

## MEMORY #3

Setting: Charlie's yard after Jacob kissed Bella against her will

Time: Spring

Age: 16

*I thought that went very well. I could tell by the look on her face that she wanted it. Why wouldn't she? She loves me—I know that, she knows that, he knows that. It was a good one too. All that practice with the pillow paid off. Course, she had to act like she didn't like it after all the denials she's been making. There ain't no way she didn't like that smacker I gave her. Well, maybe not the Frenchie part so much—have to work on that—but that so-called punch was just for show. She put her hands on my chest just like I imagined she would. I wish she would have moved them around a little more, but I'll take it. Next time...*

*She'll be thinking about me and our passion when she's by herself in her bed—I know it. Too bad he can't read her mind! That would drive him crazy! Heh, heh.*

*Oh crap! He's here. Now he's gonna piss all over my parade—if he even pisses, which I doubt. I'm not leaving. If he wants to fight, I'm ready! Charlie's definitely on my side. He's not even concerned about Bella's hand, though I am sorry about that. If I'd known she was going to throw a measly little punch, I would have held her hands behind her back. Ooh, that would be fun, come to think of it. She's sexy when she's mad.*

*Great, he's here. Oh, blah, blah, blah...like Bella's never broken a bone before. This one is nothing.*

*Oh, big whoop! Could he possibly think I'm scared that he's calling me outside? I'd gladly fight him any day, though I don't think Charlie's gonna let him throw a punch. I don't know why Charlie's afraid that Edward would hurt me, I'm bigger and way more muscled. He can't use his so-called superpowers with Charlie watching anyway, so it would be a fair match.*

*Cool! He threatened to rip my leg off! Like that's even possible. Oh...look at the big showoff, touching her face like that. I did it too...ha ha...even if she did punch me. And he said he'd break my jaw if I kissed her again...unless she wants me too. That's the key! She's gonna want it as soon as I make her see that she loves me. "She is mine," he says. I say we'll see about that!*

*Sigh. There they go...together. Oh...Bella... I am sorry I pushed you too far. I really thought you'd respond when I kissed you. I thought it would make you SEE. Please...can't you love me instead of him?? I want you. I want you...bad.*

I was happy when Bella called me to come get her, and relieved when she told me what happened (though sorry she was hurt). I knew Jacob was going to tell her he loved her and that he wanted her to choose him rather than me. To be honest, I couldn't be absolutely sure how she would react.

There are many ways in which Jacob would have been better for Bella than me...I knew that...but I was too selfish to give her up. I told him I was going to fight for her—his challenge only made me want to fight harder...and dirtier. I knew that I had at least one advantage over Jacob and that was Bella's tremendous physical desire for me. She might have felt that for Jacob too—he was

*physically impressive running around half naked, but I've always believed in the value of mystery and anticipation.*

*It was then that I decided I would ease my physical restrictions as much as I could to entice Bella and encourage her to marry me sooner than later. It was an uphill battle, but I was determined to use everything I had. Fortunately, it worked!*

*Edward*

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