



We Are All Made of Glue

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Table of Contents

Summary

1. Chapter 1 Superhuman
2. Chapter 2 Saving Myself
3. Chapter 3 Subconscious Memories
4. Chapter 4 Salutations Of A Douchebag
5. Chapter 5 Strange Territory
6. Chapter 6 Stability Forgotten
7. Chapter 7 Shift Of Reality
8. Chapter 8 Street to Forgiveness
9. Chapter 9 Six Degrees Of Separation
10. Chapter 10 Skeletons
11. Chapter 11 Securing the Heart
12. Chapter 12 Sound of Silence
13. Chapter 13 Suggestive Confessions
14. Chapter 14 Sensory Deprivation
15. Chapter 15 Sheep's Clothing
16. Chapter 16 Suicide
17. Chapter 17 Separate But Not Equal
18. Chapter 18 Superficial Dream
19. Chapter 19 Surrounded
20. Chapter 20 Superhero

Summary

One moment. That's all it takes to change your life. That's all it takes to become emotionally bound to someone. By the time I noticed, it was too late. I couldn't detach myself. AH. Lemons. Drug Ref. and Themes. Geekward/Darkella
Angst,Love,Humor

Chapter 1 Superhuman

SM owns everything. I own a fat cat who likes humping my left leg.

This story may seem harsh in the first chapter, but it gets better. "Stick" with me. There's always fluff and lemons to come!

"Man is born broken. He lives by mending. The grace of God is glue."

Eugene O'Neill

Broken Ramblings:

Did you know I was a superhero?

I save lives. I save those who jump off of buildings. I save those who cannot save themselves. Not like my Dad, Carlisle, who can save someone from a heart attack, who would be the first person someone called if they were dying...but I save the lives of those who need an exit.

It was snowing, and it was hot. The snow got on the glass and it didn't melt. It wasn't supposed to. It was cold and yet so fucking hot. If anyone was melting here, it was me. I wasn't the type of person to go around making angels in the snow. I was the person that stood there, and when you turned around, some fucked up version of your shadow was in your place.

I liked the snow. No. I fucking loved it. It was the reason I woke up every day. I know you wouldn't understand. You probably live in hot, sunny California or some shit. The only sunshine I ever knew of was when...well, fucking never. It was never sunny for me. I could have had sunshine if I really wanted it, but that didn't mean I didn't expect it anyways.

Did you know I was a villain?

I murdered myself. I am the one jumping off of buildings. However, I cannot save myself from my own identity. Not like my Mom, Esme. She's kind and compassionate. She can't save someone from a heart attack, but you better believe you'll be looking your best when you are dying...but I murdered my own being when I needed an exit.

The heat got better. I felt the smooth, soft skin, looked right into those beautiful eyes, and I licked right around the belly button. I had to make sure the snow tasted good. It's the least I could do.

"Are you ok?"

They didn't answer. I wouldn't expect it from someone so beautiful anyways. I was wondering why they agreed to be here, where it snowed like this constantly, but I wasn't going to ask.

I put my nose right up to that snow and I inhaled it.

Oh fuck, that was good. Better than Christmas. Better than a first kiss.

I continued until I could feel nothing. It was better that way. This was not a drug. This was my existence. Don't judge me. Don't you dare fucking judge me.

I'm Isabella Cullen and I'm a fucking superhero.

The only life I'm saving is mine-cuz if I didn't have this beautiful snow every day, I'd have to kill myself.

And my victims-that's everyone else. I'm murdering every person I come into contact with. I didn't need a gun or a knife. But I was especially killing the person whose green eyes are piercing back up at me. And I murder my Mom and Dad on a daily basis. Because it's killing them to watch me like this.

Did you know certain glues are made from connective tissues and tendons of animals? Fuck that. I may be white and pasty, but you better not call my ass Elmer.

It's not my job to fix everyone. I shouldn't have to and I'm not going to. Their despair over my life is not my problem. I am not Humpty Dumpty. All the King's Horses's and All the King's Men can't put me back together again, but that doesn't stop people from trying.

I don't give a fuck. Let it snow.

A/N: So do you likey? Did you think it was Edward? (I mean, without the hint of reading the summary first?)

Please Review. I'm a baby that needs milk. Nourish me!

Chapter 2 Saving Myself

SM owns everything. I own a pickling jar and no pickles.

"I was never one to patiently pick up broken fragments and glue them together again and tell myself that the mended whole was as good as new. What is broken is broken - and I'd rather remember it as it was at its best than mend it and see the broken places as long as I lived."

Margaret Mitchell

EPOV

Don't you hate it when your toes stick out of a blanket and you don't have any socks on?

That's the worst. When I was little, my puppy used to take that opportunity to come and lick my unfortunate feet. Poor toes. They never saw it coming.

But this morning, there were no saliva covered feet. I was colder than an Eskimo's titty. I looked around and the view was blurry. Where in the heck were my glasses? Usually, I kept them right beside my bed on my oak nightstand; exactly 5 inches away from my lamp and 5 inches away from my alarm clock. I can already see it's going to be one of those days.

I started to lift my arm, and was met by the resistant pull of tubes. What the-?

I know I'm nearsighted, but I'm not blind. I was in a freaking hospital. If I had listened more intently, I would have heard the annoying "Beep. Beep. Beep." of the heart monitor. I looked over to my right side and saw the doctor's metal table with my glasses on top. Thank goodness. Just as I was putting them on, a male doctor, a little over 6 feet tall, walked in. His hair was so blonde I slightly wondered if he was the reason I couldn't find my bleach last week. I'm sure he had to be the cause of the world's shortening supply. He had intense golden, honey colored eyes. Wait, golden eyes? What was he- a vampire? That's funny. I'm sure he had quite the life, being all handsome, hair the color of the sun, and gold eyes. Some people just have all the luck.

"Ahhh, Mr. Masen. I see that you are finally wake. I'm Dr. Cullen. I'm going to ask

that you not make any sudden movements. Can I ask if you remember what happened?"

Just so I don't make things worse, I start to say yes. But then, I would have to give details. I'm not a liar. I try to tell the truth at all times. Unless it's to save my life. And this was one of those times. I cocked my head to the side and start to open my mouth. My throat was dry, and my head was pounding. I suddenly felt nauseous, but men don't throw up. We beat on our chest and we live in caves.

Screw that. My body had other plans.

I gave an ill look and the good doctor quickly understood; pushing the throw up pan under my chin before I could even get a word out. All of my stomach's content's came out in spurts. Yep, that was definitely my tuna sandwich from lunch. Hey little fishy, fishy.

"It's okay Mr. Masen. Just take things slow. Your body is trying to recover. I don't condone the use of cocaine, and its overdose on your body will take time to recover. Normally, I would have the drug rehabilitation people from Ward 5 down up here, but you don't look like our normal drug users. I'll ask the questions and you just nod your head yes or no, and we'll go from there. Okay?"

I nodded my head, dazed. Cocaine? Rehabilitation? What the fudge?

"Do you remember taking drugs last night?"

Flash. White powder. Dark house. I shake my head no.

"Okay. Fine. Do you remember the trip in the ambulance to the hospital?"

Flash. Loud sirens. Paramedics yelling. I shake my head no.

"Okay. Don't worry about it. Do you remember the person who gave you the drugs?"

Flash. Beautiful, memorizing brown eyes. Slender body, her tongue licking my abs, licking my neck. Isabella. Queen of the nicest titties ever.

I shake my head no. No one was gonna take my boobies from me.

"Okay. That's alright Mr. Masen. May I call you Edward?"

I nod.

"Alright, Edward. You are going to stay here for the next day or two while we monitor your heart rate and allow the rest of the drugs to leave your system. Like I said before, we will let you go home once you sign a waiver. I don't believe you normally involve yourself in this type of behavior, so as long as I have your vow, I can let you go home. You are very lucky, you know. There are some people who..." Dr. Cullen pauses, with a slight sadness in his eyes. "I mean, is there anyone I can call for you?"

I think of my roommate Emmett, but I'm pretty sure he would kick my ass. Like kung-fu ass kicking. Last night I told him I was spending the night at a girl's house, so I know he wouldn't be missing me just yet. I shake my head no.

"Ok then. Feel better Edward. And I better not see you in here again."

I nod my head in agreement.

He turns and shuts the door quietly.

What the heck am I doing? All I remember was studying in the library. The University of Chicago had the best literature I could get my hands on. I would spend hours in there, listening to the audio versions of John Keats and following along in my book. That's the best way to spend a Saturday night. It was... until "sex on legs" walked in. I immediately dropped my headphones off.

I think I actually drooled on myself. I hope not though. That would have been embarrassing. Well, maybe if I had, she wouldn't have talked to me.

"Hi, sexy," she says smiling looking straight at me. She had intense light colored brown eyes, a short narrow nose, and a wide smile, her bottom lip fuller than her top one. Then she bit her lip. I never wanted to be a set of teeth so bad in my life. I don't even care if they were dentures. I would make my dead grandma proud and be the best set of teeth that had ever been.

"Um, hi," I replied. Gosh, I'm such a loser. But at least I'm a sexy loser. Well maybe not sexy. Ok I'll stop patronizing myself and take the compliment. I had an appealing set of abs thanks to Emmett who wouldn't let a day go by without going to the gym. I had a nice strong jaw and eyes the color of the forest, which I hid behind my frames. Pretty boring if you ask me. But if she wants to call me sexy, then who am I to judge?

"I'm Isabella. And you are?"

Isabella. The way she said it was all nice and slow like the 80's porn collection I had stowed away under my bed. Is-a-bellllaaaa. I don't even care if she was hairy-"down there". 80's is my new favorite generation.

"I'm Edward. Edward Masen."

"Well, Edward Masen, I was on my way to a party and was wondering if you wanted to go. But if you are too busy studying..." She pulled down the bottom of her silver one strapped mini dress and shifted her weight onto her right black spiked stiletto. Her long beautiful brown hair was in spiral curls, one side pinned behind her ear. She put her head to the side and waited for my answer.

"Um, I was listening to some, uh, poetry, but I, uh, I'm done, and I would love to accompany you to your shindig."

"Shindig?" she laughed. It was beautiful and consumed my being. I could listen to it all day, if it was at my expense.

"Shindig? Baby, this is not the 1950's." That's okay. I'm kind of into the 80's right now anyways. I didn't dare repeat that thought.

"Ok." I didn't know what else to say.

"C'mon," she pled. Isabella raised her dainty hand out to me and I took it. The tingle generated throughout my entire body. I cocked my eyebrow, shocked. I looked into her eyes the same time she gasped.

I followed Isabella out the door and never looked back. I had become attached to her without even comprehending why. It wasn't sane to go after a person I barely even knew.

Though, in this moment, I smiled to myself, not willing to think about the rest of last night. I knew I had sniffed that cocaine, or "snow" as she liked to call it. I don't know what happened. I would have never done such a thing. What had compelled me to change? I already knew the answer.

All my life, I had done the "right" thing. "No to drugs" and all of that. I completed the D.A.R.E. program when I was in the fifth grade and won the essay contest on why you should not do drugs. I even had the certificate and my D.A.R.E. bear still at Aunt Renee's house.

I was 22 years old. Ready to graduate from one of the most prestigious colleges in the world, and there I was in someone's dark house, taking drugs, and making out with the angel from hell. I don't regret meeting her, just my actions. I had a 4.0 GPA, I never even touched a cigarette a day in my life, and I only had champagne once, and that was at my friend Jasper's wedding. Even then it was only a sip so I could keep Emmett from pinching me. He is such a douchebag. But the point is, I didn't participate in activities that were harmful to my body. That was obviously not her first time.

And now I found myself, stuck to a hospital bed, addicted, to 80's porn...

Oh Edward. So naive... Are you still "glued" to the story? It gets better, however, my pun gets old very quickly.

Review? You know you want to. Push that button. Yep thats the one. Now type slowly...

Chapter 3 Subconscious Memories

SM owns everything. I own Kim Kardashian perfume and I want a refund.

"He's the glue that holds us together on the back line."

Tom Burns

IPOV

"Fuck."

My heart pounded like it was racing across the English Channel. My head was aching, and I was sure the sunlight drifting through the window was invented to torment me. I slowly lifted my legs off the floor to find the bathroom. This place was filthy. College bodies were laying everywhere, remnants of weed were in the carpet, and there were more red cups than I could count. I entered the bathroom, pushed the blonde headed girl that was blocking my way off the toilet. Nasty strung out bitch. I purged up everything I had consumed in the past 24 hours. It was not a pretty sight. I stepped back over the blonde whore, contemplating.

I had to get the hell out of here. James was a good man to let us party at his place. He had a decent two story house, with opens rooms, and he didn't care how much we trashed his place. That's what the housekeepers were for. His parents didn't even care. Hell, they promoted that shit, providing the DJs and lights and decorations, but his shit was getting kind of old. If I had to attend one more frat party, I was gonna kill myself. Seriously. The strap on my heels would substitute for rope. The guys were the same old, football playing, dumb as rocks, college guys. Except for him.

Hold that thought.

I bent back over the toilet and heaved. Nothing left.

I left the bathroom that still held the skanky blonde and went on a man hunt to find my purse. There! My Prada clutch lay on the coffee table. Looking through it to make sure none of my belongings were stolen, I continued as I stepped over everyone. It was time to walk out the front door and hail a nasty ass cab to get back to my apartment. Since I had walked over with him last night, my car was still on

campus. I would pay someone later to go and pick it up and drive it back to my place. The cab driver pulled over. All it took was a half drunk smile and a little leg.

"Where to ma'am?" he said in a Jamaican accent. It was actually kind of hot. Wait. I'm still high.

Flordia. Bahamas. Heaven.

"2419 Keaston Street," I sighed. Home is where I wanted to be. In the meantime, I would settle for my condo.

I threw the cab driver a hundred dollar bill, not because I was far, but because he got me there fast. I passed by our doorman, Mike, gave a slight wave and stumbled into the building. Most people would be in awe of my condo building. I lived in a high rise and the 24th floor gave the best view of Chicago's heart late at night. Sometimes, I would sit on my window with a glass of Le Montrachet wine and stare at the striking lights, and the city that breathed life. That damn bottle of wine cost more than some people's cars, so I guess I was the only one truly breathing life around here.

I trudged my way into the elevator, got off after waiting for an eternity on my floor, unlocked my door, threw my clutch down on the kitchen counter. If I had time to appreciate my condo, I would tell you I lived in the lap of luxury. My condo was on the highest floor, which was great for privacy reasons. I had a four bedroom, two bath condo designed especially to my liking. My interior designer, Alice, had exquisite taste and purchased several of my items from Paris. The entire kitchen was done in stainless steel, with only cherry wood cabinets as a disruption for the color scheme. My living room took up much of the condo. It held a dark brown sofa and matching loveseat and recliner. The carpet was a soft cream color and the coffee table was brown and golden marble. The pictures on the wall showed antique visions of some of the most beautiful places in the world. The only personal photographs I had were the ones on my fireplace, and I didn't try to look at them too often. My family pissed me off, but now was not the time to think about that.

I made my way to the brown and sea blue themed bathroom to turn on my large Jacuzzi bath. I slipped off my clothes and stepped in, each muscle slowly relaxing as I made my way deeper into the water. Now. Now is when I thought about the horribly fantastic night I had. I lit up a cigarette, and drew in, savoring the taste.

Edward.

He was beautiful. I know you don't normally call a man that, but handsome doesn't

quite cover it. I knew it the second I walked into the library. I had to return my books that I had used for my Economics class, and I was drawn to him immediately. He sat there, with headphones on, in the side section of the library; eyes closed as if he were listening to God Himself speak. He had on a baby blue collared shirt, black dress pants. His body was obviously sculpted- you could tell even through his clothes. His bronze colored hair was tousled as if it hadn't seen a brush in months. And yet it was perfect. His black square rimmed glasses glided slowly down his nose. He was reading the book in front of him as if it held the secret to life. He reminded me of a Clark Kent who didn't realize he had super powers yet.

I sauntered over to him and introduced myself. He was nervous, as if a female had never spoken to him before. It was adorable. I asked him to attend James's party with me and he agreed. I mean, no one ever turns down a good party. So we walked the entire way to James's house, and he didn't say a word. I did most of the talking. That's okay; I'm outgoing so it didn't bother me. As we entered the house, I mingled with everyone, still holding his hand, never letting him outside of my perimeter. After all that talking, I headed upstairs to get the real party started. That was when....

I didn't want to think about the bad parts. Just about me kissing his warm neck, rubbing my hands over his hard stomach. I never did kiss him on the lips, just over every part of his body. And when he said my name, I died. It was if a thousand angels were singing it and I never wanted him to stop. He eventually did.

I was riveted by the man who had fastened himself to me. The real question was, what in the hell was I going to do about it?

Review please. If you don't I still have to get up in the morning. Whether I piss ppl off that day is up to you!

Chapter 4 Salutations Of A Douchebag

Sm owns everything. I own a a pair of mismatched socks. I am currently putting up lost posters.

"When we cut ourselves we don't have to glue ourselves back together, instead we have a self-healing mechanism. Our blood hardens to form a protective seal for new skin to form underneath."

Dr Christopher Semprimoschnig

EPOV

I was glad to be leaving my bleak surroundings. The barren room that held dim lights that were supposed to make you feel better did not do their job. I was so doped up on medicine, I slept most of the time, but I was feeling a lot better.

Dr. Cullen eventually released me the following morning; but not without another stern lecture. I signed my waiver and release papers, and was wheeled out to the front of the hospital where I met the cab Nurse Jessica had called for me. For some reason, she kept offering to bathe me. I kept telling her I could do it myself. I eventually had to press the red button on the side of my bed to call for another nurse. I think maybe she couldn't hear that well and that's why she was so persistent. Poor girl.

I hate cabs. They are everything that is wrong in the world. They smelled like an old man's fart, week-old cheeseburgers, and leftover rotten bananas. Okay, maybe not the whole bananas thing. I just really hate those too. And don't give me some big speech about my potassium levels. I already know.

I eventually got to my two bedroom apartment on the outskirts of the city and threw the driver the only 20 I had. I was praying Emmett wouldn't be there. The last thing I needed was for his incessant line of questioning. I would tell him to go get a football and suck it.

No, I wouldn't, but I wanted to.

I headed upstairs to the third floor, apartment B. I unlocked the door, and breathed; thankful I was finally home. It was a pretty decent place, thanks to

Emmett's parents. I was sure he could afford an even nicer place, but he said his parents were teaching him a lesson in independence. The place was definitely decorated as a guy's bachelor pad. It wasn't color coordinated or anything, but it was comfy and it was home. I walked in turning to the left to hang up my jacket and tossed my clothes in the laundry basket. I needed a long, hot shower. I walked into the too small bathroom and...*Son of a Motherless Goat!*

I was going to hurt Emmett. Not physically of course, but I was pretty sure I knew a way to switch his Vitamin D milk into Skim just to get him back. He would pay. Oh, he would pay.

He had totally trashed the bathroom. Wet towel on the floor. Check. Toothbrush not in holder. Check. Toilet seat up. Check.

I know I'm a guy. Don't judge me.

I swiftly cleaned up his mess and turned the fragile knobs, cursing in my head when the cold water shot down over my head before the hot water had the chance to turn on. I lathered up, starting at top and then strategically headed downward. No need to miss any spots. Those germs are greedy little monsters.

I stopped as I got to my lower regions, my first thought headed to the lovely Isabella. I sure hoped she was okay. I had blacked out and hadn't seen or heard anything about her since. I don't even know who had called 911 to get me to the hospital. But her soft skin overtook my attention at the moment, her sparkling brown eyes, and her round luscious breasts spilling over her short mini dress...

Nope. Not going to go there. It was very disrespectful. I would wait for my blue balls to turn purple before I masturbated over her. I let my hands down in shame, and turned to shut off the water. As I tried off with my clean towel, no thanks to Emmett, I just prayed I would see her again. I didn't talk much, but I hope she was as interested in me as I was in her. Probably not. She was too far out of my league. But I still hoped.

"Yo, Eddie-boy! You here?" Emmett yelled. His big burly body came darting into my room, not knocking, mind you. His hazel eyes held joy as he rushed me into a hug. I suppose he was a good looking jock, standing at a tall 6'5, curly dark hair, dimples that the girls fawned over, and a smile that could fix any bad thoughts you had. The guy annoyed the hell out of me, but he was good nevertheless. He had helped me out when I was 18, a freshman starting out and was nice enough to pay the deposit on our apartment. My parents, Charlie and Elizabeth, had died when I was only seven years old by a drunk driver, and all I had left was my Aunt Renee.

She was a bit on the crazy side, but she definitely took care of me. Emmett came soon after to fill that role and has been here ever since.

"Darn you Emmett, I'm not dressed here. A little privacy, please?" I begged. The boy had no boundaries.

"Naw, man, you been gone for 2 days! Someone finally stolen your v-card? Popped your man cherry?" He quipped. I swear, if it wasn't for him being rich and paying 75 percent of the rent I would have been gone three years ago. I'm still pondering my lack of judgment.

"No, you rude, vulgar, foul-mouthed," I started to rant. I dragged my hand through my still wet hair in frustration.

"Geez, calm down, it was just a question. I figured since you been gone awhile. It's not like you," Emmett moaned. He leaned against the doorway, pouting like a five year old child who lost his favorite yo-yo.

Okay, now I just felt bad. Poor guy was just worried. But I would not tell him about the whole overdose incident. Emmett may have been a meathead, but he was also my friend and would be very disappointed in me. He was a goofball, but he was very intelligent. He would never do such an idiotic thing. While his teammates were taking steroids like candy to be recruited for the NFL, Emmett worked his behind off every day with hard work, perseverance, and the occasional blonde cheerleader. No, he would most definitely not understand.

"Sorry to cause you great concern Emmett. I did what you said and 'let loose.' I met a girl and went to a house gathering, but I'm back now. Nothing happened. I just had fun, and now I'm over it. If you would excuse me, I'd like to get some sleep."

"Okay, dude, fine by me. I just stopped by because I left my cell phone here. I'm on my way to pick up some chick I met last night, so just call me if you need me."

"Alright, thank you Emmett. I will see you later." I followed after him so I could lock the door-there are a lot of nut jobs here in the windy city-and practically threw myself into bed. I was about to enter dreamland when my cellular phone begin to ring. Well it didn't quite ring as much as it did play the Madonna's "Like a virgin" pop song. I blindly reached over to my desk to grab my cell. The Caller ID made my heart stop. It read:

Isabella.

She had immersed herself in my life and now I was unwilling to let go. Oh, God, where in the heck is my inhaler?

If you review, I wont tell anyone...just 3,000 of my closest friends!

Chapter 5 Strange Territory

SM owns everything. I own the movie 127 Hours and almost threw up on my husband.

"The glue that holds all relationships together - including the relationship between the leader and the led is trust, and trust is based on integrity."

Brian Tracy

IPOV

Sleep avoided me like little kids avoided the cooties. Every time I finally started to drift away to sleep, I kept thinking of Edward. I kept thinking of his strong manly hands touching along my body, and then my own started to glide themselves downward. I thought of his thoughtful soul, his tongue leaving a wet stream on my collarbone, and his soft spoken words, and my hands began to knead my breasts. I moaned quietly to myself.

I may have done some bad things in my life, and dressed like a whore, but it was only to get what I wanted. I haven't had someone fuck me in over 3 years. My body was the one thing I had control over. So the last person I slept with was this football player named Emmett who I met in my Philosophy class my freshman year. He was drinking at a party talking to some blonde and dropped his drink on me after bumping into me. Well, I suppose I am the one who bumped into him, but fuck that. This is my fucking story.

Anyways, the next thing I know is that I smelled like Corona, only without the lime. He starts wiping his big ignorant hands all over me trying to wipe off the beer. I'm drunk, high, and a freshman. Call me naïve. Thus the reason that I call my finale: I'm in a hallway closet sucking his cock and bending over holding onto a shoe rack while he pounds me like I'm Friday night's beef. Not my finest moment, and I don't recommend it to others as a way to lose your virginity.

I don't regret it. He was rather nice about the whole blood thing and apologized profusely. I told him I'd call him just so he would shut up, but I didn't. I figured blondes were more his thing and I was just a good distraction at the moment. I didn't mind though. I didn't suffer slowly, my damn hymen was broken and now I knew that when my next chance came, it wouldn't hurt as bad. Pshh. There won't be

a next time.

Unless it was with Edward.

This is the reason my fingers initiated their way down, past my bare lips, while my left hand still kneaded my throbbing breasts. I pinched my nipple while inserting a finger down below.

His lips.

His eyes.

His hair.

I added another finger and pounded my fingers inside faster and faster, building up anticipation. I could practically taste him. Touch him. Feel him. I pulled away my finger that was pinching my left breast and licked it, imagining that it was his tongue. I moved my hand back down and began flicking it. My insides coiled. I increased my pressure until it almost became too much. Faster. Harder. Faster. Faster. I was losing my breath. My toes began to curl. My insides clinched together.

Edward.

Ugghh. The bomb exploded and I closed my eyes as my release began to subside.

Fuck.

I'd had the best orgasm of my life and he wasn't even here.

There was no way I was going to end my night like this. For whatever reason, I needed him. He hadn't escaped my thoughts in 2 full days. I needed his full lips on me. His green eyes piercing my soul. I needed him.

For once in my life, I didn't know what to do.

"So, Isabella. You think I'm sexy? I think you are sexy too. I wish I could feel the inside of you." Edward whispered against my ear.

His tongue traced along the outside, sending shivers up my spine.

"I wish I could take you right on this couch. But I have a secret to tell. Shhhh. Don't tell anyone, my precious Isabella. You ready to know what it is?" He moaned

softly.

"Yea, Edward, what's your secret?" I whispered back. It may have been more of a whimper.

"I wish I could take you right now, and press into you so hard; you would call my name for weeks. But I can't..." he complained quietly. "My dick is throbbing for you right now. When you first walked up to me, all I could think about was one of those 80's porns. You know, when they have cheesy storylines? Not because you looked like them, but because you said Is-a-bellllaaaa and I thought I was going to come on myself. It was so sexy. But I can't beautiful. I can't because I'm a virgin and when I do take you, I want it to be right."

I thought at the time drugs had finally done me in. After all these years, I had finally suffered from hearing loss. Or my brain was hemorrhaging. It was time for me to enter into the loony bin. But the truth about snow is that it makes you confess all your dirty secrets. It's like that truth serum that was in the movie with Ben Stiller, "Meet the Fockers" when the dad stuck him with a needle in his neck. But Edward had told me such a private secret, and I actually understood. If anyone appreciated what it was like to go through high school a virgin when everyone else was banging behind the bleachers, it was me. In the short time I had known him, I knew he would never say such a thing if he weren't high. He barely made eye contact with me until the drugs had infiltrated his blood. I suppose I could have taken advantage of the situation, but I didn't. I just continued to kiss on his neck and rub his arms slowly.

And I would never, ever take advantage of him. He was too pure. Not tainted. Not like me. I was ashamed that I had even let him blow that shit in the first place, but I had wanted him to relax. I usually don't regret much in life, but that, I did. And when he slowly began to black out, so did I. It began to be too much-for the both of us.

As of right now, I needed him. I had programmed my number into his phone when after we had been upstairs awhile and typed his into my iPhone. I put Madonna's infamous song as my ringtone. I don't think he would know what it meant, but it sure did put a smile on my face. I just needed to hear his voice.

I dialed and listened slowly as it rang. Once. Twice. Three times.

Fuck.

He's not gonna fucking answer. I knew it had been too much. That I had been too

much.

"Hello? This is Edward Masen. Is this Isabella with whom I am speaking to?" His voice was gruff, as if I had woken him up.

I laughed. His formalities made me smile. He was so adorable.

"Hey Baby, this is Isabella. I was wondering if you wanted to go catch a cup of coffee or something. I know we got class tomorrow, and I don't want to keep you up late. Especially if you were busy. You sounded as if you were sleeping. Did I wake you? Because I didn't mean to wake you," I shut myself up before I started to ramble even more.

Hold the fuck up. When does Isabella Cullen ever fucking ramble?

"I'm not, uhh, feeling well right now Isabella, so I don't suppose coffee would be the best choice entering my system right now, but I would love to go out with you. Maybe I can just get a smoothie. I hear they have great antioxidants and I am trying to keep my body as healthy as possible. Is that okay with you Isabella?"

I grinned. "Sure, Baby. I'll meet you at the coffee shop that's on 54th street. An hour enough time for you?"

"Yes, Isabella. An hour would be a sufficient amount of time for me to get clothed and groomed. I will see you soon."

"See you in a bit."

"Goodbye Isabella."

I felt bad. He felt like shit because of me, and yet he was still willing to meet up with me. As horrible as I felt, I was secretly please he still wanted to hang out with me.

If I weren't some emo-drug addict stuck on snow, this is the part where I would be squealing.

Squeal on, bitch, squeal on.

Reviews? It makes me smile if I know you care. They are better than a

dirty talking Geekward! (Lemony chapter coming up, stay tuned!)

Chapter 6 Stability Forgotten

SM owns everything. I own a Skittle that rolled under my couch 2 weeks ago.

I promised you Lemonade, let's starting mixing already!

"A photographic memory but with the lens cover glued on"

Unknown

EPOV

Breathe... Inhaler..... Breathe.... Inhaler.....Breathe....

She called me. She called me. I don't even know how she had gotten my number, but I wasn't going to ask any questions.

I'm not going to fib. I felt sick. Like when the prodigal momma penguin has to leave her egg for a long time to go eat while the father incubates it. Maybe even sicker than that.

I was sick because of all the charcoal still in my system, along with the other medications the good doctor had to give me. I was even sicker due to the fact that the most fascinating woman wanted to see me. I hadn't even known I had her number. If I had, I would have called her.

Okay, that was my fib.

I wouldn't have called her. More like dreamed about calling her. I would have picked up the phone, panicked, and threw the phone on the floor. Then I would have picked it up again, dialed her number, panicked again, hung up and throw the phone on the floor. I would have repeated this process until the air in my inhaler would have denied me.

But I wasn't going to let that new blue and orange argyle sweater my aunt bought me last Christmas go to waste. If I was going to meet her, I was going to go in style.

I went into the now clean bathroom, showered again, brushed my teeth (and

flossed-dentists say it's an important part of dental health and reduces the amount of bacteria that inhabit our mouths), tried to brush my hair, gave up and ironed my khakis. I thought about foregoing it, but I am sure Isabella wouldn't want me to look disheveled.

I grabbed my car keys and jogged down the steps to get into my silver 2001 S70 Volvo. It wasn't the best car ever, but I was proud of it. I had saved all of my money and Aunt Renee helped out, and we bought it together right before I left for Chicago. I backed out of my parking spot and headed down to the Starbucks.

As I was pulling in, I noticed Isabella walking out of her yellow car. I was no car geek, but even I could tell you it was a 2012 Porsche 911Carrera 4 GTS Coupe. They weren't even on the market yet. She stopped in her tracks as she noticed me. Her hair was flowing down her back in soft waves, and she was wearing a yellow Kenneth Cole trench coat that matched her car perfectly. My eyes followed down her body and she had on black knee high boots. If it weren't for sanitary reasons, I would have licked them. Okay never mind, I will sacrifice my need to be healthy. I would have gladly licked her boots if she asked.

I stared at her as she continued to stare at me. As if a light switch clicked on, she shook her head, walked towards me in a brisk manner and stopped right in front of me.

"Change of plans," she said hastily.

"Why?" I asked. "Is this because of my sweater? I thought you might like it. My Aunt Renee bought it for me, but if you would like it in a different color, I can rush back to my apartment and-"

"No. That's not it. You look...No, we are changing plans. Come with me, Baby. Leave your car here." She abruptly turned around and climbed back in her car. I hadn't moved an inch.

"You coming?" she asked. I think we were past the point where I should debate getting into the car with strangers.

I stuffed my keys and my cellular phone into my pocket and walked over to the passenger side. I wanted to ask where we were going, but she continued to drive down the streets of Chicago as fast as she could despite all of the traffic. Her hands were around the steering wheel so tight and her knuckles had lost all of their color. She didn't look at me and she didn't say anything.

My mind was racing almost as fast as her car. I didn't think this was a good time to mention all of the nutritional benefits I was losing due to my lack of that smoothie I was going to get. Or the fact that she was breaking at least 3 traffic laws while in the vicinity of the fine policemen driving around.

As we started to slow down, I noticed we were in the upper class section of Chicago. We pulled into the parking lot of a condo building that I would have sold my left arm to live in. She parked the car, hopped out and ran quickly towards the entrance. I followed hurriedly behind her. I gave a short wave to the doorman, and tried to stay close behind Isabella.

We walked through the ornate building, filled with crystal chandeliers and golden doorknobs. We stepped onto the elevator, and she pushed the number 24. I was hesitant to look at her. She had a determined look on her face, which I'm certain was a result of anger. I wondered silently what I had to do to upset her. I didn't want to offend her further by looking at her, so I kept my eyes downcast to the floor. The bell of the elevator stopped and she rushed out and unlocked her door. Wow. She owned the entire floor. I was not materialistic whatsoever, but I had no idea she had so much money. She must have really been watching her financial portfolio.

She threw her keys and purse on the stainless steel kitchen counters and turned slowly towards me. We were barely inside of her condo's front door.

"I'm sorry I rushed here Edward. I'm only gonna ask you this one time, and if you want, I will gladly drive you back to your car. Can I have you?" Her chocolate eyes poured into mine. My lungs, on the other hand, had decided now was not a good time to deliver air.

She wanted to have me? I mean, I know slavery is over, so I didn't think it was possible to buy me. I'm not like a pet or anything. I hope she didn't want to put a collar on me and call me Fido. That would just be degrading.

Wait a hot pickled second.

Have me? Oh. She wanted to have me. Oh. Well, this certainly does change things. But not for the better.

Dear Lungs,

Please let me have some air. I promise I'll suck on a helium balloon later if that makes you happy.

Begging you, Edward.

I gulped. "Um, Isabella, you are beautiful. I mean you really are. It's just that, I have never..."

Gosh, I was such a loser. My neighbor's goldfish had more balls than I had.

"No Edward, I know that already. You mentioned that the other night. You probably don't remember..." she trailed off, taking a deep breath.

"What I meant was, can I have YOU? Let me pleasure you. I don't want anything in return from you. We don't have to fuck. I just can't stop thinking about you. I can taste you Edward. I don't normally do this, but I can't stop thinking-" She stopped suddenly and took the two steps that were separating us. She crushed her lips to mine.

That's when I discovered how astronauts felt while being in space. Weightless.

I wasn't quite sure I knew what I was doing, but when my lips found hers, they immediately found their way. Her warm mouth engulfed mine, and I tasted the sweetness of berries. I had no idea how a person could always taste and smell like the world's finest fruit. I'm thinking of going into the fruit selling business.

She sucked slightly on my bottom lip and when I did the same, imitating her, she moaned. She moaned. The sound went straight down to my nether regions. I instantly became hard.

She pressed against me, as if attracted by a magnet. Although, this was not a lesson I learned in science class. "Hmm, Baby...You feel so fucking good with your cock pressed against me. Can I taste you now?"

It took all of my strength to nod. She backed up before me and began untying the belt on her trench coat. She slowly undid the four buttons, never taking her eyes off of mine. She opened her coat and stood there. Naked as the day she was born. But she was ravishing.

I gasped. Her pale skin was flawless. Her taut pink nipples seem to suddenly harden as the cool air breezed her. The apex between her legs was bare. Not an ounce of hair was on her lips. She was stunning. She still had on her knee high boots so she was beyond stunning. She was hot.

I didn't even have time to register the thought if she planned this whole thing.

Frankly, I didn't care. I didn't care if she had a GPS that tracked the miles to my house, a flashlight ready for my kidnapping, and a 12 step plan on how to get through my window. Hell, if she looked like this every day, I'll type up those plans and laminate them if she wanted me to. She stepped confidently towards me, and undid the button on my khakis. Oh my, she was really going to, uhhh...

Her hand slowly caressed the outside of my boxers, and I was ready to come on the spot. No one had ever touched me that way before. She held my gaze and reached inside of my boxers, pulling out my penis. I hoped it was satisfactory for her. I knew I had a decent size from the many times Emmett had flashed me (Let it be known I was an unwilling participant in his shenanigans. Why Emmett wanted to do that was beyond me. That's why he is commonly referred to as a 'douchebag').

She dropped to her knees and continued to look up at me, never breaking eye contact. She licked the tip, and I froze at the touch of her warm tongue.

"Do you like that, Baby?" she cooed. I didn't answer. There were too many sensations running through my body. The cool air just added to the tingles. "Do you like it when I lick your cock?"

Oh my monkey flunker. She said 'cock'. My eyes widened in shock.

"Do you like it when I talk dirty, Baby?" she asked. I nodded. "Because right now, I'm gonna suck your cock. I'm going to put my warm mouth on it and I want you to come right in my mouth."

I nearly fainted. I sure hoped she had her cellular phone on her. The ambulance would need to get here as soon as possible.

She wrapped her hot mouth around my cock (internal bad-boy speaking) and took it all the way down her throat. She slowly sucked back and forth, licking as she made her way from the base up to the tip. I couldn't handle it. Her tongue was doing things I had only imagined.

This was about to be my most embarrassing moment ever. I would forever go down on the wall of shame. On my gravestone they would write "Edward Masen, Son, Friend, and Minute Man."

"Isabella, I can't," I gasped.

"That's okay, Baby. Don't be ashamed. I can do it again if you want. Just let it go."

And with that, I exploded. I came right in her mouth. It was glorious. I glanced down at her to see her swallowing every bit of what I gave her. Good. I hear it's got plenty of protein. I wouldn't want her to have a protein deficiency. It just turned me on even more.

"Isabella, I'm sorry," I panted. "I never did that before and it was too much. It felt so..."

She didn't laugh. She just stood back up and grinned. I took the opportunity to put myself back into my pants.

"Baby, you tasted so good. I can suck your cock again if you like."

I stared at her. I wanted to do something else, but wasn't entirely sure how to ask.

"Umm, can I, uh, can I touch you? If not that's okay. It's just that you made me feel good, so I want to make sure you feel good too. But I don't know how to do that. But I'm only saying I want to make you feel good if you want me to make you feel good." My blood cells had obviously left my brain and headed to other parts never to be seen or heard from again.

"Fuck yeah, you can touch me. I'll show you how. Let's go sit on the couch," she instructed.

She took my hand and led me to the sofa. I stared at her behind. It was firm and soft looking at the same time.

I sat down and she straddled me. I could feel her heat coming in waves off of her.

"Edward, this is my pussy. Can you say pussy?"

"Um, pussy?" Yep, if any one of you had any questions left on how much of a geek I was I hope this moment answered your question.

"Baby, you sound so sexy. I want you to touch and feel my pussy." Isabella began to kiss on my neck, leaving a trail from my collarbone up to the sensitive spot right behind my ear. I felt myself getting hard again. "I want you to watch me."

I stayed seated on the right side of the leather sofa and she got off of me to go sit on my left. I felt myself immediately missing her warm body. She lay down, propped one leg on the top of the sofa, and opened her legs wide. It was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. This was definitely not one of the girls off of those 80's porn. She was

all pink and she glistened. She stuck one finger inside her and brought it back out and held it up to my mouth.

"Taste me, Baby," she murmured.

I did. She tasted like strawberries and heaven. I wanted more.

I leaned to hover over her and kissed on her neck. She began to grind on me. "Touch me, please."

I inserted one finger inside her and she whimpered. So I put two fingers in and glided back and forth between her folds. She was so tight and wet. I had never experienced anything like it.

"Faster," she pleaded, "Faster."

I kissed her mouth hard and stroked my fingers continuously as she began to cry out. "Baby, I'm close, I'm so close!"

Many years of watching porn had taught me numerous things. Many of which I practiced on my pillow. Now was the moment I got to experience them for myself. I let my manly instinct take over and I removed my fingers from inside of her. Isabella whimpered quietly. I backed up and bent over so that my head was between her legs. She was so wet she saturated the couch. I looked down and slowly licked between her sex.

"Yes, Baby, yes!"

Gaining assurance from her reaction I did it again. She tasted so good. This was way better than that pineapple dessert I had one time at band camp. And I thought that was the best I ever had. Isabella gripped the sides of the sofa and raised her hips. I put my finger down on her and flicked her clitoris again and again.

"Oh fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she wailed.

I moved my tongue in a quicker motion, enjoying her squirm around. I used one hand to pull my penis out of my boxers and began to stroke myself, speeding up the more she moaned and cursed.

I alternated between moving my fingers in and out of her, sucking on her clitoris and then biting gently on it.

"Ahhh, Babyyyy!" Isabella screamed, letting her orgasm overtake her. I came on the sofa at the same time, my toes curling from the pleasure. It was a magnificent sight, watching her faintly sweat and look all flushed.

We both gazed at each other, smiling, breathing heavily. I started laughing uncontrollably. I was on a roll and I couldn't stop. She started giggling and joined me, both of us howling together.

"I apologize...I...that was...that was the best thing that has ever happened to me!" I cackled. "Better than the time I got to go to Comic Con. It was 10 times better than that!"

She continued giggling. "Oh, Baby. You are so adorable."

It was her smile at that moment that had me hooked. Call the good doctor. I was a habitual Isabella user.

Edward's a fast learner, eh?

If you review, I'll mail you that lost Skittle. Scout's Honor!

Chapter 7 Shift Of Reality

Sm owns everything. I own a Twilight Shrine and I am utterly embarrassed.

"Egotism is the glue with which you get stuck in yourself"

Dan Post

IPOV

I don't know what came over me. Really. I was going to meet up with Edward to have a cup o' joe, take my mind off things, and then when he stepped out of his car, I lost every ounce of myself. He was standing there in his preppy sweater, looking like an ad for Old Navy and I couldn't help myself. His glasses were crooked, constantly sliding down his nose and his hair was all over the place. My lady parts tingled. The reason I didn't have anything under my jacket was because I was going to be a little sexy in the coffee shop and give him a flash of the goods. But as usual, nothing went according to plan.

I was shocked when he actually climbed in my car with me. And no one ever got to ride in my Porsche, so that's saying something. I couldn't look at him, because if I did, I would have to pull over the car and throw myself at him.

His cock was beautiful, just like the rest of him, and it made me proud to make him feel good. But then, when he returned the favor, doing something I know he had never done before, I was ecstatic, but I was pleased he wanted to do it with me. He had obviously watched enough porn to know what he was doing. If this was what he was like with no experience, I would have hated to see what he was like if he had. And when he put his fucking tongue on my pussy, I couldn't breathe. I was in shock. This man was doing all sorts of things to me, and I wasn't prepared.

At the end, it could have been really awkward and uncomfortable, but he started laughing. There was nothing about him that was typical. He blew my mind away. And as much as I would have liked to stay with him, I needed my shit.

"Thanks for coming over, Baby. I'm sorry we didn't get to hang out at the coffee shop, but I got some stuff I have to do now. I did enjoy myself though. Can I drive you to go get your car?"

The smile from his faced dropped.

"Oh, uh, yea. I apologize. I didn't mean to intrude on your afternoon plans. I, uh, had a good time also. Do you mind if I use your restroom before we leave?"

"Yea. It's down the hall. Second door on the right."

"Okay, thank you."

Edward walked away. I walked to my bedroom and grabbed a robe off my chair, took off my boots, grabbed my cigarettes and headed out to the patio to catch a breather. It was chilly, being that it was October. I lit it up, savoring the cold air, took a few puffs and stared out at the city that I called home. My head jerked as I heard a crash.

"Edward? Edward? Are you alright?" I started to make my way back to the bathroom.

He came out with a funny look on his face. Not funny ha-ha, but funny as in anxious. His hands were hidden behind his back.

"Sorry, Isabella, I was washing my hands, and then I realized my head still wasn't feeling too well. I know I should have asked, but I figured you kept some Ibuprofen in your medicine cabinet and I was only looking for that, but all this stuff came falling out and I tried to put it back, but the needles almost stabbed me and I dropped your stuff everywhere and now it's all over the sink and I didn't mean to be loud, but then you heard and you came down the hall, and-"

"Get out."

"No, Isabella. I'm not judging you. I mean, you and I both did what we did at the shindig, but I figured it was a one-time occurrence and I really don't-"

"Get out. Get out. Get out. Get the FUCK out!" I screamed. "You think you know me? You don't know fucking shit so don't stand on your high horse and judge me from your pedestal. I don't owe you shit, pretty boy. If you think you are better than me, then you shouldn't have fucking come over here."

I was livid. How dare he? People just can't leave shit alone. Who did he think he was, my dad? I didn't need more lecturing from another person and how fucking dare he go through my shit! This is the main fucking reason I kept to myself. This is why I got fucking high. He couldn't just get a fucking nut and leave me to my own

devices so I could have a fucking blissful evening. No. He had to go and ruin shit.

"My precious Isabella, please. I'm sorry. Let me help you. My aunt works at a crisis center and while they don't normally specialize in rehabilitation, I'm sure she can find you someone who can-"

I walked right over to him and I slapped him.

Hard.

So hard the entire right side of his face immediately turned red.

He stopped talking and just stood there.

Shocked. Appalled. Stunned.

Saddened.

I ran over to my clutch, grabbed a hundred dollar bill, and stuffed it into his hand while he continued to stand there.

"Here's some money so you can call a fucking cab. Don't you ever fucking come over here again! Leave me the fuck alone!"

I shoved him out the door because obviously he wasn't going to move and I obviously wasn't done hurting him.

His tear stained face was the last thing I saw before I slammed the door in his face.

Fuck.

I ran to the bathroom and all my snow coated the bathroom sink like a cold December blanket. My shit was all over the place. This was thousands of dollars of goods ruined.

Fuck my life.

I panicked. I could afford more shit, that wasn't the problem, but my main seller, had gotten fucking busted like a pansy and was in jail looking at 10 years for distribution. I had bought enough to last me a long fucking time, and now it was gone.

I guess you could say it was fucking stupid to leave my shit in the bathroom, but no one ever came over here, so it wasn't a problem.

But he had to go and fuck shit up. I hated him. I hated him because he took away the only important aspect of my life. My reason for breathing.

I leaned down and tried to sniff what I could, but he had gotten water on most of that shit. The glue that bound us together was slowly loosening. I peeled at it, subconsciously, like dead skin.

Fuck is my new verb.

Because he had officially fucked me. Hard.

Has anyone noticed a lack of detail on Isabella's part that she hasn't told him and he hasn't asked? If you guess correctly, I will send you my Edward dreams. He's quite feisty when he wants to be.

Chapter 8 Street to Forgiveness

SM owns everything. I own a bag of chips and hot sauce. Gross? Don't knock it til you try it!

"I want the concentration and the romance, and the worlds all glued together, fused, glowing: have no time to waste any more on prose."

Virginia Woolf

IPOV

I was not going to go down like this. I know I was being irrational. But my skin was crawling. Like a thousand bugs trying to eat me alive. I had been sitting here for fucking hours, regressing as each minute ticked by. These fucking cigarettes were not working.

Fuck. Its past 10 o'clock.

I swear, I can hear the neighbors down below me, plotting out some shit. Like how to get me out of here. How they are going to sneak up on me. I know they planned to do it when I am asleep. Or while I'm out on my patio. Or while I'm in the bathroom. But they can't catch me, because I'll be ready for them. I'll sit right here in the corner of my living room and wait for them. I don't have any weapons, because I'm not a dangerous person, but I swear, I'll cut someone open with a butter knife if I have to.

My skin is crawling. I know that's my Mom that's called me three times already but I can't answer because she'll know. She probably already has the cops sitting outside my condo building. I know that because when I looked out the window there was one at the stoplight, and then he took a left. This could only mean he is nearby watching me. I had to use binoculars because I'm so high up, but if I can see them, then they can obviously see me. So now, I can't go get my shit. I'm thinking about calling James, but if he comes here, they'll get him. And if I leave, they'll get me.

Screw this shit. I need another cigarette. My mind is a total warp-fuck.

I feel sick. And I don't mean
I-have-menstrual-cramps-I-need-some-Midol-I-hate-men sick. I mean

I'm-fucking-cold-my-hair-is-falling-out-and-these-spiders-are-out-to-get-me sick.

I'm tired. I can't go to sleep.

Why is it so cold in here?

I need a blanket. But then I'll get hot. And then I will have to take it off again, and then I'll be cold.

THINK: Be cold now? Or hot later? It was a fucking conundrum.

I need my blanket. I have to crawl. The fucking police will see me through the window. And I know its high up, but I've seen them with their high tech shit. I'm not dumb. They can catch anybody at any time.

I hate Edward. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. This is his entire fucking fault. The reason I'm crawling my way into my bedroom right now.

I need a shower. I swear these bugs are eating me alive. If I sit here, they will consume me from the inside out. They will eat my skin, and then my tender meat, they will chew on my muscles and nerves, and then I will die. I will fucking die. Being eaten by bugs. This is not on my to-do list.

I wonder if I have any burritos left.

Man, it is cold in here, even with my blanket.

My Mom is going to call again, but I'm not going to answer. Screw her. Let her call. I'll throw the phone out the freaking window.

I'm so tired. These bugs or spiders or whatever, they are going to eat me slowly...and then no one will find my body for weeks. I'll die here all alone.

Fucking police. Sitting outside my place like they own shit. I own Chicago. Not them. Me. Why can't they go chase someone else? Aren't people out there getting murdered and shit?

I hate Edward. I swear he probably never even left. He's downstairs, plotting with the people underneath me, planning on how to rehabilitate me or some shit. Fuck that. Fuck them. They don't know me.

I need another cigarette. I wonder what James is doing right now. He's probably

got some good shit. Laurent, my dealer, had some people underground who had the stuff, so maybe I can get some shit even though he's locked up. But I didn't want to deal with them. They were grimy. James was my best bet. But he didn't understand how bad I was. He thought it was a party thing. I didn't want to raise any flags.

Just one time. I will ask him one time, and that will be all.

I need a drink.

I crawled from my bed into the kitchen...slowly...I knew they probably had some motion detectors. I stood up on my tiptoes, reach quickly into the cabinet, grabbed my wine and sat down on the floor. I didn't even need a glass. I guzzled it straight from the bottle.

As I sat on the cold kitchen floor, I looked back on my life and wondered how shit had gotten so bad. I had come from a good family, who always gave me anything I wanted. I managed to keep decent grades in high school and college, even though it was to prove a point to my Dad. I had more money than whole households put together. But as usual, if anything went wrong, it was because of a man...or a boy. Because real men don't do the shit that he did.

Eric. That son of a bitch was my high school boyfriend that managed to screw my life. It had started out innocent enough. We were always sneaking behind the cafeteria building to go smoke a cigarette. It was the most bad-ass thing I had done. So when it upgraded to weed, I had no problem with it. I followed Eric around like a sad little puppy dog. I was so enamored with him; I did anything he asked me to. Of course, he just viewed me as an after school project he could corrupt. In hindsight, I didn't see it at the time. I was a pitiful little nerd girl, who hadn't grown into her beauty yet. So when a guy actually paid me some attention, I fell for it. The transition from "I have to be home by 10, my Mom needs help baking cookies, I have orange bands in my braces because I think they're cool Bella" turned into "hard core, I don't give a fuck, I'm rich I can do what I want Isabella." Eric, of course, ended up getting expelled but I snuck out almost every night to meet him downtown at his shitty apartment. And the one time I didn't call, I walked in to see him banging some red headed bitch ten ways to Sunday. Did I confront him? No. I walked back out quietly. I don't even think he saw me. I continued walking in that horrible neighborhood until I met Laurent near an alley-way offering to make all my troubles go away-for free. Because the first hit is always free. I never called or saw Eric again.

I can blame Eric for breaking my heart, my Mom for trying to ignore like I wasn't strung out on drugs, my Dad for acting like he was going to save me...but the truth

is, I couldn't blame them. This was entirely my fault. I went the road less traveled and it led me to Hell. And now I couldn't leave.

I was the reason I was all alone. My designer for my house, Alice, was the closest thing I had for a friend. Edward, on the other hand, managed to screw up any possibilities of a friendship. I can also blame him, but it wasn't him. It was me. The only problem was that I didn't give a fuck. I could afford any rehabilitation facility in the country and I wasn't fucking going until dogs grew wings. I didn't have a drug problem. I had a "people always fuck me over" problem.

It wasn't until the wine bottle in my hand became empty that I finally fell asleep on the floor.

There it is. That damn sunshine was glaring through the window. I thought we had a deal. It doesn't shine, and I won't go ape shit all over the place. Obviously, nobody, not even the universe, can keep a promise.

I lifted my face from the linoleum and slowly moved my legs, cursing from my back aching from laying on a hard surface. I had class bright and early, and even though I felt like shit, I couldn't not go. It was in the beginning of the semester, and I tried to wait until the end until I started skipping when I got exhausted near finals time from all of the studying and papers. The shower was calling my name, and I dutifully obliged. I peeled off my clothes and left them on floor. I grabbed the trashcan and pushed it all of Edward's damage into it, trying not to get pissed off all over again. This was going to be a fucked up day, and I had to figure out how to get my snow back.

But first I got into my oversized shower and sighed as the hot water poured down over me. I got out after 20 minutes, grabbed my towel and walked into my room. I put on my moisturizer and went over to the closet, thinking about what I was going to wear today. I pulled out and dressed into a dark pair of skinny jeans, a white t-shirt, and my black blazer, folding up the sleeves. I finished the look by wearing my black Christian Louboutin platform pumps. I straightened my hair, put on my light makeup to cover up the dark circles around my eyes and threw on some accessories. I transferred all of my stuff into my black Hermes Birkin bag, grabbed my messenger bag with my books and laptop and shut off the lights to leave. I didn't have time for breakfast. I would grab a bagel on campus after my first class. The elevator seemed to go faster today. I gave a quick wave to Mike, and ran over to hop into my 2011 black BMW M6. The black luxury car seemed to fit my mood today. I dug through my purse and took two Tylenol, swallowing them dry.

The car purred to life and I drove through the streets quickly, not trying to be late

for my class. After 10 minutes, I parked my car, ignoring the stares from the nearby college boys. They liked to move their eyes from my car to my ass, back to my car, then finally settling on my ass before I gave them the usual middle finger.

I arrived to class just in time to fill out the sign in sheet as it was being passed around. The University of Chicago started to keep attendance a few years ago. Any unexcused classes over two you missed, the lower your grade got. It sucked. I mean, weren't we adults? If we missed classes, wasn't it our responsibility to catch up? The Dean's Board didn't think so. Professor Banner started his lecture on Pharmacological Concepts and I tried to keep up, constantly typing into my laptop. After an hour and a half of plotting to get up and leave, class ended with him giving directions on the paper that was due next week. I groaned along with the rest of the class and packed my things, ready to go grab a bite to eat before my next class. The campus had a nice café inside the computer lab. I walked quickly, the aroma of blueberry muffins calling my name.

"Isabella!"

Fuck, no. That was definitely not my muffins calling. That was the pain in my ass, the reason for my headache, and the cause of a \$24,000 empty wine bottle. *Edward.*

Now was not the time to panic. Now was the time to walk right by him, hold my head up high and ignore the pleas of a grown man who was currently tripping over his own two feet. I continued past him, trying to get in line before it got too long.

"Isabella! Wait up!"

I took a deep breath and twisted on my heels, turning to face the bronzed hair man whose green eyes were pouring into mine. He wore a green button down shirt that caught the specks in his eyes, black slacks, and his hair was unruly as he ran his hand through it repeatedly.

"What?" I questioned. I had no time for his bullshit. He was the last person in the world I wanted to talk to. "What part of leave me the fuck alone do you not understand?"

I didn't care if I had hurt his feelings. I would not let those penetrating olive eyes get to me. My anger overrode his good looks.

"I...I...I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I called you last night, but you didn't pick up. I'm sorry, my precious Isabella. I really am. You were right. What you do is none of my business and it was erroneous of me to condemn you like I did. I just wanted to

apologize." Edward looked at me like a puppy that had chewed up your best shoes, but was so cute you had to forgive him. I sighed.

"Edward, it's not that. Fuck. You don't understand. I don't like it when people get into my fucking business. You crossed that line. If I can't trust you, then I can't be your friend. I have enough people in my life trying to tell me what to do. I don't need another."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I really am. I would love to be your acquaintance. I guess I'm not doing a very good job. Can we please start over? Please? Please?" he begged.

And there goes my Berlin Wall, crumbling as we speak.

"Ok. It's okay." I took a deep breath, letting my anger subside. "Let's just forget it happened. I'm on my way to grab some coffee and a muffin. You want some? My treat." This was not the end of the battle. This was just the end of putting this poor man out of his misery. I'm a hard ass, but I couldn't bear to see him like that. And especially after I had hit him. He fucking deserved it, but that didn't mean I had to put my hands on him. Even I could admit when I was wrong.

"And Edward, I'm sorry too. I should have never hit you. I'm sorry." I said. That was all he was going to get out of me.

He grinned. "Let's get that coffee. You like French Vanilla or Hazelnut?"

Despite last night's fucked up events, Edward and I laughed as we sat at the café as if nothing had ever happened. He was quick to forgive, something I had not had in my life before. My family held grudges forever. It doesn't matter if the Apocalypse was coming. Not answering a phone call insured that you wouldn't get a spot underground. You would be left to die because you were too busy taking a piss to not answer the phone.

"Anyways, I decided to major in Philosophy. I have an intrinsic interest in learning Greek and the way people perceive various viewpoints. I want to eventually become a Philosophy professor." Edward said.

"Philosophy? I took one class my freshman year and I swear, I slept right through it. I think my drool is still there," I mused.

He laughed. "Yes, most people think it is a difficult subject, but I love learning about wisdom. So, what is your major?"

"Mine is nursing. My dad is a doctor and I always wanted to be like him. I mean, he gets on my fucking nerves sometimes, but I really admire what he does. I want to specialize in gynecology. My mom suffered from a miscarriage a few years ago and it was hard seeing her suffer like that. So I figured I could go into a field that could help women with reproductive disorders and all that shit. It's cool and it helps people, so yea. That's what I wanna do."

"Wow, I'm sorry to hear about that, but it's great you want to help people. I just don't think I could be around that many people all the time."

"Yea, I don't mind so much. So...do you have any more classes today?" I asked.

"Yes, I have two more. I crammed all of my classes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays so I could have Tuesdays and Thursdays off. How about you?" he questioned.

"Just one more for today. Then I have to work on this stupid paper for later. That damn Professor is out to get me. He assigns more papers in one semester than I've had in all my 3 years here. I get it, we're seniors. But I don't think my job is going to be assigning me papers to do, so I don't see the point. He doesn't even grade them. I see his TA in his office with a pile of papers falling asleep and he's at his desk on the phone. Typical." I complained.

"Well, I dislike cutting our meeting short, but I better to get to class before all the front seats are taken."

I laughed. Only Edward would fight to get a front seat.

"Alright. I guess I better get going too. I have 10 minutes to wander outside of class to make sure I get a back seat." I teased.

This time he laughed. He picked up his trash and his coffee cup before putting his backpack on.

"Can I call you later?" I asked.

His grin lit up the entire café. "Sure."

I gave him a quick hug before he turned to empty his trash and leave. "See you later."

"Bye Isabella."

I would be kidding myself if I didn't say seeing him perked up my entire fucked up day. I was glad we weren't fighting anymore. Edward had balls, that's for sure. I'm surprised he even wanted to talk to me. I found myself thinking about his beautiful smile when my phone rang.

The voice on the other end shrieked when I answered and then begin rambling in her bell-like voice.

"Isabella Marie Cullen. Where in the hell have you been? Do you not know how to pick up a phone anymore? I swear, I will abuse my key privileges and destroy your condo the next time you go several days without calling. Did you know I was planning to come over to kidnap you? I had the ropes and tape ready. Don't think that I wouldn't. And you will never believe who I ran into today. Emmett fucking McCarty!" she screamed.

Alice. She was like a hyper-active 5 year old addicted to eating glue. Ugh. This could not be good.

Have you reviewed yet? Go on, do it already! It makes my heart pitter patter!

Chapter 9 Six Degrees Of Separation

SM owns everything. I make her characters do dirty things I won't mention to my Mother.

"We do not know the past in chronological sequence. It may be convenient to lay it out anesthetized on the table with dates pasted on here and there, but what we know we know by ripples and spirals eddying out from us and from our own time."

Ezra Pound

EPOV

This was worse than the time I had gotten a B on my social studies project because I spent all night watching "World's Deadliest Animals in South Africa" on the Discovery Channel. I integrated that into my research and the teacher was not amused.

This was worse than the time Aunt Renee made empanadas and caught me stuffing it into my pants. It wouldn't have mattered anyways. I burned myself and learned too late that it was hotter than skin temperature.

This was worse than all the times the members of the baseball team stuffed me in my locker and I was trapped in there for 4 hours before anyone noticed I was gone. I urinated on myself and had to spend the remainder of the school day in the nurse's clinic.

This was bad.

My precious Isabella had a problem.

I mean, I wasn't naïve. I had read plenty of pamphlets on drug use and how people got addicted to them. How they ruined their lives over a substance that couldn't fix all of their issues. They lost their money, their families, and their lives.

Was I any better? Was she right? Did I judge her when I did the same exact thing? I didn't even tell her how I had ended up in the hospital. I didn't tell her because I didn't want to upset her and think it was her fault. It wasn't her fault. I am an adult and I made an imprudent decision. That lapse of judgment led me into a hospital

room on the brink of death. However, it was not her fault.

All I could do now was apologize. She was outraged over me trying to get her help, so I could not go down that route again. She was obviously doing just fine right? I mean, I was the one who ended up in the hospital. She attended college, she was a senior like me, so that meant she at least was passing her classes, she had a nice place (well, extravagant was more like it, but you get the point), and she didn't look like a drug addict. Despite what those pamphlets said, she wasn't letting her life fall to pieces. I was no on important to walk in and tell her what to do with her life. She was obviously managing without me. I had to call her and apologize for my actions.

I was lying on my bed pondering exactly how I was going to call her. It entailed a phone, my fingers and speaking. I could do that right? No. I got up and went to dresser to find my favorite Star Wars pajamas. I needed the courage of Luke Skywalker. If he could defeat Darth Vader, I could conquer my irrational Isabella fear and call her. I changed and lay back down on my bed and picked up my cellular phone. You can do this. Yes, you can. I almost pulled an Obama and fist bumped myself. Okay, here goes nothing. I took a deep breath. Finding contacts...scrolling down....pressing her name. Oh my. It's ringing. It's actually ringing. Stay on the phone Edward, just say you're sorry and....crap. It's her voicemail.

"What's up bitches? Leave a message and I'll get back to you when I fucking feel like it. Now hang up the phone and go get a life." Beep.

Ahhh, my precious Isabella. She was so endearing. It was nice to hear her voice, even if she didn't want to talk to me. I didn't leave a message. I would call back tomorrow after my Contemporary Epistemology class and actually have a conversation with her. As of right now it was after 9:00 pm and getting late. I put my head on the pillow and dreamed of the girl who was now consuming all of my thoughts.

"Wake up fool!" Emmett's boisterous voice awoke me from my slumber. I slowly opened my eyes to see his big eyes and dimpled cheeks smiling down at me.

"Gym time! C'mon man. Let's go. It's already after 7 and I want to get there early. Dude, I met the hottest blonde and you are gonna fucking flip your lid when you see her. She is so hot. Her tits are bigger than melons man. I just wanna put my face right between them and-"

"Okay, okay, I'm up. I don't need a visual. Way too early Emmett," I groaned shut off the alarm clock that was set to ring for 10 minutes later. The already foggy

bathroom was a mess as usual and Emmett was decent enough to leave a message for me on the mirror:

My love for you is like diarrhea- I just can't hold it in

Scratch that. He was such a douchebag. I heard him laughing from the other room.

I picked his clothing off the floor and threw it into the laundry basket and continued to get ready for my day. I threw on a pair of black shorts, a white tee and the only pair of tennis shoes I owned. I put in my contacts, sacrificing my glasses because it was hard to run when my glasses were constantly sliding down my nose. I grabbed my mp3 player and headphones and headed to the kitchen where Emmett was already dressed and swiveling in circles on the stool eating a banana. Gross.

I reached beside him to get an apple and walked to the fridge for my water bottle.

"Can you stop it? You are making me nauseous!" I spat at him.

"What the hell is your problem? You are not bringing me down. I get to see Rosalie today. She's a firecracker and she has been turning me down to sleep with me for 3 days now. I love it!" Emmett exclaimed.

"If she isn't interested in your company, then why do you keep bothering her? She obviously has good taste," I retorted, rolling my eyes at him.

Emmett waved his hand at me to brush me off. "She's just playing hard to get. Don't you worry your pretty little head off. She'll come around. Give me a week. She'll be begging me for my man meat in no time." He jumped off the stool made sexual gestures with his hips towards the seat.

I ignored him and went towards the door to grab my keys off the table.

"Naw, man, I'm driving this morning. You know, just in case Rosalie sees me and wants to take me all for herself." Emmett grabbed his keys instead and headed for the door. I put mine back down and left, shutting the door behind me and gave him a pointed look to make sure he locked it before we left. We got into his Hummer H4, and he fiddled around with the radio until he found an annoying rap station that blared out offensive music while I brooded over his lack of reserve over the earth's finite resources.

We arrived at the gym, greeted the receptionist, and slid our cards through the

gym door. I started to make my way towards the treadmills when Emmett pulled on my shirt, holding me back.

"Eddie, there she is!" I frowned at his nickname that he had endearingly termed for me and followed his gaze towards the ladies' yoga classes where the instructor wearing nothing but tight black pants and a pink sports bra had contorted herself in a compromising position. "Dude, do you see that? Do you fucking see that? That's her. Man, she is so fucking hot and she can lift her leg backwards like that. Do you see now why I have been trying to hook up with her?"

I didn't understand why he would want to be with someone who could bend their leg behind their head. I mean, what was the point in that? Unless she wanted to be some circus act, it served no logical purpose.

Emmett walked over to the glass and tapped on it while making kissing faces, interrupting the session, causing the entire class to look at him and for the Rosalie woman to turn around and give him a dirty look. She shot him a glare I could only define as the opposite of delight and turned her attention back to her adult students.

"Emmett, you don't stand a chance. Let it go. I feel inclined to go for a run. I need to work on my quadriceps femoris muscles." I turned and proceeded to the treadmills, choosing one and adjusting the buttons to improve the incline and speed. I put on my MP3 player and began jogging, relaxing as my sore muscles begin to contract and my blood started flowing. Turning at the sound of a large smack, even over my music, I saw Emmett's head at my right, ducking as the blonde Rosalie woman hit him with her gym towel.

"Just who do you think you are? You do not disrupt my class to make rude gestures! You are such a little kid. It was one lunch Emmett, but instead of enamoring yourself with me, you spent the entire time staring at my lips and breasts. I tried to give you a chance and you failed. I don't have time for this...or you!" Rosalie yelled. She put her hands on her hips and scowled at him. Emmett continued to grin as if elated that she even had taken the time to speak to him, even if it was in a less than pleasant tone.

"Rosalie, baby, please. I'm sorry," he pleaded. "Give me another chance. Eddie, tell her, tell her I'm a good guy. I just get nervous. I didn't mean it. C'mon Eddie, tell her."

Emmett looked at me with his dimples in full force and pouted his bottom lip as he and Rosalie looked at me expectantly.

"Hello. I, uh, I'm Emmett's roommate, Edward. It's a pleasure to meet your acquaintance Ms. Rosalie. I am quite sorry Emmett has been rude. He doesn't mean to be such a nuisance, but he can't help himself. Really. It's not his fault his mother didn't breastfeed him. The lack of nutrients obviously affected his brain. Don't blame him for his mother's actions." I said, grinning internally as Emmett's smile slowly faltered with every word of my speech.

Rosalie laughed exuberantly as she stuck her hand out, waiting for mine.

"It's nice to meet you, Edward," She said as she shook my hand. "Well if that's the case, then I will forgive him."

Emmett's smile was back in full force as she made her declaration.

"Emmett Fucking McCarty!"

A shrill voice rang out from a tiny brunette with medium length hair and brown eyes that twinkled ran towards us wearing bright blue yoga pants and a matching top.

"Alice? You know him?" Rosalie questioned, quirked her eyebrow between the two of them.

"Emmett? It's me! Alice, Alice Brandon...From James's party? Three years ago? You know, the 'Pimps and Hookers' themed one?"

The little gnome clicked on the light bulb in Emmett's brain and he lit up as he remembered.

"Alice? Little B's friend? What's up?"

"Yep that's me, yours truly! Nothing much. I'm in Rosalie's yoga class. I thought that was you tapping on the window." Rosalie shot Emmett a dirty look. "How do you know Rosalie?"

"He doesn't," Rosalie answered for him hastily. "He just doesn't think stalking is a felony anymore."

Alice laughed. "Hi, I'm Alice, and you are?" she looked at me keenly.

"Hello, I'm Edward, Emmett's roommate. Nice to meet you, Ms. Alice," I responded

"Ooohh, formal. Me likey," Alice gushed, and yet it didn't make me feel uncomfortable. "You guys want to go out for breakfast after the gym? I have a craving for a buffet. Hmmm, bacon...and eggs....and buttermilk pancakes..."

"Alice you are insatiable. The whole point of exercise is to burn off calories. Not go and eat twice your weight," Rosalie reprimanded.

"What can I say? I have fast metabolism. And I only come to the gym because you let me in your class for free," Alice countered.

"Well, I'm in. I could eat an entire house right now!" Emmett exclaimed. I didn't disagree. I felt sorry for whatever restaurant they were going to. Someone had to call beforehand and warn them.

"I apologize, I can't attend breakfast. I have class in less than an hour. Emmett, can you drop me off so I can get changed?" I asked.

"Sure thing. Alright ladies. I can meet you in 20 minutes. Let me drop off Eddie-boy here and then meet up with you." They all exchanged information and agreed at a restaurant of choice.

Emmett and I left, leaving the girls to their incessant chatting and giggling. "So, what do you think? Is she hot, or is she hot?" Emmett questioned quickly as soon as we were back in his vehicle.

"She's attractive, if that's what you're asking. I still think you are out of your league. But if you choose to pursue her, you need to learn some tact. Women don't like to be disrespected," I stated sternly.

"What's this? Eddie giving me women advice?" he laughed as if it were the funniest thing in the world. "Please. I got this in the bag. I am all over this!"

"Yes. You keep up with that senseless thinking and Rosalie will be over it too." I refuted. I shook my head at him. "Oh, and who is 'Little B'? You said you knew Alice through 'Little B'. Who is that?"

"Dude, she is this hot fucking chick I met like three years ago, and she is smoking. I actually banged her that night. Being the asshole that I was, I accidentally took her virginity."

"You did what?" I gasped, shocked.

"Calm down. I didn't know. She didn't tell me. I just said it was an accident. Were you not listening? Anyways, I gave her my number but she never called me. I asked several people about her, but our circles never crossed again. And while I would have loved to hit that again, I'm about Rosalie now. You know I love me some blondes with big cha-chas," he said, once again making vulgar motions with his hands.

I ignored him the rest of the ride home, internally spewing as my mind traced back to Isabella and I thought of a way to get into her good graces again. Emmett dropped me off and let me back into the apartment since I had left my keys and I went quickly to take a shower and change into my green button down and black slacks. I pulled out my contacts out, and put on my black rimmed glasses. I threw on my loafers, grabbed my jacket and book bag and headed out the door in less than thirty. I was hungry, but would have to wait until afterwards to grab a bite to eat. I didn't like to be late and all the good seats were taken if you didn't arrive on time.

After sitting through an exciting lecture, I walked through the campus, trying to find the café they had. I had to stop and ask someone, and after a minute or two of stammering my way through a simple question, I found out it was in the right wing of the computer lab. I didn't go there too often because I had my own laptop and I used the library versus technology for any research. I walked towards the area where students were bustling to get into the long line when I saw the back of her. Isabella?

I would recognize her anywhere.

"Isabella!" She kept walking although her slight pause told me she had heard my voice.

"Isabella! Wait up!" She stopped in her tracks and my excitement overtook my stability and I dropped my belongings all over the floor. I quickly picked them up, and stuffed them into my bag I had not realized was open. I ran over to her as she glowered at me, her arms crossed, not wanting to talk to me. I had to apologize. I begged for her forgiveness as she explained how I had exploited her trust. I gave her my best remorseful look and she slowly let her walls down. I accepted her invitation for coffee and she apologized too for slapping me. I wasn't angry at her for that. I could take a physical hit; it was the emotional one I couldn't handle. We sat down as we got to know each other better and I truly enjoyed her company. Before I knew it, my class was coming up and I had to leave all too soon. She gave me a hug and I wanted to hold on longer than necessary. We said our goodbyes and I floated off to class, elated at the turn of the day's events.

By the end of my classes, I was exhausted and glad to be home. I was fixing dinner for myself and Emmett as he walked through the door.

"Eddie! My man! How was your day?" he asked.

I smiled. I was in a better mood then this morning. "It was fine. How was yours? Did you enjoy your breakfast with the ladies this morning?"

"Dude, I have never laughed so hard in my life. Alice is a riot. She had Rosalie and me cackling all through breakfast. She's a cutie too. How about I hook the two of you up?" Emmett asked, smiling as if he had thought of the best idea ever.

"Um, no thank you. I already have someone I am interested in," I said.

"Oh yea, that's right. You did say you met someone at a party the other night. I have to say, I am shocked. You actually went to a party and managed to snag a girl, and all by yourself, I might add. You have made me proud. I think I'm gonna cry," Emmett wrapped his arms around me and wiped a fake tear from his eye.

"I don't need you for everything. She is wonderful, though," I dreamt off, thinking about her soft lips and pretty smile.

"Ooohh, someone's got it bad. Eddie aka The Lover-boy. When do I get to meet her?" Emmett probed.

"Umm, how about tonight? I can ask her over. We can watch a movie or something." I replied.

"Great. I can't wait to meet your mystery girl. How about I invite Rosalie and Alice over and we make this a night to remember?" he said, already pulling out his phone.

I couldn't wait either. I was hoping we would all get along together, binding the ties of friendship. Emmett was going to be shocked. He wouldn't know what hit him when he met the girl of my dreams.

Reviews are my air supply. You don't wanna make me suffocate and kill me, do you? Do you? You can be a FanFiction killer. I won't judge!

Next chapter up by Monday (5/30). I won't make you wait. It's rude. Don't you hate it when authors have "computer problems?" I have never heard of

so many "broken laptops" in my life. I won't do that to you. I value you too much!

Chapter 10 Skeletons

Sm owns everything. I own CapriSuns that are disappearing by the second.

~On another note, thanks for those sticking by the story. I apologize for all the confusion. I redid this story so I could put out the very best for my readers. TWCS did not reflect my best, and I am sorry to those readers and reviewers, so thanks for the support of those who found me. I just didnt want to be updating on different websites.

I am here to stay

. In Edward's words, "Where else am I going to go?" (But then he left in New Moon, so scratch that...damn)

~On an extra note, the detail Isabella has not told Edward is...her last name...she didnt say it, and he didnt ask. Remember who his ER doc was?

~Oh, I had Isabella become a nursing major because Carlisle is a doctor. I needed for her to mention that to Edward, so that later on the pieces will come together.

OK, Im becoming one of those writers with long A/N's...On with the show...

"There are those moments when you shake someone's hand, have a conversation with someone, and suddenly your all bound together because you share your humanity in one simple moment."

Ralph Fiennes

IPOV

"You talked to whom?" I screeched. I did not have difficulty hearing- I had understood Alice clearly. I needed for her to repeat herself because I like to partake in self-torture. I needed those words to resonate and penetrate through my being so I could imagine the joyous occasion in why the Ghost of Fucking Past was coming to haunt me.

"Emmett Fucking McCarty! I *said*, I ran into Emmett Fucking McCarty today," she

squealed.

"Alice, his middle name is not fucking, so can you please fucking stop saying fucking?" I fumed. "When did you see him? Where was it at? You didn't talk to him, did you? Because I fucking swear, if you did, I am gonna come over there and cut off all your hair and call your ass Tinkerbelle. And then, just when you think it couldn't get any worse, people are gonna nickname you The Pixie. You better not have. OMG, I think I'm having a panic attack, yep this is it, and this is where I die, right here in a café next to cinnamon raisin bagels and frothy cappuccinos."

"Geez, a little over dramatic aren't we?" Alice replied, sighing into the phone. "This isn't all about you, sweetie, and the only time your name came up is when he asked if I was 'Little B's' friend because he had trouble remembering who I was. Seriously? 'Little B?' I hope that isn't some sexual nickname he made up for you where you were sucking on his-"

"This is the part where I cut you off and tell you to mind your own business. You are sick. This is why I don't tell you things. You use them later to patronize me. The only reason Emmett called me that is because he said Isabella was too long of a name. And you know how I hate being called Bella, so he made up the nickname. So... what did he say? What did he say?" I prodded eagerly, hoping she could feel my begging eyes through the phone.

"Ok, so I was at the gym, you know, taking that yoga class with Rosalie? I told you about her right? We met when I had to redecorate her place after her divorce to that son of a bitch Royce. That is the exact reason why you don't get married young. Anyways, I was in the middle of being in the Plow Pose position thinking how I hope my butt doesn't look big in these pants because I just bought them on discount at Neiman Marcus and that stupid sales lady told me they were seventy five percent off, and they weren't but I cursed her ass off until I practically got them for free. Anyhow, these two sexy guys come up the class window and I'm not calling them sexy like Brad Pitt back in the 90's sexy, I'm talking sexy like those guys in that vampire movie sexy. And Emmett, I would recognize his big ass anywhere starts making kissy faces at her and he had his friend with him who looked embarrassed to even be seen with him. So Rosalie ends the class early because she's so pissed off and I went to go grab a towel and then I saw him and I said 'Emmett do you remember me from James party?' and he took a minute but then he said 'yeah' and I knew he had because I had on that red dress, you know the one with the sides cut out and of course he would remember me and then he said 'you are Little B's friend, right?' and I said 'yea.' That was it. I didn't say anything more about you because he looked really interested in Rosalie, but she was acting like she didn't want to give him the time of the day but I could tell she wanted him because she kept twirling

her hair around her finger and she never does that shit. We all went out to that new breakfast place, had some grub and that's all that happened. I had to leave since I had an appointment. So, don't worry 'Little B,' your ass is covered, he doesn't care, and my freaking back has been hurting and I swear if I broke something, I am going to sue Rosalie for all she has and-"

"Okay, breathe, Alice," I quipped, cutting her off so her lungs had a chance to catch up with the rest of her. Damn, that girl would talk your ear off if you let her. She was like the Energizer Bunny who kept going and going until someone stuffed his pink ass into a trash can and buried the batteries and that annoying drum out in the desert somewhere. "Thanks for letting me know. I was just nervous because he was the only guy I had been with and I was hoping he wasn't mad at me for blowing him off like I did."

This is exactly why you don't go around sleeping with men you don't know. That shit always comes back to bite you in the ass.

"Well, it's all good. I'm sure he's humped lots of girls in closets, so he's not really concerned about you. He was really nice and a lot of fun though. I am worried about you, though. Where in the hell have you been and why haven't you called my ass? I almost called out a search party on you and the only reason I haven't stopped by is because business is really picking up, but you have been ignoring my phone calls and my texts and everything," she complained in a whiny voice.

"Well, my life doesn't revolve around you, Alice," I lied. It does. She and I both knew it. I didn't let a lot of people into my life and she was the one person I trusted. She was the only girl friend I had and I couldn't lose her. If she knew the truth about all the shit I did, she would jump ship in a second. I knew she would. If I were her, I would. She knew I liked to party, and she did too from time to time, but she didn't know it was to the extent that it was. I thought of the very next thing that I knew would distract her.

"I met a guy."

"You what? When do we ever keep secrets from each other? Ever since our freshman year before I dropped out to take over Mom's business after she died we have been joined at the hip."

She was right. We were friends the moment she reached across my desk and took my notes right out in front of me. She had tenacity. Even when I bitched at her, she shrugged, rolled her eyes, and continued reading my notes as if they were hers. She did this for the rest of the semester. I hated her and I spent every day bickering with

her which led to a frienemies relationship. The very last week she didn't show up to class anymore and I knew something was wrong. I actually kind of missed her bouncy ass. When my parents bought my condo and insisted on a designer to liven the condo up, the last person I expected to see was her. She walked right in as if she owned the place and never looked back.

Alice continued, "We are like peanut butter and jelly. Apples and sauce. Beef and broccoli." The girl really did love her food. "We have told each other everything. I made over your condo and you helped me get over the Jonas Brothers. Thick and thin, bitch. So, who is this guy, what's his name and when do I get to meet him?"

"This guy is a good friend. All right, he's more than a friend. He did things to my body that I am in middle of writing a letter to Congress to make sure they prohibit in 27 states. I'm not telling you his name because we are just getting to know each other and I don't want other people to screw this up. Not that you would, but you know how I am. I'm private and I don't want people to know yet. And you can meet him a quarter past never," I answered roughly. No way was I going to let other people ruin this. I was doing a good enough job of that on my own.

"Awwww, c'mon Little B, really? I'm *never* going to meet him?" Alice complained.

"Stop calling me that. Maybe not never. Just not right now. I have a lot of shit going on. Speaking of which, I have a class I'm running late to. If I'm not there within 10 minutes, the professor locks the door."

"Alright, I'll give you a call later and your ass better answer. You are not Houdini and you better not pull that disappearing act again."

"Okay, Okay. Later, bitch." I hung up the phone and fast tracked it to class before the evil professor could lock me out. It had already happened before and like a dumbass I knocked and everyone just stared at me as the professor shook his head and shrugged. It took all of my restraint to not punch him at the next lecture.

I ran to class with time to spare and sat down, my mind wandering to Edward again. A smile spread across my lips, the possibility of seeing him or talking to him was triggering enthusiasm throughout my whole body, especially in places it shouldn't have been considering I was sitting next to other people. I crossed my legs, shifting uncomfortably in my seat. He shouldn't be affecting me in this way, and yet he had. I was growing more and more dependent on him with every passing day. Losing myself in him was not a part of my plan.

The professor had finished speaking and class was over before I even registered

that people were leaving their seats. I packed up my belongings and set off for my car. After a short drive home, the closer I made my way up the elevator, the more bad thoughts I began to have.

Shit.

After all that had happened today, my need for my snow had dwindled and now I found myself back at the scene of the crime. Alone, my mind became unsettled and I had to rest before I did anything about my situation. I dropped my stuff off next to the sofa and lay down. I closed my eyes and tried to rest, plotting on how I was going to make it through tonight. I drifted off to sleep, not even realizing it and woke up to the sun setting outside my window. I needed to talk to James. I left my place and ran out of the building.

I arrived back in my car, remained stationary in the lot, and pulled out my phone to text him.

Hey J, you got any flakes for me? ~I.C.

I waited impatiently, my knee bouncing, and I almost jumped in my seat when I heard my message alert on my phone.

Hell no, I'm out. Can send u out 4 pick up. I'm out of town. ~J

Crap. I did not want to go out and pick anything up. If I had learned anything from Laurent, it's that the cops were on the lookout. The last thing I needed was a charge for possession.

What about Black and White? ~I.C.

No, this guy is discreet. I'll tell him u r coming. Texting you directions now... ~J

This is not how I wanted to spend my Monday night, chasing drug lords through the night so that I could get high. My phone rang again, alerting me of house directions to some dude name Blake. It was no where near where Laurent was located, so for that I was grateful and it was in a middle class neighborhood. I started the car and began driving when my phone rang again.

Just call me Ms. Popular.

Edward.

Now was not a good time.

"Hey, Edward, what's up? I really can't talk right now, I'm kind of busy," I groaned exasperatedly.

"Oh, uh, well, my apologies. I, um, well, my roommate and I were kind of wondering if you wanted to come over. To, uh, watch a movie or something. But I can tell that you are preoccupied in other engagements..." he trailed off, sounding defeated even through the phone.

"No, Baby, I can. Can it wait an hour? I can come over, I just have to go somewhere first. Text me the directions. I'm stuck out here on Langley Avenue , but I'll be there soon," I promised.

He let out a gust of air, a sigh of relief. He said his pleasant goodbyes and hung up the phone. It rang soon after with a text message relaying the directions to his apartment.

James's directions on the other hand were making no damn sense. I typed the address into my GPS system and let technology do the work for me. Oops, my bad. I had taken a wrong left turn. I backtracked and came upon the right street.

3301...3302...3303...Okay, here we are. House number 3304.

I was an idiot. This was a dumb, dumb thing to do, and I couldn't help the nagging feeling in my stomach telling me to high tail my ass back to the city and enjoy a movie with Edward and pig out on buttery, salty popcorn like a normal person. But I couldn't. My need was much more important. Maybe I could buy enough where I wouldn't have to come back here.

What if this was a set up? No, James wouldn't do that to me. The place was actually pretty decent and there were only two cars in the driveway. Okay.... here goes nothing.

I got out of my car, looking cautiously around. I walked up the driveway and paused at the door. Do I knock? Ring the doorbell?

Fuck, Isabella, get a hold of yourself. If you could go through an alley and meet Laurent, then you can do this.

I took a deep breath and rang the doorbell. I heard heavy footsteps on the other side and waited anxiously for the Blake guy to open the door.

"I'm coming, hold up," he said.

It swung open and my mouth dropped.

This was not Blake.

This was not happening to me.

There are some people in the world you wish you had never been connected to. It was like trying to tear apart two pieces of paper that had been glued together and been sitting for several hours. You can eventually pull them apart, but not without damaging both sides.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the infamous Bella Cullen. I've been waiting for you," he said taunting me in his deep, dark voice.

Fuck.

Eric grabbed me by the shoulders and jerked me roughly into the house, slamming the door behind him.

My husband loves the cliff hangers. He waits patiently for chapters just like you...

The Isabella and Emmett meeting will come in due time, my friends. Gotta build the suspense.

Please review. I will let you borrow Edward and sit in his lap for movie time... (And did I mention I love you guys?)

Chapter 11 Securing the Heart

SM owns everything. I own a new outfit I bought today and it looks awesome. My floppy hat is currently waiting for its debut.

-About Isabella's Money: Yes, she has a drug problem and her parents shouldn't be enabling her, but they are just *too* kind. Lets just remember that this ff, however, there are tons of parents in the world that continue to support their children despite their issues. They would rather enable her than lose her.

"Souls bound together can't be forever torn apart by distance and neither by death."

Patti Callahan Henry

EPOV

There were five dust bunnies under my bed. The roll of toilet paper was down to less than a hundred sheets. The second row of books on the bookshelf were crooked and taunting me. There was a glass in the kitchen sink whose water spot refused to wash off and was going to be the reason I cancelled this entire evening.

I am screwed. My inhaler is no longer working, Emmett won't help clean and my precious Isabella was going to be here in less than an hour. Well, Alice and Rosalie were coming too, so this wasn't necessarily a date, but that wasn't relevant.

Nice guys finish last. As Isabella would say, 'Fuck that!'

"Emmett! Get your rear in here and help me clean! Your friends will be here at any moment, and I don't wish to be associated with the jock that lives like a slob," I yelled.

Emmett walked painfully slow into the living room, wearing relaxed jeans and a plain, black t-shirt, and dismissed my tantrum. "Duuuude. Chillax. Don't get your panties all in a wad. The place looks great. Alcohol and chips are out, and I got a stack of movies everyone can choose from. People do this all the time. I know this is your first time Eddie-boy so I'm gonna walk you through this. First, people come over. Next, they sit on a couch and munch on snacks. Then, they go home. Now if

feel you can't handle this, I have no problem calling your Aunty to come pick you up early since you can't hang with the big kids."

I growled. "Shut up. Never mind then. I'll just tidy up by myself." I vacuumed underneath my bed, replaced the toilet paper (because these were females that were coming over. Their anatomy forced them to use paper products at all times), dusted the bookshelf, and flung the glass in the trash. Isabella was worth the five dollars it would cost to get another one. By the time I was finished, I was flustered and ran into my bedroom to get ready. I tossed on a dark pair of khakis and my best pink button down and finished just as the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," I yelled, making sure Emmett didn't reach the door before I could. No such luck. He bum rushed me and knocked me onto the floor, leaving me looking like a fool. Alice and Rosalie appeared and gawked at me, while I dusted myself off and stood up.

"Edward, what are you doing?" Rosalie asked, raising an eyebrow.

I reddened and barely spoke. "Nothing, I just tripped, that's all," I whispered, glaring at Emmett. I'm going to call Webster's Dictionary and see if they could put his picture next to the word douchebag. I was fairly certain it could be arranged once they met him.

Alice tentatively looked at me up and down. "Not trying to be rude or anything, but Edward...What in the hell are you wearing?"

I glanced at the mirror that was next to the doorway. "Ummm, my clothes?" I answered uncertainly.

Emmett laughed boisterously. "Alice, I have been trying to dress him for over three years now. Good luck. He dresses like he's going to a tea party. His mystery girl is coming over and he thought looking like a grapefruit would get him the goodies!"

I blushed. "I did not. I just...I..." Alice and Rosalie grabbed me on both sides, taking my arms. "Edward, if you have a girl coming over you are trying to impress, this is not going to work. We'll hook you up. Where's your room?" Rosalie asked.

"Hey! Are you not going to ask me where my room is?" Emmett whined, putting out his bottom lip and looked jealous as we continued to walk.

"Sure. I would loooove to know where your room is, Emmett," Rosalie gushed,

batting her eyelashes. "Tell me where it is so I can lock your ass in it!" she scoffed.

"Whatever. I'm going to start mixing drinks." Emmett mumbled and left towards the kitchen.

I led Alice and Rosalie towards my room, hoping they were impressed with my cleanliness.

"Alright Edward, girls don't like guys that look like their Mommy dressed them for picture day. Where are your jeans?" Alice questioned.

Jeans? I looked at them confused, unaware of why I would have that sort of item in my wardrobe.

"Oh come on. Really? No jeans. Geez, Edward," Rosalie said, shaking her head in disappointment. "I'll be right back." She left Alice standing there, while I looked ashamed.

"Don't worry. We'll have you looking good in no time," Alice replied in an almost amused tone. She opened my closet door, and began pulling out an endless number of shirts. I sat on the bed, defeated. There was nothing wrong with my apparel choices. I know I dressed a bit more formal than most guys my age, but my Aunt Renee taught me that appearances were everything. If I were to ever get into an accident, I would never want to look unkempt. Clean underwear and socks were a must, but I wanted to make sure my outerwear was dapper as well.

Rosalie returned carrying several pairs of jeans. "I got these from Emmett's room. Hopefully he won't mind. They will probably be a little big on you, but they should hold up with a belt. And we'll put your clothes with his and you'll look awesome. She'll be tearing her panties off before she even walks through the door."

Oh, Gosh. I sure hope so. I changed my train of thought so I wouldn't get a hard on with the girls in the room. That would be rude, and they would be running out of here before I could explain myself. Nobody likes a pervert.

"Ok, strip." Alice said, standing there with clothing items in her hand and staring at me.

"Ummm, what?" I asked, stunned. Was she joking? She was being facetious. This could not be happening to me. Maybe she had gone insane. Maybe there was someone I could call for her. I hated for Alice to be carried off to the loony bin, she seemed like such a sweet girl; but if it had to be done...

"Take. Off. Your. Clothes," She said raising an eyebrow, with an evil glint in her eye. She was serious. Oh my, she was really serious. I blushed furiously, standing there like a statue. The Venus de Milo had nothing on me. I had to channel a false bravado and force a smile in return. I gave a small nod, but continued to stand there a few more seconds, buying time.

Alice rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on, Edward. You don't have anything we haven't seen before. You can do it. Be a big boy."

Okay, that was it. That was the last straw. I was tired of people handling me like I was a small child. I am a man, dammit. A grown man...that was afraid of thunderstorms...and still had my baby blanket...and that had slept with my bear Huggies until Emmett found it and ridiculed me for over a week. But still, I was a man. I had hair down *there*. That qualifies for something, right?

Let's do this Band-Aid style.

"I am stuck on Band-Aid brand 'cause Band-Aid's stuck on me!"

I am stuck on Band-Aid brand 'cause germs don't stick on me!"

I am not a child. I am not a child. I am not a child. I glanced sheepishly towards Alice and Rosalie, closed my eyes, and undressed. Seconds passed by before I peeked back at them through my eyelashes. My eyes met theirs, and they intently looked back at me, jaws slacked and mouths wide open.

Silence. Complete silence.

"Uh, girls?" I asked hesitantly, scared I had offended them somehow. Oh no. They were probably grossed out. Nobody wanted to see me standing in my pasty skin and bony knees wearing nothing but black boxer shorts. I waited in anticipation for their reactions. My heart continued to pound into my chest and I let out the breath I had been holding for what seemed like an eternity.

"Oh. My. God," Rosalie uttered.

"You can say that again," Alice whispered.

"Oh. My. God," Rosalie repeated.

"And you have been hiding that body under dress shirts and chinos because-?" Alice paused, never taking her eyes off my chest. "Edward, you look like a Greek

god, so why in the hell don't you ever dress casual?"

My cheeks decided to betray me and I turned red. Traitor. "I don't know," I said in a questioning tone.

"Well, that ends tonight. Here," Alice handing me Emmett's jeans. "Put these on. And this white shirt, with this gray hoodie and jacket. Ooh, and this striped tie."

"And you can wear this black belt and your black shoes. That should work," Rosalie added.

I dressed in front of them and turned to look in the mirror that was inside my closet door.

"Fabulous!" Alice squealed, clapping her hands. "You look great. See? You can wear your dressy clothes and wear jeans at the same time, Edward. It's all about balance. Your girl is going to be shocked. Now how about we get rid of those glasses? Do you have any contacts?"

I nodded and pointed towards the bathroom. She scampered off without even waiting for directions as to where they were located. She came back and I took a few moments to pop my contacts in. My vision became clearer and Alice and Rosalie stood on both sides of me as we all looked into the mirror. Their matching blue jeans and casual shirts complimented my new outfit and I was impressed. I guess I did look okay. If this would impress Isabella, then I would wear a chicken suit if she asked.

"So, who's the girl Edward?" Rosalie asked, breaking me out of my trance. "Is she pretty? How did you meet her?"

"Yes, she is absolutely beautiful. I cannot wait until you all meet her. I met her last week and she is uh, all that and a bag of chips, some would say."

The girls laughed. "Edward. No one would say that. So let's keep vending machine snacks out of your compliments, okay?"

I shrugged and nodded. Well, if I thought Isabella was hotter than jalapeño Doritos than I guess I would keep that to myself.

"C'mon guys! I wanna start the movie!" Emmett bellowed from the living room. We all turned and headed to the living room to see Emmett overtaking the couch and wiggling his eyebrows at Rosalie and patted the couch. She scowled at him, but

nevertheless, sat beside him.

"Hey, looking good Eddie, my jeans look better on me, though!" Emmett bragged as I sat on the love seat and Alice sat on the recliner.

"Wait," Alice said. "I have to call my friend. I told her I would call her before the end of tonight. I'll be right back." Alice stood up and scurried back to my bedroom and shut the door for privacy.

"So, what are we watching? I swear Emmett, it better not be some action movie or I'm leaving," Rosalie warned.

Emmett grinned, showing off his dimples in full force. "Oh, no, baby, this is Saw. So if you feel scared, you just wrap your pretty little arms around me and I'll protect you!"

"You just don't give up, do you?" Rosalie asked and swapped at his arm.

"Nope." He said simply.

Alice came back into the room. "That bitch. I knew she wouldn't answer the phone."

"What's wrong?" Rosalie asked, worried. We all glanced up at Alice's frustrated face.

"Nothing. My friend didn't pick up. I don't know. Maybe she's busy. She's been really distracted lately."

"Well, don't worry, Alice. I'm sure she's fine. Why don't you call her later?" I suggested, giving her a reassuring smile.

"I will. Thanks Edward. So, what are we watching?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Saw," Rosalie answered reaching for popcorn out of the bowl. "I hate scary movies, but next time we are watching 27 Dresses. If Emmett thinks he's going to scare me to death, I'm going to make sure he sees enough chick flicks until his dick falls off."

We all laughed. "Next time?" Emmett asked wiggling his eyebrows. "You have already fallen under my charms, malady."

Rosalie smacked his arm again and reached for the remote to hit play. Emmett got up quickly to shut off the lights. We all munched on popcorn and the others were drinking martinis and drinking beer while I sipped on my water. The movie was halfway finished before I realized it was after ten and Isabella had not shown up yet.

"I'll be back guys," I whispered through the darkness. I stood up and tiptoed into my bedroom and shut the door. I pulled my phone off the charger that was next to my bed. No missed calls.

Where was she?

Isabella could be flaky, but she wouldn't lie to me. If she said she was going to be here, then she was going to be here. I dialed her number, getting more and more exasperated as the phone continued to ring before finally going to her voicemail.

I began to get worried. First of all, she said she was all the way out on Langley Avenue which was nowhere near where she lived. It was a nice neighborhood, but I wondered what business she had being out there. Maybe she was visiting a friend. But what I knew of her, she didn't have many friends and kept mainly to herself. My stomach began to churn just as my brain started to think of the worst possible situation. Oh no.

No. No. No. I told Isabella I would stay out her business. I promised. I was not going to betray her trust. We had already been through this before and it led to a hug fight, a physical altercation, and my feelings being hurt. She had just forgiven me as it was, I couldn't have her back to being angry with me. But she was my friend. What if something had happened to her? I thought back to a few nights ago when I was in the hospital for doing something stupid and irrational. In that moment, my mind was made up. I had to find her. I pulled back my chair that was against my desk and opened my laptop. I went to MapQuest and typed in Langley Avenue so that I could get an exact location. I printed out the directions, grabbed my coat and my cellular phone, and walked back into the living room.

Everyone looked up at me through the glare of the big screen.

"Guys, I have to go. My date never showed up and something's wrong. She's not picking up her phone or anything. She would at least call me if she were going to cancel or bail out on our date."

"Hey, man, do you want me to come with you?" Emmett asked, looking concerned, picking up the remote and pausing the movie.

"No, I'm alright. I just want to go and check up on her. You stay here and watch the movie," I said as I picked up my keys and put my hand on the door knob.

"Edward, I'll go with you. There's no sense in you driving out late night by yourself," Alice refuted. "I've seen this movie like a thousand times anyways."

Alice jumped up and grabbed her jacket, despite my protests. "You kids behave yourself, hear?"

Rosalie threw the cold popcorn at Alice. "Shut up," she said giggling.

"Well, call me if you need anything," Emmett said, turning his attention back to Rosalie and pushing play to start the movie again.

I held the door open for Alice first, but bypassed her and walked out hurriedly towards my car in the black night.

"Edward, what's going on? You're as pale as a ghost," Alice inquired as we hopped into the car and I turned the ignition.

"Alice. It's Isabella, my date. She never showed, she didn't call or text message me and I'm really worried," I said, never turning my eyes off the road.

"Isabella? Isabella Cullen? Tall, long dark brown hair, feisty, foul mouthed, Isabella?" she asked, gaping at me.

Cullen? Why did that name sound familiar?

"Well I don't know her last name," I said awkwardly, embarrassed I had never asked. "But the rest of your description seems accurate." I pulled out my cell phone and showed her the picture that was associated with Isabella's name.

"Oh. My. God." What is this, the phrase of the night?

"What? Do you know her?"

"Edward, this is my best friend, Isabella. Remember when I said I had to make a phone call earlier?" I nodded and she continued. "That was her! I told her I was going to call her and she promised to answer, but she never did. Now *I'm* the one's that worried. I can't believe my Isabella is your Isabella. This is some shit!" she said, still shocked.

"Well, *our* Isabella might be in some trouble. She said she was out on Langley Avenue. Do you have any idea why she might be out there? Does she have any friends that live out there? Maybe I should go out to her place first. Maybe she's home and sleeping and that's why she hasn't answered the phone. Maybe she just didn't want to come over to my place. Maybe we are moving too fast. I knew it, I knew it!" I shouted, banging my fists on the steering wheel.

"Edward, calm down. We don't even know that anything is wrong. First of all, I don't know why she would be over there. Her only real friend is me-of that I'm sure. Second of all, she would not be at home sleeping. It's too early. Third of all, I called her too, so even if she was not answering for you because she didn't want to come over, that's not a reason to not answer for me. Let's swing by her place first, just to make sure. I have a key," Alice replied rationally.

"Okay. Thanks Alice. I'm freaking out here. I couldn't forgive myself if something ever happened to her. That's my Isabella. My precious Isabella," I whispered softly into the dark car.

"Well find her Edward, I promise," she said solemnly, squeezing my shoulder.

I took several more turns into the city until I arrived at her condo building. I pulled into the private parking lot and glanced around. Her yellow Porsche was there.

"Hey, Alice, I think she's here! Her car is right over there," I said, pointing at the luxury sports car and my spirits lifted tremendously.

"No, I don't think so. She's got four cars Edward. She has the yellow Porsche, a red Mercedes convertible, a gray Range Rover, and a black BMW. They are all here except the BMW."

My face dropped, and so did my heart. I didn't think it was so possible for a man to go through so many emotions in just a few moments, but my heart felt the way it did when you rode to the top of a roller coaster and dropped several hundred feet and you only had a thin seat belt and a pimply faced teenager to control your impending fate.

"C'mon, let's head upstairs anyways. Maybe there will be a clue as to where she's at or who she is with," she stated, pulling the door handle at the same time as I did and we rushed towards the entrance of the building.

"Hey, Mike, have you seen Isabella tonight?" Alice asked.

"No, ma'am. She rushed out of here a few hours ago, but hasn't returned. If she comes back, I'll tell her you stopped by Ms. Brandon," he answered, tipping his uniform hat.

"Okay, thanks anyways. I'm just gonna head on up to her place and drop something off."

We brushed past the doorman and took the sluggish ride up the elevator, my nerves getting more and more erratic with every passing number that the elevator flashed. We finally arrived onto Isabella's floor and we rushed out. Alice pulled her keys out and after what seemed like an eternity, pulled out the correct one and unlocked the door. The silent, gloomy room was depressing, as it showed no signs of my precious girl. We looked around and noticed no clues as to where Isabella might have gone to in such a hurry.

"We are wasting time. She's not here. I can tell she dashed out of here because her messenger bag is sprawled out on the floor, but that doesn't tell us anything. I have directions to the street she said she was on. Let's try there next," I told Alice, in a hurried tone, so that we could get out of here. I was growing impatient and we needed to find her. We were not Scooby Doo and Shaggy. We were not going to find footprints and traces of hair. Even if we did, we wouldn't know what to do with them. And there was no way I was riding around in something that resembled the Mystery Machine.

I grabbed Alice's hand and rode back down the elevator, thanked Mike once again, and we trudged back to my car, my mood dampening by the second.

"She said she was on Langley Avenue. I don't know if she will still be there, but it's worth a try." I pulled the out the directions that I had printed off of the internet and after starting the car, gunned down the petal and drove recklessly, not caring if law enforcement was anywhere nearby. I had to find her.

"Geez, Edward, slow down. You are going to kill us!" Alice shrieked, holding on to the sides of her seat. I respected her wishes, slowly pulling my foot off the pedal, slightly.

We sat the rest of the drive in near silence, only speaking when Alice read off the directions by using her cell phone light. We reached closer to our destination, and I slowed down, looking for Isabella's car on the dark street. I didn't see it anywhere.

"She's not here. She's not here, Alice. What are we going to do?" I was panicking. No this was beyond panicking. I was in desperate fear. The kind of dread you feel

when you are walking somewhere alone, late at night and you know there's no good that's going to jump out of the shadows.

"Calm down, Edward. I'm not going to say it again. You are making me nervous. I'm the girl, remember? Aren't I supposed to be the one speaking in high octaves?" She smiled at me, trying to bring humor into this miserable situation.

"Yeah, sorry," I mumbled. She was right, as usual. I was in the driver's seat trembling, and it was most definitely not from the cold temperatures.

"Let's back track and go over a few streets. You said earlier that she said she was 'stuck here on Langley Avenue', but that doesn't mean she was necessarily headed for here." Alice's logic and common sense was once again overriding my distress. I was appreciative that she came along. If it were up to me, I would have been curled up back at my apartment, crying in a ball in my bathtub. I put the car in reverse and started going along the side streets.

"There! Stop!" Alice screeched, making me brake so hard that we both flew forward, nearly hitting our heads on the dashboard.

"What? Where?" I screamed, now in full alert.

"Right over there. The brick house with the three cars in the driveway. That's her BMW. That's her!"

"Are you sure?" I asked skeptically.

"Yes, I'm sure! I've only ridden with her a million times, Edward. Pull in. See? That's her license plate. R-I-C-H-E-L-A. It's supposed to stand for Bitchella, but the DMV wouldn't let her put a curse word on her license plate. So it means Richella instead, only with one L. I know for a fact that's her. Let's go."

"Wait. What if she's in danger? We can't just go up to the house and knock. We need a plan," I said, trying to be on the side of caution.

"Sure, Edward, what's your plan? Sneak in through the basement? Oh wait, how about you hold me up on your shoulders and I climb through the second floor window," she replied sarcastically.

Unfortunately, I had never taken a class on sarcasm.

"Well, not necessarily climb," I said thoughtfully. "Maybe we should-"

"Edward, shut up. There's no plan. We don't have a plan and we don't need one. Let's just ring the doorbell and see if she's here. If she's not in any danger, then we'll see her, yell at her ass for scaring us to death, and then go home. There's no plan," She repeated, seething through her teeth.

Alice was being just a bit dictatorial, but now was not the time to mention that to her. My heart was feeling like it was going to explode in my chest again. It's now or never. We got out of the car quietly, after parking a few meters down the street, and walked to the front door.

"Okay, you do the talking. You're the guy," Alice said, looking scared. Oh, now she wants to shut up. Alright, Manward, we're up. Mission Saving Isabella is in full force.

Alice pushed me towards the door.

"I'm going, cut it out!" I was frightened too, and held onto Alice's arm for support. She rolled her eyes at me.

I took a deep breath and rang the doorbell.

Silence. Alice nudged me.

I rang it again.

I heard footsteps on the other side and then a man answered. He had dark short hair and looked like he hadn't shaved in days. His mysterious eyes glared at me through the slightly opened door.

"Yes?" he asked in a gruff voice.

"Um, hi. My friend and I are sorry to intrude at such a late hour, but we are looking for our friend Isabella. Her car is here and she's not answering her phone. I was wondering if she was here at your residence."

"Nope. Sorry. Can't help you," he said quickly. "There's no one here named Bella. Now if you will excuse me-" he rapidly started to shut the door.

"Oh. I'm sorry. I apologize once again for ruining your night-" I spoke quietly.

"No, wait!" Alice shouted, interrupting, and she nudged her foot in the door before the man could shut it even further. "We didn't ask for *Bella*. We asked for *Isabella*."

Open up the door, you fucking asshole!"

She pushed passed him, as did I, and we began to move quickly through the dark house.

"Isabella! Isabella!" I bellowed, my loud voice carrying through the silence.

"Get the fuck out of my house!" The man yelled. "I told you, she's not here!" He started to reach for Alice to grab her, but before he could, I punched him right in the jaw, knocking him down. No one was going to hurt Alice.

"Alice, you find Isabella. I'll handle this!" I said, striking the guy again before he could get off the floor. Alice swiftly left the room, looking for any signs of my precious girl.

"What did you do to her? What the fuck did you do to my Isabella?" I barked. "I swear, if you fucking hurt her, I am going to gut you like a fish!" I kicked the guy repeatedly, my adrenaline rushing, and I looked down to the son of a bitch who had hidden Isabella.

"Edward! Get down here! I'm in the basement. Something's wrong with Isabella!" she screamed from afar.

That's all it took to divert my attention from the man who was now lying on the floor in the pool of his own blood. I made my way through the dark house until I saw a faint light coming through a door that led into the basement. I rushed down the stairs.

Isabella.

She was lying in Alice's arms, while Alice had tears streaked down her face. She was bawling uncontrollably. "Oh my God, Edward, I think she's dead!"

"Shhh," I whispered to Alice, and tried to calm her down. I lifted my two fingers to Isabella's pale neck and tried to feel for a pulse. It was faint, but it was there. Her hair was lying raggedly across her face and her feet were bare. There were no bruises or marks on her body that I could see. Thank God for small miracles. Nearby was a tattered couch with her belongings on it and a table full of drug paraphernalia scattered across it.

"Alice, I've got her. Let her go. We have to get her to a hospital." I picked up her slight body into my arms and started towards the stairs. I paused when I heard

Isabella began to whimper.

"Nooo," Isabella moaned. "Nooo."

"Isabella, it's me, Edward. And Alice is here too. We've got you. You're okay, precious. But we have to get you to a hospital."

"Nooo, I can't," she muttered, barely audible. "My parents..."

I ignored her and continued up the stairs with her body, Alice trailing behind me with her purse and shoes. We passed by the man who was still lying on the floor breathing heavily. Good. Serves him right.

We walked out of the house into the cold night air and approached the car.

"Alice, dig in my right pocket and grab the keys. You drive, and I'll sit with Isabella in the back seat. We'll come back for her car later."

"I'm on it," she said, reaching into my pocket and retrieving the keys. She rushed to the back seat of the passenger side to open the door for us before going to the other side where the driver's door was.

"Nooo," Isabella whimpered, coughing as she spoke. "Please no hospital. Please. I can't."

I took a deep breath, contemplating.

"Edward, you probably can't. She's right. I'll explain later, but maybe we can take care of her at your place."

I looked down at Isabella who was begging me with her eyes as much as she could and I relented.

"Alright. Head to my apartment, and you better believe you've got some explaining to do. Because if anything happens to her..." I trailed off, not wanting to entertain that thought. I had already been through enough tonight, thinking I had already lost her. I stared into her eyes until she closed them and a tear threatened to slip down my face, and I shut my eyes; not wanting to show weakness. I was her baby and she was my precious girl. I couldn't lose her. She was my world now. Everything I did was because of her. She was my air. If she couldn't breathe, than neither could I. It was at that moment, when her ashen face and sallow skin lay in my arms that I realized I loved her. I was unconditionally and irrevocably in love with her. It ran

deeper than any oceans and wider than the depths of our universe. Because if it came down to it, I would die for my Isabella.

Alice sped through Chicago's streets, even faster than I had driven. I did not, however, reprimand her on her driving skills. If anything, she wasn't going fast enough. The speed of a bullet wasn't fast enough. I had to make sure Isabella was safe and out of harm's way. We arrived back at my apartment shortly thereafter, with Alice screeching the tires as she pulled into the apartment complex parking lot. She maneuvered the car into an empty spot, and jumped out quickly, coming over to the passenger side to assist with Isabella.

"I've got her, Alice. Can you hold open the door, please?" I asked. She waited for me to move both myself and Isabella out of the vehicle and shut the door behind us. She ran ahead and held open the door to the building and walked behind me as I carefully supported Isabella's body up the stairs. We arrived up to the third floor and she began to open the door, for it was still unlocked.

Emmett and Rosalie were cuddled on one side of the sofa together, watching a different movie than the one we had in earlier.

"Dude, What the hell? Are you alright?" Emmett and Rosalie both jumped up at the same time, running towards the front door as I struggled to hold Isabella's frame up.

Her hair lay spread out across her face and her legs hung suspended while I barely held onto her body.

"Hey, man, I've got her. What the hell happened? Is she okay?" He took her frail body from my arms and I instantly recoiled at the loss of bodily contact.

"Emmett, take her to my room and lay her on my bed. Rosalie, go grab a towel and soak it in cold water. Alice, go to my bathroom and grab some Ibuprofen, and I'll get some comfortable clothes that she can change into." I ordered out the directions, and everyone scurried off, taking immediate action, not hesitating to ask questions.

I followed Emmett into my bedroom and walked to my dresser to get out a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt that I usually used for my exercise regimen. Emmett laid Isabella on the bed and Rosalie and Alice appeared back at nearly the same time with the objects I had told them to get. I walked towards Isabella and wiped her hair away from her face, smoothing it back onto her head and wiping her face with the cold towel Rosalie had given me.

"What the fuck? Is that-" Emmett rumbled. "Little B?"

I halted my movements. I was frozen. I stopped and held my hand in her hair.

My eyes remained glued to My Isabella and the tears that I had forced back begin to slowly flow down my face.

Let me make it known...if someone EVER has a drug overdose (or takes any drugs), get them professional help and call 911 immediately! I do not condone Edward's and Alice's actions. This is Fanfiction. Keep that in mind.

Please review. I made Edward realize his love for Isabella. That has to count for *something*, right? Right?

Chapter 12 Sound of Silence

SM owns everything. I own a bucket of fried chicken and I'm not sharing.

Oh! Check out my new one-shot on my profile page when you are done! Pix Included!

"The chains of love are never binding as when the links are made of gold."

Royall Tyler

EPOV continued...

LAST TIME ON "AS THE GLUE STICKS".... (Insert soap opera voice)

"What the fuck? Is that-" Emmett rumbled. "Little B?"

I halted my movements. I was frozen. I stopped and held my hand in her hair.

My eyes remained glued to My Isabella and the tears that I had forced back begin to slowly flow down my face.

Sandy Chartrand Webb once said 'the greatness of a man is measured by his heart, and because of this, he is called warrior.' I am not a warrior. I am not great. I am not a man. I am a simple person who chooses to follow his heart. What Sandy forgot to mention was how the heart breaks. How one moment can take your breath away and the functions of your body no longer want to cooperate with you. One moment is all it takes to shatter your world and leave you floating in the abyss. I am not a warrior. My heart is an endless hole, void of any feeling and yet it shatters into a million pieces. I thought I was close to death when I laid upon a hospital bed and the good doctor told me I almost didn't make it. I thought I was close to death when I saw Isabella lying on the floor in Alice's arms, barely breathing and her face was pallid and ghostly. There was once a time I thought I was close to death when a police officer told me my mother and father were not coming back home. But none of those, in comparison, is what death feels like now. It is cold. It is ruthless. It is merciless. It is hate.

I am not a warrior.

A warrior engages in battle and fights until the death. The problem with that is that no one ever stopped to ask that warrior how he feels when he is on the brink of death. Is he falling? Does he see light to a better side? Does he comprehend that he is dying? No one has ever stopped to ask that warrior this question. But for you, I will answer. For you, I will try.

I will tell you that if, and only if, I were that warrior, my body feels like I am falling. I am not floating. I am plummeting at tremendous speeds and not even Superman himself can save me. There is no light to a better side. I can comprehend that I am dying. Because nothing, not even my parent's death, feels like this.

I am cold. The room temperature has suddenly dropped and I am freezing. I am unaware of the other warm bodies surrounding me. If I were, I would hear Emmett repeat himself. Next, I would hear Alice swear under her breath. Then, I would hear Rosalie ask what the hell is going on.

But I, Edward Anthony Masen, am on the brink of death, and I am fucking cold.

"Edward? Edward? Dude? Alice, what's wrong with him?" Emmett asks, looking alarmed.

"I think he's fainted. Oh, Emmett, help me lift him up, he's going to crush Isabella."

Emmett and Alice lift up both sides of my body and lays me next to Isabella. Her body temperature was rising again and it feels good next to my frigid skin.

"Rosalie, go grab another towel and run it under warm water. He's freezing and he's trembling!"

Rosalie runs out of the room and appears back soon; a hot cloth grazes my arm and finally rests against my forehead. The heat slowly brings me back from my black abyss and I am fighting to go back. I do not want to feel pain. My heart is throbbing and I want to go back.

"Edward! Edward!" Alice encloses her arms around me, knocking the warm towel off of my head and I hiss at the cool air it leaves behind.

"Edward, what's wrong? Are you okay?" Rosalie questions, holding my hand.

"Emmett, no," I moan. "Tell me it isn't true. Tell me it isn't true. Little B? My precious Isabella is your Little B?"

Her body lay still, taking in small breaths. You wouldn't be able to tell the difference between an angel and her; only her wings must be hidden.

"Oh, man. I'm sorry, I didn't know," Emmett answers, shaking his head. "You never said her name. Shit! This is some Twilight Zone shit!"

"I'm not going to ask again, what the hell is going on here?" Rosalie asks, frustrated. She puts her hands on her hips and looks at the three of us expectantly.

"Okay, here we go," Alice said, taking a deep breath, "Emmett is a man-slut. I assumed you knew this already." Rosalie shot daggers at a sheepish looking Emmett. "So he slept with a girl named Little B, which is Isabella, aka, the girl lying on the bed, aka, Edward's date that was supposed to show up tonight. Isabella is also my best friend, and she said she was interested in someone, but I didn't know it was Edward. So, I called her tonight and she didn't answer. Edward also called her wondering where she was because she didn't show up. So when he left, I went with him also. We discovered in the car that his Isabella is my Isabella. So we went to her apartment to look for her and she wasn't there. But Edward had printed off directions to where she told him she was. Only she wasn't there so we had to drive around forever and a day only to find her at this one house, which by the way, could use a flower garden and a good mowing. So we were about to go in but Edward suggested we come up with a plan and I said 'Edward, we don't have a plan' and he said 'we should go through the second floor window' and I rolled my eyes at him told him that was stupid. We parked the car down the street and walked up to the house and some gross, creepy looking guy answers the door and we asked for Isabella, and he said she wasn't there, but I could tell he was lying, so we ran through the door but then the guy started to grab me, so Edward kicked his ass while I went to find Isabella. I had to search all over the house because for some fucking reason it was super dark, and then I found the door to the basement so I went down there and Isabella was down there, but she was all knocked out and overdosed because there were drugs all over the place. I started crying because she looked dead but then Edward said she wasn't dead so he carried her up the stairs and then I had to get the keys and I drove back here, because we can't go to the hospital because Isabella's dad is the ER doctor there but then Edward's arms started to give out when we walked through the door so Emmett took her and then I went to go grab the medicine and I came back here and Edward fainted because he realized Emmett had slept with her and then you asked 'what the hell is going on here?' and then I started telling this story and here we are."

Alice was talking too fast and the only part I got out of that story was that Isabella's father is an ER doctor.

Fuck. My inner monologue manners threw caution against the wind.

Dr. Cullen.

The ER doctor that saved my life.

"You are very lucky, you know. There are some people who..." Dr. Cullen pauses, with a slight sadness in his eyes.

Isabella's reasoning for wanting to be a nurse.

"My dad is a doctor and I always wanted to be like him. I mean, he gets on my fucking nerves sometimes, but I really admire what he does."

Emmett's past sexual conquest.

"Dude, she is this hot fucking chick I met like three years ago, and she is smoking. I actually banged her that night."

Alice's best friend.

"Isabella? Isabella Cullen? Tall, long dark brown hair, feisty, foul mouthed, Isabella?"

Isabella Cullen.

Isabella, the daughter of a doctor, the tryst of my best friend, and acquaintance of the girl who was standing beside me.

My thoughts were spinning. My mind could not comprehend all of the information that was turning over in my mind. The lamp that was on the nightstand glowed softly, and yet it was too bright.

"Emmett, I think I'm gonna now. I can see now that you guys have some things to work out," Rosalie says retreating backwards out of the room, with a hurt look upon her face.

"Baby, wait, I can explain," Emmett pleads following her out.

"Edward, are you alright?" Alice asks, concerned.

"No, Alice, I'm not alright. Isabella slept with Emmett, she has a serious drug

problem, her dad is a-

"What? What do you mean she has a serious drug problem? Edward, we can't possibly know that. Maybe that guy forced her to do all those drugs, I mean, we don't-"

"No, Alice. Just stop talking for a moment, will you? She *does* have a serious drug problem. Alice, I'm going to tell you this and you better not say a word and don't interrupt me, ok?" I asked skeptically.

She nodded.

"The night I met Isabella, she invited me to a friend's house and I thought that would be okay because Emmett says I never go out to party, ya know? So I thought okay; tonight is the night I prove him wrong. And she was so beautiful. She was so beautiful it was hard to look at her, so I agreed to go with her, but things got out of hand and I took drugs that night Alice. I have never done something so idiotic in my life. Please, don't say anything. I already regret it. But something must have happened, I don't remember, but I woke up in the hospital and Dr. Cullen was my doctor. But I never told Isabella because I didn't want her to think it was her fault. But I went over her house Alice and she had a lot of drugs in her house Alice. I'm not talking a little baggie. I'm talking about hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars' worth of paraphernalia in her bathroom. When I said something about it, she got mad and I had to apologize..." I trailed off, my story coming to an end, and I no longer had the strength to finish.

"Oh, my God," Alice cried. "Edward! Why didn't you say anything? You don't have to go through this alone. When she wakes up, we are going to get her some help. I can't believe I didn't know. I should have known. She was always bailing on me, and sometimes she didn't act like herself. I just thought she was a moody bitch. I should have known."

"We will get through this Edward. I promise," she continued. She wrapped her tiny arms around my body and gave me a long hug. "Why don't you lie down? It's been a long night. We'll worry about all of this in the morning."

She took off my shoes for me and shifted my legs to put them underneath the blankets. After tucking me in, she kissed my forehead and clicked off the light to my lamp, surrounding me in darkness.

I drifted off quickly to sleep, both my brain and body weak from tonight's events.

The last thing I heard before I succumbed to the blackness was Alice's voice coming from another room.

"Emmett, you are such a fucking douchebag!"

I awoke in the morning with the blinding Chicago sun blaring through my window and I had to squint to readjust my sight. My body had inadvertently wrapped around Isabella. I was holding her body tightly, and she had her arms covering mine. The fragrance of her hair was intoxicating and I breathed in her scent, enjoying the now faint smell of berries. I took in a few moments of watching her still sleeping form and removed my arms from her embrace to smooth her hair down and gently caress her face. She stirred in her sleep and turned her body towards mine, once again wrapping her arms around me. I smiled, because even though I'm sure she probably wouldn't think she looked her best, she was absolutely stunning. The sun caught her hair and I noticed the auburn highlights in her hair that would normally be unnoticeable. Her long eyelashes begin to flutter and she slowly opened her eyes. She stared at me for a long time, and finally opened her mouth to speak in a raspy voice.

"Edward?" she asked, scrunching her eyebrows together in confusion.

"Good morning, beautiful. It's me. You probably aren't going to be feeling well, so why don't you lay here and I go fix us some breakfast. I'll be right back. Don't move."

I kissed her cheek and rose from the bed, stretching my legs before walking down the hall to use the restroom and brush my teeth. I still had on my clothes from yesterday, and I kept my contacts in, since my glasses were still in the bedroom. Walking into the kitchen, a sad Emmett sat on the bar stool, his head on the counter and a cup of coffee in his right hand. He looked like he hadn't slept all night.

"Emmett?" He jumped up at the sound of my voice and said "Hey Eddie" in a solemn tone.

"Emmett I-"

"Eddie I-"

We both spoke at the same time.

"Me first," Emmett said. "Eddie, man, I am so sorry. I had no idea your girl was Little B. If I had known, I would have told you. I'm sorry man. I am so fucking sorry." He put his head down, suddenly intent on looking into his mug.

"Emmett, I'm not mad you. I'm mad at this whole situation. It was a long time ago and it's not your fault. You couldn't have known."

"Thanks, dude," he said, barely smiling. "I really fucked up. Rosalie isn't talking to me and she won't answer any of my calls. I'm screwed dude. I am royally screwed."

I reached over and patted him on his back. "She'll be okay. She just needs some time. Hang in there. I'm about to make breakfast. Do you want anything?"

"Sure man, thanks. I'm going to go and take a shower. I'll be right back." He left out of the room towards the bathroom and I pulled the needed ingredients out of the refrigerator to make some omelets. I was dicing up the bell peppers when Isabella groggily walked into the kitchen. Her hair was spread out messily around her shoulders and her once fashionable outfit was severely wrinkled. She was exquisite.

"Hey, I thought I told you to stay in bed. I'm just making us some breakfast," I explained, turning to start peeling the outer layers of a large onion.

"I feel like shit. What the hell am I doing at your place?" she asked, looking around for the first time and taking in the view.

"It's a long story. We will get into that later. How about you sit down and I fix you something to drink. Coffee or orange juice?"

"Orange juice is fine," she answered, sitting at the bar. "I don't think I could drink any caffeine right now."

I put down the onion and reached into the cabinet and to grab a glass and then turned to retrieve the orange juice. I was pouring it into a glass when Emmett walked into the room, still wet from his shower and wearing nothing but gym shorts.

"Hey man, have you seen my-"

Emmett froze in his standing position at the same time Isabella turned around to see whom the voice belonged to. She looked right at Emmett and opened her mouth wide, shocked at who was standing before her.

"Emmett?" she barely whispered, trying to find the voice that was caught in her throat.

"Little B!" Emmett said, grinning widely and rushing over her to wrap her in a bear hug. "Glad to see you're feeling better! You scared us last night!"

She patted him lightly on the back, not sure as to whether she should return the hug. She looked up at me through her eyelashes, a trapped look on her face.

Passing her the cup of juice, I plainly said, "I already know. Do you prefer sausage or bacon in your omelet?" I was uncomfortable as it was, and I didn't want to make this situation worse.

She looked down at her feet as Emmett released her from his embrace. "Edward, I-"

I held up my hand to stop her apologies in mid-sentence. "Nope. I already know, I don't want to know anymore, and I most definitely do not wish to talk about it. Sausage or bacon, beautiful?"

"Bacon," she mumbled guiltily.

"Can I have both?" Emmett asked, pulling out the matching seat and sitting beside her. "Edward makes the best omelets. I tried one time and nearly burned down the kitchen. He said, and I quote 'if you come into the kitchen to cook again, even if it's to warm up soup, you can kiss my pot roast goodbye' and quote. The man makes a mean pot roast. I starve when he's not here, but I learned my lesson."

Isabella and I both laughed and the bells in her voice tugged at my heart strings. I finished flipping the first omelet and grabbed a plate to slide it on there and put it before her.

Emmett's knees were banging impatiently against the bar as I poured the contents of the second omelet into the frying pan. "So, are you coming to the gym with me this morning?" he asked, taking a sip of his cold coffee.

"Sorry. I have to take Isabella home and we have some issues we need to talk about," I replied.

She stopped mid-bite and looked at me. I cocked an eyebrow at her. As awkward as our conversation was going to be, there were matters that needed to be addressed. No more lolly-gagging around- Isabella wasn't going anywhere until we talked.

I used the spatula and sat Emmett's food on his place and he grabbed it before I could even set it down, scarfing down the hot eggs before they could cool.

"Mmmm, thanks," he said, talking with his mouth full. "This is delicious."

"Yea, it is. Thanks Edward," she said quietly.

I was working on the third omelet that was meant for me when the doorbell rang. Emmett jumped up to answer it, noticing my hands were full and Alice's voice rang through the apartment.

"Emmett, get off of me, you overgrown bear," she shrieked, giggling. "Mmmm, it smells so good in here. Whatcha cookin?" Alice skipped into the kitchen and stared at Isabella, who I am positively sure, was now on the verge of a heart attack.

"Alice?"

"Hello, Little B," she answered in a curt, short voice.

Oh no, this was not going to be good. There weren't even enough words in my extensive vocabulary that described the look on Alice's face or her body posture.

While I nervous for Isabella, who was looking more frail by the second, but I didn't have it in me to feel sorry for her. She had woven a large web and had now caught herself in a sticky situation.

"Well, it looks like my omelet is done. Care to join me out the patio for breakfast, Emmett?" I looked at him pointingly, nodding slightly towards the sliding door and he grabbed his food, jumping up and rushing past me before I could even grab my plate.

I followed him outside, not even having time to shut the door before I could hear Alice screaming at Isabella.

"What the hell, Isabella? Do you even know what I went through last night? What Edward went through? Drugs? Really? I should have known. You are the most ungrateful bitch I have ever come across. What the hell were you doing at that guy's house anyways? I have half the mind to call your parents right now. Drugs? I knew you weren't Ms. Goody Two Shoes, but this? You should have seen yourself last night. I thought you almost died, B. I thought you were fucking dead. I thought that guy had kidnapped you or something, but there you were, strung out on coke. Really? You are un-fucking-believable. I am done with you and your shit. You need some fucking help and you need it now. You have no fucking clue what we went through last night and Edward... Don't even get me started on him. He was hysterical! We chased your ass all over the city and he cried over you. A man fucking cried over you and all you can do is stand there and take it all. That's all you ever do; you take, and take, and take. Well, I for one, am done. You will no longer take from

me, and as far as I'm concerned, you are not going to take Edward down with you. He is too good for you and you don't fucking deserve him. So you can take your greedy ass, coke sniffing, drugged self and stuff it. Fuck you, B. Fuck you!"

I looked through the paned glass and saw Alice standing there, tears streaming down her face, and her arms were crossed. Isabella sat unmoving, on her seat, bawling uncontrollably before dropping her fork and running down the hall. I looked at Emmett and took the cue that we should go back inside. We lifted up our food that we hadn't touched and opened the sliding door, walking slowly back inside, not wanting to enter the devastation after the storm.

"Geez, Alice, that was a little harsh don't you think?" Emmett asked, looking down the hall that Isabella was long gone from.

"No, you don't understand. She's been fucking lying to me. All this time, she's been lying to me. Every time I asked her to go to a movie, and she said she was busy. Or the time I was so sick, and I called her because I needed my best friend and some chicken soup, she said she was sick too, and I believe her because her voice was hoarse. Or the time we went shopping and she didn't have any money left and I bought all her shit and she had to call her dad, and I'm thinking 'what in the hell does she do with it all?' cuz her parents pay for all her shit, and her tuition is paid for. But no, I didn't mind, because that's what friends do. But the whole time it was gone because she had bought drugs. The whole time she wouldn't hang out with me because she was high. This is beyond what you know, Emmett. She is sick and she needs help. I am not going to be a doormat and get walked over any longer. She betrayed me and best friends don't do that to each other. They don't lie. I don't associate myself with liars, so until she can get her shit together, I am wiping my hands clean of her. I am done."

Emmett stared back at Alice at the same time she reached for his plate. "Are you going to finish this not? I'm fucking starving!"

Alice grabbed the plate and fork from Emmett's hands before he even had the time to register what she was doing.

"I, uh, I better go check on her. Make yourself at home, Alice," I put my unfinished plate on the counter and strolled swiftly down the hall and knocked on my now closed bedroom door.

"Isabella?" I could hear her crying frantically through the other side of the door. I cracked it open and saw her body lying face down, my pillows absorbing her tears. I walked through and sat silently on the bed, and rubbed her back. "Isabella?" I

repeated.

"She, she said, she said, she didn't want to," Isabella choked out in short breaths. "She didn't want to, be...be..my friend..and I," hiccup. "I fuck...I fuck," hiccup. "everything up and" hiccup. "she's right, I...I don't...I don't wanna lose you and I," hiccup.

"Shhh, it's okay Isabella", I continued rubbing her back and tried to console her. "It's okay, my precious. Look at me. Sit up and look at me," I ordered. She slowly raised her body and her red, teary eyes gazed into my face.

"Isabella, she is not mad at you. She's hurt. People say hurtful things to other people when they are hurting themselves. The truth is, we all are a little hurt. But it's only because we care about you and you continue to push us away." I took a deep breath and stared deep into her eyes. "Isabella, you need help. If you don't help yourself, then I can't continue to be in your company. And neither will Alice. She's doing this to help you. We both want you to get help. I will be there every step of the way, but you can't continue to live like this. You will die, Isabella. You will fucking die."

She stared up at me, her eyes growing wide at my rare use of a curse word, and put her head back down.

"I can't," she said simply.

"Now, I know it will be hard, but like I said before, I can find someone who will-"

"I said, I CAN'T! I FUCKING CAN'T!" she screamed. She pushed me lightly and rose quickly to her feet, and searched frantically for her shoes and her purse. She picked them both up and ran out the door. I chased after her, stubbing my toe in the process and paused to look at the shocked faces of Emmett and Alice.

"You were right, Alice," Isabella said sobbing, holding one hand on the doorknob. "You were right. I am ungrateful. I'm sorry Edward. I'm so sorry."

She opened the door and stumbled out, taking my heart with her. I started to rush after her and Alice grabbed me by the arm.

"No, Edward, let her go. Just...let her go."

I hung my head as Emmett and Alice wrapped both of their arms around me to embrace me in a hug. They were half comforting me, half holding my body upright. I

fell gently to the floor and they both held onto me. I stared past their faces, looking for the woman who had once again pushed me into a vast hole of darkness. The glue that was keeping me together had now liquefied into water, and I drowned.

Is it just me or does Edward need to man up? At least Alice gave her a good ass whooping. Review please. Don't leave Edward alone in the dark. He's scared.

Chapter 13 Suggestive Confessions

You have read, reviewed, saved me/my story as a favorite and promoted... I want to put you all in a cage and keep you as pets. Too much? Yea...I know.

(Bella: Agent Provocateur) Have you read my one shot? Many of you have and I thank you for being a pervert. No, No, don't be ashamed. I understand.

SM owns everything, but I own lemons I am going to share with you.

"When you sell a man a book, you don't sell him 12 ounces of paper and ink and glue - you sell him a whole new life."

Christopher Morley

"So, anyways, one night Little Johnny was really scared sleeping by himself at his school camping trip, so he sprints out of his tent and runs into his teacher's tent and asks 'Miss, can I please sleep with you tonight?' His teacher replies 'NO!' so Johnny moans and says 'But my mummy lets me.' 'OK then, just for tonight' the teacher replies. Johnny jumps into bed with her and asks 'Miss, can I please play with your belly button with my finger?' She again says 'NO!' 'But my mummy lets me,' says Johnny again. 'Well I suppose it's OK,' replies the teacher. Things are silent for a few minutes until the teacher leaps up screaming 'THAT'S NOT MY BELLY BUTTON!' Little Johnny replies 'It ain't my finger either!'"

Alice and I are laughing uncontrollably at her crude joke, and we both collapse aimlessly onto her bed. I start twirling her dark brown hair around my finger, noticing the expensive blonde highlights she had gotten put in a few days ago.

"Alice?" I ask, avoiding eye contact with her and staring instead up at the ceiling fan, counting how many times it can circulate before I get dizzy.

"Yea, what's up hun?" she answers mindlessly, closing her eyes as my fingers continue to run through her hair.

"Do you think," I pause for a moment, trying to organize my thoughts. "Do you think someone could do something so bad that no one could ever forgive them? Like it's so awful, that other people would never accept their apology?"

"Sweetie," she says, giggling, "Is this about my straightening iron? I already know you broke it. Don't worry, I'll just buy a new one. No matter what you do, I could never stay mad at you. BFF's, right?"

"Yea," I murmur. "BFF's."

I was slumped against the outside of Edward and Emmett's apartment door, after running out of there and then turned back around realizing I had nowhere to go. Home was not an option. I couldn't be alone, but I couldn't face the three of their faces either. Alice had called me out on my bullshit, Emmett was being too sweet, and Edward...Well, Edward was being Edward. Thoughtful, charming, forgiving Edward. I couldn't handle it. I was numb, my throat was dry and I smelled less than my normal pleasant self. However, hygiene was the least of my problems.

I don't even know how I had ended up at Edward's apartment.

"What the hell, Isabella? Do you even know what I went through last night? What Edward went through?"

Alice's voice rang through my subconscious, and I tried unsuccessfully to push back the thoughts of last night's visit to Eric's house.

"Eric?" I asked, as he held tightly onto my left arm dragging me into his filthy living room.

"Shut the fuck up, bitch. Do you know how long I have been waiting for you? Do you know how fucking long, Bella?" he questioned angrily, his breath reeking of alcohol. His facial features were the same as I had remembered them; only his eyes were darkened with an evilness that told me I was not going to leave here alive. I didn't know if it was the liquor that was making him so angry, but I didn't want to stick around to find out. Fucking James. Blake, my ass.

"Uh, I don't know Eric," I whispered, not wanting to push his buttons.

"Five years. Five fucking years. You didn't call, you didn't stop by, you didn't do anything. You didn't do anything, you stupid cunt. I tried stopping by your parent's house and your dad shut the door before I could even get a word out."

I remained silent, my eyes fastened to the door, as I plotted my getaway. I just needed to distract him. There had to be a way to get out of here.

"Oh, but lucky me. You turned out to be the slut I knew you would be. I met a dear

friend of yours, I think you know him. James, is it? I found out you partied quite frequently with him, and oh, how my plans started to come together. I met James and told him my name was Blake. Pretty clever huh?" he asks, nearly spitting into my face. My arm was starting to really hurt, so I twisted it, trying to get out of his grasp.

"Oh no, bitch you aren't going anywhere. You are going to sit down on this couch and you are going to fucking listen to me. And don't think I won't tie your ass up."

He pushes me onto the couch and grabs the whiskey bottle that is sitting on the coffee table. He takes a swig, never letting his eyes wander from mine.

"Drink," he orders, thrusting the half empty bottle into my lap.

"Eric, I don't think-" I start to explain, my response no louder than a whisper. The panic I had been hiding began to make itself known and I attempted to swallow the lump that was forming in my throat.

"Bitch, I said drink!" he screams. He has moved the coffee table impeccably close to the couch and is now sitting on it, so close that he is between my legs. Eric takes the bottle and wraps my hand around it, forcing the harsh liquid down my mouth. My throat can't handle the burn and I start choking, and it drips down my chin and onto my chest.

"Nasty Slut," he retorts, swiping the bottle from my feeble grasp for himself. He takes a long drink and starts to talk again, his speech fusing together in the same manner as my reality.

"I know you came to my place that night and saw me fucking Vickie, but instead of joining the party, you had to run out of there like a fucking pussy. For a whole year, you wouldn't give it up. You are such a prude slut," he slurs and his words are a contradiction in their own. I stare at him, as my body warms to the vast amount of alcohol intake and I find myself focusing less on the door and more on the stubble that resides on his chin.

Eric pours more of the burning liquid into my mouth and I close my eyes, out of the strength I need to move. My body is immobile and my blood warms around my heart. Notions of Edward's body creeps into my mind, and I smile without thinking. Eric assumes it's for him. It's not.

I duck my body to the side and it angers him. He is not pleased. He is infuriated with me and pours the last of the whiskey down my throat. My agile frame cannot

take anymore. The last thing I remember is Eric lifting up my body and walking away. I never saw that living room again.

I woke up with Edward's eyes peering into mine and I wished that I could wake up like that every morning. He was sweet enough to wake up and make me breakfast. There is something different about him today. I don't realize what it was until I noticed his clothes. If it had been any other day, I would have complimented his outfit and told him how much sexier he looks without his glasses. But it is not any other day. When Emmett walked into the room, I thought I was imagining things. My heart pounded as if it is oblivious as to how many times it can beat in a minute. It refuses to acknowledge that I cannot handle the pressure. Edward, however, does. He says he knows about Emmett and I, and I am astonished. He is still here. He is still here and yet he calls me beautiful. I am no good for him.

Alice comes in and makes that known. She yells as if every word she throws at me I haven't thought of myself. As if I weren't already the world's biggest mistake. Everything about my life is shameful. My walk, my beauty, even my money. As if I would need any of that. As if I could escape it. As if I could avoid it all.

I bang my head against the door. It is too loud and Alice comes to the door, my body falling into the apartment without warning. She still looks at me with hatred and steps over me, waving goodbye to the boys and acting as if I don't exist. I don't mind. In my universe, I don't exist either. Emmett repeats Alice's motions and gives me a grim smile before walking past me, his gym bag banging against his leg. Edward stands there, eyes burning with a scarlet shade that would have been beautiful had I not been the cause of it.

My attempts at moving my body are null and void and I give up. Collapsing fully onto the floor, Edward gently lifts up me up, taking my purse and shoes too, and carries me back into his bedroom where I woke up this morning. He drops my belongings onto his dresser, lays me down and leaves. I hear the water flowing from the bathroom and it lulls me to close my eyes. The moment for sleep passes as he returns and pulls my body upright before he swiftly pulls my shirt above my head. He reaches around my back and unsnaps my black lace bra. My jeans that had been sticking to my body are on the floor, and my matching panties follow soon thereafter. I am stunned in my thoughts, and I am sinking into a hot bath before I realize I have been relocated.

His hand is holding a sponge that is being caressed over my skin and it feels good. He makes no eye contact as he hums a sweet song that I do not recognize. It is soothing and it is beautiful. My hair is now soaking wet and Edward's fingers are working magic to wash away my sins. The shampoo almost hits my eyes, and he

catches it with his hand. Rinsing my hair, he descends me lower into the tub, and I almost feel clean, but my soul is tainted. A white towel is wrapped around my body and I am once again in his bedroom. The brush feels like heaven and the tangles in my damp hair are almost gone. His boxers and t-shirt he dresses me in are too large, but I do not complain. They smell like him.

Edward tucks me into the bed, all without saying a word; persistently humming a sad melody I have yet to figure out the name to. He climbs inside the bed next to me and pulls the covers over us and he holds me securely to his marble chest and I am suddenly aroused. His cock is pressing against my back and I grind my hips against him. I turn around and my lips locate his cheek and he turns away. Rejection is not my forte, and I try harder; finding his lips and molding them onto mine. Every ounce of his being is trying to disregard me and he once again pulls away. But this is Edward and he cannot resist me for long. I kiss below his ear and his body has made a decision, even if his heart hasn't. Nibbling on his earlobe, I find his sensitive spot and lick on it slowly, blowing cool air afterwards and he shivers. My hands reach above his head and I grasp his bronze hair, pulling gently before locking lips and kissing him with ounce of passion I can acquire. I climb on top of him and I can feel his erection through his jeans. Our heat is grinding together and I know he can no longer take the bulge that must be aching him. I lift off his t-shirt that is on my body and I am sitting on him topless. His eyes leave mine and settle on my breasts, and he appreciates the view. I lift up his large hands to assist him and lay them on my chest, letting him explore my nipples by rubbing his thumbs over them. My pussy is beyond stimulated and I lean back, taking off my boxer shorts and returning my attention back to him.

We are at the point of no return, so I plead with my eyes, please let me have this. Let me have you. I know I am selfish. I know I take and I never give in return, but please; just one last time will suffice. He nods his head and brings my neck to his lips and he licks and sucks and grinds harder against me. I pull back to take off his shirt and lower his jeans, taking his boxers with them. I have seen his cock before, but this time, I revel in his form. He is large and swollen and the large vein is not repulsing. It is throbbing with a need to be touched, and I react; sliding my body down his and flickering his tip with my tongue. He moans and lifts his hips higher; encouraging me. The temperature in the room has risen and so has his lower body. I insert his cock into my mouth and using my hand as a guide, I suck him relentlessly. He tastes so good.

If I were to die right here, right now, I would die a happy woman. I am slurping on his dick intuitively. The desert is hot and his cock holds the world's water supply. I bob up and down and when I look his eyes are closed and his face contorts as if he is in pain. Suddenly, he pulls my lips off of him and lifts my waist to align with his.

His green eyes are pouring into mine and this time, he is the one asking for permission. I know this is it. I am taking the only virtue this man has; no ring, no wedding bells, just a junkie and an early Tuesday afternoon. But I am greedy and I take. I nod and I use my fingers to open my pussy. It is pink and glistening and he bites on his lips at the sight. I guide his cock towards my entrance and it hurts. It's been so long and it hurts. He notices my discomfort and gently flips me over so that he is now on top and we are lying down. He runs his fingers through my hair and slowly enters me; inch by inch. I can feel my walls opening; adjusting to his size. He moans loudly and it is invigorating. My left leg is suddenly being lifted, so that it is bent around him. I am cursing and he is groaning and the bead of sweat that has been dangling from the tip of his hair finally falls onto the pillow. He is moving deliberately slowly and I need more.

"Please, Edward, more." I am a selfish bitch and I don't care.

He obliges and starts pounding into me and I wish I wouldn't have said anything. He is fucking my brains out and the headboard is steadfastly banging against the wall. I am trapped in my own sensations, the sound of his labored breathing, and the noise of the bed. I cannot take it anymore and I clench my legs together. He, however, is not having any of that. He is fucking me at speeds unknown to man and I no longer have air to breathe. He reaches his long fingers between us and starts rubbing my clit.

"This...is...it...Isabella," he says between pounds. "It's...me...or...nothing!"

And with that, he gives one final push and my body absorbs all of his juices. I cry out at the response of both my orgasm and his words. He lies against me, panting, before getting up and walking to the bathroom. He returns with a washcloth, and cleans me thoroughly, wiping both my legs and my bare pussy. My heart swells at his considerate gesture. He climbs back underneath the covers and holds my back against his naked body. It only takes a few moments of silence before he whispers in my ear.

"I love you, Isabella."

I already know, Edward. I already know because I love you too.

But I am a selfish bitch and I say nothing, letting quietness fill the air until I hear his even breathing, proof that he is asleep.

I wake up for the second time that day in Edward's bed and my hand reaches out to an empty side where his body should be. He is not here and my heart breaks. It is almost nightfall outside of his bedroom window, and I realize two things. I have missed all of my classes and I have made Edward miss his too. If it weren't for our earlier activities, I would have regretted it. My nose smells the aroma of cooking coming from the kitchen, but I refuse to get up. The last time I awoke and went into the kitchen, shit went downhill and I was not ready for a repeat. Instead, my mind drifts to Edward's body on mine and I have become a nymphomaniac. I prop myself out of his covers and onto his bed, bending over, using one arm to stabilize myself and the other to rub my clit. It is not enough and I slide two fingers into my pussy, gliding them in and out. My arousal is immediate and I moan, thinking of Edward's cock being inside of me. I am so close to explosion I don't notice Edward standing at the once closed door, with two plates of food in his hand. I don't notice his stunned expression or the fact that the food is now on the floor and it's going to take a whole fucking boatload of cleaner to wash that spaghetti out. I don't notice that a grown man with an extremely large cock is currently wearing Star Wars pajamas that are making me both want to laugh and kiss him at the same time. What I do notice is that man has stripped off his clothes and has whispered 'fuck' so quietly it is barely audible.

He comes up behind me and removes my hand from my pussy. He takes my fingers and licks them one by one, relishing the taste. I am more turned on at the sight. I stay in my position and he climbs on the bed. He has both hands on my hips and he is spreading my legs apart. I cannot contemplate what he is doing before his warm mouth is on my pussy, licking me from behind. I am sadly mistaken if I thought our time at my apartment was perfect. Because there is no comparison. He spreads my ass apart even more, and I arch my back at a severe angle; if it weren't for the fact that Edward's tongue was on me, I think my spine would break. Starting at my clit he licks me at a turtle's pace. He is evil. He has no experience and yet he knows what he is doing. I am moaning and trying to reach behind me to touch him and he ignores me. He quickens the tempo and I am about to explode, right on his face. There is no time. He inserts his fingers inside of me, and I am gone. My orgasm releases and he licks up every drip. I cannot catch my breath before his cock is in my pussy and he is fucking me doggy style. His movement, unlike his tongue, is not slow. He is fucking me into oblivion. I can feel his anger through his fucking. I can feel his impatience with me, I can feel his frustration because of me, and I can feel his love to me.

Edward is many sweet things, but he is a forceful fucker. He pushes my hair onto the right side of my head so that he can see my face. While he is impaling me, I am looking back at him, debating on how I can love a man with so many contradictions to his personality.

"I know that you do," he whispers. "Say it."

I glance up at him and his animalistic fucking doesn't cease. He is keeping the same steadfast rhythm. The man's stamina knows no limits. I am ignoring him, concentrating instead on my impending orgasm.

"Say it. Out loud."

I am too far gone and my insides coil, awaiting their release. He fucks me faster, if that was at all a possibility. My willpower has depleted and there is no coming back from this.

"I love you."

His cock is pulsating inside of me and I am trembling and I cannot breathe. My body is drowning into the tidal wave. Edward pulls out of me and sits on the bed, pulling me into his lap, showering me with kisses. This is different. He kisses my forehead. "I love you." My eyelids. "I love you." My nose. "I love you." My lips. "I love you."

He has fucked a confession out of me and it is too late to plead the fifth.

After helping Edward shampoo the carpet and wash the dishes, I am sitting next to him on the couch, watching a movie and eating sandwiches.

"Edward?" I ask, gaining courage the cowardly lion has stolen long ago, "Do you think that..."

"Yes?" he questions, raising an eyebrow waiting for me to finish.

"Do you think that... even though I have fucked up, I can change? That I could be a better person and get help?"

"My Isabella," he says, smiling. "You are already a better person. No matter what happens, I'll stick with you. I love you, remember?"

"Yea," I murmur. "I love you, too."

We are 13 chapters in. So what's your FAVORITE QUOTE so far? Mine are

usually Edward's thoughts about Emmett. I crack my own self up.

Chapter 14 Sensory Deprivation

SM owns everything. I own a flat screen t.v. that I'm going to watch the MTV Movie Awards on tonight. Did you vote? I did and I think several of the keys on my laptop are broken.

"Anyone can give up; it's the easiest thing in the world to do. But to hold it together when everyone else would understand if you fell apart, that's true strength."

Unknown

EPOV

When I was a mere child, I learned about several species of birds; one of them being the albatross. They are one of the few animals in the world who mate for life. An albatross can soar enormous distances over the deep sea, but in spite of it's widespread journey, this bird always returns to the same home and partner when it's time to breed. The bond between the male and female lasts a lifetime.

When I was a mere child, I learned about love; the example being my parents. They were one of the few adults I knew in my life who didn't fight and ultimately divorce like my peer's parents did. My father used to travel a great deal for his career, but he always came home to my mother and I. The bond between my parents lasted their lifetime.

I ponder if the albatross species stays together for the purpose of reproduction or if it is for love.

If they are in love, I wonder if they can comprehend the sacrifices one of the pair must make. If the male has to travel a great distance, does the female understand that he may not return? He may be eaten by a predator, or washed into the depths of the ocean. Perhaps he never found food and starved. Was his separation worth the heartache?

One must think so if an entire species continues to repeat this insanity.

Isabella is worth the heartache.

It had been several weeks since I had seen her. Halloween came and went. The foliage on the trees had changed colors long ago and in their wake left the drab brown; signifying the end of their plant life. They fell to the ground with no disregard for humans' necessity to clean after them. Declining intensity of sunlight brought on shorter days and longer nights, and in their depths brought on the frigid blistering winds that Chicago is known for. I rejoiced in the cold weather; it reminded me that I was still alive. The only keepsake I had of her was the letter she had written me, left on my pillow the morning after we had made love.

Edward,

I'm sorry I can't fucking do this anymore. I'm trying to change- for you, but mostly for me. I'm dropping out of school-hopefully my dad can write a medical excuse to the dean's board or something. But I'm going to stay at my parent's house for a while. Don't contact me. This will only make things harder.

Isabella

At the time, a part of me wanted to throw the letter away. There was no 'I love you' or how much the previous night meant to her. I had imagined that when I confessed my newfound feelings for her and she didn't return them, that my heart would collapse. It didn't. When she didn't say anything, it only established that she in fact did love me. Isabella was very much like that. She could be the first person in line to tell someone to "f- off," but when it came to her feelings she resembled a newborn baby- frightened and terrified of what was to come. I may have, ahem, coerced her into expressing her love, but the truth was, I didn't need to. I already knew.

The worst part of the letter was that she didn't mention when she would be back. I didn't even know where her parents lived. Not that it would have mattered; if she wanted space, then I would grant her last wish.

She had left a gaping hole in her absence, and I thought for a fraction of a second that maybe it would have been better to not have known her at all. That maybe this wrenching pain, so much like the void hole I had encountered before, would be better left to someone who had experience. Someone who knew how to handle the broken shards of a crumbling heart. I immediately retracted my thoughts. No. It would have not been better. Pain reminded me that she was real.

Thanksgiving break in Arizona with Aunt Renee was a nightmare. Her usual tofu turkey and disgusting string bean casserole did nothing to bring about the holiday spirit and was not worth the expensive plane ticket. Though I was glad to see her, I

couldn't manage my usual, charming smile. Emmett, Alice, and even Rosalie, who had recently come back into the picture, had given up on me weeks ago. Being almost 2,000 miles away from where Isabella was did nothing to smolder the flame I had in my chest. If anything, it expended my entire being; consuming me as if I were already ashes in the smoke. Coming home left me feeling like I was searching for something. Anything. I couldn't feel Isabella's presence here. I couldn't see her face in the yellow kitchen where I spent my latter childhood years, fending for myself to make dinner. I couldn't see her lying in my bright blue bedroom that Aunt Renee had painted when I was gone. I couldn't see her smiling in the uncoordinated living room, filled with its clashing pillows and heavy curtains. I couldn't feel her at all. I was sitting impassively in the den when Aunt Renee came knocking.

"Hey sweetie," she said calmly, sitting in the old recliner chair that was missing the side handle. I had broken it soon after my arrival to her house as a child, trying to get comfortable in a chair that was too large for me. I had hidden the handle behind the sofa and she found it later. She hadn't even reprimanded me for it, instead fixing it herself, although it still wouldn't turn. Now it was just there for appearances sake.

"Hi," I said, still lying down on the couch with my eyes closed. My attention was usually focused on Isabella and I hated to be interrupted from my sexual daydream. I had tried unsuccessfully to remember every feature about her, but with every passing day left a hazy memory I was unable to get back. The only concrete evidence I had that she had even existed was her picture on my cellular phone and its blurry depiction did not do her justice. It didn't show the twinkle in her eyes when she laughed, or the way her bottom lip was slightly fuller than her top. It didn't show the way she swayed when she walked, or the way her ears weren't quite even on both sides. It didn't show the imperfections that made her so perfect.

"Honey, I know you are upset about this girl," she began, watching me with her green eyes that were a family trait and swinging her short coppery hair to the side. Oh no, not her too. I had made the regrettable decision to tell her why I was so sad when I had arrived in Arizona. None of the specifics, of course, but enough so that she would get off of my back. But she had no idea, *they* had no idea how I felt. Upset? That was an understatement. I *wish* I could feel upset. Then at least I would be feeling something. But the black abyss held no room for emotions. It was numbness and the perfect clarity of nothing.

"Aunty, stop right there," I said, exasperated. I tried to grasp the fact that she loved me and only wanted what was best for me, but I was not going to get advice from a woman who had never been married, never had children and whose depiction of love consisted of the usual drunk guy from the bar. I had seen too much at the

age of fifteen and I did not want a repeat. Your aunt being on top of a kitchen counter was not a visual you could erase.

"You don't understand," I continued, "And I don't expect you to." I tried to ignore the hurt look on her face as she wrung her hands together. "But this isn't some girl. Isabella is my life now. And I'm waiting until she comes back."

"Your life?" she replied laughing, and the lines around her mouth hid in pounds of makeup. "And you knew her for how long? A week? Sweetie, that's not a life. That's a fling. They come and they go. You are a handsome young man." She reached over and squeezed my cheeks like a grandmother does to her unfortunate grandchildren." You can find a girl who at least sticks around. And the fact that she dropped out? You don't want someone like that, do you? That just means she can't commit. And there's nothing wrong with that. You need to learn to have the same type of impulsiveness. You're too young to be tied down. Don't you want to be like me when you're forty? Hmm? Free to live how you want?"

Being taken advantage of every weekend by a different people who looked like they had never heard of the importance of hygiene and clean water? No thank you.

I was on a plane back to Chicago soon after that. I was weaving my way through the airport, bypassing the holiday travelers when I found the three stooges waiting for me, busily looking at the arrival screen.

"Eddie!" Emmett noticed me first and came barreling through the crowd, pummeling into me before I had a chance to react. As much as he annoyed me, it was good to see him again. Not that I would ever admit that. I had to laugh at him. He was wearing a ridiculous hat, with the sides coming over his ears and a yellow puffball at the tip of his head. 'Only Emmett,' I thought, grinning widely.

Alice and Rosalie walked over quickly, beaming as if they haven't seen me in forever. I had forgotten how beautiful they both were. Not beautiful like my Isabella of course, but good-looking none the less. I was quite blessed to have friends like this in my life.

"Edward!" they both squealed. They wrapped me in affectionate hugs and I struggled to hold onto my shoulder bag that was now sliding down my arm. I freed myself from their grip to get a better look at them. They were both stylishly dressed down, wearing similar gray winter coats.

"I am so glad you're back," Alice said, shifting her weight onto one of her blue boots. "I've been stuck with Harry and Sally over here," she exclaimed, nodding

towards the sickening lovebirds who now had their hands all over each other, "so it's been kinda lonely. How was Arizona? Did you miss the heat? When in the hell did you get a leather jacket? You look smokin' honey...and tanner. I wish I had a tan. But there's no point here, cuz it's always so cold, ya know? But I was thinking, well maybe it wouldn't matter. I would just stand out amongst all the pale faces here. I'd be hot stuff. The men wouldn't be able to keep their hands off of me!"

"They already don't!" Rosalie retorted and she smacked Alice on the behind, causing her to shriek loudly. It was so embarrassing. I had barely been off the plane for two minutes before people were getting smacked on their butts.

"I wonder how much they would charge for a ticket to head back to Arizona right now," I mused. I was almost positive I could arrange to get a flight back to Phoenix immediately. Sure, it might cost a little extra, but it would be worth it.

"Oh hush," Alice said, slapping me on the arm. What was with all the physical affection around here? "You missed us and you know it." You? Yes. The bruises on my arm? Not so much.

"C'mon, guys. Let's get Eddie's bags and head out for some Chicago Pizza. I'm starving," Emmett said, running towards the baggage claim area. He didn't even know which suitcases were mine. I bet you are starving, you overstuffed bear.

I retrieved my luggage from the conveyor belt and as we made our way to Emmett's Hummer, I wrapped my leather jacket more closely around me, distressing that I had packed my heavier coat in my suitcase. It was going to be tough to readjust back to the freezing weather. I had become accustomed to wearing shorts and t-shirts for an entire week and I wanted that luxury back.

"So, guys," I initiated, clearing my throat and climbing into the vehicle, trying not to sound obvious. "Have you heard from, uh, Isabella?"

What if she had come back when I was gone? What if she stopped by when I wasn't there, and Emmett wasn't home? But wouldn't she call first? Wait, I didn't always have service at Aunt Renee's house in Arizona because I had bought my cellular phone in Chicago. What if she *had* called and I didn't know? What if she was outside the apartment, waiting for me to come back. Oh, gosh. She must be so worried.

"No, Edward," Alice said, interrupting my erratic thoughts. Her tone was that of a mother wearied with her children for asking the same question over and over again. "She hasn't called, she hasn't showed up. I'm not concerned about her and you

shouldn't be either."

"You're her best friend though!" I replied, shocked at her lack of concern.

"Yea, a best friend that got lied to and stabbed in the back. When she wants to come back, she'll come back. In the meantime, I'm not gonna sit around and cry about it like *some* people."

"I'm not crying about it," I grumbled in a whispered voice.

"Not anymore," Rosalie shot back, grabbing Emmett's hand across the console. Easy for her to say. They had each other. The Ice Princess and Yogi the Bear. Match made in heaven.

Emmett looked back and gave me a small grin of encouragement. At least he didn't badger me like the girls.

"Who's up for Giordano's?" he bellowed, changing the subject.

I didn't say much the rest of the afternoon, half because of the lack of consolation from my friends and half because I had drowned my troubles in a deep stuffed veggie pie.

I woke up the following Saturday morning with Emmett standing over me, creeping me out as usual. I didn't even get a chance say good morning before he started barking directions at me.

"You. Me. Breakfast. Girls. Now."

Thanks for the advance warning, douchebag. I stumbled out of bed as he was leaving and ran my hand through my unkempt hair. I made my way to the bathroom and cursed inwardly at Emmett's typical mess and stepped into the shower, relaxing at the warm water shot down over my head. I got out of the steamy bath and walked to my room and inadvertently dropped my towel that was draped casually around my waist.

"Alice!" I shrieked, my voice reverting to that of a thirteen year old girl. She was sitting on the bed, waiting patiently, cocking her eyebrow at me.

"Hot stuff, Edward!" she said casually, not moving. I fumbled and bent over to

pick up the cloth to hide my privates.

"Alice, get out! I'm getting dressed here!" I seethed, trying not to look at her amused face through my eyelashes.

"I can see that," she giggled. "Sorry. I just came in here to ask if you had any eye drops I could use. I didn't know you wanted to give me a peep show! I have to say, I'm impressed."

Filter, meet Alice. Alice, Filter.

"I'll bring it out as soon as I'm finished getting decent. Can you leave now? Please?" I begged, clearly embarrassed. My patience was wearing as thin as the towel that was in front of me. If this was how the day was going to go, then I wanted no part of it. My bed and pillow would gladly welcome me back with open arms.

"Alright, alright. I'm going. Although, I do have to say-"

"Out, Alice!" I interrupted her. Who knew the price of eye drops was your dignity? I was going to have to write a steaming letter to the manufacture about their rise in costs. This was getting out of hand. First, Webster's Dictionary and now this. Two companies, two friends. I could see where this was going; Rosalie was next.

I got dressed quickly in my college duds, put on my glasses and walked out into the living room where the gang was sitting on the couch watching *Spongebob Squarepants*. There was nothing entertaining about fictional characters living under the sea.

So juvenile. Everybody knows sponges don't wear clothes.

"Yeah, Eddie is out. Pancake House, here we come!" That was Emmett. Obviously.

"Good morning Rosalie," I welcomed her politely.

She and Alice looked at each other.

"Mornin' *Edward*," she giggled, accentuating my name in a suggestive manner, flipping her hair back.

Rosalie, I am sorry to inform you that you are now on 'The List'. I am channeling my inward Jimmy Fallon and now 'I'm Bothered.'

We are all getting ready to leave and everyone has to convince me not to leave a note on the door in case Isabella comes back. No matter what we do, she is never far from my thoughts. I had the tendency to carry on conversations with her in my head, just so I could remember her voice. I wasn't crazy- just devoted. Each day was not getting easier; just more manageable. I had to be the one to carry on her legacy. The others were quick to drop her as if she never existed. I couldn't do that. I wouldn't do that. She was my albatross. She would return to me.

"Welcome to the Original Pancake House. How many?" the hostess asked, giving me a more than courteous smile. Her nametag read Tanya, and she must have something in her eye because she kept batting her eyelashes at me. I never did give Alice those eye drops, I remembered. I wish I had brought them along with me. This Tanya woman obviously needed some. I was about to suggest she try the Bausch + Lomb product before Alice interrupted me.

"Four," Alice answered curtly.

"Sure. Right this way." We walked towards the vinyl booth that needed to be replaced years ago. Alice and I sat next to each other, while Rosalie and Emmett slid in on the other side. I mindlessly picked up the menu, gazing over the choices I was sure would clog my arteries by the time I hit 50. But if you had to go out early, being drunken on maple syrup was the way to do it.

"Your waiter will be here shortly. What can I get for you to drink in the meantime?" she asks, swaying her hip to one side. Geez, dry eye syndrome and arthritis in her hip? Someone was way past their routine check-up.

"Orange juice, with ice."

"Coffee, grapefruit juice, and water. Thanks a bunch."

"Orange juice is acceptable, thank you."

"Your manager if you don't stop staring at my friend. Oh, and a coffee," Alice rudely glared at the blonde hostess, not backing down.

"Oh, uh, sure. It'll be here soon," she replied quietly, before scampering off. Well, maybe she wasn't in *that* much pain.

"Alice Brandon! What in the hell is your problem?" Rosalie snapped, piercing her blue eyes at the petite friend across from her.

"She was gawking at Edward, what else was I supposed to do?" Alice shrugged, rolling her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know. How about letting her gawk? He needs some attention. Poor boy hasn't been out since *she* left."

I love how a) they are talking about me as if I'm not sitting here and b) they won't say Isabella's name like she's a forbidden subject.

"Well, not that kind of attention. Bitch was being skanky. He can do much better."

"What are you talking about? She was hot!"

Emmett deserved the blow that was coming his way.

SMACK!

And... there it is.

"Ahem, if I may interject here, you know, seeing as how this has to do with me, I don't want any kind of attention. She was, er, attractive, but I'm not looking at the moment. I am content the way I am."

I had to stick up for myself or they were going to tear me apart like a pack of wolves.

"Shut up, Edward," Rosalie countered. "You are not content. If content means ignoring the rest of us, only getting up to go to classes, and sleeping day after day drooling over her picture counts as fine, then yes, I'd say you are content. Happy as a clam, drool boy."

"Eddie, my man, my dawg. You have got to get over this Little B thing. She ain't coming back dude. You got two choices. You can spend the rest of your life whacking off to a girl who's ditched you, or you can get back on the saddle and plow through the town, cowboy. Giddy up!"

"Eww, Emmett," Alice wrinkled her nose in disgust. "He doesn't need to plow through anything. If he says he's fine, then he's fine. But while he's doing that I'm gonna make sure none of these sluts try to saddle up on his horse. He doesn't need a bunch of nasty skanks hanging around."

Thanks, Momma Alice. I knew I could count on you. You are off 'The List'.

"Thanks, Alice," I whisper into her ear.

"No problem," she mouthed back.

"Hi, guys what can I get you? We have our Deluxe Platter Entree, an Endless Pancake Special, and our-

I glance up at the waitress to listen to the meal choices.

"Bloody Hell," she gasps.

"Oh, my God. Here we go again," Alice sighed.

We never did get to eat breakfast.

The four of us decided to spend the rest of the day at Dave and Buster's. No, scratch that. The three of them decided it would be a good idea to go. I got bullied, and threatened to have my Star Wars pajamas cut up and thrown away if I didn't 'get my ass in the car and shut up.' Whoever thought drunken adults playing video games sounded like a good idea should be committed. It was loud, boisterous, and some of the women here ought to have their temperatures checked. It was entirely too cold outside to be wearing such improper clothing. I could tell they were cold, because they kept strolling over to me, hanging onto my arm. Emmett was too busy winning a lot of the arcade games, Rosalie was stealing his tickets, I was walking around avoiding people and Alice was yelling at a lot of women.

I had finally sat down eating delicious cheese fries and drinking a glass of water (I had to balance my unhealthy diet) when Alice bounced over and grabbed my arm.

"Alice, what are you doing? Let go!" I protested, trying to shrug her off of me. All I had to do was stick my foot out, and down she would go, heels and all.

"No, you have been sitting around here, not doing anything but pouting and I'm sick of it. Let's go play some Billiards." No, how about if I sit here, mind my own business, and submerge in self-pity? It's what I do best.

"Fine," I groaned, willing to do anything to get back to my cheese fries. "But if I win, you leave me alone."

"And if I win?" she countered, leaning across the table.

"Trust me. You won't."

I couldn't play a sport to save my life, but this I could do. Having your aunt drag you to bars at the age of sixteen could have its benefits.

We snagged an empty table and I rounded all the balls up with the rack.

"Okay, ladies first," I said, gesturing with my hand after I had set up the table.

Alice grabbed the stick and shot at the balls with a force that was astonishing for her size. She managed to pocket a solid.

"See? I got this!" she bragged. "So, like I was saying, if I win you owe me a movie. Large popcorn, cotton candy, Goobers...I want it all."

It seemed like a fair enough request.

Then I remembered how much she could eat for her size. She could give Emmett a run for his money.

"Alice, you are talking like fifty dollars here. I'm wagering fifty dollars for an afternoon of peace? Doesn't seem reasonable," I griped.

"It never is, Eddie-boy. It never is," she sighed, patting me on my back. She aligned herself against the cue ball, positioned herself and sank two more solids.

Several hours later, I was grumbling about the disproportioned Billiards tables, Alice was back on 'The List,' Rosalie was wearing gawky prize jewelry, and Emmett had managed to spill chili on his white shirt.

Dave and Buster's would be hearing from me very soon.

"Alright, guys, I'm wiped," Emmett exclaimed. "Malady and I are off to the throne. I'm about to show her who's king!"

Rosalie giggled as he swept her over his shoulder and Alice gagged.

"Too much information, Emmett," I complained. "Alice, you know where the blankets are since it's too late for you to drive back. Make yourself at home. I fixed the sofa bed so it will come out all the way. I'm headed to get some shut eye. This

has been an extremely long day."

Between aggressive blonde headed women, the banter of our unstable group, and the loss of my self-respect, it was more than I had planned on doing today and I needed my rest.

Everyone said their goodnights and I went to my bedroom, softly shutting the door. After stripping off my clothes and foregoing my pajamas, I laid my glasses on my nightstand and flicked off the light to my lamp. It was only at this time I could peacefully transfer all of my thoughts to Isabella.

My dreams of her usually started off innocent enough, but it was difficult to stay on that line of thought. Her body was much more tempting in my dreams. Her endearing laugh brought on images of her silky lips and how she would kiss me. I forgot about everything else but our lips clashing together in a frenzy of tongues and teeth. Her hips would buck as I licked her between her folds, causing a sexy moan to come from her mouth. I reflected about the fullness of her breasts and her taut nipples that would react to the most sensitive of touches.

The erection that was growing through my boxers began to be too much and I opened my eyes.

Isabella?

No. This could not be happening. I rubbed my blurry eyes and pinched myself to make sure I was still awake.

Isabella!

It was her. She was standing in my doorway and she was ravishing. She was beyond beautiful. She was wearing pure white lingerie and it barely covered her tiny frame. The cups of the bra were spilling over with her luscious breasts and I felt myself become completely hardened by the sight. Her panties were made of delicate material and scarcely concealed her lips.

After all of this time. Waiting and waiting and waiting and here she was. I knew she would come back to me. When everyone doubted and distrusted My Isabella, here she was. My albatross had returned home. I was in shock that it was her and yet I couldn't say a word. I didn't need to.

She saunters over to me and gently lifts up the duvet off of my bed. She slides down my body; her finger grazes my bare skin and glides my boxers down my legs.

She kisses between my legs, and oh, it feels so good. Every nerve in my body tingles from her touch. She licks the side of my penis and I moan at the sensation. She places a hand around it and consumes it with her mouth, massaging it with her tongue. My hips thrust upward, craving more of the heat coming from her mouth. I reach my hand down and ring my fingers through her silky hair and she is sucking me softly. It was much different from our previous time, but I didn't care. It felt too good and I had a hard enough time concentrating on my breathing.

I am moaning and groaning and it spurs her on. She progressively speeds up the rhythm and my entire length is throbbing. My hands switch from her head to the sheets and back to her head again. I am aching to come, but I hold back, wanting to savor the feeling. Her tongue makes a long lavish circle around my tip and I grunt. She covers her mouth back onto me and is drawing on me even faster. The tightening in my gut began and I conceded to the pleasure, trembling with force of my orgasm. Oh my, that was too much.

I take a deep breathe, letting my body subside from the experience. I pull back on the bed; using my arms to lift my body up so that I can lean against the headboard to look into her beautiful eyes.

No. No. No. No. No. No. No.

It was not Isabella pleasuring me.

She did not have eyes that twinkled when she smiled.

Her face was not that of a beautiful angel, but that of a friend who represented betrayal.

She grinned up at me the same time I realized that dreams do come true; just not the way you want them to.

My real angel, who stood at the doorway holding a suitcase, turns her head to the side and vomits.

Tsk, Tsk. Are you shocked? Appalled? Flabbergasted? I am and I wrote the damn thing. Let me hear your thoughts. I bet you already know who the traitor is...

Chapter 15 Sheep's Clothing

Sm owns everything. I own a stomach ache from laughing at Robert Pattinson so much last night. I love that man!

(Shorter Chapter...I want to get started writing on EPOV for next chapter. Exciting stuff!)

"When you are inspired by some great purpose, some extraordinary project, all your thoughts break their bonds: Your mind transcends limitations, your consciousness expands in every direction, and you find yourself in a new, great, and wonderful world. Dormant forces, faculties and talents become alive, and you discover yourself to be a greater person by far than you ever dreamed yourself to be."

Santiz Patanjali

IPOV

LAST TIME ON "AS THE GLUE STICKS".... (Insert soap opera voice)

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Whoever said lightning never strikes twice was a liar.

The thing about storms is that they constantly happen throughout your life. No matter how many sunny days you have, you can always count on a storm brewing in the distance.

To have a good thunderstorm you need unstable air and moisture. Once those factors are there, a storm usually produces gusty winds, heavy rain, and sometimes hail. But in no way, shape, or form can you predict the future. A storm is going to come, you just never know when.

I wish this was a storm.

This was a fucking tsunami coming to wipe my ass out.

This wave was nothing I felt when Eric had deceived me.

I didn't have time to react. That wind sucked the life out of me. The heavy rain came flowing down my face. And the hail? I wasn't fast enough to dodge it.

I was caught in the eye of a fucking storm and the only thing I could do was vomit. I couldn't speak or the winds would knock me off my feet.

Mother Nature is unpredictable. She never apologizes for the weather she brings. Sometimes she makes up for it by producing beautiful rainbows in the horizon. But I didn't see a rainbow because all of the colors ran together in a blur.

I hate storms.

I stood there with the stench of my dinner remains all over the floor, on the seams of my expensive jeans, and now dripping down the side of my Louis Vuitton carrier.

"Isabella! I-"

It took all of my strength to raise up my frail hand to silence the deep voice of betrayer.

This storm was a quiet one. All I could hear was the heavy breathing of three people trying to withstand the winds.

But one person was not shocked. It was not me or the man who sat on the bed trying to scramble to put his clothes back on.

This person sat on the bed in expensive lingerie with a smirk on her devious face. Either she was oblivious to the storm or she just didn't fucking care.

I guess you can call me a pervert.

I stood there in the doorway, watching the man who I thought had saved my life being pleased by my supposedly best friend. His face was so serene and he was enjoying every minute of it. All of the time I had been gone, I imagined his face and the way we had made love before I left to go to rehab. It's what got me through the hard times. The shivers, the nightmares, the thoughts of relapsing. I couldn't wait until I saw that face again.

But this is not the way I pictured it. Alice seductively sucking on his dick and him relishing in it. Rubbing his strong hands through her hair. I stood there when his face contorted as he released into her mouth.

I couldn't speak so I did what was natural.

I screamed.

It pierced through the small bedroom, out into the apartment and through the depths of my soul. It tore through the apartment building and out into the street. It reached heaven and hell and all of earth in between.

I screamed and I screamed and I screamed. I screamed when the light in the bedroom came on and a large hand came up behind me; holding his hand over my mouth.

I screamed when a beautiful blonde woman abruptly stood beside me and gasped. My muffled screams continued as I fell to the floor, shaking in my own bile of wretchedness. The large hand finally released from my mouth when I had no more air to give. I felt my body being rocked. Side to side, side to side. Back and forth, back and forth.

"Shhh, Little B. It's okay. Shhh," the voice whispered through my tears. It did not bring the peace I was looking for, but I relented, unable to find strength in my vocal chords.

The storm decided the quiet was enough. The yelling began soon after.

"Alice. What. The. Fuck. Are. Ya'll. Doing?" the stunning blonde coughed out in spurts.

"What?" she shrugged. "We're adults. She thinks she can come back here after almost two months of being gone, then that's her fucking problem, not mine."

"No," the husky voice dripping of honey moaned. "No. No. No. No. No."

"Edward, man? What are you doing dude? I thought you were waiting. But this? Alice? What the fuck, man?"

Edward lunged out of bed; his pants barely on his waist and his marble body ran over to me.

"Don't touch me," I said, every word dripping of hate as I cowered closer to Emmett's large body. He was my shield, my refuge to bear the downpour.

"Isabella, listen," he pleaded softly, kneeling so that we were eye level. His eyes were no longer a shade of emerald. Currently, they were closer to jade. A somber jaded color rimmed with hues of crimson.

"Wait a second! Everyone wait a fucking second!" Alice yelled, jumping off the bed, pulling the sheet over her lingerie. "B, you make me *sick*. Oh poor, little Isabella. Everyone help poor, poor Isabella. Bitch, please. Edward gave you his fucking heart and what did you do? Chewed it up and spit it out. You left and didn't say a single word. You didn't give the guy the hint of a warning. And then you come back two months later wanting sympathy? Wanting atonement? You bitch. This is not the Isabella Show, B. Everything is not about you, you strung out bitch."

"You whore," I screeched, using Emmett's arms as leverage to stand. "You don't think I know that? You don't think I already fucking know all of this? But I listened to you, Alice. I thought to myself, I can't live like this. I'm hurting too many people. I listened to *you*. I left to get help, you fucking bitch. I left to go to rehab so I wouldn't hurt people anymore. So I wouldn't hurt my family and my friends. I've been 52 days clean, *Alice*. 52 fucking, long, hard ass days clean. I left and I didn't say anything so I could have space. I knew if I told you or Edward where I was going it would be harder. I needed to separate myself so I could focus on my recovery. But no, you couldn't wait. How long, Alice? How long have you been fucking each other? You are a bitch and I hate you. I hate the both of you. You can fucking have each other!"

Alice stood there, stunned at my confession, not bothering to answer my question. I would have never left Edward and my friends if I had had another choice. There were no other options. My mom and dad didn't even contact me after I left for Premier Changes. My drug counselor thought it was best if I was separated and got clean before I surrounded myself with the people who had enabled me my whole life. That's why I never called or contacted anyone. I stayed longer than the 30 days that were recommended, but I needed to. I didn't want to relapse once I got back into the real world. I was trying to go back to school the following semester, get a new place, and completely change my life around. The only foundation I had to hold on to was Edward. I was hoping he would be ecstatic when I returned. After I had a reunion

dinner with my parents, I was going to call him and surprise him outside of the door, but when I went to knock, I discovered the door wasn't locked.

Edward's face.

I couldn't get his face out of my mind.

He had completely destroyed me.

I turned to sob into Emmett's arms and the blonde woman even started gently rubbing my back.

"Isabella, if you will just listen-"

"Edward, that's enough!" the blonde said with an icy voice that cut through glass. "You have done enough. Just stop it!"

She turned her attention back to me and lifted up my chin. "Honey, I'm Rosalie, Emmett's girlfriend. C'mon, let's get you out of here, hmm?"

She lifted my carrier off of the floor that I had brought over to use as an overnight bag when I was going to spend the night and took my arm. Emmett released me and I threw my weight onto her, unable to walk on my own.

"Where are your keys?" she asked.

I turned slightly to my jacket pocket, and she nodded, grabbing the keys for me.

"Emmett, I'll see you tomorrow, okay?" Rosalie leaned over and gave him a peck on his cheek. We walked out of the bedroom and she sat me down on the recliner while she went to go get dressed out of her nightgown and put on her regular clothes. She came back quickly, keys in hand, and lifted me out of the chair.

We walked out of the eye of the storm and down the long stairs and into the cold air. The winds were blowing fiercely, as if it understood how my heart felt.

Rosalie tapped the alarm button on my key ring until she found that it beeped towards my black BMW. I had paid a cab service to take me to Eric's house to pick it up the morning I left. I was scared to death, afraid he would see me, or come out, or something. He never did, and for that I was glad. Rosalie opened the passenger door first to let me in and then jogged over to her side, and turned the ignition. I was grateful for the heat that blasted out.

"What's your address, honey?"

"2419 Keaston Street," I whispered. I watched as she typed it into the GPS system, and it was already saved as 'HOME'. She began turning through the dark nightlife and I was at my condo building before I could even close my eyes. My mind was blank. I didn't have any more tears to cry, no more energy to give. She parked the car and helped me out, assisting me as we walked through the building and to the elevator that was near the entrance.

I pushed the number 24 before she could ask and leaned against her shoulder, grateful for the few inches of height she had on me. We appeared at the doorway of my apartment and she began to fumble with the keys. I pointed to the gold one, and she unlocked the door quickly, guiding me into the darkness before discovering the light on the left wall.

It was surreal, being back in here. I hadn't been back in my place in such a long time and everything remained intact, except for my messenger bag that was scattered near the couch. I pointed to my bedroom and she understood, leading me there and sitting me on my bed. She went to my drawers until she found my pink nightgown, undressing me as if we weren't strangers. She pulled back the comforter on my bed and laid me down. I was ready to sleep and I felt her taking her taking her shoes off and climbing in beside me.

"Honey, look at me," she ordered, and I was astonished by her beauty, never really getting a chance to look at her closely before. I glanced up at her and she had a stern look on her face.

"I'm going to be honest with you. I didn't like you. I found out you slept with Emmett and it broke my heart. I was just starting to like that man and when I realized that you had lost your virginity to him, well, I didn't talked to him for a few weeks. I was mad at you for being with him. I eventually forgave him. That big bear just doesn't give up," she giggled quietly. "But I was there the night you came home strung out. I was there when Edward wouldn't eat anything, there when all he did was cry and cry night after night. I was there to see his heart break into a million places. All of these factors added up to why I couldn't stand you, Isabella. You seemed like such a cruel, evil person who didn't care about anybody but yourself."

I couldn't disagree. It was true. It was all true.

"But," she continued, "If you had the strength to go to rehab and change, then I can't hate you for that. There are a lot of people who would stay the way they were, and not give a damn who they were hurting in the process. I can't hate you for

wanting a better life, and if you thought leaving was the best thing to do, then that makes it so. It was hard on Edward, I'm not going to lie. But to see you glowing...well, aside from your tears right now. Your hair is shorter, you've gained weight and you look healthier. That night I saw you, you looked like a strung out addict. But now...I see the change. That's why I can't hate you. And Alice-

I grimaced at the name.

"Well, she's a good friend and we've gotten even closer over the last couple of months, but I don't condone what she did. My ex-husband did that shit to me."

I looked at her with wide eyes, shocked at the revelation that she had been married. I mean, she looked so young.

"Yea, I know, doesn't seem like it right? Royce and I had been married for several years. I got married to him as soon as I turned 18. It was a low key wedding, not what I wanted, but my parents didn't agree with me marrying at that age, so they didn't help with the wedding or anything. We had to pay for everything ourselves. So, anyways, I thought he was it, ya know? Everything I could ever want in a man. But I found out he was cheating on me and I walked away. I am a strong person, even though I don't feel like it all the time. But I couldn't forgive that shit. So I kicked his ass out, started over, and the rest is history. I met Emmett and he's the best thing that ever happened to me. I was scared to be with him, because of his womanizing ways, but you can't judge a person by their past. That's why I'm not judging you Isabella. We all make mistakes. What matters is who you want to be in the future. You saw your life wasn't going anywhere and you went to get help. You got balls, that's why you can't allow this Alice and Edward thing get you down. I don't know what the fuck they were thinking. But if I know Edward, I am sure he is regretting it as we speak. He wouldn't even look at another woman while you were gone. I'm not saying you should forgive them, but at least listen to them," she finished.

I nodded slowly, my head spinning from all of the drama of the day.

"Let's not worry about that right now. We'll handle everything in the morning. Go to sleep, Isabella," she murmured.

I closed my eyes as Rosalie's fingers strummed through my hair and I dreamed of thunderstorms and tsunamis.

**Alice, Alice! You were right and I am mean! Show your anger by reviewing.
I can take it!**

Chapter 16 Suicide

SM owns everything. I own a bunny that refuses to eat carrots.

SHOUT-OUT: I have some AMAZING FaceBook groupies that continue to support this story. So thank you!

"When one jumps over the ledge, one is bound to land somewhere"

David Herbert Lawrence

If you Google the term

suicide

, there are approximately 186,000,000 results that show up in the search engine. Websites are given to indicate the warning signs when someone wants to commit this unforgiveable deed. A person may demonstrate symptoms of typical depression, such as over indulgence in alcohol or they may suffer from insomnia. Other websites show you the possible causes of suicide, or how someone can find help to cope with suicidal thoughts.

There are so many options given as ways to end your own life. Cutting, deliberately drowning oneself, even using lethal electric shock which eventually ceases blood flow- are just a few of the choices given.

But none of these compares to the Seppuku. This is an ancient Japanese ritual in which a man cuts open his abdomen from side to side, then from top to body, essentially almost slicing his body into quadrants. He dresses ceremoniously, writes a death poem, and then lies upon a special cloth to commit this final act.

The Seppuku is unlike other methods of suicide. This is the only one in which a person believes they are preserving their honor.

Honor? Slicing one's own body but preserving the head in order to avoid decapitation is not honor.

Neither is cutting...or drowning....or electric shock.

Suicide is not honorable.

I never claimed to have honor.

I never claimed to be noble.

I never claimed to be a man of integrity.

One large kitchen knife and I can be gone. A tub full of water may take longer, but it is more peaceful. Electric shock? Possible, but unlikely.

So many ways I can end my life and no matter which route I decide, none of them will be respected.

But it can be done.

The piercing scream coming from the decibels beyond the earth was never ending. The octave was so high there would not be a key on a piano that would measure its sound. It pierced and it cut and it bore into my psyche, never to be seen or heard from again.

I was in a haze, nothing seemed clear. I reached over for my glasses and although my sight became clearer, the events lying before me did not. I could not register the conversations that were going on:

"Alice. What. The. Fuck...."

I chanted in my head 'No' over and over again.

"Edward, man? What are you doing dude?"

I don't know. I need her, I just need her.

"Don't touch me."

I'm sorry, I just....

"Oh poor, little Isabella... Everything is not about you, you strung out bitch."

She's not. She's the most beautiful woman in the world.

"I left to get help... 52 days clean... I hate the both of you."

She's clean? Please, don't hate me. Please. I hate myself. I hate myself. I hate myself.

Time passed. It was not long enough.

"Dude, what the hell are you doing?"

I just. I didn't. I can't.

"C'mon Edward, we don't need her. She's just jealous."

She, we, what? What?

A strong female hand grabbed onto my arm and I flinched.

"Don't touch me," I whispered, repeating my angel's words from earlier.

"Edward? Edward? I know you are upset that she's mad, but I don't regret what we did. And you obviously enjoyed it, so I don't see what the big deal is. C'mon, let's just lie down and get some sleep. Emmett, shut the door so we can rest."

What?

"Alice," I said in a stern voice, and my tone was malicious with every syllable.

"Get. The. Fuck. Off. Of. Me."

"Edward, baby, why are you mad at me? I thought you liked me," the voice whined in my ear.

I could only choke out a gargled laugh.

"Like you? Like you? Alice, you are a ...you are a...you are a bitch!" I roared. "How could you?"

"How could I? I didn't hear you saying that ten minutes ago!" she retorted.

"I thought you were Isabella! I didn't have my fucking glasses on and I thought you were Isabella!"

"But...I...you..." Alice struggled to find her words. "You thought I was B?"

Emmett continued to stand at the doorway, obviously watching tonight's events unfold.

"Yes! I thought you were Isabella. Why in the hell would you think I would want you to do that to me? When have I ever shown affection towards you?" I spat angrily. "Why in the hell would you think I would want you? It's Isabella. It's always been and will always be Isabella!"

"But, I...love...you...Edward! All this time, and I've been there for you. She hasn't. I held you when you cried. I helped you with your schoolwork. I cooked you dinners and watched movies with you and I was there for you..." Alice was now on the verge of tears, still holding my bed sheet around her body.

"Love!" I screeched. "You don't know the first thing about love. Go grab a dictionary because you obviously don't know the meaning. If you loved me, then you would know that I am in love with Isabella. If you loved me, you wouldn't have tricked me in the middle of the night. If you loved me, you wouldn't have betrayed your best friend. Love?"

A brief moment of silence passed.

"Alice, you better leave before I say something I regret."

She looked up at me with wide eyes, tears streaming down her face.

"NOW!" I bellowed.

She held her eyes to me before she scurried away, pushing Emmett to the side, and taking my bed sheet with her.

I didn't want it anyways. I was going to burn this whole bed down. It was stained with betrayal and treachery.

"Eddie, man-"

"Don't!" I said, falling to the floor. I couldn't listen to him right now. Just let me be.

"Fuck that man! You are gonna fucking listen to me for once. I'll admit, when we first met Alice, I tried to push her on you. You were so lonely and I just wanted you

to have somebody. But we all became friends after that, and you never, ever fuck with friends. Even after Little B left, I was hoping you would hook up with some girl, but Alice?"

"Emmett, were you not listening? I *just* said I thought it was Isabella. It was fucking dark in here. It's past two in the morning and I never saw her face."

"Pssh, I bet. And how could you not think you were leading Alice on? She's right Eddie. You took advantage of her friendship. What did you think was going to happen? She stayed up all those late nights helping you. Passing you fucking tissues when you were acting like a pussy. Did you not notice how she didn't want you to be with anybody else? And now you've gone and hurt Little B! She was fucking hysterical man! I'm pissed because you got my woman over there straightening out *your* bullshit. Enough with the drama- this ain't no Jersey Shore shit. You've been sitting around for two months biting everyone's heads off and crying like a baby. No matter how much we tried to help you, you sat around sulking all the time. No 'thanks for bearing with me guys' or 'sorry I've been such a dick, I'll make it up to you'. We got nothing Eddie but your constant moaning and groaning."

"You fucked up, man," he continued hollering. "Now you've got to find a way to straighten this shit out. By the way, there's not a second in hell I believe that you didn't know it was Alice. Think about it dude. There's no fucking way."

With that, he shut off the light and walked out, slamming my bedroom door, leaving me alone on the floor. It was a few inches from Isabella's vomit and a few yards away from my bed.

That was not my bed anymore.

It was corrupted with lies and cheating and deception and any other bad terminologies my vocabulary could come up with.

Isabella and I had never had what you called a "normal" relationship. But it was clear as day, when we sat on the couch and said 'I love you' to each other- that was it. It was stronger than putting on a wedding band. We were bound to each other.

In reality, I was bound to her way before that; she just never knew.

Was Emmett right? Did deep down I know it wasn't Isabella? Did I realize her hair was a different texture of softness? Did I truly know it wasn't her?

It was much different from our previous time, but I didn't care. It felt too good and

I had a hard enough time concentrating on my breathing.

Oh God.

I slumped on the floor, my body carelessly lying there before I pulled up my knees and curled into a ball.

Day 1 (Sunday):

"Please, Isabella, don't go. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!" I wailed.

"Fuck you, Edward!" were the last words she said before she jumped off the cliff, into the crashing waves below.

"Isabella, NOOOOO!" I screamed.

Day 2 (Monday):

"Please, Isabella, don't go. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!" I wailed.

"Fuck you, Edward!" were the last words she said before she sliced her throat, with her delicate fingers wrapped around a dagger.

"Isabella, NOOOOO!" I screamed.

Day 3 (Tuesday):

"Please, Isabella, don't go. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!" I wailed.

"Fuck you, Edward!" were the last words she said before she stepped off the chair with the rope around her neck.

"Isabella, NOOOOO!" I screamed.

Day 4 (Wednesday):

"Please, Isabella, don't go. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!" I wailed.

"Fuck you, Edward!" were the last words she said before she pulled the trigger, the sound echoing into the night.

"Isabella, NOOOOO!" I screamed.

I woke up with a jolt, my hair sticking to the sides of my face.

Oh gosh, my body hurt.

I contemplated on getting up, but there was no point. There was no point in living, no point in breathing.

My air was gone.

I laid back on the floor; giving up.

"Dammit Emmett, have you even talked to him?"

"Rose-baby, every time I walk in there he's moaning. When I try to touch him, he starts fucking attacking me. Hell no, I'm not going back in there! And I've been busy. You know I have class and football practice to go to!"

"Emmitt, it's been four fucking days! He could die in there. Are you stupid? I swear, you are such a douchebag!"

"Why does everyone keep calling me that?"

"Move out of the way!"

BANG! BANG! BANG!

"Edward! Edward! I know you're in there!"

The door flies opens and Rosalie is standing over me; hands on her hips and her mouth is turned into a frown.

"Oh, God! Edward, are you okay? Emmett! He's awake- get your ass in here and help me! I can't lift him by myself!"

"Dude you fucking stink!"

Emmett's strong arms are lifting me on both sides and Rosalie is supporting my back.

"Sit him on the bed, Em."

"NOOOOO!"

"Okay, okay, geez. Alright man. You are hitting the shower, dude! You smell like a dog's ass!"

"Rose, can you go fix him something to eat? I'm not allowed to cook in the kitchen."

"You're not allowed to what? Never mind. I'm going."

Emmett is dragging me to the bathroom and turns on the shower.

"I swear dude, if you fucking tell anybody I'm doing this, I'm gonna kick your ass."

My jeans and boxers are off before I know it and the hot water is scolding my skin.

"Here," he said, thrusting the body wash and a washcloth into my hand. "That's as far as I'm going. You are going to have to wash your own balls."

He walks out and I let the water continue to burn me for a little longer before I twisted the knob on cold to lessen the heat.

I clean my body, trying to wash off my sins.

I can't. I can never be clean again. It is not working. I scrub and I scrub. My skin is still there.

I think of Alice again, and I scrub harder.

I scrub until the water runs completely cold.

There is no point.

"Eddie, what are you doing? Your skin is blood red. Stop that!"

Emmett shuts off the water and I am being dragged back into the bedroom, sopping wet. I stand there, not wanting to sit on the defiled bed.

"Here. Dry yourself off. Rose got you some of my sweats, so you can wear these. And put your glasses on," he says, rolling his eyes.

I use the towel and robotically get dressed. The clothes are too large for my

frame.

Emmett hauls me out and I notice the pile of vomit is gone. The next thing I realize, I am in the kitchen and sitting on the stool, barely holding myself up. I attempt to put my head on the counter.

"Oh, no you don't. Edward, you stop that and you stop it this instance. You are going to sit here and eat this breakfast. I don't want to hear another word about it," Rosalie orders.

I am still looking down, but I notice the plate of eggs and bacon that are being shoved in front of me.

I didn't realize how hungry I was until I practically inhaled the food, my strength finally being restored to my body.

"Edward, Em and I are not putting up with your bullshit anymore. You caused this mess and you are going to fix it. You take today off and then tomorrow you need to get your ass back to class before you fail. And you better get your lazy behind over Isabella's place. She's been crying every day and you haven't once tried to talk to her, or call her or anything."

Oh no. I made the situation worse. I've been drowning in my own pool of shame, and I have yet to make an effort to apologize or anything.

But what if she won't talk to me? What if she shuts me out? What if she hates me?

No, she already stated that she did. She made that LOUD and CLEAR.

I swallow down the rest of my orange juice and clear my throat to talk.

"Uh, thanks Emmett and Rosalie. For everything," I said guiltily.

Emmett was right, what he said a few days ago. I had been moping around for weeks now, not being a good friend to them. All they ever did was try to cheer me up and I threw it back in their faces. I was going to change that. But first? I had to talk to Isabella.

"No, problem. That's what friends are for."

He grinned down at me and I managed a small smile.

"Okay, Rosalie, ready for the gym?"

"Sure thing!" she says beaming up at him. "Oh, and Edward?"

"Yes?" I ask, raising my eyebrow at her, a grim look on my face.

"Isabella is, uh, fragile right now. So whatever you do, don't say the S word to her."

"Uh, ok?" I half answered confused. Why would I curse at my Isabella?

She pats me on the shoulder and I watch as she and Emmett leave the apartment, holding hands.

I wanted that.

I had to talk to her.

I was pulling up at Isabella's condo building when I realized what Rosalie meant.

S word.

Sorry.

Whatever you do, don't say 'I'm sorry.'

My repetitive nightmares flashed before my eyes and in that moment, I vowed to not use that word. If it ended with My Isabella leaving me forever, I would avoid it at all costs.

Long, deep breaths.

I courageously knocked on the door; ignoring the doorbell.

One knock. No answer.

Two knocks. No answer.

Three knocks. If I were her, I would ignore me too. I turned around, slumping my shoulders, ready to walk the pitiful path back to the elevator, when I heard the door

creak.

"Edward?"

I turned around so fast I had to stabilize myself before I got dizzy.

"Isabella!" I exclaimed, my voice squealing in relief.

And then I saw her face.

Her eyes were red and her hair was knotted up into some sort of messy ponytail. She on a white sweatsuit; wearing no socks or shocks.

Beyond the hurt on her face was anger. Pure, unadulterated, anger.

"Um, Isabella, can we talk? Please? Please?" I begged.

She took a moment and glared at me.

"There's nothing you can say to me right now," she replied angrily, shutting the door.

"Isabella, Wait!" I nudged the door open with my foot before she could close it all of the way.

"What the hell are you doing? Get the hell out!" she screamed.

"No. Isabella, we need to talk. You don't have to say anything, but *please*, just listen," I pleaded.

Her arms were folded across her chest, but it looked more like she was holding herself upright.

"Fine," she relented. She walked past me and shut the door and walked over to sit on her couch.

"Fuck yeah, you can touch me. I'll show you how. Let's go sit on the couch," she instructed.

She took my hand and led me to the sofa. I stared at her behind. It was firm and soft looking at the same time.

I sat down and she straddled me. I could feel her heat coming in waves off of her.

I shook my head, willing the memory to leave my mind. Now was not the time to get an erection. This is what had gotten me into this mess in the first place.

"I'm waiting, Edward."

I sat in the couch several cushions away from her, trying to give her the space she needed.

I cleared my throat and swallowed the large lump that was forming.

"I, uh," I blew out a large breath of air. "Isabella, this is my fault."

She rolled her eyes and laughed without humor. "You think?"

"That didn't come out right. What I meant to say was, what happened was a mistake. I know you are probably not going to believe me, but that night, I thought *she* was you. I have never slept with her and would never do that to you. I have been waiting for you. Everyday. Everyday that passed by, I thought of you. I prayed for you. I couldn't wait to see your beautiful face again or to see your smile or to just hold you and wrap my arms around you. I didn't know how long you would be gone or where exactly you were at, but I waited. I couldn't eat, I slept constantly-anything to spin the wheels of time until I could see you again. I couldn't function. That night, I was dreaming and I swear, Isabella, I swear I thought it was you. I wasn't wearing my glasses and the optometrist said I had astigmatism and I know none of this is making any sense, but I guess, I wanted it so bad to be you and I just... you're my albatross, Isabella."

By this time, I had tears streaming down my face and my head was buried in my hands. I couldn't even look into her beautiful brown eyes.

"Fuck, Edward. I don't even know what an albatross is."

It's a bird, my precious. It's a bird that returns home to its mate but doesn't expect to see the mate getting sucked off by their best friend.

"Edward, I left because I needed help. You told me it's you or nothing. And I chose you. I chose to live. I didn't want to die, and you are the one who made me realize that. But this? This IS death, THIS is not living. This is fucking ridiculous. How many times did I want to go and snort snow and give up trying? How many times did I almost walk out of that rehab place and say 'fuck it!' How many times did I cry

myself to sleep because it was just too hard? I had to do that shit cold turkey. No meds, no nothing. But I didn't give up Edward. I didn't give up because I thought of you and how much you loved me and how much I wanted to come back home. I didn't give up because I value what we have....what we had. I wanted to call you, but if I heard your beautiful voice I would have been on the first plane back here and I couldn't do it. That would be giving up and I'm a fucking fighter!"

"But you and Alice? I know I was gone for a while. I would even understand if you had started dating someone else. But Alice? Do you know what I was feeling while I watched you two? God, Edward. It hurt. It hurt so bad I wanted to rip my heart out. I had that scumbag Eric fuck around on me once. That...that could be expected. But you? You are supposed to be the clean one. The pure one. And now you are tainted Edward. Tainted and full of lies. I don't even fucking care if you thought it was me! That's bullshit and you know it. But even if you did, what's done is done. There's no going back, Edward. There's no rewind button, and no do-overs."

"You made your choice. Whether it was intentional or not, whether you thought it was me or not- I can't do this, Edward. I came back from California wanting to be a better person. If rehab taught me anything, it's that right here, right now is my turning point. I need to make the progression to see the prospect of a new future for me. And if I keep holding onto the past, I'll fail. I'll be a failure. I did not go to hell and back to lose everything I've worked for."

"If I am going to be with someone, I need that person to be loyal."

"I can Isabella, I mean, I am, I just-"

"I've been playing tag too long with my life Edward. And you are not it."

I finally turned to look at My Isabella, and she just stared at me.

That's when it hit me like a ton of bricks.

She was no longer My Isabella.

She was not My Beautiful.

She was not My Precious.

She was not My Anything.

For the first time in a long time, I came to the conclusion that she was not mine.

She leaned over and gave me a final peck on the cheek. She got up and walked away; leaving me sitting on her couch.

I, however, couldn't move. I was glued to the seat.

"You need anything, man?" Emmett said, looking at me concerned while I sat on the recliner.

"No, thank you Emmett," I answered graciously.

"Alright, Rose and I headed out to dinner. I'll make sure we bring you something back."

"Thank you," I repeated, turning back around. I was still trying to get caught up on my course load, not really accomplishing anything. My mind is blank and I can hardly concentrate on speaking, much less dinner.

As long as Isabella was gone, I would starve.

"Em, c'mon, we are going to be late for our reservations."

"That's your fault, taking forever to do your hair."

"Shove it, douchebag. You just *had* to get a quickie in before we left."

"Can you just grab the keys so I can open the door?"

"Alright, alright. I'm coming."

Door opens.

"OH MY GOD! "

"Em, she's bleeding everywhere! Someone fucking call 911!"

I abruptly turned to look towards the door to see what all of the commotion was about.

One large kitchen knife and someone can be gone. A tub full of water may take longer, but it is more peaceful. Electric shock? Possible, but unlikely.

So many ways to end a life and no matter which route a person decides, none of them will be respected.

But it can be done.

So, whacha think? Review, please. I need it more than I need Geekward.

Chapter 17 Separate But Not Equal

SM owns everything. I own a husband addicted to Warcraft. If someone could invent a TwiCraft, we might be in business.

Some of you may not have anticipated this chapter, but I swear- it's worth it and there's no overlaps. Someone just needs to get their point across!

"You walked away from the one person who never left your side."

Anonymous

APOV

I leaned back in my chair and stared at the pile of work on my desk. I had 2 appointments to go to today and I was absolutely positive none of them would be made. Since I was away from my work all of the time, the paperwork had multiplied like bunnies and I had made little progress on picking out the wall colors for Bree Williams's dining room or ordered the furniture for Demetri Saunders's office.

FUCK YOU EDWARD AND FUCK YOU ISABELLA!

I threw down my pen in a rage.

I was pissed. It was seven in the morning and I had been up since leaving Edward's apartment crying my eyes out like a little baby. But I am not a baby.

"I thought you were Isabella."

Well you thought wrong, Nerd Boy.

Dammit. I looked fucking fantastic in my white panty set and after giving that damn boy the best blowjob of his life, the only thing he can do is yell at me and tell me he thought I was that coke-whore.

Whatever.

I had spent the last several months of my life giving him a shoulder to cry on and fixing him dinner and helping him complete his assignments when he was too damn

sad to pick up a fucking pencil.

I fucking loved him. He has the audacity to tell me I don't know what love is. Love is being there for you when your drugged up girlfriend decides to leave you and doesn't tell you where she is going.

Love is when I let you lay on my lap and allow you to soak your tears through my brand new jeans I had paid full price for.

Love is when I give you an orgasm most people would die for and don't expect anything in return.

Love? I know what fucking love is.

I am stronger than this. Fuck them all. Rosalie is supposed to be my friend and she was holding on to B like she couldn't stand on her own two feet.

She is so freaking dramatic.

Emmett was over there coddling her like a five year old who had fallen off her bike.

And Edward was too busy leaning in front of her attempting to apologize.

What do I get?

Do I get any sympathy for being the one stomped over? For being used?

Does Alice Brandon get anything in return?

NO! I give and I give and I give.

This is the story of my life. I should have realized there are no happy endings. There is no castle and a knight on a white horse coming to save my ass.

I have always had to do on my own and this is no different.

My mom died at the end of my freshman semester and ever since then, I've had to take over Elegant Designs all by myself.

19 years old and the owner of a small company. I didn't know what I was doing, but I learned and I learned fast.

If I could do that, then I could do anything.

I am not to be walked over.

They don't know who the fuck they are messing with.

Isabella Cullen was going to wish she had never met me.

I called a few of my customers and rescheduled my appointments for the following week.

I needed a vacation.

I deserved a vacation.

Anything to get *him* off of my mind.

It seemed profane to try to work when I couldn't concentrate.

Turning on my laptop, I looked up several flights to Key West. There was one leaving tonight at 8 pm. I bought my ticket online and printed off my confirmation information, and then booked for a hotel in the area. Good. I had to get the hell out of town. Some sunshine for a few days would be beneficial. Chicago was swallowing me whole and I didn't even recognize myself anymore.

I went to go take a shower, but passed by the mirror and saw my reflection. My hair was a mess and my eyes were red from all of my tears.

No more, Alice. No more.

He is not worth it.

She is not worth it.

I jumped in the shower, grateful for the soothing heat. I tried to let my mind relax but all I kept thinking about was her.

"52 days clean."

In reality, I was surprised she had even made it out of there alive. Oh yeah, I knew where she had gone.

I had called Carlisle and Esme when he told me she had went to her parent's house. Little did Edward know, they only lived a good fifteen minutes away from him. But that fact was confidential. If B didn't want him to know where she was, then I wasn't going to be the one to divulge that little bit of information.

When her parents told me she had flown to California for Premier Changes, I figured she would go there and sneak the hell out every night. She had more money than she knew what to do with. A hundred dollar bill here, another fifty there and she could go get high whenever she wanted.

But she had actually gotten clean.

It doesn't matter. She was still a backstabber and a liar.

She doesn't get a prize for getting off of drugs. She should have never gotten on them.

I stepped out of the shower and continued to get ready for my day. I had to call some of my employees to let them know I was going out of town and they could handle my affairs until I arrived back. Garrett could take on any new customers that called. He was my main man and an asset to this company. I was grateful my Mom had good employees that were reliable.

Which is more than I could say for the people in my life.

After I was dressed, I walked into my kitchen and grabbed a bowl of oatmeal and some wine.

Yea, I know it's early. I don't care.

I was about to sit down and my phone rang.

I looked at the Caller ID.

Rosalie.

No, fuck you bitch. You are a traitor. You are supposed to be *my* friend, not hers.

I sat around the rest of the day, drinking, watching television, and stewing in anger. I was no longer sad. I was resentful.

Six o'clock came before I knew it and I called a cab to come pick me up to take me

to the airport.

I was packing the last of my belongings when I heard a horn outside of my house.

Thank goodness.

I cut off all of the lights and locked up, walking outside into the frigid air, thankful I would be out of this hell hole in just a few hours. The cab driver helped me put my luggage into his vehicle and we drove silently to the airport. I stared out the window, noticing how little life the big city had for me.

I paid the cab driver and grabbed my luggage, and hustled through the busy terminals. I checked in at the desk, confirming my tickets after a long wait in line, and remained standing until it was time to go through security. After all of that nonsense, I sat down in the departure lounge, quietly reading a magazine until my plane was ready to board.

My flight blinked on the screen and I leapt up, grabbing my hand luggage, and walked through the terminal to get on the plane.

G-13, G-13. Oh, there it is. Yes! Window seat! I was silently praying I wasn't going to be sitting next to some crying baby the whole flight when a hot guy sat next to me.

Hot damn.

Edward, who?

I looked away, pretending to read the book I had in front of me, and ignoring the flight attendant as she gave directions about seatbelts and cellphones.

"Hey, what's up? I'm Tyler. Tyler Crowley," he said, reaching out his hand towards me, grinning widely. He had caramel colored skin and small dark curls for hair. His brown eyes penetrated into mine, waiting for my response.

"Hi, I'm Alice Brandon," I giggled, shaking his hand back.

I am such an idiot.

"So Key West, huh?" he asked, never taking his eyes off of me.

"Uh, yea. I needed a break. Big time. And you?"

"I have some business to take care of and some clients to meet." I noticed his suave navy business suit for the first time.

Good taste.

"Really? What kind of business are you in?"

The plane started to leave the runway, and we both pause our conversation. I was waiting for my ears to pop as I hung on tightly to my seat. I forgot how much I hated to fly. Once the plane had straightened out, he answered my question.

"Uh, I work for an accountant company. My boss sent me down there to handle some financial arrangements for another corporation we are trying to get a contract with."

"Oh. Sounds interesting," I said lamely.

Usually I can't shut my mouth and now I can barely form two words. This was embarrassing on all types of levels.

"Yea, it's okay. At least I get to travel for free. So how long are you going to be on vacation?"

Such an easy question, and yet it was a loaded one.

I don't know. Maybe an eternity. Chicago doesn't want me anymore.

"About a week," I answer. Tyler didn't need to know what a nut job I was or my inner ramblings.

"Cool. Maybe we'll see each other around, then?" he asked hopefully.

"Yea. Sure. That would be nice."

He nodded his head at me and then turned back around to put on his headphones to his iPod.

I directed my attention back to the book I was not reading. I was asleep before I knew it.

"Alice! Alice! Wake up! We're here!"

I stirred awake, forgetting where I was before I discovered Tyler was shaking me.

Oh no. I had fallen asleep.

Please don't let me have drool on my face.

"Quite the snorer you are," he snickered.

I looked at him with my mouth wide open.

No. I'll take the drool. This was way worse.

"I'm kidding. I'm kidding," he continued laughing.

I managed a small smile and we both stood up, grabbing our small bags.

"It was nice to meet you Alice. Here's my business card. Call me when you get a chance." He winked at me and continued down the walkway.

Key West was going to be so much fun.

Sipping on mojitos and enjoying the sunshine was the way to live. Even though it was late November, Florida didn't seem to know the difference. I was lying on a chair, and nursing my drink at the Marriot's outdoor pool when a bunch of kids starting playing way too rough in the water and splashed me with a huge wave of water.

"Hey!" I yell jumping up. They were going to mess up my tan. I had no intentions of getting in the pool and now I was soaking wet. My blue bikini was saturated and droplets were dripping down my hair as I tried drying off as quickly as I could.

"Sorry lady!" an adorable little girl said before swimming off with her friends.

I hated kids. They were germy pint-sized bastards who picked their nose and annoyed the hell out of everyone.

That right there was the reason for my birth control.

I sighed and stopped giving the monsters the stink eye and settled back into my lounge chair, trying to squeeze the remainder of the water out of my hair. My damn

mojito now had chlorine in it. Ten bucks down the drain. As soon as I found out their room number, I was so going to charge them.

"Don't worry, you look sexy when you're wet," a deep voice said beside me.

"Tyler?" I looked up and ginned at him.

Oh, my.

His defined muscles were glistening in the sunlight and I took a moment to appreciate his body. He had toned abs and they pointed down the V-shaped area leading near his waist. He wasn't wearing any shirt and his swimming trunks were the same color as my bathing suit; only with palm trees all over them. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I told you I was on business here. Are you staying at the Marriot too?" he inquired, sitting on the empty seat next to me.

"Yea, I only booked it yesterday morning, so I was glad they had any rooms available. But I'm beginning to think you are following me," I flirted, raising my eyebrow at him.

Tyler ducked his head down and blushed. "Well, maybe a little. I thought that was you I saw heading to the pool, so I went upstairs to change. I'm busted and you caught me."

I laughed. "That's okay. I'll forgive you if you buy me a drink. Those damn kids ruined mine."

"Sure thing. You look really sexy, by the way."

He was staring at me and I watched his eyes travel down my body.

"Uh, thanks," I answered, my face flushed a beet red.

I'm so going to blame that on the heat.

The poolside waitress walked by, taking orders from the people beside us.

"Hey, Miss. Can we get two Pomegranate Mojitos? Just charge it to room 1311."

"Yes sir. Right away," the redhead said before moving along to take more orders.

"Is that okay? I don't know if you liked that kind, but it looked like what you had, so I just-" Tyler spluttered.

"No, that's good. Thanks. I mean it."

"So... You never said why you were on vacation. Isn't this an odd time to be taking a break?" he asked inquisitively.

My stomach dropped.

My day had been going so well. I had managed to keep all thoughts of Chicago out of my head since yesterday and now I was right back to where I started. Tyler noticed the sudden change of attitude.

"Sorry. I'm not trying to pry," he apologized.

"No," I said, taking a deep breath. "You're not. I just had some drama back in Chicago and I needed to get away from it all. People aren't always who you think they are."

"Hey, I get it. Say no more. Well, whatever the reason, I'm glad you're here."

His grin lit up to his eyes and I momentarily forgot all my troubles.

"Yea, me too, Tyler."

After the waitress brought us our drinks, we spent the rest of the afternoon chilling poolside, talking and eventually playing around in the water.

"It's getting late. I have a meeting at five. Can I see you later?" he asked, running the towel through his hair as he dried off.

"Sure. I'm not doing anything later."

"Great." He beamed down at me. I gave him my phone number and he programmed it into his phone that was lying beside his sunglasses.

"See you later," he waved and trotted off back into the hotel entrance.

Key West was going to have to pay me to leave.

I was getting ready to go clubbing with Tyler. I was so ecstatic that he had called and wanted to hang out with me tonight. My blow dryer was so loud I almost didn't hear my phone ringing in the next room.

I turned the switch to off and walked swiftly into the main room, and answered my phone before it stopped ringing. I didn't even check to see who it was.

Big mistake.

"Alice? Alice, I know you're there. You better not hang up on my ass or else!" Rosalie's bossy voice ranted through on the other end.

"What Rosalie? I have nothing to say to you."

I sure as hell didn't. She was another person I had crossed off. This is why you don't trust people.

"I have been calling you and you won't answer the phone. What has happened to you?"

"What has happened to *me*? What has happened to *you*? You are supposed to be my friend and then when shit goes down, you go helping *her* without even asking how I am. I am so sick of people choosing B over me," I spewed.

"Over you? What the hell does that mean? Edward? Edward never chose Isabella over you," she said angrily. I could almost see her clawing her artificial nails into her skin.

"Yes, he did. I sucked his stupid cock and the second she comes back into town, he chooses her over me."

I was being so loud at this point I was sure the neighboring room was going to call management on me.

"Alice, I hate to break it to you, but he never chose her over you. It was never you and it's never going to be you," she replied softly into the phone.

Edward's words rang into my subconscious.

"It's always been and will always be Isabella"

The walls I had been so carefully building brick by brick began to crumble.

The long distance did nothing to muffle my cries.

"Al? Honey. It's okay. It's okay. Do you want me to come over? I can cancel my morning classes," Rosalie cooed.

"No," I whispered, sniffing. "I'm not even in Chicago. I'm in Key West."

"Key West? What are you doing all the way out there?"

"I needed a break," I said stiffly, not going into detail.

"I understand. Look, Al, I'm not trying to upset you, but why? Why did you and Edward do that? You should have known there was no good going to come out of this," she reprimanded.

"No, Rose, I didn't know that. Somewhere along the line I fell in love with him and I thought he at least liked me back. He didn't. I was on the train to romance all by myself and he hadn't even bought a ticket. I put all my time and energy into him and he threw it back in my face. You think it's wrong I went after Edward? Yea, I get it. And this is probably my fault more than his. I went in his bedroom and I am the one who seduced him. It was late and he said he didn't even know it was me. As for B, she didn't even say when she was coming back and hadn't told anyone where she was going. Can you blame me? It's not my fault I started to like him. We spent almost every day together, it was bound to happen. Then she shows up at a bad time, and everyone looks at me like I'm the bad guy. You up and left me for her without even trying to console me. Or ask me how I was feeling. I got my heart broken too, and no one even cares. And B is no longer my friend. I made that clear a long time ago. No one made her get on drugs and no one made her leave. And now we are all supposed to welcome her back with open arms. I don't think so. Nope. Not gonna happen," I finished, blowing my nose on a tissue.

Rosalie blew out a gust of air. "I get it Al, I'm starting to sympathize with you more. But you are the one who left everyone else to clean up this mess. Isabella is stuck at home and won't leave. I hope she won't relapse over this shit. And Edward won't come out of his damn room. No one is talking and no one is apologizing. You can hide down in Flordia for as long as you want, but you can't hide forever. Just because you flush shit, doesn't mean it's not floating somewhere."

I rolled my eyes at her analogy. "Thanks for calling Rose, but I'm still pissed at you for leaving me. I've got a hot date and I need to finish getting ready."

"Damn, that was fast," she quipped.

"Well, I need someone drama free at the moment. I'm just having fun, that's all. I'm trying to get my mind off of things this week."

"Okay bitch, but you and I are not done talking. Call me when you are heading back to Chi-town. And stay away from raunchy dudes. We don't you coming back with your va-jay-jay falling off."

I wrinkled my nose in disgust. "Gross, Rose. Trust me, I'm not. I should be back by the end of the week, so I'll call you then."

We said our goodbyes and I finished blow drying my hair and curling it, attempting to get Rosalie's conversation out of my mind. My gold dress was lying on my bed and I put it on, strapped up my shoes and put on my jewelry.

I had to admit, I looked good.

If my mother were still alive, she wouldn't have let me walk out of the house in this dress. It was gold and it was barely held together except the thin strap in the back and one going vertically down my abdomen. It was awfully short, but I had bought it earlier that day in one of the boutiques near the hotel. I grabbed my clutch and my room keycard and walked out to meet Tyler down in the lobby.

"Damn, woman!" he exclaimed, watching me as I met him near the lobby fountain. I smiled as he twirled me around with his hand. "You look hot!"

I smiled at him, grinning from ear to ear.

"Thanks! You ready to go?"

"Sure. They said Eclipse was the hottest club around here. I'm ready to hang out with the most beautiful girl in the world."

I laughed at his compliment and before I knew it we were making our way through the crowds of people. It was a Tuesday night, but no one seemed to know the difference.

"You wanna drink?" he yelled into my ear as we approached the bar.

I nodded instead of trying to talk. It was way too loud. I downed two shots of liquor and we relocated to the dance floor. I was swaying my hips against his crotch as he was dancing with me, kissing along my neck.

Maybe it was the atmosphere, maybe it was the alcohol, but I slowly stopped noticing the people around me.

I turned around and grabbed onto his gray tee, rubbing myself against his body. He put my arms around his neck and we continued to bump and grind to the beat of Rihanna's music.

It was exhilarating. Tyler made me feel so good, and for once, I wasn't focused on any of the troubles that had weighed me down in Chicago.

Here, there was no B, there was no Edward, and it was just Tyler and his warm breath whispering in my ear.

"Hey, you ready to get out of here?"

I nodded against him and he took my hand, leading me out of the club. He hailed a cab and we climbed in. I was adjusting in my seat when he slid to my side and started kissing my neck.

I moaned and found his lips and we were kissing passionately. He pushed into me closer and I could feel his erection against my leg. The kiss broke and he started kissing my neck again, causing me to shudder. The car stopped and Tyler threw money at the driver, and we ran inside.

"So, you want to do this? You can say no, if you don't want to. I mean it," he said, gently rubbing my back, as we paused at the elevator.

I fluttered my eyes and gave a shaky nod.

"Yea, I want to," I replied and my chest was pounding. I was so nervous. I shook my head, trying to relax my nerves and pushed him inside of the elevator, attacking him as soon as he pushed his floor number.

My lips were pressed against his and our hands were all over each other.

We kept kissing as he led us to his door and he slid his card in, waiting impatiently for the light to turn green.

I walked in backwards, unbuttoning his shirt as we made our way into the dark room, the moonlight glowing softly through the window. He was messing with my dress in the back when he suddenly dropped his hands.

"What?" I said in panic. Had he changed his mind? Did he not want me?

"I can't get your dress off," he admitted, looking defeated.

I laughed at him. "Oh, sorry. I have to untie it around my neck."

I slipped it around my head and allowed the rest of my dress to fall.

He gasped.

"You didn't...you weren't...you weren't wearing anything underneath the whole night?"

I shrugged. "The dress was too low," I reasoned.

Tyler growled and ran his hands over my breasts and kissed them, gently moving me back towards the bed. He got up for a moment to retrieve a condom out of his luggage and laid it on the bed, returning his attention back towards me. He inserted to fingers inside of me and I almost came on the spot. It felt so good.

"You are so beautiful, Alice," he whispered, while trying to take off his pants. I helped him and he shrugged them off before tearing the wrapper of the condom off with his teeth.

He was leaning over top of me and I stroked his large cock while looking up at him. He bent over to kiss me, and put the condom on and waited at my entrance.

He looked at me expectantly for permission and I nodded silently, thankful he was concerned about me.

He pushed himself into me hard and I gripped onto his shoulders for support. I winced from his large size and tried to relax. It had been such a long time, but he felt good. He moaned against my ear and I held him tighter, drawing my legs around his waist, causing him to go in deeper. We both cried out in pleasure.

Tyler glided in and out of me slowly and I felt a tear run down my cheek.

He paused. "You okay?" he asked with reservation.

"Yea. It just feels so intense. Keep going please," I begged.

I gasped for air and I poured all of myself into our motions. I couldn't even put

into words how it felt to be wanted. He wanted me and only me.

Tyler trailed his tongue along my lower lip and bit it, causing a sensation to run through my body. My fingertips dragged across his shoulder blades and he continued to thrust into me. My inner desperations triggered me to bite his neck, and he groaned, kissing me feverishly.

I clenched my legs together, feeling my oncoming orgasm, and he reacted.

"Baby, I'm going to come," he warned, burying his head into my neck and I tightened my grip on his shoulders.

I combusted a few seconds before he did, quivering violently against him as he pushed into me one final time before releasing everything he had.

We lay against one another for a minute before he rolled over, pulling the latex off and snuggled against me.

Key West might have very well been the best decision of my life.

Beep. *"Hey Tyler, its Alice again, I know you said you had a breakfast meeting, but I was wondering if you could do lunch. The receptionist said there was a great seafood place around here, so let me know if you want to go...bye."*

Beep. *"Tyler, it's Alice, you were probably busy during lunch, but the pool is practically empty if you wanted to join me. Hope to see you there. Talk to you soon."*

Beep. *"Hey, me again. I don't mean to blow up your phone. Maybe you cut it off. Anyways, what do you want to do for dinner? We can do room service or go out. It's your choice. I just want to see you again. Call me back."*

Beep. *"Tyler, Is your phone broken? I hope not otherwise I'm going to sound like an idiot saying messages you are never going to get, so I really hope that's not what happened. I dropped my phone in water before and had to pay like a bunch of money to get it replaced because I didn't pay for insurance and the guy was being a prick, so yeah... At any rate, hit me up when you get a chance."*

It was Wednesday afternoon and Tyler hadn't returned my calls. I probably shouldn't be calling him so much. I didn't want to mess up any business deals he might have with clients.

I had never felt so rejuvenated in my life. Tyler and I had spent the entire night making love, and the only time we finally broke contact was when he had to leave early this morning for a meeting. I had kissed him goodbye and went back to my room to shower. I tried to make plans with him all day, but he must be a really busy guy.

I was lying on the bed about to fall asleep when my phone rang. Yes!

"Hey Tyler, I wondered when you'd-"

"Al? This isn't Tyler. It's Rosalie. Who is Tyler?"

"Uh, he's this guy..."

"Al, I don't have the time! You've got to come home! Something's wrong with Isabella!"

"What? So? That's not my problem!"

"Al! I am not playing with you. First Edward has been a mess and then I went over to go see her and she was a wreck. She said Edward came over and she was trying to handle it all, but now she's having a breakdown. I think I calmed her down for a little bit, but she can't get hooked back on drugs again! She can't Al!"

"So what you're telling me is that you want me to come home and comfort my ex best friend who lied to me and stole the guy I was in love with after being gone for two months?"

"YES! I swear, Al, if you don't get your ass back home right now, I'm never going to talk to you again. I mean it. GET HOME NOW!"

I groaned loudly. "I'll think about it," I said and hung up on her.

Rosalie was going to whoop my ass for that one.

I couldn't sleep now. Chicago drama had managed to creep its way back into my Florida Sunshine and I needed a drink. I threw on a sundress and grabbed my phone and keycard. The hotel had a nice bar downstairs and I was going to take full advantage of it.

I loved this place. I would definitely be visiting again soon. The place was growing on me. I walked up to bar and sat on the stool.

"Hi ma'am, what can I get for you?" the bartender asked.

"Dry Martini, olive, no lemon," I replied. Rosalie's phone call had left me stressed out and I needed something strong.

"Angela, you are so beautiful," a familiar voice murmured and a female giggled softly.

I swiveled on the seat and found Tyler sitting at a nearby table snuggled up to some girl, running his fingers through her hair.

That slimy bastard!

I locked eyes with him and he sat there looking stunned, probably thinking of how he was going to talk his way out of this mess.

I started to rise off the chair when my phone beeped with a message.

Alice, I know you are mad at me, but PLEASE, PLEASE call me. I need you. PLEASE. ~I.C.

Don't worry, B. Key West holds nothing for me here.

I'm coming home.

Do we understand Alice better? I'm starting to feel sorry for the chick. Okay, next chapter will pick up where 16 left off. Thanks for reading!

Dont forget to review. I hate to beg but I'm gonna have to pull a Jacob on you guys. I'll beg AND take off my shirt!

Chapter 18 Superficial Dream

SM owns everything. I own a weirdly worded chapter because I was listening to music. Listen to "Everything" by Lifehouse while you read.

You are not supposed to know what character is saying what line. I did it that way because...well, 'cause I can!

"The human heart is like a vase; when it gets broken, you can try your hardest to glue the pieces back together. Even if you do, the cracks & chips from the past remain unfixable..."

Anonymous

EPOV

Dear God,

I am so angry with you. I'm frustrated. I feel like I'm falling out of love with you sometimes. I try really hard to continue with my life, but it's difficult to realize you have left me. How can I open my eyes knowing I have another day of pain left? Another day of hurt? I can't process this. I can't sing a song or play guitar or have any musical outlet to pour my heart out into. Can you love me unconditionally? I don't know if I can do the same with you.

I am so angry.

Can you hear me, God? I am so resentful. Please, please hear me. The tears are falling so fast I can't hear myself. 22 years is not enough to learn to handle heartache.

It is not enough time.

The colors are blurring together and I can't tell them apart.

Where is the clarity?

Love is subjective.

You love Chinese food. You love a shirt you bought.

That word is so overly used it becomes absurd.

It cannot be defined.

I am so angry.

Do you know all I have been through? Where have you been? Where were your arms when I needed you to hold me? Where were your feet when I needed you to walk for me?

TELL ME!

I can't walk anymore.

I won't walk anymore.

Please. Please carry me.

I can't do it alone.

I am so angry.

"OH MY GOD! "

"Em, she's bleeding everywhere! Someone fucking call 911!"

I abruptly turned to look towards the door to see what all of the commotion was about.

Alice stood there, bleeding from both of her wrists.

"Al? Al? What have you done?" Rosalie screams, frozen, unable to move her feet.

Gravity has lost all sense of its profession and it fails her. She faints at the door and half of her body is thrown limply into the apartment entrance. The steady trickle of crimson blood flowed onto the cream carpet and it is forever stained. There are not enough buckets in the world to capture it all. The edge of the razor blade that is still in her fragile fingers drops loosely from her fingers.

I cannot move. I do not want to move. This cannot be happening. One day of peace. All I need is one day of unending calm.

Isabella suddenly appears and rushes through the doorway, nearly tripping over Alice.

She's here. My angel is here.

"Oh God, I tried to stop her! I didn't mean to and she was yelling and then she left and I couldn't find her. Oh God. Alice! Wake up, please. I'm here! Please, God, please wake up!" she was sobbing erratically and shaking Alice's unresponsive body.

"Honey, stop that! You'll hurt her!" Rosalie cries.

"Girls, back up. Edward, get your ass up and stop staring. Call 911. Little B and Rose, get some towels so we can stop the bleeding. I'll put her on the couch," Emmett ordered, the calm in the midst of the chaos.

"No!" Isabella shouted, halting everyone in their movements. "I'll call my Dad. If you call 911 they'll put her in a psych ward. I've seen it too many times. Please. Just let me call my Dad!"

I get up as Emmett nods swiftly, picking up Alice as the blood dropped in a trail as he walked towards the couch. He lays her gently down, putting her head on a pillow as her head lifelessly falls backwards, her hair spilling across her face. Isabella rushes over and touches the side of her neck and feels for her heartbeat.

"She's still breathing! Rosalie, where the fuck are those towels?" she screamed, looking down the hallway.

She ran into the kitchen and pulled out her cellular phone.

"C'mon, c'mon," she pleaded, biting her fingernails, pacing from side to side. Her chestnut colored hair was frantically swinging, unaware that it was in her way.

"Dad! It's Isabella! You've got to get here! Alice has slit her wrists and she's fucking bleeding everywhere and I don't know what to do. She's breathing but the blood...there's so much blood!"

Pause.

"Yea Dad, we're doing that!" Isabella groaned in exasperation.

Pause.

"Uh, uh...no!"

"Dad, if I call 911, they'll fucking lock her ass away. You already know that. She's my best friend. I can't let that happen!"

Pause.

"Oh, God. Thank you, Dad. Thank you. 7749 Bramble Street. It's the tan apartment building right on the corner. Third floor, Apartment B. You'll see my Range Rover outside. Hurry!"

Rosalie and I are each kneeling on the floor, holding a white towel to both of Alice's wrists, watching it change colors.

"You guys are doing it wrong!" Isabella yelled, running and pushing our arms away, refusing to make eye contact with me. "You have to elevate her arms and apply direct pressure. I'll do it myself! Someone go get a cloth to put on her head. I SAID 'GO'!"

"Fuck Alice, wake up Baby. B's here, B's here. Wake up sweetie!"

"I SAID WAKE THE FUCK UP!"

"Little B, shhh, I've got her, let me get her," Emmett whispered, taking Alice's arms out of her grips, releasing Isabella's hold.

I grabbed Isabella and I wrapped my arms around her shaking body.

"Let go of me...please, let go of me!" she sobbed, grabbing onto my shirt and burying her head.

"I've got you beautiful. She's going to be alright. She's going to be okay." I rocked her body back and forth as her tears soaked through my shirt. I could feel her heartbeat pounding through her chest. She grabbed my locks of hair and held me closer to her body.

She started gasping for air. "She's not. My fault. It's all my fault," she whispers, choking on her tears.

"This isn't your fault, honey," Rosalie bends down, stooping next to us.

"Yes it is..I..I asked her to come home. And she did, but she came to the door and I lost it. I was so angry. I asked her how she could do this to me. And then she started yelling and saying I was a bitch. She's right. She's so fucking right. I left and I treated her badly and I never appreciated her. I lost her trust, and she'll never forgive me. She said so. And then she said Edward always wanted me and never her and she was just a waste of breath and no one wanted her. She said no one wanted her..."

She leaves out of my hold and turns her attention back to Alice, and holds her hand.

"Alice, Alice, please. I am so sorry. I am so sorry. Please forgive me." Kiss. "You are worth it. I want you Alice, please, We want you." Kiss. "Please be okay. We need you." Kiss.

"Oh God, she's going to die, she's not going to make it."

"She's so cold."

"She's fine. Everyone shut the fuck up!"

"The blood is still pouring- it won't stop."

"Alice! Alice! YOU FUCKING BITCH, WAKE THE FUCK UP!"

"Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God."

"Can she hear us? "

"Stop moving her, you are going to make it worse!"

"Her wounds are gushing out!"

"Rose, the cloth is getting cold, go get another one!"

"It's not going to help!"

"Where in the fuck is my Dad?"

"I love you Al, please don't die! We can't do this without you!"

"You better not die on us! Stay awake! You, bitch, you better stay awake!"

"She is so cold. Her heart rate is slowing!"

"Al, we have you! Please stay with us!"

"Why is she so pale?"

"She's strong, she can do this!"

"Apply more pressure; you have to hold it harder!"

"Don't you fucking do this Al!"

Alice's eyes fluttered as she regained consciousness.

"She's fine! She's fine!" I yell.

Alice sits up straight on the couch, taking the towels and wiping her arms completely down.

The blood is rubbed clean.

There are no cuts. Her arms are fine. They slightly tan, but they are no longer frail.

Emmett and Rosalie stand up and sit next to her on the couch.

All three of them stare at us, and don't say a single word.

My head, my head hurts so much. I don't understand.

Isabella reaches over and grabs my hand, as we stay kneeled on the floor.

"I love you."

"I love you."

Dr. Cullen suddenly appears through the door.

"Edward!" he shouts.

I don't understand. The room is spinning and nothing makes sense. My body is hollow and it is difficult to comprehend what is happening. I am so confused.

Isabella collapses on top of me and we both fall to the floor.

There are bodies and red cups everywhere.

I can barely see the snowflakes on the coffee table.

I don't know what is going on, but I know that I am not home.

Confused? Review and then read some more. Reviewing makes the world go round. Whoever told you it was love, Lied!

Chapter 19 Surrounded

SM owns everything. I own a chapter you guys are going to be really pissed at. But I've planned it this way since the beginning!

ALERT NOTIFICATIONS: MAKE SURE YOU READ CH 18 FIRST FOR SOME REASON FF MAY HAVE NOT SENT AN ALERT, AND I DONT WANT YOU TO ACCIDENTLY READ THIS ONE B/C YOU CLICKED ON AN EMAIL LINK!

"You can try to glue the pieces back together but some things cannot be fixed"

Anonymous

James's House- October 15th

"I think his name is Edwin."

"No, it's Edward. His name is Edward."

"Sir, we have some I.D. Edward Masen, age 22, local University of Chicago student."

"BP is 160 over 100."

"Heart rate is too high, we need Diazepam, stat!"

"What's your name, son?"

"James. It was just supposed to be a regular Friday night party...."

"Edward! Stay with me. I need you to stay with me."

"How long have they been down?"

"I don't know man, we...we...all ...so high. It was too much! I told them to slow down, but they kept blowing that shit!"

"Charly! Charly get your ass over here and help me! I need to get to my daughter!"

"Right on it sir!"

"Someone start an Epi."

"IV's are in, sir."

"Sir, I'm trying to move him, but their hands are intertwined. I can't tear them apart."

"Leave them be. Bella, sweetheart, Daddy's here! I need you breathe honey, I need you to breathe."

1...2...3...Blow

1...2...3...Blow

1...2...3...Blow

"Someone hand me the defibrillator! We have to shock them. Move your asses. Someone shock the fucking boy!"

"Turn it to 200!"

"Charging....Clear!" SHOCK

"Again!"

"Charging...Clear!" SHOCK

"Again!"

"He's gone sir. He's gone."

Switching defibrillator to Isabella.

"Charging...Clear!" SHOCK

"Again!"

"It's not working! Turn it to 300!"

"Charging...Clear!" SHOCK

"Again!"

"Carlisle!"

"Again!"

"Carlisle. You have to call it."

"Edward Anthony Masen. Time of Death 2:57 A.M."

"Isabella Marie Cullen. Time of Death 2:58 A.M."

Don't get mad. Read the next chapter! And review. I'm kinda partial to those...

Chapter 20 Superhero

SM owns everything. I own the FINAL CHAPTER of We Are All Made Of Glue!

Check out new ONE-SHOT "How to fix a Pretty Boy" when you are finished! Thanks

This is it...*tear*

"You know, life fractures all of us into little pieces. It harms us, but it's how we glue those fractures back together that make us stronger."

Carrie Jones

CarlislePOV

I adjusted the tie that seemed too tight around my neck and tried to swallow the lump around my throat.

My palms were sweaty and my knee was jerking up and down repeatedly. I glanced over at Alice, Isabella's best friend and interior designer who was trembling in her seat. Edward's roommate and girlfriend, Emmett and Rosalie, held on to each other tightly. His Aunt Renee leaned on Esme for support, her eyes swollen and puffy.

I squeezed my wife's hand and gave her a meek kiss upon the cheek before rising up to stand at the podium. There were so many faces. So many lives.

"Ahem. Thank you University of Chicago for having me. I stand here before you not as a medical doctor, not as a man, but as a Father. As most of you know, my daughter Isabella Cullen and her friend Edward Masen died of a cocaine overdose two weeks ago on October 15th. They never made it to Halloween or had a Thanksgiving dinner. They never got to graduate or pursue their dream jobs. They never got to marry or have beautiful children... I walked into the house at the wee hours of the morning after receiving a frantic phone call, and when I saw my daughter, I thought, "No, God- Anyone but her." Isabella was a strong person. She was a determined person. She made excellent grades all through high school, and when she got accepted here, I thought... I thought it was the best thing that has

ever happened to her. She was majoring in nursing and I thought 'Wow, she is really going to change some lives.' I was wrong."

"Isabella is not going to change 'some' lives-she is going to change everyone's. As much as I tried, I couldn't save my own daughter's life. I couldn't save her friend Edward. Isabella used to tell me when she was little she was going to be a superhero. She would take a towel and tuck it into the back of her shirt and run around the house."

I glance back to Esme, smiling softly.

"I used to say 'Sweetie, superheroes aren't real.' And she would laugh in my face and say 'Of course they are Daddy. You're here aren't you?' "

"But I am not. I am not a superhero because I couldn't save two people when they needed me the most. Isabella is though. She may not be wearing a cape and running around here in her pigtails, but she is a protector in my eyes. As is Edward. Their life is an example and testament to others that people can change. My daughter did not get that chance. But you can. You can look for the rainbow in the sky when you see nothing but rain. You can ask for help when you feel life is getting to be too tough. Drugs are not the answer. I learned from Isabella, that your help may not come in the form of a knight and shining armor, or even wearing a cape, but it may be a best friend that doesn't know what kind of trouble you are in. Or it may be a roommate who would never suspect you would take drugs, but would be there in two seconds flat if he could. Or it can be a mother and father who love you unconditionally."

"So my fellow friends, I ask that you learn from Isabella and Edward. Get help if you need it. Don't be afraid if you are stuck in a situation and you can't unglue yourself. And if you don't need help, be that friend who wears the cape. Tuck towels on the back of your shirts, fly around with your arms out and be superheroes."

"Because that's what Isabella and Edward were to me."

So, in case you didn't understand, NONE of this story ever happened. Isabella and Edward were in a dream state after they did drugs at James's House. They died that night. They never made love, Isabella never got clean, Edward never got sucked off by Alice...they never even left the party.

I hope you aren't mad. I had a Meyer-like dream and it was always

intended to end this way.

Thanks to all of those who have read, reviewed, been pissed off at my characters, are pissed off at me, or you are still in shock, and you can't move so your emotions haven't reached the Hate Level yet. Thats okay. When you come around, I'll still be here crying!

I HEART YOU ALL AND THANKS FOR READING!