



All's Fair

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Summary

Bella meets Jasper and Edward on the first day of her third year in college. The boys are each determined to get her attention, but Bella has her own game to play. When they compete for her affection, who will Bella choose? All's fair in love and war. -AH



New Acquaintances

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

BPOV:

First day of the semester was never my favorite day of the year. The classrooms were always overcrowded with the idiots that think they want to take a class even though it is either not what they want to take or not a convenient time for them. It usually only takes a week or two for them to drop, but those first few classes, especially the first, are utter hell. Everyone is crammed into confined spaces with the maximum occupancy far exceeding the Fire Marshall's warning. Wonder what they would say if they ever stepped foot into one of these rooms on the first day of the semester.

Thankfully, Rosalie Hale and I shared our first class this semester. At least chemistry was going to be interesting. Science was not my forte and any excuse to use Rosalie's long legs to attract the guys with the answers was a welcome relief. She knew it too and used it to her advantage. Honestly, I don't think that Rosalie ever wrote a single term paper. She was perfectly capable but refused to do work on something that she could persuade someone else to do for her.

As we walked to class, I kept quiet most of the way only answering when absolutely necessary. Rosalie was content to carry on the one-sided conversation about the latest designer shoes that were a must have. I eyed my own heels suspiciously.

We walked into the class earlier than usual since we wanted to get a seat near the front of the room. The first part of any plan to avoid homework assignments is to have the guys, particularly the brainy ones, notice you. What better way to be noticed than at the front of the class where you are front and center for the guys?

Actually, I'm sure we could have sat in the back corner in the shade and Rosalie

still would have been noticed with the outfit she had on today. She had on simple, short-sleeved, white button-up shirt that was strategically had not been enough to cover her cleavage. She paired that with a navy blue vest with white pinstripes. The vest dipped low so between that and the missing buttons of her shirt, her breasts were practically exploding out of her shirt. She also wore a dark denim mini-skirt and black peep-toe stilettos.

I never understood why Rosalie felt the need to dress herself up so much. She was beautiful without the effort. She had the long, blonde locks that most girls would kill for. Her hair was mostly straight except for the hint of a curl at the bottom. Her lips were always full and pouty, just right for guys to want to kiss. She had dazzling blue eyes to match her luscious blonde hair. All in all, she was the ideal California girl without the California tan. Her skin was a creamy white, just like mine.

Our complexion was the only thing that we had in common. I always felt incredibly plain next to Rosalie or Alice, my best friends. I was comfortable enough in my own skin to not be distracted by it though. My wavy brown hair had its own sparkle in the right low and it bounced lightly just below my shoulders. My hair matched my eyes. Brown. Both were a deep enough shade to be a stark contrast against my milky skin-tone.

Both Rosalie and Alice had been trying to teach me how to apply different shades of eye shadow and lipstick in order to accentuate my features. Personally, I couldn't tell the difference between emerald and hunter green. What's worse, I am happy that I don't know the difference.

Alice was my childhood best friend as well as our roommate. She and Rosalie had a knack for fashion. They went on countless shopping sprees, constantly maxing out credit cards. They even managed to drag me out on a few of those and I had instantly regretted agreeing to join them.

Alice was short, well, tiny would be a better description. She had short, spiky jet black hair. Her eyes always twinkled with whatever scheme she was busy devising. She also had the same creamy complexion as Rosalie and I.

Somehow, Rosalie had managed to pin me in the bathroom this morning and apply a light layer of lilac eye-shadow and soft pink lip gloss. She never got to the mascara because I threatened her new purse a bath in the toilet if she didn't let up. Alice had thrown out the outfit that I had planned for the day and I was confronted with a white mid-thigh skirt and a light purple spaghetti strap shirt lined with silver sequins at the top. Alice had even attempted to kill me by adding a pair of silver heels to complete the look.

I had protested the skirt saying that I didn't own a single pair of panties that wouldn't show through it. To which, both Rosalie and Alice had exclaimed that I either wear the new white lace thong they flung at me or go commando. Alice had even been so bold as to buy me a matching white lace bra. I shuddered at the thought but eventually caved and snatched the thong from the ground while she bounced excitedly. I protested the heels as well, but Rosalie had threatened to tell each guy in class what I was wearing beneath my outfit if I didn't wear them.

The heels clacked noisily on the tile as we crossed the room and made our way to take our seats at the front. Guys were already whistling behind us as we took our seats. Rosalie sent me a knowing smirk and flipped her hair over her shoulder dramatically.

"Hmm..." she mused aloud, drawing their attention again. "You know, Bella, I really despise science. I just hope that this class isn't too difficult. I don't want to spend all weekend studying instead of dating because I can't keep up."

Oh yes, did I mention that Rosalie is the most devious person I know next to Alice? Her little speech had its desired effect immediately. Before the professor ever walked in there were three different guys offering her their "services" and phone numbers. I had to hold in the laughter that was threatening to escape.

Class was short. I had expected no less on the first day. As we made our way out the door poor Rosalie was stuck fending off shameless attempts to flirt. I walked a few steps behind and refused to help. Normally when guys were that aggressive we would link arms and give each other a small kiss to subtly try to hint that we didn't go for guys. We weren't lesbians, but at least it would make the guys back up enough to make a quick escape.

Today, though, she had brought this attention on herself. She looked back to scowl at me and ended up bumping into someone. The man in front of her was tall and remarkably muscular. His one arm alone were probably bigger than both my thighs combined. He had dark curls on top of his boyish face. His dimples when he smiled were enough to make even me swoon just a little. He had brown eyes that sparkled in the light, unfortunately for me, they were glued to Rosalie. Correction, they were glued to Rosalie's exposed chest.

The bump between the two of them had been enough to make her pop out of her bra. She quickly turned and buried herself into me as she added so that her nipples weren't showing through her shirt.

The little skirmish was not enough to distract her though. She quickly turned back

to the massive man before her with one finger still resting in her cleavage from her adjustment. His eyes widened briefly before he caught himself staring. He quickly tried to correct it by offering her his hand.

"Hey beautiful. My name is Emmett. What's yours?"

Rosalie looked over at me and smirked. She had him right where she wanted him.

"That depends, Emmett," she answered seductively. Her hand shamelessly trailed her curves and rested at her side. "How much do you know about chemistry?"

"I know that there is some definite chemistry going on between us," he replied with a sexy grin.

"In that case, call me Goldilocks," she retorted.

She grabbed my elbow and began leading the way out the door. Emmett stepped in front of us before we could make our speedy escape though. He turned to look at me.

"So what can I do to get your friend's name?" he asked with a pout on his lips.

I threw my head back and laughed. "Sorry, pal, she's with me," I answered while I slipped my arm around Rosalie's waist.

"Bull!" Emmett exclaimed. "I'm calling that bluff."

Rosalie and I both were stunned. I saw her mouth drop open out of the corner of my eye. Emmett, of course, did not fail to notice our reaction and was quick to capitalize on it.

"Name your price," he said to me.

I smirked. Now he was right where we both wanted him. "I'll consider my options and get back to you next class," I answered with a dismissive way.

Emmett whistled at us as we walked away. By the time we rounded the corner both Rosalie and I were doubled over in laughter. I gave her a quick hug and hurried off to my next class before I was late.

Someone should have told me before I agreed to the heels this morning that spikes and stairs don't mix. I attempted to take the stairs two at a time despite my skirt

riding up with my long strides. The heels had a mind of their own though. One spike caught on the end of a step as I lifted my leg, which sent me falling forward in the momentum. Before my face could make a new concrete friend, I was caught in a strong pair of arms.

I looked back quickly to find a stunning man inches away from me. His eyes were the first thing that I could see. They were a soft brown with golden flecks. From my peripheries I could see that he had golden blonde hair. Too embarrassed with myself to stare further or ask him anything I quickly stood up and he released his grasp on me. I mumbled a quick thank you as I walked briskly up the rest of the stairs and down the hall to my class. From behind me I heard him answer, "anytime."

I was earlier than I expected to class. I glanced around the room quickly and decided on a spot in the near the back and in the middle of the aisle. It just so happened to be one of the seats farthest from anyone else in the room and fairly close to the door. I had just relaxed into the seat and was busy pulling out my notebook when I felt someone sit down in the seat adjacent to mine. So much for my plan to watch the room fill up before anyone seats near me.

I refused to look up at the person to my left as I scribbled the class name and date on my paper for notes. The guy on my left seemed amused at my refusal to make contact. He leaned on his elbow in my direction. I countered by leaning as far away from him as possible. He chuckled, that only made me scowl at the front of the room. I was not about to cave in and give him the pleasure of a response.

For a few seconds I debated packing my things and moving to a different seat in the room. Unfortunately for me, someone sat directly behind me at that moment and began whispering to the person sitting next to me. Now my interest was sparked and I couldn't bring myself to move even if my instincts were screaming at me to run. After a minute, I caught part of their conversation as I curiously leaned just a bit in their direction.

"Has she said anything to you yet?" the person behind me asked.

"No, I was trying to get her attention," the person at my left whispered back.

"She's not interested in you."

"The hell she isn't. She hasn't even looked at me yet. Who could resist this?" I caught him gesturing to himself out of the corner of my eye.

"Yea sure, that's why she is ignoring you," he scoffed.

"Whatever. Don't you have a class to get to or something?" the guy next to me asked.

"Yep, this one," he replied with a playful tone.

Suddenly, the one behind me tapped my shoulder. Now I was forced to actually recognize their presence. I turned my head just an inch so that my ear was closer to him. His warm breath was already right next to my neck, making me tremble.

"Hello," he whispered to me. "My name is Jasper."

I sighed quietly. Now there was no escaping contact with the two idiots who persisted in forcing me into a conversation. "Bella," I replied curtly.

"Bella Swan?" the person to my left asked suddenly.

My head whipped around to see him. He was gorgeous. His bronze hair was messy, like he had climbed out of bed and come straight to class, but it suited him well. His cheekbones were very angular. And his eyes! I could have gotten lost in his deep green eyes for days. They lit up when I looked at him.

"Um, yes," I replied hesitantly. He was gorgeous but I still wasn't sure that I was comfortable giving out that much personal information.

"You are Rosalie's roommate, right?" he questioned.

"Yes I am," I answered, still unsure of the changing situation.

"My name is Edward," he said while extending his hand for me to shake. His green eyes were dancing when I finally placed my own weakly in his. "Very pleased to meet you. Behind you is Jasper," he motioned with his other hand. His right hand still had not released my own.

"I've already introduced myself, thank you," Jasper responded coldly.

I pulled my hand from Edward's and turned around to face Jasper. My breath caught in my throat when I realized that it was the same person that had caught me in the stairwell. He had an amused expression like he had known who I was the entire time. That fact was irritating, but he was too sexy to stay mad at.

"Nice to meet you as well, Jasper," I managed to say without my voice cracking. I lifted my hand to shake his but instead he pulled it to his mouth and lightly kissed

my knuckles. I shivered again before pulling my hand back and turning to face the front of the class again.

Thankfully, the professor had just walked in and was already passing out the syllabus. It was a much needed distraction from the two sexy men next to me that were competing for my attention.

"So," Edward said casually in my ear. "What class is this?"

"You don't know?" I questioned. He shook his head in response.

"American history through film," Jasper answered before I could.

"Film..." Edward mused. "This should be an interesting semester. Don't you think, Bella?"

I looked over to see him lick his lips and wink at me. This was definitely going to be an interesting semester.

A/N Alright, first chapter. This is meant to be a fun, light-hearted story. Hope it meets all of your expectations. And for those of you that followed my other story *Good Housekeeping*, I will probably not be offering previews for the next chapter after a review since I update so often. What I will do is answer any question that you have about the plot or anything else to the best of my ability without ruining the story for you. I will occasionally have teasers when I need a couple days break such as the weekend. So, read, review, and enjoy!



Small World

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JPOV:

I was late getting up that morning. Edward and Emmett were already gone to their first classes of the semester. At least the house was peaceful without Emmett giving me hell about the last girl he caught me looking at as she walked down the street. He's a great guy and a good friend, but he can also be very obnoxious.

The campus was overflowing with students as usual for the first day. It made getting to class on time that much more of a challenge. My first class of the day was in one of the buildings that was rarely used so at least the foot traffic was lighter once I crossed the campus.

I walked behind a beautiful brunette as we both came to the building. She ran through the door and started up the stairs without so much as a glance back over her shoulder. Her legs went on for miles in that little white skirt she had on. I couldn't even find the traces of her panties which was one serious turn on. She skipped up the stairs and eventually her heel tripped her up. Thankfully, I was not far behind her. I reached out quickly nearly losing my own balance as I caught her and steadied her.

When she looked up at me, I was completely lost in her deep, chocolate brown eyes. She blushed just a tiny bit in my arms before pulling herself away. Her hair fluttered around her creamy shoulders as she whipped around.

"Thank you," she said as she hurried up the stairs and down the hall.

I was speechless. She was nearly at the top of the stairs when I finally managed to get out, "any time." Well, that was a stupid response! For a brief moment, I had to think back and remember if I had brushed my teeth or not, what with her having

been so close to me. Once I snapped out of that, I ran up the stairs to see her disappearing into the same class that I was going towards. It must have been my lucky day.

It took me a moment to compose myself and think about how I was going to introduce myself. There was no way that I was letting that sexy little brunette out of that class without at least getting her name. Something about her just drew me in and it wasn't just the fact that had the cutest wiggle in her butt when she ran.

When I finally stepped into the classroom, I scanned the room quickly for her. There she was, just a few rows down from the door, sitting next to Edward of all people. Correction, she was sitting at the far end of her seat while he leaned shamelessly in her direction. I laughed to myself. Edward was the one that had the reputation for being irresistible to the ladies, and here this one was refusing to even look his direction. I sat down right behind her. Edward looked over his shoulder when I did and gave me a quick wave.

"So," I leaned towards him and whispered. "Did you get her name yet?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact her name is back-off-and-find-someone-else-to-flirt-with-Jasper," he replied sarcastically. I stifled my laugh. This girl was getting to him already.

"Has she said anything to you yet?" I persisted.

"No, I was trying to get her attention," he answered.

"She's not interested in you," I teased.

"The hell she isn't. She hasn't even looked at me yet. Who could resist this?" he asked while gesturing over his torso.

I rolled my eyes at him. "Yea sure, that's why she is ignoring you."

"Whatever. Don't you have a class to get to or something?" he asked me in a clearly irritated tone.

"Yep, this one," I answered with my biggest grin.

The brunette in front of me was leaning our direction just a tiny bit. Apparently, she had been eavesdropping on our conversation. That only made me smile. Maybe she was interested in someone, just not Edward the man-whore. It was worth the

risk to find out. After all, I had promised myself that I was not leaving without at least her name.

I leaned forward, my mouth dangerously close to her exposed, creamy shoulder and tapped her lightly. She smelled deliciously of strawberries and sugar. "My name is Jasper," I whispered to her.

Her head turned minutely towards me and she answered, "Bella." Bella. It suits her well. Edward interrupted my day-dreaming.

"Bella Swan?" he nearly choked out. I was immediately filled with jealousy. She could not possibly have been one of his previous flings. He usually went for the leggy, blonde types. I should know; I watched countless ones do the walk of shame over the weekends.

"Um, yes," she answered him warily. Good, she doesn't know who he is which means he hasn't spoiled her perfect body yet.

"You are Rosalie's roommate, right?" he questioned, not at all phased by her reluctance to answer.

"Yes I am," she replied.

"My name is Edward," he said while extending his hand for her to shake which she hesitantly did. "Very pleased to meet you. Behind you is Jasper," he motioned with his other hand, still not releasing his grasp on her own hand.

"I've already introduced myself, thank you," I broke in. I was not about to let him have all the fun with Bella. After all, I had seen her in the stairwell before he had.

The professor had just walked in and busied himself handing out the syllabus then. Bella took that as her cue to resume ignoring us to the best of her ability. She wasn't able to hide her blush though, which was encouraging enough for me. Edward must have had the same idea, else he had been reading my thoughts and spoke before I could.

"So," Edward whispered into her ear, much too close for my personal taste. "What class is this?" What an idiot! Did he really just ask her that? There is no way that he could be that dumb and I doubted if she would go for someone that ignorant of his own class schedule.

"You don't know?" she asked him incredulously. As I suspected, she was not

impressed.

"American history through film," I answered.

"Film..." Edward mused. "This should be an interesting semester. Don't you think, Bella?" She blushed and moved to the far edge of her seat.

Part of me wanted to physically separate the two of them. I couldn't stand seeing him that close to her. Although, I had no idea why I was suddenly so possessive of her. We had barely even spoke and already I was jealous of Edward flirting with Bella. That had never happened to me before. Instead of fighting it, I decided to just flow and keep casual conversation with Bella. At least Edward was going to have a little competition trying to seduce her.

"Bella?" I asked, leaning into her tantalizing shoulder again.

"Yes, Jasper?" her breath caught before she whispered my name. I was hoping against hope that that meant she was feeling something for me even in a fraction of what I was feeling for her.

"What are you doing this evening?"

"My roommates and I... have plans," she answered somewhat mysteriously.

I sat back in my chair and glanced at Edward. He was busy scribbling furiously on a piece of paper. He handed it and scratched his cheek with his middle finger. I laughed to myself as I read the paper.

Seriously? Did you not see me trying to flirt? Back off and stop blocking. You aren't being the best wingman right now.

I had to hold in a laugh. Did he really think that I was going to sit back and be his wingman on this one? If he did then he was dumber than all the dumb blondes he brought home. I quickly wrote out a reply.

Did you really think that I was going to sit back and let you have all the fun? What's the matter Eddie, afraid of a little competition?

I slipped the paper back over his shoulder. Even watching the back of his head, I could see his eyes widen when he read the last part.

"Now, now boys," Bella said suddenly. "You two aren't supposed to be passing love

letters around in class." She shook her finger at us both.

I had to cover my mouth to keep from laughing. Edward did not seem to be as amused by her playful scolding as I was. Bella blew him a kiss then looked back to wink at me. She was good, I have to admit it.

The professor looked up in our direction with a disapproving look. He seemed to have already made up his mind about us as being the trouble-makers for the semester. With a resigned sigh, I sat back and was on good behavior for the rest of the lecture. Even Edward was polite enough to not hover over Bella until the class was finally dismissed.

As we stood to leave, I reached over and grabbed Bella's books quickly, not giving her the chance to protest. I did not have another class for a few hours so there was no risk of being late to anything. At least I could walk her to her next class and have a few minutes alone with her. She eyed me suspiciously as I offered her my arm to guide her out of the row and out the door.

"I am perfectly capable of carrying my own books," she protested. She put her hands on her hips and glared at me. I'm sure that she thought that it was intimidating, but to be honest, she was just too cute when she was angry.

"Now what kind of gentleman would I be if I did not carry your books for you and walk you safely to wherever you need to be?" I asked her sweetly.

"The kind that had a life," Edward said while rolling his eyes.

Bella laughed. It was a sweet, musical laugh. She placed her hand on my extended arm and allowed me to lead her out to the hallway.

"Why thank you sir," she said with a giggle and small curtsy.

"Happy to oblige, miss," I answered her with a smile.

Edward was staring straight at her butt as she curtsied. I was quick to place my hand on the small of her back and guide her away from his penetrating gaze.

"You know, Edward, it's not polite to undress someone with your eyes in a public place," I snapped at him. I winked at Bella then added, "at least not without their permission."

"I wasn't..." he started to argue before Bella cut him off with a finger on his lips.

"Either of you are welcome to envision me naked and doing horrible, nasty things to you with my body." Her finger trailed down his mouth and neck to his chest. She stepped back and placed a finger seductively in her mouth, twirling her tongue around the tip of it. I was growing hard watching her tease us. "Just remember," she purred seductively, "that those thoughts stay in your head. Don't expect me to do anything about them." With that, she turned on her heel to walk away. We were left hard, and in shock.

"Are you coming, Jasper?" Oh, she had to have known the double entendre of that phrase after her little display. She really is a feisty little vixen.

I slapped Edward on the back as I took off after her. "May the best man win!"

After I caught up with her, she flashed me a mischievous smile. She definitely knew what she was doing. She had played us both, and played us well.

"Are you going to tell me what your plans are this evening?" I asked again.

"I could, but where is the fun in that?" Her eyes twinkled with her amusement at our new game.

"If I guess correctly will you at least tell me?" I asked.

"Fair enough," she answered.

"Class?"

"No."

"Work?"

"No."

"A party?"

She skipped a step before catching herself. "I guess I should have known that it was an easy thing to figure out," she reasoned with herself more than with me.

"Where at?" I asked her. There was no way that I was going to pass up the opportunity to spend more time with her.

"My place," she said while shrugging her shoulders. Her eyes lit up again. "Now, if

you can guess where that is, there might be something special in it for you."

We stopped in front of her next class then. "A challenge?" I raised my eyebrow at her with a smirk. She really was too cute for her own good, and challenging me to find her, well, I was willing to take her up on that.

"When I found out where it is, I want a guarantee that I get a reward."

I placed my hand on the wall next to her shoulder, blocking her from escaping me. I leaned in close to her. Her breath quickened and blush spread across her face and chest. Just as quickly as it came, she regained her composure and it began to fade away. She placed her hands around my neck and pulled me down towards her face.

"If you figure it out, I'll have something waiting for you." She pushed me back and grabbed her books from my arm before running through the door to her class. I groaned in frustration. Bella had way too much pull over me and I didn't even want to fight it.

It was a long day of classes. Every time I saw a brunette I instinctively craned my neck to see if it was Bella. Of course, I was not so lucky. Instead, I had to casually dismiss each of them as they giggled and started flirting with me when they noticed how closely I had been watching them. If only they knew I could care less about any other girl in the world except Bella now.

When I got home late that afternoon, Edward was on the sofa with a book while Emmett carried on a one-sided conversation in between bites of cold spaghetti. I will say one thing about Emmett, the boy can eat. Taking a guess, I would say that he consumes half of the food in our home, if not more.

"Em, you are such an animal," I remarked sarcastically. He grinned widely with his mouth full of food. "A disgusting animal," I added.

"I am a big teddy bear. The girls love me!" he replied as he shoveled another bite into his mouth.

Edward closed his book and peeked at his watch. He stood up and started pacing the length of the sofa. It was then that I noticed he had changed his clothes from this morning. He had put on black slacks and a black, long-sleeved button down with white pinstripes.

"Going somewhere?" I asked nonchalantly.

"My cousin is having a back to school party that I thought I would attend," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders.

My ears perked up at the mention of party. "Would you mind if I tagged along?"

He narrowed his eyes at me then looked over at Emmett who was waiting eagerly for his reply. "Sure, why not?"

"Alright! Party tonight!" Emmett exclaimed. I guess he planned to join us then.

Emmett and I quickly showered and dressed. After seeing Edward dressed up, I figured that I would need to step up my game. I settled on a pair of khakis and a bright blue button-up. My mom had bought it for me one Christmas and told me in not so few words that it complimented my eyes. I shrugged as I grabbed it off the hanger; it was just a shirt. Emmett came out in khakis and a very tight red polo shirt shortly after.

Edward opted to drive us since he knew where we were going. It wasn't a long drive from our place to the party. I had never realized that he had a cousin in the area, particularly one this nearby. As much as I wanted to harass him for it, I decided not to.

"Hey Edward!" Emmett bellowed from the backseat. "What's your cousin's name? And why have we never met him before?" Well, Emmett solved that problem for me. Leave it to him to ask about the elephant in the room.

"*Her* name is Rosalie, and you have never met her before because you eat like a pig. I would hate for her to be disgusted by your eating habits and run screaming in the opposite direction," he retorted quickly.

I laughed. Emmett snorted in the backseat. He did not think it was as amusing as I did. Edward grinned at me and pulled into a drive-way then.

We piled out of the car and walked up to the door. It was a nice home. It was yellow and had a variety of flowers planted along the sidewalk. This was definitely inhabited by females.

Edward knocked on the door and was greeted swiftly by a tiny girl with black, spiky hair. She was dressed to impress in her bright red spaghetti strap dress. It had a long slit up the left leg, which was deliberately extended in the doorway. The silver heels on her tiny feet made her a good six inches taller than she was. She looked us over and smiled widely. "Rosalie!" she yelled back into the house while waving us in.

"Your cousin is here and he brought his entourage."

"I'll be down in a minute!" she yelled back. "Bella is fighting me on the dress."

Bella. Rosalie. It all clicked. Edward knew Bella's name in class because she was Rosalie's roommate and he was Rosalie's cousin. The sneaky cheat was trying to pull a fast one to see Bella without me knowing. I glanced at him as he smirked to himself.

"Wait right here," Alice motioned us to the sofa as she dashed upstairs impossibly fast in the shoes she was wearing.

Rosalie came down a minute later. We could hear shrieks coming from the second floor. I wondered who was winning, Bella or the tiny one, Alice. I would put my money on Alice, she just had that look in her eye.

"Hey guys!" she greeted us.

She was wearing a black leather mini skirt with a gold sequined shirt that draped over one shoulder, leaving the other exposed. Her blonde hair was swept back with just a few strands around her face. Just like Alice, she had on ridiculously tall heels, but hers were black peep-toes.

"Goldilocks!" Emmett exclaimed with a wide grin.

Edward and I looked at each other with a confused expression. Rosalie just blew him a kiss and walked away.

"Do you mind explaining that?" Edward asked.

"She was in my chemistry class this morning," he replied as he walked after her.

We sat down for a few more minutes before Alice came skipping down the stairs. "Hey guys," she said to get our attention. "My friend is coming down in just a minute and she is really self-conscious right now," she giggled as she said it. Yes, Alice won the fight as predicted. "Just try not to stare at her, okay?"

Edward and I shook our heads in agreement. Of course, that was before Bella came into view at the top of the stairs. I can't speak for Edward, but my eyes never left her, and I'm sure he was the same way.

Bella was wearing a short, strapless, dark green dress. There was a large black

bow tied at the waist. She was also wearing a very sexy pair of black heels. Her hair was slightly curled and bouncing lightly at her shoulders.

She looked directly at us and blushed. "Jasper! Edward! What are you two doing here?"

"Rosalie invited me and he tagged along," Edward told her while motioning towards me.

I gave him a playful nudge. "You are the one that challenged me to figure out where you would be tonight." I winked at her and she blushed an ever deeper shade of red. "Where is my prize?"

A/N Alright, so this wasn't exactly the party scene that I told you guys I would have coming in this chapter. But I figured I would give you a bit more background and replay the class scene from Jasper's POV. I'll have a new update after the weekend. Thanks for reading!



Drinking Games

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward, they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

BPOV:

His prize? That's right, I had promised him something special hadn't I. Good thing I was prepared in case he had somehow, although highly unlikely, figured out where the party was tonight. I would deal with how he figured that out later. For now, I had to go and retrieve his "prize." I giggled to myself as I ran clumsily back to my room. He was about to be severely disappointed that he wasted all the energy trying to find me over this. Maybe that would teach him to not steal my books and try to walk me to class.

I tucked his prize in my hand and walked out of the room slowly, making sure that I closed the door securely behind me. There was no way that I was going to allow a repeat of our last party when Rosalie made out with her ex on my bed. My bed! As if she didn't have her own private room to soil with her bare behind. The memory alone irritated me and I had to shake my head to snap myself out of it. After all, there was one sexy piece of man-candy waiting for a prize from me at the bottom of the stairs.

I walked back down the stairs slowly. Part of it was deliberate to watch the anticipation on Jasper's face and the annoyance and jealousy on Edward's. Mostly it was because I was afraid of tripping for the second time in one day in the walking death-traps that Alice insisted I wear. One day I was going to find a way to get her back for the ridiculous things she forced me to wear.

Neither Jasper nor Edward took their eyes off me while made my way down the stairs. It was making me feel just a little self-conscious. Eager to take some of the attention off me I turned to Jasper.

"So, eager for your prize are you?" I asked him with as much of a sexy tone as I

could. I was sure that it came off forced, but the effect was not lost on him.

"Damn straight!" he exclaimed before reeling himself in. "I told you not to challenge me. Time for you to pay up little lady."

Edward scowled at him briefly before turning his attentions back on me. He slipped an arm casually around my waist, drawing me to him. I looked up to see him looking straight past me and smirking at Jasper. I smiled widely to myself, these boys were jealous, and far from hiding it.

"Edward, dear, I'm going to need you to release me for a minute," I told him sweetly, batting my eyelashes as I did. He raised his eyebrow at me then thought about what I said and released me reluctantly.

"Now, Jasper, I will need you to close your eyes and hold very still," I instructed. I moved closer to him, pressing my body to his. "Don't move," I whispered against his chest.

I pulled my hand from my side and opened it. Inside was a large gold star sticker. I peeled off the backing and studied his face before applying it to his forehead. Edward began laughing behind me as I stepped back to admire my handiwork. He pulled me back against him again as Jasper opened his puzzled eyes.

"What was that?" he asked while reaching up to his forehead. I hid my grin behind my hand. "A gold star?" he questioned with an irritated tone. "That's all I get?"

"You were the one that failed to specify what kind of prize you would demand," I replied.

Edward spun me around to face him. "I'm going to have to watch what I say around you, aren't I?"

I nodded in response before peeling his hands from my hips and walking into the kitchen to join Alice and Rosalie. Rosalie was sitting on the counter talking to the same guy from our chemistry class earlier in the morning.

"Hey you two!" I greeted them. I scowled at Alice. She giggled and pulled me into a tight hug.

"You know you love me, Bella!" she exclaimed.

"Sadly, yes, and I am still not sure why." I turned to Rosalie. "So who is your new

friend?"

"Emmett," he said while extending his hand.

"Yes, Emmett, of course," I answered while lightly smacking my forehead with my palm.

"You two have met?" Jasper asked behind me, gently grasping my hand and pulling me towards him.

"I have chemistry with him and Rosalie," I explained. Curiosity got the better of me then. "How do you two know each other?"

"We are half-brothers, and roommates with Edward," he answered.

As if on cue, Edward sauntered up to my other side and grabbed my other hand. I was in a literal tug-of-war between the two sexiest men I had ever met and clueless as to how to react. Alice looked over my predicament, let out an excited squeak and whispered something to Rosalie. She finally looked up from her trance on Emmett to see me caught between the two, unsure of what to do. Alice and Rosalie exchanged a devilish smile with each other. They were beginning to make me nervous. Finally, Alice walked over and slapped both of their hands away from mine before dragging me off to the other side of the counter.

"Stay right where you are, both of you!" she commanded.

Alice pranced back over to Rosalie and the two of them continued whispering and snickering for a minute while glancing at me. As if the look between Rosalie and Alice wasn't enough, now they were scheming, about me!

"We're going to play a game!" Alice announced.

"What if I don't want to play?" I questioned her with a scowl.

"Too bad, I didn't ask. Go and sit there," she motioned towards the kitchen table. "Edward, Jasper, both of you to the table as well. You too, Rosalie, and you might as well drag Emmett with you. We've got some time to kill before everyone else shows up."

"What's the game?" Edward asked while sliding into the chair next to me.

"Truth or dare," she announced cheerfully. "Here's the twist, you can either accept

your truth question or your dare *or* you can take a shot," she said smiling while holding up a bottle of tequila.

"Alice!" I began to protest.

"I don't want to hear it! This is a party and I am going to have some fun. Besides," she winked at me, "I'm sure these two wouldn't mind if you were drunk and less inhibited."

Edward and Jasper both sat up straight in their chairs and grinned widely. They must have realized that I was reluctant to play and would likely be taking quite a few shots tonight. Their chances of having their wicked ways with me were drastically improving, no thanks to that scheming pixie that I was now ashamed to call my best friend.

"Who's first?" Jasper asked.

"The floor is yours," Alice replied while giggling.

"Bella, truth or date?" he asked with a mischievous grin.

"Of course you had to pick on me," I scowled. "Dare."

"I dare you to kiss me."

I leaned over across the table. His eyes bulged just a little, either at my bravery or at the full sight of cleavage now exposed to him. I quickly kissed his cheek and sat back down.

"That wasn't the kind of kiss I wanted," he said with an irritated tone.

"You never specified," I replied with a wink. Everyone else at the table began laughing. Now it was my turn.

"Rosalie, truth or dare?"

"Dare, definitely!" she answered without hesitation.

"I dare you to end this game." She shot me a warning glance before picking up a shot glass and downing the alcohol. Technically, that was a win-win for me. Either the game would end or someone else was going to get drunk before me.

"Bella," she turned to me. "Truth or dare?"

"What? Is this pick on Bella night? Did I miss the memo?" Everyone at the table began laughing again as I crossed my arms in frustration. "Truth." Now that they had figured out be specific with their dare instructions I wasn't about to run that risk.

"How many sexual partners have you had?" She smirked at me. Usually she would have asked 'how many men have you slept with?' but she knew I would claim that I had never slept with any 'men.' What she didn't realize was that I was actually a virgin. Rosalie and I had not known each other that long and the conversation had never come up.

Edward and Jasper both leaned towards me in their chairs, eager for my response. I wasn't ashamed of the fact that I was in college and still a virgin. But I would be damned if I told them this way. Instead, I picked up the tequila and poured myself a shot. The liquid burned as it made its way down my throat. Jasper looked at me with an amused expression. Edward sat back and placed his hand on my knee under the table and winked at me.

"Jasper, truth or dare?"

"Truth," he answered calmly, never taking his smoldering eyes off me.

"How did you know where I was tonight?"

Edward coughed out a laugh, distracting me. Jasper's lips turned up into a sexy smirk. "Actually, I was starting to get very frustrated. Edward was already dressed to go to a party so I invited myself, hoping that I would get it right."

Edward! That was why he had asked if I was Rosalie's roommate. He knew Rosalie and naturally knew the names of her roommates. The sneaky little boy. I would have to keep my eyes on that one, he might be trouble.

"Edward, truth or dare?" Jasper asked, continuing the game.

Edward looked up at him suspiciously. "Dare."

"I dare you to kiss Alice," he said, "with tongue."

Alice's eyes lit up in anticipation. Edward looked over at her, appraising her, then looked over at me, and finally let his deadly gaze rest on Jasper who was now

smirking. "No offense," he muttered as he picked up the bottle and poured his own shot of tequila. Alice crossed her arms and huffed in frustration.

"Emmett, truth or dare?"

"Do you even have to ask? Dare!" Emmett said with a laugh.

He sat in deep thought for a moment. His dazzling green eyes sparked to life when he thought of the perfect dare. "I dare you to tell every woman that walks in here tonight that you wear pink underwear."

Emmett grimaced as Edward and Jasper laughed at their own inside joke. Emmett poured himself a shot of tequila and chugged it down.

"Alice? Truth or dare?"

"Truth," she responded enthusiastically.

"Do you know how many thongs Rosalie owns? And if so, how many?" he grinned widely as Rosalie slapped his rippling bicep.

Alice sat back in her chair counting on her fingers. "She has five regular day thongs and four special occasion thongs," she replied triumphantly while sticking her tongue out at Rosalie.

"What the hell?" Rosalie yelled at her. "You snoop in my panty drawer!"

"No!" Alice said defensively. "I do the laundry Miss Priss!" She looked over at me with a smirk again. No, not me again! "Jasper," she called out, turning her head sharply towards him. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you to ignore every other woman at the party tonight except for Bella." She looked over and winked at me when I began to blush.

Jasper smiled widely at me, exposing his perfect, white teeth. "With pleasure," he answered her.

He turned his attention sharply to Edward. "Eddie boy, truth or dare?"

Edward glared at him. No sense of humor over nicknames apparently. "Dare."

Jasper grinned deviously and Edward's expression visibly tensed. "I dare you to spend the rest of the evening flirting with the next person to walk through the front door."

Edward was silent in deep contemplation for a moment. Things were becoming rather tense around the table very quickly. His lips twitched up slightly as he turned to me. "Any chance that you need to go outside quickly and come right back in?"

Oh, my! Edward was trying to ensure that I was the person that he spent the rest of the night flirting with. Wasn't Jasper already assigned this task? Class was already frustrating enough, albeit entertaining. How much worse could a few hours be? Besides, alcohol would be involved so this could be interesting. I glanced up at Jasper who appeared to be nervous and a little irritated with Edward's manipulation of the dare. Oh yes, this could be very interesting.

"You know? I think that I forgot to bring in the newspaper today," I said sweetly while excusing myself from the table.

As I walked out the door, I could hear Emmett howling in laughter from inside. I walked down the sidewalk to the edge of the driveway to grab the newspaper. Some of our first guests were arriving then. I squinted in the twilight to see them. Tyler Crowley and Jessica Stanley got out of the car and came rushing over to give me a hug. A wicked idea popped into my mind then.

"Hey, Tyler?" I asked casually. "Do you mind going on in? I need to talk to Jessica for a minute."

He nodded and let himself in. Jessica raised her eyebrow at me but I merely held up a hand, signaling for her to wait. The eruption of laughter that followed only a few seconds after Tyler entered was priceless.

"There was a bet that a guy was supposed to flirt shamelessly with the next person to walk through the front door," I answered Jessica's curious stare. She broke into laughter as we linked arms and walked inside. Jessica and Tyler had been dating since high school and were now engaged. It was a welcome relief from Tyler's shameless attempts to persuade me to date him.

"Should I be jealous?" she asked.

"Definitely," I answered. "Even if he is straight, get a few drinks in Tyler and he may start looking pretty good," I teased. She giggled at my response.

We let ourselves in. Jasper was waiting for me at the door. Edward was sulking in the back of the kitchen. Jasper slinked his arm around my waist and gingerly pulled me towards him.

"He is trying to convince Alice to bend the rules and let him just take a shot of tequila instead of manning up and taking his dare," he whispered in my ear.

His warm breath gave me chills. It felt so good to be close to him, so right. His arms were perfectly muscular and wrapped in them I felt very secure. At that moment I had no desire to be at the party, I was much more interested in spending some quality time alone with Jasper, this sexy man that was required to spend an evening paying attention to just me.

Hmm... he was required. Then again, he could have just taken a shot of tequila. Maybe he was just trying to be polite and spare my feelings. Then again, he had insisted on walking me to class this morning. My internal debate was getting me nowhere.

"This ought to be an interestin' evenin'," Jasper commented. It wasn't until then that I noticed the thickness of his Southern drawl, it was incredibly appealing, and sexy.

"Mmhmm," I agreed. "I do believe that Edward is jealous of you." I placed my arm over his on my waist.

"Damn straight. I get to spend the evening with the sexiest woman in this place and he has to make friendly talk with that pretty boy," he said while gesturing towards Tyler.

I sighed and relaxed into him. I could get lost in that accent of his. "I hate parties," I muttered, mostly to myself.

"Then why don't you and I get outta here?" he suggested. My heart began skipping beats within my chest. Did he really want to be alone with me as well?

"No funny business, mister!" I said while turning and jabbing my finger into his chest.

He smirked down at me and placed a light kiss on my forehead. "Wouldn't dream of it, Bella."

He took my hand and led me out of the house. I had no idea where we were going,

but, to be honest, I couldn't care less. I was going to spend the evening alone with Jasper; that fact alone was enough to tempt me to follow him anywhere.

A/N Hey everyone! Thanks again for reading. If you get the chance, check out *I Never Knew* and *Redeem Your Benevolence* by GothicAtHeart. The first is another Jasper/Bella with some potential, the second is a Jasper and OC (other character) story. Lots of Jasper love!



Ditching

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JPOV:

My evening with Bella was just what I had hoped for, bliss. We spent the entire night talking about our lives, our dreams, and everything else in between. We had slipped out, undetected by her friend Alice, and sat in Edward's car for nearly three hours alone before anyone else stumbled out of the party. I had no intention of ever letting her go, especially not when we were getting along so well and without company, but I let her disappear back into the house before Edward could find us alone. I couldn't even imagine what plan of attack he would go with if he knew that we were all alone all evening.

The next day passed fairly uneventful. Edward and Emmett were both too hung-over to be decent company. It had completely slipped my mind to ask Bella for her phone number so I couldn't even call her. By the next day I was anxious to get to campus; Bella and I had class again and I was desperate to see her.

As soon as I walked into class, I spotted Bella. She was in the same seat she had occupied two days prior. Unfortunately, Edward was already seated right next to her, the same place he had been two days ago as well. My heart sunk in my chest and I stopped dead in my tracks.

Bella must have felt my stare. She turned around and smiled warmly at me before motioning for me to join them. I dutifully took my place directly behind her. Really, I wanted to be much closer, but, at the moment, I was more concerned with keeping a close eye on Edward. Besides, I could always steal her books and walk her to class again for some alone time.

"Good morning, beautiful," I greeted her as I sat down.

"Good morning, Jasper," she replied with a content sigh.

Edward glared at me from the corner of his eye. I knew that he suspected I had spent the other night with Bella, but he still had no proof. Not that I wanted to hide the fact that I was with Bella, quite the contrary. I did, however, worry that if he knew he would find a way to spend time alone with her as well, and I definitely did not want that. Bella already owned me, and I would be damned if I let anyone else have her now.

"Hey, Bella?" Edward asked while leaning into her. "I was wondering if you would mind helping me study for this class? History isn't a strong subject for me."

I tensed. I knew that he would be making a pass at her and I suspected that he would do it in front of me. That did not mean that I was prepared to hear it.

Bella looked at him curiously. "Why don't you just study with Jasper?" I held back my amusement at her refusal. "He is the history major, not me."

Oh no, not good. He glared back at me. I suppose that I should have been nervous about him figuring things out, but I was still too amused that he had just been refused time alone with Bella for the second time in as many days.

Bella perked up in her chair then. She ripped a page from her notebook and scribbled out something before handing it to Edward. He read it over then smirked to himself before writing his response and slipping it back into her hand. She opened the note to read it.

I tried to lean over her shoulder to read it but she held it up against her chest until I leaned back defeated in my seat. I knew that I had no claim over Bella, but I was definitely not pleased that she was passing notes with Edward in class. Even less happy that I had to witness it. At least I had been gentleman enough to not overtly flirt with Bella in front of Edward. He should have had the decency to do the same. If that's how he wanted to play the game, then so be it.

She wrote out another note and passed it to Edward. As soon as the paper left her hand, I leaned over her shoulder, my lips dangerously close to her exposed neck. "Passing love notes in class, Bella?"

She looked back at me with a smirk. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

I slumped back into my seat again while Edward stifled his laugh. Bella and I had just spent an entire evening sharing everything, now she was in front of me and

keeping secrets while flirting with Edward. Of all people, she chooses to pay attention to the one man that is only interested in her because he knows that I want her. Well, to be fair, any man in his right mind would be completely drawn to Bella. She was beautiful, smart, witty, and completely charming. Edward, though, was attracted to the physical portion of Bella, not to the woman that hid beneath.

He would never know her the way that I did. Bella and I had connected the night of the party. Connected. That gave me a wicked idea. Bella had been positively speechless when I touched her; the electricity between us was, shocking, for lack of a better word. Perhaps, if I touched her again it would have the same effect and she would be oblivious to Edward's advances.

I leaned into her again, my breath hot against her neck. A few stray strands of hair had fallen loose from the messy bun in her hair so I gently brushed them back for her. As expected, her skin rose into tiny goosebumps. I scooted closer to her in the chair while using both hands to massage her shoulders gently. She relaxed immediately, putty in my skillful hands. Touching her was driving me wild. I kept inching closer, needing to feel the electricity in the air between us, wanting to feel her under my fingertips. I scooted forward again only to be met with the edge of seat and fell straight to the floor.

Bella and Edward whipped around in their seats to see me collapsed on the floor and hanging my head in shame. I chanced a peak at their expressions. Bella was covering her mouth but her eyes were dancing in laughter. Edward had already placed his arm around her back and was chuckling while shaking his head.

I mouthed 'ass' to him. He mouthed 'loser' back at me before coaxing Bella to turn to face the front of the room again. I sulked back into my seat, not even paying attention to the lecture. I supposed I would have to get Bella's notes later, what a shame.

When the professor dismissed the class, I jumped up from my seat. I reached forward for Bella's books. She saw me out of the corner of her eye and swiped them from my reach quickly. I leaned over her seat to grab them and she slapped my hand away.

"If you want to walk me to class you will have to ask, but I won't allow you to steal my belongings again," she said in a teasing tone.

If I had learned anything from my night with Bella, it was that she was a remarkably independent woman. She prided herself on that fact. I should have known better so I took her offering as my cue.

"May I walk you to your next class, beautiful?"

She pursed her lips and grinned from the corner of her mouth while she contemplated. The wait was killing me. "On one condition," she replied.

"Anything!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"Give Edward's cute little bottom a squeeze," she said with the most innocent smile.

My eyes bulged as Edward shouted, "why me?"

"Oh don't play coy," Bella said turning to him. "I thought that you enjoyed paying attention to Mike all night," she winked at him.

Edward sidled up to her side. "I can show you what I would like to pay attention to," he told her.

My jealousy was flaring up uncontrollably again. I did the only thing I could to break his contact from her; I reached around and squeezed his buttocks firmly. He yelped as he backed away. Bella giggled and waved over her shoulder at Edward as I led her out of the class. I faintly heard him yell "cheater" as we walked out the door.

"I admit, I didn't think that you would go for that," Bella giggled.

"I'm secure enough with myself," I told her confidently with a smug smile. "I'd do anything for you."

She paused mid-stride. "Anything?" she asked.

I caught myself before answering. The last time I promised her anything I had to grab Edward's nasty ass. "*Almost* anything," I corrected.

She sighed away her amusement. She was trying to appear irritated but she was far from, just plain cute actually. "I was only going to ask you to ditch with me for an early lunch," she said with a shrug. "But since you won't do anything..."

"I would love to take you to lunch," I interrupted.

She narrowed her eyes at me. "You aren't going to pay for me," she stated with her hand on her hip.

"Whatever you say," I whispered to her.

I gently took her hand from her hip and raised it to my lips, placing a gentle kiss on the top. She blushed the most adorable shade of pink. Before she could change her mind, I quickly whisked her off towards the parking lot to go to our early lunch.

She decided that she was in the mood for something light so we stopped at a local sub shop and deli. Bella ordered the grilled chicken Caesar salad while I gorged my manly appetite with a pastrami sub with all the fixin's and a small bowl of broccoli and cheddar soup. She eyed my food with playful disgust while I teased her for eating rabbit food.

"When did you turn rebel?" I asked her with a grin.

"When I met this sexy man in class that wouldn't stop flirting with me. Actually, I was hoping that I could get his phone number, maybe you could help me with that?"

Was she serious? "I do believe that I can be of assistance. Give me your phone and I will program it in for you," I offered. I thought it over for a second then added, "how about you add your number to my phone as well, just so that we are fair."

Her eyes glittered in the light when she smiled. She handed me her phone and I placed mine in her waiting palm. "Do you regularly give out Edward's number to the first girl that asks?"

I looked up then, unsure if she was serious. She had that same mischievous grin on her face. This could go either way. I had already programmed my number and address into her phone so I decided to go on and add Edward's number as well.

"No, normally he wants to see his lady for a few hours a night and never speak with her again. It would be a complete shock to have one calling him," I admitted.

She seemed intrigued with that information. I could almost hear the gears turning in her mind while she concocted her next plan. This woman was definitely one to watch out for. Her mind never stopped working, and while I loved that about her, it could quickly be a dangerous thing if she were feeling mischievous.

"So," she began slowly. "If I were to call him at say two in the morning...?"

I laughed whole-heartedly. As expected, she was forming a plan of attack. "He either won't answer or will be the crabbiest person you have ever talked with at that hour."

She wrinkled her nose at that. "You haven't called Alice at two then," she said with a small giggle. "By the way, learn from my mistake, it's not worth interrupting her 'beauty sleep'," she said with air quotation marks and rolling her eyes.

"Good thing that you don't need beauty sleep, gorgeous," I winked at her.

She blushed again but smiled nonetheless. "I'm not that kind of girl."

"You're not that kind of *woman*," I corrected.

Her blush deepened a shade. This was almost too fun. Just the smallest compliment made her blush, it gave away her thoughts and feelings. If I could make her blush then I could tell how she felt about me. I decided to push my luck a little farther.

"So do you always offer to ditch class with the first guy that offers to carry your books and walk you to class?"

She raised her eyebrow at me. She paused for a minute so I began to sip nonchalantly at my soup. "No, I usually wait for the first guy that asks me screw him in the library," she said with a subdued smirk.

I sputtered soup out of my mouth, drenching her white shirt with yellow spots. "Gross!" she said while wrinkling her nose again. "Alice is going to kill me, this was her shirt that I borrowed."

"Why don't we swing by my place and get it washed before she sees it then?" I offered.

She quickly agreed. Apparently, the thought of being topless in a man's home was less frightening than facing her tiny pixie friend with a dirty blouse. Either way, she was going to be alone with me in my home. That thought made me feel a little smug. I was monopolizing all of her free time leaving little room for Edward, and I did not feel the least bit guilty.

A/N Hope you loved the chapter. Review and tell me what you think, what you would like to see in the next chapters. When you have a moment, go read *Things That End by Britt-a-water*, it is a total must read J/B.



Good Morning, Sunshine

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BPOV:

A few hours and one stain free shirt later I left Jasper. It was an innocent enough afternoon. We spent the majority of it attempting to throw popcorn in one another's mouths and missing horribly while watching *Bridget Jones' Diary*. I was completely relating to Bridget Jones at that moment. Jasper was the dashing and charming Mark Darcy and Edward was my overly flirtatious and eager-to-please Daniel Cleaver.

Even though I felt so warm and open around Jasper, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being drawn to him too quickly. I suppose that was what prompted me to think about Edward once I got back home. Jasper made me feel wanted, but Edward made me feel sexy. As much as I appreciated Jasper's proper gentleman ways, I needed to feel wanted in more than one way. I needed to get down from the pedestal that he seemed to have placed me on, without my permission may I add.

With that plan in mind, I laid down for a nap. I was going to need it if I was going to be up in the middle of the night on the phone. Unless, of course, Edward refused to talk to me. That would merely confirm my suspicions that there were more attractive women in the world, even living under the same roof as me, and that I alone was not enough to tempt men.

Jasper was wonderful. He was caring and considerate and made me feel like a lady. He carried my books, held open doors, even bought my lunch after much protest. He treated me much better than any man ever has, he was a true gentleman. Correction, he was a sexy southern gentleman. Still, I couldn't shake the feeling that he was only doing those things out of politeness towards me instead of genuine attraction. We had already spent an entire evening alone in a car talking, just talking. A little flirting but just talking. Then, I ditch class with him and go to

lunch then back to his place to watch a movie and hang out, nothing more. Would it really kill him to hold my hand or give me a hug? Maybe if I were sure that he was attracted to me I could work up the nerve to kiss him first instead of waiting for his biological alarm clock to kick in and decide to alert his hormones to the fact that I was waiting.

The alarm buzzed abruptly at 1:45 a.m. I slammed my hand into it quickly before it could wake anyone else. Perhaps I used a little too much force because my hand was now throbbing in a way that suggested it was going to bruise. I had set the alarm early to build my nerve before calling Edward. Really, I should not have been so nervous. I could easily pass the call off as a badly timed practical joke if he didn't take my bait.

I flipped on the small lamp on my nightstand. The light was dim enough that it didn't hurt to look at after just waking up in the dark. That's good, one less thing to worry about since I was nervous already. I honestly shouldn't be, this is just a joke. I would call Edward at two in the morning and see what kind of sense of humor he had. If he couldn't take a joke then I had no reason to give him a second thought. If he could take a joke, however, then this evening, well morning, conversation might have some interesting results.

Internal battles with myself were not my strong suit. I always lost, go figure. If I gave in to my insecurities then I was weak. On the other hand, if I took a risk I was most likely going to be shot down and face serious humiliation. Ugh! What was I waiting for? It's just a simple phone call, he probably wouldn't pick up anyway.

One ring. See? He didn't even answer, he is sound asleep. It is 2 in the freaking morning. Who answers their phone for a stranger at 2 in the morning?

Two rings. Still no answer. Like I said, 2 a.m. Not going to answer. Not a chance.

Three rings. No answer. I smiled feeling a little relieved. He isn't going to answer. I should just hang up before it's get to his voicemail. Yes, I'm going to...

"Bella?" his hoarse voice interrupted my internal ramblings. He had been sleeping, then again I knew that. Wait, he knew it was me calling?

"Good morning sunshine!" I answered back cheerfully. I could afford a minute of pleasantries before asking how he knew it was me.

There was a shuffling in the background and he groaned into the phone. "Somebody better be dying for you to call me at two in the morning," he mumbled

crankily.

I smiled to myself, he didn't have a sense of humor. "I was dying," I paused for dramatic effect. His end was dead silent. "I was dying to talk to you," I qualified to break the silence.

"Oh," was his brilliant response.

"Anyway, I just thought I would give you a fun little wake up call in the wee hours of the morning. Back to bed, sleepyhead," I continued dismissively.

"No, wait!" Edward called into the phone. "I'm sorry I just wasn't expecting to hear from you. Especially not at this hour," he chuckled into the phone.

I scowled. "Glad to be of your amusement services."

"Oh don't take it like that. Besides, you were the one that woke me up," he said. I could practically see him raising his eyebrow with a smirk on his perfect face.

"Alright, I'm sorry. I just thought that I would have a little fun at your expense. Go get your beauty rest," I replied.

"No, no!" he exclaimed again. "You're obviously awake at two." Not exactly. "And now I am as well. Let's talk," he offered.

"How did you know it was me calling?" I asked him.

"Your name flashed on the caller ID of my phone," he replied as if it were obvious.

"I thought that his was your cell phone?"

"It is. Wait, how did your name and number get into my phone?" He asked that more to himself than to me and we both laughed in response.

"Maybe Jasper was doing you a favor. I mentioned to him that I wanted to see how you handled wake up calls at two in the morning," I replied after my laughter subsided.

"I doubt it," he muttered quietly. "So, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

"What pleasure?" I snickered. I wasn't about to take the bait just yet.

"Talking to you, of course," he replied innocently. "You never seem to have any time for me. I just figured that you weren't interested."

"That I wasn't interested?" Oh, now I feel guilty. "I'm beyond flattered that you take the time to flirt with me. Jasper is just more skillful at manipulating my free time."

"He's skillful at manipulating you, huh?" he chuckled into the phone.

I guess I walked right into that one. Time for some damage control.

"Don't act so innocent. You seem quite capable of manipulating my desires in class. What's with all that leaning over and 'accidental' arm brushes?" I questioned in my most authoritative voice.

"Who said it was accidental?" he answered in that same innocent tone. That was really starting to irk me. "There is nothing wrong with flirting with the hottest girl in the room."

"As long as she isn't already taken," I countered.

"Very true. Are you taken?" he asked pointedly.

"Um, no," I stuttered out. Thankfully wit came to grace me right after. "Why? Are you interested?"

"More than I should be," he admitted in a hushed voice.

"Oh, don't be such a girl, Edward," I teased. "In case you missed that day in high school, it's perfectly natural and normal for males of the human species to feel certain physical attractions to the female of the human species." I rolled my eyes with I spat out pure sarcasm.

"So," he played along, "it's also perfectly natural and normal for the female to react to the male's physical attraction. She is the one encouraging that primal response from him in the first place."

"I am not encouraging anything!" I rebutted before thinking it over. "Well, maybe just a little."

"Are you kidding me?" he snorted into the phone. "That first day of class in that itty bitty skirt with no panties and those sexy heels? You were practically begging

every man on campus to take you in the nearest possible bathroom!"

I cringed at the thought. "Okay, first, I did not plan that outfit, it was forced upon me by Alice. Second, I was wearing panties for your information. And third, sex in a public bathroom? Ew!"

He laughed softly into the phone. "What kind of panties?" he asked with a tone that implied both mischief and seduction.

"The kind that cover my 'female of the human species' parts," I retorted quickly.

"Not even a hint?" he asked in that innocent tone.

"Not even if my life depended on it," I replied.

"How about your breakfast?" he asked.

"Come again?" I wasn't sure what he was getting at.

"Oh, trust me I will!" he chuckled.

"Ew! I don't even want to know what made you, well, you know, in the first place," I scolded.

"Fine, I'll spare the sticky details," he snickered again at his double entendre. Clever and cheeky. "What I meant was, if I guess correctly, can I take you to breakfast?"

I thought it over quickly, trying to decide if I wanted to have breakfast with him and if he could possibly guess. "You've got yourself a deal, mister, but on one condition..."

"You aren't going to get me to agree to *anything* the way that Jasper did," he interrupted.

"Just play along, Edward!" I sighed in mock exasperation. "Do you want to take me to breakfast or not?"

"Alright keep your panties on, I will agree tentatively to your condition, but on the condition that if I find it unsatisfactory I can withdraw my agreement."

"So now my condition has a condition?" I scoffed.

"Yes and you are avoiding the subject. What's the matter, Bella? Afraid of a little alone time with me?" he teased. "I don't bite, I promise."

"What a disappointment," I mocked him.

"Oh! Well, if that's what you're into..." The shock in his tone was apparent; I had throw him for a loop.

"And you thought I was the only one that could be easily distracted," I teased.

He muttered something unintelligible under his breath that I could swear was a string of profanities and my name. "Back to breakfast, Bella."

"If you can correctly guess in one try what I was wearing then I will go to breakfast with you," I told him.

"That's it? And I thought that this would be a challenge," he quipped.

"I wasn't finished yet, stop interrupting," I scolded him playfully.

"Yes ma'am."

"On the condition that you have the phrase 'I Love The Number 2' written across your forehead at breakfast."

I held my hand over the receiver of the phone as I let out a laugh. Thankfully, I had managed to spit the entire thing out without doubling over in laughter. There was no way that he was going to agree to that condition. It was just public humiliation and Edward didn't strike me as the type that enjoyed being made a spectacle of.

"Deal!" he agreed enthusiastically after less than ten seconds of deliberation.

"What?" I gasped into the phone.

"I accept your condition. You aren't backing out, are you Bella?" he challenged.

Smart ass! He still had to figure out what my panties were in one guess, that couldn't possibly be that simple, could it?

"I'm going to guess that since you were in fact wearing panties that they match the color of your skirt, white," he responded.

"Too vague, you lose!"

"I wasn't finished yet, stop interrupting," he scolded me.

"Yes sir!" I answered with a salute even though he couldn't see me.

"Since I did not see a panty line, and trust me I was looking, I would say that it was a thong. Knowing that roommate of yours and the fact that she dressed you, I would say it was a white lace thong."

My jaw hit the floor. Either he was just that good, or he had way too much experience seeing panties first hand to know what he was talking about. My guess was too much experience.

"I can come pick you up now, if you would like?" he offered when I refused to break the silence. "Apparently this crazy little alarm clock woke me up at two in the morning and now I am starving and can't go back to sleep."

Two can play this game. "Actually, I would like our breakfast to be at a more reasonable hour, one where an audience is actually awake to witness your end of the bargain," I replied in the sweetest voice.

He chuckled softly into the phone. "Fine, we can have breakfast later. Can I still come and pick you up now? I was serious about not being able to go back to bed."

I hesitated before replying. "Sure, that sounds great. Just give me a few minutes to take a shower and get dressed."

"No," he replied quickly. "Just stay in your pajamas and brush your hair out. I'll be there before you know it."

"Edward!" I protested. "I'm not going out to breakfast in my pajamas."

"Who said anything about going out for breakfast?" he replied with a smirk in his voice. "You never said that I had to take you out as a condition."

"I knew you were a sneaky one," I replied, mentally scolding myself for that slip-up.

He let out a small laugh. "Pegged me already, huh? Now hurry your butt up and get downstairs before I wake up your roommates."

My eyes went wide in horror. He was not here yet. How could he be? I never heard him moving or starting the car or anything. Was I really that unobservant to background noise? I sprinted down the stairs with the phone still glued to my ear. I peeked through the door to see Edward standing outside of it, in all of his tousled hair gloriousness.

A/N Sorry that this was a shorter chapter and that it took me so long to get up. One of my friends got me hooked on another story and I couldn't put it down long enough to write this out so go blame her. It's called I Hate Myself For Loving You by halojones if you want to check it out- be warned, it is a Edward/Bella.



Breakfast at Edward's

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My eyes went wide in horror. He was not here yet. How could he be? I never heard him moving or starting the car or anything. Was I really that unobservant to background noise? I sprinted down the stairs with the phone still glued to my ear. I peeked through the door to see Edward standing outside of it, in all of his tousled hair gloriousness.

BPOV:

My hand was shaking profusely as I attempted to unlock it as quietly as possible. Rosalie and Alice would never hear it, they both slept sounder than I could ever hope to. Regardless, the last thing that I wanted to explain to them was why Edward was at our front door at this hour before their morning coffee. There was only one way that conversation would go; I would be publicly humiliated and they would be crabby, not a pleasant situation for anyone involved.

"Edward! What are you doing here?" I hissed at him once I opened the door.

"Are you going to invite me in, or should we get into my car?" he asked without answering my question. "It is a little cold out here."

"You avoided my question, now you can wait outside while I get dressed," I replied closing the door on him.

I turned to leave when he knocked softly on the door. I let out a frustrated sigh. He really wasn't going to leave and I was really going to have to have breakfast with him, now. With great reluctance, I turned to open the door again. His pleading eyes knocked the breath right out of me.

"Bella, I just want to spend a little time with you. Please?" he begged. What can I

say? I'm a sucker for those dazzling green eyes, even when they are shaded in the dark.

"Alright, but give me five minutes to get dressed."

I opened the door for him to come in as I turned to go back upstairs for the second time. He caught my wrist, halting me from my quick retreat. "You look beautiful just how you are," he leaned in to whisper to me.

My breath quickly rushed out of my chest. I was stunned. His hand was so warm and soft on my wrist. His breath, even at this ungodly hour, was intoxicating. His mere presence made me weak at the knees. Yet, he was telling *me* that I was beautiful. That was a high unlike anything that I have ever experienced.

He laughed silently. His quivering body alerted me to that. Apparently he had noticed the effect that he had over me. I scowled quickly at him and pulled my wrist back into myself, all the while resisting the urge to sniff it to see if I smelled like him from our brief contact.

"I have to at least grab some decent clothes to change into later," I told him before running for the stairs before he could stop me again.

Once I was safely inside my room with the door shut for good measure, I buried my face into my pillow and let out the scream I had been holding in ever since Edward answered the phone. That had been what, all of twenty maybe thirty minutes ago? I could not believe my luck and I was not sure if it was good luck or bad luck yet. On the one hand, I knew that I had to be of interest to Edward if he not only held a conversation with me, but flirted until he got me to agree to a breakfast date with him as well as showed up at my house in the wee hours of the morning. To top it all off, he told me I was beautiful, just as I was.

I pulled an over-sized sweater out from under my bed, one that I had managed to hide from Alice in her raid of my clothing, and put it on. I grabbed the nearest pair of clean jeans, a deep blue scoop neck shirt, and a pair of black ballet flats to wear later. My backpack was right next to the door so I shoved the clothes into it and slung it over my back as I walked out. I closed the door behind me so that my roommates wouldn't be suspicious if they woke up in the middle of the night and tip-toed down the stairs.

Edward was still standing in the doorway, not having moved so much as an inch from when I left him. He was as motionless as a statue, a beautiful statue. The only hint that there was life in him was the soft rise and fall of his chest as he inhaled.

Well, this statue still had to breathe.

I skipped over to him when I hit level ground. "Ready to hold up your end of the deal?" I taunted.

"I could never disappoint you," he replied casually.

The car ride, for lack of a better description, was quiet and uncomfortable. I don't know if he was trying to make me comfortable since I clearly was not, or if he was just as uncomfortable as I was. It was obvious that he kept glancing at me from the corner of his eye as he drove. He drove much too fast for my liking. At one point I had thought about asking him to slow down, though he may have mistaken that for a challenge and sped up. He seemed like the dangerous type, if only just a little. It was not until we reached his home and he parked the car that the silence was broken.

He let out a deep sigh and raked his hands through his hair nervously. I bit my lip, wishing I could do the same thing. I was willing to bet that his hair would feel soft and wonderful underneath my fingers. Strike that, I learned my lesson about betting just minutes ago.

"Would you like to come inside?" he asked, still not looking at me directly.

The question took me surprise so I resorted to sarcasm. "Would you rather eat breakfast in your car?"

He let out a soft laugh. "I just did not want to assume anything with you," he admitted.

His words made my heart swell and patter painfully against my ribs. "I'm going to hold you to that," I replied with a wink.

Forming coherent thoughts around him were so much easier when he wasn't dazzling me with his hypnotic eyes and electrifying touch. While those things were what made it so exciting to be near him, they also made it impossible. Keeping my distance this morning would be absolutely essential if I wanted carry on a conversation.

Edward led me inside and flipped on the lights. This was definitely a male inhabited residence. Soda cans and empty bags of chips littered the kitchen. The furniture was minimal though it was all color coordinated in a modern black style.

"Wow!" I muttered quietly as I took in my surroundings.

Edward blushed faintly, at least I'm not the only one susceptible to my embarrassment being put on display. "Emmett is a bit of a slob and Jasper would be happy sleeping on the floor if I permitted it," he said with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"No! No, it's not that. Actually this is much more comfortable looking than my home. You have no idea how difficult it is to live with two people who are obsessive compulsive about cleaning and decorating. It is very exhausting."

He smiled at me, that crooked smile that made me weak. "You really don't mind?" he asked.

I smiled warmly back at him and plopped down onto the sofa. "Not at all."

"I'll be right back," he promised and walked briskly down the hall.

When he returned a couple of minutes later I began laughing. I had to hold my hand over my mouth to keep it muffled. There, across his forehead in bright red letters was 'I Love The Number 2'. I had to admit, this was definitely worth him being up at this hour. Before I could forget, I pulled out my phone and snapped a picture. If we were not going to be eating breakfast in public, I would at least stash this away for future blackmail.

I shrugged out of my sweater. Edward's eyes were large and focused slightly south of my face when I looked back up at him. Instinctively my arms crossed over my chest. It wasn't until then that I remembered that I had not been wearing a bra. Obviously, I had been asleep and hadn't thought to put one on, or pack one for that matter. That could be problematic.

"See something you like?" I asked, just a little irritated. Did he really have to be so obvious?

His eyes shot up to mine, full of amusement and twinkling in the light. "You sleep in my shirt!" he exclaimed.

"Excuse me?" I was completely confused.

"I gave that shirt to Rosalie a year ago after a pool party. He had nothing to wear after some guys pushed her into the water so I gave her that shirt to wear home."

"Oh," was my brilliant reply.

"You really wear that shirt to bed?" he asked. The look in his eyes showed both amusement and genuine curiosity.

"Well, yes. Rosalie hated it and just left it on top of the dryer one day because she said it didn't match anything she owned. That was right after Alice threw away my favorite pajamas because she said that they were too old. So I just borrowed this and when no one claimed it I just kept it," I explained hurriedly. "Do you want it back?"

"No, keep it. I like you in my clothes," he winked.

There was no hiding my blush at that point. The temperature of my face seared to an all time high. Here I was, in a guy's home in the middle of the night, in his clothes of all things, and being complimented on that very thing. Nothing short of a miracle was going to ease my embarrassment.

Edward must have sensed my discomfort. How could he not? It was literally written all over my face with my lobster colored-complexion. He stood up and walked over to the DVD collection on the wall while raking his fingers through his gorgeous bronze hair.

"Anything in particular that you would like to watch?"

"Something light and funny. I don't think I can handle horror movies at this hour. I mean, I was just kidnapped in the middle of the night," I teased.

He smirked. "I didn't hear you complaining." I crossed my arms in defiance. "Okay, fine you complained, but you didn't put up that much of a fight," he conceded. "How about 'The 40 Year Old Virgin'?"

"Was that an indirect about me?" I asked defensively.

"What? No! Not at all. I just love that movie and figured it would be a good one to keep the mood light," he stammered out. His perfect face twisted up in a brief panic to explain himself before calming into a small smirk. "So you are a virgin then?"

I let out an indignant huff. "I plea the fifth." "We're not in court," he argued.

"It's still incriminating."

He gave up with a small shrug of his shoulders. When he started the movie he turned the lights out giving me a wink. I raised an eyebrow at him to which he only

chuckled. He sat down next to me on the sofa, placing his hands in his lap. About ten minutes in to the movie he faked a yawn and allowed his left arm to drape across the back of the sofa directly behind me.

"I know what you're up to, mister," I snickered.

He blushed slightly but otherwise smiled at me; that dazzling crooked smile that sent my heart into palpitations. Then, he lowered his arm until it rested lightly on my shoulders and gently pulled me into the nook of his arm.

My senses were running wild. His touch was electrifying and magnetic. I couldn't get enough of it even with my mind telling me to push away, now. His scent was so strong around me that I could almost taste him. He smelled positively delectable, a mix of musk and chocolate, very manly and oh so sweet. The proximity was bombarding my sense, essentially ceasing all rational functioning of my mind. I gave in to his sweet temptation and reveled in the comfort and security that his strong arms provided.

We sat there in quiet comfort watching the movie. About an hour my grumbling stomach alerted us to the fact that we needed to eat. He leaned in and kissed the top of my head before leaving for the kitchen, asking me to wait patiently for him and watch the movie. He returned with a large bowl of fresh fruit, a couple of yogurts and some orange juice. It seemed an odd breakfast choice considering that three men lived there but it looked delicious so I wasn't about to complain.

He watched with eager interest as I ate my yogurt, watching how my lips wrapped delicately around the spoon. Once I caught on, I decided to have a little fun of my own. I took a small scoop onto the spoon and barely parted my lips. A small dab of yogurt caught on my top lip. I twirled the spoon inside my mouth, closed my eyes, and let out a soft moan. Then, with exaggerated slowness, pulled the spoon from my mouth, all the while my eyes were trained on Edward's as he watched. My tongue slid out of my mouth and lapped at the yogurt let on my lip. Edward's eyes opened wide and he dropped his own spoon.

"Damn! That's quite the show!" Emmett's voice boomed from the hall across from me.

I immediately flushed red. Edward looked back at him, I'm sure with a fierce glare.

"Aren't you supposed to be asleep?" he asked Emmett coldly.

"Aren't you?" Emmett snickered back without hesitation. "Good morning, Bella!"

he greeted looking past Edward.

"Bella?" I heard Jasper ask from behind Emmett.

Oh no! This was not what I wanted. In my excitement earlier in the morning it completely slipped my mind that Edward and Jasper lived in the same home. I didn't want Jasper to see me with Edward like that before I had a chance to explain myself, though I was not entirely sure why it bothered me so much. I felt guilty, very guilty and ashamed of myself.

"Jasper." His name left my mouth in barely more than a whisper as he appeared at Emmett's side.

Even minutes after waking that man was irresistible. His tousled honey blonde locks fell around his face, shading his eyes. He wore a pair of black and gray plaid pajama pants with no shirt. His impeccable chiseled chest there before my hungry eyes.

"Bella? What are you doing here?" he asked, looking between myself and Edward.

"Number two?" Emmett asked, forcing himself to hold in a laugh. "Do I want to know why you love number two?" he persisted.

Edward looked back at me and rolled his eyes. He turned back to Emmett and Jasper. "Because I had to do this to get some time with Bella. I think that it was a fair trade. Don't you agree, Jasper?"

Jasper tensed and balled his hands into fists at his side. His ice cold glare rested on Edward. He looked back to me and his eyes softened slightly, almost pleading. Edward watched his shift in focus and placed his arm around my shoulder again. Jasper made a quick retreat to his room, shoving his way past Emmett.

"I think that I should be getting back home," I said softly to Edward.

"Don't worry about him, really, he's just jealous," he replied, still looking at the vacant spot in the hallway that Jasper had previously occupied.

"No, please, I need to get home. I still to get ready for class and I don't want Rosalie or Alice to wonder where I am," I explained.

"I'll call Rosalie and let her know. Besides, you can walk to class just as easily from here," he argued.

"Is chemistry your first class?" Emmett asked. I nodded that it was. "Good! I can walk you to class and then you can give me some pointers about how to get into Rosie's good graces."

"Rosie? If you can already get away with calling her Rosie then you are much better in her graces than I can ever hope to be," I remarked.

"Still, can't hurt to have any inside info," he replied over his shoulder as he walked back towards his room.

Well, two against one. It was settled that I was stuck there until I had to leave for class. The guys allowed me a few minutes of privacy in the bathroom to shower and change. Instantly I wished that I had remembered to pack toiletries with me. I was stuck using man-scented soap instead of my freesia scented body wash. I dressed and walked out to join Edward on the sofa again. He looked me over and smiled brightly.

"That shade of blue looks beautiful on you. You should wear it more often," he stated very simply.

I blushed at his compliment. Instead of replying I pulled out my textbook and began reading before my classes. I was still too embarrassed at having been caught at that hour with Edward by Jasper to continue any further conversation. The next couple of hours passed quickly. Emmett came out promptly at 7:30 and pulled my bag over his shoulder on his way out the door before I could protest. What was with these guys and carrying my things?

Once we were out the door and out of hearing range the bombardment of questions began. They ranged from what Rosalie liked to do in her spare time to her favorite shoe designer. For a guy, he was really quite astute. He was beyond impressed that she had a secret car fetish and knew more than most mechanics. Inevitably, his questions focused on the Edward and I.

"So, you and Edward, huh?" he asked in his most nonchalant voice. No matter how hard he tried, he was still barely containing his enthusiasm.

"It was just a joke. I called him at two as a prank wake up call and he ended up betting me and I lost so I had to have breakfast with him. That note on his forehead was a condition of the bet," I explained vaguely.

Emmett looked over at me and raised his eyebrow playfully. I knew he wasn't buying my explanation but he didn't seem to be pressing the issue either.

"I thought that you and Jasper had a thing going on," he remarked with a smirk a minute later. I knew he wasn't going to drop it.

"Well, Jasper isn't interested in me," I replied. "He is a friend, that's all."

Emmett's head nearly snapped off his shoulders when he snapped around to look at me incredulously. He smirked to himself and looked back in front of us as we reached the classroom. He motioned for me to walk in front of him threw the doorway.

I walked to my usual seat at the front of the room and waited for Rosalie. She was taking longer than usual so I glanced back at the door, anxious to see if she was walking into the class yet. What I saw was Emmett busy typing on his phone and smiling deviously as he did. Rosalie eventually made it to class at the same time that the professor did, leaving us little time to talk.

"Explain," she hissed at me while sliding into her seat.

"Later," I begged in a whisper.

"Fine, but Alice and I walk all the details missy," she smirked.

Class droned on. Rosalie kept stealing glances at me with a wicked gleam in her eye. I suspected that Edward had told her far more than I wanted her to already know and she was enjoying watching me squirm in discomfort. When the professor finally announced the much anticipated release I jumped from my seat. Rosalie pinned my arm down, trapping me there.

"We *will* discuss this tonight," she warned.

I nodded my head and rushed for the door. Emmett smiled at me and winked as I walked past him. I pushed my way past the congregation of students at the door and stepped out into the fresh air, desperate to escape. I didn't think that I was going to be able to handle sitting next to both Edward and Jasper during the next class. No, I definitely could not. That would be far too awkward this morning.

With my decision made, I turned the opposite direction of my class. There, leaning against the door with his arms crossed in front of him was the most beautiful man that I have ever seen.

"You weren't planning on ditching, were you, Bella?"

A/N I have a small request for my wonderful readers. I would like to tailor this story to you guys a little for being such great readers and reviewing, so, if you have any quotes in particular that you love from the books let me know and I will do my best to incorporate them into the story. Also, if you all would be so kind, please check out *Make Me Love You* by Jasper's Dark Angel.



Better Than Class

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JPOV:

Emmett's obnoxiously loud voice woke me just before five in the morning. It was too early for all the commotion that was going on in the hallway and I was irritated to have to be awake. I dragged myself out the door of my room and past where Emmett was in the hallway.

"Good morning, Bella!" he boomed.

Bella. Was she here to see me this early? My heart skipped a beat at the thought. Sure, I flirted with her and she flirted right back, but I couldn't be certain that she actually felt anything towards me. I was used to women throwing themselves at me because of my accent or the small fortune that my parents had left me. She seemed different though. I wanted to be certain that she felt exactly the same thing I did before I took that risk. But, if she were here to see me at this hour, surely she did.

I pushed my way past Emmett to find her seated on the sofa with Edward. There was a bowl of fruit and some yogurt between them. She had obviously been here for awhile. At that, my heart sunk. Still, I had to know what she was doing here.

Our eyes met. "Bella? What are you doing here?" I asked, my voice still hoarse and strained after just barely waking.

"Number two?" Emmett asked Edward, interrupting before she could reply. "Do I want to know why you love the number two?"

Edward looked back at Bella. Jealousy was surging through me at an incomprehensible rate. When he finally looked back, his gaze rested on me. "Because I had to do this to get some time with Bella. I think that it was a fair trade.

Don't you agree, Jasper?" He then casually slid his arm around her.

That was all I could take. I turned on my heel, my hands clenched into fists at my side, and walked back to my room. I slammed the door shut and turned the radio up to drown out all sounds of their conversation.

The sound of the shower snapped me out of my silent fury. Curiosity got the better of me. Emmett had just walked back into his room as I opened my door again. Edward's door was closed and the room was dark. He wasn't in the front room or kitchen either. Bella's bag was still by the front door so I knew that she hadn't left. That only left the shower. Bella was in the shower. She was wet and naked in my house. For a moment, I let myself get lost in temptation. Then, I realized that Edward was nowhere to be found either. Most likely, he was in there with her; taking advantage of her in ways that she did not deserve. Disgusted, I retreated back to my room. I couldn't face either one of them.

A few hours later and the house was empty. Both Edward and Emmett had already left for class. Bella had left with Emmett. At least she wasn't with Edward anymore. Sickness churned deep in my stomach at the memory of him touching her. She wasn't supposed to be with Edward. He was no good for her. He didn't deserve her. She didn't deserve to be used by him. I deserved Bella's affections.

My phone beeped on the nightstand, alerting me that I had a text message and snapping me out of my reverie. As much as I wanted to ignore it, it was a break from the mental images of Edward and Bella flooding my mind. I flipped it open to read the message. It was from Emmett.

-Someone has a crush

Way to be blunt, Emmett. This was beyond a crush, not that he would know. Either way, crushes were for high school girls, not men in college. I shook my head and typed out a reply.

-The only crush around here will be your head when you get home

Less than a minute later, my phone beeped again when I received his response. He really was relentless when he found something amusing.

-I wasn't talking about you, but good to know!

He wasn't talking about me? Could he possibly mean Bella? Did she have a crush on me? I seriously doubted that he would be taunting me like this if he were

referring to her liking Edward. I decided to take the bait and respond.

-Who were you talking about then?

-Bella

Could he really be more vague? That man could be immensely irritating. He was obviously trying to get me to ask for information. I hated giving into his games, but this time, I had to know.

-Who is she crushing on?

-Can't tell you that yet

-Explain

-How do you feel about her?

Now why would he care what I felt about Bella? How on earth could that possibly be of consequence to him? Still, he was withholding information that I desperately wanted.

-You know I'm crazy about her already

-Good to know bro

-Are you going to tell me now?

-You really want to know?

-Em! Don't make me hunt you down in class!

-She likes you, really likes you. But she thinks that you don't feel the same about her

So that was it? The big mystery was that she thought I wasn't attracted to her. Well, that would explain her flirting with Edward. I mean, a girl has to have options, even Bella. If she had any feelings for me that meant that I stood a chance though. I wasn't about to let her go without a fight if there was a chance that she could be mine.

-Thanks! Keep her in class, I've got a plan.

I snapped my phone shut and rushed to get dressed. I needed to dress to impress today, it was going to be pivotal in any sort of relationship that I had with Bella. I finally decided on a pair of charcoal gray slacks and a long-sleeved, white button-up shirt with the sleeves rolled a couple of times for a more casual look. I dampened my hair and ran my hands through it with a touch of hair gel to tame the soft curls slightly as they fell around my face.

When I was finally ready I rushed out of the door, barely taking the time to lock it behind me. I hopped into my car; a 1969 classic Camaro that I restored and painted silver with two black racing stripes. I sped off to the campus parking lot nearest to the class that Bella had with Emmett. I parked the car and forced myself to walk to her classroom. She would still be in there for another ten minutes so there was no need for me to rush, no matter how anxious I was.

The door to her classroom was still propped open when I walked up. I peeked in, Emmett was sitting close to the door. He looked back over his shoulder and grinned at me while giving me a thumb's up. Bella was sitting at the front of the class with Rosalie. She was a vision in her deep blue shirt and dark jeans. My beautiful Bella.

When the professor announced the end of class I slunk back against the door, obscuring myself from sight and waiting for Bella to emerge. I still hadn't thought about what I was going to say to her or how I would explain my sudden appearance outside of her classroom.

Bella rushed out of the classroom before anyone else, impressive considering she was one of the furthest people from the door. She paused a few feet from the doorway as the other students began to file out. I watched as she glanced in the direction of campus, towards her next class and shook her head. She turned abruptly towards me.

"You weren't planning on ditching, were you, Bella?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Jasper," she breathed out. My name never sounded sweeter than when uttered from her lips.

"You didn't answer my question," I reminded her.

"Well, yes, actually I was planning on it," she replied, ducking her eyes from my gaze.

I walked over to her, closing the distance between us, and pulled her into me. I lifted her chin with my finger until she finally looked into my eyes and I could look

into her deep, chocolate, brown eyes. "Would you mind if I join you?" I whispered to her, just inches from her face.

Bella was dazed. Her eyes glossed over and her lips parted slightly. She went limp in my arms, allowing me to pull her in even closer, and closed her eyes.

"Bella?" I whispered into her ear to bring her back to reality.

"Just give me a minute," she responded, licking her lips.

I watched her tongue as it traced her top lip. I wanted so badly to use my own tongue to do that exact same thing. Temptation was starting to get the better of me as I leaned forward, eager to have her lips on mine.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked, her eyes still closed.

"I'd like to take you out, if you don't mind," I whispered into her ear.

"Can I go home and change?" she asked, her voice barely more than a whisper and thick with desire.

"Only if I can watch," I teased.

That did the trick. Her eyes flew open and she hit my chest playfully. "Jasper Whitlock! What would your mother say?" she scolded.

I decided to play along. "She would say that I found the most beautiful woman in the world, and I should never let her out of my sight," I added with a wink.

She placed her hand on her hip in mock annoyance. Her roommate Rosalie was standing with Emmett a few feet back watching us by that point. I wasn't ready to share her with anyone yet, nor was I about to allow her to deny me a chance to explain myself.

"Rosalie. Emmett," I greeted them politely. "Bella and I have plans for the afternoon. I'll have her home by the evening," I promised Rosalie.

I led Bella away by her elbow towards the parking lot. Ever the gentleman, I opened the door to my car and guided her in gently and closed the door behind her before jogging over to my side. Bella watched me warily as I drove us to her house so that she could change, just as she had asked. There was nothing that I could deny her.

I waited on the sofa downstairs as she rushed upstairs to change. She emerged about ten minutes later wearing a pair of khaki capris and a deep green V-neck sweater. She also wore a pair of black ballet flats. Her hair was dampened, suggesting that she had taken a shower. Odd, considering that she had taken one earlier in the morning, but that was a question for another time. She paused at the bottom of the stairs, looking at the floor and biting her bottom lip.

"You look beautiful," I complimented her. "I love that color on you."

She looked up at me with a smirk. "Where to hot stuff?" she asked.

Well well well. If that was the reaction I got from her every time I dressed up or complimented her I would have to do it more often. "It's a surprise."

She groaned loudly. "I hate surprises!"

I pulled her hand to my lips and kissed it gently, subduing her protest. "I assure you, you will hate nothing about your time with me."

Bella inhaled sharply. Her deep brown eyes twinkled with gold flecks in the light. She mumbled something under her breath that I swore sounded like 'I have no doubt' as I led her out of the house.

She fumbled with the lock, blushing furiously while she stole glances at me to see if I was watching her; of course I was. I led her to the car with my hand placed on the small of her back and guided her in.

We drove in silence for most of the trip. Bella kept glancing at me anxiously. I smiled to myself each time she did, never taking my eyes off the road to look at her until she looked away. When we were nearly at the edge of town she finally broke the silence.

"Are you kidnapping me? Do I need to call my family now to let them know I'm not coming home?"

Her tone was playful but I was still concerned that she may be nervous. "You'll see your family again," I assured her.

"So you are kidnapping me." It wasn't a question, she stated it matter-of-factly.

I chuckled softly. "You might say that. Would you like me to take you home?"

She crossed her arms across her chest and huffed. "I suppose not."

We drove a few more minutes until I pulled off on the side of the road. The afternoon sun was high in the sky, casting a small watery mirage over the open desert around us. A small worn trail was nearby that led to the canyon less than one hundred feet away.

What Bella couldn't see, was the small vacation home settled just beyond the rim of the canyon. My vacation home was small, just a single bedroom with attached bathroom and combined living room and kitchen. It was an adobe style on the outside and the interior had a compressed dirt floor for a more earthen touch. The interior was decorated simply, just a few barstools and a couch in the front room and bed and nightstand in the bedroom. I wasn't there often enough or ever with company to worry about details.

Bella was hesitant to leave the car as she took in her surroundings. I walked around to her side of the car and opened the door for her and offered her my hand to help her out of the car. "Ladies first," I said while gesturing towards the path. Sure, it came off as though I were acting the part of the gentleman, in truth though, I just wanted to watch the swivel of her hips as she walked in front of me.

"Off in the middle of nowhere... no one know where I am..." Bella mused aloud.

"I know where you are," I answered her.

"Might be nice to share that information," she retorted.

"Just down the canyon is my vacation home," I replied innocently.

"So you are taking me to the middle of nowhere, to some random house, where no one knows where we are..." she rambled on nonchalantly.

"Do you have to ruin the mood?" I teased.

"Did you have to ruin my shoes?" she turned back to me and asked. She pointed at her dust covered shoes. "Alice is going to have a fit when she sees these. As for Rosalie, you just better hope that I don't tell her it's your fault or she may make a leather purse out of your skin for such a crime."

I flinched. All that over a simple pair of shoes? She was exaggerating, obviously, but still, there was a very real threat hidden behind her words. The little pixie friend of hers definitely looked like she had a mean streak. As for Rosalie, well, I wouldn't

want to cross her anyway. Especially not when Emmett had already taken a liking to her.

We arrived at the adobe house and I unlocked the door and allowed Bella in ahead of me. She appraised the interior in awe before turning to me and smiling. "It's beautiful," she murmured.

"Not nearly as beautiful as you are," I replied from my stance in the doorway.

The sunlight bounced off the strands of her hair. The deep mahogany and small streaks of crimson lit up against her creamy skin. Her eyes glittered as they brimmed slightly with tears.

"Tell me what you are thinking?" I asked her quietly.

"I was thinking that you are too good to be true," she whispered with a blush.

"How so?" I prodded.

"You're gorgeous, and charming, and sweet, and it's just not fair to be all those things at once," she admitted shyly. "What chance does an ordinary girl like me have with someone as divine as you?"

Bingo! That's why she had always been so reserved around me. Well, that was about to change, starting right now.

"Silly Bella," I said playfully. "You are the most gorgeous woman I have ever met. You are sweet, witty, smart, and absolutely stunning. I'm honored that you allow me to spend time with you. There is nothing that I want more than to know you, to spend all my time with you, and for you to allow me to care for you."

She looked up at me nervously. "I thought that was just you being a gentleman."

"Would a gentleman stare at a lady's cute little bottom while she walked in front of him?" I teased.

"No, but he might stare at his friend's cute little bottom instead of the lady's," she replied with a grin. Ever the sense of humor.

She sat down on the sofa and I joined her. We discussed our dreams for the future, our ambitions, and why we had chosen them. She was a complete mystery to me. Her love for the written word was just as enthusiastic as my own. The only

difference was that she loved classic literature and I was more concerned with American history.

In the midst of it, a thought occurred to me. I had her all to myself; I had to make my intentions for her clear before I could let her leave. I decided the best way to do this was with a question.

"Bella, what would you do if you knew you could not fail?"

She sat back into the sofa, deep in thought. Her eyebrows furrowed together and her eyes appeared dazed. I scooted closer to her, allowing the arm that was draped across the back of the sofa to come near her. My fingertips touched the back of her neck lightly, moving in small soothing circles. Her eyes closed and a small smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

"I would love," she whispered, her eyes still closed.

My fingers stopped moving causing her to open her eyes just a little to peek over at me. My mouth gaped open at her response. It wasn't that it disturbed me as much as it took me by surprise. Though, by that point I should have learned that Bella never did anything that I expected her to do.

"I'm sorry," she apologized after taking in my reaction. "I should go," she added and stood.

"No!" I exclaimed as I grabbed her arm and pulled her down to sit across my lap. "I am the one that should be sorry. I should not have reacted like that, I asked the question, I should have been prepared for any answer. By the way, would you care to explain?"

She sighed as she composed herself. "If I knew it wasn't a hopeless cause, that I could love without fear of rejection, that is what I would do."

Interesting. "And just whom would you love?" I asked, hoping to hear my own name.

She smiled and nodded her head. "I couldn't possibly tell you that. What about you though? What would you do if you knew that you could not fail?"

I nodded, pensive at her question. I should have known she would ask but I was still unprepared to answer the question. What could I say that would open her eyes to the fact that I was falling for her? What would help her realize that she was safe

to fall for me as well? That was it!

"I would take away all the fears and apprehensions of the one that I love. I would make it so abundantly clear that they were safe to love me that there would be no reason for them not to."

She looked up at me. Her eyes were filled with an emotion that I could not decipher; it was a cross between longing and sadness. I lowered my mouth to hers and placed a small kiss on her lips. Her lips met mine, moving in time with my own trying to deepen the kiss. I pulled back reluctantly. She was too tempting, lying there in my arms, her breast peeking out of the top of her shirt. If I didn't restrain myself now I wouldn't be able to stop later. Instead, I traced lazy circles across the small of her back.

Bella sighed after a long, comfortable silence in my arms. "I should get back home before my roommates send out a hunting party to look for me," she murmured against my neck, her warm breath sending tingles down my spine.

Reluctantly, I agreed and we made our way back to my car. We drove in another silence. That was one thing that I was beginning to love about Bella; she could talk for hours on the right subject, but she could also be content in the silence.

Her roommates cars were still missing when we arrived back at her house so I took the opportunity to walk her to the door without a disruption. I kissed her lips gently and then pulled back. Her lips hung there, a slight smile tugging on them, waiting for me to kiss her again. I was more than happy to oblige. This time, she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me in close to her.

"Thank you for a wonderful day," she murmured against my lips before pulling back and breaking the kiss.

I reached down for her hand and brought it to my lips to kiss it gently. "Thank you for the chance to spend time with you," I replied.

She retreated behind the closed door with one final smile for me. My heart soared. I never felt more alive than when I was with Bella, and I was never happier than when she smiled at me. I jogged back to my car, elated with how the day had progressed, to find my phone flashing, alerting me that I had a text message. I opened it up and read it. It was from Edward.

-We need to talk

A/N Hope you all are loving reading this as much as I am loving writing it. Review, please! And thank you all for checking out the stories that I recommend on here. It's always nice to help other authors out.



Dangerous Minds

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward, they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

BPOV:

This had to be a new record; three showers in one day. The first had been because first of all, I did need to bathe, but also because I wanted to wash away the guilt that consumed me as Edward sat there with his arm possessively around my shoulders. The second shower had been to relax me before leaving for a wonderful afternoon with Jasper. Now, I was taking a shower in such a low temperature that I was sure to get hypothermia. That one small, innocent kiss that Jasper and I had shared at the door had definitely stirred up some other feelings as well. Then he had to go and kiss my hand. I mean really! As if I wasn't getting worked up enough, he had to put his lips against me again. The things that man did to me...

After a few moments freezing my body into shock to work down my raging hormones I twisted the hot water on and tapped my foot impatiently on the tile floor while the temperature slowly raised. My body relaxed into the searing heat and warmth that enveloped me. The bathroom was quickly flooded with the escaping steam.

"Bella!" Rosalie screamed while pulling back the shower curtain.

I screamed in response, a high-pitched, blood-curdling scream that I'm sure even someone on the moon could have heard. "What the hell?" I snapped at her as I lunged for the towel to cover my wet and exposed body while Rosalie pulled it away with an evil grin.

"Oh like we haven't seen breasts and pubic hair before," Alice said mockingly. I hadn't even noticed her in the doorway until she spoke.

I pulled the shower curtain around my body since Rosalie was still laughing

hysterically but she finally handed over the towel. "What the hell?" I reiterated.

"I believe that we should be asking that question," Alice answered. "First, we wake up and you aren't here. Rosalie had to find out second hand from Emmett that you were with Edward this morning. Then we come home to find Jasper leaving and you in the shower. So," she paused for dramatic effect and placed her hands squarely on her hips. "What the hell?"

The towel was already secured around my torso. The string of profanities that I muttered under my breath while turning off the shower only made them giggle even more at me. This was not a discussion that I wanted to have yet, even less before I was dressed.

"Can I at least get dressed before this?" I pleaded.

"You can multi-task," Alice ordered.

This was not going the way I wanted. Damn the pixie and her life-sized Barbie side-kick that I called friends and roommates. These two were hell bent on torturing the details out of me. I sighed to myself as I stepped out of the shower and made my way to my bedroom with two following close behind. Alice bounded lightly onto my bed and Rosalie pulled out the computer chair to sit down.

"Spill it sister!" she giggled.

"So I called Edward at two this morning," I began while shimmying into a pair of panties underneath the cover of the towel.

"You did?" Alice squealed. Leave it to her to get excited.

"What were you doing awake at that ungodly hour?" Rosalie asked.

"I was going to call him as a joke and see if he had a sense of humor," I defended.

"Did he?" she prodded.

"More or less," I replied while slipping on a bra.

Alice grimaced at my choice. "You can't wear *that*," she pointed her dainty finger at my strap. "Go for something... flirty!"

"Alice! It's a bra!" I hissed.

"You'll do as I say or I'll three-way call the boys," she argued with her hand on her hip.

This was a losing battle. I reached back into the drawer and held up a lacy dark green bra while she nodded in approval. As I changed bras Rose reached for her phone and dialed in a number. The next thing I knew Emmett was on speaker phone answering.

"Hey babe!" Rosalie greeted him.

"What's up sexy lady?" he replied.

"You and your buddies would be if you saw Bella in this lacy number Alice and I are looking at right now," she replied while smirking at me. Alice began clapping and laughing.

"Bella is what? Really?" he stumbled over his words in obvious enthusiasm. "Can I really come over and see? What are you wearing?"

Rosalie rolled her eyes. "No, Alice and I ambushed her in the shower and now she is getting dressed."

"But what are you wearing?" he pressed.

"Clothing," she snickered. "The kind that covers the necessary parts of my body."

"Fine, don't tell me. I'll just imagine you in that skimpy little red..."

"Don't you dare finish that thought!" Rosalie yelled into the phone, blushing in front of me for the first time. Ha! Even she was capable of public embarrassment.

"Alright, so what's up?" he asked again, chuckling into the phone.

I pulled on a pair of dark wash boot cut jeans and dropped the towel. "I think Rosie here," I looked over as she glared at me for use of her nickname, "is wondering what I was up to today at your house and she won't believe me to fill her in on all the details."

"Oh that's easy!" Emmett snickered. "She was licking gooey white stuff on her lips while Eddie boy grew harder by the second."

"Em, you ass!" Edward's voice yelled in the background.

That only made Emmett laugh even harder. "Then she took a shower and spent the rest of the morning keeping a safe distance from him with her head buried in her books. Really, Bella? Who can stay awake to read at that hour?" he teased.

"People that like to read, Emmett," I retorted.

Rosalie, content with his answers, told him a quick good-bye, complete with kissy sounds, and hung up. Alice was bouncing excitedly at the edge of my bed. I was still standing in just my jeans and bra, debating what shirt to wear. Blue? Or green? Really, it shouldn't have been such a tough decision, it was just a shirt. I pulled them both out of the closet and held them up to my body in front of the mirror trying to decide. Alice and Rosalie both eyed me skeptically, I never paid this much attention to my wardrobe. I began to grow frustrated and threw them both of the ground while stomping the ground.

Alice turned to Rosalie. "She's going into hysterics. Maybe we should slap her," she said with a smirk.

"I am *not* hysterical!" I screamed at her, only proving her point further.

"Then what's the hold up with the shirt?" she asked pointedly.

I paused before answering. "I have no idea," I finally told her.

She looked down at the clothing from earlier in the day that I had discarded. She examined the blue blouse and green sweater carefully before turning her attention back to the two shirts I was torn between. "Why did you wear two different things today?" she asked casually.

"I threw the blue shirt in my bag to change into just in case when I went over to Edward's this morning," I replied.

"And the sweater?" Rosalie asked quietly, giving Alice a knowing smirk.

"I changed into that when Jasper picked me up after class. Why?"

"Haven't you noticed your shirt predicament?" Alice asked as if I was missing something obvious. When I shook my head she continued. "You wore blue around Edward and green around Jasper. Then you randomly pull those two colors from your closet and don't know which one to wear now. You are subconsciously trying to choose between the two."

I gaped at her. It made sense, well, it more than made sense. She was dead on right. Seriously, though, why couldn't I have figured that out on my own. I threw the shirts back into the closet, not paying attention to where they landed, and pulled on a lavender shirt. This was neutral territory, I didn't have to decide anything right now.

As I slumped back onto the bed next to Alice I started into my explanation of the conversations that I had with both Edward and Jasper in excruciating detail. My vague descriptions seemed to lack so where I skimmed either Alice or Rosalie would interrupt in some way to make sure that I elaborated. They seemed most interested in Edward's response to my wearing his old shirt to bed and my innocent kiss with Jasper. That seemed to be the highlight of the day in their opinions.

"I think Edward likes seeing you in his clothes," Rosalie said. "Next thing you know he is going to pull out his high school letterman jacket to brand you with his name."

Alice snickered. "Then Jasper will just pull her in for a kiss while he pushes it off of her shoulders," she added.

"Ugh! You two are not helping!" I exclaimed.

"I think that you should refrain from 'dating' them for a couple of weeks," Alice announced.

"Why?" I asked her skeptically.

"Because silly! If you play hard to get then it will make them want you even more. This is right out of the How to Flirt 101 handbook, Bella, really!" Alice clapped her hands excitedly and grinned at Rosalie.

"They will just move on!" I insisted.

"No they won't. You're gorgeous and we are going to dress you up everyday to make sure that you keep their attention," Rosalie said, drawing my attention back to her. "Now, we have a three day weekend coming up. It's the perfect opportunity to go shopping for a brand new wardrobe. Then we can do a spa day to make sure that you are positively glowing. Those silly boys won't know what hit them by the time that we are done with you."

Oh this is not going to end well... for me! I'm not even sure that I ever agreed to the entire process before they were planning their shopping itinerary. Much to my dismay, this also included a trip to Victoria's Secret and several shoe stores that I

am sure didn't sell anything lacking a six inch heel. Even the spa day sounded miserable. Who really wants to bathe in mud and wrap themselves in seaweed? Ew! Not me. At least I could try to be cooperative if this was going to help me in the end. Try...

*** ***/N Wow! You really are the best readers! Last chapter received the most reviews of any of my chapters in any story. I'm so touched. Thanks for reading and keep on reviewing! I love to hear your thoughts and predictions.

And I know that I took a ridiculous amount of time to produce this very short chapter. Trust me, if I could have written it in less than a day you would have had it sooner. But, I mentally locked and this was the best I could do at the soonest.



Scheming

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JPOV:

I was still on cloud nine from my day with Bella when I got home. Even Edward's cryptic message wasn't enough to deter my good humor. We would talk, I would tell him how I was falling for Bella, I would ask him to do the proper thing and bow out, and that would be the end of the discussion. No other outcome would be feasible.

Those were my last thoughts as I opened the front door to find Edward pacing the front room. He had nearly worn tracks in the floor from his pacing. He stopped in his tracks when he spotted me.

"Jasper, why don't you sit?" he gestured towards the chair.

I nodded and made my way to the chair that he had motioned me towards. He seemed oddly uneasy. "You wanted to talk?" I asked quietly.

"It's about Bella," he blurted out. I tensed in my seat, waiting for him to continue. He began pacing again as he started to speak. "I know what you think about me. You think that I am only after her because it's a challenge and I'm competing against you. You think that this is all a game for me. And for a while there I would have said that you were right."

"You would have said that?" I interrupted.

"Yes, I would have said that before this morning," he repeated. He stopped in front of me and crossed his arms across his chest. "Something changed between us. She's a sweet girl, even you must know that. She is smart, funny, beautiful, and the best part is she is totally unaware of it so she doesn't flaunt it. She was such a challenge for me at first that it was exhilarating to chase her. Now, though, I've actually

developed feelings for her. I've never felt this way for anyone before. I want to do right by her. I don't want to rush things with her, I just want her by my side. So, I'm asking you as a friend, please let me have her. Just back off and let me have her. This is the first girl I have ever had true feelings for. Please, Jasper, don't fight me on this."

His eyes pleaded with me but I was far from caving in. While he may have meant every word that he said, that didn't change the fact that I was falling deeply for Bella as well.

"No," I replied simply.

Edward's eyes narrowed. "No?" he asked incredulously.

"No," I reiterated. "You're right, Bella is amazing. She really is the most beautiful *woman* I've ever met. I'd be a fool to allow you to move in on her just because your conscious finally gets the better of your womanizing ways. You still think of her as a girl, Edward. To me, she's a woman, a sexy, beautiful, independent woman. I'm not letting go of her if I don't have to."

With that, I stood up and walked to my bedroom. I sighed to myself. Living with Edward was going to become quite uncomfortable. Not that I blamed Bella for this. No, I blamed Edward entirely. It was his fault that he was so caught up in trying to seduce Bella just to piss me off. It was his fault that when she refused his initial advances he became infatuated with her and then developed his "feelings" for her. It was his fault that I would now have to push her harder to make her mine. To do that I was going to have to enlist some help, namely her two roommates that seemed so eager have her date.

Emmett was home already so I knocked on his door. He opened it and let me pass through with a cheesy grin, almost as if he knew what I was going to ask. "What's going on Jazz man?"

"I was just stopping by to say hi," I replied nonchalantly.

"Well if that's ain't a heaping pile of bull!" he grinned satisfactorily. "First you argue with Eddie boy over Bella then you sulk over to my room. I know what you're up to Jazz, I just don't know the angle."

I let out an exasperated sigh. Even if Emmett was dense as a brick at times, he was also quite observant when he put his mind to it. "I need Rosalie's number."

"She's hot but she's mine," he snickered.

"Not like that!"

"Yea I know so just spit it out," he replied while crossing his arms.

"I just need some information about Bella, anything that will help me win her affections."

"Her affections?" Emmett scoffed. "Don't be such a girl! You want my Rosie to dish the dirt so that you can seduce little Miss Swan, am I right?"

"Alright, you caught me. Are you going to give me her number or what?"

"I think I'm going to make you beg," he taunted.

"Then I think I'm going to have to tell Rosalie about your pink underwear," I threatened.

"You wouldn't!" he gaped.

"Give me the number and Rosalie stays none the wiser about you waking up in Lauren's pink thong. Make me wait two more seconds and I'll post pictures all over campus."

He relented immediately, thankfully. I sauntered back to my room to call Rosalie. Edward was still pacing in the front room so I hurried before I had to have yet another uncomfortable conversation with him.

A quick conversation with Rosalie ended with me wearing a larger grin than I had when I left Bella at her door earlier. Everything would work perfectly in my favor if she had anything to do with it. She had secretly been rooting me on the entire time and was all too happy to be a co-conspirator in my attempts to woo Bella. Now all that I had to do was wait until our next class to finally see her again. Rosalie had explained Alice's rule for Bella to not see us privately for a few weeks.

:--:~

I sat in my usual seat in our American History in Film class, patiently waiting for Bella to make her entrance. She was always early so I had to arrive earlier than usual to be here before her. Edward must have had the same idea because he arrived less than a minute after me and took his usual seat as well. He looked over

his shoulder and gave me a smug grin as he laid a single red rose over the chair that Bella usually occupied. I rolled my eyes, knowing that what I had in store was far more impressive.

When Bella walked in, she literally took my breath away. Rosalie wasn't lying when she said that Bella would be turning a few heads. She was exuding sex from every inch of her. She wore a denim mini-skirt with frayed edges that just barely what it was meant to cover. Her soft pink button down shirt lacked the top, oh, four buttons and the push-up bra she wore was making it that much more difficult to focus on anything else. Alas, her legs called to me. They were slightly more tanned than usual and had a sleek sheen to them, and did they go on for miles! A pair of wedged sandals complimented her outfit perfectly. It was the perfect combination of too much clothing and not enough. My imagination was already in overdrive, I could only imagine what every other male in the general vicinity was thinking. That thought nearly made me see red in jealousy. But I couldn't stay mad forever, not with Bella right there and looking so stunning. She glanced over at Edward and I, her eyes darting between the two of us, before smirking and walking straight past us to take a seat a few rows farther towards the front. Well, I'll be damned. I can't see her outside of class and she isn't even going to sit near me.

Edward watched her as she took her seat, carefully holding her skirt down as she did so. He looked back over his shoulder at me. "God help me!" he whispered. I couldn't have agreed more.

:~::~

Class ended earlier than usual, much to my gratitude. I was itching to be near Bella already as I'm sure Edward was. We both sat impatiently tapping our feet in rhythm while we waited for her to pass by us on her way out. It might have been cute if we weren't both guys and waiting for the same girl. The naughty little vixen walked by us and winked with an extra shake in her hips before becoming lost in the departing crowd.

I jumped over the remaining seats in the aisle as I raced towards her. She was not going to escape me that easily. When I finally caught up with her I seized her wrist and pulled her back towards me. Just as I suspected, her clumsiness worked to my benefit as she fell back into my waiting arms. I pulled her into me firmly, yet gently, and kissed her softly, massaging her jaw with my fingertips to coax her to respond to me. I smiled into her as she kissed me back. The warmth of her soft lips against my own was electrifying. She pulled back before I could deepen the kiss with a satisfied smirk on her face.

"What?" I asked, still a little breathless from chasing after her.

"I'm just impressed. You're always so cautious around me. It was nice to see you react like a man for once," she replied, a little shy at the end. "I'll have to thank Alice for the outfit. Though I'm not supposed to see you outside of class for a while. Her rules, not mine."

Damn that little friend of hers. Still, I did get in a kiss with Bella, I couldn't entirely complain. And the view from my angle was fairly impressive as well. If she kept those outfits up it was going to become very hard for me to remain a gentleman.

"Does that mean that I can't walk you to class now?" I asked with my brightest smile, hoping she wouldn't reject my offer. "Please?" I pouted a little just to drive home the effect I had on her.

"Well..."

"Maybe a bribe is in order?" I suggested. She raised her eyebrow. "I have a voucher lying around for a dinner with a Food Network star of my choice. I was thinking about Bobby Flay, but if you're interested I would let you choose." I fanned the voucher with the information in front of me to entice her.

"I'm not supposed to date right now," she whispered while keeping her eyes focused on the paper and biting her bottom lip.

"Well, the dinner isn't scheduled until a month from now..." I let my words trail off there.

"Really?" she squealed. "I can go with you?"

"I wouldn't go with anyone else," I replied honestly.

"On one condition," she said with her hand on her hip. I gulped nervously, remembering what she had done to Edward with her one condition. "You are going to keep Alice and Rosalie from shoving me into a dress and you are going to cook for me."

"That's two conditions," I countered. "To be fair, in all likelihood, what are the odds that those two are going to listen to me anyway?"

"True, but I will be much more comfortable if I'm not wearing a dress," she

argued.

"Then, since you presented two conditions, I will accept one; I will cook for you," I offered.

"Nice try but no deal," she smirked. "I like my two conditions."

"How about a compromise?" I asked politely, suddenly spotting the weakness in her conditions.

"I may be able to compromise," she replied hesitantly.

"I will cook for you and do everything in my power to ensure that you do not wear a dress," I replied with a bright smile.

"That isn't much of a compromise," she replied and held out her hand to shake on it. Apparently she thought that I would back out of my end of the deal.

I grabbed her hand firmly and shook to seal our deal. Then, I raised her hand to my lips and kissed the top. "You never said I had to prevent them from putting you in a skirt," I answered her as I walked away, leaving her fuming and speechless.

*** ****A/N** Read, review, leave me some love. And I'm SO, SO, SO sorry that I am taking forever to update lately. I've just lost some motivation to write and I'm trying to get back into my groove. So to give me a little extra motivation, I will write out a sneak peak for the next chapter for anyone that reviews.



Party Favors

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And for this chapter I also do not own *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. **Though it might be fun to have all the fairies running around here with all their mischief and flowers that make people fall in love.**

BPOV:

Why that little! Ugh! First I have to play Bella Barbie with Rosalie and Alice and now Jasper is finding loopholes in my conditions. How much worse could this day possibly get?

"Bella!" an excited and familiar voice called behind me.

I turned around to find the one boy that was the reason I chose to move so far away from Forks when I chose to go to college in Phoenix; Mike Newton. Ew! His stupid high school crush on me was borderline stalker tendencies. He had already been accepted to school in Seattle when I decided on Phoenix. The day that I found out that we would have a continent distancing us was the day I learned how to do a happy dance. Trust me, dancing and I have never been on a friendly basis, but I made that exception. Now I wished that I hadn't. Stupid happy dance. Stupid continent. Stupid Mike!

"Mike," I greeted him with a scowl. To my surprise, he seemed to take that as encouragement. I swear, I could kick his puppy into oncoming traffic and he would still think the world of me. Maybe I should just send the boys over to frighten him a little...

"How have you been? I haven't seen you in years?"

"Well that's because you went to school in Seattle and I moved to Phoenix," I

replied. Then, under my breath, "to get as far away from you as possible."

"Yea I know. That's why I transferred. You're looking good by the way," he replied with a smirk.

Damn! Damn! Damn! This day just gets better by the second. Okay, claws in Bella. I can just walk away, I have class to go to anyway. He won't follow me into class... would he?

"Right, well, I have to get to class, Mike," I replied, making sure to refrain from any pleasantries or insinuating in any way that I wanted to see him again.

"Oh, okay," he replied in a deflated tone. Ha! He can be discouraged. His eyes brightened then. "What class?"

No way, not a chance... "It's an English class on Shakespeare," I answered him without telling him when or where.

"Oh," he replied. Ha! Must not have that class. "Well, can I walk you to class?" he asked.

"Actually, that's my job," someone else answered while slipping their arm around my waist.

I looked over to find Edward glaring at Mike. It took all the strength that I had to fight back a smirk. As if it wasn't enough that Jasper and Edward were already creating a very confusing love triangle for me, now Edward was deliberately shutting Mike out of the mix. Not that I was going to complain, no, far from. Mike could just keep his sweaty palms and goo-goo eyes to himself.

"Who are you?" Mike shot back at Edward.

"I'm her personal escort, and, for your intents and purposes, all the man that she will ever want or need," he replied nonchalantly. I don't think sexier words have ever been spoken. The way that it just rolled off his tongue as if it were the most obvious thing in the world made me weak at the knees. Maybe it was because his arm was still wrapped possessively around my waist. Maybe it was because he had stopped Mike in his tracks after the pea-brained excuse of a man tracked me across the country to be near me again when I clearly wanted nothing to do with him before.

"Right," Mike responded curtly. He looked over at me. "Bella, I guess that I will

have to see you another time. I'll leave you to your escort." With that, he turned to finally walk away.

Once he was out of hearing range I spat out, "don't count on it."

Edward chuckled next to me, his arm still around my waist. "You seem to attract a lot of attention today," he said.

"Remind me to thank your cousin and her pixie sidekick for that," I scoffed.

"I'll thank them personally if they dress you this way everyday," he replied with a twinkle in his eyes. I dropped my gaze quickly to the ground.

Don't look in the eyes, Bella. I repeat, do not look him in the eyes. Those gorgeous green eyes are too much. You'll give in to whatever he is going to say and you need to go to class. Do not look into the eyes.

A single red rose appeared in front of me. "For you," Edward whispered. I looked up then, meeting the sparkling green eyes that I had wanted to avoid. Sure enough, my heart melted a little. The gesture was so simple, so sweet, so not what I expected from him.

"Thank you," I replied, still in my Edward induced trance.

"You are worth every ounce of beauty this world has to offer," he said in a very sultry voice.

That snapped me out of it. "Is that so?" I asked, probably a little too forcefully. I couldn't stop myself, he had dazzled me into a stupefied state and it was time for me to take control of the situation. "Well, I really do need to get going to class. Unless you are going to teach me all about Shakespeare."

He winked at me. "Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind."

"A Midsummer's Night Dream, very good. But, I'm not impressed so off to class I go," I replied and walked into the open door of my classroom.

:~::~

The rest of the week flew by in a blur. All too soon the weekend was here again. Rosalie had insisted on us going to a party at one of the frat houses. She had

decided that between Alice's meticulous planning and the burden of having to clean the destroyed house after, it just wasn't worth it to party in our home again. Usually I would have been all too eager to agree, but this time it meant that I was being dragged out of my comfort zone and without a vehicle to escape. That is, unless I was willing to steal Rose's shiny new BMW and then return to get the girls later in the evening. Unlikely.

"Remind me why I'm not allowed to wear normal clothes again Alice?" I whined.

"Because I said so!" she retorted while sticking her tongue out at me.

I flipped the tip of her tongue causing her to squeak in surprise, and hopefully a little pain too. "Jeans and a shirt, Alice, that is a normal outfit. This is not," I said while gesturing to the leather mini-skirt and red sequined halter top she had set out for me.

"Fine try this," she replied tossing me a different mini-skirt.

"I said jeans!"

"It's denim, close enough. Now shut up and put it on before I drag Rosalie in here for assistance to dress you again!"

"Can I at least wear a shirt that I can wear a bra with?" I begged. At this point, I was willing to grovel on my knees to cover myself with more than a few scraps of fabric.

"Just be glad that this one doesn't tie in the back so no guys get frisky and expose you at the party in their inebriated state," she shot back.

I blanched. It probably should have occurred to me sooner, but it was a horrifying thought nonetheless. "And you don't think that they will just shred this skimpy this to pieces anyway? Didn't it cost you over a grand too? What is it with fashion? The less material the more expensive it is!" I ranted. "Maybe I should just cover myself in a burlap sack to avoid any unwanted attention."

"Bella," Rosalie said as she came into the room. "I hate to break it to you, but the three of us are so damned hot that even if we walked in wearing burlap sacks and had twigs in our hair the guys would find it sexy. They would probably just think that you were into kinky sex outside and be turned on and anxious to jump in the sack with you, literally!"

"Fine, bring on the hooker clothes," I said with a resigned sigh. "But if anyone shoves money down my shirt I will not be held responsible for their severed appendages."

"Agreed," they sang in unison.

:~::~

The party, as expected, was loud, unruly, and completely obnoxious. By the time we arrived "fashionably late" all the cute guys had their respective arm candy bimbos. Now what was I supposed to do? I was going to be stuck either tagging along with Emmett and Rosalie as their third wheel or chasing after Alice all evening in her search for her perfect man. The only other option was to fend for myself in the sea of intoxicated frat boys with one thing on their mind. I was exactly that. Nope, not happening. Tagging along with Emmett and Rose it would be. Even if they were more occupied with themselves than me, it was better than risking it alone or being lost in the crowd following Alice. The two of them were engaged in a serious groping session so I took a chance at wandering off to get a drink.

"Bella, Bella, Bella," Mike slurred behind me as he grazed his fingers down my exposed spine. I shuddered at the contact. "Where is your escort? Is he filling all of your needs right now?" he asked. I'm sure he thought it came off sexy, in reality, it was repulsive. "What can I do to you, baby? For you! I mean what can I do for you, baby?"

"You can take a blunt knife and chop your own dick off. Then you can feed it to a pack of rabid dogs. After that, if you're still bored, drunk and horny, you can stand on your head and spit nickels," I replied sharply.

"Now, now," he chided in a slurred voice. "That's no way for a lady to talk."

"I never claimed to be a lady, and you are certainly far from a gentleman. Take a hint, Newton, back off!" I screamed at him.

A cool hand slipped around my waist and pulled me back. "I think that the lady asked you to leave," Jasper's voice said from behind me.

"She's no lady. She said so herself," Mike sneered.

"You will refrain from insulting her in any way," Jasper seethed at him as he tightened his grip on me.

"Like it matters. Bella is cold as ice anyway. Good luck cracking through that!" Mike rolled his eyes.

I decided that this was as good a time as any to prove him wrong. "Hey, Mike!" I called out to get his attention. He turned back around. "You know that you are the only one that elicits that response from me, right?" He raised his eyebrow at me in confusion. "And to prove it to you..."

I turned to face Jasper and aggressively pulled him down to me. I captured his lips in my own. One hand twisted into his honey blonde curls as the other wandered across his perfectly sculpted chest. I raised one leg a little and he caught it, wrapping it around his waist as he pushed me back against the wall and squeezed my bottom. He pushed against me, his excitement obvious. I slid my tongue across his lips and he opened his mouth to allow it. Our kiss deepened as our hips gyrated slowly together. I finally pulled away and he lowered my leg for me.

When I looked back over his shoulder, Mike was still standing there with his mouth hung wide open. I giggled and looked up at Jasper. His eyes were smoldering and his fingers massaged my shoulders and arms gently. "Thank you," I told him timidly.

He laughed. "After that display, now you choose to be shy?"

"Well, yes. I don't normally make out with people in front of a crowd," I admitted. I ducked my head down.

He reached under my chin to lift my face to his and kissed me chastely. "That is just one of the reasons I love you." I froze and looked up at him. "You heard me," he bent down and whispered into my ear.

"Did you know that Bella is cheating on you?" Mike decided to interrupt us then.

Jasper rolled his eyes and answered him without looking away from me. "She would never."

"It's true! There was some guy with messy brownish red hair hanging onto her earlier that said he satisfied all of her needs and desires. Just thought you might be interested," Mike said shrugging his shoulders.

"You really don't know when to shut your mouth, do you Mike?" I asked.

"That guy would be my roommate," Jasper answered him. He kissed my cheek.

"And can you blame him for trying? I certainly can't. The difference is he might actually know how to please Bella. You, obviously, haven't the first clue. So I will suggest that you leave now."

"Hey, Mike?" I called over Jasper's shoulder. He looked at me sadly. "You really should have given up about four years ago." He sulked off then.

Jasper turned his attention back to me. "I hear that Edward is the one to satisfy your needs and desires," he said quietly while tracing my neckline and collarbone lightly with his thumb. "Would that be *all* of your needs? Or can I try to prove him wrong?"

"Are you up for the challenge?" I asked him with a smirk.

He pushed against me again, reminding me of his very prominent erection. "I think you will find that I am up for many things."

A/N So, what do Jasper and Bella do? Review and tell me what you think. Also, be sure to check out mandee1503's new story, *Watching Time Fly By*.



Kiss and Tell

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BPOV:

"Are you up for the challenge?" I asked him with a smirk.

He pushed against me again, reminding me of his very prominent erection. "I think you will find that I am up *for many things*."

"Well you better be up for taking a nice cold shower!" Alice chirped behind him.

"Alice!" I groaned. "Can't you just disappear into thin air and let me have a little fun?"

Jasper chuckled against me. "I know all about the kind of fun you were about to have, missy," she scolded playfully. She cocked her head to the side and looked over Jasper. "Well, maybe you're right. That is some sexy eye candy grinding against you right now."

"I prefer man candy," Jasper interrupted. Both Alice and I giggled at that.

"Either way, you look so good I wouldn't mind taking a bite out of you. Maybe on that cute little butt of yours..."

"Alice!" I screamed at her.

"Oh fine, Bella! Where would you bite him then?" she asked in a very serious tone.

"I'm not biting him!" I argued.

"Actually, I like where she is going with this," Jasper said. He raised his eyebrow,

"where would you like to bite me?"

I smacked his arm and ducked around him to walk over to Alice. She raised her eyebrow at me. "Don't make me dare you to answer that," she threatened.

"Fine!" I said exasperated. "I would bite his big toe on his right foot. And I would bite you," I poked Alice in the chest, "on your eyebrow. Then he can quit being so smug about how flustered I get near him and you can spend hours perfecting your distorted eyebrows instead of torturing me with ridiculous clothing."

Alice looked shocked. Jasper cocked his eyebrow and leaned against the wall. "As long as you lick it before you bite it."

"Whoa there! What are we licking and biting?" Edward asked.

I groaned internally. When would my torture end? First, Alice interrupts what was looking to be a very promising evening with Jasper- for once! Second, they team up against me asking where I would bite him when we all know that there is only one acceptable answer to that. Finally, Edward has to show up and join in on *that* conversation. I think that I need chocolate. If I can't have sex then I need the next best thing.

"Ice cream, Edward. We are talking about chocolate ice cream in a chocolate dipped waffle cone," I replied while rolling my eyes.

"Don't forget to add the whipped cream and cherry on top," Alice added.

"I believe that I may be able to supply the whipped cream," Jasper smirked. I turned to him and glared. "What?" he asked innocently, too innocent. "I have whipped cream in the freezer at home, as well as chocolate ice cream." Yea, sure you do...

"As nice as that sounds, Bella isn't going over to anyone's house tonight. Rose and I are stealing her for a girly pow-wow," Alice announced as she grabbed my arm to drag me away.

:--:

An hour later and we were all gathered on the sofa in our pajamas with our own personal pint of ice cream. Alice suggested that we watch a movie so My Best Friend's Wedding was playing as our background noise. Rosalie had also brought out a bowl of popcorn and a few glasses of water but at that moment, I was much

more interested in my love affair with two men; Ben and Jerry. My phone was lying right next to me when it beeped signaling that I had a text message. Rosalie jumped for it before I could stop her. Alice pinned me to the ground. She was surprisingly strong for someone so tiny.

"My shower was icy, maybe tomorrow you can make it up to me," Rosalie read.

"Ha!" Alice screeched.

"I'm going to write him back!" Rosalie stated.

"Give me that! You are not writing him back," I argued while trying to wriggle my way out of Alice's grip.

"My shower was hot, I thought of you the entire time," Rose said while she typed into my phone.

Less than a minute later, it beeped again. "Really? What kind of thoughts?" she relayed the message.

"You two are so going to die in your sleep," I grumbled after having finally resigned to my spot on the floor.

"You'll thank us later," Alice smiled down at me. "Write him back Rose, and make it graphic."

I groaned and rolled my eyes. I was going to have to call Jasper later and apologize for any mixed vibes because there was no way I was going to allow him to believe that I was sending out those smutty texts.

"Thoughts of you and me, naked, dripping wet... on second thought I would rather show you," Rosalie stated as she typed the reply into my phone.

"Killing me, Rosalie!" I yelled at her.

"What?" she asked innocently. Yes, because that was believable after the words that just escaped her mouth and the less than pure thoughts that inspired them.

Alice finally released me when the phone beeped again. I snatched it from Rosalie to read it this time. "What the?"

-Okay, we'll see you tomorrow at 10.

The message was from Angela. I scrolled through my most recent messages to find that it had just been Rosalie arranging a study date for the three of us tomorrow for our chemistry class. The only thought that crossed my mind was how I would murder my roommates in their sleep for this little stunt.

"I'm going to bed," I announced irritated. "I suggest that both of you sleep with one eye open." They giggled as I walked up the stairs to bed.

Once I was safe inside my room I sent a text message to Jasper and then one to Edward.

Jasper, I had fun tonight, I'll see you in class.

Edward, too bad you weren't there tonight, I'll see you in class.

Jasper responded immediately:

Wish that I could see you sooner, class will have to do. See you then, beautiful.

Edward's response came almost an hour later while I was keeping myself awake reading *Pride and Prejudice* again.

Sorry I missed it. If Mike touches you again I'll remove his fingers one by one. Sleep well.

Even if that was a gruesome thought, it still brought a smile to my face. Not that I needed Edward to protect me, Jasper either for that matter, but it still made me giddy inside that someone was willing to protect me. Unfortunately, they were still useless to protect me from my biggest threats; Alice and Rosalie. I, had plans for those two though.

Nearly two hours later I heard the two of them stumbling loudly up the stairs and their doors slamming behind them. I grinned to myself. Now my payback could begin. After a few minutes I stood up and quietly walked across the door and opened the door. I walked over to Alice's room right next to mine first. There wasn't a single sound except for regular breathing, signaling that she was asleep. Good. I walked over and repeated the process at Rosalie's door. She was also sound asleep already. Perfect.

I snuck down the stairs and filled two large glasses with ice and water before adding some salt. That should really lower the temperature and freeze their drunken bottoms straight into sobriety. I tiptoed back up the stairs slowly so that I would not

spill a drop or stumble along the way and alert them. The entire way I debated which one I would surprise first. Rosalie was a sounder sleeper, but Alice would probably pounce onto my back when I turned to run.

I opened up Rosalie's door and set the glass of salty ice water down on her nightstand before silently tiptoeing back to Alice's room. I stood poised to dash out of Alice's room as I poured the water onto her sleeping body. She sat up immediately with a shriek and turned her murderous eyes toward me. I ran at lightning speed to Rosalie's room and doused her in the same manner. Alice lunged at me so I ducked out of the way and she landed on top of Rosalie who had just shot up from the bed stunned. I ran as quickly as I could without stumbling back to my room and locked the door behind me. Less than a second later both Rosalie and Alice were pounding on the door and screaming obscenities at me.

Behind the door, Alice finally calmed down enough to try to reason with me. "Bella, you little brat! I'm sorry that we tricked you earlier but that was just plain mean," she whined.

"You aren't sorry, you just want me to let you in so that you can attack me," I countered.

"We are really sorry! Ow! Okay, I'm really sorry, Rosalie is still pissed," she said.

"I'll be recreating the scene from *Psycho* the next time you shower!" Rosalie threatened.

I laughed at that. "You two had that coming. I warned you earlier."

Rosalie and Alice whispered to each other. I couldn't make out what they were saying even when I pressed my ear to the door. Their shadows were still beneath the door so I knew that they hadn't walked away. Suddenly Alice giggled and my phone rang.

"What did you do?" I hissed at her.

"Answer your phone, Bella," she replied impatiently.

I looked down at the screen; Edward. Ah hell! I flipped the phone open. "Whatever they told you is an absolute lie and you have my full permission to raid their lingerie drawers," I blurted out before he could say anything.

"Bella!" they screeched.

"Can I go through yours instead?" his velvety voice answered.

"Nice try, Rico Suave, but no," I said while rolling my eyes.

"Alice gave me permission to take you out tomorrow," he said in a hopeful tone.
"Will you be my date?"

"Sure, where are we going?" I asked.

"That, my dear, is a surprise," he responded in a much happier voice.

"I hate surprises," I scowled.

"I know," he replied cockily. "Alice told me."

We hung up and I hesitantly opened my door to find Alice and Rosalie slumped together and giggling. "You will thank us tomorrow," Alice smirked at me.

"Now," Rosalie stated. "We did this because you still haven't made a choice. You already kissed Jasper so now it is only fair that you kiss Edward. I mean seriously, you can't date someone if they kiss like a wet fish. So go kiss the boy and then report back to us."

"Who says that I haven't decided yet?" I asked her. I placed my hand on my hip and did my best to look intimidating.

"Oh please!" she answered while rolling her eyes. "You wouldn't have agreed if you did."

"You don't know that. What if I was choosing Edward?" I asked, getting more irritated about their assumptions.

"Bella, you wouldn't have been having tongue wars with Jasper if you were serious about Edward," Alice answered. "Rose is right, you need to give them both a shot."

"Choose the one that kisses the best," Rosalie called after me when I turned around and closed the door. "You'll be stuck kissing that face for awhile so it better be worth it."

A/N Hope you aren't too disappointed with me. I hated to make it such a short chapter, but I wanted to get something out before the weekend since I probably won't be updating again until Monday.

Also, I found a new story that I absolutely love even though it is a James/Bella. It is called Love in the Mirror Room by forbiddenkisses and I really think that you should give it a chance. Lots of lemony goodness for those of you that are into that.



Sensual Chocolate Massage

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BPOV:

Edward was going to pick me up at noon for our Alice approved date. Jasper had already caught wind of it and had been harassing her nonstop for the better part of the morning for changing the rules for him. He even went so far as to have flowers delivered for all three of us with sweet notes for Rosalie and Alice begging them for permission to date me and a sweet but rather suggestive note for me about what he would like to do on that date. Unfortunately, his efforts were in vain. I wasn't about to complain though, at least not too much. I did have a date to get ready for which meant I was back to being Bella Barbie.

Rosalie and Alice were arguing over what I should wear for my date. It seemed odd to me since they usually agreed on my clothes, or lack thereof. Today though, Alice was set on her usual 'less is more' principle for clothing and Rosalie had taken the stance that I should dress a bit more conservatively. At risk of upsetting my best friend, I agreed whole-heartedly with Rosalie. That is, until I saw the outfit that she had chosen for me. The pants she had chosen were described to me as tight hip-huggers. All I saw, however, was a pair of black pants that were so tight that Spandex would be put to shame. Honestly, I could have been wearing body paint and felt less exposed than I did in those pants. The shirt that she picked out was no better either. It was a sleeveless and came up to a mock turtleneck with black, white, and silver pinstripes. My objection to the shirt was the keyhole cut that showed off excessive cleavage in the lacy black push up bra that Alice had insisted I wear. Then there were the silver stilettos that strapped around my ankles to take into consideration. There would be no way to kick them off in time if I fell while walking but both girls assured me that Edward would catch me before the sidewalk and I could catch up on old times like the friends that we were. Rosalie conceded hair and make-up to Alice since she had won the battle for wardrobe. Thankfully, Alice spared me by putting on light, natural colors that just hinted at smoky eyes

and a touch of lip gloss and left my hair down with just a bit of curl in it.

When Edward knocked on the door, Alice stood blocking it for over a minute while watching her wristwatch. She finally decided that he had waited long enough and moved aside for me to open it. Rosalie swatted me across my rear and reminded me to kiss him to make sure that it wasn't a wet fish kiss with a wink.

Edward was as stunning as ever. He wore the same black slacks from the party a couple weeks back that hugged his cute little bottom perfectly. He had on a midnight blue button down shirt with the top two buttons undone exposing a teasing amount of his perfect chest. His bronze hair was just as messy as usual but sexy nonetheless. From behind his back, he produced a small bouquet of white and lavender colored freesias.

"You are so beautiful," he told me as I took the bouquet from him with a shy smile.

I handed the flowers back to Alice who was holding back her excited squeal as she raced back to the kitchen with them. Rosalie rolled her eyes and smiled at me. Something about her attitude made me suspicious but I would have to think about that later.

"So, where are we going?" I asked.

"It's a surprise, remember?" he replied with a cocked eyebrow.

"And you already know how I feel about surprises, remember?" I argued back.

"Ah my little desert rose..." Edward mused. "That is your only clue," he added.

Edward sang along to every song on the radio as we drove and refused to answer any more of my questions since they all had to do with our date. We finally arrived at the botanical gardens. I looked up at Edward in confusion then back down to my feet. He winked and walked around the car to open my door for me. When he opened the door, he reached into the back seat and produced a box with black ballet flats in my size almost identical to my favorite pair.

"You have a choice, Bella," he said before handing me the shoes. "You can either wear these shoes and be comfortable, or you can wear the very sexy shoes that you currently have on and I will massage any soreness out of your feet later."

Decisions, decisions.

"How about if I wear the flats and you still give me a massage later?" I bargained.

He raised an eyebrow at me. "Oh really?"

"You can massage my feet later," I clarified and stuck my foot up a little to wiggle my toes for him.

"A little greedy aren't we?" he chuckled.

"I can't help it if my negotiation skills far surpass your own," I said with a giggle. Something about being around Edward brought out the girl in me.

"How about you wear the heels, we go for a short walk, and then I will have a genuine reason to massage your cute little feet later. Then I can enjoy the view of your hips swinging better while you walk." Smug little...

"Or I could wear the flats, still swing my hips, and then you can massage my feet after because you already put that out on the table."

"I have a better idea," Edward announced with a devious twinkle in his eye. "You can wear the flats for now, but the next place we go you have to wear the heels. Then I will massage your feet after that."

I considered his offer for a moment. It seemed too good to be true. "Where are we going next?" I asked cautiously.

"That is another surprise," he answered with the breathtaking crooked smile. "Please?"

"Alright," I agreed.

Our walk around the gardens was surprisingly fun. Edward was able to tell me interesting facts about nearly all of the plants as we passed them by. He even tried to impress me by calling over a squirrel. That seemed to backfire when the squirrel assumed that we had food and ran straight up to Edward causing him to squeal like a girl when he jumped in the air. I was barely containing my laugh until the squirrel scurried over to me. I screamed louder than Edward and jumped into his arms as he raced us out of there.

Edward assisted me into the car again then sped off back towards town. It was already 5:30 by the time we arrived at a small Mexican restaurant and I was hungry after our walk around the botanical gardens.

Edward walked around to my side of the car again. He bent down and slipped my heels on for me. His eyes met mine and I inhaled sharply as he fastened the ankle straps. His fingers lingered on my ankles a little longer than necessary but I was not about to complain. I never thought that ankles were sexy until that moment. He took my hand and led me out of the car and into the restaurant.

The smell of salsa and wonderful spices simmering assaulted my senses. The hostess led us to a small table in the back next to a wide open empty space. It was a quaint restaurant and still fairly quiet before the dinner time rush. A small candle was lit on the corner of the table. A bowl of chips and fresh salsa was also set on the table. The hostess handed us our menus, which were leather bound and smelled rich and worn.

The waitress came to take our drink orders and stared at Edward entirely too long before accidentally dropping the pen as she took it from behind her ear. She carefully bent over in front of him but his eyes never left mine as I watched her from my peripheries. She scowled at me when she stood up and left to bring us our drinks. At his urging, I had ordered the watermelon margarita and he had ordered a soda because he was driving. Although, the smirk he wore told me that there was more to the story.

The waitress shamelessly flirted with Edward every time she approached our table even as the restaurant slowly began to fill with customers. He was the perfect gentleman and never acknowledged her presence for anything that was not related to our meal. I was beside myself in joy and triumph at being able to hold his attention despite her best efforts. After our dinner, however, my good mood dampened.

"Just one dance?" Edward pleaded with me.

"Not a chance. I do not dance," I told him flatly.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked.

"Honestly? I'm going to fall in these stupid shoes and break an ankle," I told him.

"I will never let you fall," he assured me. Then, because he is Edward and knows what it does to me, he gave me that crooked smile to melt my defenses.

"One dance," I told him sharply.

"That's all I am asking for," he said with a smug grin. "For now," he added as he

led me onto the dance floor.

The dance was actually not so bad. Edward was a wonderful dancer and was more than happy to take the lead. I can't deny that I was a little excited to be held so close to him. The dance was a slow rumba and the moves were sensual. I don't know if Edward could tell how turned on I was by the way that we moved our bodies together, but I could certainly feel how excited he was.

When we finally left the restaurant, five dances later, my feet were aching. As promised, Edward slid me into the backseat of his car with me and gently removed the heels that he proclaimed were his new favorite pair of shoes. He produced a small bottle of chocolate scented massage oil. Either he had planned this from the beginning or that bottle had been here for other intents and purposes. I chose to believe the former. He poured a generous amount of the massage oil on my foot and gently massaged away all the aches as pains as he complimented me on my natural skills on the dance floor. Suddenly, he lifted my ankle to his face and inhaled before he licked my ankle. I was so surprised that I wasn't sure if I should be alarmed or turned on.

"I know that I chocolate is delicious, but is sweaty foot combined with chocolate scented oil really the most appetizing thing?" I asked him.

"Everything about you is appetizing," he replied smoothly. His eyes darkened and the look on his face was one of pure lust.

Rosalie's words replayed in my mind. I acted on instinct. "Kiss me," I whispered.

In less than a second, Edward's lips were on mine. He wasted no time in pressing his tongue against my lips, demanding entrance to my mouth. His right hand tangled into the hair at the base of my neck and pulled me further into him. His left hand grabbed my hip firmly as his thumb rubbed slow circles on my hipbone. Our tongues were locked in a gentle massage with one another. He leaned further against my chest and rocked slowly, causing me to moan against him. His lips were off of mine in an instant and working their way down my jaw to my throat. He kissed his way across my collarbone and worked his way back up the opposite side of my neck. I whimpered against the sensations that were driving me crazy. His lips met mine again for a slower kiss. He peppered light kisses on my lips for another minute before pulling away.

I was left slightly breathless and completely turned on. When I finally opened my eyes to look over at Edward he was leaning back against the seat with his eyes closed and a satisfied smile on his perfect lips. My only thought was, I did that.

He resumed massaging my feet after another moment. "Feet are an erogenous zone, Bella," Edward stated matter-of-factly. "I shouldn't have manipulated you like that, I'm sorry."

I looked up at him. "Excuse me?"

"I was intentionally turning you on so that you would ask me to kiss you," he admitted with a sheepish look.

"Edward," I sighed. "I would have asked you anyway. And don't apologize for anything, because I am definitely not complaining."

He leaned over and kissed me chastely again. "Good, because I'm not sure that I can stay away from you anymore. You are far too beautiful and intriguing. I don't have the willpower to keep myself from you."

"Then don't," I whispered to him. The second the words left my lips, I began to feel a gnawing sensation at the pit of my stomach.

Edward drove me home and walked me to the door. He gave me one last kiss before I slipped inside and he drove off. I stood leaning against the door for a moment collecting my thoughts. Rosalie and Alice were in the kitchen drinking and chatting and had not yet heard me come in. I finally walked in to join them.

"So," Alice said when she spotted me. "How was your date?"

"How was the kiss?" Rosalie interjected.

"Where did you guys go?" Alice asked.

"Did you kiss him?" Rosalie demanded.

"Whoa! Whoa! One question at a time," I answered. "The date was great and yes we kissed. He took me to the botanical gardens and then we had dinner at a small Mexican restaurant and we danced."

"You danced?" Alice exclaimed.

"Kiss. Details. Now." Rosalie said impatiently.

"The kiss was great. He is very skilled," I said with a sigh.

"But?" they asked simultaneously.

"There was just no spark the way that there was when I kissed Jasper. I'm incredibly attracted to Edward, and I had a great time with him. I wouldn't even mind kissing him again. But now that I have kissed Jasper and I know what that spark can be, I know what I am missing out on when I kiss Edward. It isn't fair to him."

"Oh Bella, Bella, Bella," Alice chided playfully.

Rosalie leaned against the counter and smirked at me. "I knew it," she stated.

"You knew what?" I asked.

"I knew that you would fall in love with Jasper. I knew Edward could never treat you the way that you need to be treated."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked defensively.

"Just that Edward has never been great at giving women what they really need. He only gives them what he thinks they want. In most cases, that is no strings attached sex. But for you, he seems to think that you need to be placed on a pedestal."

"Well I think that it's sweet," Alice interrupted.

"Sweet like the chocolate massage oil he used to massage my feet after we danced?" I asked playfully.

"He did not!" Alice exclaimed. Rosalie rolled her eyes.

"He even licked it off," I winked at her.

Alice squealed in delight. "He licked you?"

"But not in the way you wanted," Rosalie smirked.

"I'm perfectly happy with the way he licked me," I defended.

"Does he have a long tongue?" Alice asked.

"Ew! That's my cousin!" Rosalie shrieked.

"I bet he does," Alice continued undeterred. Rosalie slipped an ice cube down her shirt in retaliation. Alice took off up the stairs and Rosalie turned back to me.

"You've made your decision, haven't you?"

"I have. I'm going to call Jasper."

A/N Any guesses on who she chose? I'm sure that most of you figured it out, but I'm curious anyway.

Thanks to everyone that reads and a special thanks to everyone that reviews. To all of my regular reviewers, you all make my day! I look forward to reading what you have to say or the questions about the story.



All For Her

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward, they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

JPOV:

Bella was out on her date with Edward and I was at home moping in my room. Emmett had attempted to keep me company but prank calling his girlfriend from my phone was not my idea of fun. Sometimes I wonder why she puts up with him.

Edward finally showed up around nine in the evening. That gave him nearly nine hours alone with Bella, nine hours of her undivided attention, nine hours to sway her in his favor. It was pure hell waiting for him to come home.

When he finally waltzed through the door, he was radiating his happiness throughout the room. Jealousy was surging through my veins and it took every ounce of self-control I possessed to not knock him down. Surely if he were that happy then Bella would be in a similar state of mind. I cared enough for her to not inflict damage upon someone she cared for.

"I think that I am in love, Jasper," he announced with a soft smile.

"Love and infatuation are two entirely different emotions," I retorted coldly.

"Don't be a spoil sport. I'm in love. Even you must know how special Bella is," he replied unaffected.

"Yes, I know *exactly* how special Bella is," I muttered under my breath. "Are you serious about her?" I asked a little louder.

"I've never been more sure of anything in my life than the way I feel about Bella. We are connected. When I am with her everything else melts away; it's just she and I," he professed.

"You know that I feel the same way about her," I told him pointedly.

My phone rang then. Bella. I chose to ignore it since I was in the middle of discussing how I felt about her with Edward. I needed to resolve this once and for all. I couldn't sit back and watch my best friend and roommate fall in love with the same woman that I was in love with. Nor could I watch Bella be torn between two men. No, this needed to be resolved now.

"Edward," I began cautiously. "I know that you feel that you are in love..."

"I am in love," he cut me off.

"Very well. You are in love with Bella and you have never truly felt this way about anyone else so I know how unfair this is of me to ask you. Please, be a gentleman and step aside. Let Bella be mine," I asked him.

"You have a better chance of watching hell freeze over than you do of seeing me step aside unless that is what she wants," he argued back.

I stood up and walked out of the room angrily. There was a voicemail on my phone which I assumed was from Bella. Once I was secure in my room I flopped down across my bed and dialed my voicemail. Bella's beautiful voice was shaky in the receiver as she relayed her message. It was a simple command. "Jasper, I really need to speak with you. Call me back."

I was immediately filled with insecurity. First, Edward was all too happy when he came home from his date. Then, he professes that he is in love with her. I can only assume that she feels a similar way because I doubted that he would ever love someone unreciprocated. Then she leaves that message with her voice shaking as she said it. She sounded nervous. There could only be one thing on her mind if she sounded that nervous after her date with Edward. She had made her decision and I was not the one. My heart sank with that realization.

I walked back out the living room and slumped back into the sofa. Edward looked over at me curiously. "Did she enjoy the date as well?" I asked. Before I let her go, I needed to have this confirmed.

"I have no reason to believe that she didn't," he answered cautiously.

I pulled out a piece of paper from my back pocket and handed it to him. "I was planning on taking her to this dinner in a month. She will love it. You take her, I'll back out."

"That easy?" he asked incredulously.

"I'm not going to force her to choose between us. It isn't her fault that we bickered over her like kids over a shiny new toy. I'll be the gentleman and bow out so that she can be less conflicted and enjoy her time with you." There was no need to tell him that she would have chosen him anyway, I wasn't going to inflate his ego that much.

"Thank you," he called to me as I walked away.

:--:

I didn't have it in me to face Bella after that. I couldn't bare the heartache of seeing her knowing that she would never be mine. So, for the next week, I ditched our class. Edward never failed to report to me how happy she was, only reinforcing my decision to let her leave a less conflicted life. It didn't make it any better that Bella continued calling my phone several times a day everyday. I never answered. If I was trying to make this easier for her, she was trying to torture me in the process. By the time the weekend came, I was left at the house by myself. Both Edward and Emmett were staying over to spend quality time with their 'girls.' I didn't even have it in me to correct him that Bella is no girl, she is a woman and deserves to be treated as such.

When Monday the following week came, I decided it was finally time to face the music and get back to reality. I couldn't ditch my class for the remainder of the semester and still expect to pass with a decent grade. I purposely arrived earlier than usual and made my way to the front row of the class, as far away from where Edward and Bella sat as possible. A few minutes later and I felt someone sit down behind me. I immediately knew who it was. There was no mistaking that floral scent combined with strawberries, I would know it anywhere, I would know Bella anywhere.

"You're avoiding me," she accused me in a whisper. I chose not to respond. "Can you at least tell me why?"

"I am trying to make this easier for you," I whispered back without looking at her. If I looked at her now I would be a lost cause.

"You don't have the first clue what I need," she whispered back, her voice laced with anger.

"Edward loves you," I told her with a sigh.

"Don't you?" she asked.

"Does it matter? It will only make your life and mine more complicated. Please, just accept that I made your decision for you and move on, for both of us," I pleaded to her.

"Look at me," she commanded gently.

This is what I had been dreading. Now was not the time to lose myself in her eyes, to give in to her touch. Slowly, I turned myself to face her. Her expression was soft and unreadable. The usual spark of life in her eyes had disappeared. For a brief moment I allowed myself to hope that I was what was missing from her life, that I could be the one to bring that spark back.

"Why didn't you call me back?" she asked quietly with tears threatening to spill from her eyes.

My resolve was gone. Clearly I had misjudged myself in being able to handle being in the same class as her. "I can't do this anymore, Bella," I whispered back before a sob could catch in my throat. I stood up, grabbed my things and made a hasty retreat for the door. The last thing I heard before I made my exit was Bella calling my name over the noisy classroom.

I bumped into Edward on my way out of the door. "Sorry," I muttered as I tried to walk away. He grabbed my arm to stop me in my tracks.

"Sorry doesn't even begin to cover it," he replied angrily.

"I didn't do a single thing to you," I shot back sharply.

"No, it isn't about what you did to me," he replied in a forlorn voice.

"Listen, Edward, as much as I would like to apologize to whoever for whatever, I just can't right now," I explained and walked away. He didn't try to stop me a second time.

I slipped inside quietly. Emmett was already home with a bucket of fried chicken. He eyed the drumstick and licked his lips. Sometimes it seems like he wants to make love to his food rather than eat it. If he could only devote half the time he spends eating to making an effort to act like a gentleman he could probably be quite charming. I sat down next to him at the table as he passed the bucket in my direction. A little comfort food never hurt anyone.

"You look like crap, Jazz," he said nonchalantly.

"Thanks for the compliment, Em," I replied while rolling my eyes.

"You really need to talk to Bella," he said after another minute in between bites.

"You really need to not talk with your mouth full. And I talked to Bella this morning," I answered him.

"Apparently not otherwise you wouldn't be here sulking," he said, finally looking straight at me.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. I sat the chicken down and trudged over to open it. When I did, I was met with a very angry Bella.

"How dare you!" she accused.

Emmett chuckled in the background. "Told ya man."

"Shut up, Emmett!" both Bella and I yelled at the same time.

"How dare you!" she repeated. "You can not avoid me for over a week and then walk out on me when I try to talk to you."

"Bella, I was trying to make this easier for you," I told her in a pleading tone. As angry as she was, I didn't want to lose my cool with her.

"Just what, pray tell, were you trying to make easier for me?" she asked. Before I had a chance to answer she spoke again. "Were you trying to save me from my roommates' little Bella Barbie dress-up games? Were you trying to stay away so that I wouldn't be distracted by your very presence in class? Were you trying to make it easier for Mike to find me in between classes?"

"Mike got to you in between classes?" I interrupted her.

"Only every damn day! But where were you when that was happening? Trying to make things easier, for me! What, Jasper, what were you trying to make easier for me?"

Suddenly her anger was more cute than threatening. I couldn't hold back a laugh. I doubled over in laughter. The entire situation was ridiculous. Bella was less threatening than a de-clawed kitten. And Emmett was sitting back with a bucket of

fried chicken watching the show. When I was finally able to contain my laughter and look back up at Bella she had her hands on her hips and was fuming.

"So you think this is funny, do you?" she asked testily.

"Not in the slightest. It is just amusing," I answered between gasps for air.

"Whatever. Answer my question, funny man," she said firmly.

"Edward loves you. You were falling for him. I made the decision to back away and let you two be together before things became anymore serious between us and I couldn't walk away from you," I told her sincerely.

She stared at me curiously for a moment. "How is your vision, Jasper?"

There is an odd question if I've ever heard one. "Perfect 20/20," I replied.

"Then how can you be so blind?" she asked.

"Told you!" Emmett bellowed from the back of the house.

"Shut up, Emmett!" we yelled in unison.

A/N I know that this isn't what you all expected but please bear with me here. It was a little shorter but I will make it up to you in the next chapter. Reviews! Reviews!



Baking Therapy

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward, they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

BPOV:

Jasper didn't answer his phone so I decided to leave him a vague message. It just seemed too impersonal to tell him that I was done with Edward over the phone. I wanted to see him in person for that. Besides, I could probably sneak in another one of those kisses that made me feel fireworks in my mouth when I told him. Just thinking about it was making me all warm and tingly all over. When he never answered my calls, I became a little worried. I would see him the next day in class though.

The next day Edward was waiting for me in class with a very smug grin on his face. I sat down next to him while glancing over my shoulder to search for Jasper.

"I talked to Jasper last night," Edward said. That caught my attention.

"Really? About what?" I asked. Hopefully he wasn't able to detect the enthusiasm that I tried to disguise in my voice.

"He decided to do the right thing," he stated mysteriously.

"And what would that be?" I prodded.

"He is backing off. We are free to be exclusive now. That is, if you would like to be. Bella, would you like to be my girlfriend?" he asked.

I was torn between laughing at the fact that he asked me to be his girlfriend as if we were back in high school and screaming at him that I wanted to be with Jasper. Then again, if Jasper told him that he was backing off maybe he didn't want me after all and I should just be happy that Edward was interested. "Of course," I said with a

forced smile.

The class passed slowly with Edward's arm casually draped across my shoulders. He never even offered to walk me to class the way that Jasper always did. He just muttered some excuse about needing to really use the bathroom after all the spicy food he ate at the Mexican restaurant the night before. What a stupid, sorry excuse for a boyfriend... Still though, he is better than nothing, right?

As I approached my second class of the day, my Shakespeare class, Mike Newton was propped up against the wall by the door. Really, this was already turning out to be a day straight from hell. I tried to breeze past him unnoticed and slip into class but luck was not on my side.

"Bella!" he exclaimed excitedly when he saw me. "Can I speak with you?"

"Talk quickly, Mike. I have no desire to speak with you," I said coldly.

"I wanted to apologize for the other night..."

"Apology accepted, bye!"

I rushed into class to avoid any further discussion. Thankfully he wasn't waiting for me when my class ended. I pulled out my phone to call Jasper again, knowing that he didn't have class right now. Again he did not answer although I expected as much after what Edward had told me. I walked back home, my mood severely deflated from the morning.

Alice and Rosalie were both home and working on homework when I walked in. "Don't you two have class to go to?" I asked.

"Class was cancelled, thankfully!" Rosalie gushed. "What's with the glum face? Didn't you talk to Jasper?"

"About that..." I trailed off.

"What did that jerk do?" Alice asked and narrowed her eyes. She was cute when she tried to be defensive of me. It was actually quite comical to picture her trying to take on someone Jasper's size.

"He decided to back off and now Edward and I are an official couple," I replied with a sad sigh. "He didn't even walk me to my class and Mike was there waiting to talk to me."

"That creep was there waiting for you?" Rosalie asked. "Do I need to walk you to class with a blunt object in my hands?"

"No!" Alice objected. "Edward should be walking her to class."

"She doesn't even like Edward like that!" Rosalie argued.

"It's because she is still caught up on Jasper and hasn't given him a chance yet!" Alice yelled.

"*She* is standing right here," I interjected to stop their bickering.

"Sorry," they both mumbled.

"I'm just going to head on up to my room," I told them with a sigh.

"Are you sure you don't want some retail therapy?" Alice offered.

"No!" I practically screamed back at her. "Although bake therapy does sound like a good idea."

"Bake therapy?" Rosalie asked.

"Yep, bake therapy. Prepare to ruin your diets ladies," I said and set off to bake.

I made a triple layer chocolate cake. The top and bottom layers were a delectable and spongy chocolate cake. The middle layer was a chocolate fudge layer that was more like a brownie texture. Between each layer was a thin spread of raspberry sauce. I mixed up a fudge frosting for the cake once it was cooled. After that was done, I drizzled the remaining raspberry sauce in swirls across the top of the cake. Perfect.

:~::~

Two days later and Jasper skipped class again. I still had not been able to get in touch with him. Edward was starting to pick up on my bad mood. I tried my best to put on a happy face for him. After all, it wasn't his fault that I was too plain to hold on to someone as attractive as Jasper. To be honest, I was going to ruin my chances with Edward with my moping over Jasper and then I would be completely alone.

Mike, again, was waiting outside my second class of the day. I sighed when I saw him. He really did not know how to take a hint. "Mike, I really have nothing to say to

you. Please leave me alone," I stated before he could speak.

He grinned back at me. "Now is that anyway to talk to the man of your dreams?"

"In your dreams," I said and rolled my eyes.

"Actually, in yours," he replied with a smug grin.

"Excuse me?" I asked, suddenly very suspicious.

"You talk about me in your sleep," he stated.

"That's because in my sleep I am beating you to death with a blunt object," I hissed at him. "And how the hell do you know what I say in my sleep?"

"I heard you the other night," he replied with an unrepentant shrug.

"How the hell did you hear me in my sleep, Mike?" I demanded.

"I might have been outside your window. I wanted to keep an eye on you in case someone dangerous was in the area."

"You are that someone dangerous. Let me put this in no unmistakable terms. Stay away from me. Do not come near me. Do not come near my house. Do not come near my roommates. Do not follow me. Do not wait for me before class. Leave me the hell alone. I never want to see you again for the rest of my life and even that is not long enough." I was practically shouting and drawing the attention of the rest of the students as they entered the class.

"You'll come around," he said with a smile.

That was it; I lost it. I took a step towards him and whacked him across his head with my book. "Listen up you sick, twisted creep! I'm placing a restraining order on you. If you violate it, the police will be the least of your concerns," I warned.

I ditched that class and came home to an empty house. Alice and Rosalie came home later to find me baking again. This time I was preparing a batch of shortbread cookies with strawberry filling.

"Alright, enough with the baking!" Rosalie exclaimed. "I am not going to sabotage my diet because you aren't talking to Jasper."

"He doesn't like me anymore," I muttered under my breath. I left out the confrontation with Mike. I didn't need them getting worked up over him being so near our home.

"If you believe that then you are denser than he is," she replied while rolling her eyes.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked defensively.

"The guy told you he loves you and is all over you. He is just trying to be a damn gentleman for some stupid reason. Talk to him!"

"I've been trying to talk to him all week!" I yelled back at her.

"Then get creative," she shrugged while eyeing the cookies.

"You need a way to get his attention," Alice suggested.

"I am not dressing up to get his attention, Alice," I sighed.

"I didn't say that. We could always dunk some tampons in red food dye and then pelt his car!" She jumped out of her seat and clapped her hands in excitement over the idea.

"She loves the guy, she doesn't want to go to jail, Alice," Rosalie sighed.

"I never said that I love him," I replied.

"You never said that you didn't either," she countered. I bit my tongue. "That's what I thought," she said with a smirk.

"Maybe we should invite the boys over this weekend," Alice suggested. "That way he can't escape and you will have a chance to talk to him."

"Great idea!" I chimed in.

I called Edward to let him know that we were planning a movie night and I would be making dinner on Friday. I also asked him to invite all his roommates with extra emphasis on all. He enthusiastically agreed and promised to let the guys know.

:~::~:

It was Friday afternoon. I had dressed nicely for the day. I was wearing a nice, snug pair of dark wash boot-cut jeans and an emerald green camisole with silver sequins lining the top and bottom. I paired that with a cap sleeved black shrug and my favorite black ballet flats. I also wore my favorite apron. It was blood red with black polka dots. Alice claimed that I looked like an over-sized ladybug when I wore it.

I was preparing dinner when the doorbell rang. Alice and Rosalie were still upstairs getting ready for the night so I skipped over to the door. I was entirely too eager to see Jasper but I didn't care. My enthusiasm was crushed instantly when I opened the door to find only Edward and Emmett. I plastered a smile on my face as I greeted them and ushered them in.

"Just the two of you?" I asked cautiously. I didn't want to give away my disappointment. Edward had been nothing but sweet to me even if I didn't deserve it.

"Yes, Bella," Edward answered on cue. "Just the two of us."

Emmett strolled into the kitchen after catching a waft of my signature lasagna and fresh garlic bread dinner I had prepared leaving Edward and I alone. Edward led me over to the sofa.

"You are so beautiful, Bella," he whispered.

"Thank you," I responded politely. My curiosity began to eat away at me. "Jasper couldn't make it tonight? Alice is going to feel like the fifth wheel," I quickly added.

"Jasper has a date tonight so he won't make it. He sends his apologies," Edward replied casually, a little too casual. Then again, I am dating Edward. "He is moving on with his life, Bella. It's time for you to move on with yours, it's time for us to move forward."

The conversation was quickly taking a turn that I was not entirely comfortable with. "I love you, Bella," escaped from Edward's lips. Those same lips that I had once fantasized about were now going to be figments of my nightmares. The second that he said those three little words, I realized that I would never feel the same way about him, ever.

"Edward," I began. He placed his finger on my lips to cut me off.

"I don't care that you don't feel the same way right now. You will eventually and I

can be patient," he said softly. His deep green eyes pleaded with me to love him.

I pushed his finger away from my lips. "I'm sorry, Edward. I should have told you sooner, but I made my choice a week ago and it wasn't you. I wanted, I mean I still want to be with Jasper."

"Jasper is dating someone else now," he repeated his words from earlier.

"I can be patient," I replied, using his words from earlier.

"And if he falls in love with her? What then, Bella? Are you just going to die lonely waiting for him?" he asked nervously.

"All I know is that right now, all I want is Jasper. It isn't fair to you for me to be thinking about him instead of enjoying my time with you," I answered.

Edward sat up straight next to me. His eyes took on a determined look. "Jasper never cared for you," he said bluntly. "He only wanted you because I did. It was all just a game to him. You were never anything more than a prize. That's why I forced him to step back. That's why he has already managed to move on. You only feel anything for him because he is just that convincing. He has good charisma, but nothing else, Bella, nothing else."

I blanched. He couldn't possibly be telling me the truth. I know what I felt between Jasper and I, he didn't. Even if I had been a game to them in the beginning, the dynamic had changed. Hadn't it? Regardless, I didn't want to date Edward, even less after what he just told me. At least Jasper would have been the gentleman and kept that to himself to spare me the pain.

"Get out," I whispered to Edward.

"Bella," he pleaded.

"I said, get out," I repeated more forcefully.

He stood quietly and walked to the door. He took one last look over his shoulder at me. I pointed in the direction of the door. He left without a scene. Emmett, who had been in the kitchen, walked back into the front room then. I was no longer in the mood for company so I gave him a sympathetic glance and raced up the stairs and locked myself in my room.

Soon after, I could hear Alice, Rosalie and Emmett laughing and carrying on

without me downstairs. At least someone was having a good time tonight. Even Jasper was having more fun than I was. Sometimes my life completely sucks. There is just no better way to describe it.

I was in the middle of my own personal Bella-Pity-Party when someone knocked on my door. I opened the door hesitantly, half way expecting to see Edward begging me to give him another chance. Instead I was greeted by Rosalie, Alice and a margarita. It seemed like the perfect solution so I gladly accepted their offering and followed them back down the stairs.

Emmett was seated on the sofa waiting for us. "Hey, Bella," he greeted.

"Sorry about earlier, Emmett," I apologized.

"Spill is woman!" Alice commanded.

"Trust me, Emmett doesn't want to hear my sob stories when he could be busy getting frisky with Rosie," I told her to avoid the drama.

"First, don't ever call me Rosie again. Second, Emmett isn't getting frisky with me for at least two more margaritas. And third, I want to know what happened and who's ass I have to kick," Rosalie said.

"Fine," I sighed. "Jasper couldn't make it."

"What do you mean?" Emmett asked with a surprised faced.

"Edward said that he had a date tonight," I replied. Please tell me that was true.

"Jasper is sitting at home right now," Emmett answered my unspoken question. "Edward told me that he felt uncomfortable being around you ever since you chose him over Jasper."

"That son of a..." Rosalie started before being cut off by me.

"I wanted Jasper, not Edward."

"Someone has some explaining to do," Emmett remarked.

"I'll chop his balls off and feed them to that creepy Newton guy for breakfast," Rosalie mused.

"Whoa there, Rosie!" Emmett said. His eyes bugged out in fear. "No need to go dismembering the poor guy just because he was stupid."

"You're right," she agreed quickly. Too quickly. "Bella should have that privilege. I'll go find a rubber band. I'll hold his penis out and she can wrap it around and when the circulation cuts off it will fall off in a disgusting, decaying pile. Slow and painful."

"Ew! I don't want to touch his penis! I don't even want to think about it!" I protested.

"I don't want you touching it either, Rosie baby," Emmett said. "And Bella would need vaccinations before going anywhere near it."

"Thanks for the warning," I scoffed.

"I think our main concern now would be to have Jasper and Bella talk," Alice said.

"Don't worry about it, I'll make sure he goes to class on Monday," Emmett assured me with a wink.

:~::~

I walked into class Monday a little later than usual because I was nervous about finally seeing Jasper and sorting out all of this confusion. I was also worried that Edward would be there and at that moment I couldn't be held responsible for my actions. Rosalie's demented suggestion had started soundly more and more appealing with each margarita that night and their appeal had apparently not worn off with the alcohol.

Jasper was not in his usual seat. At first I went to sit where I would normally sit until I remembered that Edward normally sat next to me. I wasn't ready for that. I scanned the room to find a decent seat when I spotted his honey blonde hair at the front of the room. Jasper was apparently still avoiding me. I was about to put a stop to that. I marched right down the aisle and took the seat directly behind him.

I leaned forward until my nose was nearly touching his ear. "You're avoiding me," I whispered accusatorily. He didn't answer. "Can you at least tell me why?" I asked. If I asked a question he would be forced to respond to me.

"I am trying to make this easier for you," he whispered back without looking at me.

I had no idea what he meant by that and I was beginning to get frustrated. "You don't have the first clue what I need," I replied. I couldn't keep the anger from my voice.

"Edward loves you," he said with a sad sigh. Maybe I was reading too much into it, but it seemed like he didn't want to admit that. Then I remembered his words from the night of the party. He had said he loves me too.

"Don't you?" I asked, hoping to hear him say those words again.

"Does it matter? It will only make your life and mine more complicated. Please, just accept that I made your decision for you and move on, for both of us," he responded.

This was not going the direction that I had hoped it would go. A new surge of regret was washing through me. He didn't love me. If he did then he would have told me already. I mustered all the courage I could before I spoke again. "Look at me." He slowly turned to face me with a pained expression. "Why didn't you call me back?"

For a brief second he stared back at me before whispering, "I can't do this anymore, Bella," and walking away. My heart could have broken into a thousand tiny pieces. I could have been left there unable to pick myself back up. Instead, I found myself resolved to make him see that he loved me, even if he was trying to deny it.

I stood up to see Edward walking in looking very angry. He was not who I was in the mood to deal with but now was as good a time as any. "You lied to me," I hissed as I walked past him.

He reached out to grab my arm before I pulled it away. "I'm sorry, Bella. I just didn't want to lose you. But that wasn't fair to you."

His apology stole some of my thunder. "Whatever," I told him dismissively.

"Bella," he called after me. I turned around. "If it doesn't work out with you two, just know that I will always be here for you, waiting in the wings."

I sighed. Despite my best efforts, I just couldn't stay mad at Edward. I gave him an appreciative smile and walked away. There was one person I could be mad at though. Jasper was still avoiding me for no good reason.

I knocked fiercely on the door of Jasper's house. I couldn't think of anywhere else he would be besides home since he was still avoiding me. Seconds later he answered.

"How dare you!" I yelled at him.

Emmett laughed in the background and said, "told ya man."

I wasn't in the mood for any more interruptions. I yelled back "shut up, Emmett!" at the same time as Jasper. It only infuriated me further that we were in sync. "You can not avoid me for over a week and then walk out on me when I try to talk to you."

"Bella, I was trying to make this easier for you," he said in a pleading tone.

That only spiked my anger. I was tired of him trying to take care of me when he obviously had no idea what I needed. "Just what, pray tell, were you trying to make easier for me?" I asked. Before he had a chance to answer I pounced with a line of questioning. "Were you trying to save me from my roommates' little Bella Barbie dress-up games? Were you trying to stay away so that I wouldn't be distracted by your very presence in class? Were you trying to make it easier for Mike to find me in between classes?"

"Mike got to you in between classes?" he interrupted. Finally! Something was able to get his attention.

"Only every damn day! But where were you when that was happening? Trying to make things easier, for me! What, Jasper, what were you trying to make easier for me?" I demanded.

Instead of replying his eyes filled with amusement and he began laughing. Laughing! He had the nerve to laugh at me when I was furious and demanding answers. I put my hands on my hips and waited for him to compose himself.

"So you think this is funny, do you?" I asked, doing my best to hold in my temper

"Not in the slightest. It is just amusing," he said while gasping for air.

"Whatever. Answer my question, funny man," I commanded.

"Edward loves you. You were falling for him. I made the decision to back away and let you two be together before things became anymore serious between us and I couldn't walk away from you," he answered.

I looked at him carefully. He seemed to actually believe what he just said. "How is your vision, Jasper?" I asked.

He seemed taken back by the question. Obviously, he had not caught onto my logic yet. "Perfect 20/20," he replied.

"Then how can you be so blind?" I asked exasperatedly.

"Told you!" Emmett interrupted again.

"Shut up, Emmett!" we yelled in unison.

*** ***/N Sorry, I know that my chapters have been short lately so I made this one much longer to make it up to you guys. The story hasn't progressed chronologically but it will. You are the best readers, truly. Thank you all for reading and please continue to review. I love hearing your thoughts.

Also, I came across a new story that I am absolutely in love with. It's called *Hiding In Plain Sight* by limona. It's in my favorites and it should be in yours too!



Blunt Objects

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward, they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

JPOV:

"Alright, just what is it that you accuse me of being blind of?" I asked exasperatedly.

"What I felt!" Bella screamed at me.

"Dude, you're an idiot sometimes," Emmett chuckled.

"Thank you, Emmett," Bella smirked at him over my shoulder. "I go on one date with Edward and then you avoid me for over a week. Why, Jasper? I thought that you actually liked me. So either you are insanely jealous or you were just toying with my emotions like Edward said."

"He lied!" I snapped. She took a step back in shock at my sudden harsh tone and her eyes went wide. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have yelled," I quickly apologized and reached out for her. She refused to take my hand but glided past me into the house and sat down at the table next to Emmett.

"You have exactly five minutes to explain yourself before I leave," she warned.

Emmett snickered and pushed the bucket of fried chicken in her direction. She turned up her nose and pushed it back towards him.

"Emmett, some privacy, please?" I asked politely. He grinned, stood up, tucked the bucket of chicken under his arm and walked down the hall to his room.

"Tick tock, Jasper. The clock is running," Bella reminded me. I held back a laugh.

"I am not entirely sure what Edward told you, but I haven't been on any dates except with you," I began. She relaxed back in her chair so I continued. "In fact, you have consumed every free thought from the moment I caught you before our first class a few weeks ago. You mesmerized me then just as you do each time I see you. You felt so right in my arms. It's all that I can think about. I stay awake at night thinking about holding you, wanting to wake up with you in my arms."

Her eyes lit up with a spark of interest. "Edward came home from your date and told me that he was in love with you. I have never seen him so happy before."

"So you just let me go because he was happy?" she asked when I paused.

"No!" I quickly corrected. "I jumped to conclusions. I assumed that because he was so happy that you had to share the sentiment. Then you called so quickly after his date. He was so elated and I was already making assumptions so I just assumed that you had enjoyed yourself so much that you realized that you would rather be with him. Then your message was so cryptic..."

"You're right," she said.

She paused then. My heart began to stutter in my chest. Surely, she couldn't mean that she had chosen Edward. Just when I had begun to hope again, her words were crushing me and extinguishing any flicker of hope I had left.

"That message was cryptic," she continued. My hope flickered back to life. "I wanted to tell you in person, not over the phone, and certainly not in a voicemail."

"What did you want to tell me?" I asked excitedly.

"That you were the one I wanted," she whispered.

My heart could have burst from me out of happiness. She wanted me. Bella wanted me. *Wanted*. That word caught and held fast after my initial elatedness passed. I refused to believe that she no longer wanted me, yet she had used the past tense. There was only one way for certain to find out.

"Wanted?" I asked hesitantly, secretly hoping she would correct that error.

"You heard me," she replied with a smug grin.

Personally, I failed to see what was so damned amusing about this entire situation. However, since I had nothing left to lose I sucked in a deep breath and asked again.

"Wanted?"

"I've wanted you from the moment I saw you," she replied confidently.

"Wanted?" I repeatedly, stressing the past tense.

"Are you on repeat or has your brain lost function of speaking anything but that word?" she asked with an amused grin.

My temper was quickly slipping at her stubbornness. She was refusing to give me a straight answer purposely.

"Very well," I said with a frustrated sigh. "Why is it wanted? Why do you no longer want me?" I asked as politely as I could.

"Who said I no longer wanted you?" she quipped.

It all clicked. Bella was just angry with me for jumping to the wrong conclusion. My heart began beating frantically again. I was so desperately in love with her that it didn't matter if she only felt a fraction of what I felt for her. I would make her realize that no one could ever make her as happy as I could, starting now.

"Bella," I whispered.

"Jasper," she replied. The sound of my name on her lips was like a prayer being answered. She was here, she wanted me, she would love me.

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely.

"Don't," she whispered as she looked away.

I lifted her chin until she looked up at me again. "Don't what?" I asked gently.

"Don't make it so difficult to stay mad at you," she whispered with a sad smile.

"Hmm..." I pretended to ponder. "Would you be upset if I told you I love you?"

She looked up at me with a curious expression. "That depends, are you telling me that you love me?"

"I am. I love you, Bella," I replied with great conviction.

"Then, yes, that makes it easier to stay mad at you," she smirked.

My heart began to sink again. How was it possible that by admitting my love for her was suitable grounds to be angry with me? I was just opening my mouth to ask her as much when she placed a finger on my lips to silence me.

"You loved me and you let me go," she spoke softly, answering my unspoken question. "Why didn't you fight for me? Why didn't you have enough faith in me?"

Her words stung with truth. She was right; I knew better than to assume she would end a relationship over the phone, but I assumed it anyway. I was a horrible, stupid ass and could only hope that she would forgive me.

"I'm sorry, Bella. I'll say it everyday if I have to," I pleaded.

"I'm not interested in apologies, Jasper," she sighed. I would have sunken even lower in despair if not for the twinkle of amusement in her eye. "I am only interested in what you are going to do about it," she added.

"Come again?" I asked.

"Well I need to come once before I come again," she said with a small blush.

I laughed. I laughed loud and whole-heartedly. If we were back to sexual innuendos then the worst was behind us. Now it was time for me to make it up to her every day for the rest of my life. I chanced a peak at Bella through my laughter to find her scowling at me on the surface but holding back her own amusement. My hand instinctively reached for her and drew her into me. The physical connection warmed me, body and soul. I swore right then and there that I would never let her go again.

"Alright, love, how can I make this up to you?" I asked once my laughter subsided.

Bella looked up at me with a sweet smile. "For starters, you can do something about Mike for me so that I don't have to actually touch him to remove various offensive body parts." I scowled, she smirked. "Second, you're going to wear a shirt that says 'Bella's Bitch' around my house and clean for the day." She paused to look up at me and gauge my reaction.

I nodded pensively before grinning. "Is that all I will be wearing?"

Bella gave me a dramatic eye roll. "Funny, I never pegged you as an exhibitionist,"

she scoffed.

"It's only in front of you," I replied.

"And Alice and Rosalie and possibly Emmett," she corrected.

My scowl returned ten-fold at that. It was at that moment that she looked up at me with a devilish grin and began to drum her fingers on my chest impatiently. "What have you thought up now?" I asked in a somewhat irritated tone.

"Don't get angry with me or things will only get worse," she warned. "Now, to amend, you'll be wearing a purple shirt with sparkly silver lettering that reads 'Bella's Bitch' and a silver speedo. If I am feeling particularly gracious I may allow you wear jeans later in the day."

I looked at her skeptically. "Shall we seal it with a kiss?" I asked hopefully. A kiss would serve two purposes. First, I would be able to kiss those soft, full lips that I had been fantasizing about. Second, it would put an end to her list of ways to make me grovel.

"Third," she said, effectively ending my hopes for the latter. "You are not to touch me until I tell you to or in any way that I do not approve of before hand."

"A man can only take so much, Bella," I said with a long sigh.

"What's the matter, Jasper?" she teased. "Aren't you *up* for the challenge anymore?"

I practically growled at her then and her eyes widened in playful shock. "Are there any more terms that I need to know about?" I asked as politely as I could manage.

She tapped her chin and pretended to concentrate. "Nope," she finally chirped.

"Now can we seal it with a kiss?" I asked her with a pouty expression.

Bella rolled her eyes and gave me an affectionate smile. She opened her arms to invite me to her. I gladly scooped her up in my arms, reveling in the perfect fit of our bodies in the embrace. Her eyes fluttered shut as she leaned up towards me. I closed my eyes as my lips pressed against hers. They parted slightly as I grazed my tongue across her lower lip and sucked it in between my teeth. Bella's tongue slipped into my mouth and slowly caressed mine. My right hand held her firmly against me on her neck and my left rubbed soft circles into the small of her back.

The kiss was passionate and full of all the emotion that I had been desperate to convey to her. When she finally began to pull back, I gripped her tighter and placed soft, chaste kisses all along her cheek, her jaw, her neck, and finally her shoulder.

"I love you," I whispered against her soft skin.

"I know," she whispered back.

:--:

A couple of days later and we were back in my favorite class. I loved my American history in film class for two reasons; first, I love American history, and second, it was my only class with Bella. Bella had mentioned to me that her Shakespeare class that followed had been cancelled for the day because the professor was out of town so she did not need me to walk her to class. I, however, had other ideas in mind.

After class was dismissed and I gave Bella a small kiss on the hand she dashed off home to study. I walked the same direction to her other class with the intent of finding Mike and giving him a piece of my mind. As I suspected, he was lurking near the door trying to hide from sight in anticipation of finding Bella. His eyes darted through the crowds anxiously as he searched for her. I took the opportunity at his momentary distraction to edge closer to him.

"We meet again," I remarked coolly as I stood by him.

Mike startled at my presence before reigning in his shock. He looked me over with a smug grin. "What's the matter, blonde? Lose your girlfriend?"

I fought the urge to roll my eyes at him. "First, my name is Jasper. Second, I know precisely where Bella is. And third, I never want you to go near her again. If I catch so much as a whisper of you being within 1,000 feet of her I will personally remove each appendage of your body slowly and painfully. Do we have an understanding?"

"Why don't you get Bella to do it?" he smirked. "I'd rather have her hands on my body."

The animalistic side of me was struggling to break loose and destroy the pathetic excuse of a man in front of me. "Bella does not want you," I replied with forced coolness.

His eyes widened a bit in what seemed to be hurt. He quickly regained his composure. "Of course she wants me. She has wanted me ever since she saw me. Who

could resist this?" he asked while gesturing to his crotch.

Bile rose in my throat at the thought. "Mike, I'm sure that you value your little bits so why don't I make you a suggestion. Stay away from Bella for the rest of your life or I will ensure that a blunt blade is used to slice off your dick before I feed it to a pack of wild dogs."

Finally, he seemed to take the hint. He sulked off with his tail between his legs, never once looking back over his shoulders.

A/N Alright, I stumbled upon the absolute best J/B story that I have read in awhile. Trust me, it is SO much better than mine. It's called The So Unknown by Slywolf9. It is in my favorites and you seriously need to read it!

Oh, by the way, thank you all for reading mine as well. I know I took forever to update and I apologize. My updates are going to be a bit slow for the next week because I have a huge test to study for this Saturday so I apologize in advance.



Major Tiddlywinks

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BPOV:

On Friday, I stayed home from class with a cold. Jasper was going to come over later in the afternoon to keep good to his word on my conditions. He had done remarkably well, only touching me to hold my hand and a brief kiss good-bye. I wasn't really so set on the conditions that I had to be mean about it. It was more a point to let him know that he messed up and I wasn't going to just swoon at his feet the second that he realized it. No, he had to make it up to me.

Rosalie and Alice were proud of me, to say the least. Alice thought that I should have made more conditions for him. Rosalie thought that he should have been cleaning the house in just an apron. I think that she had ulterior motives though. After all, Jasper was a very nice piece of manly eye candy.

I refrained from cleaning anything on Friday while I was home. Instead, I went against the grain of my personality and purposefully found ways to make a mess. I wanted to maximize my time with Jasper in minimal clothing. I left tiny trash cans throughout the house with my used tissues in them. I left out my "delicates" to be washed. He would probably have a heart attack sorting through the things that Alice had insisted that I buy. I also baked a fresh batch of double fudge cookies and left all the bowls in the sink for Jasper to take care of. When I was sufficiently pleased with the messy condition of the house, I balled up under a blanket on the couch and fell asleep.

At five o'clock sharp, there was a knock on the door. I grudgingly picked myself up off the couch and made my way to the door. I threw it back without bothering to see who was there. "What?" I snapped. Apparently, my cold medication had worn off leaving me a bit grumpy.

Jasper looked at me with an amused expression. He pushed his blonde locks away from his eyes. "Bad time?" he asked innocently.

"Perfect timing," I mumbled as I motioned for him to step inside.

He walked past me and shut the door. "You might want to put on some clothing," he suggested with a smirk.

I looked down at myself. It was then that I realized that I was in a flimsy, pastel pink nightgown with no bra on. Jasper could see straight through to my hardened nipples. I also hadn't shaved my legs in a couple of days and my legs resembled cacti. I gasped and blushed before rushing to the couch to grab the blanket to wrap myself in. Of course, running and I are not good friends so in my haste I ended up sprawled out on the floor with a stubbed toe. That allowed Jasper a front row seat to watch the 'Nearly Nude, Clumsy Bella Show'.

He chuckled as he picked me up gently from the floor and handed me the blanket. I blushed again and glared at him for being amused at my expense. Though I couldn't stay mad for long because I was about to have hours of amusement at his expense.

"Ready for your costume change, Mr. Whitlock?" I asked him with a polite smile.

"Do I really have to?" he groaned.

"No," I answered him. His face looked hopeful for just a brief moment before I continued. "But that means you will have to wait until Alice's Halloween party to take me on a date."

Jasper slumped back into the sofa. "Bring on the pain," he said with a resigned sigh.

I walked upstairs to my room and grabbed the shirt from my closet. Alice had helped me iron on the letting to the purple tee-shirt earlier in the week. She had also added extra silver glitter fabric paint to really make it sparkle. I pulled his silver Speedo out of my underwear drawer. Don't ask me why I kept it there. Maybe I was just secretly hoping that because my panties were next to his Speedo that the body parts that they covered would be closer together by the end of this. Alice had also had a glittery silver star to the right cheek of the Speedo. I think that she had entirely too much fun decorating. It wasn't healthy.

When I returned downstairs, Jasper was in front of the radio and tuning it to a

local rock station. *Crazy* by Aerosmith came on as he began to sway his hips and sing along.

"You know you drive me up a wall, the way you make good on all the nasty tricks you pull," he sang directly to me.

"Alright rock star," I winked at him and handed him his clothing.

"Girl, you got to change your crazy ways," he sang back as he took the clothing. He looked it over and then looked back at me. "You weren't kidding were you?"

"Nope," I replied with a smirk. "Now go shimmy your cute little buns into that Speedo and get to work."

I erupted in laughter five minutes later when he came back downstairs with his hand possessively cupping his crotch to block it from my sight. He did a small spin for me. His perfectly toned legs held a tan from the knee down and were nearly as pale as me from the thigh up. I giggled at the sight of the hair on his legs and how it was simultaneously sexy as hell and very unattractive.

He shook his butt at me. "Here is a star on my ass!" he exclaimed. I stifled back a laugh by covering my mouth. "And it glitters!" he continued. I snorted as I tried to control the laugh that threatened to escape. "My ass glitters, Bella!"

I could not contain it any longer. I broke out into a fit of hysterical laughter. After a few minutes I had it contained to a few stray giggles. "I'm sorry," I attempted to apologize.

Jasper narrowed his eyes at me. He pointed to the star on his right cheek. "No. You aren't the least bit sorry," he said while rolling his eyes. "But you will be," he added on ominously.

I looked up just in time to see him lunging at me before he tackled me onto the couch. He began attacking my sides with his fingers, tickling me into submission.

After a minute, he stopped tickling me and silenced my giggles with his lips upon my own. They moved slowly and softly together. It was slow and sensual, not too heated and far from rushed. It was exactly what we needed in that moment. We were connecting, not only physically, but emotionally. He brought his hand around to cup my cheek and brushed his tongue along my lips.

"Ahem!"

Jasper jumped off me at the interruption. He looked back as I glanced over his shoulder to find Alice and Rosalie smirking at us in the doorway.

"That's quite the view you're giving us, sparkles," Rosalie snickered.

Jasper blushed lightly and pulled the blanket over himself protectively. "Ladies," he greeted them.

"So," Alice chirped. "Guess we are just in time for the show."

Jasper grinned at me and shook his head in disbelief. "You weren't joking when you said they would be here."

"Have I ever lied to you?" I asked.

"Never," he replied. "You're a terrible liar."

"And you kiss like a wet fish!" I retorted bitterly.

"Like I said," he chuckled. "A terrible liar."

Jasper stood up proudly and walked into the kitchen. He even put a little extra sway in his hips as he glanced back over his shoulder to see Alice and Rosalie fanning themselves and winking at me.

He started to wash the dishes, accidentally splashing water all down his legs and using the bending over in front of me to wipe his legs. I blushed furiously and looked away. Alice plopped down on the couch next to me and erupted into a fit of giggles. Rosalie dashed up to her room to find the water glass that she always kept next to her bed for Jasper to wash. She claimed it was because she was getting good use out of Jasper's services. I was fairly sure those weren't the "services" she was interested in.

Half an hour later, Jasper had finished the dishes and was pulling out the feather duster. Every few minutes he would look up and wink at me. For some reason I found myself unable to pry my eyes away from him. I am positive he knew it to. Thankfully my eyes had yet to wander south of his shoulders. Well, no sooner had I patted myself on the back for that minor feat than my eyes inadvertently traveled south.

"Ahem," Jasper cleared his throat.

I looked back up into his eyes. Mine widened in horror over the fact that I had just visually examined his package that was so scarcely covered. I blushed the brightest shade of red possible. "Sorry!" I muttered as I wrapped myself in the blanket and began to run upstairs.

Before I could get very far, Jasper caught my wrist. I turned back to face him hesitantly. "Like something you see?" he asked smugly.

I slapped his chest. "I've seen better."

"Maybe that's because this Speedo isn't doing it justice," he whispered seductively in my ear. He then pulled back and winked at me.

My breath caught in my throat and my heart skipped a beat. No! I had to remind myself. I could not be having those naughty thoughts in my mind. I was sick. Sex is not good for you when you are sick. Is it? No! And Rosalie and Alice were home. I would not have sex while they were in the house, even if that same rule didn't seem to apply to their sex lives.

"Well, we could do something about that," I whispered back.

He leaned in closer to me. "Oh really? Just what did you have in mind?"

"I... well..." I stuttered.

"Ah man! My virgin eyes!" Emmett exclaimed from behind me.

"Your eyes are the least virgin part of your body, Emmett," Jasper quipped. "I've seen the files on your computer, not to mention the girls you bring home every weekend."

Thankfully, Rosalie walked in and dragged Emmett off to her bedroom before he could make any more snarky comments. Jasper sat down on the sofa next to me. I smiled unrepentantly at him and handed him the blanket.

"You are free to go change into your normal clothes," I told him.

"Actually I'm quite comfortable in these," he replied with a wide grin.

He laid back lazily in the sofa. I couldn't help myself. My eyes drifted south of his eyes slowly. They took in every inch of his perfectly sculpted chest through the purple, glittery shirt and rested on the sizable silver package. The sizable, silver,

growing package. The larger it grew the wider my eyes became. Oh my! Well hello to you too, Major Tiddlywinks. Did I really just name it? Yes, yes I did. Now if only I could get Major Tiddlywinks and Private Vag engaged in some skin-to-skin combat...

My eyes lingered for a beat too long and Jasper caught me staring. "I know you see something that you like now," he stated smugly.

"Yea, Major Tiddlywinks and the meatball twins," I responded without thinking.

"Excuse me?" Jasper exclaimed.

It was at that moment that I realized I had actually said that aloud. I blushed at least ten shades of red from head to toe but couldn't find it in me to take the words back.

"You heard me," I mumbled.

"Tiddlywinks?" he asked again. "Why not Major Strong Arm?"

I thought about it for a second before a realization hit me. "Is that what you named it?" He blushed slightly and averted his eyes from my gaze. "It is! You named it Strong Arm?"

"You named it Tiddlywinks," he argued petulantly.

"*Major* Tiddlywinks," I corrected.

The doorbell rang then, effectively ending our debate over our pet names for private parts. I giggled a little as I stole the blanket back from Jasper and he rushed to cover himself on the sofa. I pulled open the door to find Edward staring at me with a sad expression. His lips curled up into his famous crooked smile when he saw me. He looked past me to see Jasper on the sofa and immediately his expression changed from forlorn to hostile.

A/N So, I started a new story called What the Heart Desires. It's an Emmett/Bella. Different, I know, but give it a shot and tell me what you think. I haven't decided if it is a romantic one or not yet.

I would also like to take the opportunity to personally thank my best friend, mandee1503, for all her help. If it wasn't for our brain-storming sessions this story wouldn't be finished nearly as quickly.

Alright, the story is wrapping up. I'm sorry this chapter took forever to get out but I've been on a bit of brain lock again with it. Surprisingly, comedy is a challenge for me to write, if it is even funny at all...



Personal Memento

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Twilight or any of the characters. If I had any claim of ownership to either Jasper or Edward, they would be used for personal purposes and not as characters in stories. Alas, I do not, so I will share them with you.

Warning: There isn't a lemon, but there is mild reference in this one.

BPOV:

"Edward?" I asked gently.

He looked over to me, breaking his death stare with Jasper. "Hi, Bella."

"What are you doing here?" I asked. My tone was probably a little harsh, but I couldn't find myself to be concerned about it.

"I just wanted to come by and apologize about before."

"What specifically would that be?" I asked, quickly losing any patience that I might have had.

"I want to apologize for leading you to believe that Jasper was never truly interested in you, that it was just a silly competition between two testosterone driven boys," he answered honestly.

"Well if that isn't the understatement of the week," I muttered.

Edward smiled apologetically at me and I quickly ushered him in. He smirked at Jasper as he took in his attire. "She got to you too?"

Jasper nodded and smiled up at me. "She has a way of setting silly conditions," he answered Edward. "Not that I could ever refuse her."

"Oh please!" I laughed. "You're enjoying it more than you let on. You said so

yourself that you are comfortable wearing it."

Jasper's cheeks reddened slightly as Edward laughed at him. "At least clothes are easy to change," he told him with a nudge. "Permanent marker on your forehead is a little less inconspicuous."

"You volunteered to do that all on your own, pretty boy," I shot back at him.

"Touché," he answered. "Now, I just have a small favor to ask of you."

"A favor?" I asked incredulously. I glanced warily over to Jasper who simply nodded in approval.

"Yes, a favor. I would like a personal memento to remember you by."

"It's not like you are never going to see me again," I told him bluntly. "After all, Jasper lives with you and Rosalie is your cousin. We even have a class together. I'm sure that we will be seeing each other plenty. What do you need a memento for?"

"I want something to remind me of the night we shared together," he replied with a subdued grin.

Jasper tensed next to me. I stroked his arm while I thought over Edward's request. An idea struck me then and I had to fight to keep the smile off my face before I gave myself away.

"Alright, I have the perfect idea," I winked at him. "It's something that I was wearing and you didn't see."

Both Edward's and Jasper's eyes widened as I said that. Before either of them could think to form a coherent response, I rushed up the stairs. The shower was running and Rosalie's door was cracked open. Perfect. A piece of his cousin's lingerie would work far better than my own for his personal memento. And seeing as how Emmett had her previously occupied at the moment she would be powerless to stop me from my evil plan.

I quietly padded into her room and made my way to her lingerie drawer. It was overwhelming to say the least. Who knew that you needed so many pairs of matching bras and lacy excuses for panties? I sure didn't, much to the chagrin of Alice and Rosalie. Finally, I settled on a lacy black bra, similar to the one that they had forced me into the night of my date with Edward.

As I closed the dresser, I heard the door to the bathroom open and moans from Rosalie. Without even thinking, I dove under bed, clutching the black bra to my chest. Not ten seconds later and Emmett's bare feet appeared at the edge of the bed. From my vantage point, the first thing I noticed about them was that he really needed to cut his seriously crooked toe nails. Then, Rosalie's dainty, pedicured feet appeared in front of his. My breath caught in my throat. Emmett's feet disappeared and he landed on the bed with a thump. I watched as Rosalie slowly lifted one leg onto the bed and then the other.

"Oh yea, baby, like that," Emmett moaned out.

"Like this? Do you want me to touch it or lick it?" she whispered seductively.

"Just like that, lick it," he pleaded with her.

Oh. My. God. I think that my eardrums are going to burst. Or I may die of embarrassment. Either way, I will never be able to look either of them in the eye again. Why did I have to come up with the brilliant plan to raid Rosalie's lingerie for Edward? Because I'm a pansy. A pansy that is not caught under the bed of her roommate and her piece of man-candy as they do things to each other that I have never even dreamed about.

"Oh yea!" Emmett called out. "I love you, Rosie."

I heard the sound of her smacking him. "Don't you ever say that again when I'm doing this!" she reprimanded him. "This is about me getting those shoes, not about love." "But baby!" he whined.

"No! If you want this to be about love then go buy me the shoes before I stick your dick in my mouth."

Dear God, if you're listening, I really would like to die. Right now would be perfect. Please don't make me endure listening to them argue over a blow-job any longer. I think that I may spontaneously combust.

"Bella?" Jasper's voice came from the hall. "Bella?" It sounded even closer that time. "Bella are you up here?"

"Crap!" Rosalie hissed. "Shut the door! Shut the door!"

Too late. "Hey Em..." Jasper trailed off. "Uh, yea, have you seen Bella? She came up here awhile ago and hasn't come back down yet."

"No, man. Rosalie and I were in the shower. We just came back to the room."

"Emmett, you ass! Don't go spreading it around that we shower together!" Rosalie yelled at him.

"But, Rosie!" he whined. "Everyone knows how hot you are. I want them to know that I see you naked!"

That did it. I snorted. And just as quickly as I let it slip I slapped my hand over my mouth to prevent any further noises from escaping. Of course, that didn't exactly happen as quietly as I had hoped. The sound of skin slapping skin ricocheted throughout the ominously quiet room.

Emmett's feet approached the bed slowly. I felt my heart rate increasing with each step. I quickly slid the bra in front of my face, in a vain effort to conceal my identity as the peeping tom I had inadvertently become. Emmett's hands appeared on the floor. I stopped breathing entirely so that my body would remain perfectly motionless.

"Ahhh!" Rosalie screamed. Emmett's hands left the floor.

"Dude! What the hell?" Emmett yelled.

"Jasper, you ass!" Rosalie screeched.

In the next instant three sets of feet took off running down the hall. I made a hasty retreat to my room and locked the door behind me. I let out a nervous laugh as I slumped back against the door, still clutching that stupid black bra.

While I was in my room, I decided to change my clothes since I was still wearing a nearly sheer pink nightgown. I would have been embarrassed about how many people had just seen me in it, but then again, I had just listened to Rosalie nearly give Emmett a blowjob. I think that my minor wardrobe malfunction paled in comparison. I quickly pulled on a comfortable pair of jeans and a green camisole.

Everything was eerily quiet as I walked back downstairs. The infamous black bra was stuffed in my back pocket discreetly. Edward was sitting on the sofa with an amused look. No one else was around.

"Do you have my memento?" he asked smugly.

I froze for a brief instant before remembering the bra. I reached around, pulled it

from my back pocket, and tossed it to him. He caught it mid-air and gave me that breathtaking crooked smile. Then, he lifted it to his nose and inhaled deeply. That might have been more disturbing if it were actually my bra.

"Where is everyone else?" I asked suspiciously.

"Emmett is holding Jasper down in the back while Rosalie beats him," he responded nonchalantly, still engrossed in the bra.

"Why is Rosalie beating Jasper?" I pressed.

"Because he was upstairs looking for you and apparently he winked at her and grabbed himself," Edward responded. "Rosalie didn't take too kindly to that."

I started laughing. "I guess I should go rescue him."

:--:

Rosalie was in fact beating Jasper when I raced out back. Emmett looked pissed and was doing nothing to help his step-brother. I ran over to them and pulled Rosalie back. She stormed off into the house muttering a few choice profanities along the way. Emmett looked back at Jasper with a warning look and took off after Rosalie. That left Jasper and I. He grinned at me even though his left eye was already beginning to bruise.

"You better be worth this," he chuckled.

I groaned. "You knew I was there too?"

He grabbed my hand and pulled me down to sit next to him. "Now what kind of gentleman would I be if I let you take the fall for that?" I smiled at him. "Of course, I am curious as to what you were doing in there."

"I was retrieving one of Rosalie's bras for Edward. I didn't want to give him anything of my own," I admitted with a blush. "And then Rosalie and Emmett came back into the room and I hid under the bed." I looked up at Jasper. "And what do you mean, 'I better be worth this'?"

He chuckled beside me. "I was just teasing. You are more than worth Rosalie's wrath."

I swung my leg over to straddle his lap. His eyes widened initially before he sat

back with a lazy smile. I weaved my fingers in the back of his hair and pulled him closer until our foreheads met and rubbed the tip of my nose along his. My lips grazed his and he pulled me closer. His lips attacked mine with all the want and need that had been building between us over the last few weeks. His hands worked up the back of my shirt as our tongues played against each other in a heated battle for dominance. I moaned in his mouth and he broke off the kiss to suck lightly on my neck. I moaned even louder, causing his erection to grow and press heavily into my thigh. My hips started grinding against him of their own volition eliciting a low moan from him.

"Bella!" Rosalie screeched from inside the house.

My Jasper induced trance was immediately broken as I shot up out of his lap and tugged his hand. "Time to run!" I told him with a giggle.

When we were a safe distance away and hidden in the trees beyond our property he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me close. "We can't hide from them forever," he whispered into my ear.

"No," I agreed. "We can't. But if I'm going to die, I at least want a smile on my face."

"Bella," Jasper whispered with a sigh. "I'm not going to make love to you for the first time outdoors."

"Who said anything about making love?" I snapped back.

"Bella," he warned.

"Alright," I conceded. "As long as we face them together."

"Always. Everything together, always," he assured me. "I love you, Bella."

"I know," I looked back and winked at him. "Let's go, sparkle bottom."

He laughed at me as we started to walk back towards the house hand in hand. "They are out for blood," he warned playfully.

"I know. And Jasper? I love you, too."

A/N Another one bites the dust. Alright, this update was slower than it was supposed to be and for that I apologize. But I want to thank you all for reading. A

special thank you to everyone that reviewed regularly: *twilight nut, GothicAtHeart, Alarni, luvmesomejasper, amber aka alice, BFFofCrazyShopoholicPixe-Alice, mandee1503, missmaj, ebonyeyez1, tiaracove, Gilla, JaspersBella, Kerry Hale, Cocoloco123, FishFace4LIFE, acw1, Julia Ba, delilah69, AriesFireQn, shelbron, Malaysia truly asia, Night Orchid*. If I missed anyone, sorry! There are a lot of you and I really, truly appreciate you all!



First Time for Everything

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JPOV:

She loved me. Just hearing those words made me stop in my tracks. It was worth the ridiculousness of the outfit she managed to get me to agree to, worth the humiliation of having other people see me in it, and definitely worth Rosalie pounding on me if it meant that she loved me. I would do anything for Bella. Anything.

"Bella?" I asked hesitantly. My brilliant scheme already playing out in my mind could be dashed to pieces if she wasn't willing.

"Yes?" she responded, lacing her fingers in my own.

"Would you mind going for a drive?" I asked.

She paused for a moment, a brief look of confusion crossing her face and making her that much more adorable. "Where to?"

"My vacation home," I answered simply.

Understanding flashed in her eyes and she nodded eagerly in concurrence. Yes, she wanted to be somewhere secluded and private just as much as I did. While I desperately wanted to ravage her senseless at that very moment, I couldn't. Bella was still a virgin, and I wouldn't deflower her while mud and leaves stuck to her bare bottom. The only thing that would touch that delectable skin for the time being would be my hands and sheets. That thought alone was beginning to make me hard.

I barely had time to register my excitement before Rosalie came rushing out of the house. "Bella you are so going down for this!" she screeched.

I expected Bella to duck behind me for cover. Rosalie looked like she was, in fact, out for blood as I had previously warned. Instead she threw her head back, laughing, and held her arms out in an open invitation to hug the crazed blonde in front of her.

"Did you finally figure out that Edward was sniffing your bra?" she asked through her laughter.

Rosalie stopped in her tracks. "No..." she answered cautiously before realization caught up with her. "He what?"

"Crap," Bella muttered. "What's wrong, then?"

"Oh no! No changing the subject. How the hell did Edward get my bra and why was he sniffing it?" she demanded. "Wait! Is that the bra that he just shoved in his back pocket as he left? Ew!"

She reached into her pocket and produced her cell phone, dialing furiously. "Edward! You stupid son of a...no you listen to me... would you let me... can I just...damn it, Edward! Listen to me!... That wasn't Bella's bra you perv!"

Bella walked over to Rosalie and covered her mouth as the giggles threatened to give her away. Rosalie held the phone out slightly as they both listened to Edward on the other end of the line.

"Well," Rosalie drawled out slowly and winked at me. This was not going to be pretty. "Actually Jasper rubbed it all over himself before you did. Apparently you all have a thing for getting off over women's lingerie."

I balked. She did not just involve me in this! At least she was having a sense of humor about it. Though, I dreaded returning home to face Edward's wrath after this whole charade was over. I would do it. Undoubtedly. I would endure everything he had to dole out so long as I had Bella and she loved me.

"Alright, whatever you say, oh cousin mine," Rosalie giggled. "And you can burn the bra. I'm never touching that nasty piece of fabric again."

Rosalie hung up then and both she and Bella doubled over in laughter. They were whispering to each other through it all and looking pointedly at me. I had a feeling that whatever it was that Edward had said over the phone, I really did not want to know.

I finally managed to pull Bella away from Rosalie a short while later. They were

having entirely too much fun laughing at the expense of Edward and myself. I ushered her up the stairs for her to pack an overnight bag. To be honest, I had no intention of returning her home for as long as I could keep her with me, but I would settle for one night.

The drive out of town was quiet. Bella kept stealing glances in my direction and blushing. She didn't appear to be apprehensive, but she was definitely nervous. This was a new experience for her. I wanted to be sure that it was a special one, not just some random screw with some guy. I cared for her and she cared for me. This would be us making love; consummating our love in the physical sense. It was a first for both of us. The first sexual experience for her, literally. And the first time that I would ever make love to a woman. That is, if she could get over her nerves.

:~::~:

Bella sat in the middle of the bed with her knees tucked underneath her. She had changed into a silken white chemise while I went out to the fridge to grab a few bottles of water. While she had changed I had lit several candles and placed them in the corners of the room. The combination of the orange and crimson hues in the sunset and the candles flickering illuminated Bella's creamy skin in a decadent golden glow. Her hair cascaded down her back and bounced lightly around her shoulders.

I stood there in awe of her for a moment. She glanced up at me nervously, biting her lower lip. That act alone was making me harder than the nastiest porn video in the world. One that Emmett had given me, as it were. She blushed and the first thing that I could think of was whether or not her blush covered her entire body. It was cute, and sexy, and terribly arousing.

As I approached the bed she smiled lightly and ducked her head down. I reached out to lift her chin with my fingers. Once she met my gaze, her eyes were smoldering as they raked over me hungrily. They sparkled with absolute delight as they landed on my exposed chest. I gave a small flex for her viewing pleasure, causing her to gasp softly.

"Jasper," she breathed out.

"Tell me what you want," I coaxed. "Tell me what you need."

She reached out to my arm and traced a line straight from my elbow to my shoulders then ran her palm flat down my chest until it rested at the top of my pants. "I want you. I need you."

Those words, those simple words, lit a fire in my soul. The fire of desire that I had for her before was now a raging inferno of passion.

I stalked towards her on all fours across the bed. Her eyes widened in surprise until they began to twinkle in excitement and anticipation. Her breathing became slightly heavier, sending small wafts of her delicious scent in my direction. It was intoxicating. I was definitely on a Bella high.

I pushed down one silky strap of her chemise with my lips and nipped along her shoulder lightly. Her skin prickled at my touch. I lifted her arm towards me and kissed down its length, ending by suckling on the tips of her fingers. She watched me with hooded eyes, mesmerized by my lips and tongue as they danced across her skin. I repeated this on the second side, pushing down the strap with my mouth, allowing my hot breath to warm her skin and watching it prickle in excitement. Moving across her arm and allowing her to become aroused by my simple touch on her skin.

I picked her up by the waist and pulled her into me until she straddled my hips. Her chemise rode up along her legs, exposing her creamy thighs and taunting me with the remaining fabric. My fingers worked their way up the inside of her thighs until I reached the chemise that was both alluring and irritating. My thumbs worked in slow circles, massaging her inner thighs, dangerously close to her center. Bella through her arms tightly around my neck and threw her head back, allowing me to visualize her in that exact position with less material between us.

With one fluid motion, I pulled the chemise off of her and threw it to the floor. She was completely bare beneath it, and beautiful. As I sat there, in complete awe of the perfect woman before me, she began tugging at the button of my jeans. She slid back slightly to give herself room to work them off me. I raised my hips and she pulled them down along with my boxers.

We sat there completely nude, examining one another with our fingertips. I brushed mine across her round breasts and down to her hardened nipples. She traced her fingers down my chest and across my pelvic bone. Her gaze lingered on my erection as it pulsed.

I pushed back on her gently and she complied willingly as she lay across my bed. Her hair fanned out underneath her. She reached out for me instinctively as her nerves began to overcome her.

"Shh," I whispered to her. "Let me take care of you. Let me love you in a way that no one else can. Let me make you feel good. Will you? Do you want that?"

"Yes, God yes! Jasper, make love to me!" she panted out.

My mouth attacked her breast as the words escaped her lips. She moaned softly at the contact and squirmed beneath me, desperate for friction between her legs. I used one hand to massage her other breast as my second dropped down to her center and dipped into her moistened folds. She was so hot, so damn hot. Her heat radiated through me, causing me to moan against her breast that was still in my mouth.

My finger began pumping into her faster, building up her pleasure around my fingertip. Once I was sure that she was immersed in the pleasure I inserted a second finger, allowing her to stretch her tight walls around them. I curled my fingers upward as I stoked her inner walls and bit lightly on her breasts. Her body arched into me in response. Her moans became louder and she clutched the sheets tightly in her fists as the pleasure grew deep within her.

She was close. I could feel it. I used my second hand to work her clit in circles and lifted my head to watch her climax under my touch. She was beautiful. She screamed out my name and her eyes clenched shut with a smile on her face as she was overcome with the intense waves of pleasure.

After she had come down from her orgasm I pulled my fingers out of her slowly. She whimpered at the loss of contact and looked up at me questioningly. I winked at her and gave her a seductive grin. She watched as I trailed my wet fingers across my hardened length, lubricating myself with her juices.

My hand wrapped around it as I began to stroke myself in front of her shamelessly. While I wanted nothing more than to plunge deeply into her and lose myself in the hot tightness that would surely envelope me, I knew that it would be less enjoyable for her. Instead, I allowed myself to take a slight edge off my need as she watched me.

Bella reached up to my hand, halting my movements. She grabbed my hips and pulled me down towards her, sliding her hands across my back and resting them on my shoulders. I allowed the tip to brush across her wet folds before I entered her and whispered that I loved her in her ear. I asked her if she was ready and she nodded quickly, tightening her grip on my shoulders.

I pushed into her slightly, allowing her time to adjust to me being inside of her before pressing further. Her eyes flew open as she watched me in a brief panic. I whispered reassurances in her ear and kissed her softly. She nodded at me to continue. I pushed deeper into her.

It took incredible restraint to not lose myself entirely in the moment and focus on her. She was so tight, so hot, and so very, very wet. I felt very primal urges surging through my veins. I wanted to take her then and there instead of being patient as she adjusted.

The beast within me was eventually tamed as I watched Bella. She was fighting to maintain her composure. I brushed my fingers across her forehead, allowing the contact to soothe her. She smiled weakly at me, encouraging me to continue.

At first, I kept my movements slow and short, allowing her minimal discomfort. As she began relaxing I began thrusting deeper into her, taking longer plunges. She tensed and then relaxed again as she adjusted to the new movement. I pushed her limits again by moving quicker. She responded in kind by moaning and bucking her hips up against me. I groaned loudly as my movements quickened.

Bella clenched me tightly, her nails dug into my back in the most erotic way as her inner walls throbbed around my cock. She was close to another orgasm. I wanted her to climax before I exploded into her. I reached down and stroked her clit as my mouth attacked her neck, sucking and licking and nipping at the sweet and salty flesh. Her moans turned into screams as she bucked forcefully against me in her climax. The sensation of her walls clenching tightly against my throbbing erection buried deep inside of her was my undoing. I came into her, hard and deep, spilling my seed deep within her.

I stayed rooted in place, connected to her in the most intimate manner for another minute as we both calmed our breathing. I pushed her dampened hair back from her face and gazed longingly into her eyes. Emotions overcame me and I allowed myself to shed a single tear. She was mine. She had given herself to me completely. This beautiful and perfect woman beneath me loved me. And I loved her, unconditionally and irrevocably.

A/N Alright my dear readers. I had absolutely no intentions of writing a lemon in this story when I began it because they are incredibly difficult for me to write. But, seeing as you are all so wonderful and leave me such amazing reviews, I decided to give in since so many of you requested it. I hope it was worth the wait! And again, thank you all for reading and reviewing!

And yes, I'm shamelessly promoting my new story, *What the Heart Desires*, again. You should read it. It's called *What the Heart Desires* and it's mine. Did I mention it's called *What the Heart Desires*? Yes, okay, good. Now go read and don't forget to review! ;)