one now as a matter of fact..... EW! It was a badly written dirty limerick:

There once was a hottie named Edward

Who this girl’s wishing would bed her

Now I’m on the hunt; hoping he’ll lick my cu—

Holy shit! I stopped reading then. Great! I was going to live next door to the biggest man-whore on campus. These walls better be thick!

I shook my head and kept walking until I reached, ah yes, 309 Bella Swan. Home, sweet home.

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EPOV

“Now that’s *what I’d call a fine ass!*”

“Mmmm... *Bet he could make me very happy!*”

“*Think he’d let me lick –*”

“*Oh. My.—*”

“*He can own me any day—*”

“*What I wouldn’t give to su—*”

And they wonder why I like to stick to myself!

All day long! Everywhere I go! It doesn’t matter what I wear or where I go or what I do; I get thought-molested constantly! And the worst part is I actually get to *watch* it happen in these simpleminded women’s thoughts—vivid colors and surround sound to boot. There’s no imagination eith— scratch that, *she* definitely has an imagination, one to make me shudder and ... UGH! That’s just gross! Why you would *want* to stick something *there* is beyond me!

“Stupid, mindreading ability,” I muttered to myself.

Not only had I been “blessed” with the wonderful gift of walking the earth for eternity, I was *overjoyed* to know I would be spending it *alone*, with nothing but other people’s perverted thoughts to keep me company.

No, I’m not bitter, not by a *long* shot! I love witnessing my own rape every chance I get.

Know what’s even more fun? Watching myself take advantage of a couple of women at a time... how romantic, really! Incredibly there *have* been times when even that has been topped; by my assault by two *men*... yep, the love I feel is simply magnificent, through and through, as I have the pleasure of peeking into these simple minds.

It’s not like the opportunity to be with a woman, or man, hadn’t been presented; I just was not one for an easy lay with no commitment. There would have to be love involved, respect... passion in the very least. None of what I’d experienced as of yet could ever be construed as any of the above. Oh, and I should mention I was *not* in to men. Though gay people were people too, they were not *my* people!

Tanya had made it her mission to seduce me, making every attempt to get me into her defiled bed. She tried to coerce me every time I went to Alaska. *Which is why I don’t go there anymore.* She just couldn’t take a hint! She seemed to think she was creation’s gift to men, and sometimes women; she just couldn’t understand *why* I constantly rejected her.

If she could just see herself through my eyes...

Yuck!

She’d been used more than Hugh Hefner’s play house, and that’s *saying* something! Even as a vampire I’d be afraid of what would crawl out of her toxic vagina and into me. Could vampires carry STDs?

Ugh... I think I just threw up a little bit in my mouth, and vampires don’t do “throw up.”

“*Look at those hands. Mmm...bet he could use them for a lot of pleasurable things. I’d love for him to start by tracing my...*”

And then imagery started and I almost fell over. Which is hard to do for a vampire since we don't lose our balance, or fall over, or do anything remotely human like that.

"Mmm... *maybe I could convince her to be part of it too? Just think, his hands, her body, my—*" Okay, *that* was kinda scary, and I've seen scary shit before.

I was so caught up in the vision of myself with this innocent plain Jane and this gorgeous, brunette woman whose thoughts I was listening in to, that I didn't see said brunette woman until she collided with me.

I was furious! Not so much because of the vision, but for the fact that she had the audacity to look chagrined at "accidentally" crashing into me. She was lucky she dropped her box causing me to grab it. I would not have been held accountable for my actions had my hands been free. I just couldn't believe she would mentally violate that innocent woman like that.

What. A. *Sicko*!

"I'm sorry," she said, sounding contrite. Hah! Like I would fall for that! Contrite my ass— on second thought? I should probably protect my ass from her. With what she was thinking earlier? Yeah, don't turn your back to her, Edward, protect the sacred exit!

I knew my eyes were turning blacker than black as my anger grew. Who did she think— wait, what is that smell?

Why is there dog— Hell no!

This is so not happening right now! She's. A. Werewolf? What the *Hell*? Since when did werewolves and women combine? And since when did I ever think a *mutt* or in her case *bitch* was attractive?

Never, that's when!

Although, I'd never actually come face to face with a female werewolf....huh. What does that make her? Oh. My— Does a female werewolf go into heat? Is that why— Run, Edward, Run as fast as your legs will carry you!

Good grief, she's still talking isn't she?

"—hurt did you? No of course you didn't you'd have yelped or something. Yeah, I'm just moving in today. Weird timing in the middle of the semester like this, huh?" Great, she was babbling.

But why was she even talking to me? Couldn't she *smell* me? Shouldn't that make her snarl and froth at the mouth and stuff?

I was certainly angry enough for the both of us, but it was disconcerting to not even see a reaction from her. Maybe female werewolves didn't have a very keen sense of smell? Yeah, that's probably it. How else could they stand smelling the male ones? That thought *almost* made me chuckle. But then I remembered that she had actually *touched* me and I was going to stink of bitch until I got these clothes burned and my body scrubbed with the harshest cleaning agent out there.

"You should watch where you're going," I managed to grind out at her through clenched teeth. I really liked these clothes, damn it, and now I had to burn them all because some stupid werewolf didn't watch her step. Alice was not gonna like the vision she'd have of me burning this designer shirt. It was a gift from her, and she was not very happy when her gifts got either destroyed or lost.

I was almost next to the innocent bystander in the *bitch's* vision before I realized something. The thoughts were still there, but this time there was a sense of longing present; and then I realized what I was "seeing."

The *bitch* was walking into *my* building.

That was cause for concern enough as it was, but what really got me was the fact that I watched her go in there through the same mind where the sexual fantasy vision had taken place. That could only mean one thing.

I hadn't read the werewolf's thoughts.

In fact, now that I thought about it, apart from that awful smell, coupled with something faintly sweet smelling, I didn't have anything pinpointing that I'd even really interacted with her. Meaning, my mind was blank when I tried to read her thoughts. It was impossible, unbelievable! That had never happened before.....her mind was blocked to me.

But that couldn't be right, *could it?*

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Chapter Two: How NOT to greet a new neighbor

BPOV

Unpacking takes way too freakin' long, not that I had that much stuff. The apartment that I shared with Jacob was tiny, and I'd been living in the dorms for three years before that, so I hadn't had a chance to accumulate a lot before we moved in together.

I put my favorite books on the shelf above the chipped desk, hung my clothes up in the tiny closet, and arranged my photos on the oversized window ledge; all the while getting faint whiffs of Jake's scent clinging to my possessions. I wondered how long it would linger before it faded away altogether.

Fading away....

I should have seen it I suppose. Jacob was a year behind me in school and had spent two years at community college before transferring to the university this year. He waited until his sister moved back to make the change so that someone would be close to home, to help his dad who was....well, different. Even though we'd bonded as teens over our fathers' eccentricities, I probably shouldn't have expected that bond to be as strong when we were more than a couple hours away, and didn't have the constant need to work through our paternal craziness to bring us together.

Our dads had issues, and as best friends they frequently fed each other's mania; the depressed, paranoid police chief and the persecuted tribal leader, what a pair.

Billy Black would talk about the injustice of treaties and 'the man'; Charlie would panic about the new world order.

Their conversations at the Black residence usually caused Jacob and I to run to the shed out back where we would commiserate on having to live with our fathers' latest complaints and conspiracy theories. That's how we became best friends; our ability to understand each other were also the reason Jacob thought we were soul mates. Now, that was all over.

He began drifting away two weeks after we moved in to our apartment and started classes. It began when he caught some kind of flu bug that made him, oddly enough, a voracious eater instead of sick to his stomach. I think it must have messed around with his endocrine system, because he started growing again too. I begged him and begged him to go to a doctor, but he wouldn't. As his fever got worse, he finally agreed to take a week off from school and go see the doctor back on the reservation.

That started our first big fight.

We were close to highly trained medical professionals here, but he wouldn't have anything to do with them. Perhaps Billy had rubbed off on him more than I realized. Jacob actually yelled at me, telling me that the doctor's in Seattle didn't understand his people, and wouldn't be able to help.

He insisted on leaving me behind and drove himself home where he ignored all my calls for days. Billy said that they were running tests and he'd get back to me. Gee, thanks!

A week of silence later, he came back to school, still feverish, and moody as hell. He continued to eat like he had the world's biggest tapeworm, but the growth spurt had stopped, so I hoped that maybe he was getting better.

The worst part was how he looked at me. He would stare at me intently like he was frustrated, pursing his lips in concentration; and then he'd huff and walk off.

He started talking to me less and less.

I should have seen it coming.

"Urgh!" I yelled out in frustration, flopping down on my bed.

Hmm, my bed with its new linens was the one thing I had that didn't smell like him. It would be my Jacob free zone.

Not that I needed a Jacob free zone, I would get over it quickly, as a matter of fact I was fine, I was perfect, I was great!

No I wasn't.

I needed someone to talk to, but when your best friend is gone who is left? Mr. Bear that's who!

I picked up my tattered teddy bear, a souvenir of my youth, and began our first therapy session.

"Well Mr. Bear, this sucks," I began. "Jacob apparently had a personality transplant and forgot to inform me. Will you be my new best friend?"

Mr. Bear leveled a glassy-eyed stare at me. I decided to take that as a yes.

"Good my new BFF, well I need you to tell me something. The only guy I've ever cared about dumped me, I had to move here," I said, waving my arm around, "and I had a run in with an asshole today. What do you suggest I do?"

Mr. Bear didn't say anything. I picked him up, tilting his head back and holding his paw up to his mouth.

"Get drunk you say?" I shook my head. "Mr. Bear, when does that ever fix anything? Try again."

I held Mr. Bear by the torso; assisting him in a fuzzy bump n' grind.

"Go dancing? I can barely walk straight."

I held Mr. Bear's feet as one stuffed leg swept upwards.

"Kickboxing?"

I held his stitched neck as he nodded. Again, there were coordination issues to think about, but it might help me work out some of my frustration, right?

"Okay," I said to Mr. Bear as I set him back against my pillow in his place of honor.

Picking up the phone I called information and got the number for the gym a few blocks away. Quickly dialing, before I could chicken out, I inquired about kickboxing lessons. It must have been fate, because according to Tyler, who answered the phone, he was the instructor and could meet with me in thirty minutes.

If I did it now there wouldn't be enough time for me to over think it and cancel while faking an illness over the phone. I'd never mastered the art of the phony cough, so I accepted his offer and changed into some sweats.

I can do this. I can do this. I can do this.

"I can't do this!" I wailed forty-five minutes and five ass drops to the floor later. I was going to be black and blue.

Tyler chuckled at me, the bastard.

"Yes you can Bella; really, it just takes practice and well, maybe in your case some extra padding."

"No, the bag and the floor are out to get me," I countered. Tyler shook his head and then stiffened squaring his shoulders.

"Bella," he barked. "Are you going to give up, or are you a fighter?"

"Huh?" Please don't tell me he was going to go all drill instructor on me.

"Look, you mentioned getting over a breakup. Are you going to get stronger, are you going to fight, or are you going to wallow?" he demanded in a militant voice.

"Um, fight?"

"Damn straight. Now kick that bag like it's his face," Tyler commanded.

"Well I don't actually hate him," I tried to reason. Really, he wanted me to pretend that I was kicking Jacob in the face?

"Kick him!" Tyler practically screamed.

Oh shit! This guy was serious.

More out of fear of Tyler than any actual hatred of Jacob I swept my leg up, using the technique that Tyler had

been trying to teach me for the last fifteen minutes, and leveled a hefty kick at the bag....without falling.

"I did it!" I cheered, jumping up and down. Okay, so kicking worked, jumping not so much I realized as I landed on my tailbone.

Ouch!

Tyler lost it and laughed uncontrollably. Way to be supportive there Gunny!

He composed himself after a minute, coughing slightly, and helped me pull my bruised ass up off the floor.

"You're going to be okay Swan," he said, slapping me on the back. "Now get back to work."

Another torturous half hour later I was limping my way back home, sore but pleased with my accomplishment. By the end of my first session I'd stayed vertical for more than five minutes at a time. Maybe this would help with my coordination issues, I thought hopefully.

Flush full of adrenaline and endorphins I made my way down the hall, ready to take some well earned ibuprofen, when I caught a glimpse of an unhappily familiar head of bronze hair skulking into the room next to mine.

You have got to be kidding me!

Do not tell me that the Kaiser of cranky, and the super-slut he-ho next door, are one and the same!

Just when things seemed to be getting better—what did I do to piss off karma?

I quickly ran by his door, hoping he wouldn't see me, and shut myself in my room.

Okay Bella, so he's your neighbor, that doesn't mean that you have to talk to him, or acknowledge him, or have anything to do with him—you can ignore him, I told myself. I blew out a deep breath and went over to the dresser to grab the ibuprofen.

Pill bottle in hand, I chanced a glance out the window as I crossed my room to the mini fridge by the desk, and saw a group of girls in the next building pressed up against one of the windows. They were practically drooling on themselves like a bunch of pre-teen girls at a Jonas Brothers concert. Had I missed something? I looked down in the quad below, huh, nothing there. Maybe I didn't want to know what was going on, I thought, as I grabbed a bottle of water to take my pain killers with.

I had just gotten the stupid, annoying, child-proof cap-of-death off when a loud, insistent knock came from my door causing me to drop the whole damn thing. I swore under my breath as I watched the little white tablets go rolling across the floor. Perfect!

I wrenched open the door to see, oh yes, 307 Edward Cullen.

He tried to stare me down for a minute.

Well buddy, I just came from kickboxing lessons, badass Bella can stare right back, I thought as I glared at him.

"Why are you here?" he growled at me.

What the fuck? Last time I checked this was Wagner Hall, not Cullen's Castle asshole. I took a moment before

answering to calm myself slightly.

“Wow.... Edward, isn’t it?” I asked. He nodded.

“This is called a dorm,” I said, waving my hands around and gesturing to the space around us. “Students who go to college usually live in one. It provides a roof,” I pointed up, “over our heads, and a place to sleep,” I finished sarcastically, folding my hands against my head in the universal sleepy gesture.

“You lived somewhere else before, why are you moving here now?” he sneered, his black eyes boring into mine.

“That’s none of your business” I shot back. He had no right asking me personal questions. Really, who did he think he was? “It’s obvious you aren’t the welcoming committee, so why don’t you just go back to your room? Perhaps you could find something more productive to do that doesn’t include being a jerk to the new resident.”

“Don’t you know what I am?” he hissed.

Oh, there were many things I wanted to call him right then, but I settled for saying, “a gigantic asshole apparently,” before slamming the door in his face.

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EPOV

“Alice,” I hissed into the receiver. “What do you mean you don’t know? Isn’t that a little strange considering your—“

“Edward Asshole Cullen,” her voice growled at me; well hell, now I’m in trouble. “You know as well as I do how these things work. Don’t be so insufferable. We’re not the ones who ran away. From what I can tell all you’ve been doing since then is sulking, so pardon me if I didn’t want to peek in on that very often,” she hissed, clearly disgusted with my behavior.

“Okay, okay, I get it, I get it,” I told her, holding up my free hand in surrender; not that she could see it. I rolled my eyes at my pointless gesture.

“No, Sulky, I don’t think you do,” she huffed. “But I’m done. I don’t need you yelling at me just because I haven’t watched every move that you make, you’re the one who wanted privacy, remember? Call when the stick falls out of your ass!” With that last charming remark, the line went dead.

My-my sister just Hung. Up. On. Me. Me!

What the hell is wrong with this world? Doesn’t she know that’s unacceptable when I am dealing with a very serious situation out here? She hasn’t been tripping over wolves with no one to stand by her. One day I’m gonna— what’s that incessant beeping sound? Oh, right. Text message.

‘There’s no way in hell you’ll get away with it so don’t even try!’

For someone so small she certainly could be annoying. I will get her one— oh for the love!

‘Not a chance!’

Before I knew it, my cell phone was in several broken pieces on the ground about 50 feet in front of me, the main part stuck in the wall of the coffee shop I’d been behind. Great! Now I’d have to fix this too. Carlisle always said not to leave behind evidence. Well, screw that...

Okay, fine, I'll fix it.

After wasting 22.3 seconds on fixing the hole in the wall, I crumpled the rest of the phone into an unrecognizable ball of wires, plastic, and metal bits and tossed it into the dumpster to the right.

Only, my awesome vampiric strength was surging and I think I made a huge dent in the bottom. Eh! Who the hell cares? Yeah, me neither...

I had to deserve some sort of leeway considering the sexually harassing thoughts I'd been enduring lately, and the encounter with the bitch. College girls had become far more forthright and more randy in the last few decades. Both of those were something I had left Alaska to get away from, but that was nothing considering the threat to my existence that had stumbled into my path.

I decided I needed to go for a "quick" run in the forest, maybe have a snack....anything to get the bitch out of my head. Not likely. I bet she's here to torment and tease me; she'll probably start a war. Holy snakes, do the wolves want to start a war? Why? What could—

"Umm... sir? Are you... are you Edward Cullen, sir?" a nasally voice called, startling me. Vampires don't get startled; I certainly never have been before. What the hell is wrong with me? I turned around to acknowledge the owner of the voice, only to be faced with beady eyes behind coke bottle glasses.

'He looks pissy. Wonder why? Hot, sexy guy like that should be happy... the things I could—'

Not again! I needed to stop those thoughts right there before I did something I would regret later. Okay, so I wouldn't regret it so much, but some unnecessary questions would be posed if he were injured; especially with the bitch running around on campus. I have to watch my step, besides I promised I'd never go down that road again, no matter how tempting.

"Yes, I'm Edward? Who wants to know?" I asked the plump, round little man, arching an eyebrow.

"Ummm... Anders Cap, Sir," he replied in a husky tone that I really hoped wasn't an attempt at sounding sexy....

'Wonder if I could get him to come... out with me that is.'

....And I was wrong; he did want to impress me. Holy mother of pearl! My pure and innocent minds-eye— okay, so it wasn't really innocent but hell, what he pictured doing was just a little more than gross; and that smell! Ugh! I so did not want to smell arousal from him. Ever!

"What can I do for you, Anders?" I inquired curtly. As soon as the words left my mouth I knew I'd just shot myself in the foot. I need to find a way to get rid of these mind reading abilities.

'Mmmm... BJ... Bet he's goo—'

"Anders!" I yelled, snapping my fingers in front of his glazed over eyes. I really didn't want to see myself kneeling in front of him. Ewww...

"Oh, right... Well, I have a delivery for an Edward Cullen from a Mrs. Brandon. If you could just sign there," 'and bend over.'

Stabbing. My. Minds. Eye. Repeatedly.

I grabbed the pen, making sure to not touch his grubby, stocky little fingers; and signed on the line while ignoring Anders' thoughts the best I could. I didn't want to see him behind me either! His visuals were disgustingly graphic.

"Here you go Sir," Anders said, handing me a small package. "You wouldn't be—"

"No, I wouldn't. Now scram. Get. Go. Run. Whatever the hell you do, just get the hell away from here," I said in a rush, I couldn't take any more of his mental barrage.

I faintly registered his shocked thoughts as he scrambled to run, finally having an instinctual reaction to the danger he was in. He tripped as he rounded the corner, but I could have cared less. The further away he got, the faster his stench dissipated. I took a big lungful of much cleaner air and turned my attention to the package.

"Why would Alice send me a package here? Unless..." As I tore open the package, I couldn't help but laugh. Of course she would have seen this.

I looked down at my brand new Blackberry Storm, and suppressed a chuckle. Subtlety was never Alice's strong suit, so her sending me this phone rang clear. Destroy the next one and the force of nature known as Alice would not go easy on me.

I pocketed my phone, knowing it needed to be charged before I could use it; I would take care of that after I got a few hundred miles under my feet. I really needed to run, get away from all these nasty images bombarding my brain.

I bet if I wrote a book on what I'd seen in people's minds every day, no one would dare leave their homes. Seriously! The most common thoughts were sex, money, cats, and—are you sure you want to know? Yeah? Bestiality. That one shocked me.

Apparently it's all in the tongue. Not exactly something I'd wanted to know. Ever since I was changed I'd purposefully looked into people's minds to find if they also had a cross species sex fantasy—so I could stay far away from them.

Holy goat herd, the first time I saw that image I was so disgusted I ran for the hills, making sure to stay as far away from the beaten path as possible. I needed to be alone with my own thoughts and bleach; buckets and buckets of bleach for my mind's eye. I couldn't look at goats (?) for several years after that without gagging.

Shuddering from the memory, I took off running, first at a human pace, then speeding up as fast as I could once I was safely hidden inside the forest. I ran for a while, just letting my feet carry me, each quick footfall helping me relax.

Speaking of beasts—I needed to review what I knew about werewolves. Admittedly, it wasn't much. The only thing I really knew for sure was that they were our mortal enemies, and the desire to kill them was strong. It was as instinctual as drinking human blood.

So, why wasn't my first instinct to hurt this girl when I first smelled her? Why was that underlying smell almost pleasant? Was there something wrong with me? I'd never been tempted by women before, and I held on to my purity like King Henry the VIII held onto his desire for a son. Yep, I was not giving that up to anyone; not even myself.

Perhaps that sounds odd, but it just wasn't appealing, and I was fairly certain I would forever be the only virgin

vampire who refused to do the ‘M’ word. There was just no desire and therefore no need. Unfortunately, that only led to more teasing from my brother Emmett and increased interest from Tanya who, being a Succubus, didn’t agree with or understand my choices.

Seducing and sleeping with men was a like a job to her. Only, she didn’t get paid for it, she got laid for it. That was how she honestly wanted it. I’d seen it in her mind, the rush of power she got out of it. Scarily, it was equivalent to drinking human blood. It infuriated her that I didn’t want to be one of her little bed buddies. I don’t think I could ever be offered enough of anything that would tempt me to let my manhood wilt inside her toxic breeding ground.

By the time my thoughts returned to my parents and siblings, I was standing outside my dormitory. I found myself looking at the spot where my new torture had crashed into me. That reminded me; I still needed to burn my clothes, and take an hour long shower to scrub the bitch smell from my body.

I decided to do that first, and walked into my building. The smell was there, not as strong as I would have suspected, but definitely present. My nose felt like it was burning. I somehow forgot that she had walked into my building and hadn’t been properly prepared to smell nasty dog so close to home.

It seemed to get stronger on the third floor as I neared my room. This couldn’t be good for the non-violent commitment I made to Carlisle decades ago, when I came back from my less-than-stellar-education a.k.a., human hunting. Was she tracking me?

I needed to change my thoughts fast, I couldn’t— what is that? Please tell me, oh Volturi guardians, that I haven’t gotten another limerick? Please?

I walked over to my whiteboard and groaned as I ran a hand through my already mussed up hair, a frustrated growl threatening to rip its way out of my chest.

There once was a hottie named Edward

Who this girl’s wishing would bed her

Now I’m on the hunt; hoping he’ll lick my cu—

I really needed to find whoever kept writing these things. It was starting to really get to me. Bad!

Annoyed, I grabbed the dry-erase marker a little harder than I meant to, and ended up pulverizing it instead. I threw the blue tinted powder across the hall and used my shirtsleeve to wipe the crude limerick off. Eh! The shirt was going to be burned anyway, so getting some dry-erase marker on it wasn’t going to ruin it. Although, once I found the culprit they were going to owe me a nice new shirt, I’d make sure of that.

Nodding to myself, I took a deep breath before gripping the doorknob; it wouldn’t do to crush that. I flinched when I realized that the dog smell I’d encountered in the building was even more intense here, like it had settled in. You’ve got to be kidding me! This obviously wasn’t a quick visit by a werewolf.

My memory flickered to our encounter this morning—the box. Had she moved in? How could she stand it? This just had me more convinced she was looking for a fight. What the hell had I done to provoke her? I didn’t get it.

I forced myself to open the door gently, I had to contain myself. As soon as I was inside my little sanctuary I threw off my clothes, shredding them in the process. Not like it mattered... except the blinds in the window were open and I had gone commando.

How stupid could I be? There was nothing like starring in a peepshow for the gals in the dorm across the courtyard from my room.

Unfortunately, they were looking..... intently. Fantastic! How was I going to explain shredding my clothes faster than their eyes could follow? My mind processed different options; incredible hulk, male stripper with tear away pants...no that would only encourage them. Damn it, they shouldn't have been staring anyway!

I looked up, and the girls were still there, glued to the glass. What the— oh, right, I'm still naked. Screw acting like a gentleman, they weren't ladies! I flipped them the double bird and yanked the cord to the blinds, darkening my room. I didn't need the light anyway, I could see perfectly fine without it.

I tossed my ruined clothes onto the floor and grabbed my robe and soap, planning on heading straight to the showers. Only, I didn't make it that far; the smell of flea ridden dog swirling in my room got my attention, stopping me in my tracks. It was faint, but it was there. Had she broken in here?

I crouched down and started sniffing around, searching for the source..... the air return vent. Well, wasn't that just the most amazing thing to ever happen to me? She freaking lived next door to me! For the love of all that was non-human!

I threw on some pants and a t-shirt, racing out of my room faster than one of Dirty Harry's speeding bullets. I needed to know what she was doing here; tormenting me, taunting me. It couldn't wait another moment.

Knocking on her door harder than I should have, I could feel my anger and annoyance tearing down my human façade. I was already on edge and her infringement was just too much. I made out the sound of something dropping and rolling right behind the door, accompanied by a crude explicative. She must be able to smell me already, I thought as the door was wrenched open and I was met with the angry girl's outraged features.

I stared at her, willing her to do something, anything, to give me a good excuse to attack. Venom pooled in my mouth, my instincts on edge, but she was a woman. Huh! Was she considered a woman as a werewolf? Or was she just a bitch in woman's clothing? I should ponder that later.

"Why are you here?" I managed to ground out at her. I was a little unnerved by the fact that she showed no reaction to standing face to face with her mortal enemy. What was her problem? Shouldn't she be trembling and shaking like she was having a seizure?

"Wow.... Edward, isn't it?" she asked, and I could only nod. Her voice was... beautiful.

Ugh, that thought right there was a sign that maybe it was time for Edward to check in to the local Psych ward. I'm pretty sure that would go over well.

"How can I help you dear?"

"Oh, I seem to find my mortal enemy appealing on some level and need to be checked in here for observation."

"Mortal enemy?"

"Yes! I'm a vampire, she's a werewolf and I find her voice beautiful and her scent to be not as offensive as it should."

"Erm... right..."

Yeah I don't think so.

“— college usually live in one. It provides a roof,” she pointed up, “over our heads, and a place to sleep,” She finished sarcastically, folding her hands against her face. Wow, she was hilarious, wasn't she? So not helping my internal battle with myself; I kind of wanted to punch her for being so intolerable.

“You lived somewhere else before, why are you moving here now?” I sneered as my black eyes bored into hers. How has she refrained from phasing?

“That's none of your business,” she shot back at me. She was clearly very pissed, yet still in control of her ability to phase. She wasn't shaking; I couldn't detect even a faint blurring of her form. “It's obvious you aren't the welcoming committee, so why don't you just go back to your room? Perhaps you could find something more productive to do that doesn't include being a jerk to the new resident.”

Ummm... did she just diss me? Why yes, I believe she did. And, she had the audacity to be rude to me? She walked in here like she owned the place, sending stench in all directions, and then she called me a jerk. What. The. Hell?

“Don't you know what I am?” I hissed at her, not very amused by her ramblings. This was beyond ridiculous. She should have phased by now and attacked me. Were female dogs not as aggressive? Did they only carry the smell without the “benefit” of phasing? Now that would be priceless, and also something I'd need to speak to Carlisle about.

She muttered “a gigantic asshole apparently,” before slamming the door in my face.

Well, this was not what I had expected. No phasing. No attacking. No violence of any kind. Was she a super breed of werewolf? If so, we were in deep shit. Deeper than ever, and the stench this deep could only get worse.

I needed to call Carlisle today; he had to know about this new development. More immediately, I needed to burn my clothes fast, before they made my room any smellier, the air vent was bad enough. The air vent, I needed to find something to cover that up now!

Looks like my shower would have to wait, which sucked rocks. I was going to have to scrub my skin with my teeth to get the smell off, but then I'd have to taste it. Ugh! I would have to pick up a few dozen body washes to douse myself in while I showered. I could only pray it would do something about the smell permeating my pores.

~*~*~*~*~

Chapter Three: How to be a Stalker

BPOV

Saturday had been one of the hardest days I'd had to face in a *very* long time.

There were a couple of good moments, my small but definite victory in kickboxing being the top of that list. But now, here I was on a Sunday morning with very little to do. The previous week I spent most of my time either packing my boxes, working with the campus housing advisors, or in the library getting ahead in my studies while avoiding my ex-boyfriend. I even spent a little time in the student store picking out some unflattering logoed sweats; nothing says ‘depressed’ like frumpy clothing.

I really needed to stop thinking like that, *I was not depressed.*

I was independent! I had a place all my own with one week to go until Thanksgiving vacation and no demands on my time. My life was my own too—I am woman hear me roar!

After a quick flip-flop clad shower in the nasty communal women's bathroom, I went to my closet planning on putting on my most comfortable, baggiest clothes to spend the day lounging in. I was still pretty sore from Tyler's workout so comfort was key today.

Those thoughts quickly went out the window the minute *it* hit me.

When I opened the closet door I was overcome by eau d'Jacob... ***not good***. I didn't realize just how much his scent had invaded my possessions and my clothing. Was that normal?

I gritted my teeth and grabbed my bag from the student store. Forget washing it first, I needed something that didn't smell like him! Ripping off the tags, I threw the non-sexy ensemble on, not even bothering to put on underwear. That wouldn't happen until I washed every piece of clothing I had. I would *not* go around smelling like Jacob Black.

My closet and underwear drawer would become more Jacob free zones.

I pulled out the empty laundry basket and filled it with clothes I hastily ripped off their hangers. Grabbing an empty box that was still lying around, I dumped in the contents of my drawers and headed off to the laundry room, three rolls of quarters in hand.

It was a good thing I had all those quarters!

After the first run through the washer I lifted the lid, expecting to be met with the clean smell of my laundry detergent. But no, I caught a whiff of Jacob. How was that possible?! I knew I have a really keen sense of smell, but this was ridiculous!

The second run through I added just a smidgen more detergent, more determined than ever.

It didn't work.

GYAH! What was he.....skunk man? Did I need to wash everything in tomato juice to get him out?

The third run I added even more soap. I was *not* giving up!

Now, doing the laundry back home for Charlie since the age of twelve you would think I knew better. I gritted my teeth together as I watched large, lovely, billowy clouds of soap bubbles work their way out from under the lid of the machine and drift across the floor. God dam-it!

I screeched out a few choice obscenities as I tried to stop the machine.

"Fuck!" I yelled as I desperately grabbed the dial only to have it pull off in my hands.

"Shit!" I screamed as I slipped on some bubbles and fell on my bruised tailbone *again*. I might need x-rays this time. That would be a great conversation at the student hospital.

"Excuse me; I need to see a doctor."

“Oh? What seems to be the problem?”

“Well, I think I broke my ass. Can you please wrap my heiny in a cast?”

“Er.....”

“What the fuck is going on in here,” huffed an irritated voice, interrupting my mental hospital scene.

I looked up to see a pissed of girl with silvery blonde hair standing in the door with a pink laundry basket under her arm.

“Um, I had a little trouble with the machine?”

“Obviously,” she sneered, rolling her eyes. “You know, other people have to use this room too, you should be a little more considerate.”

What was it with people in this dorm and bad attitudes anyway?

“It wasn’t intentional,” I said defensively, grabbing a towel and trying to sop up the suds.

“Whatever just watch what you’re doing,” she huffed dismissively.

I decided to ignore the blonde fem-bot, turning my attention back to reattaching the knob. I would have to run it for a fourth time, without any soap.

Seven hours after first entering the laundry room I was finally done, my entire day wasted. On the plus side any Jacob smells still coming from my clothes were minimal, so at least I made *some* progress there. Of course on the downside I had apparently made another enemy.

I was thinking about my recent bout of bad first impressions as I entered the third floor hallway and saw two people sucking each others faces in the corridor. Gross! Get a room people....oh wait....we’re in a dorm *there are rooms*, try using one! I averted my eyes from the spiky blonde head and the curly brown head only to see my *charming* neighbor looking at the same couple with an expression of disgust on his face. That was pretty rich coming from the resident prostridude!

When he registered my presence he leveled a not-so-shocking malevolent glare in my direction. His nostrils flaring, he took in a deep breath, his features immediately registering shock. Oh for Christ’s sake what now?

He flattened himself against the wall, his eyes practically bulging out of his skull as he pressed his arms out, palms flat against the plaster.

‘Ok douche bag, I get that you don’t like me, but are the dramatics really necessary?’ I questioned silently, leveling an intimidating look in his direction. I kept eye contact with the asshole the entire way to my room, he was not going to intimidate me and I wanted him to know it.

I was strong, I was independent, I was going to be a badass kick boxer....I was slipping on something and falling on my ass again. Dam-it!

What the fuck! Who slid a piece of paper under my door for me to slip on the minute I walked into my room?

Floor meeting tonight!

Let's all meet the new resident

And

Talk about all the things to give thanks for this time of year!

7:00pm sharp!

~Tiffany

It was on orange paper. With a turkey border; and pilgrim clipart... Oh. My. *God*.

I realized that there was a reason this room was still available, in this dorm, on this floor. The people were loony! I needed to schedule another meeting with the campus housing advisor.... *immediately!*

Sadly, first I had to get through the all floor meeting.

We gathered in the common room at the end of the hall. It was sparsely furnished with a couple of couches, some plastic chairs and a TV set. However, *someone* had decorated with balloons and a giant honeycombed paper turkey on the table.

"Bella! You're here," Tiffany chirped excitedly when I entered the room, her brassy spiral perm curls bouncing around her small featured face.

"Yeah," I nodded.

"Well that's wonderful!" she trilled, handing me a red plastic cup full of Kool-Aid. "I was afraid you weren't going to make it. Let's see, first I should tell you who everyone is. Oh! Should we do the name game?" she asked.

Oh dear *God* no.

I could just imagine it:

"Hi I'm Bella and I like beets."

"Hi I'm Tiffany and I like turnips, that's Bella and she likes beets."

"Hi I'm Edward and I like eggs, that's Tiffany and she likes turnips, that's Bella, I hate her."

"Um, no that's okay," I answered lowly.

Tiffany looked like I had just run over her dog. "Oh, well I'll just tell everyone who you are then," she said in a clipped tone. Great, I just managed to piss off someone else. "This is Bella, she's in three o nine," she stated blankly while pointing a finger at me.

The rest of the evening went just about as well as my introduction. I discovered that the spiky blonde head from the hallway skin-i-max moment belonged to an overeager Mike Newton who wanted to know if I could help him write his papers for leisure studies all the while giving me suggestive glances and studying my body like he was a dying man with only one wish left.

That was not received well by the curly haired Jessica who had been the other half of the dirty deed duo. Even better; her roommate Lauren was none other than the wench with the pink laundry basket from earlier today. Perfect!

The only person who made me feel better about the meeting was Angela Weber; she offered me a seat next to her and gave me a warm smile without asking too many questions. Thank heaven for small miracles.

It almost made me forget about Edward, who spent the entire meeting staring at me creepily. He wasn't glaring as much, instead he looked... *confused*. I did my best to ignore him, unwilling to play his stupid little mind games. When his turn came to say what he was thankful for this year he waved his hand, passing. In fact, General Grumpkin didn't say one word the entire time.

Not that I was paying attention.

I swear it; I wasn't. Nope, I was ignoring Jerk-ward. That would be a lot easier to do if he wasn't staring at me all the damn time.....aaaaand so was Mike.

Need. To. Find. A. Safe. Place. To. Look.

Aha! Linoleum!

As soon as Tiffany let us out of the meeting it was a race down the hall to see who could get to their rooms first, the forced socialization grating on everyone's mid-term frayed nerves.

It may have been early but I was wiped out and ready for bed. Going to bed would have worked out pretty well too if it wasn't for the incessant noise coming from the next room. Was that a drill?

Just as I was about to start banging on the common wall it stopped. But now I was irked, and tired, and every muscle in my body was tense. My ibuprofen was gone too, so that wouldn't help. Something about ancient dorm floors made me toss out the five second rule. Nothing that touched the ground here was going in my mouth.

I counted sheep, rabbits, dogs, wolves.....

I knew it was a dream... It had to be. No way in hell would I be willing to go to my old apartment with cheating McCheater in the vicinity. He'd said he wanted to talk, so as the dutiful and nice girl I was, I agreed.

I was just making my way down the stairs when Edward materialized out of thin air and started stalking towards me, teeth bared, nostrils flaring. He looked like a predator; like someone stalking their prey.

I started backing up, keeping eye contact the whole time. The only problem was... my feet were moving but I wasn't going anywhere.

I tried screaming and yelling. Nothing! Not a single peep. Not even air was escaping through my wide-open mouth.

Edward kept coming closer and closer, licking his lips when he stopped right in front of me.

He reached his hand out, angled for my throat.

"I know what you are Bella. And this ends now." His eyes suddenly became the blackest black and his hand

closed around my throat.

Just as he started squeezing... he jumped back, looking....scared?

“Bella? What’s going—“

“Just leave me alone Edward,” I yelled at him with all my might as I bolted down the stairs... only to suddenly find myself sitting in my old living room.

“Jacob?” I called for him. The room looked so barren, so dirty and unkempt. Like no one lived here anymore. The thought of my once loved home in such disarray left me feeling very sad and ... broken.

“Bella babe, I’m in here,” he called back in what I knew was his seductive voice.

‘Back here’ was in fact the bedroom. I was terrified to go back there, but knew I had to. My body was still somewhat on Jacob time and it responded to him like it used to; even if I didn’t want it to.

I knew what I would see even before I made it in there. The voices were loud and mocking. I wanted to stop; needed to stop... but my feet kept dragging me to my doom.

“Ooooh, Jacob, right there baby. Right. There.” I could hear her, the home wrecker. The awful girl I’d once thought I’d be able to be friends with.

As I made it to the door, I noticed it was partly opened. I poked my head in, knowing it wasn’t going to be a good move. But my body was on autopilot and nothing I did would keep me from moving into that room.

I wasn’t prepared to see it though. Jacob feasting on Leah like she was a feast fit for a queen, or in this case, fit for a cheating bastard. He’d never ever done that to me. He always said oral was gross...

“Jacob... Why?”

My eyes trained to the scene in front of me, I couldn’t miss how his eyes connected with mine as his head was buried between her legs, his lips still touching her.

“I never wanted you Bella. It was a waste of time.”

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

At 7:00 Monday morning I gained a new appreciation for how evil alarm clocks were. Even clutching Mr. Bear around my head didn’t dispel the awful beeping noise; at least it was an escape from that dream. I shakily managed to roll out of bed and mechanically repeated my morning routine: quick shower in the mold infested stall of the communal bathroom, get dressed, grab backpack and pop tart and run out the door.

The only difference was that now my morning routine didn’t include a goodbye and a peck on the cheek from Jacob. At least my clothes didn’t smell like him, hopefully that would keep me from dwelling today.

Not that I would dwell, I was okay. The dream was right. It had been a waste of time; I should have never allowed Jacob to convince me that we belonged together. We didn’t.

I was going to be just fine with that fact....eventually.

I nearly slept through my mid-terms. Worse yet, I was pretty sure I was hallucinating due to how little actual sleep I managed the night before. My hallucinations weren't kind either. Instead of seeing fairies and unicorns I saw flashes of bronze hair and pale skin everywhere I went.

Seeing his window when I returned to the dorm was worse. What the hell? He had drawn two hands flipping off the world on his windows. Someone needed an attitude adjustment. Why oh why was I living next to the world's biggest jerk?

But then a weird memory from Saturday night hit me....the ogling girls in the dorm across the way.

I turned my gaze and my eyes bugged out of my head.

There were pornographic drawings plastered to the windows. I could only guess that they were meant to represent Edward, the crudely large-penis'd man having reddish hair.

Oh. Maybe he had a little too much fun with that floor and this was their way of saying they were on to him. Creep.

I would schedule the appointment with the campus housing advisor as soon as I got back from Thanksgiving break. If his harem was going to start some little war I didn't want to live close enough to get caught in the crossfire.

Determined to regroup I went to bed early again that night, hugging Mr. Bear tightly. There would *not* be a repeat of that hallucination nonsense tomorrow. I shouldn't even give a second thought to the Sultan of Slut. Besides, I had to be fresh for my second session with Tyler.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions; unfortunately the road to sleep was not impacted by my early bedtime.

I twiddled my thumbs, attempted new meditation techniques, and even tried chanting 'ohm'

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Son of a bitch! I was not happy when Tuesday morning rolled around. Just how long can someone go without sleep before they lose their minds? Ugh! I got kind-of cleaned up, threw something on my back and grabbed a toaster pastry before leaving for my one mid-term today.

After taking my test..... at least I think I took it.....I made my way to the gym. On the plus side there were no more flashes of bronze today. Now I just had to stay vertical while attempting complicated kicks on no sleep. Yeah, I thought as I walked through the doors, went to the women's locker room and got changed.

No problem.

Five steps from the door of the locker room, a problem found me; a bronze-haired, pale-skinned, STD carrying problem. He was standing only a couple of feet away from me, smiling like a smug bastard.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well, Bella isn't it?" he smirked.

I nodded. He knew who I was, what was he pulling?

“This,” he said gesturing around him, “is a gym. People come here to work out,” he mimicked lifting weights, “so that they can get stronger,” he finished sarcastically, flexing his arm and grabbing his bicep.

He was making fun of our Saturday run-in.....ergh! &\$^#*&*%#&\$!!!!!!!

Unable to form a response to the grinning asshole I just huffed and turned on my heel to go to my lesson.

Tyler was very pleased with me today.

I leveled a lot of impressive kicks at the bag, grunting and screeching the whole time.

“I see you’re making use of the visualization technique Bella,” he said happily.

I snorted. Yeah I was visualizing today alright. Only it wasn’t Jacob, it was *Edward*.

I hefted a few more kicks before Tyler stopped me, grabbing my hip.

“Here Bella, I want to show you another angle you can come in at,” he told me while lifting my leg up uncomfortably high. “If you start here and swing up this way,” he continued, supporting my body with one hand while maneuvering my thigh with his other, “you can come across and deliver more force to the side.”

I blushed, feeling uncomfortable with Tyler’s closeness.

“I-I think I’ve got it,” I responded, trying out the new kick on the bag. I spent the rest of the lesson alternating between the two kicks—and I only fell down ten times. That may not sound like a big deal, but it was less than half of the number of ass plants I did last time.

I made my way back to my room, feeling energized despite my recent insomnia. I was practically skipping after my success. I even managed to find humor in Edward’s new posting. The lousy limerick writer was at it again:

There was a hot bronze haired god

Who had the world’s most rockin’ bod

If I’m real lucky, maybe he’ll fuck me

And I’ll ride all night on his rod

How ridiculous. Did the cantankerous campus Casanova write this crap himself?

Pffff...the ego on that guy! I snorted and shook my head, continuing on to my little quiet sanctuary where Mr. Bear and I actually managed to get a decent night’s sleep.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Wednesday started out much better than the previous three days. I woke up feeling a little more refreshed, ready to take my last couple of mid-terms.

I whizzed through the exams, had lunch with a very pleasant Angela, and was just on my way to the library to return a couple to books when it all went to hell.

I saw *him*, no, I saw *them* holding hands outside the library—Jacob and Leah.

I tried repeating my little mantra, “I’m over him, I’m over him, I’m over him.” But then she leaned in and kissed him, and I hurt.

It wasn’t just the lost intimacy, it was the lost friend. One of the reasons I resisted Jacob in the first place; because if you take that next step, and it all falls apart, how do you deal with losing your best friend?

I could feel the tears rolling down my face as I continued to watch them, unable to pull myself away. Then Jacob’s eyes met mine across the courtyard for a moment and I couldn’t look anymore. I broke my gaze and turned only to see Edward standing a few feet behind me, watching me.

I clenched my jaw and wiped away the tears. I wasn’t going to give him any more ammunition. I shot Edward a dirty look before storming away.

I didn’t set my alarm clock that night, there was no need. I stayed up all night packing for my trip back home and crying like a fool.

The next morning I only spared half a glance in the mirror as I headed out. My face was paler than usual and I had dark circles under my eyes. I grabbed a cold bottled Frappacino from the mini-fridge and made my way to the truck; my planned trip would be fueled by caffeine. I ground my teeth as I caught a brief glimpse of Edward staring at me from the doorway to the dorm as I drove away.

~*~*~*~*

EPOV

After the *bitch* slammed the door in my face, I ran out of the building faster than I probably should have considering I’m going for the whole slow as humans’ facade.

Thankfully no one was around to see Speedy Gonzales whipping through the halls like a maniac, leaving only a dust cloud in his wake. I almost took out the banister as I came upon the corner too sharply. Carlisle would not have been happy about that. He was apparently sick of paying for the carnage and destruction left in our wake.

Carlisle!

Still running, I whipped out my cell phone and called daddy dearest. He needed to know about the hybrid super-werewolf I’d happened upon. Not only happened upon, but who conveniently lived right next door.

“Hello. This is Carlisle. I’m not—” drag me backwards to Hell. Why isn’t he *answering*?

I took a deep breath, slowed my running to a comfortable speed-walk, and dialed Alice’s number instead.

“Hi! You found me but—” she’s not there either? I feel... underappreciated.

I decided to just go down the list, ending with my least favorite person. I could understand why Rose didn’t answer, but the others? I was highly pissed off. How dare they? Just cause I moved away, getting my own place hundreds of miles away, didn’t mean I didn’t need them... when I needed them.

I thought that they wanted to still talk to me; after all they relocated a couple of hours away shortly after I bolted from Alaska.

Well, screw that then. I'd just deal with *her* on my own. I sure as hell was strong enough and fast enough! Besides, she hadn't even phased in front of me yet, so clearly I must have some advantage over her. I mean, there would be no even fight if she didn't change into a werewolf. I'd be able to take her down with just a flick of my wrist.

Not that there'd be any advantage for her anyway. I mean, she *is* a girl after all, and girls throw punches like... well *girls*. I doubted it was any different for a femme-wolf!

I could honestly only think of one downside to me dealing with this hussy on my own—I'd have no one to help should the stench begin to dissolve me.

Unless I did something to channel the stinky smell away from my room, I'd be left with flaky, scaly skin. All vampires knew the only thing that could destroy us was either other vampires, or werewolf teeth. Well, did I have news for the vampire world! Werewolf stink, when left on your marble skin too long, would in fact destroy you!

Okay, so it wasn't a proven fact, but nothing that pungent could be good for your health right?

I had to get to the hardware store, and fast!

The thought of wet dog permeating my apartment via the air vent was not a pleasant prospect. I could just imagine sitting there, listening to Mozart, totally content when suddenly BAM, out of no where comes the stink.

Man... If I'd known this is what— Hold. The. Phone. Batman.

What if she phases in her apartment?

That would smell all kinds of bad. Worse than the Volturi on a good day!

I all but sprinted through the doors to Home Depot— we held shares in that corporation, so Esme *requested* we go there, and only there, for our hardware needs. Who was I to deny her? Yeah, ok... so I did deny her quite frequently... but on this? Nope, she was so adamant about it! And, her thoughts were always guarded around this subject.

Like she was hiding something...*something... naughty?*

Hmmm... that should be pondered upon.....

Later Edward, right now our first priority is to rid the air of foul beast stench.

Let's see, power tools. I would need a drill, maybe a stud finder—

“Oh! This electric screwdriver has a head with adjustable angles, mmmmmm....”

An electric screwdriver that might be useful. Of course I could use a regular one faster than the electric model would go.....

“Yes, look at the rotation on that thing, I could stick a zucchini on the end and.....”

Oh. My. Hell. Just when I thought people couldn't get any more disgusting, power tools and vegetables? Really?

I looked over to see a dumpy woman handling the screwdrivers with a glazed over look in her eyes. Ugh!

Quickly, I picked up the best Stanley electrical drill there was and practically ran out of the department, desperate to get away from that deranged woman and her nasty produce-molesting ideas. Back to work. I grabbed the thickest Plexiglas I could find and a thick ceramic tile. I even threw in two pieces of sheetrock for good measure.

The guy at the measuring and cutting desk was giving me odd looks and I was quite relieved to hear he was thinking about my odd choices in insulation, and not about how to best make me scream his name. The thought made me shiver.

After I had all my correctly measured pieces, I paid and left with three bags of stuff. Deciding I really needed to hunt again after that disastrous meeting with the she-wolf, I walked back to the dorm, pausing to grab a yappy little dog that had just bitten a small child a block over. *Heh*, dog.

I held my breath as I ran inside, determined not to smell the rankness, and darted straight to my room. I thought about sealing off the vent while I was there, but considering it was almost ten at night and I could “see” dreams in various places throughout the dorm, I decided to be nice and not make too much noise.

See, I’m *not* a gigantic asshole!

Taking a small breath to test the air, I realized I was going to need to fumigate the place after the werewolf stench had had time to settle in my room, but I’d take chemical smells over that awful manure smell any day. I’d just have to stay away all night hunting until I could come back, seal off the vent and call a fumigator.

True to my word, I stayed out all night finding quite the buck to feast on—yappy dogs weren’t very filling.

After I glugged myself I climbed the tallest tree, sitting as high up as I could, just gazing at the stars and thinking of my lonely existence. Not that I needed a mate mind you, I was quite content on my own, but still... it *did* leave something to be desired.

After I got home, I took a quick shower to rinse off—no need to scrub the granite when it would be soiled by the dog later anyway.

Walking back to my room, my sensitive ears picked up the bitch’s voice. She was still awake?

Curious, I made my way to her door.

“Just leave me alone Edward,” I heard from the other side.

Well, at least part of her was normal for a wolf; due to her keen senses clearly she knew I was out here.

“I’m not the one who moved in here to aggravate you, *dog*,” I muttered in response. Yeah bitch, *you* are the interloper. What do you have to say to *that*?

I waited for her response.

And waited.....

She didn’t say anything.

“Hey!” I growled a little louder. “Aren’t you going to explain yourself mutt? I’d *love* to hear why the heck *you* think I’m bothering *you* when *you’re* the one who moved next door to *me*!”

There was no response from the other side of the door.

“Jacob....”she murmured after way too damn long. “Why?”

Jacob? I braced myself and sniffed the door, it was awful, but I didn’t smell anyone in there with her.

I pressed my ear against the wood; I couldn’t hear the sound of any other voice so she wasn’t on the phone either.

This— this *thing* is not just ignoring me, right? I mean, I can hear her in there... talking, muttering things. I know it’s late, but since she’s a werewolf, maybe she doesn’t need as much sleep as humans? And I need to talk to her. I need to know what she’s doing here!

I knocked on the door; we are *so* having this conversation *now*!

Nothing...

What. The. Hell? Why is she not answering?!?

Is she ignoring me? Noooo!!!

That can’t be it, ‘cause, that’d just be...

Holy Mother of Aro, the *world* is coming to an end! There can’t be any other explanation as to why I was snubbed twice in one day.

I ran into my room, heading straight for the window. I needed to see this with my own eyes— Holy! I did so *not* want to see *that*!

Aside from the obvious— the world was in fact *not* coming to an end— there was a display of outrageous art littering the windows across the way. All apparently directed at me, and my... ummm... *endowment*.

Wow... I mean, I would have been flattered had it not been for the fact that my body was actually *larger* than my manly parts. I almost snorted. *Almost*.

Shockingly enough, I was not amused... I’d show them. Screw maturity! They wanted to act like little kids; I’d give them something alright.

I went to the dresser and picked up a dry erase marker. Twirling it in my hands, I thought about the trouble I *could* get into for doing this, but right now I just didn’t give a crap. I just needed to get this out of my system... for now anyway.

Once I got back to the window I uncapped the marker and, using my best artistic skills, drew two large hands flipping the double bird. I even colored in the empty space to make sure they couldn’t misinterpret my meaning. Yeah, I was that good.

I had a feeling this could come back and bite me in the ass, but I just couldn’t care about it right now. I had too many other things swirling around inside my head, vying for my attention.

I shook my head and pulled the chords to the blinds, effectively shutting out the rest of the still-evolving world. I needed to think...

“Don’t you know what I am?”

“A gigantic asshole apparently!”

Alright, so maybe that *was* a given, I’d have to grant her that much. But still... why was that her first response? And why, in the name of Carlisle was she ignoring me?

I needed to calm down and think. I plugged in my headphones and turned on my keyboard. It was a far cry from my grand piano, but it would do in a pinch. I played Beethoven, Bach, Schumann...heck, I even tried out some Rachmaninoff and Shostakovich.

But, I never managed to get very far in my thoughts. No matter the piece I kept stupidly thinking about her eyes.....I even found myself thinking a couple of complimentary things about her. That was not good.

She was not only a wolf, but a poorly tempered one at that, I reminded myself. It didn’t matter how pretty she was.

If only I knew her motives.....

After a few more hours of fruitless pondering on my wasted Sunday I got up and grabbed my purchases from the hardware store.

I was just about to deal with the vent when I heard the *thing* muttering to her-self about that someone named Jacob again and laundry and underwear and everything being smelly.

Huh!

Interesting choice of words. I didn’t know what possessed me to do it, or why I was abandoning my plan for ridding *my* room of smelly dog, but I couldn’t help but be curious.

All in the name of science of course.

I was interested to see what she was going to do, I mean, it was obvious she was cleaning her clothes, but why would she think her own clothes smelled? Was werewolf so bad that they couldn’t stand their own odor? The thought made me smile.

So I followed her, shocked to see how full her laundry basket was. I could smell the foulness of wolf, walking in her wake. Did she piss on her clothes or something? Mark her territory? For crying out loud! It was obvious she was a wolf, but did she really want the whole world to know?

I watched her for an immeasurable amount of time. I was perplexed to say the least. Each time the washer would be done she’d open the lid and grimace, muttering something about skunks and swearing not so pretty words. Not that I expected anything else from a bitch but still...

I had to stifle the laughter that threatened to escape when I saw her slip on the soapy mess she’d made on the floor and fall flat on her ass. That actually looked painful.

It wasn’t until I started catching the thoughts of ugly Miss Butt-Crack herself that I decided it was time to make a move. Lauren—the name made me want to smash something. Her thoughts were so NC-17 it wasn’t even remotely interesting to listen... not at all. And, they always starred yours truly and our little round janitor.

‘I can’t wait to “accidentally” lock myself out of my dorm in nothing but my towel. Edward would have to let me in to his place while we wait for Ramon. I would get Edward all ready and then when Ramon arrives I could watch—’

And there’s my cue to escape. I climbed through the window in the little nook in the hallway. It was right next to the laundry room and was the perfect place to hide while I spied on public enemy number one.

I made it up to my room and saw the note for the all-floor party. Someone really needed to give Tiffany a day job or something. There was nothing on this piece of paper that was appropriate for college students to be required to look at. Seriously! Orange paper and turkeys? Ugh... Turkeys... foul, smelly, tasteless little things, they were. Not my proudest moment and not one I’d ever willingly redo.

I thought about doing the vent while I waited, but I just couldn’t find it in me to stay way from ignoramus for too long.

What was up with that? Was she like a shaman wolf thingy, casting an evil spell on me? Keeping me drawn to her? Maybe I’d have to rethink my thoughts of her not having an advantage over me. Clearly I was already in too deep.

Even as I thought these things, I made my way back down the stairs to see if she...had managed to get rid of the smell of course. Not because I wanted to see her.

I was not interested in seeing those eyes, deep brown pools... of filth, yeah that was it. The filth... the most beautiful filth I’d ever— what?

Edward! I mentally slapped myself. She’s an *enemy*; don’t think about her like that. You’ve never wanted anyone before, and she is not going to be the first. Do you hear me?

Mentally, I raised my fist and shook it in my face.

Just as I rounded the banister, the most amazingly tantalizing scent hit my nose, causing instant pooling of venom and instant... *hardening*... of certain parts.

That had *never* happened before! What the—

I had to find the source, I needed to—

No! That can’t be! I mean, I could most certainly smell the mutt smell still, but what’s that other underlying, almost overpowering smell? It can’t be coming from her? Please? I’d even get down on my knees and beg, if I could move that was.

I was just getting pheromones from Mike and Jessica going at it in the hall, nothing more.

Oh hell. It wasn’t Mike and Jessica.

My eyes locked with *hers* as I pressed myself as close to the wall as possible. I was fighting every instinct in my body to not just attack and devour. And I wasn’t even sure what I wanted to devour most, her body or her blood.

I was in so much trouble! Where was Alice when I needed her? It was unheard of for a vampire to want a werewolf, and I would not be the anomaly here. Not ever!

As soon as she passed, making her way up the stairs, I sprinted out the door. I needed to clear my thoughts, get some “fresh” city air. Once out there I knew I was not going to be able to do this— whatever it was— on my own. I was going to need my family; and soon. How did Alice not see these things? Why were they ignoring me? Didn’t they—

“Hi Edward; coming to the meeting?”

Ah... the stupid meeting... with the stupid she-mutt... ruining my life for no clear reason.

“Edward?” squeaked the high pitched voice. I peeked over to the brassy poodle perm covered head.

“Yeah Tiffany, I’m coming. I’ll see you in there,” I sighed, waving her off.

‘How can someone so hot be so rude? Maybe if he’d let me, I could chase away the bad and replace it with my—’

Her thoughts cut off as she made it into the hall, where the rest of the dorm population was gathering.

I took a deep breath, filled my lungs with this not-so-good fresh air and made my way in to the rest of the meeting.

Throughout the entire thing, all I could focus on was her— Bella.

I was disgusted with myself for not being able to keep my focus off of her and her beau— no, she wasn’t beautiful. I’d never think that of a dog. No matter how shapely they were, or how sweet smelling they appeared, or how sexy— No!

‘Mmmm....that new girl Bella, I’d like to catch her coming out of the shower one of these days. Hopefully she waits until she’s in her room to change. Her in a towel, those legs.....’

Mike Newton was thinking lustful thoughts towards the bitch too? Wait—too? No!

As soon as the meeting was over I bolted to my room and was instantly surprised... *shocked even*. The nasty dog smell was there, don’t get me wrong, and it was most certainly going to leave me disfigured. But there was something else there too.

That same sweet smell.

The smell that caused me problems in the hallway, was threatening to do the same here.

It came from the vent. I could almost see it pouring forth like someone had turned on the kitchen faucet or something.

As quickly as I was able to, in my current *hardening* condition, I got my stuff ready and sealed off that vent. As soon as it was done, I could feel almost feel the change. The air was still foul and in need of fumigation in the morning, but it was not getting worse.

I knew I couldn’t stay here this night either, so I resigned myself to walking the streets and the nearby forest like a common hobo. Maybe I could dress the part and have some fun with it? Kind of like that the time with Emmett in the eighties...

Good times, even if we did end up in jail. Even Carlisle thought it was funny, until he had to sneak in and destroy our fingerprints. He said if we ever did it again he'd leave us to clean up our own mess.

So here I was, walking around, listening to the various sounds coming from the surrounding dorms. Some were more innocent than others, and for the first time ever, I was actually feeling somewhat lonely.

The physical reaction I had to the double scented girl next door was a first for me. I'd never experienced that before.

And now that I had?

Well... I wasn't opposed to feeling it again, just... you know... with some kind of release in sight.

But not with her!

No, not ever with a werewolf; if she even was a werewolf. I mean, I was pretty confident in my knowledge on werewolf and vampire lore and I knew these kinds of things didn't happen. It just wasn't possible. We were mortal enemies and I refused to believe this could happen. There had to be another explanation. There had to be—

'— Bella know the truth.'

What? Know what truth? My Bella... erm... I mean... the girl next door?

Girl? No, wolf Edward... w-o-l-f. Remember that.

I did my best to stay hidden as I made my way over to the source of the voice, making sure to stay down wind. I didn't want to be exposed to something out here, lurking in the night like me.

I stopped about three hundred feet away, crouched in some bushes, watching the strange boy sitting on the bench with his head in his hands. There was something off about him. Something not quite right, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

'I hate that Bella walked in on me and Leah. I mean, we planned it this way of course, but still... I broke her heart. A heart I had no business holding in the first place. A beautiful, selfless, perfect heart.... and I broke it.'

Was he talking about Bella? The dog next door? The dog that might actually not be a dog at all?

I watched his thoughts as he was on *their* bed with a girl who was not Bella. He was pleasing someone who was not his lover. Someone who he knew he didn't love. Someone he was using, as much as she was using him.

'Jake! I'm—'

'Bella babe... It's not what—'

'Never speak to me again Jacob Black!'

'I can never forgive myself for breaking her. If only she knew. If only I could tell her the truth. But the Elders... and Sam forbade it. I could never go against the Alpha—why wasn't I able to make myself imprint on her?'

Truth? Elders? Alpha? Imprint? This all sounds very much like—

I hate the stupid vampires for moving to Forks. If not for them I would have never phased in the first place. If not for the stupid, smelly leech currently on this campus I would still be living with and loving Bella. Except... I never imprinted. And I knew it would be wrong to string her along. She would never belong to me now. Never... all because I phased into a werewolf!

A strange rush of realization crashed over me.

The mystery was solved. Bella, the beautiful girl next door, was not a werewolf. She was an ordinary girl... who had slept with a werewolf. Gag!

I couldn't believe the ugly boy of a pup sitting there, mere feet from me had had the pleasure... I shivered violently at that thought... of being with her. She had been his. She had lived with him...shared a bed with him... loved him.

But not anymore.

As I made my way into the forest, I knew I would not be able to leave her alone. I knew she would need protection from the stupid, gross mutt she once considered her lover. I didn't doubt that he would come crawling back to her one day, and he would be unstable—dangerous. She needed someone to watch over her. I would have to be that one. The one to protect her.

But she hated me, and I didn't like her much...*did I?* I was in a daze as I headed back to my room.

True to my word, I had my place fumigated the next morning, burned all my clothes and scrubbed my marble skin harder than I thought possible. I had planned on going and buying a whole new wardrobe, but Alice had seen it all and had sent me new clothes. Seven boxes overnighted by Fed-Ex. She'd even called me, finally, frantic because she had suddenly lost sight of me last night.

I'd finally been able to tell her all about my weekend, without her interrupting like usual. She said nothing, only listened... and then she laughed. Hard. She said she'd seen it all and knew I'd needed to learn this the hard way.

At least she had the decency to freak out when I told her about the mutt I "met" last night and made me promise to keep an eye out for Bella, promising she'd do the same. She also made me promise to call her as soon as I was around him again because she suspected that he was the reason she couldn't see me last night.

So, here I was, spending my every unsleeping moment watching over a girl that I had originally thought was a werewolf, and who now occupied my every conscious thought... making me want to do things to myself I never thought I'd be interested in.

I followed her in between classes for the next two days, diving into bushes and melting into the shadows whenever she would turn around. I noticed she looked worn and tired. Had the wolf done this to her?

She was fragile, needed her sleep....I wanted to pound the mutt.

I listened to her toss and turn at night, my ear pressed against the wall between our rooms. One night it even sounded like she was chanting and...having conversations with someone called *Mr. Bear*? Perhaps she needed more help than just physical protection could provide.

I followed her all the way into her gym one day. That was surprising in itself, from what I'd seen she was as graceful as a water buffalo having a seizure, was I going to have to protect her from herself? Although she was clearly tired, I couldn't resist teasing her a little when she came out of the dressing room and saw me.

She was so irritated she couldn't even form a response. Stealthily I watched her nearly maim herself in her attempt at kickboxing. Maybe I *would* need to intervene.

I almost did when her 'instructor' decided to show her a new maneuver. He apparently felt it was a 'hands on' lesson, and his thoughts were less than pure. I wanted to go in there and pound his steroid laden ass....but she wasn't mine, and I *didn't* have those types of feelings for her so I refrained.

After her workout she seemed happier, pleased with her-self, and finally after two nights of her sleepless rustling around I could detect the sounds of even breathing. She was asleep.

After watching her at a distance for so long I wanted to view her up close. Just to make sure she was really okay....yeah.

I couldn't do it when she was awake. My early behavior had surely given her a strong disdain for me. Good grief, I'd wanted to hit her at one point! What was wrong with me? I was raised better than that!

Of course, I was raised better than to break into a sleeping girl's bedroom, but I was about to do that anyway wasn't I?

Ashamed of my actions, I stood in the hallway twisting a little piece of metal around in the lock on her door until I heard a faint click.

Cringing at my behavior I slowly opened the door and carefully made my way into her room, holding my breath. This was so very wrong. I had no business being here I should—oh my. She was sleeping so soundly and her long leg was hanging out of the covers.

I found myself swallowing back mouthfuls of venom as I looked at her face. Her eyelashes fanned out on her pale skin, her hair tangled around her head, her neck leading down to her collar bone and her....

Stop it Edward!

I bet it still stunk in here, like *him*. If I inhaled it might help.

I took a deep breath and sure enough I smelled that *dog*. But then I was hit again by *her* and my rather big problem was back. What to do?

I just needed to be strong, hold out, and keep my hands occupied...

"Edward," she murmured in her sleep.

Yes, love? Wait..... love?

"You're a jackass," she mumbled.

Yeah, well you slept with a wolf, I thought. That was a little too close to bestiality.

I listened to her for the next few hours; she said *his* name a couple of times which made me very unhappy.

The only thing that was worse than hearing her talk about the mutt in her sleep was seeing her crying over him the next day.

I'd followed her closer than intended when she spotted that mutt with *a real bitch*. I was so stunned by the fact that there was a female shape shifter on campus after all that I wasn't quick enough to hide when she turned around and her tear filled eyes met mine.

I felt the overwhelming urge to grab her and pull her into me, to hold her.

Before I could act on that misguided impulse she clenched her jaw, trying to put on a brave face, and stormed away.

The next day as I watched her leave campus for Thanksgiving break I had the oddest sensation that a part of me was leaving in that truck with her.

~*~*~*~*

Chapter Four: How to fly under the radar.

BPOV

The drive from Seattle to Forks was too long to make on no sleep. A couple of hours into the trip the caffeine wore off and I was forced to pull over to the side of the road for an impromptu nap, or risk killing innocent people.

I found a little turnoff and stopped the truck, curling up into a little ball across the bench seat.

Golden eyes were watching me as I walked down the dimly lit basement corridor of the library. With every step I took another one echoed in return and fear prickled at my spine.

I tried to lose my pursuer in the stacks of dusty tomes, taking turns every now and again while breathing in the musty smell.

As I tried to peer through the shelves I felt a cool breeze against the back of my neck. Spinning around on my heel I came face-to-face with Edward. Ugh.

"Why are you following me?" I asked, irritated. I expected to see his angry black eyes trying to bore through me the way they usually did, but instead I was met with warm golden orbs, and a sweet smell like honey filled my senses.

"I don't know," he whispered in my ear as he gently traced my cheekbone.

"You hate me," I stated, stepping away from his touch.

"No, I don't," he insisted, closing the space between us.

"You're a player, you're just trying to use me," I hissed, trying to push him away from me. I would not be the latest notch in his bedpost.

"You're wrong," he growled. "I never...." But his words went unfinished as he leaned in to kiss me.

"Holy crap!" I screamed as I was startled out of my dream. As if things couldn't get worse. I did not need to start having dreams like that about the skeeze who was constantly on his man-period. I fired up Bessie and got back on

the road.

When I reached Charlie's house I noticed the cruiser was gone. Great. That meant I had to get through his layers of nonsense just to get inside. Tired and a bit stiff I grabbed my bag and walked up to the front porch.

Step number one: Enter the ten digit number for the first lock. Okay.....8-3-6-7-4-8-0-9-3-1.

Step number two: Unlock the three deadbolts after finding the various keys. Under the rock, under the eave and in the nasty tree stump.

Step number three: Open the door just enough to reach my hand in and unlatch the fishing line that connected to a can-dropping boob trap above the door. (That would be why, with the exception of Billy Black, we never had any company.)

I would tell Charlie that to break in someone could just take an ax to the door or enter through one of the many windows that didn't have locks on them, but I had the feeling that if I did it would only make things worse.

The crick in my neck that I got from my nap in the truck was absolutely killing me. Exhausted and sore, I dumped my bag inside the door and headed to the kitchen for some painkillers. Ah, another task in the making.

Opening the drawer under the oven, I bent down, sticking my arm all the way to the back of the drawer and sneaking my fingers over the ledge to find the keys that were taped to the backside of the metal. After retrieving the small ring, I made my way over to the top cabinet and used one of the keys to open the padlock holding the door shut. Reaching up to the top shelf, I pulled out the old gun safe Charlie kept over-the-counter medications in and pressed the combination buttons 3-2-3-2-4.

At last, ibuprofen!

Looking around I carefully twisted off the cap....wait, push down and twist...push and twist...twist...

AAAAAGGGGGGHHHHH!

Who the hell makes these god dammed lids anyway???!!

I was seething, my hands trembling slightly as I looked at the lid carefully and read, *line up the arrows and lift lid*.

Oh.

I lined up the stupid fucking idiotic arrows and gripped the stupid fucking small ass 'lip' that was on the lid to lift. It popped off, bending my fingernail back as it did.

Son of a bitch! THAT HURTS!

I dropped the bottle as I screeched in pain watching as alllllll of the tablets went rolling around the floor. Not. Again.

One of these days I was going to meet karma, and I was going to kick that bitch's ass.

*Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out.....*calm down Bella.....at least it isn't the ancient dorm floor.

Not giving a shit anymore, I reached down and grabbed two of the tablets from the floor, sticking my head under

the faucet for some water to wash them down with. Feeling moderately mollified I went to the fridge to get a snack only to find that Charlie's mania had discovered another outlet.

Holy fucking crapballs! The fridge, my one time reprieve, was now full of silver canisters with combination locks. This was certainly a new development.

It was definitely time to call Dr. Weller.

Not that he would help or even listen; damn patient confidentiality. Well, it may be confidential from the rest of the residents of Forks, but I *knew* what was going on. Charlie was getting worse.

Letting out a huge sigh I hit #1 on my speed dial.

"You've reached the office of Dr. William Weller. If this is an emergency please hang up and call 911. The doctor is unavailable to take your call at this moment....."

Yada; yada; yada. Why do some people leave such long opening messages? Seriously, wouldn't *'I'm not picking up, leave a message'* work just as well? Or, in some people's case, *'I don't give a shit,'* followed by a click.....

"Dr. Weller, this is Bella Swan. I'm home on break and it looks like there has been another development with my father. Please return this message when you get it," I droned in a monotone, knowing that *if* he called back I would get the standard response about how he was handling things and I shouldn't worry.

Riiiiiiight!

Since I obviously wasn't going to be able to chew through a steel can I grudgingly grabbed my keys and drove myself over to the local grocery store. Well, at least I could pick up the ingredients for Thanksgiving dinner while I was there. My impromptu trip could turn out to be productive after all.

I mentally made the list as I grabbed a shopping cart: turkey, potatoes, yams, beans, rolls.....Jacob always liked the potato rolls....

Shit. Jacob.

While Billy was never a huge fan of Thanksgiving, he and Jacob still came over for dinner every year. I had no idea if he would be here.

My thoughts drifted to awkward scenarios as I walked up and down the aisles, mechanically throwing different things in the cart as I made my way to the produce department. I almost didn't register three women standing in front of me by the yams.

"I don't know; they may not take the fresh ones. Doesn't everything have to be canned?" a warm lilting voice asked. A lovely fair-skinned woman with caramel colored hair was holding up a yam and studying it carefully.

"But the fresh ones have more nutritional value. They do look a bit interesting don't they?" asked a small girl with spiky, black hair.

The blonde that they were next to snorted. "Why should we care about the nutritional value? They stink."

Well they weren't everyone's favorite, but I needed to get some. I stood there for a moment, waiting for them to finish so I could have my turn at the bin. Only, they kept talking and looking at the yams like they were some kind

of mystery object.

Okay ladies... any day now... and will you just fucking *move* already? God, I need to get a handle on my internal thoughts, Cullen is even making my *brain* violent.

"I don't want those things stinking up my car. They're gross," sniffed the blonde.

"Well they are rather disgusting, but I think it's traditional," countered the spiky haired pixie.

You have*got* to be kidding me. They don't even *like* the things? I checked out their cart: turkeys, hams, and twenty some odd cans of green beans, cans of corn, cans of carrots. Wait, are those... markers? What the Hell? How many markers could one group of girls go through?

Oh... maybe they used them for like, sexual things?

That's just...wrong. Although; now that I think about it; I do remember this girl in high school who liked to talk about the fat sharpies way too much.

But still, they're so tiny! I had to hold in a snort as I thought about that. Then my thoughts went to something that most definitely wasn't tiny. Jake...

He had always been a very impressive boy after he hit a growth spurt at sixteen, but the word impressive was redefined when I saw him naked for the first time. I almost panicked at the sight of his erection; I was terrified he would break me.

Bella Sawn! What the hell!? Don't think about him like that. He's old news, nothing special, nothing... to think about. You need to move on!

Hmmm...I wonder if Edward is as impressive as he looks. He'd have to be the way he was changing ass in skirts. It was more often than said skirts change underwear. That would explain the artwork his skanks displayed in their windows. What I wouldn't give to see some of—

Wait!

I did not just imagine Slutward naked, did I? Did I just wish I could see some of his fine, I mean jerky ass? What is up with this shit? Get a grip Bella!

I mentally slapped myself and focused back on the weird sisters' cart again to keep from going all ninja on something.

Soooooooooooo, lots of canned veggies and markers...

Okay, they were clearly canned goods girls, so what were they even doing in produce?

I couldn't take it any longer.

"Excuse me?" I asked gently, causing all three of them to turn around and stare at me. "Do you mind if I grab a couple real quick?" I pointed to the yams.

"I don't know why you'd want to but go ahead," said the blonde, gesturing for me to proceed.

“Thanks,” I said, sneaking in to quickly stuff a bag.

“We’re getting ready for Thanksgiving,” chirped the black haired girl happily as she gestured to her basket. Wow. She was really excited about this. *O-Kay* then, whatever makes you happy pixie.

“Me too,” I answered awkwardly.

“I’m Alice Cullen,” she said perkily as she shoved a hand at me. I was a little put off by her forwardness, but found myself distracted by the name. Cullen....Cullen.... Nah; can’t be.

“Bella Swan,” I replied, shaking her hand quickly. Brrrr...she must have been handling those frozen turkeys.

“This is my mother Esme and my sister-in-law Rosalie,” she indicated by nodding at the other two women, who looked a bit stunned. “So, what do you recommend—canned or fresh?” she asked, gesturing to the yams. This was really getting odd, couldn’t three women figure out a freaking vegetable by themselves?

“Fresh?”

“I think I agree. What about zucchini, yellow or green? I need to pick some up for my brother Edward,” she continued, giggling to herself. The caramel haired lady shook her head and smiled while the blonde rolled her eyes.

What. The. Hell?

I just shrugged and waved as I turned on my heel, determined to get as far away from that strange girl as possible. Edward Cullen was in Forks? It couldn’t be... although that *might* explain all of those markers. Now that thought *did* make me snort out loud. Serves the man-whore right; but why was his *sister* buying the supplies for him?

Did he need to decorate the windows in Forks with obscene gestures as well? The name Cullen wasn’t familiar here, I wonder how many of the locals he’d managed to pork already.....

I was so distracted by the thought that I ran the stoplight and *almost* hit my neighbor’s mangy, psychotic cat on the way home; the same one that always took a swipe at me. Dammit...*almost*.

I got everything put away and snarfed down a quick snack while throwing together dinner. I had just pulled the chicken out of the oven when I heard a car door open and the crunching of feet on the gravel around the house. Charlie was doing his perimeter check before coming inside for the night.

Once he came into the house he did a quick sweep for bugging devices before coming over and giving me a quick, one armed hug.

“Heya Bells, it’s good to see you! Something smells good, what’s for dinner?”

“Well... I went to the store and picked up some chicken, it’s over on the counter.”

“Ah, I wanted to leave you the codes,” he said, pointing to the fridge. “But I wasn’t sure it was safe.”

I nodded. There was never any point arguing with him

Over dinner he asked a few questions about my classes, a couple of times asking pointedly about my professors and whether or not I thought they had any hidden agendas.

Then he said something that made me cringe.

"I need to go to the post office in Port Angeles tomorrow morning."

Oh please no!

Fortunately I was so exhausted that night that my body forced me to sleep even though I was dreading the next day. I got up in the morning, got dressed, and went downstairs to find 'John Smith' a.k.a. Charlie waiting for me.

He was wearing tattered flannels and a grey wig and beard with a trucker cap pulled down low, casting shadows over his eyes.

"You know Charlie, I can get your mail for you," I offered, hoping to God I could go to Port Angeles without him.

"And risk being seen? Bella I *can't* let that happen! And it's 'John' from here on out. You know that young lady," he said sternly. "Now, here's your hat," he finished, thrusting another trucker's cap at me.

"Fine," I sighed, "I'll go get my keys."

"No need, I bought Jacob's rabbit off of him last time he was out. I keep it in the shed," he told me as he pushed me towards the door.

Jacob's rabbit? Oh no. I was going to have to ride an hour back and forth in the same car I watched him rebuild as we talked for countless hours, the same car he told me we were soul mates in? The same car I had my first real—I shook my head to clear *that* particular thought. Shit! It probably still *smelled* like him.

"Charlie, why don't we take my truck instead?" I asked hopefully.

"Bella, it's just a car," Charlie said, catching onto my problem immediately. "I know things didn't work out between you and Jake, but we really do have to be careful. I don't want us to be seen in your truck. It's for your own good."

I spent the entire ride to Port Angeles mentally grumbling, the window rolled down, trying to fan out the lingering Jacob odor. I didn't care if it was sprinkling and I was thoroughly damp by the time I got there, anything was better than smelling *him*.

Driving through town, I was surprised to see Alice and Esme Cullen unloading bags of groceries at the local food bank. The bags were from the store back in Forks where I'd seen them yesterday. Full of turkeys....what the—

Why didn't they donate to the food bank back home instead of driving all the way out here? Odd.

I didn't have much time to ponder it as Charlie parked the rabbit a few blocks away from the post office and began giving me instructions for my 'lookout' duty.

"Now just hang out in front of the building and look for anyone suspicious," he said as he shiftily crossed the street in front of me.

I couldn't take it anymore.

“Charlie, no one is going to care if you go get your mail. When has there ever been anyone ‘suspicious’ lurking about anyway?”

Charlie turned beet red. “First of all it’s ‘John’,” he ranted under his breath, pointing at his getup. “Secondly, I’ll have you know that a very suspicious family has moved to town since you’ve been gone. I don’t want to say anymore about that now, just do your job.”

“Fine,” I said, waving my hands in the air in defeat. I knew better than to get him riled up, I was going to be in for a three hour lecture later on all of the latest ‘developments’ he’d discovered if I didn’t shut up soon.

I stood outside the post office pretending to look at flyers while Charlie made his way inside.

As usual nothing remarkable happened, unless you count a poodle taking a dump on the sidewalk interesting.

I entertained myself by humming the Mission Impossible theme song...dun dun dun DAH DUN dun dun dun DAH DUN...Dunna na Dunna na....dun dun dun DAH DUN....

I was getting into it, tiptoeing around the side of the building and pressing myself up against the brick. I jumped out on the sidewalk around the corner in a crouch like I was about to surprise someone and caught a brief flickering reflection of bronze hair in one of the post office windows. What the?

I spun around only to see.....nothing. Weird.

‘Please do not tell me that Charlie’s ‘issues’ are rubbing off on me’, I prayed silently as I stood up out of my stance and walked back to the front of the building, whistling innocently.

This was just like the hallucinations back at school, but I had a full night’s sleep going for me. For Pete’s sake, if I was going to start hallucinating couldn’t it at least be something good?

Charlie came bustling back out of the building, a stack of crappily printed newsletters bundled under one of his arms.

“The surplus store is having a sale,” he said excitedly, holding up a flyer. “I’m going to put this in the car and go check it out. It’s best if I go alone though. Meet me back here in one hour, got it?”

“Sure, sure. One hour,” I sighed.

I made my way over to the bookstore and checked out some of the classics wasting a few minutes. Then I grabbed a small coffee and headed over to the music store a couple of blocks away. I needed something relaxing. Something classical would do the trick.

I perused some of the selections; Debussy, Einaudi, Mozart, Vivaldi....

I chewed my lip while I thought about the options. I could just go with a premade ‘best of’ relaxation pieces. Just the thought of sitting in a tub full of warm bubbly water with mellow tunes playing made me feel calmer. I closed my eyes and lifted my head, planning out my relaxing evening.

If Charlie could be convinced to go to Billy’s tonight I could get some alone time to unwind. Aromatherapy candles, warm bubbles, soothing music....and chocolate, lots and lots of chocolate. Oh yes! All I needed was something yummy to look at and I’d be in sensual heaven—I couldn’t exactly bring porn into Charlie’s house, but I had a good imagination. I just needed some inspiration

I opened my eyes to gaze across the store wondering what a good vision might be for me to include.....oh shit!

You have got to be kidding me.

Here, in Port Angeles of all places?

“Great,” I grumbled; my voice low as I looked back to the CDs. “Assward Sullen is here.”

“What did you call me?” asked a smooth, amused voice. Dropping the CD that was in my hand I looked back up only to see that Edward Cullen was standing uncomfortably close to me, a smirk on his arrogant face.

Busted!

I was about to say a smart ass remark back to him, but at that moment Charlie came lumbering into the store looking like a deranged mountain man in his getup and started motioning to me like mad to come with him.

Oh no. *Please if there is a God in heaven do not let Edward notice him*, I prayed. First he sees me crying over Jacob and now this? No.

“I have to go,” I quickly spluttered out.

Edward looked over at Charlie, his eyebrows furrowing and then shooting up as an evil smile crossed his stupidly perfect asswipe face.

“Do you know him?” he asked me happily.

Shit. I wasn’t going to answer that.

I picked up the dropped CD, shoving it back in with the others and raced out of the store without another word.

~*~*~*~*

EPOV

I was in my beautiful, loyal, most amazing friend I could ever have – my Volvo. It would never let me down. It would serve me, never turning against me. Never use me. Never—

Okay, I admit I’m slightly obsessed with my car, but come on! If my Volvo was a person, it would be the perfect mate for me. We could live happily ever after, far away from everyone else. No nasty thoughts to taunt me. No involuntary bodily reactions.

I was currently on my way home. Eh, correction; I was on my way to see my family. I didn’t really have a home. There was nowhere that I really belonged; nothing that called to me in that way.

Yeah, keep telling yourself that Cullen! Dumb ass.

There really was only one reason to why I was going “home” to the family. They were in the town of Forks.

Forks... the place where that nasty werewolf dude was going. The cheating ass was driving in his new girlfriend’s car just a few hundred feet ahead of me. Even staying back here, the foul odor coming from the two of them was nauseating. I hoped it wouldn’t seep into my car and forever mar its perfection with the stink of soggy doggy.

I wasn't stalking him per se, I was checking out a hazardous situation. My family needed information on the latest batch of Quileute lupines after all. Besides, I didn't trust him! He was going to *Forks*.

Forks... where Bella, the she-devil-mutt-turned-normal-girl is spending her Thanksgiving, I assume with her family. I was heading there purely to... study of course.

Making sure she was safe from Shaky Jakey was just a side note. Plus I still had the riddle of her mental silence to dissect, and then there was the whole *scent* thing.

It was the perfect opportunity to watch her in her habitat, seeing how she fared in her normal environment would help me understand her better.

C'mon Cullen! You sound like a Zoologist studying animals in the wild.

Yeah and?

Great! Now **she** had me arguing with myself!

I had already decided I was going to follow her around as much as possible. For my sanity's sake I needed to keep a close eye on her. With as clumsy as I'd witnessed her being during the week I'd followed her around, it was most definitely not safe for her to be off on her own.

I slammed my closed fist down on my thigh, the sound magnified in the little space. Ever since she'd left in her decrepit excuse for a vehicle a couple of hours ago I hadn't been able to concentrate on anything but her. And I didn't like it.

So she was beautiful, so what? So her mind was locked to me, so what? So she had a nasty flea-infested douche for an ex, so what?

I shouldn't be interested in her... *ever*. No one had interested me before. No one had made my... body... respond like she did. *Crap*, she wasn't even here and just the thought was making me..... UGH!

Hmmm... maybe she was some magic-wielding demon spawn woman... yeah...

No! Edward you're going to have to just fucking come to terms with the fact that you have the hots for a human.

A frail, little, stuck-up, bitter woman-child human creature with perfect breasts and a nice....

What????!!

I needed to focus on something else. Yes, her mind was something that really needed reflecting on. Perhaps she was just really dense? No, that wasn't it. If only I could *hear* her.

There are definite bonuses to having a mute mind, you know.

Oh, like what?

Well, you know... being with her gives you company without someone constantly raping your mind.

Riiiiight...

No, seriously. She's hot— don't deny it... win her affections, or something... maybe find something to hold over her head.

Like a piano?

Don't be an ass...

Maybe there's something to this line of thinking...

Of course there is, I'm smart!

Yeah, yeah... Soooo... What could I possibly find to help me in my quest with Bella? And why do I want her?

Dude! Silent mind equals silent company. Think of the possibilities!

Like... what, exactly?

Like... maybe getting some help with your... harder, parts.

That's a thought. It could pos— Wait! What? You want me to go where no canine should have gone before? Taking sloppy seconds from the stink beast? That's just... eeeewwww....

Stop the dramatics little girl, and maybe I'll braid your hair.

Little— shut it!

Now, as I was saying. You could—

Yeah, I'm not doing this right now. I don't even know her!

Fine! But we will talk later!

What did it say about you when you lost arguments to yourself anyway? This girl was sending me off the deep end! I was contemplating some serious therapy when I caught on to the conversation in progress up ahead.

“—understand why you have to go to your ex girlfriends house for Thanksgiving. I wanted you to come with me.” The raspy, deep voice of the female wolf came sailing back towards me. Huh! Wonder what—

“Leah, girl... You know I would, if I could. But we always go to The Swan's for Thanksgiving. You know dad, Charlie's the same... if I don't go Charlie's going to assume something's up. Him and his—“

WHAT? The deranged little wannabe man is going to my Bella's house for dinner on Thanksgiving? No. Way.

First, she's not your Bella. She's not your anything. Second, what's the big deal? So he has di—

What if he phases? What if he hurts her? What if— she starts smelling like the nasty again?

Well, yeah. That's a valid concern, right? I mean, you have smelled her, no? I have...

I rest my case then!

“I’m sure he already knows that you aren’t with her anymore Jacob. I fail to see how anyone would care if you spent Thanksgiving with your new girlfriend, no one is automatically going to assume that you’re with the pack or anything else as a result. That’s just stupid.”

For a moment I was actually grateful to the bitch for making such a reasonable point.

“Leah, I’m not ditching Billy. He is my father after all!”

“Oh so now it’s about your father, how convenient.”

“It’s already set Leah, just drop it.”

The mutt had practically growled at her, what a jerk! This was how he treated his lovers? Even *I* knew better than that. I continued to listen as his thoughts drifted back to Bella again once the car was quiet.

At least I have my memories. Oh, our first time she was so soft, her body against mine so very sweet and warm. The feeling I had when I finally got to slide my—

Something had to be done about this. I could not allow something so unholy to be in close proximity to... whatever the hell Bella was.

Beautiful!

Not asking you, thanks.

I’m just saying—

I know what you’re saying, now shut up and let me listen!

I was resisting the urge to drive my beloved, beautiful Volvo up his tailpipe when I noticed the red truck off the side of the road. It was hers, and the mutt was so preoccupied reliving his first violation of her body to notice.

What if she was hurt or in trouble? Not that I cared, but the responsible thing to do would be to check on her after all. Carlisle was always insistent on us being responsible, right?

Riiiiighhhhtttt.....

I pulled over a half mile ahead of where she was parked, around a bend so she couldn’t see my car, just in case. I ran back to the rust bucket through the trees that lined the road and listened.

I could hear her even, steady heartbeat and regular breaths. Was she unconscious? On the side of the road in that death trap?

That wasn’t even remotely safe, what was she thinking? Anyone could come along and—

I clenched my fists, appalled at the dingbat’s lack of self-preservation and stomped over to the car. I could wake her up; give her a good scare and hide before she was any the wiser. Maybe that would teach her not to fall asleep on the side of the road.

I yanked open her door and stopped in my tracks.

There she was, laid out across the grotesque bench seat; her eyes were fluttering as she dreamed. She was breathtaking. Then that sweet scent of hers hit me again. Oh heaven help me... my pants were already too tight and that was making it worse. My fists balled up to keep from... touching...

I leaned over her, drawn in by the very sight.

"Edward," she mumbled, as if some part of her brain was aware of my presence, her heart rate picking up slightly in response.

I held my breath and stilled myself, trying not to disturb her. All thoughts of frightening her had gone out the cracked, crud covered window.

"Why are you following me?"

"I don't know," I whispered honesty, resisting the sudden powerful urge to reach out and touch her. I failed, my fingers barely touching her cheekbone.

"You hate me," she murmured sadly. I really had given her a horrible impression. Well, at first I did hate her but now?

"No, I don't," I said, moving ever so slightly closer. I could actually taste her breath on my tongue now as it quickened, leaving her mouth in short bursts of air. I wanted more, heaven help me I wanted much, much more.....No!

"You're a player, you're just trying to use me," she managed to hiss out.

WHAT? I most definitely was not that! What the hell would have given her that impression? She thought I was—unbelievable!

"You're wrong!" I quietly growled. I would never treat her the way that dog did. If she was mine I would treasure her, love her, *never* let her go.

She's not yours...

I don't want her anyway... do I? Oh lord. I do. I really, truly do.

Told you...

"I never..." At that moment I lost the strength to fight that little voice inside my head. I leaned in closer, my eyes watching her closed lids. My lips were just a small fraction of an inch away from hers when I detected another flutter. Crap! She was waking up.

I bolted out of the car and down the road in less than a couple of seconds, my unnecessary breaths coming in pants and gasps. I had to get out of here. I needed to time to think!

Pressing my magnificent piece of machinery to its limits I sped home the rest of the way. But as I got to the road leading to the enormous house Esme had insisted on getting, I knew I couldn't go there quite yet. I really needed to talk to Carlisle and Alice, I knew that. But first I had to think things through. On my own. Away from *Alice*... No way was she gonna let me sit and think and figure things out. And if she'd seen even half of what'd been going on? I shuddered at the idea and sped off as fast I could!

I decided to go to the meadow I found the first time we'd been through here, many, many years ago. I hoped it was still there, untouched...

Unlike someone else we know?

We need to not go there. I do not need to think about that mangy hairball anywhere near Bella's more delicate parts.

Delicate parts? Are you freaking kidding me? It's called pussy and tits Edward! And if you weren't such an asswad you'd have known how good it could be to—

You don't know either so shut up!

Don't wanna!

You'd better... or, or I'll—

Molest yourself?

No! I had too much dignity for that, I thought as I hazarded a glance down at my nether regions only to discover that my own hand was indeed in the process of molesting me through my jeans.

I hastily withdrew my hand, completely mortified at what was going on. The thought of pressing charges against my own hand sounded appealing... until I realized just how ridiculous that sounded and just how... *good*... it felt to do that.

Huh... I'd have to look into this phenomenon more later.

All these years! All these years and now you figure it out? If I could—

Yeah, but you can't!

I must be loosing my mind. Vampires don't have multiple personalities do they? I mean, I'm talking to myself here, not just talking but actually arguing. That....that just can't be good.

So figure your shit out so we can go talk to Carlisle.

Then leave me the hell alone!

Thank you!

Huh, look at that. All this inner arguing stuff helps pass the time and puts me on autopilot, because here I was, standing in the meadow, surrounded by tall trees and shrubs. Yeah, this I could live with.

I went to the middle of the clearing as I thought back to my little roadside rendezvous with Bella...

"*You hate me,*" she'd said. Hearing those words again, after my little epiphany, brought me to my knees.

Why would she think that? What could possess her to think— ok, so I *had* given her the stink eye plenty of times, but that was mostly because she smelled like death warmed over in the sun. Once I learned she wasn't actually a werewolf, and that Jerk wad Jake was responsible for her nasty toe jam smell... I'd found her normal smell

very... appealing.

If I was being honest with myself, I'd not just found her appealing in a drink-her-dry kind of way. Her body had appealed to me also, and that was new.

Yeah, you wanted to pump her silly!

So crude.

So true!

Fine...

Watching her in that kickboxing class, sweaty, strong and... *fierce*... I had wanted to touch her so bad. Even then, thinking she was a werewolf, couldn't stop those long-dead hormones from flowing free in my system again.

I watched her every time she went, and every time that Tyler ass-chunk touched her, a little closer to her hallowed-ground-defiled-by-Skunkman, I wanted to rip his throat out. At the time I just couldn't understand what the hell was going on with me. But now I got it.

I wanted her.

I needed her.

I craved her.

I watched as the memory I'd seen in Jake's thoughts played before my closed lids, only this time *my* hands were touching, feeling and caressing that soft, sweet, naked skin. I watched as a hand reached out to touch Bella's silky body, the back of the hand caressing from her ear down to her shoulder.

Once it looped around the delicate round shoulder, it came back to the front. Withdrawing the hand slightly, I watched in fascination as two of *my* long fingers continued softly trailing her exquisite skin, following the curve of her collarbone until it reached the center of her chest.

Once my fingers stopped, my hand flattened out, splayed across her upper chest from collarbone to collarbone. It lingered for only a moment, the heat from her body seeping into my cold skin, before it slowly moved downward, over the expanse of naked flesh until it palmed a perfectly shaped breast, the pebbled nipple pressing into the center of the palm.

I watched as the ... ungh... hand pulled away, trailing the fingers behind ... uuunngh... until only the tips of the ... aaaaaahhhh... fingers were touching the areola ... mmmmm... and just as the tips broke contact with the skin ... uuuuunnnngh...

What was I doing? Sitting here in the sublime serenity of the pure meadow committing an impure act on myself? But the thoughts.....they just wouldn't stop!

My hand continued to make its way.....oh yeah..... down the flat plain of her stomach. I imagined her sweet whimpers.....mmmmmm..... as I positioned myself over her in my....uhnnnn..... fantasy. Just as I prepared to enter her warm.....ahhh.....wet heat I...OH FUCK YES....spilled into my hand.

Oh shit! I looked down, shocked at what had just happened and saw what I had done.

I'd never had to deal with vampire jizz before. What was I supposed to do with this? Find a chipmunk to use as a hand towel?

Heh, that'd explain all the rabies crap we keep hearing about. It's not rabies, it's spunk!

What. The. Hell? Did I just de-virginize my hand against my own wishes? Subconsciously? And did I really just make fun of myself for doing it?

Things were getting weirder and weirder in the hemisphere of Bella love.

Love?

Not now!

I wiped my hand on the grass, cringing inside at the defiling act of innocence-removal having occurred in this special little place, and prayed to the trees in the clearing that Alice had not seen this little lack of control issue.

I ran as fast as I could, while still maintaining a leisurely pace... why exert myself when I knew of the torture most assuredly headed my way?

I took a deep, unnecessary breath, filling my lungs, before getting in my car and speeding like a demon on my way to those I claimed as family.

They were ready for me when I reached the house. Standing on the front porch Carlisle looked concerned, Alice smug; as I exited the car.

Before I even had a chance to take a step towards them, Alice had tossed a large box at me. Catching it was no problem, but her guarded thoughts were.

I barely caught the smirk she gave me before she peeled into the house, laughing like a mental patient the whole way.

I held the box in my hands, shaking it. Something was rattling inside, something— Hell no. She didn't!

I tore into the box, the contents scattering on the ground. There, littering the driveway, were upwards of two hundred permanent and dry erase markers, an empty Coke bottle with the words "Spunk in the bottle not in the hand", a box of condoms she'd so graciously labeled "For Safe Self-Love", and a huge ass towel that unfolded, reveling the words "Spunk Me!"

I felt like tearing in there with the markers and showing her just what I could do with those. *The closet! The closet!*

"Not a chance Edward! Not. A. Chance. In. Hell," I heard Alice snarl before mentally adding, *'Or in Forks!'*

"Edward, we're so glad you're home," Carlisle addressed me, his tone almost overbearingly worried. "It seems we have many things to discuss." As I looked up at him I knew I should have stayed at school. Anything was better than *this*.

"Later, please," I begged him while picking up my new paraphernalia from the driveway.

Fortunately Carlisle knew when I needed a moment to myself.

I hid in my room the rest of the night only emerging when Alice's thoughts drifted upstairs the next morning.

'We're taking the groceries to Port Angeles, Bella will be there.' Her thoughts drifted to a scene in a music store where Bella was standing by the classical music. Hmmmm....she enjoyed that too?

'I really like her Edward, try not to be a jerk,' she added. I could see her interaction with the girl from the grocery store the day before. Alice had been a little *forward* in her introduction.

Great. Bella must think that my family is nuts after that, it wasn't exactly helpful to my plan to win her over...

Wait! Win her over?

Yes dipshit.

As soon as we got to Port Angeles I scanned the streets, finding her outside of the post office. She was humming to herself and tiptoeing around the building. Maybe I didn't need to worry about her thinking my family was nuts.

She jumped out from around the corner, making her tits bounce ever so nicely as she landed.

Stop being a pervert Edward!

She spun around in my direction and I ducked behind a dumpster. She almost caught me.

Like you'd really mind her catching you?

I doubt she'd want to know I'm stalking her!

A grungy looking man came out and talked to her for a moment. She appeared exasperated but resigned as she nodded at him and walked in the opposite direction.

I followed her to a bookstore where she perused the selections. A few minutes later I made a mental note of her coffee order at the espresso stand...a tall vanilla latte no-fat no whip. I could bring her a coffee one of these days; ease my way into her good graces.

Yeah... then maybe you could ease yourself into her tight, wet, warm—

Stop!

When she picked up CD after CD of classical music in the next store I couldn't find it in me to hide. She looked up, her eyes meeting mine for an instant before dropping back down to the case she was holding.

"Great, Assward Sullen is here," she mumbled.

I couldn't help myself. I was next to her in an instant. I didn't like the derogatory version of my name that she came up with but maybe this was my chance to show her I wasn't a complete jerk?

"What did you call me?" I asked, making sure to keep my voice teasing and light.

She looked up, her eyes bugging out of her furiously blushing face.

I grinned at her, trying to show her that I could be a nice guy....someone she could like....maybe even enough to let me....

The panicked thoughts of a man came rushing into my brain. *‘That looks like a Cullen talking to my baby girl. I won’t let those genetically modified storm troopers near her! They must know I’m on to them and their plans for world domination and they’re trying to get to me through her.’* I looked up to see the badly disguised man from the post office gesturing wildly to Bella.

She looked panicked. This deranged man was her father?

I came from a rather eccentric family myself; maybe I could put her at ease.

“Do you know him?” I asked, smiling at her in what I hoped was a friendly manner.

Bella looked mortified, she shoved a CD case back onto the shelf and ran out of the store without another word.

Way to go asshole, you scared her off.

~*~*~*~*~

Chapter Five: How to baste your wet bird

BPOV

On the drive home from Port Angeles Charlie gave me an earful about the newest residents in the small town of Forks—the Cullens.

“They’re genetically modified. Doubtless part of some U.N. eugenics program; I’m sure of it. Dr. Cullen is making *real* nice with all the locals and doing a great job at the hospital; it’s the perfect cover. And their ‘foster’ kids? Dr. Cullen and his wife must have been kids themselves when they took them in,” he ranted.

For the whole hour-drive back I tried to tune him out, thinking about different song lyrics to keep my mind occupied. I still heard bits and pieces of his ‘evidence’ though. Phrases like... *too perfect; seem like they’re hiding something; weird eye color; paler than the normal residents.....* kept popping through my little bubble.

Whatever. Granted, they weren’t my favorite people in the world, but that was a little unfair of me since I was basing my opinion of them solely on Edward’s douchiness. Alice had been nice after all, if not completely weird. Maybe she was just lonely and needed a friend?

Being new, in a small town where everyone knew each other since they were sperm, had to be tough. Small-town people liked to gossip too.

I suddenly felt a little bad about the way I’d brushed her off in the store. Perhaps I could take them some cookies or something... Only, Charlie might have a full blown coronary if I initiated a relationship with them. It was clear he had already added them to the top of his local “conspiracy” theory list.

I’d have to approach it *very* carefully.

“You know, Charlie, Edward Cullen goes to school with me. I could,” *not believe I was going to say this*, “approach them as a friend; maybe see if I can flush out any new information for you.”

“I don’t know Bella,” he said warily.

“My father is the chief of police, and Dr. Cullen has an important position at the hospital to protect. What’s the worst thing that could happen?”

“I’ll think about it,” he replied pensively as we pulled around to the back of the house.

Charlie eagerly grabbed his newsletters and made his way toward the outdoor cellar entrance, a.k.a “bomb shelter”, where I knew he would spend the rest of the day pouring over the latest theories and blatant libel contained in the selection of subversive, small publications. In retrospect, it was probably a good thing that they all came addressed to ‘John Smith’ at a P.O. Box.

I made my way to the front door and was just grabbing for the handle when ‘Muffin’, the deranged flea bag next door, darted out from under the porch swing and took a swipe at my leg. The bastard actually drew blood this time.

“Ouch!” I screamed. “I swear to all that is holy, one of these days...” I shook my fist at the beast as it made its triumphant escape across the lawn.

My leg was oozing drops of blood and a couple dripped onto the porch. Well, wasn’t that just perfect! I tried to hold my breath as long as possible while going through the complicated ritual of getting into the house.

I was positively blue in the face by the time I got to the medicine cabinet and pulled out the small, locked container with the Band-Aids and antiseptic wipes. The room was starting to blur around the edges from the lack of oxygen. It was either breathe and pass out from the smell of blood, or pass out anyway from the lack of air.

Maybe if I diluted the scent. I pulled out Charlie’s cheap-ass Old Spice and held the bottle up to my nose, inhaling deeply.

It was disgusting, but at least I wasn’t passing out from the blood loss....I might, however, be getting a little high. I’m not sure that was really Old Spice.

I managed to disinfect the scratches and bandage them. This was not the first time ‘Muffin’ had gotten me. Muffin? What a load of crap, more like Beelzebub. I swear that thing was possessed. It was creepy.

Speaking of creepy, it was weird seeing Edward in the music store today. I could have sworn I saw him reflected in the window at the post office, and then there he was....what are the odds?

At least he didn’t glare at me. Instead of being black with hate, his eyes were....golden? Huh...maybe he got contacts—

Wait a minute. That dream I had when I was in the truck, his eyes were golden then too....

Burning, bright butterscotch that drew me in. So warm and inviting; if I hadn’t woken up I wonder where that dream would have taken me.....

Best not to think about that. Hell, Edward was such a whore that I could probably get an STD just from thinking about him coming within a ten foot radius of me.

Remember that Bella!

He is a man hoochie! A...a...*moochie*!!!

Besides, I had more pressing things to figure out. Like dinner with Charlie and Billy....and *Jacob*. Speaking of gigoloish pricks who can't keep their dicks in their pants; I couldn't believe he had the nerve to still be coming over for Thanksgiving dinner! When Charlie told me the news I just about lost it.

Not that it mattered.

I could be civil.

Because I was over him, and things were better off this way.

Still, I kind of wanted to slip a laxative into his food.

Oh Jacob, you got the slice of pumpkin pie with the piece of 'chocolate' in it, aren't you lucky! What's that? You didn't realize that there was a chocolate in pumpkin pie? Oh it's all the rave, kind of like King's cake only for Thanksgiving! Air kisses!

Somehow I was pretty sure the fact that ex-lax branded their special variety of chocolate would give me away.

Oh here Jacob, have a nice glass of wine. What's that? A Visine bottle behind my back? I don't know what you're talking about....

But there was that CSI episode a few years ago where Visine was the cause of death...best not to risk it.

Why was I even trying to plot something? Jacob shouldn't get to me enough to make me want to plot. Nope. I was going to be plot free. Ultimately that would be the best revenge—not caring.

Not that I needed revenge.

'Cause I didn't care.....

Hmm.... There were still a lot of Jacob pictures in my room. A lot of Jacob paraphernalia everywhere actually. The stuffed Pink Panther from the carnival, our stupid 'what would your child look like' morphed photo. Ugh, with the difference in skin tones the kid looked diseased. Then there was the little wooden wolf he carved for me, a couple of his shirts, the corsage from when we went to his prom (just as friends of course).

All of this stuff made me realize one thing. I needed to de-Jacobify my room!

I grabbed all of the meaningless crap and shoved it into a plastic garbage bag. I was going to just throw it into the can outside, but then I remembered something about boyfriend exorcism. I had to burn it!

Pyromania baby!

I went out to the burn barrel and dumped in the contents of the bag. *Fuck yea!* I tossed in all the Jake crap, threw in any lingering feelings I might have, and lit that thing on fire!

It was....liberating!

I was momentarily reminded of the fact that the outfit I was wearing was one of Jacob's favorites on me. Even

worse, Leah had helped me pick it out.

Charlie was still down in the cellar, and I realized as I snuck a peek around that the neighbors couldn't see me. I could just.... get rid of the clothes too, I supposed. Ooooooh, the sun was setting, this required mood music!

I ran inside and grabbed my iPod and iDog and brought them back out to the burn barrel. I had just the right songs for this.

I started Katherine McPhee's 'Over It' and listened as the slower melody of the song helped me to close that chapter of my life. Because I *was* over Jacob; if I could refrain from trying to get even, and didn't feel the need to hold on to memories of him, then I was going to be okay.

Slowly, I stripped off the blue ruffle trimmed t-shirt he'd said clung to my body just right, and tossed it into the blaze. Next, I moved on to the skinny jeans Leah claimed were all the rage right now. I peeled them off and flung them into the inferno.

I watched the clothes and the mementos burn for a minute before I realized that I was freezing my ass off! I needed to change the song to something a little more upbeat, perhaps that would help keep me warmer as I stood by the burn barrel in my skivvies.

I switched over to 'I Don't Need a Man' by the Pussycat Dolls....

I see you looking at me
Like I got something that's for you
And the way that you stare
Don't you dare
'Cause I'm not about to
Just give it all up to you

Yeah right, like anyone would be staring at me. Actually, no one *was* watching me. *I could really get into this*, I thought to myself. I started moving in time to the music, wearing only my underpants and standing close to the fire. I had just taken a big step after all. Surely that warranted a victory dance.

I listened and sang along while I jumped around the barrel, shaking my hips until I got to a rather poignant line.

I don't need a man to make it happen
I get off being free
I don't need a man to make me feel good
I get off doing my thing

Damn straight I didn't need a man! I wasn't *that* innocent after all, I could make myself feel *very* good. I was empowered!

I ran my hands over my own breasts just to prove my point to.....who?

The woods?

Yeah, well Bambi, check it out! I squeezed my mounds and ran my hands down my stomach, trailing them over the front of my panties and thighs before slowly dragging them around the backs of my knees, before moving up to caress my ass.

I was really getting into it when I heard a rustle from the trees. Suddenly a real freaking deer came running out from the underbrush headed straight for me.

“Shit!” I screamed as I ran through the yard in my underwear. “Bambi’s trying to kill me!”

I tried to get to the door, but the woodland version of Cujo was quicker. It looked like the damn thing was trying to get into the house.

It looked at me with huge wide eyes before the fucker started running towards me again!

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!” I yelled as I tried to run an evasive pattern around the backyard. *I swear lord, if you get me out of this I will never strip for the raccoons again*, I silently prayed.

“Oh fuck!” I screeched as I, that’s right, tripped over a damn rake and went sprawling on my ass.

At that point Charlie came out of the cellar and saw what was going on. Fortunately, he managed to scare the deer off and get me back into the house, giving me weird looks the entire time.

Yeah.

He didn’t say much at dinner that night, and I only managed to squeak a quick, “night, Dad,” as I ran up to my bedroom and clambered into bed.

I was back in the library at school, wandering among the seldom perused books in the basement when I felt the familiar tingling sensations of someone watching me.

Instead of frightened though, I was excited.

A honey-sweet smell was enveloping my senses in the most erotic way as I ran my fingers along the spines of the books. I grabbed one, a selection of Petrarch’s translated Rime Sparse; romantic works written about Laura, an unobtainable woman who had awoken his long dormant passions after he left the church.

I walked back to the old stuffed couch in the corner and plunked down to read, my lips whispering out the first verse.

*“You who hear the sound, in scattered rhymes,
of those sighs on which I fed my heart,
in my first vagrant youthfulness,
when I was partly other than I am,”*

I sighed and closed the book, laying it down on the sofa next to me. Closing my eyes, I heard a rich velvet voice recite the next stanza.

*“I hope to find pity, and forgiveness,
for all the modes in which I talk and weep,
between vain hope and vain sadness,
in those who understand love through its trials.”*

I opened my eyes to see Edward in front of me, his golden eyes filled with sadness.

“Edward,” I murmured.

“Bella,” he breathed. His lips brushed gently against mine and I felt a spark radiate throughout my body from the soft, cold kiss. It shot through my fingers, curled my toes, and set my core ablaze.

I kissed him back harder, a torrent of passion coming out in fiery need. My hands tangled into his hair as I pulled him closer to me. His lips were icy and hard like marble, but so delicious at the same time.

He moaned into my mouth, his arctic breath sweet like candy.

“Touch me,” I pleaded with him, grabbing a chilled hand and placing it on my breast.

“Oh God,” he whimpered. “This isn’t right.”

“Yes, it is. I need you,” I begged through ragged breaths. His hand cupped me, his thumb tracing the outline of my nipple.

I unbuttoned his prim white oxford shirt and ran my nails down his sculpted chest, watching as he shivered at my touch.

“So warm, you’re so warm Bella,” he groaned. I pulled my shirt off next, pressing my bare chest against his.

“Yes Edward, let me show you how warm I am.” At the contact he gasped and crashed his lips back onto mine as he laid me down on the couch and straddled my hips. His kisses moved down to my neck, sucking the skin there, licking and teasing until I felt I would burst.

I reached down in between our bodies and undid his pants, placing my fingers in the waistband and pulling them down over his hips. He stood up for a minute to pull them off the rest of the way and I ogled openly the cut of his hips and the firm erection that jutted out from between his legs.

Licking my lips, I reached out to touch him. I ran my fingertips along his length, awestruck at how hard and smooth he was.

“Ungh, Bella,” he moaned. “Not yet.”

He gently removed my hand and kissed the fingers before placing it on my bare chest.

“Just a moment, love,” he said as he reached down and pulled off my pants. “I want to feel you first.”

Edward ran his hand from my ankle to my thigh, slowly teasing me with each inch of skin his fingers traversed. Looking at me with lust laden eyes he continued his path of icy torture until finally he reached my overheated core. He brushed his finger along my bundle, circled around it and traced the line of my lips down to my center.

“You’re ready for me aren’t you?” he asked.

“I’m wet, I’m so wet for you,” I panted.

“That’s not what I meant,” he whispered. “You. You’re finally ready for me to take my place in your life.”

At that moment I didn’t care to argue with him. I nodded and wrapped my hands around his shoulders, pulling him to me. Taking my cue, Edward settled in between my legs and pushed himself into me.

It was cold and hard and perfect.

“Oh yes, Edward, please give me more.”

“I’ll give you more,” he growled. “I’ll give you everything.”

Edward began pumping into me in earnest, his hips crashing into mine and his pubic bone rubbing against my nub with each thrust.

“Edward...oh...yes....Edward, you feel so good...oh god...Oh. God,” I yelled.

“Yes Bella,” he moaned, “Say my name, say it.” His deep strokes were coming even faster, harder; they built to a fevered crescendo.

“Edward, I’m...I’m.....ahhhhhhhhhhh.....EDWARD!” I screamed as my orgasm crashed over me. He thrust into me a couple more times before I faintly registered him groaning my name as he came inside of me.

I woke up the next morning feeling dazed. I was sticky and sweaty and... what’s that? Huh! Why is there glue on the side of the bed? And why am I... *Oh God.* I had a sex dream about the man-whore.

After I took a scalding hot shower and went downstairs to begin making Thanksgiving dinner I briefly pondered whether or not I should call the free clinic, just to be on the safe side.

I started the pies, assembled the ingredients for the stuffing, and prepped the turkey for roasting. *Yeah, my bird was definitely roasted today,* I thought as I heard a knock on the front door.

You’d think out of decency Jacob would at least wait until dinnertime to come over, but here he was hours early to *watch the game.* Funny considering he’d never spent time watching sports with Charlie and Billy before.

I could hear Charlie greeting his friend Billy, slapping Jacob on the back (a little too firmly it sounded like) and offering them beers as they settled into their spots in the living room.

“Hey Bells,” he said quietly as he came into the kitchen to retrieve the beer from the fridge. “Are you going to hold up okay?” Part of me wanted to scream at him that I most definitely was not okay with this, but I shoved that voice aside and pulled myself together.

“I suppose,” I managed to answer a little too curtly.

“Look, I know this isn’t easy. But Billy is like family and he can’t get around too easily these days. Rachel had to go to her fiancé’s house and that really only left Jacob to bring him over.”

I pursed my lips and nodded.

“Just give him a chance Bells. I know you’re not together anymore but that doesn’t mean you can’t be friends. He’s been your best friend for years; don’t throw it away because you grew apart. Besides, we can trust him. He’s not part of any conspiracy, and that means something,” he finished with a clap to my shoulder before walking back into the room with three beers in his hands.

It’s a good thing he left when he did because I was getting dangerously close to telling him *exactly* why Jake and I weren’t together anymore. Right! Trust him? Dude... he freaking slept with his new toy, in my bed! I trusted him about as much as I trusted this turkey to grow feathers and walk away.

So I stayed in the kitchen, cooking and slaving away like I was paid to be here. At some point I thought I heard shuffling feet in the doorway, but when I turned to look, I didn't see anything.

The guys stayed in the front room the entire time, hollering and swearing at the TV, cheering and booing in all the "right" places. Whatever...

Hours later, when the game was over and the table was set, they came back in and sat down. I had half a mind to give Jacob his own little plate and tell him to go eat someplace where I didn't have to look at his fugly face, but decided against it.

"Bells, this looks great, and smells even better, babe," Jake said. I couldn't believe he had the nerve to actually speak to me.

I clenched my teeth and stared him down through narrowed eyes.

"You don't get to call me babe anymore," I told him; pointing my chin not so subtly in Charlie and Billy's direction so he'd get the clue. Luckily for him he did, wiping the smile off his face and replacing it with a look of... terror? Was he afraid of my dad?

He he he he he... That could work out to my advantage in the future if he wanted to make "small talk." He was here to eat damnit, not chat.

"Bella, did you check all the codes on the cans before you made dinner?"

"Yes Dad."

"Good. We wanna make sure we don't eat the stuff with the wrong numbers. Those are the—"

"I know, Dad, I know. Those are the ones with the microscopic listening devices in them that will make it possible for the U.S. Government to spy on us," I drawled out in a monotone before digging into my food.

I gritted my teeth with each bite. I know it was the holidays but couldn't Dr. Weller have at least *tried* to return my call, even if it was just to say, 'piss off'?

"Well, they never have been much of a friend to us," Billy grumped. Oh lord, here we go again. Usually, at this point, Jacob and I would quietly excuse ourselves and make a hasty retreat to the shed. That wouldn't be happening this time. "Treaties," he snorted. "Unbelievable."

The odd thing was, instead of shaking his head at the start of another one of Billy's history lessons, Jacob started nodding his head in agreement.

"Has something else happened?" Charlie asked his friend, his brow furrowed with concern.

"Well, the last treaty our tribe made just came back to kick us in the ass, my friend," Billy said, shaking his head sadly. "My grandfather was an amazing chief and he did what he thought was right for his people, but it looks like we'll continue paying the price for years to come."

I could hear Jacob clenching his teeth together as Billy spoke. Curious, I snuck a look at him out of the corner of my eye, his balled up fists were trembling, his eyes closed and his face was scrunched up in concentration.

“You’d think that he would have learned not to make agreements like that. We’ve all learned that lesson in history class. But this time they weren’t after our land and he thought there was nothing to lose,” Billy mumbled on. It looked like his eyes were watering up.

“Well he did and now I’m paying for it,” Jacob growled darkly.

This was an unusual development. Normally Billy was disgruntled, but I’d never seen him this worked up. And Jacob? He seemed just as disturbed....

“What did he agree to anyway?” Charlie asked. In response to that question Jacob’s whole body started shaking. What the hell was happening to him? I had never seen him behave this way before. If he was going to have a seizure was I supposed to shove something in his mouth to keep him from biting his tongue off?

Instead of going into his usual excruciating detail, Billy started backpedaling as he shot nervous glances at his son. I could tell he was trying to change the subject when he began asking Charlie about his latest ‘discoveries’.

Jacob’s shaking hadn’t stopped yet so I ran to the kitchen to grab a dish towel. I pulled a relatively clean one from the countertop and headed back to the table, prepared to shove it in Jacob’s mouth. But, when I got back there, he was fine. I tried to see if I could detect any faint tremors, but he was sipping his drink and listening to Charlie rant as if nothing had happened.

“Spill something Bells?” Jacob asked, smiling at me.

“No. You...you looked like...I thought...” I stammered.

“You thought what?” he smirked, leaning back against the chair and looking at me arrogantly.

“Nothing,” I replied hastily. I started grabbing plates from the table. At least I had the excuse of dirty dishes to get me into the other room. Charlie and Billy would probably be prattling about bioweapons and nanotechnology used for mind control for hours on end.

I made a few trips back and forth to the table and got the sink full of hot soapy water. I clattered around the kitchen probably making too much noise as I grumbled to myself at the sink.

“Stupid Jacob...just can’t go away...shouldn’t even be here...acting all smug and eating like a pig...”

“Well why don’t you tell me how you really feel, Bella?” Jake sneered from behind me.

“Shouldn’t you be in there,” I pointed to the other room with a large butcher knife, “with your Father? *That* is the only reason you’re here today.”

“No baby, it isn’t the only reason,” he said, inching closer to me.

“Back off Jacob,” I ground out through gritted teeth. “And I think I told you not to call me that.”

“Fine,” he said, raising his hands in surrender. “But at least let me help you dry.”

“I don’t need your help,” I insisted.

“Why not? You like to stay wet?” he leered at me, leaning in.

I'd had it at that point.

Jacob was a dead man.

I swiftly slapped him as hard as I possibly could, right across the face, and screamed as I heard at least one of the bones in my hand snap. What the fuck!?

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.wait, did I just see Edward outside the window?

Now was so not the time for a hallucination.

Jacob stiffened and instead of offering to help me out, the chicken-shit-douche-bag bolted out the back door and ran away. That fucker!

Fortunately Billy and my Dad had enough common sense to come find out what was going on in the kitchen. As they drove me to the hospital I fought to keep from telling Billy just what a fuckstain his son was. It wasn't Billy's fault that I was hurt, or that his son was an asshat.

I was whisked through the ER that was full of other people suffering from holiday related injuries. Nothing brings out dysfunction in a family like a big home cooked meal. Dude, did that guy have a spoon wedged up his nose?

A few hours later I emerged from the triage hell, my hand firmly encased in plaster. Perfect!

I also had the interesting experience of meeting another Cullen. Dr. Carlisle Cullen as a matter of fact....

~*~*~*~*

EPOV

After Bella left the music store with her... *dad*... I—

Can't believe THAT is her dad. What a nutjob! And I was worried about her run in with Alice. He he he...

Stay. Out. Of. It. Not in the mood right now.

Kay. But I heard him, he calls himself 'John Smith', I mean really.

Shut it!

I wasn't ready to be away from her yet. I didn't doubt that Alice was filling in the family on every move I made, and I knew I'd eventually have to go home and face the brutality that is Emmett. His teasing would be even worse than the "spunking" box Alice made. Wanting to put off the awfulness that is Emmett's sense of humor I figured I might as well take off for awhile, knowing full well that there was a chance I was only going to add to the available list of misadventures for him to choose from.

So, it was with those thoughts in mind I made my way to the cashier with a selection of CDs in my hand. Bella had been looking at them and I hoped they were what she wanted. Oh well, can't blame a guy for trying...

Yeah, you can. Especially when all you want is in her pants!

That's not all I want... though that does have some promise.

Dude, Edward. You know as well as me, it would be fucking win all around.

Her, all around me, moving, clenching, tightening—

Ungh!

Man, I was a pervert. I had to visibly shake my head to rid my mind of Bella's naked form bouncing up and down on—

Yesssss...

Holy Hell. How did I make such a quick turnaround? I used to never think about sex. Now I was just as depraved as everyone else! Meh, I don't care. I made it and now I'm all for making her mine.

But first you have to make up for your douchiness and actually make her like you "Assward."

"He he he he," I chuckled silently to myself. "Assward, that was a good one."

Glad she amused you. Now get!

I was just about to text Alice when I heard the unmistakable beeping of my phone, signaling I'd received a new message.

Go! You don't wanna miss it. Trust me!

~A

Okay then. Again with the cryptic stuff. But whatever. And before the fifty-something-year-old cashier could voice the all too familiar thoughts of having a "nekkid rendezvous" in the back room, I was out the door with the bag in hand.

I took off into the forest, running parallel with the road, sprinting until I caught up to 'John Smith's' car. I could see it as it made its way down the road; an ugly, tiny beat-up yellow Rabbit. It had definitely seen better days.

Not only was it butt ugly, it stank of beast boy. Well, that explained it then. It was swami stinkbutt's car. At least it *had* been. And now it was Charlie a.k.a. John Smith's. A master of disguise, he was not.

I stilled my running a little, to keep the same speed as the car, and tuned into the conversation.

"—ward Cullen goes to school with me. I could approach them as a friend, maybe see if I can flush out any new information for you."

"I don't know Bella," 'those genetically generated people can't be trusted. They'll—'

"My father is the chief of police and Dr. Cullen has an important position at the hospital to protect. What's the worst thing that could happen?"

'You have no idea daughter of mine.' "I'll think about it."

Genetically generated people? What the—

He thinks we're manufactured, out to overtake the world? That's rich.

Hysterical really. Now let me think.

Wait... Charlie's the Chief of Police? That's... *disturbing*. How does a crazy person go about doing that? I should ask Carlisle. When I—

Get the balls to go home and face them all?

Ummm... Shut up!

I was starting to get really agitated with myself. Maybe Charlie wasn't so crazy after all. At least he wasn't speaking to himself like I was.

'Maybe that could work? She could spy on them for me? Keep me up to date on their unnaturalness.'

'But what if they brainwash her and then clone her?'

'Yeah, that would be bad. And I don't really want her close to them.'

Ummm... yeah, that didn't comfort me at all. So, I'm as crazy as the Chief? Not. Cool.

You are so crazy, so super super crazy.

Not. Helping. Assward.

He he he he he...

My internal dialogue was starting to scare me. Was it a side effect to my sexual desires? Did being sexually active with my hand drive me crazy? Maybe I needed to convert my hand, make it a born-again virgin? Perhaps I could buy it a Jonas brothers' purity ring.

But masturbating *had* felt so damn good. Was I really willing to never do that again? Maybe if I talked to Carlisle about it, he could help me understand that was going on...

I didn't even notice that we were back at the Swan's house until Charlie's thoughts interrupted my thinking again.

'I need to go into my safe haven and study my new information. Most of the stuff in here is fact, people just don't know it yet. But they will...'

I really wished I didn't have to listen to this man's crazy thoughts. It was making my head spin. Where were the men in white coats with the straightjacket? Shouldn't they be here by now?

You're not one to talk meathead.

I ignored that one and continued watching the scene from the shadows of the giant trees surrounding the lot.

Charlie left for the underground bunker with thoughts of gene mutations, conspiracy theories and my father ramped and vivid on his mind. Apparently my father was stationed in Forks to gather information so the invasion would be efficient. Wonder what Carlisle would think once I told him of this new development.

As Charlie disappeared underground I turned my attention to the woman who was consuming my life.

Bella... who was currently being ripped to shreds by that mangy, ugly cat thing. Holy mother of Galapagos, the thing drew—

Blood!

“Ouch!” she yelled. “I swear to all that is holy, one of these days...”

Mmmm... smell that— that is Nirvana right there...

Yessss... I want some. All of it. Gimme!

No! Shit that smells delicious. Better than anything else.

Exactly. No one will ever know. Get in, get out, get on with your life!

What’s that, a slogan for vampires? Besides, I would know. And I- I- I can’t lose her like that.

You’re right! She’s our best chance for getting laid! For the love... hold your breath!

I stopped breathing, trying my best to focus on anything but the drop of blood currently smeared on the porch. The drop of blood that was calling to me, beckoning me to lick it.

Fortunately, Bella lived in a sparsely populated area with few neighbors, and her house backed up to the woods. I still gave a cautionary look around. No one was watching I could just—

Lick it up?

That’s gross.

That is precious, sweet nectar going to waste.

True.

Bending down I took one quick, last look around before lapping up the spilled drop of Bella’s blood. It tasted like warmth, sugar and...cat piss? What the hell?

Oh. My. God.

The mangy beast that scratched my Bella had marked the porch and I’d...

Ugh!

That was the final straw! I was going to get that lice-ridden menace. I looked around and saw the creature watching me from a bush nearby.

Snack time!

You’re seriously going to eat a cat?

Yes. It’s something else I can do to make up for being an ass to Bella.

Right. What are you going to tell her? 'Bella, I ate the obnoxious cat next door for you. Yep, sucked all the blood right out. It won't be bothering you again.' She'd run for the hills!

It's still a noble act.

True.

Before the hairball even registered what was happening I'd snatched it up and sunk my teeth into its scrawny neck. I was a bit peckish after all. Once I'd drained it dry I unceremoniously tossed the carcass into the woods. Sayonara fleabag!

Training my attention back to the house I could make out the sounds of Bella stumbling around upstairs like a herd of stoned elephants. She was muttering a bunch of nonsense about worthless crap and shaking out something that sounded distinctly like a plastic garbage bag.

I heard her clumsily descend the steps of her home saying something to herself about boyfriend exorcism.

I chuckled. I doubted that a priest could help her get rid of the mutt, but I'd be more than willing to lend a hand. I quickly found a hiding place behind one of the trees when I could detect her getting closer to the back door of the house. I watched as the angel emerged, hauling a black plastic sack.

She was almost to the garbage cans when she spun around suddenly and changed directions.

"Pyromania baby!" she exclaimed, her eyes shiny and bright as she stomped over to the burn barrel in the back yard.

She dumped the bag out, shoving stuffed animals, pictures and other trinkets into the burn barrel before lighting a match and setting the whole thing on fire. What was she doing? I was all for getting rid of anything that reminded her of the dog, but some of those things contained chemicals that could harm her fragile lungs! I would have to add to my growing list of things to protect her from.

After a minute she frowned and looked down, pinching the fabric of her shirt.

What could she possibly be thinking?

She ran into the house and returned to the barrel carrying an iPod and iDog. They were a bit silly, but who I was to deny her music while she torched her mutt mementos?

She fiddled with the gadget and before long a slow, sad song came out. I watched, transfixed, as she swayed her hips to the music, hugging her arms around her torso and singing along,

And I'm over your mouth.
Trying to drag me down,
And fill me with self-doubt.
Ohh...

Thats why,
(your words)
I'm over it
(so sure)

I'm over it
(i'm not your girl)

She was saying goodbye to him. This was very, very good. And she was dancing. Even better. She looked around quickly, checking to see if anyone was watching her. If only she knew...

Wait. What is she doing? What the Hell?

You've got to be shitting me! Close your fucking eyes you disgusting pervert!

Nah uh. Nothing could ever possibly prevent me from—

Holy shit! Look, the shirt. It's in the—

Boobies! Beautiful, bouncy, round, full, luscious—

I am so going to Hell for this.

He he he he he... I know. But what a way to go.

True...

I couldn't believe my luck. There she was, the object of my fucking desire.

True that!

Yeah, anyway... she was half naked dancing around in nearly see-through underwear, tits a jigglin' all over the place just begging for my hands to hold them in place while she bounced and moved and caressed and—

I have got to get out of here or I'm gonna run right up there, bend her over and shove myself into her as fast and as hard as—

Speaking of hard. Did you notice?

Oh, I noticed alright!

Run, Forest. Run!

And I did. At least, I attempted to. But I'd been so still that a deer actually approached me, until I moved faster than—

Your violating hand on your cock?

Must you be so crude?

Yeah.

“Shit! Bambi's trying to kill me!”

Oh... I guess in my haste I didn't notice where the deer fled to. Not that I could do much, but still. The scene unfolding in front of my eyes was almost more than I could take.

Not only was it strangely arousing, it was frightening and down right freaking hilarious.

There, out in the open, was Bella, running around like a chicken with its head cut off, barely covered, arms flailing and—

Don't forget about the boobies!

I won't. Trust me!

She was trying to make it to the porch, running what I assumed to be evasive patterns but was really just badly coordinated aerobics. She was trying to dodge that damn deer but everywhere she went, it followed.

I would have laughed. And I almost did, that was up until—

“Oh fuck!” She tripped over a rake and went down, ass first, on the ground. And then Charlie showed up.

‘What in the name of Moses is going on out— is my baby... naked? Sweet mother of Pelican Briefs, she's in her underwear. I'm... looking at her... breasts? Since when did she get those? Damnit! Damn the hormones infused in the shit she calls food!’

And that's when I ran. I ran as far away as I could... to the only place I could think of... my bedroom.

Big. Fucking. Mistake...

As soon as I set foot in the room, Rose was planted in front of the window and Jasper was in front of the door while Alice was sitting in front of the bathroom door.

Stupid, miserable, good for nothing siblings. But, wait a second. Where's Emmett?

“Hello little brother. Have a seat on your couch while we talk, won't you?” And he cracked his knuckles for effect.

“Emmett, the cracking of the knuckles is a bit much, don't cha think?”

“No, I'm going for threatening here.”

“Fine, I'm *shaking* in my pants!”

“Oh, you were shaking alright. But it wasn't *in* your pants. More like... out in the open, for everyone to see!” And then the bastard laughed. A loud, booming, shake the windows kinda laugh. And it set everyone else off.

If I could have, I would have run, but all the powers that be were against me and I would never make it.

Emmett came over to me, pushed my ass into the couch and stood in front of me, legs spread and arms crossed over his chest. He would have been intimidating, except I could read his mind and he was laughing so hard it was almost difficult for me to stay pissed at him.

“Edward, we know that you are one hundred and eight years old now, and it is normal for a boy your age to start getting urges of a sexual nature.” I snorted.

"As a one hundred and eight year old virgin you may feel the need to start experimenting. Touch things, feel things, fuck things. It has come to our attention that a girl has caught your eye, and we figure it's time to tell you about how boys and girls interact."

"No way in hell am I sitting through this shit, Emmett. I've seen more in the last ninetyish years than you've ever even come close to figuring out." Emmett snorted and I scoffed at him.

"Seriously Emmett, did you forget I read minds? I've. Seen. It. All."

Emmett scowled at me for a little bit before a sense of calm washed over his features and his lip twitched.

"Then tell us, Edward... How was your first taste?"

"Huh? What are you—"

"Pussy, Edward. Alice informs us you ate a *Pussy* at Bella's house. How was it?"

The arrogant bastard actually had the nerve to block his thoughts from me. As did all the others. I'm sure I would have blushed at this point had I still been able to, but now I was literally just pissed as hell.

"Or maybe... maybe you like the taste of the piss better?" And at this the whole house broke out in some raucous laughter. I could even hear Esme chuckling away in her room.

I looked around the room, mortified at the scene unfolding in front of my eyes. Emmett was actually rolling on the floor now, his arms still crossed in front of his torso and his legs kicking in the air.

Jasper was on his knees, one hand clutching his chest, the other held out in front, palm facing towards me.

Alice was giggling by the bathroom door, barely able to stand on her legs as she was hunched over, her head hung down, hands in front of her face.

But Rose, she was the most surprising one of all. She'd actually laid down on her tummy, ass in the air, hair fanned everywhere and her hands fisted and stretched out in front of her body, banging her fists on the floor.

"Screw this!" I yelled and jumped over Rose, through the window, landing on the soft grass below it.

I ran to Bella's house. I didn't know where else to go and this whole thing was killing me. I was so embarrassed and pissed and utterly mortified and horribly betrayed that Alice would share all that with them.

And they wondered why I didn't come home often?

'Cause you're an overgrown baby who can't take a joke!

This one was too close to home dude.

Whatever. Grow some balls, let 'em drop, and then USE them!

This is getting ridiculous. It can't be normal to have such an intricate conversation or argument with yourself. For fuck's sake, I'm fighting with myself. Where's Carlisle when I need him?

I was sitting in the tree outside Bella's bedroom window like a depraved stalker, about to pull my phone out to

call my father when I heard her mumbling in her sleep again.

She really is quite the vocal one isn't she?

I'd like her to be vocal. 'Oh Edward, yes! Harder! Faster! Pound me!'

You're sick

I know.

She was reciting poetry...in her sleep? I had to get a closer look at this. I carefully slid her bedroom window open and quietly entered her room.

Oh fuck was her smell strong in here, it was....

Boner inducing?

Yeah. Shit, add to the fact that the girl was fucking reciting Petrarch in her sleep and...

Who knew she was so smart? Silent mind, pretty face, rocking bod and a brain? She's...

Perfect. I sighed, picking up and reciting the next line of poetry to her as she dreamed away. She was perfect and I was 'Assward'. There was no way she would ever want me, and I was pretty sure I would never want anyone else. I was so screwed.

"Edward," she sighed, rolling to face me where I was kneeling by her bed. She had to feel this connection somehow. Otherwise, how could she be so aware of me, even in her sleep?

"Bella," I breathed, I couldn't help myself. I leaned in and light as a feather brushed my lips against hers.

Way to kiss the girl while she's fucking sleeping, you degenerate!

Disgusted with myself, I started to pull away, but Bella's hands reached up and grabbed my hair forcing her lips against me hard.

I couldn't help it, I moaned.

Yeah, and nearly jizzed in your pants.

Shut. Up.

Then she did something that was un-fucking-believable. She grabbed my hand and put it on her firm, luscious breast!

Boooooobies!

"Oh God, this isn't right," I chided myself. Shit, my hard-on was about to burst through the denim in my jeans!

"Yes, it is. I need you," she mumbled through pants, making her breasts heave under my hand. My perverted, has-a-mind-of-it's-own appendage started acting without my permission again, cupping her tit and thumbing the hard nipple.

I think her hand and my hand were best friends. As mine was coping a feel, hers was scratching down the front of my chest, sending bolts of lightning through my body with just that simple touch. She was so warm....

“Yes Edward, let me show you how warm I am,” she purred in her sleep. Oh crap, had I said that out loud?

Her lips were puckered as if she was kissing someone, and she was gasping my name from time-to-time.

She wants to fuck me! Oh yea! Oh yea! Oh yea!

I was so busy doing my mentally inappropriate happy dance that I didn't notice her hand moving until it was actually on my hard dick. It twitched so violently that it ripped right out of the front of my pants. Shit!

Shit, is right!

She grabbed my erection. Her hand was on my erection!

Good now just stroke, Bella, up and down, up and down. Yeah baby, that's it.

“Ungh, Bella,” I moaned. “Not yet.” I couldn't let her jack me off in her sleep. That was so wrong. I had to get out of there, get away from her, but I couldn't figure out a way to get her hand off my junk without waking her up.

I carefully pried her fingers off of my dick, kissing them and reluctantly placing her hand on her chest. Removing my own traitorous fingers from her breast at the same time.

Noooooooooo!

Shut up, it's the right thing to do.

I had to try to be a good guy here, especially if I ever wanted to have a real chance with her.

She was still writhing around on her bed, panting out my name. Sometimes doing the right thing was sheer fucking torture.

“You're ready for me, aren't you?” I whispered, hoping that her earlier disposal of the stinkbeast's trinkets and her dream meant that there was actually a chance.

“I'm wet, I'm so wet for you,” she panted. Nice to know, but not *quite* what I meant.

You fucker, she's wet, you're hard, just stick it in already!

No!

“That's not what I meant,” I murmured to her. “You. You're finally ready for me to take my place in your life.”

She didn't answer. She did however, shove her hands down her pajama bottoms and start getting herself off.

“Edward...oh...yes....Edward, you feel so good...oh god...Oh. God,” she yelled. I stood there dumb founded; I could actually hear the wet noises of her fingers in her...

PUSSY!

Yeah, that. She screamed my name and before I knew what had happened, my dick exploded without me even touching it, my jizz shooting out god only knows where.

Oh crap, where's the spunk? Must find the spunk!

I tried looking for it, but Bella's yelling had woken her father and I could hear him coming down the hall to check on her.

I bolted, jumped out the window and landed in the tree. Right before I descended I turned and looked back at the scene.

Is that—

Jizz? Yeah...

Is it—

Hanging from the ceiling? Yeah...

And I watched, equally fascinated and horrified at my spunk dropping from the ceiling... ... landing somewhere out of sight, but I was willing to bet it landed within Bella's line of sight come morning.

You are fucked!

I know...

Emmett's gonna—

I KNOW!

I jumped out of the tree just as Charlie opened the door to the room. I could hear his thoughts of invasions and dream manipulation... he was a very disturbed man. Very... scary...

When I got to my house it was eerily quiet and empty. It was almost strange to hear nothing of my crazed siblings.

I ran to my room to take a shower but was stopped in my tracks... There, on the bed, was an overstuffed, large chipmunk. There was a note attached to it, and I didn't really want to read it. But I did... *Bro...*

Don't you wish you'd had

Spunky

handy earlier this evening?

Em

~*~*~*~*~

Chapter Six: How to be a hypocrite.

EPOV

“I don’t care, Carlisle. This. Has. To. Stop. I can’t take it anymore!” I finished, throwing my hand up in the air as the other slammed ‘Spunky’ onto his desk.

Okay, so I realized I sounded like a whiney little kid, but I was done. *All the way done.*

“If they don’t stop this, I’ll be forced to...” I drew my hand down across my face, wishing I could gouge my eyes out for just a minute.

Spunky? *Spunky*. Why?

My fingers itched to tear at something.

“Forced to what, Edward?” Carlisle repeated, interrupting my self-pitying monologue and looking at me with a mixture of amusement and concern. Hah!

“Whatever,” I grumbled.

Did you just ‘whatever’ Carlisle?

Yeah. What’s it to ya’?

Ummm... well, except for the fact that you are over one hundred years old, carry two medical degrees, and... have balls!? I guess nothing much.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes at myself as I listened to my two quarreling sides. What the hell was wrong with me?

“Edward?” Carlisle asked, cocking an eyebrow at me.

“Forced to not come home again. And I’ll leave right now,” I huffed. Though that was an empty threat and he knew it. I could see it in his eyes, and by the twitch of his lips... and from his not-so-concealed thoughts.

“Right,” he responded with a barely contained chuckle. I clenched my fists. Damn him for seeing right through me.

Not too hard to do, little man.

I. Am. Not. Little. If anything the skanky artwork across the quad at school testifies to that!

No, you are big and strong and I fawn over you all the time. Would you like to engage in some self-love fantasies? That way you can mentally rape yourself and stop blaming everyone else you run into.

I really was losing my mind.

“Of course,” he continued, completely overlooking my obvious distress. “I imagine you could just ‘move residence’ as it were, perhaps relocate to, I don’t know, Greenland maybe? But, from what I’ve heard, there is no way you are leaving Bella.”

He looked at me, eyebrows raised, challenging me to disagree with more than just a slight amount of smug amusement on his face. And damnit, he had me.

“Why, Carlisle?” I asked, gesturing to Spunky and thinking about all of the torture my family was putting me through.

“Edward,” he sighed, picking up the offensive toy and shaking his head. “The family loves you, but I think we both know why they’re doing this?” He posed it as a question, his forehead crinkling as he awaited my response.

My whole body stiffened, my back straightening out until I was as rigid as a plank.

“I don’t know what you mean,” I replied with a completely unnecessary sniff.

Carlisle sighed. “Where shall I begin Edward? Do you honestly need for me to recap a few highlights of the way *you* tormented the rest of the family about *their* sex lives over the years?”

Mildly incensed I grabbed Spunky from Carlisle by the neck and shook the offensive stuffed toy at him.

“I don’t recall ever teasing anyone,” I yelled.

Carlisle choked on his venom and laughed. “I never said you *teased* anyone. No, I said tormented. I suppose I ought to be more specific.

“Edward, you were my first son and I know you have struggled with what we are. When I changed Esme and brought her into our existence our family started to become whole, but there was something missing. You were alone, and as much as Esme and I loved you it was hard for you to be the odd man out.

“We understood that our relationship was difficult for you given that situation, perhaps it’s part of why you left, and when you returned to us I wanted more than anything to give you a mate of your own. Of course Rosalie didn’t exactly turn out as planned,” Carlisle chuckled, rubbing his hand across the back of his neck.

Not as planned? Yeah, no kidding. Sure, she was hot, but couldn’t you have taken something small like PERSONALITY into consideration, Carlisle?

No shit! It was REAL nice coming home to THAT one! “Hey Edward, while you were out I decided to mate you with a harpy!”

I started to interrupt his little trip down memory lane but he held up a hand.

“Please let me finish,” he insisted.

I nodded my assent.

Your Ass-ent? Assward?

Shut. Up.

I clenched my fists as Carlisle continued.

“I realize it was foolish of me to try to play matchmaker for you like that, but you have to understand I was

desperate for you to have a partner. When Rosalie found her mate in Emmett your solitude became even more magnified as you had two couples to deal with instead of just the one.

“However, your isolation was self-imposed, and while I do not advocate using another person for purely physical gratification, you had options available.” His thoughts flitted to Tanya briefly and I couldn’t help but roll my eyes.

You could have nailed her, you know.

Yeah. And probably caught some mutated STD in the process. Her bedroom should have a revolving door and a ‘take a number’ machine to help line up the queue.

“While I find your restraint and desire to wait for the right girl commendable, your decision to begin *lambasting* the rest of us for enjoying physical intimacy in our monogamous relationships was *not*.”

Uhhhhhhhhhh.....

“Now I’m not trying to dredge up the past, but apparently you need to have your memory jogged in order to understand *why* your siblings *might* feel the need for a little harmless revenge.

“Perhaps I should just point out a couple of your most noteworthy escapades, like a few years ago when you loudly pointed out, to the entire house, that oral sex was illegal in eighteen states and you were thinking about turning Alice and Jasper in for what they were doing in the privacy of their own room at the time. Of course, that doesn’t quite top the lecture of 1962, when you told us all that sex was intended for procreation only and the fact that we’re infertile meant that what we did with our spouses was akin to sodomy.”

Errrrrrrrrr.....

“That particular lecture not only mortified the girls, but for your mother and Rosalie the reminder of their childless existence was particularly painful. Do I need to continue?” he asked calmly as I stood there, my arms limp by my sides and Spunky dangling from my hand.

Assward.

Yeah.

But at the same time...

“Carlisle, I know that my behavior has been less than commendable, but couldn’t the family show me *some* consideration? Especially in light of my gift? It isn’t fair for everyone to go at it night after night knowing that I’m forced to either watch or run out of the house!”

“Edward, you’re seriously asking the family to forego intimacy with their mates to make you more comfortable? Should I point out that Alice seems to manage dealing with everyone’s sex lives without throwing a fit?”

“What does Alice have to—“

“You think she doesn’t see everything before it happens?” he asked incredulously, interrupting me. “Worse yet, she sees many different versions of it and her gift has no limits. You can run a couple of miles to escape, but she can see everything that happens from the other side of the world. And yet, she doesn’t feel the need to chastise everyone for it.”

At that moment I felt about two inches tall.

I never really took into consideration what Alice went through. She wouldn't just see what actually happened, she'd see every possibility as people shifted through their options. Every kinky thing that went unsaid or unspoken as a result of shyness or last minute hesitancy would play out for her as if it had actually happened.

Carlisle noticed as awareness of my sister's suffering crossed my face. How on Earth had I not realized this sooner?

"Do you really think she enjoyed watching you masturbate in the meadow?" he finished, tilting his head to the side and raising his eyebrows.

Great, now I was embarrassed too. At that moment I should have started making amends but the cocky look on his face aggravated me. Yes, he was absolutely right, but still, did he have to look so damn smug about it?

I wanted to huff and puff and blow the arrogance from his features... but that would have been a wasted effort. There was only one kind of blowing that would affect this man, and I was not going anywhere near *that* thing. I sat down to try to collect my thoughts but as usual even they seemed against me.

The image that came, unbidden, to my mind had me wishing I could throw up all over my mind's eye. Repeatedly.

With my shitty mindreading ability and photographic memory I'd had enough close up views of Carlisle being serviced by Esme to last me through the eternities and more. My family never did care for state laws.

I knew *exactly* how and where he fit. I even knew... the shape.

Eeeeeeeewwwwww... worse yet, you remember what he sounds like.

Yeah. "Oh, Esme... oh, yeah...open wide for me baby and say aaaahhh."

I think I just threw up in my mouth a little.

Did it taste like cat piss?

That had to stop. Oh my *Hell* that had to stop. I needed to distract myself, and fast.

I did the only mature thing I could think of. I rolled my eyes at my so-called father once again and slumped back in my chair, not even batting a lash at the obvious damage my weight had inflicted on the poor, unsuspecting, wing-backed antique. Carlisle sighed and leaned against his desk across from me.

"Edward. I called you out, but there's no need to destroy my furniture." His tone became gentle while still maintaining his air of authority. He was my father in every sense of the word, and though we were also great friends *most of the time*, he took his parental responsibility very seriously; even when it meant forcing me to re-evaluate my character.

Smiling, he *finally* returned to our original topic of conversation, although I detected a certain undertone to his thoughts...I should have known to be wary.

"So, what you're saying, in essence, is that you wish for your siblings to leave you alone... about Bella and the, erm... "*pussy incident*," as they're calling it?"

Hehehehehe...

Not you too?! I thought—

Thought nothin'. That is funny. Pussy. Hehehehehe...

“Yes, it is what I *wish*,” I huffed. Why did they all think it was such a laughing matter?

Because, as Carlisle pointed out, you’ve been Assward to more than just Bella, and, oh yeah-- you ate a pussy!

It was a —

Hairy pussy! Hahahahahaha...

I gripped my head in my hands, trying to rid myself of my arguing inner voices.

This had to fucking stop. It just had to. I could not continue both laughing and crying simultaneously at my thoughts. I knew vampires were meant to be able to focus on many things at a time, but this was ridiculous. Not to mention, scary as all hell.

I could hear a quickly flitting note of concern in Carlisle’s thoughts as he observed me before they shifted to a memory of a long-ago conversation. One in which I had accused him of being no better than a cradle robber because of the two century age difference between him and Esme.

“I’ll talk with them. But first, let me ask you this?” Carlisle requested. I looked up from my hands and noticed there was a certain evil glint in his eyes, but now his thoughts were hidden, his memory cloaked behind a detailed chart of the inner ear canal he was visualizing. This did not bode well for me.

“Did you ever find your, ahem, ‘spooge’?” He never once lowered his eyes but kept a steady, firm hold on mine... until his laughter exploded, his eyes shutting with the force of his rolling hilarity.

The whole house erupted into laughter as I tore out of there like a newborn after blood. What. The. *Hell*? I thought fathers were supposed to be gentle and loving with their sons.

Not quite what you were looking for?

Hahahahahahahah... Pussy...

I think this one lost it.

Pussy... hahahaha...

I gripped my head tightly, my feet carrying me from the room without any thought to where I was going. I wasn’t sure who I was trying to run away from at that point, my family or myself.

Not until I pulled up into my meadow did I realize I had subconsciously gone to the one place I knew there was sanctuary for me. Where I was free to be me.

And free from any and all thoughts except my own—except these days that wasn’t exactly peaceful.

I went to the middle of the clearing and breathed a sigh of relief. And then... I saw it. The sparkle. In the grass.

The *stiff* grass. Where I had “accidently” left some venomy... ummm...

Jizz, Edward. It's jizz. And it's yours.

Hehehe... look. The grass is stiff and sparkly. Like your gian—

And that's where *that* thought stops. Disgusted and slightly fascinated, I made my way over to the little patch of grass where the evidence of my own hand-rape was left.

Man was that stuff sparkly. Just looking at it... I couldn't help my thoughts traveling, just for a millisecond or twenty, to Bella. I also couldn't help but wonder if her lips would sparkle like that grass if she ever pulled an “*Oh, Esme... oh, yeah...* ” on me. My man downstairs really liked that image. A lot!

Bella's lips, glittery, glistening, shiny with my.....

Special brand of lip gloss?

Illegal in eighteen states...wait...which state are we in? Washington? OH! It's kosher here. Of course so is.....

Neigh Neeeeeiiiiiiigh.

Ewwwwwww!

At least she won't go to jail for romping with beast boy. But if she did would they allow conjugal—

Shut up! No! Nonononononononono... I'm doing my best to forget about her and *him*.

I'd much rather think about her and me. Her luscious lips shaped in an “o”, inviting me to—

Before I registered what I was doing, I'd slapped myself. My inner monologue was starting to really get on my undead nerves and I was sick of it. I wanted it to stop so badly, but I was also reluctantly resigned to my fate, knowing it was not likely to go away anytime soon.

So here I was, my hands firmly planted under my ass to prevent me from taking another violent hit to myself as I tried to resist the urge to run straight to Bella's as perverted fantasies of her flitted through my mind.

I wanted to go there soooo badly, but I knew I couldn't. She didn't want me, well not awake anyway. Even if she did, I had something else to worry about now that I'd seen what my spunk had done to the grass. What if it didn't just make her lips sparkly? What if it froze them?

A permanent “o” face?

Strangely enough that isn't very appealing.

Oh shit! What about the spooge on the ceiling? The part that flew out of its own accord and then dripped onto... something in Bella's vicinity? Would it damage anything? What if she... what if it landed on her? What if—

What if you stop acting like you have a vagina and just stop the bitching?

Be a man, Edward.

Not likely. Have you been paying attention? “It’s illegal, you’re having sex, it’s not fair, what about meeeeeeeee?”

“Shut the fuck up!” I bellowed at... myself. Shit. Now I was having out loud convo’s with myself? Loony bin, here I come. If you can catch me, that is.

So it was decided then. I would not go over to Bella’s to watch her. I didn’t *really* want to spy on her, did I? I didn’t really *want* to sit outside her house and watch her during her thanksgiving dinner with her dad, did I?

Yeah, ummm... anybody home? Dude, you’re being an ass again. Of course you want to. Besides, you need to, or did you forget about the asswipe known as her cheating-ex-turned-werewolf who’s gonna be there?

Well, no I didn’t. I’m just—

Just nothin’. Man! Remember, she’s gonna need someone to protect her and keep her safe.

Ha! Hahahahahaha. Keep her safe? Me? A vampire who desperately wants to both drink her blood and tie her to a bed, or couch, or really any surface in which I could have my wicked way with her?

Ok, just shut the fuck up with the excuses.

Don’t swear at me young man.

Hehehe, young man my hairy nipple!

I do not have hairy nipples! Not since Emmett and the “waxing kit incident.”

Yeah, well... I’m not a “young man” either. I’m an older, distinguished gentleman trapped in a twenty year old body.

Okay, yeah. I’m done here.

As am I! And just like that, my crazy ass had somehow been convinced that it was perfectly healthy, safe and even *normal* to go spy on Bella.. Again. Even though I knew that what had happened last time --

Crap, I guess I also need to check on her well-being for another reason, make sure that my little mistake hadn’t somehow partially transformed her. Even if my spunk *had* had that effect on the grass, it didn’t mean it would on Bella, right? On a human?

Before I even knew what the hell I was doing I was five blocks away from her house, the filthy stench of bastardbeast heavy in the air. Seriously, how did he live with himself knowing he smelled of rancid ass?

As if that smell wasn’t bad enough it was compounded by the noxious fumes of what I could only assume was Thanksgiving dinner. A roasted carcass stuffed with stale bread shoved up the ass? No thank you.

Seriously, did people enjoy engaging in some kind of sadistic, necrophiliac fisting of their food? Humans truly were odd creatures.

Holding my breath, I made my way over to the house. I could hear snippets of conversations between “John Smith”, and yes I did the air quotes, and another man. They were mostly harmless, if not utterly ridiculous. Seriously, those two were going on and on, it was like hearing the *News of the World* tabloid being acted out. Was

a serious discussion about Bat Boy going to be next? **Or, a discussion about the pregnant man? Please, that's as realistic as a human impregnated by a vampire!**

I tried to stifle a snicker at their silliness. Those two were clueless about the things that really *did* go on in their little world.

Or so I thought, until I heard the other man, whose name was Billy, thinking about Elders, wolves and cold ones.

Uh oh.

That wasn't quite as hilarious as one might think, and I decided it was something I should mention to Carlisle.

But as soon as I heard Assbreath's inner 'voice', I dropped the phone back into my pocket and focused on his nasty thoughts.

'Can't believe it. I don't get to call her babe or even talk to her anymore but that thing apparently gets to hang out at her house. The reason for everything going to shit, hanging out here, leaving his scent—like I wouldn't know. Unbefuckinglybelievable!'

Shit! I hadn't accounted for the bloodhound to pick up on that. Fucking dog nose. Bella wasn't exactly aware of my nocturnal visit to her residence and I hoped to hell he didn't open his trap.

"Bella, did you check all the codes on the cans before you made dinner?" Charlie's voice interrupted my mental muttering.

"Yes, Dad," my angel sighed.

Your angel? Good lord. Go turn in your man card now!

"Good. We wanna make sure we don't eat the stuff with the wrong numbers. Those are the—" Charlie was seriously thinking about cans and government labs; his mind pulling up a vivid fantasy of men in black standing over yet-to-be-sealed containers of yams and green beans. How the *hell* was the town safe with this nut job running around with a gun and a badge?

"I know, Dad, I know. Those are the ones with the microscopic listening devices in them that will make it possible for the U.S. Government to spy on us," Bella said calmly, instantly setting his mind at ease.

Fortunately Charlie's little tirade seemed to distract the creature inside, and its father. I was almost at ease...

I should have known better.

Within moments the conversation shifted to treaties and both Muttley and Billy's thoughts immediately centered on my family, specifically *me*.

Danger, Will Robinson! DANGER!

We are so screwed.

They continued on, Billy very carefully dancing around the topic of the treaty my family held with the Quiluetes, but still almost spilling the beans. His voice sounded panicked, and as I looked through his eyes I could see the ex-from-hell shaking and trembling in his skin like he was about to phase.

His thoughts were an incoherent jumble, consisting of images of my face and Bella's, along with a string of unholy profanities.

Rescue her!

My hand was on the knob of the front door, prepared to rip it off its hinges to get to my mate.

MY MATE! MINE! MINE! MINE!

Slow down there, Handy Manny. She isn't your mate. If you run in there he will phase and what are you going to do, have a huge battle in front of her in a small space? She'll be killed for sure.

I could hear the hinges on the other side of the door creak a little at the barely restrained pressure of my pull when Buttsniffer finally calmed himself down.

'Get control. That's it Jake. Remember your friend Bella. You love her, don't ruin your chance to make things better. Maybe you can find a way to warn her about her new 'friend' without breaking the treaty. That's right, stay calm and plan this out. You can't let another Emily happen.'

His thoughts shifted briefly to a picture of another shape shifter, smiling with his arms around a woman with a horribly disfigured face. A face that had been destroyed by fresh scars in the shape of claw marks dragging down one of the sides.

These creatures were dangerous and *they* were worried about *my* family hurting humans? Stinking hypocrites!

Yeah. You'd know all about hypocrites. You DO realize that self-love is illegal in some places too; along with breaking and entering, indecent liberties—

Not the time. Focus on keeping her safe.

I trained in on the putrid punk's thoughts once again and saw him regarding Bella as she brought out a dish towel, her eyes wide with panic.

'Crap, she noticed. I have to play this off.'

"Spill something Bells?" he asked with a slight chuckle. His trying to play off her concern by bringing up her clumsiness irked me.

"No. You...you looked like...I thought..." she stumbled, sounding confused and slightly breathless.

"You thought what?"

"Nothing," she mumbled.

I continued watching her through the cesspool of his mind. I could see him *ogle her behind* as she leaned over to pick up dishes from the table; it pissed me off to no end. Then that fucker tried to look down her shirt as she bent down to pick up a dropped napkin!

I hated him. Not only did he smell like he'd rolled in bird shit, he was a womanizing fucktard who only thought about himself.

Some friend!

He was checking out every inch of her as she picked up the remnants of the meal, not even offering to lend her a hand. Instead he went back to disdainfully regarding her father as he ranted on about television programs having hidden brainwashing signals used to subdue the populace at large.

My view of her through Shiteater's mind was cut off so I moved to the back of the house where I could watch her through the kitchen window, washing the dishes. I wanted to help her, but that would be a little strange given the fact that she didn't exactly invite me over.

And she hates you and probably wouldn't like the fact that you stalk her. Ooh! Is that a soap bubble on her boobie?

She looked flushed and frustrated and—

'Un-fucking believable! What the hell!'

I mentally checked in to see that Jake had gone upstairs to use the bathroom. He was standing in Bella's bedroom doorway sniffing and registering the smell of—

'Sex. She's having sex with a bloodsucker? I can fucking smell her arousal in here still and his jizz! God dammit, it didn't take her long did it? There goes my plan. There is no way she can get close enough to fuck him without realizing he isn't human. And Sam thought I would be a danger to her? She's fucking a vampire! And not just any vampire—him!'

Oh God! I'd forgotten about the jizz. Fortunately, as I quickly replayed my borrowed mental images from the dog's mind I didn't detect any damage to her body. All of her fingers seemed to be in working order. Nothing had appeared sparkly or hard.

Of course, a full exam should be in order. Perhaps using one of Carlisle's exam tables... the kind with the stirrups...

Stop that! Pay attention to the situation at hand, idiot!

The deranged furball was making his way down the stairs now, trembling slightly in his rage.

'So he forces me to change, forces me out of her life and then just swoops in? I don't fucking think so!'

I moved myself closer to the kitchen window, risking exposure but ready to intervene in a moments notice.

"Stupid Jacob...just can't go away...shouldn't even be here...acting all smug and eating like a pig..." Bella muttered from the kitchen, sloshing the water around a bit and getting the front of her t-shirt damp.

'Oh, so I'm a pig? She wants me to leave so she can go back to fucking the bane of my existence?'

"Well why don't you tell me how you really feel, Bella?" Jake practically growled at her as he stood in the doorway to the kitchen.

"Shouldn't you be in there with your father? *That* is the only reason you're here today," she countered, holding a knife threateningly in his direction.

'God, she drives me nuts. I came here hoping to make up to her in whatever way I could. Shit.'

"No, baby, it isn't the only reason," he said, closing the distance between them.

"Back off Jacob," she snarled. Her kittenish anger would be cute if it wasn't for the extreme danger she was in right then. "And I think I told you not to call me that."

'Right. He probably calls you that now. Calm down Jake; try to get back to the original plan. Maybe Sam could bend the rules. Maybe somehow...'

"Fine, but at least let me help you dry," Bowser offered. Great, now he was going to play the helpful lap dog. His emotions were all over the fucking place.

"I don't need your help," she said, glaring at him.

'So now I can't even fucking offer to help her? I bet he helps her. From the smell in her room he helps her a lot... And she...she's been willingly touched by a leech.'

"Why not? You like to stay wet?" he leered at her, blatantly checking out her wet top like a disgusting pervert, treating her like a common whore with the action.

Those are my boobies! Back off!

Bella stunned me with her next move. She slapped him. Hard. If he'd been a normal man his face would have had a bruise in the shape of her handprint for a month with the amount of force she put behind the hit. But instead....

SNAP!

I cringed as I detected the tiny bones in her hand breaking from the impact. I would kill him right then if I could. I ran towards the back door without thinking, prepared to take him out and get her straight to Carlisle for treatment.

'That fucker is here!'

The sleazeball was out the door in a second, barely making it to the edge of the woods before exploding. Once in wolf form he turned and leveled a look at me that I supposed was menacing... *if I was a little girl sucking my thumb*. I chuckled.

'Get the fuck away from my girl, granite ass.' His thoughts were screaming at me, images of him ripping me apart playing like a movie inside that little pea brain of his.

"Right, Slinkydick, 'cause she's still yours, even after she caught you in bed with someone else." I said this loud enough that he could hear, but not loud enough for anyone else to catch it. "Even after she moved out, as far away from you as she could."

His thoughts were getting more and more lively, bordering on manic.

'I can't believe she's with you. Why would she fuck rock?'

Deciding to let him think whatever he wanted to, I simply let that one slide by replying with, "Well, you know what they say. Rock rhymes with cock, and I can guarantee you I have one." I finished that sentence with a move

ala Michael Jackson, grabbing my crotch and thrusting into the air.

Take that, shit for brains!

Really mature, aren't you?

'What was that? Fucking retarded, stupid, annoying...' His thoughts were going too fast to follow, but I think I may have gotten the gist of it.

Incensed by his agreement with my inner voice I decided to call him out, right then and there. "Instead of hiding in the woods, little slink, come here and fight like... huh... like a what? You're not exactly a man, nor are you human—" I sneered.

'That's rich, coming from you.'

"Touché." I had to give him that...

'I'm not fighting you, you douche, but I am getting my girl back... underneath me,' he finished as he ran away, leaving me with parting thoughts of Bella underneath him, screaming his name as she climaxed.

"You nasty buttsniffing slimeball! There is no way in hell I'm gonna—"

'—take her to the hospital again. Every holiday. There has to be some kind of...'

Charlie's thoughts continued to ramble on and on about the government targeting his daughter every holiday, resulting in her ending up in the ER. Apparently she had yet to ever make it though a holiday unscathed.

I was torn, like Emmett's pants last Christmas. For a split second I wanted to chase after the ingrown hairball, but the need to follow Bella was greater.

Deciding on the latter, I grumbled before turning to the forest and running alongside the car, dodging houses and trees as they got in my way, until I reached the hospital.

I watched from behind some bushes, crouched down like that damned cat Muffin, as Charlie helped Bella out of the car and in through the ER doors.

There wasn't a long line, but even so, when the town's Police Chief walks in with his daughter you can be sure they get priority treatment. I continued watching through various peoples' thoughts as Bella and the Chief were checked in and walked to an examination room.

'They better have a decent doctor on call today. I don't know if I could handle—'

"Hello, I'm Dr. Carlisle Cullen. You must be Bella. What seems to be the problem?"

I never thought I'd say this, and I'm not proud to admit it, but the Chiefs reaction was the same as mine. The only difference was mine was out loud whereas his was silent, to Carlisle anyway.

'Fuck, no. This can't be good...'

~*~*~*~*

Story Abandoned. End Of Available Chapters.