

# All the Right Reasons by Eevy Angel

## A Twilight Fan Fiction Story

**Summary:** International Model, Edward Cullen, and private school English Teacher, Bella Swan, have nothing in common- I mean how could they? Well... that is ... other than the small fact that they are secretly married...

Chapter: 1

**A/N: I am tired and slightly bored- do to the fact that, despite being tired, I am unable to sleep....:sigh::**

**I thought this up randomly and, with me being sleep deprived and what not, might really suck.**

**You have been warned!**

**Tell me what you think please!**

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### ***Catcher in the Rye and Bubble Baths***

"Amy. Kim. Put whatever you are passing under the desks on my desk right now please." I don't even turn away from the blackboard, where I am writing out today's lesson's notes. I don't need to.

It's the second of the month, the day that the new edition of *Volturi*, the hottest teen magazine in circulation at the moment, comes out.

Kim and Amy are devoted followers of the magazine, making it their personal bible, and therefore would undoubtedly be passing it about with suppressed squeals of delight.

Like they have been for the three months that school has been in session.

Seriously, students just didn't learn. Even when their parents paid top dollar to get their children into *Rose Academy*, one of the top private school's in the country.

"Sorry Miss Swan," One of them, it sounded like Amy, muttered. The sound of a pile polished paper resting on the smooth top of my antique desk told me that the magazine was safely away from their hungry eyes.

It was safe to start class.

"It's alright," I wipe the chalk dusted hand on each other as I faced the class of twenty plus boys and girls, all dressed in the standard uniform that sported the school's colors of Red, Black, and White. "But you really shouldn't let mindless media like this," I motion to the magazine, picking it up and showing it to the class without a glance at the cover, "rule your life. That goes for all of you."

"Is that Edward Cullen on the cover?" Some one in the back whispered.

"Yep... he is so gorgeous!" Another cooed.

A boy groaned in depression as the rest of the females in the class began to giggling and gossip

about the world famous fashion model.

I slowly turned the cover towards me, afraid of what I had unleashed onto my room filled with adolescences. And almost groaned myself when a bronzed haired, honey eyes, and half naked super model smiled back at me. I laid it back down, cover down, on my desk and preyed that I would be able to reign in the class, or at least the females. Edward Cullen, and anything that had to do with him, had a tendency to cause mass chaos in not only the classroom, but the entire school.

Due to a number of cat fights and thefts the Dean had to forbid any student from hanging *any* form of Edward merchandise in *any* part of the campus. Both in the actually class building and the dorm rooms.

Edward was taking the nation while English teachers, such as myself, had to fight off the typhoon he left in his wake.

"Listen," I leaned against my desk and crossed my arms in front of me, this way I was less likely to fall over and completely embarrass myself. This was only my second year out of college, first year working at such a prestigious place, and I really didn't want to be forever barred as the clumsy teacher.

I had enough of that in high school and college.

"No one, not even a model like Edward, really looks like what you see on magazines and posters in real life."

"Yeah, it's called airbrushing!" One of my male students, a soccer player named Trent, called over his shoulder from his desk at the front.

"I would like to be the brush that airs him!"

I rubbed my eyes as more giggles filled the room over this very bold statement. "I am going to pretend that I didn't hear that... because if I had I would have to give you detention."

"Why is it so wrong to fantasies about him? We know the truth about how the media works so where is the harm of dreaming? Isn't that what youth is for?"

"Because, Amber, One: it's not all that healthy, and Two: it encourages the media's portrayal of what the human body is suppose to look like..."

"Yes, all men should have a body like Edward's!"

I was afraid that Kim was in danger of fainting in her chair.

"So, if you say that, then you think that all women should be a size 0... Or smaller?"

Silence greeted this statement.

"Well, if you don't have anything else to say on the matter... shall we get started in the *real* lesson? Take out your copies of *Catcher in the Rye*. You were to read to page ninety-two for today. So, who wants to tell me their personal thoughts and feelings about the novel before we dive into all the boring stuff?"

Hands went up and the class continued as usual.

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I hummed as I turned the water on, after a long day of teaching young minds the best thing to do is order take-out and enjoy a long bubble-bath... or a relatively long one which would have to end before the delivery boy arrived. But that was not the point.

As the water ran I stripped off my loose, black dress pants and white shirt that buttoned to my neck, as I let my hair out of its bun. The school forbid any possible revealing or provocative clothing. Apparently, a few years ago, there had been an affair between one of the female members of the staff and one of her students. And, because she couldn't wait six more months for him to graduate, all the teachers, more so women than men, had to suffer.

I turned off the water, sighing happily at the sight at mountain of pearly-pink bubbles that were threatening to cascade over the tube's side, and went to take off my under clothes and dive in... Only for the sound of the opening of the front door of my loft apartment to stop my actions.

I lived in a very nice area, it cost a fortune- but at least I was near to the school, yet there was no guarantee that something couldn't happen to me. I was a young woman living alone... for the most part. And there were plenty of lonely men living in this building...

I wrapped my over-sized robe around me and picked up the closest weapon, a curling iron, and edged out into the hallway, then into the kitchen, where I exchanged my iron for a rolling pin...

"Hello?" I weakly called out as I crept to the entrance way.

"Hey... why does your voice sound so strange... you coming down with a cold-?"

The rolling pin clattered to the floor as I leapt at the man walking into the kitchen, breaking off his sentence as I covered his mouth with mine, twining my fingers through his silky bronze hair, and wrapped my legs around his hard torso.

I might have told my students that no one looked like Edward Cullen... but I am also a teacher, there were some circumstances that it was appropriate to lie.

Like when I was secretly married to one of the most desirable men on the planet.

"I... Thought... You... Weren't... Going... To... Be... Home... Till... Next... Week..." I murmured between hungry kisses as he backed me into the room... and up against a wall.

He pulled away, much to my protests, and began to untie my robe. "Change of plans..." He moaned

as he saw what I was wearing under the soft wool. The white material fell to the floor as he began to attack my neck. I arched my back and tightened my hold on his satin locks. "I got done early... I wanted to get home... God you smell great..."

I laughed, which hitched into a gasp as his one hand began to slowly, tortuously snake up my stomach and towards my breasts.

"May I ask what brought you to unknowing greet me in such a welcoming manner." His golden eyes were locked on mine as his hand moved to my back and unclasp my bra.

I shrugged off the bra and threw it away from us, making me wiggle my hips and grind against his erection. His breathing faltered into a low growl as a hungry glow entered his eyes.

Teasing him would be fun.

My hands slid down his torso, down his thigh, and just brushed his arching area before taking my hand elsewhere.

"I was going to take a bath and thought you were a bugler... you should have told me you were coming home early."

He closed his eyes and controlled his breathing as I continued my random and teasing strokes.

"I wanted to surprise you and..." His voice broke and his eyes snapped open as he began to carry me back the way I came. "Your bath water shouldn't get cold."

"I could deal with-"

"But I can't." He put my feet back on the bathroom's tiled floor. His eyes were scorching as he began to at least try to pull his many layers of clothing off. Though he was in danger of ripping the expensive garments than anything.

I laughed at the sight, if he wasn't so damn sexy it would be hysterical, and walked over to him. "Let me." I whispered, pushing his designer jacket off his shoulders and pulled his shirt over his head, letting the clothes pile up on the floor,

His hands went to the waistband of my panties and began to tug them down with a bit more force than he would normally use.

I stepped out of them as I unzipped his jeans and let them fall down along with his boxers.

He really did have the ideal body, hardened with toned muscles, flawless skin, and... He was very well endowed.

How I managed to marry someone like him when I normal at best was still beyond me, even after three years of marriage.

My pondering was cut off as his arms went around me once more, and his lips began to dance down my neck, over my collar bone, and stopped to nip and suck at my breasts.

"Edward..." I whimpered as one of his arms eased me to the clothes littered ground and his other began to stroke my core.

It had been over three weeks since he had last touched me and now my body was on fire.

He chuckled back in his throat, that sexy sound was almost enough to take me over the edge, and he positioned himself between my legs.

"So, I'm not the only one who can't hold back anymore..."

I just whimpered in response, arching my body to his in an attempt to get him closer...

His lips were on my breasts once more as he brushed against my entrance. "Good, cause I desperately need you." Then he was in me and I was in bliss.

We moved faster than usual, our need fueling our movements and rhythm. And I was glad for the apartment's thick walls. As far as the neighbors knew I was a single teacher with impeccable morals. That image would be forever ruined if they could hear the screams of ecstasy ripping from my throat as my muscles clamped around him. He came soon after, my name on his lips as his head dropped down into the crook of my neck.

I captured his lips once more as he pulled out of me and rolled onto his side, so he could wrap his arms around my waist and nuzzle my neck through the thick curtain of my hair.

"Let's move to the bed?" I suggested as I rose to my unsteady, unsure legs.

He just smirked up at me, clearly enjoying what he saw for reasons beyond my understanding. He worked with the most beautiful women of our time and yet he came home to me.

Why?

"What about your bath?" His voice was innocent... too innocent.

"The water is too cold now... there's no point."

His smile broadened as he smoothly rose to his feet and backed me towards the tub. "I'll give you a point... and keep you warm while doing so."

I yipped, partially from surprised and partially from giddy delight, as he lifted me up and stepping into the popping bubbles.

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**A/N: Should I continue?**

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## Chapter: 2

**A/N: WOW! I honestly never expected to receive so many reviews for this story... You guys rock!**

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### *Early Morning Needs... Coffee!*

I woke, for the first time in three weeks, cuddled around something warm. Normally, when Edward is gone, I sleep curled around one of my over-stuffed pillows and wake to cold, dead feather. But not today!

I sighed in contentment, opening my eyes and looking up onto Edward's sleeping face, one of his arms was pressing me to his side while the other rested on his bare chest. The covers were bunched right at his defined hip-bones, giving me a nearly perfect, yet still very delicious, display of his body.

Smirking, I leaned over and started to rain butterfly kisses over his collarbone and upper chest, licking his nipples as a deep groan burst from his chest. Clearly he wasn't as asleep as I thought. My smile grew as I positioned myself into a more comfortable angle and started to assault his abs.

I couldn't help myself, after weeks of being apart I found myself needing to touch him whenever I was able.

His eyes opened, their bright gold color washed away the pre-dawn gloom.

"Bella..." He breathed in a mixture of emotions, most of which being lust, as I took his free hand, the one not touching me, and slowly sucked on his index finger.

"Yes?" I asked as nonchalantly as possible while he pulled me to straddle his hips.

"It's not nice to misbehave this early in the morning." His voice had a mockingly stern note to it.

"Really? I was misbehaving?" My poker face broke as I bent down to kiss his nose.

He growled, running his hands under my thin night shirt. "You know, two can play at this game."

I purred, throwing back my head as he palmed my breasts, "I like this game."

"Really?" He ceased his delightful pets and put his hands behind his head, smirking up at me.

"Edward."

"Yes darling?" His smile was suave and taunting; I both wanted him and loathed him at the moment. So I decided to seemingly change the subject.

"How long are you going to be able to stay?" I ran my hands up his chest while I spoke, very much aware of the affect my actions were having on him.

Only his slightly panting voice gave away the restraint he was putting on himself. "I have to leave for the next shoot the morning after tomorrow."

My heart stopped.

I stopped my playful teasing and slid off him, sitting at his side and worrying my bottom lip. "That soon? I mean you just got back and-"

"I know, I know... but it will only be for a week, and then I have an entire month off."

A month. It was sad that a month sounded like a long time to be together for a married couple. But this was what our marriage had been like for three years. Days of passion followed by long treks of nothing. When he was able to take a vacation it was normally only for, at most, a month that went by too fast.

He cupped my chin and looked into my eyes. "Bella... Are you alright? I mean I could call Aro and tell him-"

I shook my head, leaning down to kiss him. "It's alright," I said with my nose touching his and our mouth only a thought apart, "I understand."

He, once again, pulled me to straddle him and this time pulled my night shirt off of me. "Things should cool down soon." He murmured as his hands caressed my hips and sides. "When they do we'll go on a real vacation, for an entire summer break, and have to worry about nothing except what to wear for the day."

I smiled licking his neck and letting my hand go down his body, stroking the part of him that gave away his need, despite his even voice and serious face.

"God...Bella..." He groaned, his hips bucking into my hand.

I giggled... right as my alarm went off.

"Damn..." I looked down at his beautiful face and then over to the clock, remembering that there was a world beyond this apartment. "I have to get ready for work."

"You have got to be kidding me." He panted in a tormented voice, rocking against my body and



trying to get my to finish what I started. "Call off."

I bite my lip, turning off the clock, and looking back down at him. "I'm sorry... but I can't. I have a test to give, papers to collect- which need to be graded before they go home for Thanksgiving- and, basically, do my job."

"Call a sub." He urged as his eyes blazed with need.

"At this time? That would be extremely rude."

"What's rude is leaving your husband like this." He motioned to his lower body. "Come on... make the call..."

"No. I have a very good job and can't risk losing it."

"You do know that I can, very easily, provide for the both of us."

"And you know that I refuse to do that." I went to climb off him and start to get ready when his arms around me tightened.

"Bella... we barely have two days together..."

"Tomorrow is Saturday... we can spend the entire day together." I hoped he didn't realize how much it hurt me to say that.

"Bella..."

I couldn't take it, I let him pull me back to him, pressing my breast to his front, and licked the shell of his ear. "I could manage to fix that problem of yours and still make it to school on time... but you have to behave and not tease me... understand?"

He eagerly nodded as he kicked the blankets off his body. "That goes for both of us."

"Trust me... you don't have to worry about that." I doubted that he was so unaware that our morning had as strongly affected me as it had him.

My hands wrapped around him once more and held him at my entrance and slid down his length.

He moaned, throwing his head back into the pillows and grabbing the headboard with one hand as I began to rock my hips against him. His other hand helped me go down further and let more of him in.

"Harder..." I whispered, resisting the urge to run my nails down his flawless body... that would be a problem for his photo shoot, settling for throwing my head back and running my fingers through my hair instead.

He complied, letting go of the head board that, if he had super human strength, he was in danger of

destroying, and grabbed my other hip.

My breasts bounced in time of our movements and I eventually lowered my head to look down into his eyes. The intensity of his gaze was enough to make me lock my muscles and collapse on top of him, while he rode out his orgasm by erratically thrusting up into me.

"I really need to take a shower." I muttered, licking some of the sweat of his body as I found the strength to get up.

"Mind if I join you?" His voice was light, I could hear his smile.

"Only if you behave."

"Don't I always?"

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"So... what were you up to last night?" Jessica, one of the math teachers, looked over at me as I sped-walked, and therefore tripped, into the faculty lounge, in the desperate need for coffee and whatever fruit was being offered the morning. Between our shared shower and Edward 'helping me get dressed' I had to desert the idea of breakfast if I wanted a prayer of being to work on time.

"Nothing... what?" I asked, flustered from my drive here, speeding for the first time in years, and still on a high from Edward's arrival that I really wasn't paying attention to, or had time for any of my colleagues' questions, comments, or gossip.

"Say that to your shirt."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Other than the fact that it's inside out?"

"Oh..." I gave her a smile and shrugged. "You know how I am; I tripped this morning in the shower which made me run late... I guess in the hustle I didn't pay attention to the condition of my clothing."

"Yeah..." Jessica raised an eyebrow at me and crossed her legs at the knee. "A really good fuck also makes people become disoriented, more so in your case, and run late."

I was just thankful that we were the only people in the lounge at the late hour. I would hate it if one of the male members of the staff heard this.

"Don't be so shy." Jessica added, getting up and maneuvering herself so that she was standing on the other side of the room's counter. Her brown eyes boring down on mine as I sipped at my Luke-warm, coffee. "Just because we are working for such an uptight establishment doesn't mean that we have to be stiff. I mean just the other night I-"

"No offense, but I am not in the mood to hear about anyone's love life... it only reminds me of my non-existent one."

Jessica's eyebrows rose, she didn't believe me. "Was it a one night stand? There really is no shame in that... as long as you used protection-"

"No." There was no being rid of her till I gave her something to work with. "My boyfriend, who's in the army, came in last night without warning."

Well... it was kind of true... sort of...

Her eyes sparkled as she leaned closer to me. "Is it that guy who I saw you with during the first week of classes... you know the one walking you around town as you shopped for you apartment... the blond..."

"Jasper?"

"Yeah!"

I shook my head, downing the rest of the weak brew. "No, Jasper is like a brother to me... not to mention dating my college roommate and one of my dearest friends..."

Jessica sighed in longing. "Lucky Alice... Is your *big* brother still single?"

I sighed, within the three months that I have known Jessica I have realized that she had little discrimination to who she dated or casually hooked up with.

"No, Emmett is seeing someone... they are pretty serious."

"Oh... well that's just peachy. I am starting to realize that all the good ones are taken... how did you meet yours?"

I shrug and put my mug in the sink, I would wash it out at lunch time. No time now. "Nothing really special...just the ordinary concept of being at the right place at the right time... I really should fix my shirt before class begins." I gave her wave goodbye as I exited the room and ducked into the nearest ladies restroom.

There was no way that I could tell Jessica the story of how Edward and I met... and there was no way that she would believe it...

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**A/N: Alright, next couple of chapters are going to be on Bella's and Edward's past.**

**Hope you enjoyed this chapter!**

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Chapter: 3

**A/N: Only because you guys are made of so much awesome... don't always expect a chapter a day though...**

**::shakes head in bewilderment:: never saw this story becoming this popular...**

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*Four Years Before*

*Part 1: Mask Ball*

"Alice... seriously why do I have to go to this?"

"Because it's Halloween and I am determined to make you have some frivolous fun!" She called from our dorm room's private bathroom. I loved being a scholarship student; there was no way I could afford this room if I wasn't.

"It's midterm weekend." I whined, falling onto my bed in defeat.

"More of a reason to make you go... you are so tense over all the upcoming tests."

"Gee... I wonder why? Maybe because this is my future on the line?"

"Don't be emo... all the depressing thoughts will make you age *way* before you time." She strolled into the room and held out her hands, spinning in a slow circle. "Now tell me how pretty I look and how Jasper is going to jump me as soon as he lays eyes on this outfit."

She was in a leather cat suit that was unzipped to show a daring amount of cleavage. Hooker boots made her almost as tall as me and her pixie styled hair cut was dusted with sparkles.

"Doesn't leave much to the imagination." I stretch across my bed and gave her a motherly look.

Alice threw her hands in the air with frustration. "I know! But it seems like the only way to get the stoic guy to look at me!"

"Jazz is from a military family. His dad, uncle, grandfather, mother... everyone has served. He was in our high school's ROTC and is serving his four years in the army... Of course he is going to be a bit reserved."

"He seems fine around you and Emmett."

"Because we have known him since forever... He just needs to know you better before he opens up."

"I'm still wearing this."

A gave her a salute, still laying on the bed with no desire to get up. "Kudos."

"And now it is your turn."

I groaned, curling into the fetal position. "I don't want to! Can't I just go as I am?"

"It's a masked Halloween ball... you have to wear a costume."

"How about I go as the college girl with no time for this?"

"Nope... no good... now get over here!"

It was amazing how such a small girl could be so commanding.

"Yeah... yeah..." I mutter, sliding to my feet and walking over to where she was digging through her wardrobe, exclaiming in glee as she found what she was looking for.

"You would make a perfect Juliet!" She pulled out a white and crimson satin gown with a flourish.

"A bit cliché, don't you think?... Besides, I don't have a Romeo... no one will know who I am."

Alice gave me a hard look. "It's either Juliet or a Playboy Bunny."

"Juliet it is."

"I thought you would see it my way."

I put on the dress as she hurried about the bathroom, gathering her needed tools to work on my hair.

"Hey... Alice... your commercial is on... though it looks like your designer got himself a new model."

Alice was from a wealthy family and was in with the hottest fashion. Her obsession at the moment was with the Italian designer Aro.

"I know, I saw him in a magazine the other day... I think his name is Edward something. He's a complete amateur... which completely surprised me." She walked over to my bed, armed for war and with an evil glint in her eyes. "I normally can spy a newbie right away... but this guy shocked me." She bumped the products on my purple bedspread and indicated to the screen, where a shirtless and shoeless man was walking down a beach, eye intent on the screen and making me feel as if he was looking into my soul. "I mean no mere new comer could show and induce the emotions

he is."

"And what emotions is he inducing?"

Alice patted my head with a grin. "If you don't know about that yet I will leave it to Emmett to explain the birds and bees to you."

I groaned in protest as she then proceeded to pull, braid, gel, spray, and curl my hair. It was going to be a long night.

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"I do believe that Alice is trying to kill you." Emmett's black eyes laughed as he caught me on my third trip that night. We haven't even reached the party yet and I was already falling over.

That could not be a good sign.

"Can't you go all big brother on her and save me?" I pleaded up to my only remaining family member.

"Nope... this is way too much fun... seriously Bells, you're in flat slippers."

"And a gown with the train of death."

"Do you want me to carry you the rest of the way?" Jasper offered, his amusement was still present, just better concealed than Emmett's.

"No, I'm fine."

I looked over at the pouting Alice, who had yet to strike up a conversation with my best guy friend. She was used to guys making the first move and didn't know what to make of the socially awkward Jasper.

"Now that you offered Bella a ride you must offer Alice... those boots must be killing her." Well, at least Emmett wasn't as dumb as his easy going exterior portrayed.

Jasper looked over at Alice, who held his eyes for a full minute, then looked away. "We're here anyway."

Did Alice realize how much promise that one look possessed?

Her sad, disappointed eyes told me no.

The party was at one of Alice's high society friends. The line of luxury cars lingering up in front of the town house's double doors made me very aware of the five blocks we walked and forced my stomach to do a flip-flop. I should have never let her talk me into this.

I looked over at Emmett, who was dressed in a jump suit and looked like the mechanic he was- while Jasper marched in his old ROTC uniform. They got to be comfortable while I felt completely ridiculous, not to mention exposed by how the gown's bodice pushed up my breasts to peek over to the already low neckline.

How could woman breathe in these things?

"Your mask is crooked." Emmett reached over and centered the white beaded mask that covered my eyes and nose.

"How come I am the only one wearing a mask?"

"Cause it goes with your outfit." Jasper reached over to ruffle my hair, than saw all the pins that kept the curls in place, and rethought his action. "Don't be nervous."

"Who said I'm nervous?"

He just smiled at me and shook his head. "I know you."

"Yeah... yeah..."

Alice flashed her invitation to the man at the door and ushered up inside the house, which was decked out in classy Halloween decorations that would fit the entire fall season. Colorful leaves, cornhusks, pumpkins, and gourds littered about, hung in door ways, and settled on windowsills... though the homely reminder of the time of the year and the elegant decor clashed with the people milling about. Mostly all the girls seemed to practice the stereo-typical tradition of using the holiday as an excuse to dress in mostly lingerie of the like which made Alice's outfit look demure and innocent, while the guys sported more festive attire of serial killers and zombies.

I got a mixture of looks for my outfit, though there were over a dozen more girls fully clothed in the masses, which made me hold Emmett's hand tighter.

"Whoa Bells... they're not going to bite you." He gave my hand a comforting squeeze with a good-natured grin. "But I'll stay with you till you..."

He trailed off, catching sight of the blond goddess standing in the adjacent room. She was wearing plaid, mini, wrap around- skirt that barely went a few inches down her thighs and a white, button-up shirt that was open enough at the top to allow her red bra to peek out of while it was rolled up and tied up directly under her breast and left the rest of her midriff exposed. Seven inch stilettos and low pigtails finished off the naughty schoolgirl ensemble as she glared at the men surrounding her, clearing knowing she was above all of this.

Despite her appearance, it was clear that this woman was not at all easy.

"And we lost Emmett." Jasper whispered over to me. "I better become your guardian now."

I nodded in agreement, letting go of my brother's big hand and patting him on his broad shoulder.

"Good luck champ."

"I honestly think I'll need it.... though I do love a challenge..."

"Which she defiantly will be." Jasper gave Emmett an approving nod.

He flicked us a salute and negotiated through the crowd to enter the room his goddess was in, though he went over to talk to a small red-head instead... making sure he was in clear sight of his true target while making his decoy laugh at one of his corny jokes.

Dating was just one big game to Emmett.

A new song started to play on the sound system. Alice, who was nearby talking to the host, cast a brief glance over at Jasper.

"How about you ask Alice to dance?" I said over to him low enough so that only he could hear.

"I don't think that is a good idea."

"Why's that?"

"I won't know what to say to her."

"That's the beauty of dancing: you don't have to talk."

"It's funny hearing that from you."

"I don't dance out of respect for those around me who I don't want to kill by my 'graceful' nature."

"I don't want to leave you alone."

"I'm a big girl... can tie my shoes and everything."

"But you hate crowds."

I shrugged and pointed over at the wall. "I'll stand over there."

"Alone?"

"I'll be fine." I let go of his hand and gently pushed him over to my friend. It was obvious that they liked each other, and it was a bad thing that I was the one who had to give them a push in the right direction.

Once he was on his way to Alice's side I started to carefully trek over to the wall, where I would be out of everyone's way and sight.

Of course I tripped within the first couple of steps, but I had made a solid effort not to. If Alice's



dressed ripped before the end of the night it was her own dumb fault.

"Easy there." A mellow, silken smooth voice glided into my ears as an arm caught me around the waist before I collided to the floor. "You alright?" The voice, a male's voice, added as I was settled back on my feet.

"Yeah... I-I just lost my balance a bit." My face slowly traveled over the man's feet, legs, and torso. He was in a black tux and cap that flowed to the floor, then my eyes were on his face and I had trouble forming words.

A top hat was perched on his head, hiding his hair from view, and the paleness of his skin made the black mask on his face more vivid and made his strange honey colored eyes melt the world way.

He gave me a crooked grin that had the ability to melt butter and offered his hand. "Care if I escort you to your destination? I would only worry to think that you may meet the same misfortune again without any form of protection."

I took his hand before my mind processed his words.

He smiled and steered me through the crowd and over to where I indicated with a nod.

"So, you're a wallflower?"

"It's safer this way... for both me and those around me."

He chuckled low in his throat, leaning against the wall beside me, crossing his arms over his chest and giving me a sideways glance. "Surely you're not that clumsy."

"Even worse. I trip under water and fall up the stairs"

His laughter this time was loud and made his shoulders shake. "May I ask the honor of your name?"

"Oh... sorry... I'm Bella... Well, actually it's Isabella Swan... but everyone calls me Bella and... Yeah..."

I, out of not knowing what else to do, held out my hand, which he took with a small smile.

"Pleasure to meet you Miss Swan." He bent down, kissing my hand while his eyes never left mine. "I'm Edward Cullen."

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**A/N: And so they met.**

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Chapter: 4

**A/N: So tired... but felt the need to write... please excuse any HUGE spelling or grammar errors... ::starts to softly snore....::**

**Once again for all the reviews, theories, and suggestions! Though I hope I don't disappoint anyone... ::shifty eyes::**

--

*Four Years Before*

*Part 2: Finding Out the Truth*

"So... did you have a good time last night?" Alice's smirking face popped into the bathroom as I finished pulling my hair into a simple ponytail. I had slept in and had barely enough time to brush my teeth and face before I had to duck out of the room to get to my eight o'clock.

"I guess." I tried to make my voice casual as I slipped out of the room, where it was far too easy for Alice to trap me, and made for where my messenger bag rested beside my deck.

"You looked like you were *really* having fun with that dashing, mysterious man by the wall... for the *entire* night."

My cheeks blazed as I remembered, for the hundredth time that morning, his dashing smile and easy grace. "We only talked."

"I know... that doesn't make it any less interesting. You do tend to stay away from strangers... especially at social gatherings I drag you to."

"He helped me when I fell and-"

"And was interested in you. There's no harm in admitting that."

"You're in a *really* good mood this morning." I tried to artfully change the subject, and failed miserably.

Alice just grinned and hop-skipped over to her side of the room, flopping down on her bed with glee. "I know! And I know it is idiotic of me to be so happy over three dances... but they were three more dances than he normally gave me... and he talked to me for most of the night, though he kept a close eye on you as well."

"As did Emmett... seriously those two worry too much."

"You and that guy were getting rather cozy before Emmett came over and told you we were heading out."

"Tearing him away from his Goddess, who had finally given him her name, before he was ready." I pointed out as I swung the bag over my head and checked the room one more time for something I might need for class.

"He loves you and is a bit overly protective... its cute."

I snorted, shoving a pencil into my ponytail. "Yeah... yeah..."

"What was his name anyway?"

"Whose?"

"Your dream man." Alice struck a dramatic pose and fluttered her eyelashes at me.

"He's not my dream man... Well- he may be... But the chances of meeting him again are slim at best."

"You gave him your number?"

I looked away, cheeks flaming once more. "Maybe... when Emmett and Jasper weren't looking."

"He'll call."

"How can you be sure?"

"You clearly didn't see hoe he was looking at you."

I rolled my eyes. "I didn't see any special 'look' that Edward gave me, I think that-"

"Wait... hold up for a moment."

"Alice, I'm going to be late for class."

She completely ignored me complaint, or might not have heard it in her shock. "What did you say that his name was?"

"Edward... Edward Cullen... Alice... Why are you looking at me like that?"

Alice, for the first time I have known her, just gasped into the air and slowly got to her feet, walking over to me as if the air was jelly.

"Did you just say Edward Cullen?"

"...Yes..."

"Do you know what this means?"

"...No..."

Alice snapped out of her slow mode and launched over to her desk, snatching up a magazine laying there. "This is what it means!" She half sang, half shouted as she violently flipped through the pages and pushed the book into my hands when she found her page.

I found myself looking into the same eyes I had looked up at all of last night. They belonged to Aro's newest model: Edward Cullen.

The article below discussed the newcomer protégée who 'had the promise of being the most sought after member in his profession in years to come'. According to the article he was only twenty and came from a small town family, nothing else on that matter, than it went into the question and answer section where the reporter bombarded Edward with questions over where he wanted to go in his career, what was working with Aro like, and, most importantly, was he single?

*"Aro doesn't... encourage... dating. He doesn't want me to have something that will keep my mind off my work and I, at the moment, couldn't agree with him more. I am a young model, new at this business, and need to focus on making as much of these beginning years as I can so that, in years to come, I will still have work, instead of being another stereo-type who is done, gone, and forgotten after three years."*

I looked up at Alice, who just stared right back.

"There is no way that-"

"Yet he is right there." Alice motioned to the magazine, her eyes twice their normal size. "You spent the entire party with the hottest thing to come out this year and you, nor I, had any idea!"

"Will you keep it down?" I *shhed* her, closing the door and beginning to pace. Class completely forgotten. "There has to be a logical explanation to all of this?"

"Like a model went to that party, which is highly likely given the family... for example, the girl Emmett was hitting on was Rosalie, the head of the fashion magazine that I want to work at one day. Anyway, he went, met you, and liked you... why is that so hard to understand?"

"Cause guys like this!" I waved the magazine in the air, pointing to his picture. "Don't even look at girls like me... let alone stand right beside them all night talking about everything what Jane Austin's cookie-cutter, though lovable, storylines to weather Romeo was all that wonderful!"

"Bella... you're rambling."

"And these kinds of things just don't happen!" I flipped the magazine shut and threw, or tried to throw, it onto Alice's desk. I missed and it landed on the floor beside her bed.

And then my phone rang.

"Hello?" I snapped, flipping it open without even looking at the ID. Emmett and Jasper were pretty much the only ones to call me, besides Alice- but she was also standing right in front of me.

"Hello... I'm sorry; I probably shouldn't have called you at such an early hour."

I almost dropped the phone as the familiar voice washed over my ear drums. Instead I moved into the bathroom, away from Alice's sharp eyes and seeking eyes, and sat on the toilet.

"No... It's alright. Edward...?"

"Yes?"

"Are you *the* Edward Cullen?"

A long silence followed.

"I was hoping that you didn't closely follow the fashion world." He finally whispered.

"I'm not... my roommate is though..."

"Oh..."

Long silence.

"So... what do you do now?" I asked, though my voice was no higher than the quiet between us.

"Meet."

"What?"

"I want to see you."

"Why?"

"To talk about this... situation..."

"What is there to walk about?"

A pause.

"I was thinking that there was something between us that we could go with... that we... could you meet me?"

"I don't think it is a good idea... I mean I have classes and... Not to sound vain or anything... But I don't think I could be a super model's anything... and... Yeah..."

"I'm not a super model... and... well... I find myself liking you."

"We just met last night."

"Where I talked to you more than any girl I have in the last couple of years. It's rare for me to find something who intrigues me, can hold a good conversation with me, and I find myself attracted to."

Alright, he had to be lying there.

"I still don't think it's a good idea."

A third long pause.

"I'll be at the cafe on the corner of Winchester and Gourd, I'll be there all day... come by if you change your mind."

"Won't people see you?"

"People only see what they want to... You'd be surprised as to how much a hat and sunglasses, or a hat and a mask, can disguise someone... Anyways... I hope to see you there."

He hung up and I was left to just stare at my phone...

For a whole ten seconds.

Then I was up, out into the main room, and opening the door.

"Bella, where are you going?" Alice called after me in curious concern.

"I feel like coffee... I hear that they have good stuff at the cafe on the corner of Winchester and Gourd."

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**A/N: Now... to bed!**

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Chapter: 5

**A/N: First thing first- I have been receiving numerous questions about whether I will have chapters from Edward's POV. The answer to this is yes. But, first, I am going to get through**

**the chapters about their history... then there will be some Edward thoughts and perspective.**

**This brings me to my second comment: I am sorry to everyone who wanted a long explanation about how they got together and married... but I never planned on that. I only ever intended to have four chapters about how they met, how she found out who he really was, how they got engaged (the Proposal), and the actual wedding itself.**

**Sorry and I hope you all still enjoy the story- even though the courtship section is done in flashes than actual, coherent, parts.**

--

### ***Four Years Before***

***(Actually... it's more like Three Years Before...)***

### ***Part 3: The Big Question***

His tongue slipped passed my teeth, sweeping though my mouth with maddening sensational sensitivity, as his arms went tighter around me, pulling me under him on the couch in my empty dorm. I never would have thought, during the weeks that he called, e-mailed, and wrote me with the constant underlining message of his desire to date me, that I would ever end up like this with the beautiful male model.

It has almost been a year since we met at that Halloween party, ten months of that had been spent with us sneaking off together and avoiding anywhere public. It wasn't the most elaborate courtship... but I had no complaints. I'd rather have him all to myself than playing an odd game of cloak and dagger out in society.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer to me, and, when he pulled away for air, pulled his bottom lip through my teeth. I never really had this kind of relationship before, actually... I never had any form of relationship before, being more of the one to be invisible to men. And I had a long way to go before I could qualify for being a sexy, sensual, seductive woman of experience, but Edward didn't seem to mind my naive explorations. In fact, he seemed to like them quiet a bit.

Why? I had no idea... I figure he would rather be with someone more in his league, instead of dating someone far below him.

But I wasn't going to complain about this to him.

"Bella..." He groaned as he started to assault my neck and jaw.

I tilted my head back, giving him better access, and ran my fingers through his hair then slowly turning them down and sliding them under the collar of his beige sweater.

"Edward..." I whispered as I started to pull at the soft material, trying to pull the sweater over his head.

He smirked into my neck, sat up, and pulled his shirt off, then laid back down to pick up where he had left off, now letting his hands brush over my breasts, which made me hiss in the back of my throat and cling tighter to him.

My hands moved over the smooth panels of his muscles and started to fumble with his belt.

"Bella." He warned, pulling away though his eyes and body told me that he didn't want to. "I thought we talked about this."

I sat up as he moved to the couch's other end.

"I know... I know..." I ran my hands through my mussed hair. "But... don't you want me?"

He just stared at me, looking far too tempting with his hair going in every direction and him being half naked and all that. "Are you kidding me? Are you honestly asking me if I am attracted to you to the point where it is maddening?"

"Well... you just don't seem to..."

"Bella," He cupped my chin and made me meet his eyes. "It just doesn't feel right... you can laugh at me all you want... but I always thought that something like that should wait..."

"I love you... and you love me too, right?"

His eyes softened as he pecked my lips in a chaste kiss. "Of course I do."

"Then why?"

"Cause, you're worth waiting for."

"But I don't want to wait... not for you..."

He met my gaze for a moment longer, and then looked away. He got up and started to pace around the room. "You have no idea what you're doing to me right now... looking at me like that..." He stopped his trek at the windows, turning around to look back at me. "You know how much strength it takes me not to carry you over to your bed and... And then you look at me with those pleading eyes and..."

I tilted my head in question, making my curls tumble down my shoulders. "Why fight it?"

"Bella... I never did anything like that before."

"What?"

He looked out the window, suddenly very interested in the falling twilight. "I have never actually been with a woman."



"How is that possible?"

He still refused to look at me, but I thought that his neck looked a bit pink.

Edward never blushed.

"I told you that you could call me old fashion... I raised to believe that some things... the important things... are worth waiting for."

I climbed off the couch, ducking around him so I could look at his face.

He was blushing.

"Edward-"

He covered his mouth and cheeks with his hand and looked away. "I want to do everything with you properly... I don't want you to regret it."

"I wouldn't."

"But I would."

"Why? I thought that you said that-"

He laid a cool finger on my lips and shook his head. "Because it isn't right. I am no angel and don't have to go on a rant as to what my past sins are, all of which you know, but this, with you and with myself, is something that I want to do right."

"Edward-"

"I will not fold on this."

"But I want to be with you... forever... isn't that enough?"

He ran his fingers through my hair, taking a lock and running his fingers down it from the crown of my head and to the very tip. "Marry me."

"What?"

He finally met my eyes, completely, once more. "I do I believe I just proposed."

"But Aro... he won't even let you date... and the media..."

"My contact with Aro is over in four years and, as for the media, why do they even have to know. We've kept our relationship under wraps for a year so far."

"*Almost* a year... do you think it will last a life time?"

"I want to marry you Bella... I've been planning to propose to you for weeks now... just couldn't think of the right way to go about it."

"And you think now is the time?"

He gave me a small smile. "It sort of burst out of my mouth."

"Edward... there is no way that this could work..."

"Do you love me?"

"I think I just told you that."

"Then marry me." He leaned towards me, drowning me with the full force of his golden gaze.

"The media, and then Aro, will find out... and then your career will be in jeopardy, along with mine."

"We will think of something, I won't let you be left to the wolves like that. There are ways to keep it secret... maybe only between us and a handful of others. Like four very specific others."

"Emmett, Jasper, Alice and...?"

"Rose, my foster sister has to be in the loop... and she is seriously starting to consider dating your brother."

"After dangling him about for the last couple of months."

Edward's smile broadened. "He loves it and he knows it... and what about your answer?"

I looked down at my feet, he, once more, lifted my chin so I had to look at him. There was hope and promise in his topaz eyes.

In truth, I had been daydreaming about being Edward's wife for weeks now. Though I wasn't about to admit to that...

"Could... could this really work?"

His answer came in the form of a not so chaste kiss, picking me off my feet and pulling me so tightly to his chest that I was short on breath.

"Yes, we could make it work." He finally murmured against my cheek as he placed me back to my feet.

I smiled, nestling my cheek to his chest. "Then... I guess we will never find out till we try."

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**A/N: Hope you are not that disappointed about this rapid courtship... (sorry this was such a short chapter)...**

**Tootles!**

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Chapter: 6

**A/N: This is the last of the flashback chapters...**

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***Four Years Before***

***(Actually... it's more like Three Years Before...)***

***Part 4: The Night***

"Aw! Alice... that was my scalp..." I tried to rub the spot on my head that she had stabbed a needed into.

"Stop moving around and I wouldn't stab you nearly as much." Alice said around her mouth full of bobby pins.

"I don't see why you are going so out of your way for this... it's supposed to be a small, inconspicuous, event."

"You're not conspicuous... and I'll be damned if my best friend ties the knot with one of the most gorgeous men of our time in T-shirt and jeans."

"I'm not going to wear a gown." I flinched as she moved from my hair and started to spread cosmetics over my eyelids.

"It's not a gown... just a tasteful, white dress, which you can hide under your coat, and, at least, will make you look like something more than a stressed out college student."

"I am stressed out... why did I agree to this again?"

She grabbed my chin and started to paint my lips. "Because you love him?"

My cheeks flamed. "Yeah... that's true enough."

"Well, I guess I'm not going to have to put rouge on you." Alice laughed, helping me to my feet and into our room. "Now get dressed... we need to be there in a half an hour."

She passed me a dress made of white dress made of gauzy, lacy material that seemed to float in the air as she delicately passed it over to me.

"Alice-"

"It really isn't anything special... just a regular dress that I got *for sale*." She added with raised brows, snapping her fingers at me. "Now get dressed... he'll be waiting for you."

That got me to change.

The material glided over my skin and made me shiver. The dress drifted down to my knees and tied behind my neck in a halter-top, which showed a bit more of my figure than what I was accustomed.

"I did tell you how terribly romantic this whole situation is... right?" Alice asked, doing the final touch-ups on my hair and face and helping me into the shoes.

The high-heeled shoes of death.

"Alice, I'm going to fall and crack my head long before we get there."

"That's where I come in." Jasper stuck his head in through the door, giving me an approving smile. "You look lovely."

"That's... though I am going to crash with the concrete as soon as soon as I step outside."

"I would never let that happen." His eyes softened as he looked over at Alice. "You truly can do wonders."

"I feel so loved right now." I muttered up to the ceiling as I pulled my jacket on over the dress. It came down to right above my knees, covering nearly all the dress, and took Jasper's offered hand.

Alice took his other.

The two of them had been dating for a few weeks now; Alice had finally broken through Jasper's reserves and had made a home for herself in his heart. Though, now she was dating him she knew why he was so stand offish around any woman that wasn't myself, or now her. Jasper's heart had been shattered years ago by the hands of his ex-girlfriend. But we never talked about that...

"Are Emmett and Rose waiting for us?" Alice looked up at Jasper, pulling herself a bit closer to him.

"Yeah... they were riding with Edward."

We had reached the street and Jasper tightened his hold on my hand with a smirk.

With his help was able to climb into Alice's yellow Porsche, Jasper taking the wheel while the car's owner jumped into the back.

"Seriously... isn't there something a bit more... normal... for us to go speeding about in?" I asked, trying not to stare at the rapidly disappearing road with fear.

Jasper was a good driver, I trusted him... just not the car.

"Mine is in the garage... don't worry. No one will pay any attention to this in the neighborhood we're going to."

"Oh... grand." I muttered, trying not to touch my hair.

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We made it to the abandoned church five minutes before we were due. Alice and Jasper helped me out of the car, first making sure that the area was clear- leave it to a military man and a social life to spot possible threats from miles away. When they were sure it was safe, they ushered me through the garden and through the church's back entrance, the door was unlocked, as was planned, and we slowly walked through the empty, cold kitchen and through the stone corridor that led to the main sanctuary.

This cathedral had not been used for over a decade, though many people went there from time to time for various reasons, such as art students doing their sketches' of... which we were going to pretend to be if someone happened to stumble upon us.

Edward was friends with a minister who lived nearby, a man who was more than willing to unite us and keep our secret.

My heels clicked on the marble floor, that was well maintained despite the abandonment of the building itself, and the echoes grew softer as we entered the main chamber... where Emmett, his possible girlfriend Rose, a middle aged man, and Edward waited for us.

They all were dressed like Alice and Jasper, casually formal, while Edward was wearing a suit that made him look ready for the catwalk.

His eyes looked up as I entered, Alice pulling my coat from me and pushing me into the room, and the look he gave me both broke and then mended my heart, in the same instant.

He held out his hands to me, which I ran into, and held me close.

Emmett whistled his approval as Jasper and Alice took their places.

"You look beautiful." He whispered into my ear, then turning me to face the minister "We're ready." He calmly stated, his hands still twined in mine as the ceremony began.

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We slowly climbed the stairs of the small Inn outside of town. I was wrapped in my coat with a cabby hat perched on my head, while he had on his usual, yet stylish, hat and sunglasses on. His non-descriptive silver Volvo, which he had purchased a few days before, was parked before the elegant mansion.

We were checked in as 'The Swans', which made both of us chuckle, and wasted no time talking to the rest of the Inn's inhabitants, who were playing games and eating pastries in the main room.

Our room was decorated in lilacs, grays, and light blues. The bed was an antique canopy and the bathroom gleamed with white tiles and brass fixtures.

Edward swung the door shut with his foot as he placed our bags, which he refused to let me touch, onto the floor. I turned to face him, unsure of how to proceed.

He looked at me with the same expression, reminding me that I was not the only one who had never done this before.

"I-I don't want to hurt you..." He laid his hand on my cheek, his eyes becoming a strange mixture of restraint and need.

I nuzzled his palm and moved closer to him, wrapping my arms around his neck. "You won't. I want this... want you."

He lips crashed down on mine, filled with more hot passion and desire than he ever had used with me ever before.

That kiss was enough to break the awkward tension, allowing us to act on the emotions and desires we had been holding back for all this time.

Or... at least enough that we didn't hesitate to strip each other down.

I fumbled with his belt, pushing he pants down with my feet as my hands started to undo his tie and unbutton his shirt, kissing every inch of exposed flesh on his chest. Meanwhile he was preoccupied with untying my dress, letting it pool around my ankles, and began to fumble with my strapless bra.

"How do you work this thing?" He groaned as my fingers brushed the waistband of his boxers.

I captured his lips once more, then slowly backing away and, hesitantly, undoing the hooks. My cheeks burned as I covered myself, suddenly very self aware of my lacking in feminine curves and all around sex appeal.

He walked towards me, looking like a Pagan god who had descended onto Earth in the room's dim lighting, and slowly, gently, uncrossed my arms. His eyes widened in a wonder that I clearly didn't deserve as he shyly pulled me towards him once more. "You're perfect." He breathed against my lips right before kissing me deeply once more.

We half laid down- half tumbled onto the bed, situating our positions so we were entirely laying on the puffy comforter, and tried to rid ourselves of our last articles of clothing. Though, we were more unsure than before about how to go about this.

When all our clothes, and shoes, were finally tossed to the floor Edward pulled away from me. I knew my face was a brilliant shade of crimson as his eyes slowly, sensually, traveled down my body.

"You're completely perfect." He exclaimed once more as he bent to meet my lips, while his hands awkwardly started to travel over my body.

I shivered from his touch. My body needed more than simple caress to the point where it began to act on its own, arching up into his hands as they, uncertainly, cupped my breasts and allowing soft moans to escape my lips as he sucked and bite at my throat and collarbone.

"Edward..." I begged, twining one of hand through his hair while the other one journeyed down his spine. "Please..." I pleaded as he brushed my entrance, he was clearly in as much need as I was.

"It will be painful..."

His head was at the crock of my neck while his one hand settled his weight on the bed and his other one started to pet my arching area.

His body trembled with withheld desire.

"It's alright... I'll be alright..." I tried to make my quivering voice reassuring as my hips strained up to meet his hand. "Please..."

He growled taking his hand away from me, and making me whimper in the process, and supported himself on both of his arms at either side of my head.

"Tell me if it get's too painful... I'll stop."

Like hell I would tell him if it hurt...

I gasped as he thrust into me, his length painfully stretching my body. I suppressed my cries and just held onto him tighter, willing him to go on.

He inched further and further in... Then breaking through my remaining barrier.

I cried out as tears sprung to my eyes.

"I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry... I love you..." He muttered, raining light kisses on my cheeks, forehead, and lips, trying to stem the tear flow while apologizing to me and calling himself every form of idiot. While he remained as still as physically possible.

"I shouldn't have gone so fast... are you alright...?"

The pain swiftly fled, leaving behind a bit of strained discomfort, which was rapidly melting into indescribable pleasure.

"I'm alright..." I twined my fingers once more through his amazing hair and cemented his lips to mine. "You can move now." I smirked up at him, gently rocking my hips against his to illustrate how fine I really was.

He groaned and slowly gave in, though his movements were cautious and with care... to the point where it was maddening.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, taking him by surprise as he went deeper into me.

"Harder." I hissed, digging my nails into his back as he complied.

My body willingly moved with his as he began to pick up the pace and I was lost in the sheer sensation, unaware of the sweat coating my body or the screams that were coming from my lips. Time and the world faded away as Edward and I made love for the first time.

Then he brought me to my brink and I was swept away in white light, clinging to him and calling out his name, my husband's name, as he too went over the edge and moaned out mine, collapsing on top on me as I loosened my slick arms' death hold on him.

"That... was... amazing..." I panted as he reluctantly pulled away from me and fell out my side, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me as close to him as possible.

"Are you sure you're alright...?"

I turned in his arms to kiss him, while kicking off the covers we were laying on so we had someone to pull out our rapidly cooling bodies.

"I'm better than alright." I yawned, our activity completely wiping me out.

He kissed my hair as he buried me under the sheets and blankets. "Same here."

Then we drifted off to sleep.

The last thing on my mind, before Edward filled dreams took over, was the hope that we would be able to make this work.

I didn't know what I would do if he wasn't a constant in my life...



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**A/N; Alright... I am iffy about this chapter... should I change it?**

**Next chapter is back to the present and Edward's POV...**

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Chapter: 7

**A/N: As Promised...**

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***Back to the Present!***

I was completely and indescribably bored out of my mind... This was exactly way I hadn't wanted Bella to go off to work. Well... the fact that I was going to be bored was a part, a minute one in all reality, of why I wanted her to stay home. Mostly I wanted to stay home was because I had been gone for three weeks and would leave in less than two days for another one.

I had passed some of the time, once she had finally managed to free herself from my arms and sprinted out the door- I do hope someone informs her that her shirt was backwards, in the living room- doing push-ups, sit ups, and other things that I didn't an actual machine for. I could have gone down to the gym... but it was getting riskier and riskier to simply walk about, the hat and sunglasses weren't as much of a shield as they had been four years before.

Hell, it had been hard enough to get into the apartment, which was only under Bella's name, without drawing attention.

This was something that both Bella and I were worried about.

My contract with Aro will be over in a few months and, if I choose not to sign on for another five years, I could publically announce my marriage to Bella... which had been the original plan. But now things were complicated. I had never expected to become such a fashion icon, and- let's face it- sex symbol, that I had over the last year. Bella claimed that she always knew it would end up like this... but wifely pride was not the best thing to hear at that moment. If I announced my marriage now the media would swarm all over her, not giving her a moment of peace... which is exactly what I refused to let happen.

So we had some discussions to agree on and plans to make over the next few months.

Rose had scolded me for getting married that early in my career, I had scolded her for stringing a

man she was mad for along for over three years, but she did have a slight point at the moment. This wasn't fair for Bella...

Once I was done with my exercise I took a shower, my one this morning not really counting, seeing that I played more through it than anything, and stretched out on the couch, flipping on the television. After ruling out three romantic comedies, all having pretty much the same storyline and jokes, I settled for a rerun of *House*. Laughing at the drama that was the hospital and wondering when House was going to just jump Cuddy and have the torment over with.

Yes, I, the person who had maintained his virginity till he was married, wanted these two doctors to have hot passionate sex on the office future. Why? Because nothing else would happen between them unless they did. It seemed to be that way in cinema and the media now days, the old fashion romantic values, such as waiting, were gone and now it was all about free sex and self expression.

Oh the grief I got in high school when all the guys in the locker room heard that I was a virgin...

But their comments really didn't bother me and, after marrying Bella and seeing that there were indeed things worth waiting for, I kind of had to think that it was the best way to go. The old saying goes that two virgins should never be in the same bed... but, to me, it seemed like it was the best way. Bella and I got to learn and experiment together. I know what pleases Bella and only Bella... which was all that really mattered. I didn't need to be a Casanova with hundreds of 'hits' to my name to do that.

"Come on Cameron... get a back bone." I muttered to the screen as the lady doctor; once again, let her overly soft heart get in the way of her medical knowledge.

I watched this show for more than the drama and the cynical jokes of the pill popping doctor... It also reminded me of what I gave up when I took up modeling, what I vowed to gain one day.

I had been the top of my class when my parents died near the end of my sophomore year. Leaving Rose and me alone in the world. I had refused to lean on Rose for financial support right around the time that I met Aro and was offered the job. All the pieces fell into place, a way for me to pay off the debt I had already acquired and to make my own way. I just hadn't expected to meet Bella a few weeks later.

Bella was the one who, though she refused to let me pay her student loans, encouraged me to take internet courses during my vacations and free time. I almost had my two and a half needed years done. Though med school was going to be a problem... But I would worry about that only after Bella and I had everything with our relationship squared away.

The episode ended, and it turned out to be an afternoon long marathon. So I watched a few more, sometimes reading through one of the Jane Austin books that Bella had laying around, and finally got up when it was getting close to Bella's arrival. I wanted dinner to be waiting for her, that way our night go run smoothly... That and I loved to cook.

The fridge and cupboards were full with various odds and ends. I settled for beef stew, a simple and easy enough meal, (I never said that it was going to be a garment) and got out the can opener. I had

just poured the condensed stew into the pot and turned on the burner when the door opened. My first instinct was to go and literally sweep her off her feet... but I was still a bit annoyed at her for leaving me alone this morning.

Slender arms wrapped around my waist as I stirred the pot's contents.

"What's for dinner?" Her seductive voice purred into my ear. I could feel her lips against the shell of my ear.

I didn't look behind me. "Stew."

Her hands slid under my shirt and caressed my torso. "Smells good."

Then she bit my earlobe.

My will broke and I pulled her to face me, turning off the burner as she leaned her back against the stove. I covered her lips with mine, tasting her sweetness, and placing her on the counter top.

"Isn't the food going to get cold?" She protested as I freed her hair from its confining bun, letting the soft tentacles tumble down her face and shoulders.

"It's easy to reheat." I murmured before slipping my tongue into her mouth and start to undo the millions of buttons on her shirt. "Seriously... why do you have to dress like this?"

She laughed, lolling her head to the side to give me better access to her throat; my lips slowly tasted every inch of gradually exposed skin.

"School rules."

I just growled, only managing to get the third button done, which let her red lacy bra peek out.

Though the time it was taking me to rid her of the garment, and the creaminess of her skin, gave me time to develop an idea.

I reached behind her, into one of the cabinets, and pulled out a jar of vanilla frosting.

"Edward-"

Her attempt at a warning turned into a hiss as I dipped my finger into the jar and swiped a bit of the sweet substance on the side of her neck, right over where her hot pulse leapt a beat as my tongue darted out and licked her skin clean once more.

I kissed her again, letting her taste the icing still on my lips, as I scooped out some more.

"Edward..." Her voice was needier as I licked her collarbone.

"Yes?" I innocently asked, opening another one of her buttons, leaving her breasts, nestled in the

cups of her bra, on display. "Would you like me to stop?" I added as my finger slowly drew a line of vanilla down her sternum, stopping right at the top of her cleavage.

She leaned back on her hands, thrusting her breasts towards me. "Hell no... I'm never making a cake again if this is what you are going to do with the leftover icing."

I smirked at the desirable woman before me, how was it that she couldn't see what she did to all the men around her? I wrapped my arms around her small waist, pressing her body against mine, and let my tongue slid down the line I had just drawn. I undid another button during this leisurely trek, making her wither against me, and pushed the shirt off her shoulders, leaving it to hung on the remaining buttons about her hips, and quickly unfastened her bra.

Her hands came up to snake around my neck and through my hair, moans that told me to continue going straight to my head, as I reached under the open bra and cupping her right breast in my hand, running my thumb over her already hard nipple...

Then the doorbell rang.

"Ignore it." I pleaded, looking up into her eyes and hoping she would listen to me... at least for once.

Her lust filled eyes told me that she was going to give into my request with no complaints or struggle, then the bell went off again and the pounding began.

"Bella! Hey, lil' sis! Let us in!"

"We have pizza!"

"And some movie that Alice thought you would like..."

She swore, sliding free of my reluctant arms and started to undo all my undressing. By the time she got to the door her bra was secure and her shirt was only opened at the neck. "Sorry..." She muttered as she went. "They always come over on Friday when you are gone... their way of looking after me."

"But I'm here now."

"They don't know that."

I groaned in annoyance, putting the jar away and dumping the stew out, as Bella let her brother and friends into the apartment.

"Sorry Edward, we didn't know that you were back." Jasper apologized, laying a pizza box on the counter.

"We could leave." Alice offered, pulling me into a hug.

"Nay... it's fine. Thanks for taking care of Bella while I'm gone."

"We wouldn't have to if you were home more." Emmett, who I usually got along with, gave me a sharp look. When it came to Bella nothing was good enough. Then his face broke into a smirk. "Though, by looking at Bella and you, I would have to guess that you were trying to make up for that."

Bella hit him across the arm as Alice laughed.

I said nothing, just grabbed a slice and leaned against the counter.

Bella met my eyes and mouthed *later*.

She better believe it... though I wasn't going to make it easy for her this time.

--

I laid out on our king sized bed in only my boxers, a black pair that Bella had bought me for last year's Christmas. The three had left a little bit ago and Bella had jumped right into the bathroom as soon as they were out of sight.

What was the woman doing in there?

Bella had never been one to take forever getting ready for bed, and, if she thought that by making me wait she was making it easier to break me, she had another thing coming. I was going to make her beg for me...

The bathroom door open and she leaned against the threshold, rubbing lotion into her hands and just looking at me lying on the bed.

She had come prepared for the battle of desires, dressed in only white silk lingerie that was being held together by a few pieces of lace and thread. Her whole body was on display for me to admire and worship... if I would allow myself...

"I take it that you are still mad at me." She walked over to the bed, even her stumble-step look seductive instead of its usual adorable, and climbed onto my side of the mattress. "I told you that I was sorry... but I couldn't just brush them off when-"

"When you only have me for a day?"

She looked at me, lifting a delicate brow, and began to crawl up the bed, running her fingers along my bare abs, and finally settling her breasts against chest and giving me a slow, hungry, maddeningly delicious kiss. "I'm sorry. What do I have to do to make it up to you?"

I remained silent, not trusting my voice at the moment.

Her hands roamed down my body and stopping at the waistband of my boxers. "I think I have an

idea on how I could start to make amends..."

She kissed my lips once more, and then started to travel down my body- biting at my neck and collarbone, licking my nipples, raining butterfly kisses down my abs... Then, as her hands pulled down my boxers, she looked up at me.

"You forgive me?"

I just managed to shake my head as she started to kiss the inside of my thighs as her hands grabbed me and started to slide up and down my length. I fought back the urge to move with her pace, just bite my lip and tried to keep my calm.

I was supposed to be the one trying to make her beg.

Then her mouth took over her hands' task, teeth lips and tongue joining in.

I couldn't stop my hips from bucking into her as one of my hands twined through her hair.

"Bella-" I groaned as she started to pick up speed. "God..." I was close, so close... and she knew it.

She freed herself from my hold and pulled away right before I reached my peak.

"Well, I guess if you are not going to forgive me I should just sleep on the cou-"

She squealed as I grabbed her hands and threw her back onto the mattress, trapping her under my body. My lips burned onto hers as I restrained myself from ripping her slip of an outfit off of her; instead I slowly began to peel the material from her body, freeing first her shoulders... then her upper chest... then her breasts slipped free.

"Edward-" She moaned, twining her fingers through the sheets as I started to nip at her nipples and sucked at her perfect breasts. She always stated how she lacked curves when in fact she was the perfect body-type. My hands went before my mouth, which was happily paying her erect pecks their needed attention, sliding the rest of the outfit off, showing that she had nothing on underneath. She cry out as one of my fingers slipped into her as my thumb began to massage her arching area.

"I want you... I need you..." She panted, moving her hips with my hand, which had added another finger.

I couldn't hold out much longer.

I stopped my ministrations to her chest and pulled my hands away from her, moving between her legs as my hands grabbed her back side and pulling her closer to me, making me right at her throbbing entrance.

"Do you want me?" I asked, biting at her earlobe.

She trembled. "Yes..."

"I want to hear you."

"Yes." she said louder arching against me and crawling at my back. "Yes!" She yelled out as I slowly let myself in.

I groaned as her body wrapped around me, taking me in to the hilt.

"You're amazing..." I whispered as I stated to move.

"You're telling me." She gasped as I slammed into her. Her mouth made a silent 'o' as her nails dug deeper into the flesh of my shoulder.

I grabbed the back of her hair, weaving her hair through my fingers, and cemented my lips to hers.

"We're not leaving this bed till Sunday morning." I warned as I began to thrust faster, pulling her to meet me.

"Do you expect me to fight you on that?" She claimed another kiss from me as we continued to move together.

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Chapter: 8

**A/N: sorry I didn't update last night... finals are the be-all-end-all of evil!**

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### *Saying Good-bye*

"That tickles." I muttered, eyes closed to the early morning sun, as Edward's soft lips brush against my stomach. "And if you leave anymore marks on me someone is going to think I am a leaper."

His warm breath washed over my moist skin, giving me goose bumps and making me shiver. I heard the sheet rustle as he moved up to the top of the bed and wrapped his arms around me.

"Well, you said that if I left a visible mark you would kill me." He whispered, burying his face in my neck. "And I had to tease you a bit-"

"You need to take a shower." Though I turned in his arms so I could rest my cheek against his chest. "You're flight leaves when?"

"Noon... so I have to be at the airport by nine, at the latest."

I didn't want to look behind me, at the alarm clock, on the nightstand, but my treacherous neck didn't obey my mind's orders and slowly turned.

It was seven.

"You really need to get up if you are going to make it."

"Maybe I can tell Aro that I am too ill to go to Fiji for the week... he could always get Felix or Alec to cover it. My contract is going to be over soon... he needs to stop relying on me."

"It's because your contract is going to be up that he is clinging to you as much. He wants to prove that he can still shower you in publicity and jobs. That's what all normal models want."

He laughed, tightening his hold on me. "Yes... but I have you."

I rolled my eyes. "What are you going to do at the end of the five year period?"

"I thought we would discuss that more later."

"I don't see why we have to discuss it in that much depth- do you want to continue modeling?"

I knew what I wanted him to say to this, but I forced my voice to remain as even as possible. This was his career; I married him knowing that he was a model, so I had no right to force him to give up his dream just so that I would be happier. He would only regret me for it in the end... Or so I thought.

He tucked my head under his chin and finger combed my hair. "Honestly, I really don't know... I want to be with you-"

"And I'll always be here with you."

That was the complete truth, there was no way that I would have the strength, or want to have the strength, to leave my husband.

"Yes, I know, but I want the populace to know that you are my wife... something that couldn't be done while I still work with Aro... unless I negotiate strenuously. Yet..."

"Yet?"

"Yet, with all that happened during the last year I don't know if we can live a peaceful life even without Aro. I don't want to inflict the media on you... and you would be pissed if I was the reason you lost your job." His last statement was a joke, but his concern was real.

"I could handle the media... I think."



His arms just tightened, protectively, about me. "I know... but I would like to save you from having to prove that theory. Maybe, once I get out of my contract with Aro, I could sign a short contract with someone else and just ease my way out of the public eye."

"Won't work, they will force you back in."

My stomach was in my feet, he really loved his job.

It may sound childish, seeing that I knew how much he adored me- however irrational it may be, but I was always afraid to make him pick between me and the job, and not only because of the resentment factor. I was afraid that I wouldn't like the answer... but I would never tell him that.

"Nothing is impossible for me!" His voice mocked Saturday morning super heroes and his hold loosened on me, his hand sliding down my back and over my hips.

"It will be impossible for you to be at the airport on time if you don't get out of bed."

"Yeah... I do need a shower..."

"Yes-" I squeaked as he scooped me up, princess-style, and proceeded to carry me to the bathroom.

"No, you need a shower... I need to stay in bed!"

"Why?" He settled my feet on the floor, keeping one of his arms loosely swung around my waist, as he turned on the shower.

"Because..."

Because it will only be harder to say goodbye to him if I cling to him tighter.

"Because?"

"Because you would defiantly run late."

He just gave me his crooked smirk as he stepped into the tube and let the hot, steamy, water rush over him. He held out a hand to help me in.

"I'll drive very fast... as safely as possible."

"Edward-"

"Bella, we aren't going to see each other for a whole week..."

He was adorably sexy when he pouted.

I sighed, taking his hand, and knew that I would pay for this come a few hours when he was rushing away.

His lips tasted like the water streaming down on us and his arms kept me from slipping on the tub's smooth surface.

"I love you." He murmured, wiping wet strands of hair from my face as he leaned down for another one.

"Same here." My voice barely sounded over the water as I grabbed his neck and bent him closer to me.

Was it possible to love someone too much?

Did this emotion have its limits and laws? Did you have to give something away to gain it... did you have to pay a price?

And if it did what was the equivalent exchange for what Edward and I shared?

I shivered, despite the heat, as a chill went down my spine.

Edward just wrapped me closer as I tried to let the steady stream wash away my unexplainable and pointless fears.

--

I cried for about an hour when Edward finally left with one last, lingering, kiss as he made for the door. I had to see him off in the kitchen, neither of us wanted to risk the neighbors seeing us.

After three years of marriage, and one year of dating, I should be used to him being gone... right?

Wrong.

It hurt every time. As if there was a hole in me that was raw and never healing, only being complete and healthy once more when he was back in my arms.

I was so pathetic at times... but no one had to know that...

My cell phone started to ring around the time that I had finally gotten myself under control.

"Hello?"

*"Bella? Have you been crying?"*

Damn Alice for knowing me so much.

"Edward just left and-"

*"I'm on my way over."*

"What?"

*"I'm on my way; I have Chinese take-out and chick-flicks. Emmett is off with Rose being all lovely-dovey and I have ordered Jasper to stay in the apartment and... well do whatever it is that Jasper does when no one is around... hopefully he doesn't kill anyone... but that is hardly the point."*

"And what is the point exactly?" I was already smiling again; Alice had that effect on me.

*"You need a girl night of binging and crying over cliché storylines that always end with a kiss."*

I laughed, nodding my head. "Sounds fabulous."

*"Be up in a few... I'll just let myself in..."*

"You always do."

Her laughter drifted over to me as she hung up.

I laid my phone back on the coffee table, which was beside the couch I was laying on, and got up to my feet.

A girl night was exactly what I need.

Chinese...

Junk Food...

Chick Flicks...

Happy ending with kisses...

I touched my lips, which were swollen by Edward's kisses.

Was there a movie that ever talked about what happened after happily ever after?

I shook my head, making my hair fly about.

What was I thinking? After years of marriage I should be over my unease...

Yet it seemed only to grow from year to year.

--

**A/N: Yes, I used some paraphrasing from "New Moon"**

**Disclaimer: the 'hole' comment is based off of what Bella says in Meyer's "New Moon"- there, bases covered.**

**Oh- and, thought fluff is all well and good (fun to write) I am going to go more into the actual plot in the next couple of chapters...**

**K?**

**(Yes, there is plot beyond the fluff... kind of ::ha-ha::)**

**For those who want an idea as to where this is going:**

**Focus on:**

**Bella's growing unease**

**Edward's love for his job**

**Bella's refusal to tell Edward what's really bothering her**

**Edward's popularity and the amount of jobs he has/ along of his fear of Bella and the media**

**And...**

**Their highly...friendly...relationship**

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**Chapter: 9**

**A/N: WOW! First thing first... thanks for all the reviews!**

**Second: I got a lot of questions about how I am going to go about this... my answer- do you really want to know??**

**To answer one question (What does Jasper do when no one is around) one of the answers is that he cleans out, and completely takes apart, his guns (timing himself). He can't completely give up his military life... also why Alice is afraid he will kill someone. But that is just one of many things he does (I can't think of anything else at the moment...)**

**Ok, randomness is over!**

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## ***Essays and Breakdowns***

"Alright everyone! Guess what I have for you!"

I smiled at the mixture of groans and anticipated intakes of breath. All eyes turned towards me, all conversation ceased, every one of my students were fixed on the pile of papers in my hands. I had spent all my 'girls day' watching chick-flicks, eating junk food, and grading my first and second periods' papers. Tonight it was going to be my fourth and fifth. Third period was my prep.

"So... how did we do?" Amy fidgeted in her chair a new magazine, this time it was *Vogue* rested on her desk I made myself not stare at my husband, clad in a punked out suit, on the cover.

I let out a wicked laugh and fanned myself with the pile. "How do you guys think you did?"

"I know that I did fine."

I raised an eyebrow at Trent. "Really? And why is that?"

He got up, sweeping his fingers through his hair and making it appear like a mocking version of how Edward's was on Amy's magazine cover. "Let's drop the charade, Miss Swan... you know you adore me." He got down on one of his knees and held out his arms to me as some of his soccer friends began to hum a romantic theme song in perfect harmony. "Now come, leap into my arms and let us run away from this place!"

Giggles and cat calls erupted from the surrounding students, along with a wild round of applause.

I forced myself from restraining my laughter and blush and just looked down at him.

"I take it that you planned out all of this?"

He stayed on the floor. "Yep, now come to me before I feel as if all my planning was a waste."

"Clearly you don't think you did as well on your paper as you claim if you planned to 'sweep me off my feet' on the very day I stated I was going to return them."

His beaming face turned into an absurd pout. "I take it that you are rejecting me?"

"Yes... I am sorry to trek on your pure feelings like this... but it would never work between us. I couldn't deal all your loyal followers and admirers."

Trent got to his feet and shrugged. "You have a point there... there just isn't enough of me to go around... I'll have to come up with a way to clone myself; it's the only way to be fair to humanity."

I nodded over to his desk. "You do that... while sitting quietly at your desk."

He flicked me a salute and slipped back into his chair.

"Alright... now are we ready to get our papers back?"

"Yes... please... seeing that the idiot is done with his cry for attention." A girl, Frey, muttered in the back, her nose stuck in a book... as usual.

She had been the only one who hadn't laugh and didn't even look up from whatever tome she was reading.

I looked at her and saw a slightly more outspoken version of myself a few years ago.

Ah memories.

I walked back to her desk and handed her the top essay on my pile.

"Good work." I whispered, walking off to hand Kim hers.

It was the truth; Frey was the best student out of all my classes.

When I got to Trent he winked at me as his paper went into his hands.

Then he actually looked at the grade.

"A 'B'!? Miss Swan, you must have made some sort of mistake... this was my best work!"

"Be happy... I got a C." Kim muttered in disgust.

Amy just groaned and laid her head on her hands. "My parents are going to kill me!"

"Sorry guys... but if you actually read the book, and took notes on it, I think you would do better."

More groans, I saw Frey find a smirk as she returned to her book, as I walked back to the room's front.

"If you have problems or questions you can see me after class... now off to more *Catcher in the Rye*."

The class went by fast, as always. Second period was my favorite. It was full of such a wild and fun group of students, who had no problems with expressing their thoughts and feelings.

Well, all save one.

"Frey, would you stay for a moment?" I called to the back as the bell rang and everyone got to their feet to go to their next classes. "I'll sign you a pass."

She pulled her patched and pinned messenger bag over her thin shoulders, pulling her black hair free from the strap, and walked up to me. "It's alright... I have study hall next with Miss Jessica,"

Jessica refused to go by her last name... made her feel too old. "She never cares if we're late."

"Alright..." I leaned against my desk and looked over at her. "I wanted to ask you if-"

"If it's about my 'social problem' you don't have to waste your breath with concern, no matter how 'real' it is. I just don't like associating with idiots."

I laughed, shaking my head. "No... Actually I think that a student's personal life is nothing for me to pry into as long as they seem healthy and happy. If you're happy with your books then so be it."

Her eyes, for once, look confused. "Then why did you keep me after class?"

I reached behind me, taking a book off my desk. "Have you read this one? I thought you might like it."

She looked at the cover, as she slowly shook her head. "No... But I heard good things."

"You want to borrow it?"

"Could I?"

"I wouldn't have made the offer if I didn't mean it."

A small smile tugged at her lips as she tightened her hold on the book. "Thanks... I'll take good care of it."

"I know you will... now you better get going to class."

She nodded and hurried out of the classroom, her steps lighter than before.

Yep, a lot like me when I was her age.

--

*"Hello... Emmett's Auto body and-"*

"Emmett! Come and save me." I tried not to whine as I angrily ran my free hand through my hair as I looked down at the engine of my silver Volvo, Edward had given it to me once he bought his *Austin Healy*... it was the closest thing that I would let him give me that resembled a new car. I had been driving a beaten up 1950's truck before this.

*"Bella, calm down and tell me what's wrong."*

"I was on my way home from work when... my engine... smoke?"

I could hear his deep chuckle vibrate over the other end. *"Alright... where are you out... I'll come tow you."*

"I-34, right before the Kinsley exit."

*"I thought you were on your way home."*

"Yes, but I was going to stop by a bookstore first." Mt voice got softer with each word as Emmett's laughter got louder.

*"Alright... Alight... I'll be right there."*

Emmett's 'right there' turned into an hour, and hour I spent grading Fourth period's papers.

"It's about time you big goof!" I half jokingly called out the window as the familiar red tow truck came into view... the only problem was that the man who got out wasn't my brother.

He was tall... and that was where the similarities ended.

This guy was younger than Emmett, probably only out of his teens, and, though broad shouldered, was leaner than my hulking brother and had a mane of silky black hair tied back at the nape of his neck. His russet skin contrasted with his white T-shirt, which was stretched against his toned chest, and he flashed me a blazing-white smile at my words.

"Sorry, there was traffic on Franklin-"

"I am so sorry... I thought you were Emmett." I slipped out of the car and held out my hand to him. "I'm Bella."

"I know." But he took my hand, his was large and warm. "Jacob Black... But, seriously, I would have called to tell you that I would be late but Em refused to tell me your number. He's really protective of you... He told me that my job was on the line if I even thought of coming onto you... And he was flexing his biceps while he talked."

I laughed and nodded. "Ah... that old trick. He did that to every guy I ever dated."

Including Edward- But I couldn't add that.

His smile broadened as he let go of my hand and went over to my still open, though no longer smoking, hood. "What a fun social life you must have had."

"Well... it was a good thing that I liked books as much as I do..."

He chuckled, moving his hands over some random parts of my engine... I never took the time to learn anything about my brother's business. I had been ordered at an early age to stay away from all cars or any other form of mechanics.

"I think I can fix this here..." He mused to himself.



"You don't have to."

He shrugged, "I get paid by the hour either way." He winked at me, reminding me of Trent at the moment, and started to do... something... under my hood. "Try it now."

I climbed back into the driver's seat and turned the key... the engine purred into life.

"You did it!" I threw my hands up into the air in glee and praise.

I heard his chuckle over the engine as he moved to the side and leaned down to talk to me through the open window, one braced on the roof while the other draped over the empty window space.

"You're set to go... Emmett said that he would just pay me for some extra hours and that you owe him dinner for about a week. You should feel honored; I'm the best mechanic he has."

"Oh the egos of men." I teased, pulling my seat belt on. "But thanks all the same, and now I know who to ask for when my car decides to die again."

"I hope it does soon."

Was he hitting on me...? Nay, probably just being playful. All of Emmett's workers teased and taunted me.

"See ya." I called as he backed away.

I put the car in drive and merged back into traffic, waving to Jacob as I sped away.

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**A/N: Would anyone mind if I ad a side story in this about her students (mostly Frey...) As I write more and more about her second period class the more I find myself enjoying it. But if you guys just want it to be about nothing save E/B I will understand.**

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Chapter: 10

**A/N: Alright- I am writing second chapter in less than a 24 hour period... why? Because your reviews make me feel the need to reply to them as a collective whole. And, instead of making this note a separate chapter, I decided to add another chapter from Ed's POV...**

**Ok- first thing... the whole 'side story matter' I didn't explain my thoughts as well as I should have. It would not be told in the student's POV- the entire story will only be told by either Bella or Ed and it would be through one of their eyes (mostly Bella) you (the reader) would**

see the student's story. Example (this may or may not be how it would happen): Bella and Frey form a student-teacher bond and while Bella gets the bookworm to open up and talk she finds herself relating her own troubles to the girls... make sense now? I may or may not do this... the different parts of my brain are still arguing over the matter...

As for Jacob... wow... And I thought that I didn't like Jacob (though in BD I finally stopped loathing him) I put him in for all the Jake lovers in the world... but he is in no way going to be a main character and Bella is not going to have conflicting feelings for him.

Ok... I have said all that I needed to... off to the chapter!

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### *Phone Call*

"That's it Edward... jus hold that pose... Perfect."

I leaned against the fence that looked down at the blue-teal ocean, both elbows on the top rail with my right foot settled on the bottom one. The wind whipped my open black silk shirt from my body and I felt that my ripped jeans really didn't belong in this climate... but Aro had wanted me to model here... so whatever. I looked away from the camera, so that the camera captured my profile, and wondered how long it would take to be done for the day... I wanted to call Bella before she went to sleep.

"Ok... need to reload."

It sounded like he was going to try to shoot me...

I gave him a charming smile as I tussled my hair as the photographer got ready for another round.

"You are doing spectacular... as always." Aro called over to me, sticking out even more than I did in his three piece suit. "Seeing you work always makes me warm and fuzzy inside."

I unhitched myself from the fence. "Thank-you, it's a pleasure to work."

"And yet you still haven't agreed to sign on with me for another five years... are you growing tired of me?"

"No, of course not... it's just a very serious decision to make and I want to look at all my options."

"Yes, now seeing that ever agency and designer on the planet what you for their own... I can out bid all of them."

"It's not about the money... you have been very good to me, very good to me. I just want to think on the matter... I still have a few more months to consider all possible courses."

"What else is there to talk about... if not the money?"

If only he knew.

"Well... this really isn't the time or place to discuss business."

Aro's eyes grew sharp and his smile had a razor's edge. "I see... I see... well, my boy, we will have a more private, formal talk about your future later."

"I would enjoy nothing more."

That was the truth... if I could stay with Aro I would. I enjoyed the jobs he gave me and had security and seniority amongst his other models... and I got along with all the crews he hired.

But none of that would be worth it if I had to hide my relationship for another five years, a complete decade in all.

Though, if I got Aro to support mine and Bella's marriage, he would be a huge asset against the media, a shield that could protect my wife.

That would be the ideal scenario... the one I was aiming for.

The photographer return, with a strawberry blond in tow.

Tanya, Aro's favorite female model, smiled over at me, dressed in slinky black sundress, and skipped to my side.

"Change of plans, it looks like its going to rain so we are going to try to get the couple shots in now."

I repressed a sigh. I hated couple shots.

Instead I smiled at her as the man ready the camera, pulling her into my arms and leaning my weight against the rail once more. I pressed her against my chest. Her hair flew about us as she craned her graceful neck around to face the camera while I lowered my eyes, as if looking at her, and meeting the lens under my lashes.

"Whoa... you two look really good together." The photographer chuckled in admiration as he began to snap away as we changed poses.

It was the longest half an hour of my life...

I hated couple shots!

They made me miss Bella.

Tanya's super model curves and angels felt all wrong in my arms; too bony there... too big there... hair too thin... eyes too pale...

An evil part of my mind wondered what there was about her that made man crazy at her sight.

But that wasn't fair of me.

When we were finally done for the day, I was finally allowed to go back to the hotel, and had to fight back impatience as the crew and staff packed up and as my driver went to get the car.

"Hey, Ed, would you like to just ride with me?"

Tanya waved at me from her designated car.

"Yeah thanks... mine has a flat tire. I normally would wait, but I am sort of in a hurry."

"I can tell... why is that?" She called over to me as she climbed in.

"I have to call my sister... she's not feeling so well and I am a bit concerned... she never gets sick."

Should I be scared over how easy it was for me to lie?

"Oh... well tell Rose that I hope she is feeling better soon."

Well, that made me feel like a jerk.

"Yes... of course."

"So... your contract is over soon?"

"Yep... and, if I remember correctly, yours is too."

"I already resigned... are you?"

"Maybe... there are some negotiations to go over with Aro first."

"May I ask what?"

I smiled and shook my head. "It's a secret... I want to sneak attack Aro with them."

Tanya laughed and nodded. "I understand perfectly."

We talked about other small, insignificant matters and said farewell in the hotel's lobby. She went to her suite on the fifth floor and I went to mine on the seventh.

As soon as the door was closed behind me I turned the television on low, to drown out my voice if anyone was trying to listen in, and flipped open my cell, clicking on speed dial one.

*Home* flashed across the screen as it began to ring.

*"I was wondering if you were going to be able to call."*

Her warm voice filled my ears and I sighed in bliss, the stress and strain of the day gone.

"Don't I always manage, somehow, to call?"

*"True... though once you forgot the time change and got a hold of me at three in the morning."*

"Sorry about that..."

She just laughed. I could hear the sound of rustling paper in the background.

"What are you up to?"

*"Just grading some papers in bed."*

"Lucky papers."

*"Well, I am in my 'I miss Edward' nightgown."*

"The black one?"

*"Yep..."* There was a pause as I groaned, imagining her in the black satin slip. *"I shouldn't tease you... It only backlashes on me...."*

"Oh, feel free to tease me. I really want you to tease me."

Another slight pause.

*"Nope... I think it is more fun teasing you when I am not teasing you... no matter how amazing the material feels on my skin."*

"Bella.... How the rest of your day?" I had trouble evening out my breathing. Did she have any idea what she did to me? Without even trying?

She then proceeded to tell me about her classes and her, my former, car's 'hiccup'.

"Should I be concerned over this Trent?"

*"Well... he did propose far flashier than you and had a chorus to serenade me... but I don't see working between Trent and me."*

"Why's that?"

*"Why would I want a little boy in my bed when I have a man?"*

My breathing hitched, she was killing me.

"And the mechanic... Jacob?"

*"What about him?"*

"Do I need to make a call to Emmett and sic him on the young man?"

*"No... I refuse to let you be apart of, or be responsible for, a homicide."*

"Damn... there go all my brilliant thoughts and plans."

She laughed again... which turned into a yawn.

"You better get some sleep."

*"But I don't want to-"*

"You need to... so you are on the alert when Trent tries to kidnap you."

*"Good point... and I need to start conning people into taking days and duties for me so our month together will be freed up."*

I sighed in longing. "I can't wait till I'm back home."

She yawned once more.

"Get some sleep."

*"You too."*

I smiled and gave her a nod she would not be able to see.

"Alright."

*"Sweet Dreams... I love you."*

"As I you... sweet dreams."

Then we hung up and I spent a sleepless night with my mind filled with her.

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Chapter: 11

**A/N: To clear up another factor (before you guys get a wrong idea about where I am going to take this) Tanya doesn't know that Edward is married, so... when she hits on him (which she may very well do) she is not doing it as a 'wicked temptress of hell and the unknown'... but as a woman who is interested in a seemingly single man.**

**The only love triangle in this book is going to be between Bella, Edward, and Edward's job...**

**Ok, enough of my ramblings!**

--

### ***Negotiations***

*Bella reached up to me, her slim fingers twining through my hair and pulled my lips down to hers. She tasted wonderful as always, making me hunger and year for more. I slipped my hands around her waist, loving the feel of her bare skin against mine, and deepened our kiss. She moaned as I ran my hands over her perfect breasts...*

*'Edward...' She gasped as I nipped at her neck.*

*I smirked and....*

*In this farewell*

*There's no blood*

*There's no alibi*

*Cause's this farewell*

*Is the Truth*

*Of a thousand lies...*

*Since when did Linkin' Park jam in my bedroom?*

*Fuck... this is a dream!*

I jerked awake, growling in frustration at the clock for ruining my wonderful dream and turning off the alarm.

I didn't know if it was really sad or really sweet that I dreamt about Bella.

I'm going to go with sweet... being a hopeless romantic at heart and all that.

Only problem with that 'sweet' part of my nature was that I now was in desperate need for a cold shower... a very cold shower.

I was in the middle of that said shower when there was a knock on my door... My morning was not starting off very well at all.

"Coming!" I yelled as I turned off the water flow and tied a towel around my waist. "Who's there?"

"Aro... Is this is bad time? I could come back later."

"NO!" I lounged out the bathroom door and dove for my suitcase. "No... Now is fine. Just let me pull on some pants."

Aro's chuckle floated over my fumbling about... if only all those reporters who called me 'charmingly graceful' and 'refreshingly elegant' could see me now.

I struggled into a random pair of khakis and swung the door open. It may be a very good thing he caught me at such an hour... Aro was flamboyantly bisexual, so a half naked me equaled a more passive and agreeable Aro. It was a very underhanded tactic, I know... but I wanted to make both my job and my marriage work.

"Sorry to keeping you waiting."

"No... Not at all, it was worth the wait." Aro's eyes slid over my body. "You still have the best muscle tone and bone structure that I have ever seen."

"Why thank-you." I motioned him into the hotel room.

"Which is why I am determined to keep you."

And so the talk was opened.

"And I would love to sign back on... but there are some things I would like to be admitted and subtracted from my contract."

Aro sat down on the Suite's couch and raised his well-plucked brows. "Such as-"

I settled on the bed, leaning forward, bracing my elbows on my knees.

"My working hours."

"What about them?"

"They need to be more regular... with evened out vacations. The work for 'X' amount of weeks and being off for the random variable 'Y' is really taking a toll on me. I am going to be burned out before I am thirty if this keeps up."



"I think that I could arrange a more regular schedule... I only worked you as I did to make sure your name was known in the modeling world."

"Which I appreciated... You are the one who made me who I am today."

"Are there any other matters you would like to discuss?"

"Well, I'm a twenty-four year old man and-"

"Is this about the whole 'no dating' clause?"

"Well... yes."

Was it possible that Aro already knew about Bella?

"I knew that this was going to be the problem... it is with all my models." He leaned towards me, mirroring my stance. "Do you understand why I put that clause in a beginner's contract?"

"Yes, to keep us focused on our work and careers."

"Yes, and as you can see, in your case particularly, the system works."

If only he knew how false that statement was.

Aro raised a hand to stop me from speaking.

"When a model signs back on with me I allow him or her to have certain relationships... other than the prostitutes you undoubtedly had brought to your room to keep you smiling all these years."

I raised an eyebrow, making Aro laugh.

"I said 'no dating'... not 'no screwing'."

And I managed to have both... and more.

"And these 'certain relationships' involve?"

"Dating... in regulation... but nothing terribly serious."

"And what if this 'regulation dating' led me, or any of us, to want something more serious?"

Aro sighed, rubbing his eyes. "Yes, I'm sure that the idea of being in love sounds wonderful to you at the moment. You're young and have the world at your feet... but being serious with someone is not all that it's cracked out to be."

He evidently had never met anyone like Bella.

"So... you will allow casual dating?"

"Yes."

"And nothing more."

"Yes."

"No matter what?"

Aro bite his lip. "Edward, you know that you are hands down my favorite, but I can't let you get away with everything... you have to follow the same rules as everyone."

I nodded. Casual dating was better than nothing, at least Bella and I could actually go out in public... but we would still have to keep our real relationship a secret. I had promised Bella...

"How about you think about it, actually there was another matter that I would like to discuss with you."

I got up, grabbing a sweater out of my bag and pulled it over my head, mussing my hair more so.

"And what is that?"

"My friend Marcus, who is like a brother to me, called me a few days ago and was wondering if I would stop your contract for six months and lend you to him... then, when you are done with him you would finish out your contract with me..."

"Wait... all of a sudden I feel like an Edward action figure that is being passed around in the playground."

Aro laughed and nodded. "Sort of... sorry. But, at least, you get to be an action figure who has a say in the passing. Would you be willing to pause your contract with me to go work with him?"

"On what exactly?"

"How are your acting skills?"

--

*"Hey... what are you doing calling me now?"*

"I'm sorry; you don't want me calling you?"

*"No, of course not, it's only that you never call during the day... even if it's a weekend."*

"Well, I had something I wanted to tell you."

*"You love me?"*

"Other than that."

*"Than... no."*

"I am not going to be working for Aro anymore-"

*"What!?"*

"Bella, let me finish. I am not working for Aro anymore... but for only six months. Then I am going to finish my last couple of months with him."

*"Why?"*

"I was offered the lead role in an upcoming movie."

*"Really?"*

"Are you alright about this... I know that I should have asked you about this, but it was too good of an offer to refuse."

*"Yeah, a leading role... that's amazing. But... six months..."*

"I know that I promised that we would go away for the month that I was supposed to have off but-"

*"Hey, it's... it's alright, I'll be fine... I mean we can undoubtedly find some way to see each other during that time. I mean I will have time off and can drive out to see you... or fly if need be."*

"I don't see that being a good idea."

*"W-Why?"*

"Why would you have to go and drive, or fly, to see me when the movie is going to be filmed only twenty minutes from home? Meaning that I can live at home."

Bella dropped her cell phone onto the kitchen floor, realizing that my voice wasn't primarily coming from the other end of her phone, but from right behind her. I wrapped my arms around her waist. "I hope that you aren't mad at me for taking them up on the offer... it will be a bit longer with Aro, after the movie, but I get to be with you for six months straight and we have to talk about-"

She cut me off, twisting in my arms and kissing me.

I picked her off the floor, her toes barely brushing the cold floor, my hands slipping up her shirt as she bit at my lips.

We, when I finally put her back down, stumbled throughout the apartment, ridding each other of

our clothes and enjoying the sheer pleasure of touching one another.

"When does the filming begin?" She asked a while later, when we were cuddled up on the couch.

I ran my hands down her sides, pulling her up to lay on my chest.

"The press conference is two days from now and there is a party after that... I'm obligated to be at both and, for the party; I am expected to go with a date."

Her head drooped on my chest. "Who are you taking?"

"I would think it should be obvious... you're my wife after all."

"No one knows that... no one can know that till-"

I rested a finger on her lips. "No one says that you have to go as my wife... only as my date, a date that I really want to show off."

"You do realize that they take pictures at these things... someone will see me and then our whole cloak and dagger charade would have been pointless."

"Alice always did want to do your make-up... and we could always give you a new name. You would be amazed what those two factors can do to people's sight."

"Edward... you know how I am with parties-"

I cupped her chin, bringing her lips to mine. "Please Bella; I really want you there with me."

She melted in my arms. "I'll think about it... is it a school night?"

I chuckled in the back of my throat as I claimed her lips once more as she rubbed against my body.

"Bella-"

She bit my earlobe. "Yes?"

"I actually had a dream about this a few days ago."

She sat up, giving me a spectacular view. "Really? How did it end?"

"Well... if *Linkin' Park* hadn't shown up and started to sing 'What I've Done'... I think it would have ended like this..."

I rolled her onto her back and smirked down at her.

"Really? *Linkin' Park* came to our house?"

"Bella... you're kind of missing the main point here."

She laughed, wrapping her arms around my neck. "And that point is?"

"I think that showing will be more befitting than telling."

"I couldn't agree more."

--

**A/N: Yes, their relationship is very physical at the moment... but that's just because they don't see each other that often and normally for short amounts of time.**

**Now that he is going to be home for six months I promise that you will see the other side of the relationship.**

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Chapter: 12

**A/N: Have I told you guys lately that you guys rock? Well you do! Thanks for all the reviews!**

--

### ***Press Conference and Debates***

"So, the conference s today?"

Edward bit into the eggs that I made for him and nodded, running his foot up the inside of my calf. "Yep... and tomorrow night is the party."

I groaned, laying my head on my arms. "Why must I go again?"

"Because you don't want me to go alone... or with my co-star, the lovely Tanya."

"Yeah, how did that work again?"

He shrugged. "Marcus asked for us... he saw our photos and 'was struck with sudden inspiration' for the cast of his nearest film."

"Can you even act?"

"And the wife brings out her claws." He smirked over at me, biting into his wheat toast. "And, to

answer your question, I can... what else do you call what I do in front of the press?"

"Lying in a very charming way."

"Also known as acting."

"Sorry I won't be able to watch you 'act' with the media this afternoon."

"Yes, damn those students for making you teach them."

I laughed, shaking my head, and taking the dirtied dishes over to the sink.

"I know... the nerve of some people."

"I should be back when you get home. I was hoping you and I could have a 'date' tonight."

"What movie do you want me to rent on my way home?"

"It's a sad day when a date involves a married couple renting a film and staying inside..."

"Well, seeing that you are going to be in a film, it would be a bad idea to go to the cinema. Unless you want to be mobbed."

"Mobbing doesn't sound that appealing..."

"So it's a good thing that I enjoy a night in rather than... let's say... a night at some Hollywood party."

"Bella-"

I leaned down, kissing the top of his head. "Don't worry, I'll behave."

He turned his head up, taking my lips. "Have a good day at work."

"And you have fun smiling at the cameras."

"It's what I do."

--

"I can't believe it!"

"I know! I think I am going to die... is it possible to die of sheer bliss?"

"Yes... so please do so."

Amy and Kim glared over at Frey, who was reading yet another book- having returned the one I

lent her the day after.

"We don't expect you to understand." Kim muttered, flipping through her magazine.

"You're not an Edward fan... or into anything that the rest of us lowly teens find intriguing." Amy added.

"Well I for one can't wait to see if pretty boy has any real talents other than just standing around and smiling." Trent threw his bag on the floor near his desk and smiled over at me. "Morning Miss Swan."

"Good morning Trent."

"You're just jealous that there is one person on this planet that the girls of this school worship more than you." This statement didn't stop Kim from winking at the soccer team's captain.

"Well, other than Frey... she'd rather worship characters in books and anime than anyone real."

"Like Edward Cullen?" Frey gave Amy a shrewd glance. "Sorry to burst your bubble darling, but that man is no more real than anyone I read or watch is. He is a model, which is just a silent actor... his job is to lie and deceive. Making fool like you two believe he is one person when he may very well be someone else entirely."

Oh... Frey had no idea how close she was to the truth...

I looked down at my watch; there was still a few moments before class was to begin.

And this conversation was intriguing me...

"Well, I don't know about anyone else, but I'd rather watch Kanda run about chopping Akuma up than any chick-flick that your idol will be in." Trent's eyes were locked on Frey's, who just looked away from him and started to read once more.

Well, that was interesting... and now it was time for class.

"Alright everyone! What did you guys think about the end of *Catcher in the Rye*?"

"It was weird, the entire this was... who was he talking to?"

"His shrink." Trent called over to his fellow classmate.

I was a bit surprised that he knew that...

That was not nice of me.

Trent was one of my favorites, though I wasn't supposed to have them, but that wasn't because he was such a deep thinker.

The class was filled with more in-depth conversations than it normally was, led mostly by Trent and being nudged along by Frey's nonchalant comments.

"Good talk everyone... On Monday we will debate over what we will read next, until then- enjoy yourselves and don't work too hard."

They cheered as the bell rang and got out of their desks. All filing out of the door... all except Frey.

"Um... Miss Swan?"

"Yes?" I looked up at her from where I was leaning over the desk, looking over fourth period's lesson plan. They were my Juniors... not as much fun as my Senior second period... but still a good lot.

"Would it be possible in any way... seeing that you have your prep this period and all... if I took my study hall in here. It's the only quiet classroom that I know of that I would be able to hide in."

"Miss Jessica's isn't?"

Frey just glared at me. "Trent is in it... and half his fan club..."

"I see your point." I nodded towards a desk. "Take a seat, I'll call Miss Jessica and tell her where you're at."

"Thanks."

--

*"So, Edward. how do you feel about starring in your first ever film?"*

*"I am only grateful and honored that Marcus asked for me... I hope that I will be able to live up to his expectations."*

"You're so full of it." I muttered, laying on the living room's couch, wrapped in Edward's arms and snuggled under a blanket.

"I thought we were going to watch *Casino Royal*... how did it turn into my press conference?"

"I taped it... couldn't miss my husband's big premiere... especially if you are going to drag me to that party."

His fingers combed my hair as I felt a chuckle vibrate from his chest. "It was a nightmare... my face hurts from smiling... and it will be your turn tomorrow night."

"I hate you."



"Same here." We both winced as the Edward on television laughed at one of the reporters' bad jokes.

"Ok... enough of this..." I clicked the VHS player off and turned on the DVD.

"The party won't be that bad... I think..."

"It will be." I muttered as the opening credits began.

"We can stay at a hotel if you want... take the whole night off and take it easy."

"Yeah, the whole social party thing isn't what I call 'taking it easy'."

He kissed the back of my head as the theme began. "I owe you one."

"You better believe it."

--

**A/N: The person who Trent is referring to is Yuu Kanda from *Man...* all of you who like anime and have yet to watch it- watch it!**

**Sorry that this is so short... I'm extremely tired...**

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Chapter: 13

**A/N: Sorry that I didn't update yesterday... wrote a chapter for my one story and had all intentions of writing for this one... and then I fell asleep at my computer!**

**OH! Once more I add that Tanya is not an evil whore who will form a love triangle... She doesn't know that he is unavailable! Yes- there may be some conflict about her later, but that is mostly Bella's insecurities speaking than any founded proof...**

**(And either next chapter or the chapter after that will be her students looking at the pictures... hint: only one is going to notice who the woman really is...)**

--

***Party***

The flash of the cameras nearly blinded me as Edward's arms tightened about my waist, stopping me from my almost fall. Alice had spent three hours on my face, hair, and body... I really wanted to kill her for choosing seven inch stilettos for my uneasy feet and this monstrosity of a dress. It came down to my knees, I could live with that, but the halter-top plunged down to almost my waist and the thin material clung to my body.

Edward had given me a hungry look when he first saw me in this poor excuse of an outfit but I felt entirely exposed in front the members of the media...

"Just smile... it will be over soon." He muttered over to me through unmoving lips.

So I smiled as the cameras clicked away and a few reporters got their questions answered... all of them being about me.

"Mr. Cullen... who is this enchanting woman?"

Edward gave the female reporter the full extent of his dazzling smile. "My date."

Laughter rippled through the crowd.

"Does she have a name for those legs?" A leering photographer added.

Yep, I felt very naked.

"For the purposes of tonight you can call her..." He leaned over to my ear and whispered. "Who do you want to be? Elizabeth Bennet? Juliet? Mrs. Edward Cullen?..."

He was in his element...

I whispered back. "How about Jane Doe?"

He smirked, kissed my neck, and straightened up.

"I am sorry... her English isn't that good. This is the lovely Gloria Bennet... and she is an acquaintance from France... that is all."

He stirred me into the hotel behind us, through the lobby and into the ostentatious ballroom.

"I'm French?" I murmured over to him as he led me into the crowds of the rich and famous. It was the only thing that I could do... either that or gasping slack jaw at the splendor surrounding me.

"Just something to throw the media at bay... feel free to speak English here."

"You are too kind."

"Did I tell you how beautiful you look?"

“You may have mentioned it.”

He leaned over and kissed my neck once more. “You’re doing great.”

“I think I am going to be sick... Please don’t leave me alone for too long tonight...”

He met my wide, terrified eyes and gave me a slow, serious nod. “Alright... I’ll try to stay by your side all night.” He tightened his hold on my hand as the first round of calls of recognition began. Edward nodded and smiled to reach call, whispering over to me who they actually were.

“Cullen! Saw your photo on *Vague!* They might make a model of you yet!”

“Felix... He was voted the sexiest man alive two years ago and refuses to let anyone forget it.”

“Edward... when are you going to come on my show again?”

“Jane... She was the one who had me on her talk show over a year ago.”

I laughed, recalling how I had hounded him for weeks over how he had acted on his first live interview.

“Edward my boy!”

I knew this voice,

Aro strolled into view, arms extended towards Edward, with a man, who had to be Marcus, trailing not so far behind.

“I was afraid that you would be a no show!” As the fashion designer hugged Edward his eyes locked on me. “And not only are you here but you also bought a very charming date!” He let go of Edward and held out a hand to me. “I am Aro, and it is a pleasure to meet you Miss-“

“Bennet. Gloria Bennet.” I tried to give him a suave and sophisticated smile as I took his hand.

“Gloria Bennet... I’ll remember that.” He looked back over to Edward and winked. “Now I know why you were concerned about the ‘no dating’ clause, though, remember, when you are back in my care things have to be more relaxed...”

I gave Edward a questioning look and he motioned that we would talk about it later.

“Edward.” Marcus, who was far more reserved than Aro, held out a hand to my husband while completely ignoring me.

“Marcus... Once again I must state how honored I am that you chose me-“

“Save your pretty words of gratitude for the press and save your energy for the set. Filming does begin the day after tomorrow.”

“And I am looking forward to it.”

“As am I.”

A slender and astonishingly beautiful woman walked over to us, her strawberry hair was pinned up in an elegant up-do and her dress left nothing to the imagination about her graceful figure... though, then again, neither did mine.

“Tanya!” Aro exclaimed, I had a feeling that he had been drinking too much of the punch. “I am so thrilled that my top girl and top boy are going off into the wide world together!”

“Though returning to the nest in only a few months.” Tanya reminded, taking a glass of champagne off of a passing waiter’s tray.

“Well...maybe...” Aro gave Edward a significant glance and then smiled back over to me. “So how did a delicious little thing like you end up on our Edward’s arm tonight?”

“She is a childhood friend of mine who happened to be in town for this week. She was gracious enough to come with me when I selfishly asked her at the last moment.”

“Lucky girl... I’m Tanya by the way, Ed’s partner in crime in still-lives and now in the big screen.”

I smiled, not being able to not like the woman, and took her hand. “Gloria.”

A Latin beta began to pulse over the sound system.

Edward lifted an eyebrow at me. “Shall we?”

I shook my head. “Hell no, you know that I have the no sense of balance to speak off... especially in these shoes.”

“They’re cute though.”

I looked up at Tanya and shrugged. “But a hazard to my life.”

The blond laughed. “The price of fashion and looking as fabulous as you do.”

“How about you ask Tanya to dance?” Aro suggested. “I’m sure that the lovely Gloria will not mind.”

“Well...” Edward looked down at me, I gave him a slight nod, and he untwined his fingers from mine. “Alright.” He offered Tanya his hand and led her off to the dance floor.

The two looked breathtaking as they twisted and spun around the other couples, gaining cheers of admiration and cat calls from those assembled.

Aro and Marcus were called away a few moments later, leaving me all alone to wait out the song's end. Though, when it did, Edward was surrounded by famous models, actors, singers, and various other members of the rich and glamorous... a world that I never would belong to.

I took an offered glass of wine and found a place by the wall to stand, waiting for him to fight his way back to my side... or even to remember who he was here with.

I took a deep breath and reminded myself that tonight was his night, that I told him to dance with Tanya, that I was not a petty enough person to be angry about something like my husband's popularity, that he loved me and there was no reason to feel uneasy every time he smiled or joked with one of his fellows.

--

I laid out on the bed of our hotel room. I had left the party about a half an hour ago, having reached my tolerance level of watching my husband drift around like a social butterfly and simply gave a waiter, who I had become friends with during the three hours I stood along the wall, a letter to give to Edward when he surfaced from his deep discussion with Marcus.

It basically said that I had left and that he was free to stay for as long as he wanted... I just needed to get out.

Which was true enough.

The door opened right as I was beginning to sink into slumber.

"Bella?" Edward's voice was uncertain and was pitched with concern. "Are you feeling alright?"

"Yeah... just a migraine."

Alright... that was a more of a lie than the letter.

I didn't roll onto my back to watch him walk across the room and sit at the end of my side of the bed.

"Sorry I left you... but I know you don't like having to put up with annoying people, which most of the people there are... and... I'm sorry... I got swept away and ruined your night."

I laid my cheek on the over stuffed pillow so that I could see his face with the corner of my eye. "It was your night not mine... all that matters was that you had a good time."

He ran one of his hands up my bare spine. I shivered from a mixture of feelings and sensations.

"I had a horrible time..."

"Why is that?"

“Because I barely spent any of it with you.”

His lips pressed to the small of my back, right where the blanket began to cover my body.

“So corny.”

“I really am sorry.” His breath danced on the spot where he had just kissed me... making me shiver in delight.

“I really... really... really am.” He started to kiss up my back, his hands gliding up my sides. “And I really... really... want you.” He finished this thought off by biting my earlobe, the most sensitive part of my body.

A moan escaped my lips and I could feel the bed shift as he quickly shimmed out of his clothes and climbed onto the mattress with me.

I rolled onto my back, exposing my bare body to him (seeing that there was no way that I could go about wearing something under that dress... and that Alice had packed me...)

“Are you ever going to break a promise to me again?” I arched up to grind my hips against his stiff erection.

He groaned, giving me a searing kiss, which I broke.

“That is not an answer.” I started to tease him with my hands as, at the same time, I refused to let him touch me.

“No... God...” He panted.

“If you do I’ll have to punish you.” I twisted away from his lips once more.

“How?” He threw his head back as my hands picked up speed.

“The usual... whips chains, handcuffs... and this...” I ceased my ministrations and climbed out from underneath him. “I think I’ll go take a shower...”

He was out of bed the next instant, one arm around my waist while the other cupped my breast as he turned my face to pull my lips into a kiss.

“I promise...” He whispered when he pulled away. “Now... would you please come back to bed before I explode?”

He rubbed himself against the small of my back so I could feel what my taunts had done to him.

“Please.” He added as his one hand moved lower on my body, petting my throbbing, wet entrance. He chuckled as his thumbs brushed over the hard nipple of my right breast. “And you know that you need it too... no use denying it...”

I groaned in need as he played with my body for a few more moments.

“So... what do you say?” He whispered in my ear and pulled me even closer.

My answer was a whimper and pulling him onto the bed.

Damn him for making it so hard to stay mad... and taking away the only weapon I possessed to torture him!

--

**A/N: Yes, I said that there would be less physical nature of their relationship in later chapters.... But not tha it would go away all together...**

**I might redo this chapter though... I seriously think I am becoming very ill... rihgt now I am seeing double and my head is throbbing...**

**Time to sleep.**

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Chapter: 14

**A/N: Sorry that I didn't post yesterday... I was confined to my bed (long story short- I was right when I said I was becoming ill... fevers are a bitch and really don't do anything for the creative mind... all you think about is how miserable you are and wondering if it is possible to cook from the inside out...)**

**Anyway- I managed to break out of bed today (though I am still cocooned in blankets... which make writing hard...) and though the fever is still here the desired to write is great.**

**WARNING: there will be typos!**

--

***Second Period***

"Look! They finally released the pictures and events of Edward Cullen's party."

I winced as Amy let out a squeal and all but dove onto Kim's desk. It was Monday and for the first time in three years I had gotten out of bed after Edward... in fact my husband had been gone to the

movie set long before I was even awake. He had left a note on the fridge, telling me that he would be home early that evening and he would bring take-out. That still didn't take away from my disappointment that he hadn't thought to wake me up and say good-bye... but that was just me being nit-picky.

I watched as Kim and Amy cooed and drooled over the pictures. I really needed to get those two away from the media world and into the literature one. If they put all the amount of energy and focus into this class as they did in the lives of the rich and famous they would-

Wait... pictures...?

I tried to stay in my seat and not go over and rip the magazine from my two student's hands, hoping that they wouldn't piece together 'Gloria Bennet's' true identity in the time they had before class began...

I would be in an awful lot of trouble if they figured it out.

I should have never let Edward talk me into going!

"Gloria Bennet... never heard of her." Kim snorted in disapproval as she reached the magazine's central photo.

"It says she's a French super model who had been engaged to the President before she meant Edward during one of his shoots and vowed to make him hers..." Amy read off, her nose squished up in distaste.

Since when was I a super model who was engaged to any form of political leader?

"Euro-trash." Kim snarled, eyes burning into the photo. "I hope that Edward sees that he is far better than the likes of her."

Amy nodded in agreement. "He could do so much better."

"What like be with one of you two?" Frey was leaning over Kim's shoulder and looked over the picture.

"What are you doing?"

She shrugged at Amy, adjusting her bag's strap on her shoulder. "Just seeing what was causing all the early morning cattiness." She gave the two a hard look. "And if you guys think that a person like Edward Cullen would fall for someone like one of you... well you're more delusional than I thought."

"Odder things have happened." Kim glared over at Frey, the person who had just stomped on her ego and dreams.

Frey looked up from the picture, and right into my eyes. "Yeah... you got a point there."



What had that look been for... and did she just smirk as she made for her desk?

"Who's the hottie?" Trent had bounded into the room without anyone noticing and had claimed Frey's vacant spot at Kim's shoulder.

"Gloria Bennet, French super model and potential prostitute." Amy gave the soccer captain a flirtatious wink.

"Don't tell me that you two are thinking about hunting her down and killing her for just going to a party with the pretty boy... Cause that might be a bit excessive for a simple Hollywood crush."

"I might rethink it if you go out with me... heal my broken heart and all..."

Trent rolled his eyes at Kim as he gave the picture one last long look. "She's a looker... no wonder pretty boy picked her to be his ornament. But she has nothing on our Miss Swan." He winked over at me and blew me a kiss as he slide into his seat. "Seriously, why won't you stop denying the truth and just go out with me?"

I rolled my eyes, by all appearances too wrapped up in my paperwork to notice what my students were up to, and got up from my desk. "I would be afraid of sharing Miss Bennet's fate. Seeing that you are the Edward Cullen of the school."

Trent groaned, covering his eyes with his arm. "Please, don't compare me to that one-note gigolo."

Frey's laugh pitched above Kim and Amy's gasps of shock... All eyes turned towards her.

She quickly covered her mouth with a fingerless gloved hand, her way of damning the dress code. "Sorry was that out loud?"

Trent lounged back in his desk and smiled at the class outcast. "So you do have a sense of humor?"

"No. not really, just laughing at the absurdity that you, master of all that is soccer... and nothing else, would call someone one-note. And as for the 'pretty boy' and 'gigolo' comments... well, what do you call yourself and your harem of mindless followers?"

"I didn't think we were an Edward Cullen fan?" One of Trent's fair eyebrows rose as his smile grew sharp.

"I'm not really... but I am not a carbon copy of him walking about and pretending to be so unique."

"I am not a carbon copy of him!"

Frey motioned to his hair and outfit. "He wore his suit the exact same way as you are in the spring edition of *Cosmopolitan*... and let's not so about the seductive bed head look."

"I woke up like this!"

"Your lips say so... but the blown-dry hair gel begs differently."

"And how would you know about what he wore in what magazine... if you're so original and unique you wouldn't read such things."

Trent smirked, clearly thinking he won this round... I really should have stopped the fight, but I was finding it far too interesting to interrupt, it wasn't everyday that Frey actually spoke two words- let alone an all out debate with the class's top speaker.

"I don't, but I have three sisters who do... which are the only things in the bathroom. I read whatever I can whenever I can. I don't care if it is mindless fluff about the best sex positions or Hemmingway's sexist outlook on the mental strength of women. Maybe if you did the same you wouldn't have to attempt to seduce our teacher into giving you a better grade."

Trent's mouth just silently opened and closed as he looked at Frey's straight face, my cue to start class, which would have a frostier atmosphere than usual...

"Hey, Miss Swan?"

I looked up from the quizzes that I had just collected as the student's filed out to go to their third period classes, all save Frey who was contently sitting at her desk and reading a new book.

"Yes Trent?"

"Could I vegge here for my study hall? You see I can't get any work done-"

"I wonder why?" Frey didn't look up from her novel as her voice, filled with sarcasm, stabbed at Trent's back.

I had to give the boy credit, as he continued to speak as if he had heard nothing, the boy had spunk and was not lacking in courage. "And I thought, seeing that it's your free period and you let certain people sit in, if I could as well. I promise not to be a bother-"

"Is that possible for you, a person who bring chaos and destruction in his wake?"

I was the one to give Frey a warning look; she met my gaze and went back to her book.

"That will be fine... but don't go about school saying how I allow this; I really don't want people coming out of the woodwork while I am trying to get work done. The only reason that I let Frey stay is because I know that she would keep to herself. Can you do the same?"

He nodded, pulling out a math book from his bag and saluted me with it. Then he reclaimed his desk in the front and started to devour one math problem after another.

Frey's eyes drifted from her book and watched his steady, confident pace. There was jealousy in her eyes.

If my memory served me right math was Frey's worse subject... and she was in the same class as Trent...

Now, the question was, did he choose to do this particular homework by chance or was there some other reason?

I mentally shook my head, being with Edward this long had made me into an irrational romantic, seeing things that weren't there and making up scenarios in my mind. I should take care of my own love life before I started coming up with nonexistent one around me...

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**A/N: Not my best work... but I need a nap... next chapter will be in Ed's POV on his first day on set...**

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Chapter: 15

**A/N: Alright- thanks everyone for the well wishes... still a bit sick (turns out that I had/have bronchitis (sp)... meds are wonderful!) but I am well enough to (hopefully) give you a decent length chapter!**

**A few things before that-**

**One: I am glad everyone is enjoying Trent/Frey... they are a lot of fun to write about**

**Two: It has come across to me that some people think I am underestimating the talent that is acting well. I apologies for this I do not in any way think that acting is something that anyone can do (for instance I can not act to save my life...) I just put the off handed charming liar= actor line in to one: continue with the teasing banter between B and E, two: E is good at everything (stating he could fly the airplane in Eclipse and what not) and three: it is an inside joke between a friend who is reading this and myself (he is an amazing actor and I always pick on him because he is unable to keep a g/f for long... long story...) Ok, I hope that clears up my thoughts about actors if not- to summarize: If you are an actor/actress you are my hero cause lord knows that I could not go in front of a group of people and act out a convincing role so you have my kudos and this chapter is for you!**

**(Just remember I suck at acting so feel free to correct any of my mistakes about this part- I would appreciate it... anything to make my plot more realistic...)**

**Three: Once more I am asked about infidelity... NO! Edward would never cheat on her (with**

**anything but his job) but, despite this, Bella might find herself feeling insecure enough to start believing he would... (If you want to know more PM me and I will tell you the entire ending outline if you wish...) I love it that you guys want to know what happens next and what not but please read my AN... They hold the answers to the BIG questions.**

--

### ***ACTION!***

I woke while the sun was still hiding beyond the horizon, while our room was still shrouded in darkness, and while my very warm, and very tempting, wife curled up beside me in slumber.

Damn the first day of shooting!

I threw back the blankets with the plan of swinging my feet over the bed side and getting a shower in before I made the twenty minute drive, than Bella wrapped her arms around my waist and rubbed her body against mine.

"Cold." She muttered in her sleep, her lips brushing my chest...

Damn early morning filming to Hell!

But... the sooner that I got out of bed and to the set the sooner I could return to her...

I regretfully untwined her from me and climbed out of bed, making sure to cover her up and leave a lingering kiss on her brow... Was it this hard for her to get out of bed when I was left to sleep alone?

If it was she hid it better than I would be able.

I was thinking this over as I ambled into the bathroom and took a quick shower, hoping that the streaming water wouldn't wake her. It was Monday, the worst day to be a teacher... and I wanted her to be as refreshed as possible to face her tired and weekend hung-over students.

I pulled on a pair of jeans and a sweater before leaving the room to grab something small in the kitchen before heading out. I was just running on time and couldn't afford to be late.

Though I did give her one more lingering kiss, this time on the lips, before leaving.

"...hm... love you..." She murmured, turning in her sleep and falling deeper into her dreams, which seemed to be about me.

That made me happy; at least I wasn't the only one to dream about my spouse.

Well... hopefully the dreams were about me...

"Bye." I whispered into her ear as I straightened up, going into the hallway while closing the door behind me.

As I munched on an apple as I scribbled her a note, promising her take out after work.

Then I was off, sneaking passed the elderly couple in the matching jogging outfits, and pulling my hat further down to hide my face from the desk man and the door man.

We really needed to work out a new system... or just go public... which ever one came first. This whole Cloak and Dagger game had to go. I was married to the woman I loved and should not have to feel the need to hide it...

But, at the same time, I would not under any circumstances force the media on her. Those hungry wolves would eat her alive in moments.

I shook my head as I climbed into my Austin Healy, throwing my hat onto the passenger seat, and gunning out of the parking garage. I would worry about the media and the announcing once the movie was over. I only had a few more months of Aro to make up and then I was free to do as I wished...

Maybe, if he liked my work, Marcus would offer me a deal that would be more liberating... One could only hope.

--

"Alright... ACTION!"

I looked up from a mountain of paperwork and up at Tanya, whose character name was Veronica- a young woman who was applying to be the newest employee for my character,-- Alex Row's--, company. I had been on set for three hours now and we were still working on this scene. Markus was a hard task master and, though he seemed pleased with Tanya's and mine work thus far, he wouldn't be happy till it was completely perfect.

It was harder to convey your emotions in words after years of just using your eyes and body language...

I leaned towards her, putting my pen behind my ear and peering over the lenses of my wireless glasses.

Alex was a hard hearted business man, who would have his icy exterior melted by Veronica- typical storyline, but that didn't mean that I couldn't give him a few odd quirks, such as putting writing utensils behind his ears and occasionally messing up his hair when frustrated.

Marcus actually seemed to enjoy these factors I had brought with me.

"So, you're Miss..." I pretended to flip through some papers, looking for the right name, "Adder?"

She slowly sat down while holding out her hand. "Yes... It's Veronica actually; though everyone calls me Rony... a hazard of having seven brothers is that you develop guy nicknames."

I pretended to ignore the ramble while absentmindedly shaking her hand.

"It says here that you currently are working at a... dinner?"

"Yes, a family owned and operated one."

I pulled off my glasses and gave her a hard look. "And you think you're qualified to work as a member of a team for one of the advertising companies in the country?"

"Yes."

"May I ask why?" I leaned back in my chair, laying my hands on the arms, but didn't break contact...

That was her job.

She blinked down into her lap, where her entwined hands rested. "My mother died when I was ten... My father passed away six years later, leaving my elder brother and myself responsible for keeping our restaurant afloat so that we could keep our family together. I had to constantly think of ways to bring new costumers in-"

I ran my hand through my hair, finally looking away. Towards the ceiling in apparent boredom... though that wasn't the case and I hoped that Marcus noticed what I was doing. Alex was just thinking about how to go about the next part of the interview. He wasn't much of a people person. In fact his secretary was supposed to handle all interviews but, as explained before this scene, she was at home sick that day.

"I really don't care about your life story... The point is that you didn't finish high school-"

"Yes I did, I got my GED a few weeks ago... I started taking night classes-"

"And you haven't been to college-"

"I really don't have the money for that."

"Then why don't you go back to your dinner and make enough on tips?" I pulled my glasses back on, clearly showing the end of the interview.

She jumped to her feet, bracing her hands on the desk and glaring at me with a mixture of desperation and anger. "I need this job!"

"Why?"

"Cause it was offering the most money in the wanted section of the paper... And I don't want my younger brother to suffer like I have..."

I let my eyes widen for a moment, then pulled them back to slits. "Once more, please keep your sob story for someone who cares."

"Just let me do odd jobs around here for a week... if I still don't seem 'worthy' to be apart of your company then you can fire me and I will go may merry way."

"To collect unemployment no doubt."

"To find the next best paying job, whish, hopefully, doesn't have a complete prick as a boss!"

She leaned forward, over the desk, and I let myself lean slightly back into my chair's embrace. Though not appearing to be completely intimidated or awe struck.

We glared at one another for a moment; the silent exchange was something I was good at.

"Alright." I calmly stated, pulling back my chair and getting to my feet. "You have a week to dazzle me."

"And CUT!"

Marcus applauded us as the tension in the room eased.

"Much better!"

I smirked over at Tanya who winked back.

"How cheesy is this script?" She muttered as we walked over to our director.

"Very." I agreed through my brilliant smile.

"Alright, onto the next scene!" Marcus called to the staff as we were ushered back into hair and make-up. "We have a long way to go before we call it a day!"

--

"I am so sorry." I had my phone cradled between my cheek and shoulder as I made down the freeway, it was nearly nine and long after I told Bella I would be home. "Filming lasted longer than what we anticipated-"

*"It's alright; I kind of figured that was what happened so I picked up take-out... I hope you're in the mood for a strange, yet extremely wonderful smelling, dish that has something to do with vegetables and eggs, cause that is what I got you-"*

I swore, swerving around someone who had the nerve to only go 65 when I was doing 90.

"Actually, I didn't know this but apparently the crew brings food onto set so I already ate."

*"Oh... Ok... I guess I'll go ahead and have some then, we can always put yours in the fridge till later-"*

"Bella, did you wait all this time, for me to come home, to eat?"

*"Yeah-"*

"Damn, I'm an idiot... I should have texted you or something... I am so-"

*"It's alright... I have been feeling a bit nauseous lately so I wasn't really hungry till now."*

"I am so sorry... what was that?"

*"Just the microwave... I was warming up my fried rice with extra egg... I love that our Chinese place alters orders as requested."*

"I see a theme for the take-out..."

Bella's laugh rang back at me. *"I know, I know... I was just really in the mood for eggs for some reason."*

"Well, I'll be home in a few minutes. Will you be awake when I get there?"

*"Edward, it's only nine."*

"I know, I know... but its' a school night. Doesn't your *Private Academy* have a strict nine lights out?"

*"I think I can cut curfew by a few hours... I'm a rebel like that."*

"I do like my women bad."

Bella's laughter filled the car as I continued to speed to her.

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**--A/N-- Ten points to anyone who can tell me which anime Alex Row is from... the first to tell me that can have something (a vertical cookie, a say in what happens in the next chapter, a smile face, my major kudos and a pat on the back, Frey as their BFF(?)... Whatever- as long as it is in the internet confidentiality means...)**

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Chapter: 16



**A/N: Wow... never knew that so many people were fans of *Last Exile* (Which is where Alex Row is from). Congrats McSteamy for winning the challenge! ::Confetti falls from the ceiling::**

**Really don't know what else to say during this AN so... to the chapter!**

--

### ***Unexpected***

Edward, like everyday for the last month, was gone long before I woke up. I sighed, running my fingers through my bed head and crawling out of bed. I must be coming down with something. I have been so tired lately and-

I sprinted to the bathroom, or as well as I could on sleep deadened legs, only barely making it to the toilet as the bile exploded from my throat.

Yep, I was sick... and, seeing that I had once more slept in, couldn't call off from work.

Well, that was just dandy.

I managed to keep my hair out of the way, for the most part, and slowly straightened up wobble to the shower. I just needed to clear my head and I'd be fine.

As the warm water ran over my shivering body my mind wondered over the last month. Despite Edward's being home for the next half a year I have only spent a handful of hours with him. Namely those on the first night of his taping. He had been so tender and... Well, I figured if he acted like that every time he was late coming home I would have no complaints.

Then he started coming home later, and later, and later... soon I wasn't able to wait up for him, the more I fought my heavy eyelids the faster I fell asleep. Once I passed out on the couch, only to wake as Edward carried me to our room. That was seriously the last time I got a good look at my husband and remembered him actually touching me, and it had been over a week ago.

He may be home more... but it seemed like I saw him less...

I climbed out of the shower, feeling slightly better now that I was clean, and quickly got changed into whatever first came into my hands when I reached into the closet.

I swore, looking over at the clock as I buttoned up my light-blue shirt...I was seriously running late. I would be lucky if I got to work in time to grab an apple in the teacher's lounge...

My stomach rumbled.

What was this? I just got down hurling and now I was hungry...

My stomach gurgled again...

Well, there was no use in denying my body its needs.

I probably could pick up an egg McMuffin on my way to the school.

If I left now.

--

Well, the janitors do their jobs well. I thought as I purged into one of the toilets of the ladies bathroom that was closest to my classroom. I managed to keep my food down for two class periods now... but I was probably the first one out the door when the bell signaled the end of the second period.

I left Trent and Frey alone in the classroom...

God, please let them not kill each other.

I mean, during the last month, they seemed to be getting along better. Once Frey swallowed her pride and asked Trent for help with her math, though she called it a fair trade seeing that she agreed to help him with his English. Despite that, or maybe because of it, I was hesitant to leave them alone, there was no saying when the next explosion would ensure.

I got off the floor, hoping no one saw, between the gap in the stall and the floor, that it was a teacher being sick.

That would do wonders for my authoritative image.

Luckily, there was no one in the restroom when I exited my stall. I washed off my hands and rinsed my mouth before giving myself one last look in the mirror and exited, heading back to my room... hopefully to a quiet and conflict free one.

The door was shut... that couldn't be a good sign.

"Alright you two... please tell me that you behaved while I was-"

I froze in my classroom's doorway only walking in so that I could swing it shut once more as my mind tried to make sense of what I just saw.

Before I had opened the door and made a grand announcement of my arrival Trent had been bent over his desk, where Frey was sitting, sucking the life out of her lips and fumbling with the bottom of her shirt. Frey, for her part, had her arms draped over his neck and was drawing his lips closer to hers.

They had sprung apart the moment I walked in, Trent, mussing his hair with a nervous hand,

became very interested at the blank black board as Frey straightened her shirt and glared at his neck.

"Care to explain what you two thought you were doing in my classroom?!" I whispered scolded, not knowing who would be in more trouble if the school found out about this.

"Sorry Miss Swan... it sort of just happened." Trent's neck, cheeks, ears, and nose were crimson. "You see... um... yeah..."

"What the idiot is trying to say is that we got caught up in an argument." Frey got off the desk and went back to hers. "It won't happen again."

"What!?" Trent looked over at her, eyebrows disappearing under his bangs. "But I thought that we-"

"You two can figure this out on your own time." I rubbed my temples as I walked back up to my desk. "As far as I am aware this never happened, I saw nothing..."

"It wasn't nothing." Trent pouted, sulking into his desk.

"And it wasn't something." Frey muttered to her book.

"What!?"

She shrugged over to Trent, though now a definite smile was on her lips. "I've been kissed better."

"By who?"

"Guys, enough." I tried to give them both a warning look but failed to in the lightheadedness that engulfed me, forcing me to crumble to the floor.

--

*"Do you think she'll be alright?"*

*"I hope so... I have to admit that when she hit the floor-"*

*"I know, I was scared too."*

*"I wasn't scared."*

*"Sure you weren't... you know you don't have to be such a hard ass all the time."*

*"Would you rather me be like all your other fan girls?"*

*"No, but-"*

I groaned, forcing myself to wake up before I heard more about the love lives of my students.

"Where..." I muttered, trying to sit up, only to have warm hands gently push me back down.

"Whoa there Miss Swan... you're in the nurse's office, we brought you here once you fainted in the classroom." Trent's voice was as gentle and soothing as his hands, his young face etched with concern as I slowly opened my eyes.

"Welcome back." Frey smiled down at me, the softest I have ever seen it. "The nurse is going to be back in a moment, he went off to call the hospital. He wants you to go there for a few tests."

"Tests?" I winced as I tried to sit up once more, this time Trent let me.

Frey nodded slightly. "Yes, he was vague on the details but she thought that a doctor should have a look at you."

The young woman's eyes told me that she suspected more, but wasn't going to say anything.

"Trent? Would you mind going to the classroom and getting me my purse? I assume that I am not going to be allowed to drive home today."

He smirked as he got to his feet. "Yeah... that is if Mr. Newton has anything to say about it. I do believe he is a bit sweet on you."

"Now, what aren't you telling me?" I looked over at Frey the moment the infirmary's door swung shut.

"I think the bigger question is what aren't you telling all of us, Miss Swan? Or should I call you Mrs. Cullen?"

"I... what...?" My heart rate sped up. How could Frey possibly have figured it all out?

She gave me a small smile and shook her head, as if reading my chaotic mind. "It really wasn't the hard for someone with a clear head to figure out. You're face always has this tender loving look to it whenever you are chastising Kim and Amy about gushing over him... not to mention the picture, though I doubt anyone would think that our modest and upstanding Miss Swan could at all be related to the French super model that is Miss Bennet... since when do you speak French?"

"Since the media decided to put that into their report, seeing that Edward gave them nothing to go on."

"You're not going to try to deny it?"

"I'm far too tired... and I figured if you were going to blackmail me or use this to your advantage you would have done it sooner, even if such things were in your character."

Her smile grew and she just nodded. "True enough, I just find the whole thing fascinating... you're

going to have to tell me the story one day."

I flicked a half hearted salute, very tired now but knowing that I had to get up.

"Now, what aren't you telling me?"

"Well, once again, that falls under the ' what you haven't been telling us' factor."

"Which is?" Though I couldn't think of anything else I was keeping from the school or my students.

Frey just lifted an eyebrow. "The fact that you are pregnant."

"What!?"

--

"Yep, congratulations, I would say that you are entering your second month."

I just stared at the doctor, I had left work early under nurse Newton's orders and had Jasper pick me up, seeing that Emmett and Alice were busy with their work and Jasper had Friday's off.

He was waiting in the other room right now, everyone there thinking that he was my husband, which would have been hilarious if the situation had been different.

"I take it that this wasn't planned?" The doctor had a kind face, almost like Santa Clause, and he peered at me over the frames of his glasses.

"Not exactly?"

"Would you like me to explain this to your young man?"

That managed to get a smile on my face. "No... He's not the father, only a friend who gave me a lift."

"And, if you don't mind me asking-"

"I know who the real father is... I just don't know how my husband will react to this."

"Well, abortion is always-"

I just stared at him, wrapping my arms around my waist. "I am not going to kill my baby. Yes, he is coming at an inconvenient time, but he is still mine and my husband's and-"

"Alright... alright..." The doctor soothed, "I am just obligated to tell a patient all her options when she comes in."

I slowly nodded, easing my hold on my stomach. "Alright..."

"I want you to make an appointment with the woman at the desk on your way out and I want you to take it easy."

I nodded again, getting off the stool he had me sit in once the test results had come back.

"Thanks." I said over my shoulder as I went down the hall and back into the waiting room.

Jasper was beside me in a moment.

"Well..."

"I am."

His arms went around my shoulders, though there was a hesitance there- as if he was afraid to break me. "Congratulations! I can't wait to see the look on Alice's-"

"No!"

He pulled back and met my eyes. "What?"

"No... Please don't tell anyone... not until I figure out how to tell-"

"Alright, alright," He murmured, pulling me back to him. "My lips are sealed."

"Thank-you."

He kissed my brow, a brotherly gesture I had grown accustomed to, and steered me towards the door.

"Let's get you home."

--

**A/N: No, the baby isn't going to be Nessie... sorry... have other plans.**

**::evil laugh::**

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Chapter: 17

**A/N: Alright- to answer a concern: she will not miscarry (though she may have**

**complications... there always has to be complications.) As for the baby's gender... think blue (yep that wasn't that subtle of a hint but you know...)**

**WARNING: some of you may not like this chapter... but... please stick with the story... PLEASE!**

--

### *Contract (?)*

"...Alex... what are you trying to say?"

I, Alex, looked over at Tanya, also known as Rony. She was wearing jeans and an off the shoulder sweater with her hair tied up in a bandana, looking very much at home leaning on the side of the diner's counter. While I looked very much out of place stilling at that said counter in a three piece business suit, though very much rumpled and uncharacteristically unkempt one, with my glasses laying in front of my plate on the stainless steel counter.

I ran both of my hands through my already messed up hair. "Honestly, I don't know... all that I am completely aware of is the fact that ever since you started working for me I haven't been entirely my self."

"A heartless and completely cold bastard?" A thoughtful look crossed her face as she poured off into another customer's mug. "No... You have been that to the't'."

I sighed, leaning my forehead into my cupped hands. "Maybe... but you actually make me feel bad about it."

"Why is that?" She cocked a fish on a hip.

I looked over my finger tips and, though my lashes, into her eyes. "Because of how you are looking at me right now... It's as if your eyes have the ability to burn right into my soul."

"Yeah... they do tend to do that." One of her 'brothers' called from off camera.

"Shut up Heath!" She yelled over her shoulder and then glared back at me. "So, what is your point of coming to a 'dive' like this? You fired me... remember?"

"Yes... yes I did..." I pulled on my glasses and tried to fix my hair, a bit. "But that doesn't mean that it was the right choice... I would really like to give you back your job."

"Why would I accept?"

"Because we are going to starve!"

"Be quiet Steve!" She yelled at the ceiling, then back down at me. "Why the change of heart?"

I forced a cough into my fist on the world 'heart'. "The company runs better with you running about it."

She gave me a hard look.

"Come on honey, give the man a chance." The old woman beside me said into her coffee.

Rony, Tanya, sigh, putting the coffee pot on the counter. "Arigh... but I want a raise."

"Deal!" I held out my hand and we shook.

"CUT... perfect!" Marcus all but beamed at us.

--

"Edward... do you have a moment?"

I looked up from the chair I was sitting in, tying my shoes and on my way home after a long day of filming. We were on location, doing all the diner scenes during the last couple of days. It was a farther drive from the apartment, but today was the last here. Tomorrow we would be moving to another location that was remaining a secret, even from us actors, to ensure no media coverage that would interrupt the filming.

"Yeah, what's on your mind?"

"Well, first thing first, you are aware of the fact that tomorrow we are doing the love scene."

I rubbed my jaw and nodded, the day I was dreading was rapidly approaching. I knew that the love making scene would have to be filmed while we were on the set of Alex's pent house. I just didn't anticipate that being so soon. I wanted to talk about it with Bella... but they always seemed to miss one another. We still talked on the phone, but not nearly as long and as often as I liked.

It was a bit ridiculous that, even though we were in the same house, we barely saw one another.

"Yes, I am aware of that."

Marcus nodded. "Alright, we will be filming here starting tomorrow and for a few weeks following." He passed me a slip of paper where an address was scribbled. "And I was wondering about your contract."

"My contract?"

"Are you planning on signing back with Aro?"

"I don't know-"

"Well, I think you have a good deal of potential for acting and I would like you to consider signing



on with me."

"With you?"

"Yes, a three year contract- roughly three movies during that time."

"And what would the contract include."

Marcus shrugged. "I'm not as confining as Aro is one his models, I allow my actors to have relationships... but I don't recommend it."

"Why is that?"

"I am a hard task master... you aren't going to have much time to see your significant other."

"But you do allow them?"

"Yes..."

I smiled at Marcus and shrugged. "At least that's something."

--

I creped into the apartment, it was well past midnight and Bella was always asleep by now. I had been on set longer tonight than usual, a new personal record, and had not been able to even call her up on my way home.

I didn't want to wake her up.

She needed her strength... I don't know why but she seemed more fragile than normal.

I was greeted by the sight of Bella at the kitchen counter, drinking down a glass of water. The soft sounds of the television drifted in from the living room.

"What are you doing up?" I snaked my arms around her waist and kissed the base of her neck.

"I wanted to see you." She turned in my arms, but braced her hands on the counter behind her. "And I needed to talk to you about something--"

"Really? Me too!" I cupped her chin in my hand so are our eyes met. "I think I am going to sign on with Marcus."

"Really?" Her hands went in front of her, twisting her fingers together. "I take it that he is offering you a good deal?"

"Yeah!" I bent down to claim a kiss. "He allows relationships, so we can go public... and it is only for three years."

"Three years of this?"

I let my hands drop from her waist. "This?"

"Of not seeing each other."

"I know, I know... but we already went through three years of this, what's three more? After that I am sure that I can make whatever deal I want with which ever company I want."

"You could do that now."

"Not as easily as I would be able to once I make a name for myself in the movie and the modeling world."

"True enough." She worried her bottom lip, looking down at her hands.

"Bella... I could turn it down if you want me to-"

"No... No... I'm fine, just a bit tired."

"Well then..." I swung her up into my arms and carried her into the bedroom, only to go back out into the living room to turn off the television. "Oh!" I remembered as I walked back into the room, stilling her as she crawled under the blankets. "What did you need to tell me?"

She smiled and shook her head. "Nothing really, just wanted to tell you that... Jasper proposed to Alice."

"That's great!"

"Yeah... but you probably won't be able to attend..."

I shrugged, crawling into bed and pulling her beside me. "Who knows, I might be able to."

She was already asleep.

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Chapter: 18

**A/N: Alright, sorry if I pissed some people off... I could now go off and explain my thought process on this storyline and how I portray the characters... but I really don't feel like it and just want to get to writing the chapter...**

**Tootles**

**Hope you guys enjoy this regardless.**

--

*Dilemma*

"I can't believe it... I just can't believe it..."

"Alice, you've been saying that for the last five minutes... please focus on the situation at hand." I was pacing the apartment, in my pajama pants and slippers. It was the day after my finding out, and failing to tell Edward about, my pregnancy and I was completely lost as to what to do. I was planning on telling him last night, but after hearing about his new contract and seeing how excited he was about the idea of working with Marcus for three more years, I just couldn't.

I knew that, when he found out, he was going to have to seriously reevaluate his whole work situation. And I didn't want him to hate me for bringing about the end of his career.

Which meant that I had to call up my best and only girl friend, who probably knew this already- seeing that Jasper can't keep secrets from Alice.

Alice tucked her feet under her at where she sat on the living room's overstuffed chair and leaned her cheek on her fist. "You have to tell him."

"I know... I know... but how?" I fell onto the couch and stare up at the ceiling.

"Just tell him... walk up to him, throw yourself into his arms, and just tell him."

I pulled a throw pillow over my face. "I can't..."

"Bella... if you don't he will wondering where all the weight is coming from."

"Can't I tell him that I just started an all cake diet-?"

"Bella!" Alice threw a pillow at me. "You have to start talking to Edward. Your two's relationship has been working all this time because, normally, Edward is considerate about your needs, trying to make up for being gone all the time, and you tell him about things... except for your unfounded fear that he will leave you- which you should also tell him about when you tell him you're carrying his child!"

"When? I barely see him."

"You should have last night."

I glared at her. "I couldn't, I already told you the situation."

"Go to the shoot..."

"I can't... it's for staff only."

"And you're Edward's wife."

"I don't even know where it's at..."

Alice picked up a piece of paper that was laying on the coffee table. "And what would you call this?"

"That is indeed the address the filming is at... but it's only in case of emergencies-"

"Which you're being pregnant is."

"Alice... I can't. How would I get in?"

"Didn't he give you a some kind of way of getting into the set... seeing that he gave you the emergency address and all-"

"He gave me a staff pass-"

"Which you will use to go tell him... right now."

Alice got to her feet and went over to pull me to mine. She pushed me into my room and started to throw clothes out of my closet.

"Alice-"

"No 'Alice' and get dressed."

"But-"

"No 'buts' either, now go."

--

I flashed the badge at the intimidating large men at entrance to the of the elegant and extremely overpriced apartment complex that the disgustingly rich would be moving into in a few short weeks, after Marcus was done using it for his film. Yes, that is right; the direct was able to reserve an entire building, forestalling the actual move in day by a few more weeks.

I was going to be sick.

The man gave me an approving nod.

"Where exactly am I to go to?"

"First day?"

"Yeah."

"Up on the tenth floor... the pent house." He gave me a kind smile and waved me through. "Good luck."

"Thanks... I think I'll definitely need it."

The place smelled new... and overwhelmingly of money... and it was all I could do to keep my stomach from heaving.

I hummed tunelessly to myself as I watched the numbers go up... then it clicked on ten and I had to gasp for air as the mob and mass of human bodies engulfed me.

How was I supposed to find him in all of this chaos?

"Hey... you!"

I turned towards the yelling voice, assuming that I was 'you'.

"Yes?"

"I need you to go get Tony and tell him that John needs him to... you're completely lost."

I moved towards the man speaking and slowly shaking my head. "Sorry... it's my first day-"

"Alright, I need you to go to where all the people are, the room right down the hall behind you and to the right, and find the big man with a curl red hair and shaved bald. Tell him to meet John at the elevator. Understand?"

"Yes..." I gave him a brief nod and hurried to follow his directions. Hoping that this would also lead me toward Edward and not land me in career as a set member.

The room I was directed towards was pent house's master bed room. There were people crowded around in a semi-circle about the bed, I wasn't able to see what was going on, but there was complete silence... so maybe a sleeping scene... I was sort of vague on what the movie was about.

I found the big, red bearded and yet bald, camera operator who was known as Tony.

I crept to his side and lightly tapped on his shoulder.

"Sorry..." I whispered. "I was told to tell you that John is looking for you..."

He gave me a big smile and nodded. "Thanks."

It was only after his massive bulk was gone could I see what was being filmed... and sickness ensued.

Edward and Tanya were in bed together...

My brain told me that they weren't really naked, that they had to be in some kind of undergarments, that this was only make-believe and not real, that he was an actor... and a very good one at that.

My brain told me all of this... but my stomach told me other wise.

Good thing that there was a garbage can right near my feet.

"CUT...CUT... What the Hell is going on?"

"Sorry Marcus, looks like one of the crew members is sick." Someone near me called as cool hands steady my heaves.

"Well get her out of here..."

"Actually... Marcus... could we have a break?"

That was Edward's voice; I managed to look up for a moment... his eyes were locked on me.

The director sighed. "Yes... I suppose we better."

"Can you move?" The person behind me asked a few moments later, when my purging had ended.

I nodded, wiping my mouth off with a shaking hand. "Yeah... but I better go outside."

I stumbled out of the room and towards the elevators... only to be pulled to the side and into a small room that came off of the room where the filming was taking place. It turned out to be a walk in closet turned into private dressing room.

"What are you doing here?" Edward whispered, he was only in a pair of boxer briefs, which, under the circumstances, was a painful sight.

"I-I had to talk to you... Alice told me to come here... but I really didn't need to see that... and-"

"You shouldn't have come here... you should have called-"

"So I wouldn't see you go at it with Tanya?"

"I was only acting-"

"And thought not to inform me about it at all? What were you planning on telling me once the film was out on DVD?"

"I was going to tell you last night."

"And why didn't you?"

"Cause you fell asleep."

"Or cause you were too busy telling me that you had made a life changing decision without even consulting me."

He let go of my shoulders as the tears began to fall down my cheeks. "Bella..."

"I can't do this anymore... I don't need this... apparently you are better off without having a wife, cause you never tell me anything anyway."

Yes, the hormones were speaking... along with tons of withheld self doubt.

What hurt the most at the moment was how good he looked with Tanya... how loving his eyes were when he looked at her... how his arms cradled her...

I never thought he could hold and look at someone other than me in such a way... no matter how talented he was.

The image I just saw in the bedroom would forever be burnt into my mind.

"Bella-"

"I'm pregnant Edward, that's why I came here to tell you... and now I am going..." I blurted out quickly, unable to meet his eyes.

His eyes contract and his breathing quickened. Could someone really have a heart attack from mere surprise? "You're... pregnant...?"

"Yes... and now I really have to go... I can't take this-"

I turned to leave; he grabbed my arm to keep me inside the room. "Bella... when did you find out."

"Yesterday."

"And why didn't you tell me?"

"You were too busy telling me that I have to go three more years in a one sided marriage... and, to be honest, I don't think I can stay in one... and I defiantly can't put a child into a one sided relationship with his father."

I slipped out of his grasp and ducked through the sea of people, into the elevator, and was on the lobby floor long before Edward could probably dress. Though I doubted that he would actually

leave the filming to chase after me...

He probably assumed that I would be at home, waiting for him and ready to talk things out.

But I wouldn't be.

--

I had free reign of the garage, had it ever since Emmett took over the place. I hurried through the cars and mechanics, giving those who called out to me brief nods and waves as I made for the stairs that led to the apartment above the shop.

Seeing that it was well passed closing time these men were either working over time or just bull shitting after hours.

I had spent a lot of time simply driving around and trying to figure out what was going on... and then I had a sudden prang to have Emmett hug me.

I didn't even knock... this was practically my home too.

I should have knocked. Emmett and Rose were making out on his couch... which ceased the moment he saw who had interrupted.

"Bella? What's wrong?" He moved Rose off of him with an apologetic smile and moved over to me.

I crumbled at the familiarity of his voice, which was laced with concern.

"I'm pregnant." I sobbed into my hands as his confused arms wrapped around me and pulled me close.

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Chapter: 19

**A/N: Alright... wow...**

**Thanks for all the reviews! (I didn't mean to make some of you guys cry...)**

**Here is Ed's POV**

**WARNING: might be sad(?)**



--

***Dilemma: part two***

She was gone... that was all my mind could compute as the door swung shut.

She was gone...

My wife had just run away from me with tears in her eyes...

My pregnant wife had just run out on me with tears in her eyes...

Pregnant...

The pure joy and elation that the word and knowledge brought to my soul was dwarfed by the realization that Bella had just walked out on me.

She had come here to tell me this wonderful news and had walked in on the one scene I wish could be scraped from the script, forget the fact that I was thinking about Bella the entire time... and then walked out on me...

She was going to tell me last night... and I had completely blown it...

I was such an idiot!

I needed to go after her...

I needed to put pants on first...

Where were my pants?!

"So, that's why you are so concerned about the relationship clause."

I turned towards the door, where Tanya was leaning against the wall in a fluffy white robe.

"I really don't have time for this... I need to find pants..."

She tossed me my jeans. "I take it that her name isn't Gloria Bennet?"

"No... It's Bella Cullen, my wife."

Tanya just nodded, looking at the closed door, making sure no one could hear. "I thought so... simply by the way you two look at each other... anyway, you're in the dog house."

I stumbled into my jeans and nodded. "You have no idea."

"Do you think I should talk to her? Explain about-"

"No... The person who has to talk to her is me... that is if I can find my shirt."

"Here... I'll tell Marcus that you caught whatever the 'crew member' had... say it's a bug going around. He'll be pissed, filming will probably be longer tomorrow, but at least you will have time to make things right with her."

"Thanks." My voice was muffled through the fabric of my shirt, which I yanked over my head and shoved my feet into my sneakers... and then getting the Hell to of there and down to the parking garage where my car was.

Some people yelled at me, trying to call me over or asking where I was heading... but I was deaf and blind to everyone and everything around me.

There was only one thing on my mind.

Maybe, if I sped, I would get home right around the time she did.

--

The house had been empty when I got there, no sign that anyone been there since early this afternoon.

I tried her cell as I passed the rooms... there were still cloths thrown about, probably from Alice dressing Bella to go to the shoot...

*"Hey, this is Bella. I'm not in right now... obviously, or I would have picked up... so leave a message after the beep..."*

*-Beep-*

"Hey, Bella, listen... I'm home right now and wondering where you are. I know that I am a complete bastard and jerk... we need to talk. I'm sorry. I'm sorry... I can't tell you how sorry I am. Just call me when you get this... or come home... ok... alright... love you."

Yeah, that was the worst voice message in the history of the phone.

I collapsed on the chair and stared at my *Blackberry* for a moment.

There was no way that she was going to call me.

If I wanted to talk to her I was going to have to find her first.

This was so sulker-ish of me...

Alright... A's...

*Hello! Alice here... well unfortunately for you I am not here. But, guess what? I'M GETTING MARRIED! So leave me a message after the beep and I will make sure to call you back. But be warned, I may tell you more about the wedding than what you actually called me about... that is unless you are calling about the wedding.*

*-Beep-*

"Alice? Hey this is Edward... I'm looking for Bella... Do you know where she might be? Could you call me back, even if you don't know, because I really need to find her. So... yeah... congrats on the engagement..."

I hung up and went to Jasper's name... maybe Alice was there.

*Leave a message after the beep.*

*-Beep-*

I just hung up.

This was getting me no where.

Alright new plan. Time for a drive.

--

There had been no one at Alice's.

No one at Jasper's.

I didn't expect anyone at Rose's... but I had gone there anyway and saw that I had been right to think no one would be there.

That left one place for her to go.

I really hoped that she hadn't gone here...

I slipped into the garage, using the spare key under the mat... something that Bella did as well.

Though I didn't have the courage to just walk into the apartment above the garage like I usually did... when I visited with Bella.

When I came with her to visit her very big... very intimidating... very protective brother.

Who opened the door a few seconds before I was able to knock.

"Edward... what are you doing here?"

"Is Bella here?"

He crossed his massive arms, making his biceps flex.

"And what if she is?"

I stretched and fisted my hands. It would be a very bad to get into a fight with a man twice my size. So I kept my voice even and my temper under control. "Can I see her?"

"I don't think that's such a good idea, we finally got her to calm down and really don't need you upsetting her again."

"I need to talk to her."

"You lost your chance at that."

"I'm her husband-"

"You are really in no condition to call yourself that right now... Not after what you put her through."

"I was just acting."

"Yet her tears are real."

"I didn't mean for this to get out of hand... I just want to talk to my wife."

"I think you should just go home."

"Not till I see her."

Emmett uncrossed his arms and took a step towards me.

"Seriously Emmett... stop being so macho and let him talk to her." Rose's voice calling from inside the apartment, soon followed by her face peeking out from behind Emmett's broad shoulders. "They need to talk about this."

"I'm not going to let Bella be-"

"It's alright." My heart lurched at the small voice, unlike Rose Bella was too short to be visible.

"Rose is right, we need to talk."

She ducked under her brother's arm. She was wearing a sweatshirt that she swam in, my guess was that it was Emmett's, and a pair of leggings with her hair up in a lopsided ponytail. Her eyes were still lined with red and her face was even paler than usual.

Emmett looked down at her, smoothing a hand over her messed hair-do, then gave me a glare.

"You have five minutes."

Then he and Rose went back inside, I just had a glimpse of Alice and Jasper on the living room's couch before the door closed and Bell and I were left alone on the small balcony that overlooked the empty garage.

"Bella... I am so sorry about today... I-"

"It's alright... the hormones kicked in and I might have went overboard."

I sighed, reaching out for her.

She backed away.

It was as if she had slapped me.

"That doesn't mean that I don't mean what I said... I just went about expressing it in a very inappropriate manner... And I didn't want to tell you about the baby like that."

"I was happy when I heard about it all the same... no matter how you said it I would have been thrilled." I wanted to reach for her again, but was afraid of her backing away from me once more.

"I don't think you completely understand the magnitude of this... We are bringing a human child into the world, one who will need love and attention and-"

"I will. There is no way that I couldn't love this child."

"Love it, yes you would. But I fear you would love it the same way as you love me: with all your heart but from afar."

"Bella-"

"I know that you love me... and I am still crazy about you. That's why I chose to marry you, knowing what I did about your career and how hard it was going to be. This child never asked to be born... or to have either of us as parents." She wrapped her arms around her waist and slowly met my gaze. "I refuse to let him feel for a moment the disappointment that I have felt. It's better that he never knew his father than to have to be constantly reminded that a job is more important than he is."

"Wait... what?" I balled my hands into fists and shoved in my pockets in order to cover their shaking as my eyes began to sting. "You're really leaving me? And you're going to keep my child from me?"

She slowly, hesitantly reached over and put her hand on my cheek. "No... Not at the moment... I just think that we need some time apart to really think what is important-"

I covered her hand. "You and our child are what matter to me."

She sadly shook her head and pulled away. "You say that now... but I want you to really think about it."

"For how long?"

"Till you're down with your movie... I don't want to sit around the apartment alone, not while I am like this. So, I'm going to stay here with Emmett for the next five months. And, when you're done with Marcus, we can talk about what's going to happen to us. All I know is that something as to change."

"Bella-"

"Times up." Emmett opened the door and pulled Bella into an one arm hug. "Now its time for you to go."

I held Bella's eyes a moment longer. Tears were beginning to form again and run down her cheeks.

Then I turned away...

She wanted time so I would give it to her.

This was entirely my fault.

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Chapter: 20

**A/N: Alright- to put some of you at ease...**

**Bella and Edward will not be separated for 5 months, not even close... (Seriously, how could they?)**

--

*Girl Talk*

"Bella!"

"Bella my love!"

"Where have you been hiding?"

I managed to smile for the mechanics as I walked down the stairs and onto the garage's main floor.

It was Monday and I had work to go to.

Instead of going home to gather my clothes, Rose and Alice had taken me clothes shopping yesterday... for both the here and now, while I was still in the single digit sizes, and for the later, when I began show my 'condition'.

What was I going to do when that happened?

How was I going to explain it to the school?

A cancerous tumor... that grows and then goes away in nine months?

No... I refused to explain my baby in such a way, even if it was believable enough to pass by my boss.

"Hey gorgeous."

I turned my head towards the speaker, my first true smile for two days.

"Nessie!"

I pulled the slender female mechanic into a hug. Nessie was a childhood friend of mine who never got over her 'tom boy' phase- so I never considered her a friend of the female gender... seeing that she was lost in all that was girly as much I was.

"How have you been it's been weeks since we last talked?"

I smiled at her, noticing how her mop of curls were escaping from under her bandana. "I know... last time we talked you were talking about leaving this dive and getting a real job."

"You wound me deep Bella."

"Oh... the pain!"

Nessie and I looked over at her fellow mechanics blew them kisses, how we always managed to get out of trouble when we were younger and causing trouble where ever we went.

"I was going to..." Nessie continued as she walked me towards the door. "But then... well things happened."

"Such as?"

Nessie just gave me a sheepish smile as an arm draped over her shoulder.

"Me... hey Bella."

I smiled up at the darkly handsome man. "Jacob... right?"

He smirked, pulling Nessie closer to him. "Yep. Or I also answer to the title of Nessie's boyfriend."

I raised an eyebrow at my friend. "I see..."

Nessie reddened, nodding as she ducked her head under Jacob's arm.

I just laughed, either that or give into the jabbing, white-hot pain in my chest. Seeing a loving couple is something that I didn't need at the moment.

"Bella... you need to get going or you'll be late." Emmett wrapped his arm around my shoulders; giving the two a slight glare and nod to get back to work. "Do you need me to drive you?"

"Emmett... I'll be fine."

He searched my face, his eyes not believing. "Really?"

"I'll be fine... all things considered."

"You did the right things, you were becoming a ball of stress and, according to Rose and all the books she made me read over the last two days, which is not good for you or the baby."

I tried to smile and took out my keys from my jacket pocket; Emmett had made sure to bundle me up this morning.

He was such a mother hen, it was even worse than the time that I had broken my leg from falling through the window of our house right after our parents died.

He kissed me on the forehead and nudged me towards my car.

"Get going... and call me on your way home."

"Yes Emmett."

--

"Miss Swan... you feeling alright?"

I looked up from my paper work, second period had just ended and I was in dire need for some pregnant-woman safe medication. Frey stood at the other side of my desk, her eyes intent on my face.

"Other than being pregnant and not knowing how to tell the school... I'm just fine."



She smiled, pulling up a seat across from me and taking out two *Reese's* cup packs. "Here... you look like you need one."

"Thanks."

She kept her eyes on me as we ate out candy in silence.

"So... how did Edward take it?"

I cringed.

Her eyes widened.

"Forget that I asked."

I finished the second cup and wipe my hands on my pants. "We had to take a step back is all."

"You don't sound happy about that."

"Would you?"

Was it odd that I was talking to one of my students like she was one of my close friends?

Frey just shrugged, as the door opened.

"Hey Miss Swan... I was just wondering how you were feeling..." Trent's eyes landed on where Frey was sitting with me. "Never mind..." He darted his head back into the hallway and closed the door behind him.

"Care to explain about that?"

If she could pry into my life so could I.

Frey just shrugged. "It's nothing really... he just can't understand that we are two completely different people." She ran her fingers through her hair.

"Such as?"

"He read way too much into that kiss... he thinks that it meant that I wanted to start a relationship."

"That's what I thought... Or at least that you liked him."

"Well of course I *like* him... I wouldn't have kissed him if I didn't-"

"Yet you don't want to date him?"

"Miss Swan," She gave me a hard look, "I am a comic book collecting, anime watching, novel reading girl who thinks that the captain of the soccer team, and all around king of the school, has a cute butt and is hilariously funny-"

"Again... what's the problem?"

"We're too different... and I don't want to have to deal with his rabid fan girls. I have other things to focus on... such as the SATs."

"Yes... that is a valid reason for not dating the guy you like."

"Says the woman who is 'taking a step back' from her husband."

"Frey, the woman is still your teacher."

"In English, not in relationships... lets face it; we both suck in that department."

"Yes, yes we do."

"Want another candy bar... you are eating for two now."

I held out my hand. "That means I am going to need two more, at least."

"Chocolate," Frey sighed, pulling out three *Hershey* bars, "A girl's best friend... and a more true lover than any male."

"Amen to that."

--

**A/N: To those of you who wanted an outline of the end... well, after a really freaky dream last night, I am sort of going to deviate from it... just wanted to give you guys a heads up...**

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Chapter: 21

**A/N: Alright... might not be able to update tomorrow... so here is another two chapter day.**

**Deviate doesn't equal unhappy ending.**

--

***Boy Talk...***

***(Who'd of thought?)***

"So... let's see if I got this straight... you want me to cancel the love scene?"

I held Marcus's gaze, refusing to look away. "Yes."

"May I ask why?"

"It's personal."

"You fell in love with Tanya didn't you and you don't want to mar your feelings with acting?"

"No... But you are close."

He leaned a clean shaven cheek on his hand. "I don't think I follow. Aro led me to believe that none of his models had anyone-"

"Aro doesn't know everything..."

"I am starting to see that. He also told me that you are a very accommodating worker."

"And the gaining of that reputation has cost me more than I knew... until last night."

"You do know that when you are here your personal life isn't."

"My work and my personal life are having a tendency to interweave now a days... and I need to start unweaving them once more. Starting with the cancelation of the love scene."

"And I am to just do that so you can fix your personal life."

"No, it won't begin to fix my personal life... but it will set me on the right track."

"And if I say no?"

"Then I would have to quit and you would have to find a new carrot to lure people into the theaters."

Marcus gave me a sour look.

"Is that I fact?"

"Yes."

"You do realize that, if you drop out, you are back in Aro's contract... which means no relationships. You will be under contract then... you're under contract now-"

"And I know damn good lawyers, and have the money for them... and a pregnant wife at home."

Marcus's eyebrows shot up, the only sign of his surprise. "Wife?"

"Of three years... four this September."

"And you've been under Aro's care for five?"

"So sue me."

"I would be more worried about Aro if I were you."

"I'll worry about him once this movie is dealt with... so are we dropping the scene or not?"

Marcus gave me a calculating look. "I was had a wife... she died a few years back."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"So am I... I was off working while she was at home dying. That was the price that I paid for my work... I don't think I want you to have to pay the same." He leaned back in his chair and nodded.

"We'll cut the scene... and work out a new filming schedule."

"I didn't ask for that."

"You have a pregnant wife... believe me; you're going to need to be home early in the months to come. Their beautiful during this time... but terrifying."

"But first I have to get her back."

"Might I suggest groveling?"

--

"What will you be having?"

"Rum and Coke."

"Sir..." The man behind the bar looked into my sunglasses shielded eyes, "we don't serve alcohol here."

"Alright, drop the rum and just bring a Coke."

"Same here," a young man called from the door. He was in a Rose Academy uniform... I wonder if he was one of Bella's students.

Bella...

My heart hurt at the thought.

I really needed to come up with a plan to get her back.

But she said that she wanted time...

"Trent... skipping tenth period again?"

The teen ran his hands through his wild blond hair. "Yeah... it's only free study. I had one already, and I need a drink that can't be found in a health food store."

"Fair enough." The bartender pulled out two cans of soda, sliding one down to me and putting the other at the other end.

The boy, Trent, and I were the only ones in the restaurant.

Then the man went back to the kitchen and Trent claimed his stool... why did that name sound familiar.

"Woman trouble?" Trent moved down the stools to sit on the stool beside me.

"Why would you say that?"

"You're drinking Coke in an empty restaurant with mellow jazz playing in the background... the perfect scene for two men with women trouble to meet and talk about the mystery that is the female mind."

"Is it really?"

"Yep... now fess up."

I looked at him over the rims of my sunglasses.

Trent held up his hands and laughed. "Alright, I'll go first... seeing that you might be of more help to me than I could be for you."

I waved my soda can at him. "Go ahead."

"How can you tell whether a woman likes you or not? I mean... one would assume that if a girl kisses a guy, during a very heated debate over whether Kira and Light are the same person or two different personalities, she likes him... right?"

"Yes, traditionally."

"Well, what does it say that, when you try to talk to her about it, she completely cuts out down and then gives you the cold shoulder for days."

"To me... it could be two possible things. One: she was caught up in the moment and simply went with the swell of her emotions, though I don't see someone getting like that by talking about... *Death Note* right?"

"Yeah... I don't like that possibility, what's the other?"

"Are you popular?"

"Yeah... I guess."

"With girls?"

Trent smirked and shrugged.

"I take that as a yes... Well then, your young lady might be scared that you are simply playing her and will be gone the next instant. Avoidance is a good way to protect yourself from getting hurt."

"I don't see her being scared like that."

"It's the strong ones who normally are the most fragile under the surface."

Trent took a pensive sip of his soda.

"So, I should take measures to show her that I do care for her and it isn't simple playing around?"

"That would be a very wise move... good luck with it."

"And now it's your turn."

I snorted a laugh and shook my head. "I doubt that you could help me... no offence."

"Try me... What do you have to lose?"

"My wife."

"Really you're married."

"Why do you sound so surprised?"

"No wedding ring."

"Yeah... it's complicated... and a baby is on the way."

"That's great! Congratulations!" He hit my back with a merry smile.

"Yeah... well, on the day I found out... she kind of left me, once more- it's complicated. So, she said

that she wanted time apart and I am giving it to her- OUCH!"

Trent had whacked me along the back of his head with a look of pure disgust on his young face.

"You are an idiot... when I woman says that she 'needs time' she is really saying 'fight for me!'"

"My wife isn't like that. She says what she means... no games."

"It's not a game; she probably *thinks* that she wants time... that doesn't mean you give it to her! All time gives her is a chance to broad over all the reasons she needed time... only makes the situation worse."

"So I am supposed to just be annoyingly persistent?"

"Yes."

"My wife has a *big* brother... who could break me in half with one hand. And she is 'taking time' at his house."

"Then you don't love her... if you did nothing would stop you."

"And what about you and your young lady?"

"I am already planning a very self humiliating motion that will forever ruin my reputation... but I am going to do it, because it will get through to her."

"My situation is bigger than public humiliation."

"But it's a good place to start... it's something at least."

I drained my soda and nodded. "You have a point there... and here is where we say good-bye, and good luck with your girl."

"Same with you and your wife."

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Chapter: 22

**A/N: So... we are nearing the end of this story (Sad... I know).**

**So, my question is, should I write another Bella/Edward or move into another- such as a City of Bones Clary/Jace (if none of you have read it... READ IT... I love Edward as much as any**

**other fan girl, and I adore Jasper to the point it's stalker-ish... but my heart will always belong to Jace... but that is beside the point)**

**Enjoy the last chapters.**

--

***Making the Move, Taking a Chance...***

"Alright everyone... the bell has sounded; time to discuss *The Great Gatsby* and all the 1920's anguish that comes with unrequited love."

This was an ironically fitting story for me to be teaching at the moment.

Happy thoughts, happy thoughts... just keep thinking happy thoughts...

"Hey, Miss Swan... where's Trent?"

I looked over at Amy and shrugged. "I don't know... maybe he's in his room sick."

"No, he was in first period Chem." Kim yawned, flipping through a magazine that was without one Edward Cullen picture, this film was causing her to go into major withdraw.

"And he was fine this morning when he got up." Ben, the soccer team's goalie and Trent's roommate, had a sly smirk on his face.

Frey looked up from her copy of the novel, pretending not to be interested.

"Well, we can't halt class just because of one student."

"But he said that he had something very important to do today." Amy clearly didn't know what that thing was, but she seemed very interested about finding out. "I heard him talking to Colin in Chem. that he was going to make a complete fool of himself because of a girl... No guy made a complete fool of himself over me before."

"Congratulations..." Frey muttered. Her eyes starting going back down to read.

"I would hold that if I was you." Ben said in a sing-song voice as he slowly, dramatically turned his head towards the doorway, where Trent was leaning in the threshold.

He was in his uniform, but it was pressed.... with his skirt tucked in and his tie straight. His normally crazed hair was combed, only allowing a few strands to fall into his eyes. In his hand he held a lone white lily, which he theatrically smelled as he waited for all eyes to turn to him.

Yep, class was going to be stalled for one teen... but I didn't have the energy to stop the power force that was Trent.



And I was intrigued as to what he had planned.

He finally looked up from his flower, eyes scanning the room... not stopping on one lone person.

"Had we but world enough, and time,

This coyness, lady, were no crime.

We would sit down and think which way

To walk, and pass our long love's day;"

He started walking down the aisle between the desks, ignoring cat calls and not really looking at anyone, eyes intent on the black board. He lazily twirled the flower in his fingers as he spoke in a clear voice, rolling Marvell's words through his mouth as if the poem, the number one seduction poem of all time, had been written just for him to recite right now.

"Thou by the Indian Ganges' side

Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide

Of Humber would complain. I would

Love you ten years before the Flood;

And you should, if you please, refuse

Till the conversion of the Jews."

He finally reached the front of the room and slowly turned to face the class, perching himself at the end of my desk and leaned back on the hand that wasn't still cradling the flower. His eyes started to flicker more towards Frey's section of the room than the general sweep he had been doing.

"My vegetable love should grow

Vaster than empires, and more slow.

An hundred years should go to praise

Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;"

Then he jumped up onto the desk top, raising his voice, and began to speak exclusively to Frey...

"Two hundred to adore each breast,

But thirty thousand to the rest;

An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate."

He lightly leapt back to the floor and started to slowly stroll to the very red faced Frey... I had never seen her blush till that moment.

"But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song; then worms shall try  
That long preserv'd virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust.  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none I think do there embrace."

He made it to Frey's desk, bending down slightly to meet her eyes, handing her the lily as he spoke, leaning down so their foreheads touched.

I seriously thought that Kim and Amy were going to have heart attacks.

As for Frey... she was lost in Trent's eyes, as he took her hand up to his mouth, kissing it before continuing into the last stanza.

"Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,

And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may;  
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour,  
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.  
Let us roll all our strength, and all  
Our sweetness, up into one ball;  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Thorough the iron gates of life.  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run."

With the ending line he leaned in a little bit more, claiming Frey's lips to the class, well to most of the class's, wild cheers and applaud.

I joined in, laughing and letting out a whistle.

School rules be damned at the moment.

"Everyone!" Trent declared when he finally pulled away from Frey. "I belong only to her! So back off!"

More cheers, a few glares from Amy... but Frey didn't seem to mind.

It was the first time I ever saw her smile like that.

And with that I lost my sulking companion and my chocolate supplier.

I couldn't be happier for her.

--

It had been a very busy day, what with Trent's grand performance in second period, testing in fourth and fifth... and the splitting migraine that started in sixth. All I wanted to do now was go home- or to Emmett's as the case was- take a long bath, and get some sleep... getting some eggs during all of

that.

What I really wanted to do was cuddle with Edward and watch a chick-flick... but that wasn't going to happen.

Why did I have to tell him I wanted time?!

I felt like I was going to cry as I walked down the hallway, towards the side parking lot.

Then I passed the music room... and had to just stop as the notes being played within assaulted my ears.

I knew this melody... I was the only person to know it other than the actual composer.

There was no way... he was supposed to be in filming...

Those rational thoughts didn't stop me from ducking into the room... just to investigate.

At the room's grand piano, playing the melody he had written just for me while we were dating, in a zip-up hoodie with his sunglasses thrown to the side, sat my husband.

"W-What...?"

He didn't look up from his playing, though a slow smile crossed his face at the sound of my voice. "I was thinking about having this be his lullaby... but then again this one was written for you, so it would give him mixed ideas... and I think, seeing that you are so sure that he will be a boy- and the mother always knows, I should give him a more masculine variation of this. So how does this suit you?"

The music changed slightly, it was still my song at the core, but now it had a completely different voice. It was soothing, but playful at the same time. And the cords were stronger than the softness of mine.

"It's perfect..." I managed to say, not being able to stop my feet from walking over to him... and sinking down on the bench beside him.

My body acted on its own. It yearned to be near him.

He ceased his playing and turned to face him. The expression in his eyes was enough to break and then mend my heart.

"I played so many scenarios through my mind as to how to approach you. I was going to make a public announcement about our relationship... but then thought that it might hurt you here, and decided that we should talk about how to proclaim that. Then I thought about dropping out of my film, signing up for Med-school, and announcing that on television... so you would know what I chose. But, once more, I wanted to talk to you about that... seeing that decision would influence you as well and you really should have a say. So, in the end, I didn't manage a grand display of my

love... only a lullaby and the plea that you will come home."

He slowly reached out to touch my face.

I leaned into his touch.

It felt wonderful to feel his touch once more.

"I made arrangements to Marcus, no love scene-"

"I didn't ask for that."

"No you didn't, but I wanted to cut it out... it just didn't feel right. And Marcus has agreed that I will be done earlier everyday... On most nights I will be home in time to cook all the eggs you want-"

I shook my head, "Edward, don't make promises that you can't keep."

His thumb brushed the tears I didn't know I was crying away. "I'm keeping this one. I'm going to be there for you, and for our son... Please let me be with you." His eyes were overly bright as he looked at me. "Please."

My hands went up and cradled his face. "I literally don't have the strength to keep you away."

A small, tender smile crossed his face as he pulled me closer. "I highly doubt that... When are you going to realize that you're the strong one in this relationship?"

I tilted my head up to capture his full, delicious lips, which were just waiting for me.

"Can we finally celebrate your pregnancy now?" He whispered into my ears as he helped me to my feet.

"Yes... please."

He smirked down at me, taking my hand and leading me out the door. "But first we have to stop by Emmett's and tell him you won't be free loading anymore."

"He's going to be heart broken... He really likes doting upon me."

Edward claimed another kiss as we went into the hallway. "Too bad... That's my job now."

"Um... is that Miss Swan making out with... Hey! It's the guy I talked to yesterday! How are you doing... with your wife... my head is starting to spin."

"Shit," I pulled away from Edward and cringed, I was still in school... which was not the place to be getting carried away with my husband.

"Hey Miss Swan." Frey gave me a slight wave, her eyes glued on Edward. "He really is dazzling up

close..."

"Hey... what?" Trent looked from his girlfriend to my, and then to Edward. "Am I the only one really confused? I mean seriously pal could you explain..." His eyes widened as he took Edward's face in. "Oh shit... you're... and we talked about women... and I hit you... I hit you on the head! Are you going to sue me now.... cause I only get \$8.75 an hour and-"

"Trent, you're babbling." Frey had recovered from her shock and took her boyfriend's hand. "And you didn't just see this."

"But... he is... and Miss... Miss? Swan... and..."

Frey pulled his head down to kiss her. "Let's go... I'll explain later."

"Alright!" Trent instantly forgot his confusion and let Frey lead him out of the door."

"I hope you explain that to me later."

Edward wrapped his arms around my waist and nodded.

"I'll tell you all about the wonders of manly bonding and Coke over dinner tonight."

"Sounds like a fun story."

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Chapter: 23

**A/N: This is the end... hope I didn't disappoint.**

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*Three Years Later*

"Dr. Cullen... Dr. Cullen... OI! Edward!"

I fell off the couch I was napping on in the Doctor's lounge. "Yes!"

Ben, one of my co-workers and friend through med school, smirked over at me. "You really are pathetic man... Your wife just came in here, in labor, and you are sleeping on-"

"What? Bella is here... but she isn't due for two more weeks!"

"Yeah, well tell that to the baby."

I jumped to my feet, throwing off my white coat and ran to the door. "I got to go... could you-?"

"I'll take care of everything, just go."

I flicked him a salute and sprinted down the hospital corridor.

"Bella! Bella!" I yelled, sliding out of the elevators and into the maternity ward.

"She's already a room... down the hall and to the right." A nurse at the counter told me with a wistful smile.

"Thanks-"

"Daddy!"

I stopped mid stride, turning back to the elevators, where Frey and Trent were getting out, both were holding onto one of my son's, Cole's, hands.

The toddler broke away from his retainers, who had picked him up from daycare when they got the call, and stubble-ran into my arms.

"Daddy! Where is mommy?!"

"She is-"

"She promised to pick me up today!" He interrupted me with a pout, his mess of brown curls falling into his golden eyes.

I smiled at the irony.

Bella had worried that I would be the one to disappoint our children.

"She really had no choice..." I explained, carrying him down the hall and towards Bella's room.

"Remember when we told you that you would soon have a little brother?"

"Yes..."

"Edward, please tell me that you aren't explaining the birds and bees to your two year old."

"What am I supposed to tell him then?"

Rose held out her arms for her nephew. "Give him here... and take care of your wife. Emmett is going insane."

"I believe it." I kissed Cole's hair. "I love you."

"I love you too Daddy..." He looked around the hospital, at where Jasper was passing near the soda machines with Alice talking calmly at his side. "Is Mommy going to be ok?"

I smoothed his curls and gave him another kiss. "Yes, she'll be fine."

Then I slipped into the room, where Emmett was holding Bella's hand and needlessly going over her breathing exercises.

"Emmett... I'll really fine." Bella was explaining as her eyes found me at the door. "How is Cole...? Did Frey pick him up from daycare? I wanted to pick him up before coming in but Emmett wouldn't let me."

"He's fine, and he will get over the disappointment." I smiled down at her, taking her other hand and giving her a kiss. "Thanks Emmett." I added over at my brother-in-law. "I can take it from here."

He nodded. "Good... I need some air."

"He still doesn't like hospitals." Bella explained with a fond smile as she watched Emmett stumble out of the room.

"How are you doing?"

"Fine... though this little one is in more of a hurry than Cole had been."

She winced with another contraction.

"Do you want me to go get the doctor?"

She tightened her hold on my hand. "No... Stay here with me."

I kissed her again and nodded. "Alright."

Two hours, and a lot of screaming, later a sweaty, exhausted, and yet radiantly happy Bella held our second son, Ethan, in her arms and simply smiled up at me.

"Isn't he beautiful? He's your little brother-"

"Mommy..." Cole glared down at her with all the dignity a two year old could muster from my arms.

She laughed and nodded at me.

I put Cole down so he could climb into Bella's lap as I took the new born from her arms.

"Mommy is mine." Cole added as he nestled closer to her.



"And the sibling rivalry begins."

Alice chimed from the door, in the prison of Jasper's arms.

"I would be worried if I was you." Rose added with a tender smile as she took Emmett's hand.

"You did lose her once to him." Jasper added with a smirk.

"True... but I can't think of a better man... now men... to lose her to."

"Ok, enough mush!" Emmett proclaimed, leading Rose from the room. "Come on Alice, Jasper; we're going to the cafe to get some food."

"Frey and Trent are probably making out in a spare room... make sure to pull them apart and get them to eat!" Bella called after them.

"So..." I said, sitting at the edge of the bed, making sure not to jostle the now sleeping Ethan. "I've been wondering. Did you ever regret taking me back that day?"

Bella ran her fingers through Cole's curls and met my eyes, leaning over our children to peck my lips.

"No."

"Good... now how about we get busy on our third?"

I wiggled my eyebrows at her and her laughter filled the hospital room.

The most beautiful sound I could ever hear.

-The End-

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Chapter: 24

**A/N: If you want to read the alternate ending/sequel check out Careless Whisper...**