

FANTASY #3

Setting: Top of the mountain

Time: The night before the battle with the newborns

Form: Human (damn!)

Yeah, he's mad. I don't care. I'm not gonna let Bella lose her toes just because HE doesn't want me to sleep with her. Well, I got news for him. I won't be doing a lot of sleeping! Not lying here with Bella as close to me as my underwear (which I'm not wearing, BTW), rubbing against me a little every time she breathes.

"Please! Do you mind?" I hissed at Jacob.

"What?"

"Do you think you could **attempt** to control your thoughts?" Damn, he gets under my skin!

"No one said you had to listen. Get out of my head."

"I wish I **could**. You have no idea how loud your little fantasies are. It's like you're shouting them at me."

"I'll try to keep it down."

[30 minutes and lots of chit-chat later]

"Sleep well, Jacob. Enjoy the moment."

I am tired, but I hate to waste this first night of sleeping with Bella, actually sleeping. Anyway, before I can sleep, I'm gonna have to figure out how to get my special friend to go to sleep too. He's WIDE awake!

"I didn't mean that quite so literally," I groaned. It was going to be a long night if Jacob kept this up.

"Sorry. You could leave, you know—give us a little privacy."

"Would you like me to **help** you sleep, Jacob?"

"You could try. It would be interesting to see who walked away, wouldn't it?"

"Don't tempt me too far, wolf. My patience isn't **that** perfect."

Jacob laughed. "I'd rather not move just now, if you don't mind."

Okay, don't think about sex, don't think about sex, don't think about sex. Here I am not thinking about sex. Gosh, what a waste. Of all the times I've had to fantasize about Bella when I was in bed with my...ahem!... "self," now I don't even have to fantasize 'cause she's right here and I can't even enjoy it. If I can't do anything about it, I should at least be able to think about doing it. But now, here she is, with her breasts poking against my chest and I can't do anything OR think anything! Ain't that the pits.

Oh good. The lee...Edward is humming. Maybe he won't be able to hear me so well now. It's darn tough not to think about the thing that someone has just asked you not to think about, especially if the thing they don't want you to think about is all you can think about because Mr. Happy is real happy. Oops. Sorry, Edward, if you're listening.

Anyway, it's a good thing...Bella feels warm now, even her frozen toes are starting to thaw out and that was supposed to be the point of my being here in this really tight sleeping bag with the only woman I'll probably ever love, who won't even let me kiss her, but she's kidding herself if she thinks she's not attracted

to me. Too bad that girls don't get hard-ons so you could tell for sure when they're all "happy." But I know Bella's attracted to me. How could she not be! I'm all hunky and warm and stuff. She definitely likes me as a wolf. She even petted me last night and leaned against me out there in the field. If he hadn't come back to Forks, we'd have made it into the sack months ago probably. Not that that's all I want, of course, but it'd sure be a good start! Heh, heh, heh.

Dops, sorry again there, Edward, ol' pal. This not-thinking-your-thoughts thing is harder than it looks, I can tell you that. But I am sleepy, I guess. Let me get this leg arranged a little better. Bella's cutting off my circulation.

WELL, hey, alrighty then!! Guess we won't be readjusting ourselves under the covers anymore. That one about got away from me. Being a teenage virgin is not the easiest thing in the world! I'll tell you!

(Oh yeah, Jacob? Try being a 108-year-old virgin! It doesn't get any better!)

Doodly doodly doo! Doodly doodly dee! Here I am not thinking about this and not thinking about that and... Oh, I know! I'll count dead bloodsuckers as I chomp off their heads. Good practice for the fight tomorrow. Chomp! One. Chomp! Two. Chomp! Three. Chomp! Four...okay I'm bored now. I'd rather count the freckles on Bella's back, or the hairs on her head, or on her... Dops! If I can't stop thinking like that, I will never fall asleep and I'll probably get chomped myself tomorrow.

Okay, one banana, two banana, three banana, four; five banana, six banana, seven banana more. Thirty thousand pounds...of bananas. Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds...of mashed bananas. Thirty thousand pounds of bananas...of bananas...thirty thousand pounds of bananas. Not no driver now, just bananas...bananas...banan—

Oh, thank the good Lord, he's finally gone to sleep. Well, maybe not all of him is asleep, but I guess he can't help that...or what he dreams about. Ack!! His dreams are worse than his thoughts!

I do appreciate it that Jacob tried to keep his thoughts under control even if it was only out of sheer embarrassment and even if he wasn't too successful. Humming doesn't really drown out Jacob's thoughts. At least I could hum Bella's lullaby and revel in the victory of her "Yes" the previous night.

Bella was going to marry me! In spite of Jacob, it was still the best night of my life.

Edward

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