Claiming The Wolf

by shadowglove88

Summary

Jacob would never understand leeches, especially if they were Edward Cullen. One minute Edward's glaring at him with hatred, the next---the next he's doing things to Jacob that the young wolf wants to hate. He really does. But Edward won't let him hate it---not when the vampire is determined to claim him as his own.

Notes

This is an OLD story (written circa 2008) which I wrote after seeing the first movie, and never posted here, so I'm remedying that.
The First Move

Sitting in the town square, eating their sandwiches and just hanging out now that she’d moved in permanently with her father, Jacob Black raised an eyebrow and looked Bella Swan over with a shake of his head as the question escaped her lips. He was disappointed, really disappointed.

His father teased him, thinking that the reason why Jacob was hanging out with Bella so much now that she’d returned to Forks after having been gone so long was because he liked her---had a crush on her. The shape-shifter stifled a grin at the thought.

Sure, Bella was really pretty, and she was nice—if not a little klutzy—but like with any other girl he’d met he just wanted to be her friend. He didn’t feel any sort of attraction towards her---not like those baboons in her high school obviously did if their behavior had anything to say.

But he liked talking to her, thought her very intelligent, so that was why he’d felt a tinge of disappointment when that question had escaped her lips after chewing and swallowing a bite of her burger.

“The Cullens. Hhmmm.” Jacob shook his head, trying to buy himself some time, wondering how much he should tell her. “I don’t really know them, to be truthful. I’ve seen the youngest of them a couple of times, but our families really don’t mix.”

“Really?” Bella frowned innocently, tilting her head to the side. “Why not?”

“Our families are like the Capulets and the Montagues.” Jacob raised an eyebrow in amusement when he saw her bite on her bottom lip, trying to hide a grin. “What?”

“Wouldn’t that make you and Edward Romeo and Juliet?” She asked cheekily, looking close to giggles.

Jacob couldn’t help but let out a bark of laughter at that thought, shaking his head. “Oh, I doubt it.” He bit into his burger and chewed, enjoying the silence before swallowing and turning to his friend. “Why all the interest in the Cullens, huh?”

A blush crept on Bella’s cheeks as she glanced down at her shoes. “It’s nothing really. It’s just that I sit next to Edward in chemistry and he’s just so---so---silent.”

Jacob waited for her to continue, and when she didn’t (just sighed and gazed ahead of her with a day-dreamish expression on her face) he rolled his eyes and shook his head. “Have you at least talked to him?”

Not that he was encouraging his friend to talk to a leech, but he was curious. Bella wasn’t the first human girl to act this way around the Cullen males---especially Edward---and Jacob just couldn’t understand it.

Despite the fact that Jacob and his people despised Edward’s kind the young native had to admit that the leech was attractive, yes, but he didn’t think that it was to the degree that he and his friends had heard the girls in Forks whispering about as they went about their daily lives on the streets.

The shape-shifter shook his head again, sneering a little in disgust at how easily the females of this town were drawn into a near-obsession with Edward Cullen.

It was pathetic, really.
But, he had to admit, it was amusing to watch sometimes.

Not that he and Edward were usually in the same place---wait, that was a lie. For the last couple of months whenever he wasn’t in the La Push territory, on the reservation, he seemed to be meeting up with Edward---not that he acknowledged the leech’s presence.

And now that he thought about it, the young native frowned. It was annoying. If he left the reservation he wanted to enjoy himself, not have a leech reeking the air and ruining the only time he had to himself.

“No.” Bella had finished her burger and was now crunching the foil in her hand into a ball. “He doesn’t really act like I’m around. He ignores me, looks at me as if I bore him whenever I try to strike up a conversation. It’s like I’m not even there.”

Jacob felt irritated for his friend’s sake. He didn’t like anyone treating Bella badly---especially not a bloodsucker. “Look, Bella, it’s for the best. Him and his family are freaks anyway. Why would you want to be friends with him in the first place?”

“I—don’t know.” And she was blushing and playing with the foil ball in her hands nervously. “It’s, uh, he’s just—uh.”

Jacob shook his head and finished his burger, rolling the foil into a ball and throwing it into the garbage container a couple of feet away, grinning wolfishly when it entered easily. “He shoots—he scores!”

Bella looked down at the ball in her hand, looked at the garbage container, and tried to shoot. It went wide and landed on the pavement. “Well, that sucks.”

Laughing, Jacob got up and picked up the piece of foil, throwing it from where he was and grinning when it flew into the garbage container perfectly once more.

“Show off.” And yet Bella was grinning as she got up.

“Says the sore loser.” Jacob smiled at Bella. Honestly, he was glad she’d returned. They’d been good friends as kids and they were just as good friends now. It was nice to just get off of the rez---away from his pack---and just enjoy himself like any other teenage boy.

Looping her arm around Jacob’s, Bella smiled up into his face. “Where do you want to go next?”

“How about a movie?” Jacob asked, remembering the horror movie that had just come out. Quil and Embry had seen it the day before and hadn’t shut up about it---and Jacob wanted to be able to have some kind of opinion about it the next time they started up.

Bella’s face lit up. “They’re showing Love You No More.”

Jacob made a face. “And I’ll forget you even mentioned that.”

Bella turned towards him with her mouth open, obviously about to say something, when the queen of klutz somehow tripped over her own shoes and would have fallen on her face on the pavement if Jacob hadn’t used his lycan-fast reflexes to catch her. He wound his arms around her waist and pulled her up towards him, pressing her into his chest.

Bella’s eyes widened and her mouth opened in shock, a tiny blush blooming on her cheeks.

Jacob grinned down into her face. “You have got to be the klutziest person I know.”
“Oh shut up.” And yet she was laughing.

Suddenly that scent wafted around his nostrils, and Jacob tensed, growling softly to himself. Why couldn’t the leech have decided to do something else today? God, it was so annoying that they seemed to like the same places and same things!

He turned his head in the direction of the scent and realized why it’d been such a strong stench. Not only was Edward Cullen there, but his four ‘siblings’ were as well, all sneering at him and Bella from where they stood as a group beneath the shade of a building.

Oh great.

He wanted to growl again, but he didn’t think he should do so in front of Bella. She didn’t understand a lot of things, she was an innocent human bystander, and he felt himself grow protective, wanting to get her away from these creatures.

His brown gaze shot to the one who annoyed him the most, ready to tell him with his gaze to fuck off, when he blinked, surprised by the utterly murderous expression in those usually emotionless eyes. Edward Cullen stood in the middle of his ‘siblings’, body stiff, eyes looking more golden than usual, those eyes narrowed and on them dangerously.

Jacob was really taken back. While he was used to the open hostility between the families, he’d never experienced this sort of hatred from the Cullens, as if he’d done something personally to piss them off---and he really couldn’t think of anything he’d done other than ignore them studiously.

The only difference today and the other days is Bella.

And it clicked in the shifter’s head as he looked down at the girl, who was still looking at him, that odd blush on her face. She’d curled her fingers in his long, loose hair and had given his dark locks a friendly tug. “Yeah?”

“You can let go of me now.” She ducked her gaze, letting go of his hair.

“I don't know if that's wise. Are you planning on falling again?” He joked, letting go of her, deciding to ignore those leeches and enjoy his time with the girl who was rapidly becoming his best friend.

“You’re so mean.” Bella grinned, slapping his shoulder before looping her arm around his once more, leaning her head against his shoulder. “So, let’s go watch a movie?”

“No chick flics,” Jacob pleaded as they made their way towards the truck his father had sold to Charlie so he could give it to his daughter as a welcome-home present.

“I’m willing to make that compromise if we agree to no horror,” Bella announced, still unaware of the Cullens and the way they were glaring at them.

Jacob winced. “But Bells--.”

“You wanted to watch a horror?” She made a face, turning to look at him in surprise, before she grinned when she saw the expression on his face. “You know that I have nightmares for weeks after I watch a horror movie. Anyway, I don’t go to them because boys only use them as excuses to grope their terrified dates.”

“You stopped having nightmares from movies years ago,” Jacob reminded her. “And considering that this isn’t a date and I’m not about to grope you, the second excuse doesn’t work either.”
Bella stumbled for some reason before standing straight up and giving him a weird smile he didn’t understand as they reached the truck. “No horror, please?”

And because he was really annoyed at the feeling of the Cullens’ gaze on his back, and he really wanted to get out of there, and he really didn’t want to be guilty of giving Bella nightmares, he gave her a lopsided grin. “Okay. No horror---and no chick flicks.”

“Deal.” She grinned as they got inside and she started the ignition.

They ended up choosing an action/fantasy.

Edward Cullen felt like destroying something but he somehow kept his composure as he sat in the booth in the diner with his brothers and sisters. It’d been a couple of hours since Jacob and that annoying girl from chemistry had disappeared in her truck---which Edward had recognized as Jacob’s father’s old truck---and ever since then even Rosalie had been careful of what she said around the vampire.

“They looked close.” Rosalie finally broke the silence and raised an eyebrow when Edward growled and the others shot her a glance. “What? I think this is a necessary topic. I don’t like the thought of that dog being Edward’s future, but I also don’t like the thought of some human taking him away from my brother.”

Edward didn’t know whether to thank her for her support or growl at the last part.

“Now that Rosalie has brought the topic out into the open,” Emmet announced, leaning forwards on the table. “I think we should really stop and see how this changes things. I mean, you saw how close those two seemed. What if the worse situation happened?”

“Emmet…” Alice tried to warn him.

“No, Alice,” Jasper surprised everyone by interrupting her. “Emmet’s right. What if he’s imprinted on her?”

The fork in Edward’s hand snapped in two.

“He hasn’t imprinted on her.” Alice was speaking to Edward as she reached over and placed her hand on his arm, trying to calm him. “She’s been here for what? A week? Two? He would have imprinted on her at first sight if that was the case, and he hasn’t.”

“How can you be so sure?” Edward’s voice was like sandpaper.

“Because,” Alice sighed. “All the visions, every single possibility, end in you two together. It always has and I doubt that a little girl from wherever is going to change that.”

“Sadly enough, my brother is destined for a dog.” Rosalie made a face of disgust, shaking her head in slight wonder.

Edward growled deep in his throat, looking down at the plate of food he wasn’t going to eat. He was beyond frustrated, he felt like he needed a hunt, needed a kill. He was so thirsty.

God, neither he nor his family understood it, understood why it’d happened, but ever since Edward had first seen that wolf he hadn’t been able to get him out of his head. His smell---moist earth and
other natural scents—was like ambrosia, and both sent him in a fury for blood and for other things.

Interestingly enough, Edward didn’t thirst for Jacob’s blood. He just needed blood to try and keep him from loosing his head and doing something that would no doubt break the fragile treaty they had with the shifters and start a war neither side really wanted—resentments aside.

“So…what’s the plan?” Emmet wanted to know.

Edward looked up at his siblings and couldn’t help but smile softly. While at first they’d been horrified by his reactions to the shifter—and by Alice’s visions when she finally confessed them—they’d had a couple of years to get over it and they’d all come to accept that sometime in the future Edward was going to end up with Jacob Black.

Esme actually had taken it quite well after getting over her initial shock, even going as far as calling it ‘romantic’ and ‘destined love’, while Edward called it ‘frustrating’ and ‘completely insane’.

Honestly, he hadn’t wanted to become the person he was now. Before he was fine with seeing Jacob the few rare times that they’d pass each other in town, but it’d grown to a necessity to be close to him, to watch him, to inhale his heady aroma, to know he was okay.

It’d gotten to the point that Edward was practically stalking the young wolf, and it annoyed him as much as it annoyed the wolf. He didn’t want to want the shifter, but he did. He wanted him, and he’d wanted to fucking kill that girl when he’d seen her in Jacob’s arms.

That was the turning point—that was when he gave into his desires and just didn’t care anymore. The werewolf pack be damned, little Miss Stammer-And-Tumble be damned. Alice’s visions told the future, and every single possible future had Jacob as his, and Edward was sick of waiting for it to just magically happen.

He was sick of watching, of waiting, of wishing, of wanting.

He wanted Jacob Black, and fuck it all, he was gonna have him!

The bells on the door jingled, and Edward felt that jolt of awareness before he even heard Jacob’s laughter mingled with that girl’s.

Alice, Jasper, Emmet and Rosalie all went silent immediately.

“That movie sucked.” Jacob was laughing, running his long, tanned fingers through his silky black locks.

“It wasn’t that bad.” The girl smiled back at him as they made their way towards a booth, walking way too close to her companion.

Suddenly Jacob froze, his body going tense, turning and looking at them as they sat in their little corner with a look that could only be called frustrated exasperation.

The girl followed his gaze and she blinked. “It’s the Cullens.”

“Yeah.” Jacob’s gaze was on Edward.

Edward didn’t turn away his gaze as he usually did when in these situations. He didn’t pretend that he wasn’t interested in what Jacob was doing, didn’t try to hide the fact that he was watching him intently.
He was sick of pretending.

It was high time Jacob Black realized what ball game they were playing.

“Do—you want to go eat somewhere else?” The girl whispered to Jacob, but Edward could hear it easily thanks to his enhanced abilities.

Jacob didn’t answer, he just frowned at Edward, obvious confusion in those brown eyes at the lack of hostility in Edward’s face. He looked unsettled, gaze going from the Cullens back to Edward, confusion growing.

“Jake?” The girl whispered again, giving his shirt a tug. “Do you want to go?”

“Huh?” Jacob shook his head, as if trying to shake his thoughts together, before returning his attention to the girl by his side. “What is it?”

“Do you want to leave?” The girl asked again, patient despite having had to ask the question three times already.

“Why? Because of them?” Jacob scoffed, turning his back on the Cullens and putting his arm around the girl, causing Edward to growl deep in his throat. “You wanted to eat here, Bells, and we’re gonna eat here.”

“You sure?” She asked as they made their way to their booth.

“Sure, plus I love the food here too.” And with that they sat down and a waitress was there in seconds to take their orders.

Edward hadn’t realized how much of a masochist he was until he had to sit through watching Jacob and the girl laughing and subtly flirting throughout the whole dinner.

Later that night Jacob found himself patrolling the boarder of the clan’s territories. Then again, he really wasn’t patrolling, he’d just had an itch to get out and run under the moon and had slipped out of his bed, shifted, and ran.

There was a lot on his mind---like the fact that he’d lately discovered his ability to keep his thoughts hidden from his pack members---even when they were in wolf form. It both annoyed and made them curious as they tried to break down the mental walls he could construct and keep them out with, but not even their Alpha Sam could get through and know what Jacob was thinking if Jacob didn’t want him to.

And of course, there was the weird encounter with the leeches earlier on.

Jacob frowned as he continued to run, not looking to see where he was going.

What was up with those creatures anyway? He would never be able to understand a leech---especially if its name was Edward Cullen. First the vampire had been looking at them with such fury, and then a couple of hours later he’s looking at them in a way that Jacob hadn’t been able to understand.

Nor had he understood why he’d reacted the way he had.
For a moment, as he’d seen Edward Cullen without any hatred or anger in his face, he’d realized why so many of the girls were obsessed with him. He was beautiful.

And then he’d felt stupid and annoyed for thinking that, and so he’d ignored them throughout the dinner and enjoyed talking to Bella.

But now that he was alone in the night he couldn’t get the leech’s gaze from his mind, and he was growing irritated. So he ran, and ran. He didn’t even know where he was going, he just wanted to tire himself out so that he could return home and collapse in bed.

And suddenly he smelt it.

Leech.

Snarling, Jacob hurled himself towards the smell. Hurtling himself through the bushes he came upon the creature and threw himself on it, knocking it on the ground on its back. Jacob growled, snarled---and then froze as he realized that the leech on who’s chest he was standing was none other than Edward Cullen.

And the leech looked just as surprised as he did.

The shock in itself caused Jacob to shift back to his human form, and he didn’t even realize that he was naked and straddling the vampire because he was too busy narrowing his dark eyes at him. “What the hell are you doing on our land, leech?”

“Your land?” Edward finally spoke, looking up at him in incredulity and something else. “This is our land.”

The shifter froze, raising his gaze from his enemy and looking around him, blinking in surprise when he realized that the leech was right. “Fuck.” Growling, Jacob took in a deep breath, looking around him. “I ran farther than I thought I had.”

It didn’t occur to him at the moment that he was still straddling his enemy, or that said enemy had yet to complain or try kick him off.

Brown eyes narrowed as he turned his attention back on Edward, and while he’d been about to say something bitingly at him the wolf paused when he saw the odd expression on the vampire’s face. Edward’s eyes were glazed over, completely black, his mouth slightly open, his chest moving up and down rapidly even though he didn’t really have the necessity to breathe.

Curious as to what was wrong with the creature, Jacob raised an eyebrow. He opened his mouth to ask what the hell Edward’s problem was when suddenly his voice caught in his throat as cold hands gripped him by the naked flesh of his hips, pressing him down against something hard and throbbing that he should have notice along time ago.

Jacob’s eyes went wide and his lips parted slightly in shock as he suddenly realized that he was naked and straddling a very aroused Edward Cullen. Something in him froze at the realization as Edward’s cold fingers dug into his hips in a way that was painful and yet good. The vampire kept him in place before bucking up against him experimentally, a throaty groan escaping his lips as his eyes closed.

Jacob knew he was in shock, and that was why he wasn’t reacting. His dark brown eyes widened even more as Edward kept his eyes closed and continued to buck against him, lips parted, whimpering deep in his throat in a way that went straight to Jacob’s dick like a lightning bolt.
It was only when one of Edward’s cold hands left his hip and grabbed Jacob’s cock that the wolf realize he was hot, hard and throbbing. The younger man’s lips parted as that cold fist moved up and down his shaft, and suddenly there was a soft moaning sound that filled the air of the forest.

It was only when he realized that he was the one moaning that Jacob was shocked out of his trance, and with a strength he hadn’t even known he had he tore himself away from the vampire. In seconds he’d shifted back to wolf form and was rushing back to his clan’s lands.

Before entering the reserve he went to the ice-cold lake a couple of miles down and washed himself clean of the leech’s smell, and only when he was sure that it was all gone did he return to his people and his home.

Collapsing on his bed, Jacob tried to sleep, he really did, but despite the cold shower he’d had he was still hard, still throbbing, still hurting.

Cursing Edward Cullen with every bad word he’d ever heard, Jacob finally gave in and lowered his hand down his body, cupping his own manhood and stroking himself desperately. He cursed the vampire even more when the image he came to was of them on the forest floor, Edwards mouth finishing what his hands had begun.
Chapter Notes

2008's Chapter Note -

A/N: I know the characters will seem a little OOC to everyone, but remember that this is an AU (and I haven't read Twilight - and the movie didn't do much in the character development department). So basically they are the characters done MY way, so the story can work. Sorry if it annoys anyone!

It'd been a couple of days since the encounter with Edward in the forest, and Jacob had yet to recover from it. He was in a horrible mood and it showed. He snapped at everyone, called people names, and picked more fights than he’d ever in his life. The pack hadn’t understood what was going on with him or why he was acting this way—the mental block he had up kept them out of his thoughts and memories, and that little ability of his seemed to annoy them now more than ever.

Well, *fuck them*, he said. His brain was his alone, and it wasn’t as if he wanted them scrimmaging around in his thoughts, in his memories, and *definitely* not in the dreams that’d been tormenting him ever since that *cursed* night! They were infuriating. They were disgusting. They were---they were--.

Growling, he shoved his hands into his pockets more violently than he had intended to, stalking down the streets of Forks. He’s had to get away from the reservation, from his intrusive pack members, from the increasingly more annoying Sam, from his father---who was beginning to get *really* worried about him and his behavior. Jacob just needed some time to think things through and figure out what in the world was happening to him.

*Edward’s eyes closed, his head throw back, his lips parted…*

Shaking his head and growling darker, Jacob suddenly wanted to shift, to hunt, to tear something apart. That image and the echoes of the sounds that escaped that leech’s mouth were haunting him, driving him mad. He was like a tightly woven cable about to snap at any little movement.

*FUCK!*

This was completely screwed up.

For one part, Jacob wasn’t gay. It wasn’t that he had anything against homosexuals, in fact the pack was animalistic in nature and understood the fact that one grew attracted for the person, not their sex. While imprinting wasn’t very common, there were even cases of someone imprinting someone of the same sex.

So it wasn’t that he had a problem with someone being gay, it’s just that Jacob knew that *he* wasn’t gay. He’d tested that theory these last days by discreetly eyeing the many handsome and fit males of his pack---and *nothing*. He’d felt nothing at all while watching them, just like he felt nothing when he watched the females---who were very beautiful.

So, apparently he was only attracted to Edward Cullen…
…which in itself was extremely fucked. The guy was a leech for fuck’s sake! He was a dirty creature who lived off of the blood of other people!

Well, actually, they feed only off of animals.

Pausing, Jacob clenched his fists tightly in his pockets, wondering where that little voice had come from in his head and whose side it was on anyway.

Shaking his head, the young native continued walking, ignoring everything and everyone around him. His hair was in a loose ponytail, trailing down his back, and he wore faded and torn jeans, a green shirt that read I’m your God, get on your knees and worship, and on top of that he wore his jacket to try and ward off the chilling cold of a normal day in Forks.

Hearing his cellular ring he pulled it out of his pocket, continuing to walk, wondering if he should answer the call. He knew who it was, the caller I.D. kept blinking Bella over and over again as the ringtone continued to blare and the Nokia vibrated in his hand.

He answered it on a whim, bringing the phone to his ear. “Hell’s Bells, what’s up?”

“I thought I told you never to call me that.” Bella sounded amused. “Anyway, I just wanted you to know that your father called earlier to see if you were here. He’s worried about you, Jake, says you’ve been acting weird. Offered to pay me twenty bucks if I got you to talk about what was bothering you.”

Jacob shook his head, torn between amusement and annoyance. “You know, you should have made him pay you before you accepted the job. He’s my father, but I’m not saying he isn’t going to stiff you.”

Her giggle was infectious. “You’re mean, Jacob Black.”

“Just warning you, Bells.”

“Sure you are.” She still sounded so amused. “So, you wanna tell me what’s going on? Billy says you haven’t been getting along with the others from the reservation.”

He wondered if he should tell her, but then he killed that idea immediately. How was he going to tell Bella that the guy that she obviously had a crush on, the leech, had practically sexually assaulted him? A guy?

As if sensing his indecision, Bella sighed, before she suddenly perked. “Hey! I didn’t tell you about the newest development, have I?”

“Huh?” Jacob asked, looking on both sides of the road before crossing, heading towards the large cinema. He was going to watch that horror movie and get his mind off of his current problems. “What developments?”

“I’ve officially met the Cullens!” Bella announced loudly, sounding excited and completely hyper.

The shifter paused, turning his back on the cinema at that. “You what?”

“I know you don’t like them, Jake, but they were really, uh, nice.” The brunette sounded a little nervous. “It happened during lunchtime. Alice---she’s the short one with the pixie features?---she came up to my table and introduced herself personally.”

Jacob frowned, not liking this at all. Those leeches had no business trying to be friends with Bella.
They were monsters and killers and they were obviously working an angle by befriending her.

But how could he tell Bella this and get her to see the danger and seriousness of the situation if he couldn’t tell her the truth?

“Jacob?” Bella asked softly.

“Go on, I’m listening.” He needed to know the whole story, and he wouldn’t get it if he got upset and blew his lid. “What happened afterwards?”

“Well,” seeming encouraged by his attitude so far, the nervous tone left Bella’s voice and was replaced by excitement. “Alice took me to their table in the cafeteria and introduced me to everyone. I had lunch with them and they were cool---although Rosalie was a little mean but she just seems like that kind of person so I didn’t take it personally.” There was a pause. “Edward was there.”

Jacob leaned against the cinema’s left wall, waiting for her to continue, feeling annoyed, irritated and anxious. “And?”

“Um, well, they asked me if I wanted to catch a movie with them this evening and I told them I would.”

“Bella!” The shifter exploded. “You don’t know them! How could you---?!?”

“And I kinda said you’d come too. So you see, I have a dark, sinister reason for calling you and it wasn’t your father’s twenty bucks.” That was said in a very rushed and nervous voice.

Jacob’s anger was replaced by confusion. He knew he must have been hearing this wrong. There was no way that Bella had said what he’d thought he’d heard. It was, well, impossible. “You said what to who?”

Her wince was audible. “They said that just because your parents don’t get along it doesn’t mean that you guys can’t be friends, and I thought it was such a noble gesture of theirs---extending the olive branch like that.”

Hand to his forehead, brown eyes closed in exasperation as he told himself to calm down, that Bella really wasn’t at fault here. She was completely ignorant of the real situation, and she was a generally nice person who thought that everyone should get along and if she thought she could help she would.

Of course, instead of helping she’d just put him in an uncomfortable and dangerous position. And she’d also forced his hand. He was in danger by associating with those leeches---if the leeches didn’t kill him his pack might do so for fraternizing with the enemy---but on the other hand he wasn’t about to let his friend go by herself into the den of lions.

And that was something those leeches had obviously realized.

Growling and smelling a trap, Jacob forgot for a moment that he was on the phone.

“I’m so sorry Jake!” Bella heard the growl, and the four-letter-word he’d hissed. “I didn’t---I thought---.”

“Tell them you’re not going to go,” Jacob ordered.

“Huh?”
“Bella, they’re---.”

“Being nice, Jacob,” Bella interrupted stubbornly, obviously having made her mind up already to go to watch a movie with them. “I’m going to go, Jacob, whether you come or not.” She paused, voice soft. “But I’d really like it if you came as well.”

And Jacob sighed, hearing the nervous sound in her voice. She obviously had a big crush on this leech, and it was important for her to go to this stupid movie with those creatures. And yet she was still begging for him to come and protect her in his own way---not realizing that she needed more protection while in the Cullen’s presence than she knew.

“Bells---.”

“Jacob, please.”

He didn’t want to admit that he whined when she pleaded, but he did. It was very unmanly and he’d rather die then ever confess to the act, but nonetheless it did happen.

“Is that a yes?” Hope was making her tone lighter.

“That’s a ‘dammit, you owe me BIG TIME’,,” Jacob grumbled, hitting his head back against the wall, looking up at the sky. Bella was going to be the death of him. Literally. “What time did you say you’d be here?”

“Here?” Curiosity added to the bubbly quality of her voice. “You’re at the cinema?”

“Was about to go and see that horror movie you wouldn’t watch with me,” he confessed, sending a sideways glance at said movie’s poster. “Guess I’m going to have to put it off. Again.”

“Actually, I think that’s what we’re going to see.”

He frowned. “You wouldn’t watch it with me but you jump at the opportunity to watch it with the leeches?”

“Leeches? Really, Jake, that’s mean, even for you.” She sounded like she was pouting. “Anyway, I’m already out of the door. That movie starts in half an hour, so I’ll go there early. Alice offered to come and pick us up, but I’ll just call her and tell her that I’ll go there in my truck and that you’re already there.”

“You were going to drive in the car with them?” Jacob asked.

“See you in a couple of minutes.” Bella sang, ignoring his question and hanging up the phone.

Groaning, Jacob pushed away from the wall and took in a deep breath. He was going to be stuck with those stinky leeches ruining his movie-experience.

Great.

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Alice Cullen smiled as she sat in the backseat between Jasper and Edward. At first they’d planned on going in two different cars so that they’d have more space, but when Bella Swan, the human, had called and said that Jacob and her would meet them at the cinema the five Cullens had climbed into Emmet’s jeep and zoomed away from their home.

Rosalie kept looking at herself in a compact mirror, checking her lipgloss, which was actually her
Emmet was singing to the rock music coming from the radio, beating his hand against the steering wheel. Jasper was silent, as he usually was, looking out at the passing scenery. Edward—Edward radiated such nervous tension, such expectancy, that it was *delicious*.

He’d been completely against the idea of making friends with the human female, obviously seeing her as a potential rival for the dog he was so taken with, but Alice knew the art of manipulation—she *was* a female, was she not? She had sensed the protectiveness coming off of Jacob when he’d been around this human girl, and so the brunette vampiress’ cunning mind had realized that since he couldn’t and wouldn’t tell Bella the truth (as it’d been forbidden in his pack to tell outsiders) he’d try to protect her from them in any other way he could.

And they were just going to use that against him.

Thanks to Alice’s quick thinking, she’d gotten Jacob to unknowingly accept to attend a group date, and she couldn’t help but feel a little giddy at how easy success had come to her.

This was only the first step in a process to ease the dog into their lives, to get him to realize that they weren’t about to tear him about and eat him—as she knew the stories those at the reservation were told about the ‘Cold Ones’. It’d take a while, Jacob was stubborn and loyal to his pack, but Alice was sure that he’d come around eventually.

Every one of her visions, despite how different they all were, proved that in the future Jacob would not only be Edward’s, but he’d be an accepted and valued part of their family as well. And Edward was right, the ball *was* in their court. They needed to do something.

They needed to hurry things along.

No one could take Edward’s brooding for much longer.

Honestly, that dog had him completely *wound up*. He was like a spring about to snap and take out any and every thing around him.

At first it’d been kinda cute, but now it was more than a little annoying.

“Dog and human alert, 3 o’clock.” Rosalie called from the front as they parked in the cinema’s parking. “God, I can smell him from *here.*”

Alice looked in the direction indicated and frowned slightly when she saw Jacob and Bella leaning against a wall, facing each other, grinning brightly. The pixie-like brunette sent a sideways glance at Edward and winced when she saw the expression on his face.

“Remember the plan,” she hissed to him before following a lethargic Jasper out of the jeep and bouncing towards the others, grin bright. “Hello Bella, Jacob.”

“Alice!” Bella’s smile was genuine and pretty. “Hey.”

Alice’s smile turned a little more genuine before she turned her attention the tense shifter, who looked ready in case they attacked him all at once—in front of all of these witnesses. She couldn’t help but find that thought ridiculous, and her smile grew as she watched him. “I’m so glad that you agreed to come, Jacob.”

For a second the scowl slipped from his face, and he looked at her in pure confusion, before that mask of indifference returned full-force and he just nodded to her, taking an obviously protective stance towards Bella as the others reached them.
“Hey Rosalie, Jasper, Emmet…Edward.” Bella blushed as she said the last name and ducked her gaze.

Alice’s eyebrow raised as she suddenly realized something, looking from a shy Bella to an annoyed Edward and then back. She blinked in surprise, Edward really didn’t have to worry about this human girl at all.

“Well, Emmet and I are going to get the tickets.” Rosalie grabbed her boyfriend’s hand and dragged him towards the ticket booth, informing him how he could go and buy her some popcorn when they were finished with the tickets.

“I like your shirt.” Edward finally spoke, smile dark and with a hint of sensuality as his gaze rested on Jacob’s shirt, which was half-covered by his jacket. Still, the green shirt clearly stated: I’m your God, get on your knees and worship me.

Alice bit her bottom lip to try and keep from grinning so obviously, but she couldn’t help it. Especially since she saw the slightly nervous, slightly uncomfortable, slightly annoyed, and more than slightly aroused expression in Jacob’s eyes at that comment.

Yep, her brother really didn’t need to worry about the human girl.

The female vampire started chatting rapidly with Bella to keep everyone from falling into uncomfortable silence. She was surprised to realize that Bella was actually quite interesting, and that she was enjoying talking to her.

“You guys here to see a movie or to jabber?” Emmet called from where he was holding a big box of popcorn.

They all went to Room 8 and Alice reached for Bella’s sleeve, pulling the surprised girl in the seat between her and Jasper, who were sitting next to Emmet and Rosalie in the back pew. That left Edward sitting next to Alice, and an obviously uncomfortable Jacob next to him.

Perfect.

Alice gave a nervous Bella a brilliant smile before turning all of her attention to the screen as the room darkened and the movie began. She didn’t scare easily, considering what she was, so she heartily enjoyed the movie and its scarier scenes.

Feeling Jasper’s hand on her shoulder, Alice smirked when she saw that he’d leaned his arm around the back of Bella’s chair so that he could reach over and touch his girlfriend.

Talking about Bella, the girl was watching the screen with eyes wide in terror.

“You okay?” Alice whispered, surprised that she truly cared.

The girl nodded, not tearing her horrified gaze from the screen.

In a move that shocked her, Alice rested her hand on Bella’s, and the young human jumped at the ice-cold skin on hers.

“Gees, Alice, you’re freezing!” She whispered before beginning to rub her hands over Alice’s in an attempt to warm her.

The gesture surprised and softened something in Alice, and she sent a look in Jasper’s direction, catching the smile on his face as he watched them.
Sending him a smile back, Alice squeezed Bella’s hand and returned her attention to the screen, grinning in amusement every time something ‘scary’ happened and Bella squeezed her hand in fear.

She was engrossed in the film when suddenly she heard a gasp that would have been impossible to hear if it hadn’t been for her super-hearing. The pixie-like vampiress heard the sound of a zipper slowly being lowered and another horrified and choked gasp, and from the side of her vision she saw Jacob Black jerk slightly from the other side of Edward.

_He wouldn’t…_

Amused, curious, and feeling utterly _wicked_, Alice sent a discreet glance to her right, mouth opening in a silent giggle at the scandalous scene happening right next to her.

Edward’s gaze was on the screen, and to anyone it would look as if he was giving the movie all of his attention, but if one trailed their gaze down his right arm they’d notice the fact that it was resting on Jacob’s lap, his cold fingers curled around an erection obvious despite the darkness of the theatre.

Alice bit down on her bottom lip to silence the laughter in her throat.

Jacob’s body was ramrod-straight, his face a mixture of bliss and agony, his hand having an iron grip around Edward’s wrist. It was obvious that he’d been trying to subtly pull the vampire’s hand away from, _ahem_, but Edward was stronger, and sometime during the struggle the pleasure became too great and had won.

The musky scent of arousal began to fill the theatre, and Alice was not only glad that Bella and the others were humans and unable to smell this particular smell—-but she was also surprised that an aroused dog didn’t smell bad like a dog usually did. His scent had turned earthier, and suddenly it was actually nice.

The discreet sniffing to her left proved that Jasper, Rosalie and Emmet had caught on to what was happening in the darkness to their right.

Jacob bit down on his lip to quiet his whimper as he closed his eyes tightly and tilted his head back, his grip tightening on Edward’s wrist, and yet Edward continued to stroke him, torturing him slowly, rubbing his calloused thumb over the throbbing head, causing him to jerk from the sensation.

Alice felt sorry for the dog. Honestly, her brother was being _mean_ in his method of courting. He was seducing the confused young man quite aggressively, not giving him a chance to say no, using his own body against him.

And suddenly Edward stopped. He removed his hand from Jacob, and folded his hands on his lap, eyes on the screen.

Jacob opened his eyes, looking a mixture of feelings before the sound of a zipper closing rung in Alice’s ears and the dog was standing, moving awkwardly, hands placed in front of the obviously painful bulge in his pants as he hurried up the stairs---destination, the bathroom.

Leaning towards Edward, Alice whispered in his ear. “That was _evil_.”

Edward just grinned and to Alice’s surprise he stood as well, heading after Jacob.

_He planned this!_ Alice _did_ giggle this time as Edward exited the room, a deadly predator stalking
his prey.

*Poor dog…* She grinned, returning her attention to the screen. *He won’t know what hit him.*
Rushing into the men’s bathroom, Jacob hurried to a toilet stall and closed it behind him, leaning against a wall with a groan. Eyes closing tightly, his hand journeyed to the painful tent in his jeans. The young wolf was so confused and horny he felt desperate.

Exactly what the hell was the leech playing at?

He’d just sexually accosted him in the middle of a cinema for crying out loud!

Groaning at the memory, Jacob doubled over slightly at the throbbing pain from his groin as his fingers touched himself over the material of his jeans.

God, what was he being reduced to? Someone he hated had just molested him in a public place---and not only had he gotten hard but he’d had to rush to the bathroom to relieve the ache that demanded fulfillment.

Damn him! Jacob sunk his teeth into his bottom lip to keep the moan silent as his cock jerked in anticipation as he undid his button and zipper, so caught up in the moment that he failed to realize that someone else had entered the bathroom—or hear the faint sound of the lock clicking in place.

Fearing himself, Jacob pressed his head back against the wall and closed his eyes tighter, not even trying to muffle the whimper that escaped his parted lips as his hand began to move over himself. He whimpered in slight desperation because while the sensation was agreeable it wasn’t anything like the toe-curling pleasure he’d felt at Edward’s hand.

And, really, how fucked up was that?

“Fuck.”

Eyes flying open when he realized that that was not his voice, Jacob turned his head and realized in horror that Edward Cullen had opened the door to his stall and was watching him with thirst, his eyes darkened to a molten black.

“What the hell??” The shifter tore his hand from his cock as if burnt and lowered his gaze, hurrying to try and make himself decent, but he’d made a mistake when he’d taken his gaze off of the vampire.

In a movement so fast it was a blur, Edward grabbed Jacob’s arm and yanked him out of the small, dingy little stall, throwing him back against the wall next to the (thankfully) clean urinals.

The back of Jacob’s head connected with the tiled wall, and his vision danced in front of his eyes for a second, leaving him dizzy and a little disoriented. And then he felt cold fingers freeing him, the cold of Edward’s hands enough to shock him out of his near-trance-like state. The vampire began to stroke him, and the sensation was so pleasurable it was painful.

God---it’s----so---good !

Gaze going downwards, Jacob would have blushed at how his dick jerked at the view of Edward on his knees in front of him if he hadn’t been so shocked. He knew he should fight this, fight the leech, tell him to go to hell, get Bella outta here---but the moment he opened his mouth to begin his rant it was as if Edward had read his mind because he did the one thing that could cause a pissed and confused Jacob to forget everything and anyone---he took him in his mouth.
A startled, choked sound escaped his lips as Jacob flung his head back against the wall once more, closing his eyes to the pain in the back of his head and the agonizing pleasure that jolted up his body like shock waves. He whimpered loudly, clenching his fists so tightly he knew he would soon draw blood if he didn’t stop, body trembling as he subconsciously opened his legs a little more, granting easier access to the vampire on his knees.

Edward didn’t seem to mind that he was kneeling on the hard, cold floor. With one hand he held Jacob by his base, stroking him while he swallowed him whole, covering him in cold pleasure, torturing him with swipes of his tongue, hollowing his cheeks and only adding to the sensation. The other hand massaged Jacob’s thigh much like a perverted cat, before trailing it up his body and sneaking under his shirt, tracing the muscles in his abdomen greedily, possessively, as if marking him, claiming him.

And while the thought pissed the wolf to no small end, it also aroused something deep inside of him.

“W—why?” He managed, his voice hoarse like sandpaper as he fought the urge to bury his hands in Edward’s hair.

He wouldn’t do it. He wouldn’t.

Jacob clenched his hands harder, feeling the pain of his fingernails biting into the skin of his palm.

Edward chuckled darkly around him, the vibrations nearly sending Jacob crazy as he began to twitch desperately in the vampire’s mouth, crying out in pleasure, not caring anymore who heard.

Ohgodohgodohgodohgodohgod!

He was so---so goddamned close! And yet he fought it with all he had, refusing to cum with this creature molesting him, refused to----.

With another cry Jacob’s hands moved on their own and tangled themselves in Edward’s eternally messy hair. Fingers curled around bronze locks, holding him in place as instinct fought reason and kicked its ass.

“God…” Jacob groaned, his hips bucking slowly, not even noticing when Edward released his hold on the base of his cock, instead snaking his hands to Jacob’s hips and massaging him possessively, relaxing the muscles in his throat, his body begging for Jacob to do it, to fuck his mouth.

His grip tightened in Edward’s hair and the vampire growled seductively, the vibrations causing Jacob to buck harder and out of rhythm, going slowly crazy and not able to do anything as he felt his balls tightening, knowing that he was about to cum, know that there was nothing he could do to stop it--knowing that right now he really didn’t want to.

The way Edward submitted to him, handed him the control, turned on the wolf more than he would have thought. The canine within was a predator, apparently had definite alpha tendencies, and it enjoyed the fact that his bitch was acknowledging his power, his control, his dominance.

MY bitch?

Edward whimpered throatily as Jacob’s bucks became quicker, shorter, more urgent, the wolf feeling the tingle that warned him that he was dangerously close.

“God!” Jacob cried out as Edward’s fingers dug painfully into his hips in that way that just drove him crazy, and it sent him over the brink, a howl escaping his lips as he exploded in the vampire’s
mouth, hips still bucking as pleasure like he’d never known flew up and down his body.

_so good…so good…so good!_

Edward seemed to be _purring_ as his throat muscles worked, his fingers still gripping Jacob tightly as he swallowed the warm, sticky load, not letting a drop of it go to waste.

Jacob’s breath was a series of desperate pants, his legs like jelly as he let go of his hold on Edward’s hair, leaning hard against the wall, mind racing to try and comprehend what had just happened—what he’d just done.

Only when he’d swallowed everything did Edward pull away, his tongue scraping the bottom of Jacob’s shaft and flicking the head, before he grinned darkly, standing to his feet, towering over the panting wolf.

Jacob was so dizzy, so tired, so _boneless_ he couldn’t do anything but watch warily as the vampire leaned towards him, palm on the tile right next to Jacob’s head.

There was a predatory gleam in those now black eyes, victory and other smug emotions were present as he leaned in closer, causing Jacob to press himself hard against the wall, unreasonably frightened (despite everything that’d just happened) that Edward would kiss him.

As if he’d read his thoughts Edward chuckled in amusement, the side of his lip curled in a smirk as he just watched him in silence.

“Why?” Jacob asked again, eyes wide, breath still pants, heart beating a mile per minute as he tilted his head back slightly so that he could look into those black orbs.

“Because you’re mine.” Edward stated, face serious, voice deep and sensuous, breath a heady reminder of what he’d done only minutes ago. “It was time you realized it.”

Brown eyes narrowed as anger and irritation flared up inside of him. “I don’t belong to _anyone_, leech!”

Edward’s expression was emotionless as he leaned closer, trailing his nose down Jacob’s cheek to his neck, taking in a deep whiff of the scent coming from his skin. “For some reason all of a sudden you now smell so _good_.”

Jacob’s body was tense. He knew he should push the vampire away, knew that he was in danger, knew that he should be doing _something_, but the only thing he did when he felt blunt teeth begin to nibble experimentally on the skin of his neck was to close his eyes and whimper at the feeling that went straight to his groin.

_God---not again. What’s wrong with me? Why does he affect me like this?_

Edward pressed his body against Jacob’s, palms face down on each side of the wolf’s head, teeth teasing his neck. He was hard and pressed into Jacob’s stomach, the feel of it long and hard, and for some reason Jacob forgot to feel disgusted, forgot to _protest_, as Edward continued to nibble, squeeze, _buck_ against him.

And then Edward pulled back, eyes half-closed, smirk back on place before shaking his head mockingly. “Of course you don’t, puppy.” The vampire then turned and stalked out of the bathroom, victory in his every step.

Finally remembering to breathe, Jacob’s jelly legs gave out on him and he slid down the wall,
sitting on the hard, cold tile floor. His breaths were coming out as pants, his heart racing, his dick still half-hard.

“Of course I don’t what?”

‘I don’t belong to anyone, leech!’

Jacob’s eyes widened as he suddenly understood what the vampire had just done, and the wolf growled, feeling so stupid. He’d played right into that!

_Damned leech._

When strength finally returned to his legs, Jacob stood and went towards the sink, taking in a deep breath as he washed his hands, trying to understand exactly what’d happened. The leech had sexually molested him in the cinema, followed him to the bathroom and then---.

Jacob blushed, turning off the water.

Okay, so _that_ happened and the leech suddenly claims ownership of him. And when Jacob had denied that ownership the leech had used Jacob’s body and its confusingly eager reactions to him to prove his point---something that just pissed the wolf even _more_.

_I don’t belong to him_. He growled. _I’m gonna kill him for his arrogance._

Looking at his reflection in the mirror, Jacob looked away and then jerked his vision back to his reflection, eyes widening in horror when he realized that during his nibbling Edward had left _very_ visible love bites on his neck.

Like a predator marking its territory.

“The **bastard**!” Jacob exclaimed in utter horror as he pulled the collar of his shirt away from his neck to examine the hickey and love-bites better. “This decides it. He dies. _Painfully._”

Zipping up his jacket and pulling on the hoodie, he looked at his reflection left and right, making sure that the bites were camouflaged well enough. Embarrassment tinted his cheeks red, and he growled, taking in a deep breath.

“God, I hope we go home after this stupid movie ends.” Turning once he was sure no mark was visible, Jacob went towards the bathroom door and paused once his hand went on the handle, suddenly remembering something else, eyes narrowing. “And _who the hell_ does he think he’s calling ‘puppy’?!?!”

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“If it wasn’t for the fact that it’d make Esme cry, I’d **so** kill you.” Jacob announced as he sat down in the meadow, growling into the hotdog he had in his hand.

Edward grinned at the wolf, not at all looking hurt or worried for that comment. “Oh really? If you killed me then who would you get to act out all of your sick, deviant fantasies?”

Jacob was obviously desperately trying not to smile, trying to keep up with the mock-argument they were having. “Easy, Bella.”

Edward winced, his eyes flashing for a second at the mention of the female. Despite everything, despite the years he’d been with Jacob, he was **still** a little jealous and threatened at how close
his wolf was with the girl.

“Did I hear my name?” Bella asked as she collapsed next to Jacob on the blanket set out on the grass. The Cullen family plus Jacob had just finished playing baseball, and they were now having a picnic in a meadow in the middle of a thunder storm.

Jasper followed Bella, lying down next to her on the blanket, looking up at the sky with a serene smile on his face.

“You wanna take over as my sex slave if I kill Edward?” Jacob jokingly asked, oblivious to the way his partner tensed.

Bella laughed, sending him an incredulous look. “Are you joking? Why would I ever be your sex slave? You’re a pervert.”

Esme and Carlisle, who’d been sitting on the next blanket, looked at each other and laughed.

Rosalie and Emmet remained on the ‘baseball field’ dancing a waltz, with Rosalie correcting Emmet’s form every couple of steps.

Alice smiled as she looked at everyone before throwing herself on Bella and laughing when the other girl squealed and rolled out of the way in time to avoid being squished.

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Blinking, Alice was jolted out of her vision and returned to the present, where everyone was at the diner, having some dinner and talking about the movie.

Emmet and Rosalie were arguing with Jasper about what part was the most ridiculous and unrealistic of the horror movie, Jacob (was it Alice’s idea or did he suddenly smell so…appealing?) was sitting with his hoodie on, glaring down at his plate of food, Edward was smirking smugly at the wolf, and Bella was sighing, looking dreamily in Edward’s direction.

Alice looked at the young human girl who smelt really good. This was the first time that she’d had a vision with Bella in it---was it because when they’d invited her to the movies as a way to lure Jacob in that they’d changed the future again? It’d changed the possibilities in the future?

Curious, the dark haired vampiress tilted her head to the side, observing the pretty human who obviously had a crush on Edward. Alice felt a little sorry for the girl. She was going to get her heart broken if someone didn’t uncloud her eyes in time to show her the truth.

A cellular rung and Bella looked down immediately, pulling out her phone from her bag and bringing it to her ear. “Dad.” She looked a little embarrassed to be talking to her father in front of them, her cheeks coloring as blood rushed to her face.

As a whole, the Cullen family looked away pointedly. Sure, they were vegetarians, but one never taunted someone who’d given up cigarettes with a lit one.

“Yeah, I’m with Jake.” Bella, completely oblivious to what was going on, looked at Jacob, who was looking at the Cullens warily, obviously guessing why they were acting weird and ready to defend Bella if one of them snapped. “Really? Okay. Sure. We’ll be home soon.” Putting away her phone again, she gave everyone a shy smile before turning her attention to Jacob. “You’re sleeping over my house tonight. Your dad thought it might do you some good to get away from the reservation for a couple of days.”
Jacob smiled, whether it was the thought of sleeping over Bella’s or getting away from the reservation that made him so happy Alice couldn’t be sure, but she did notice the way Edward’s good humor seemed to evaporate immediately at the news, his face going dark and dangerous once more.

Great.

The vampiress shook her head, resting her cheek against her fist with a sigh of defeat.

And we were making SUCH progress!

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Edward Cullen sat on the window-frame of the window in the guest bedroom, where Jacob Black was snoring lightly, completely unaware of the vampire’s presence. Dressed in only his boxers, with the sheets kicked to around his ankles, the moonlight filtered in through the window and shone on the shifter’s lean, tanned skin.

Jacob’s skin always had fascinated Edward. It was a rich, earthy color, and it always smelled of the earth. And now, for some reason, that stench of dog was gone, only replaced by the scent of the earth, of nature, of spring.

And Edward wasn’t the only one who’d realized it. The moment they’d gotten into the jeep after Bella had taken off in her truck and Jacob on his motorcycle, his brothers and sisters had attacked him with questions, asking him what’d happened in the bathroom and even though he never said anything, they’d guessed it quite accurately—although Emmet kinda thought more had happened than had.

And then they’d wanted to know why Jacob’s stench had gone, and why he now smelt so good. They’d asked Carlisle and Esme about it once they’d gotten home but the two older vampires hadn’t ever heard of something like that happening ever.

So they were left with many unanswered questions.

Edward sighed as he watched Jacob sleep for the first time. He’d managed to track the wolf’s scent here and hid in the bushes outside, remaining downwind as to keep his presence unknown.

And it’d been worth all the trouble, because when he wasn’t around, Jacob seemed like a different person. The wolf laughed and was carefree, a smile almost always on his face as he chatted with Bella and her father, looking very much at ease and a part of the family.

Edward’d tensed because he knew that it’d be very difficult for Jacob to ever be this at home with his family---not that they wouldn’t do their best to make him feel welcomed---but Jacob had been brought up to hate and distrust ‘leeches’, and it was going to be hard to undo all of that training.

Sighing, Edward wished, not for the first time, that Jacob wasn’t a dog. It’d make everything so much easier. Not only would the handsome native not have been brought up to despise him, but Edward would be able to see him more often in his own home. But there was a treaty, and he couldn’t pass onto the wolves’ lands…which meant he was cut off from his shifter.

“You’re a pain in the ass, you realize that, right?”

Jacob grumbled in his sleep, as if he’d heard that, and turned, pulling his pillow over his head.
Edward chuckled softly and shook his head, contenting himself to this rare opportunity. He’d find a way to get around all the barriers keeping him from completely claiming the wolf.

It was all just a matter of time.

*And it’s not like he doesn’t feel it too—even if he does fight it—before giving in.*

The vampire groaned slightly as he remembered their rendezvous in the bathroom, remembered the taste of Jacob in his mouth, remembered being surprised at how much Jacob liked being in control, how much he liked Jacob being in control.

And Jacob’s thoughts during the act---they’d been so *arousing*…

*Whoa—down boy.* The vampire blinked as he grew hard once more. *Tonight you’re just here to watch.*

Taking in a deep, calming breath, Edward returned his attention to the sleeping wolf, planning his next move.
The first thing Jacob saw when he woke up the next day (Saturday) was Charlie Swan’s face close to his as he shook him awake. Jerking in surprise, Jacob sat up in bed and rubbed his hands on his eyes, wondering what was going on. “Charlie?”

The man whom Jacob thought of as a second father looked stern and unnerved all at the same time. “What is Edward Cullen doing in my living room?”

“How?” Pulling the sheets over his naked chest, the shifter sat up straighter, confusion and shock written on his face.

“That was my reaction exactly when I opened the door and it was him,” Charlie announced, frown darker, leaning against the bedroom door. “I asked him if I could help him, but he said that he was here to see you and Bells. Before I can say anything Bella came down the stairs, saw him, and nearly tripped.” He made a face. “I think she likes him.”

The wolf nodded, answering Charlie’s silent question. He was a little unnerved that the leech was arrogant and confident enough to just stride into a house protected by the pack.

“I pretended that I had to look for something in the living room while they were talking, and I overheard enough to realize that you all went out last night?” He looked confused. “I don’t get why you would go out with them, Jacob. I personally don’t have anything against Dr. Cullen or his family, but Billy must have a very good reason to despise them like he does and I find it odd that you would associate with them. I thought you hated them just as much---and that the feeling was mutual?”

Jacob frowned, wondering how to word this. “They extended the olive branch yesterday—made friends with Bella and invited us to go to see a movie with them. I only went because of Bella, to look out for her.”

And suddenly Charlie was grinning. “Yes, of course.”

The shifter tilted his head slightly, wondering what was going on in Bella’s father’s head to have him so content all of a sudden.

“It makes sense now, you went to protect Bella from the advances of the Cullen boy.” And Charlie’s grin grew before he cleared his throat and looked a little more serious as he spoke. “I know that in this age it isn’t ‘cool’ to have a parent meddling in their child’s love life, but I just wanted you to know, son, that you have my vote.”

For a moment the young native was confused as to the meaning behind Charlie’s words, and then his eyes went wide. “No! No. Charlie---you have it all wro---.”

“That’s okay, you don’t need to say anything, Jacob. I was young and in love once too.” Charlie smiled, opening the door and speaking in low whispers. “Now get hurried and bathed and join them! I’ll go downstairs and make sure that the Cullen’s boy doesn’t make any move on our girl!”

And before Jacob could stutter out anything Charlie had exited the room and could be heard humming happily to himself as he headed towards the stairs, obviously going to ‘chaperon’ his daughter and Edward.

Left on the bed, mouth still open, Jacob growled slightly. Things just weren’t going in his favor.
Now not only does dad think I like Bella---but CHARLIE does as well? Great.

Getting up, Jacob went to the bag of clothes his sister Rachel had brought for him the night before while he was still out with Bella and the Cullens, and grabbed something to change into before heading towards the one bathroom in the house. He bathed, changed into a dark pair of jeans and a snug shirt that looked like a short-sleeved shirt over a long-sleeved one.

Looking at himself in the mirror, Jacob grabbed what was obviously Bella’s pink brush and snickered good-naturedly at it before running it through his long, wet, black locks, easing the tangles out expertly. He looked at his reflection in silence for a couple of minutes, taking in a deep breath.

Yesterday he’d just had his first sexual experience with another person---and it’d been with a leech.

And he felt he looked a little different, in what way he wasn’t sure, but he was certain that there was something different about him.

Bella’s laughter rang throughout the house.

I can’t stay hidden in this little bathroom the whole day, Jacob thought darkly to himself. And even if I do---it’s only like asking him to make an excuse to come to the bathroom---which is like asking him for a repeat performance of yesterday.

The wolf cleared his throat, feeling hot all of a sudden.

Which I don’t want---at all!

So why didn’t he sound convincing?

Bothered and confused, Jacob took in a deep breath and looked up at the tiled ceiling of the bathroom, frowning slightly. He didn’t understand what was happening. He’d been brought up to hate vamp---to hate leeches---and he despised them---he despised them!

Growling in agitation, Jacob ran his fingers through his hair, messing it up slightly without noticing. Why was he all of a sudden having to correct his own mind?

What did that leech do to me?

Taking in a deep breath, the wolf tried it again.

He’d been brought up to hate leeches, and he despised them, and yet Edward-fucking-Cullen had some sort of control over him and---horrifyingly enough---he had control over the wolf within. The wolf wanted him.

Jacob couldn’t understand it. Wolves and vampi---leeches!---were mortal enemies! They hated
each other! They fought! They *killed* each other!

And yet Jacob’s wolf *snarled* at his constant attempts to push Edward away, to *stay* away.

Now that he thought about it, he’d always reacted differently to Edward than with the other leeches he’d come into contact with. From the beginning something had seemed different with Edward, but Jacob had pushed those odd feelings away and concentrated on being a loyal pack-member.

*Much good my ‘loyalty’ did me yesterday.*

Clenching his fists and taking in a deep breath, Jacob groaned.

If he was going to find a solution to this problem he was going to have to be completely honest with himself, and if he was completely honest with himself this *annoying* attraction to the vampi--*leech!*---this weakness, it wasn’t new. Hell, he’d been having some embarrassing dreams of Edward since he’d first met him (thank GOD for his mental block---his pack members would have flipped!) and his attraction was one of the reasons why Edward’s ability to be constantly around him when he wasn’t on the reservation was annoying.

*What the HELL did that leech do to me?* He wasn’t so much confused now as pissed. *Wolves don’t feel this way for a leech!* *Especially not from first sight!* His eyes narrowed with growing rage. *It’s almost as if I--.*

And suddenly Jacob froze, all anger slipping away, his eyes going wide in horror.

*No.*

His hands were trembling.

*It can’t be!*

The young native turned and looked at his reflection in the mirror, noticing how pale he’d suddenly become.

*He couldn’t--!*  

His breathing was erratic and the beating of a drum seemed to be blasting in his ears.

*I couldn’t have--!*  

And he was suddenly getting dizzy, the room twirling all around him as the wolf within him took notice of what was going on with the human-half.

*It’s IMPOSSIBLE!*  

His whole body was trembling as he looked at his reflection, feeling everything around him so *cold.*

*I---I didn’t imprint on him---did I?*

And suddenly he felt so *sick* at his stomach as he went through every single memory he had of Edward Cullen, and of his reactions to him---the wolf finally still as if appeased---and yet the human was more queasy by the second as the instances piled up one on top of the other in a *very* condemning way.

*I—I—I imprinted him.* Clutching at the sink in a way that might crush it if he continued to apply
that pressure, Jacob closed his eyes tightly. *I IMPRONTED him!*

He was so confused! How was it *possible* to imprint on a *leech*?

And he was miserable because there was no one he could ask about this. His pack---they *hated* leeches and anyone who associated with them. If they found out that he’d *imprinted* on one they’d *kill* him!

*And it’s not like there’s anyone else here who knows the truth about us and is old enough to---.*

Brown eyes flew open as a sickening feeling welled up in the pit of his stomach.

He was wrong.

There was someone else he could ask----someone else who might have the answers he so desperately needed, but it went against everything he’d been taught to go to that person and ask for such a favor.

But he needed to *know*! He *needed* to know the answers to these questions or he’d go *insane*!

*How is it possible that I imprinted a leech?* He was going to be sick. *The reason he’s acting like this---his possessive and pseudo aggressiveness? It’s typical of an imprinted mate whose been rejected or ignored or---.*

He straightened, taking in a deep breath, he needed to talk to *him*---even if he tried to kill him for it.

But just *how* was he going to talk to Carlisle Cullen?

*I’ll just have to go to see him at the hospital.*

Taking in a deep breath, Jacob squared his shoulders and left the bathroom, heading down the stairs and turning, walking determinedly towards the living room. The wolf’s heart raced when he saw Edwards sitting next to Bella, looking very distracted as Bella continued to prattle on obliviously about something, and Charlie watched them quite *obviously* from the Lazyboy—a look of utter confusion on the older man’s face.

But Jacob wasn’t concentrating on the humans---he was looking at Edward, telling himself to calm down, to act normal, to not give the vampire cause to become suspicious.

*Oh god.* He was going to be sick---he was going to throw up with nerves!*I imprinted on a leech.*

Edward must have caught his scent because he looked up, his eyes blacker than black, practically glazed over. The vampire was looking at him with intense shock, and something else Jacob just couldn’t understand---making the wolf even *more* nervous.

Bella, noticing that Edward’s attention was elsewhere, followed his gaze and smiled brightly. “Jake! You’re up!” With a fluid movement she was standing and by his side. “Edward came to invite us to go out again with him and the others.”

“*Again?*” Jacob squeaked before clearing his throat and tearing his gaze from Edward’s, preferring to look at his best friend instead. “I don’t know Bella.”

He could feel Charlie Swan’s gaze on him, and then on Edward, remaining on Edward.

“Come on, *Jake.*” Edward finally spoke, his voice oddly deeper than usual.
And out of pure routine, Jacob glared at Edward, snapping at him. “Don’t call me Jake! My friends call me that and you’re not my friend!”

And then he froze, groaning inside.

**Good. Great. Snap at the guy you imprinted. Real mature Jacob!**

But for some reason Edward didn’t look hurt or surprised or concerned with what Jacob had snapped out. Instead he was looking smugly pleased for some reason as he smirked with surprisingly sensuality. “You’re right, I’m not your friend. So I’ll just have to find my own name for you, won’t I, puppy?”

Jacob growled in annoyance as he glared once more at the insufferable leech. “Call me that one more time and I will tear you apart!”

That smirk just grew.

**Insufferable leech! I couldn’t have imprinted on him! We’d end up killing each other from pure aggravation!**

He snorted.

*No wonder the guy’s so good looking. It’s to try and balance out how annoying he is!* 

So deep in his thoughts, Jacob zoned out for a moment, failing to miss the ever-more-pleased expression on Edward’s face, the innocent confusion on Bella’s, and the wide-eyed understanding on Charlie’s.

“I’m going out.” With that Jacob tore out of the house and down the steps, fingering the keys to his motorcycle in his pocket before getting on it and turning it on, speeding away from the Swan house.

He knew he was being rude and he wasn’t protecting the Swans---leaving them alone with a leech--but for some reason Jacob didn’t feel wary of Edward, didn’t think he would hurt them.

And that just pissed him off even more.

He was going to talk to Dr. Carlisle Cullen and get some answers---even if it killed him!

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Alice never understood why she could see Jacob’s future. All werewolves made her abilities blind, but not Jacob and ever since yesterday it’d seemed to intensify to the fact that she could see him as easily as she could her vampiric brethren.

And that confused her.

Just two minutes ago the future had changed--again--and she’d seen a flash of it.

---

*They all sat in the living room, watching a movie, not at all concerned as the sunlight bathed them, making their skin shine like diamonds.*
“Why do we even watch movies about vampires anyway?” Rosalie complained, curled around Emmet. “It’s ridiculous how they have us bursting into flames, and the fangs? Ewww.”

Emmet looked down at his woman with a tender smile. “I think you’d look great with fangs, Rose.”

The blonde looked up at him and smiled that smile she had which was only for him. “That’s because I look good in anything, baby.”

He laughed and squeezed her tighter.

“Rosalie has a point, though,” Bella announced from where she sat on the floor in front of where Jasper and Alice were sitting on the couch. “Vampires in the movies are nothing like vampires really are. I mean. What about in Buffy and Angel? Those vampires’ faces shift.” Bella made a face. “And don’t get me started on the werewolves.”

Jacob Black looked up at that from where he was sitting on the couch, Edward sitting on the floor in front of him, sitting between his legs and leaning backwards against his lover. The werewolf sniggered at Bella, one hand buried in Edward’s eternally messy hair. “Their werewolves were really messed up.”

Jasper was silent, smiling, listening in amusement.

“I wonder where they got such misconstrued ideas about us.” Alice blinked, curious.

“Bram Stoker.” Carlisle announced easily, arm around Esme. “At least the vampire part. From what I can tell, Bram was actually a friend of a coven of vegetarian vampires and in order to help them keep their secret safe and keep people from suspecting they were vampires he came up with this complex idea of no reflection and inability to stand garlic and other such nonsense.”

“Really?” Edward asked in surprise, turning to look at his father figure. He made a face when Carlisle nodded passively.

“I actually had already known that,” Jasper announced.

Both Bella and Alice glared at him as if he’d committed some heinous crime by not having told them about it earlier.

Jasper just smiled and returned his attention to the movie.

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The sound of her cellular ringing brought Alice back to the present as she brought it to her ear. “Hello.”

“He thinks he’s imprinted on me.”

Alice’s eyes widened as she heard her younger brother’s voice. “What?”

“I was concentrating and listening to his thoughts in the bathroom while I was in the living room with the girl and her father,” Edward responded. “And he thinks he’s imprinted on me.”

“Edward---if he’s imprinted on you---.”

“I know.”
“What are you going to do?” Alice asked, looking around her. “This makes things even more serious than we thought. I—even I didn’t even know that it was possible for a wolf to imprint on a vampire.”

“Neither did he.” Edward sounded a little worried. “You should have heard his thoughts, Alice, should have seen his face.” He sighed. “Jacob was so surprised, so confused, worried, messed up.”

“It’s to be expected, Ed.” Alice peered out of the window in her and Jasper’s room. “He thinks he’s just found his soulmate---in his worse enemy. That’s bound to mess up a person.”

“I need you to come and keep the human busy. Jacob left to find Carlisle and talk to him about this, and I want to be there for that conversation. If there’s a possibility that he might have actually imprinted me, I think I have the right to know the same time he does.”

“He went to find Carlisle?” Alice blinked, before grinning. “That’s a good first step!”

“Yes, well, can you keep the girl occupied?” Edward sounded a little impatient.

“Sure, no problem.” Alice grinned brighter. “We’ll go shopping!”

Edward chuckled. “Thanks Alice.” And with that he hung up.

Alice took in a deep breath.

*Imprinted.*

Shaking her head in awe, the female vampire giggled, bouncing back into the house to tell everyone there.
Imprinting and Surprises

It was only thanks to Alice’s well-timed phone call that Carlisle Cullen didn’t fall over in surprise when Jacob Black walked into his office, looking annoyed, nervous and agitated. The vampire sat in his seat behind his desk and motioned with one hand for the restless teenager to take a seat.

“Mr. Black, I was expecting you.”

The young native seemed fidgety, but he sat down nonetheless, clearing his throat. “How did you know I was coming?”

“Alice can see the future,” he admitted, observing the surprise on the young wolf’s face and realizing that his children were right, Jacob did smell very nice, unlike other wolves. “So I was ready for you to come to me, and I’m very glad that you did. I want you to know that if you are in need of advice you’re free to come to me and I will help you in any way I can.”

The surprise, confusion and utter shock on Jacob’s face was both gratifying and a little annoying, but Carlisle had expected it. Vampires and werewolves didn’t have a good relationship, and for him to openly offer his help like this must have through the young wolf through a loop.

Of course, Carlisle wanted to help people in general, and Jacob in particular given the fact that he would become a part of his family through Edward.

“So you, you must know why I came here,” Jacob announced after a moment of gathering his courage.

Carlisle nodded. “You think you’ve imprinted on Edward.”

The wolf winced a little at it being said out loud, but he nodded nonetheless. “But how is that even possible?” He leaned forwards. “He’s a vampire, and I’m a wolf. We’re mortal enemies! We always have been!”

“Not exactly true,” Carlisle admitted, threading his fingers together, resting his fist against his chin and his elbows against the surface of his desk.

Jacob jerked his head towards him in shock. “What do you mean?”

“There was once a time in which we were at peace with the wolves---or so I’ve been told by the few older vampires I met,” the blonde replied evenly. “Apparently we were allies, joined together to help the other in wars and battles with other creatures that have now gone extinct to our joined efforts. When a vampire and a wolf join forces there is nothing that can stop them—or so I’ve been told.”

Jacob was silent, listening attentively.

“I’ve been told that a werewolf once imprinted on another female in the vampire colony, and despite the surprise and the wariness of both clans they joined. If I remember the story correctly, it brought the wolves and vampires closer, making them as one, until both females were found murdered in their home—apparently having fought each other and killed the other.”

Jacob winced, leaning back against the chair, looking disturbed.

“Both sides revolted, each blaming each other, and war broke out. The vampires blamed the wolves
for their female having killed their beloved sister in a jealous rage, and the wolves blamed the vampire female for killing their princess in bloodlust.” Carlisle sighed, eyes on Jacob. “The two clans broke up, vowed to avenge the death of their female, and have been at war ever since. Eventually word spread out and vampires and wolves everywhere became enemies, and it’s lasted up to this day in which most don’t know why they are supposed to hate each other, but do so any way.”

For a moment Jacob was silent. “If the female wolf imprinted on the vampire female, she would never have killed her in a jealous rage. Imprinting is rare---but when it happens we’re unable to hurt the one we love---other than for extreme circumstances, but never to the extent of death---not that close at all. The most an imprinted wolf might do on accident with its mate would be to scratch them.”

“And when a vampire chooses its chosen, they would rather die than hurt the other,” Carlisle responded. “When I found Rosalie she was dying a cruel death by the hands of someone she should have trusted. I didn’t think it was fair that her life be taken from her by someone so horrible, and I changed her, hoping that she and Edward might choose each other.”

Jacob tensed, and Carlisle wondered if the young wolf even realized that he’d let out a little growl. The vampire didn’t ask, just continued with his story. “They didn’t, only loved each other as a brother and sister should. And then one day Rosalie came upon Emmet, who was being attacked by a large bear. She saved his life, and although he was dying and completely covered in his own blood she chose him, and since she feared that she mightn’t be able to control her own blood lust while changing the dying man she carried him for miles and brought him to me to change.”

Jacob was listening attentively, leaning forwards.

“I changed him for her, and she nursed him, took care of him as a fledgling, and he adores her for it, as I’m sure that you have noticed in the few occasions you have been together with them.”

The wolf nodded slowly. “Someone else killed them---the two females---to break up the union of the vampires and werewolves.”

“That’s my theory as well.” Carlisle smiled. Edward had chosen a smart one.

“I don’t get it though.” Jacob mumbled finally. “If I really have imprinted on Edward---why all of a sudden after all of this time? Why am I the first wolf to imprint on a vampire?”

Carlisle had been wondering that too. “Maybe---maybe because its time to start healing the hatred between our clans.”

Jacob blinked, taking in a deep breath. “They’re gonna kill me if I’ve imprinted on Edward---my pack.”

“I doubt they will kill you, Jacob.” Carlisle knew that they would be far from happy though. “If I have my information right, shouldn’t you be the true Alpha of your pack? Alpha by blood?”

The wolf seemed surprised that he knew that.

“Why is Sam Uely the alpha of your pack?”

Jacob looked away, seeming a little uncomfortable, before surprising Carlisle by answering the question he’d expected to have been snapped at for answering. “When my father had the accident that left him crippled I was too young to take over as Alpha of the pack so Sam did.”
“But you’ve been of age to take your rightful place years ago.”

Jacob nodded, taking in a deep breath. “I just haven’t wanted to. I don’t want to be the Alpha of the pack.”

And they were getting somewhere. “Why is that? It’s your birthright.”

The young native refused to answer, gaze glued on Carlisle’s desk.

The doctor sighed, oh well. At least he’d gotten further with the questioning than he’d thought he would. “Mr. Black, what exactly do you know about imprinting?”

That caused Jacob to look up in surprise. “Not much, really. It’s extremely rare, and the only one I know who’s imprinted on someone is Sam. All he’s said about it is that the wolf recognizes its soulmate when it sees him or her.”

“Well, any one can be the chosen mate, but imprinting only occurs once ever, though not all shape-shifters end up imprinting.” Carlisle did his best to ignore the blood flushing the embarrassed boy’s face red. “But it’s important for you to understand that once a shifter has imprinted, they are ‘bonded’ with their mate forever.”

And suddenly Jacob lost his blush and instead blanched. “Oh god. That’s what I was fearing.” He finally looked up at Carlisle, his eyes pleading and trusting all at the same time. “How do you know that you’ve imprinted on someone? How can you be sure? Sam never told us how he knew he’d imprinted on Emily.”

Carlisle was surprised at how easily the wolf had put his trust in him, and he rather enjoyed it. It was like having another son coming to him and asking his advice. “Well, from what I’ve heard, the imprinter is described as looking at and regarding its mate (or imprintee), and I quote, ‘like a blind man seeing the sun for the first time’.” He paused, seeing Jacob become paler. “It’s happened to you around Edward, hasn’t it?”
The wolf seemed locked up in his own memories, before he cleared his throat and nodded. “The first time I saw him—I—I thought it was the glare of the sun or something even though it was completely overcast that day and it only happened when I looked at him.” Jacob took in a deep breath. “Is there anything else I should know?”

“Well, according to what I was told, the wolf will always be calmer and more assured because it knows that it has its mate…” Carlisle paused when he heard the snort coming from Jacob. “What?”

“Now that is pure nonsense.” The shifter sounded bitter. “Every time I’m around Edward the wolf goes crazy. It’s irritating and—.”

“Probably because you two have bonded but haven’t joined.” Carlisle found it hard to speak of such things and keep a profession expression on his face. “The wolf is annoyed and wants you to claim him as your pack mate and as your chosen—just like Edward has the desire to claim you.”

And once again the wolf was blushing. “Anything else you know?”

Well…” Carlisle searched his memory for anything else. “I know that due to the fact that shape-shifters don’t age as long as they continue to shift into their animal forms, many shifters chose to obtain control and re-begin aging as their mate ages, so that they can grow old and die with them; this is due to the issue that is a shifter’s mate were ever to die, it would be severely painful for the shifter—to the point that the shifter would not want to continue living.”

Jacob winced.

“Also, a shape-shifter can imprint on anyone, of any age—even a baby.” The vampire hurried on when he saw the disgust on the wolf’s face. “Feelings for their mate may not always be sexual in nature, especially in instance where it would be inappropriate, such as imprinting on a baby—only acting as a protective older sibling until the imprintee is old enough to become his or her lover and desires to be with the imprinter.”

Jacob took in a deep breath. “This is just unbelievable.”

“Jacob.” Sometime during the conversation Carlisle had gone from calling him Mr. Black to his first name, and the wolf didn’t seem to notice or mind. “I think you understand your need to accept this. Your wolf chose Edward, and if you continue to reject the chosen one you will end up killing yourself.”

The shifter winced again. “Yes, I realize that.”

There was silence.

“So what do you plan on doing about it?”

The wolf paused before looking at Carlisle. “I have to think about it, I—I know that technically I’m the one who got us all into this mess—.”

“Its’ destiny, Jacob.” Carlisle gave him a smile because he could see the confusion and worry in the young werewolf’s face. “Not only are you fated to be with Edward, but even Alice has seen you as part of our family, and her visions are always accurate. And as head of the Cullen family I would like you to know that the whole family knows of this and welcome you to join us whenever you feel comfortable enough to accept what will happen. This will all happen in your pace. No one will push you to do anything.”

A grateful expression crossed those dark eyes as Jacob stood awkwardly. “Thank you, Dr. Cullen.”
Taking in a deep breath, the wolf spoke again. “I really need some time to myself to think things over, but could you tell Edward once he’s done eavesdropping in on our conversation through the other room that I’ll get into contact with him when I’ve thought things through?”

Carlisle’s eyes widened in surprise as he turned to face the wall Jacob was motioning towards. Was Edward really eavesdropping in on them? “I—I will tell him.”

“Thank you, Dr. Cullen.” Jacob paused. “For everything.” And with that he turned and left the office.

Edward soon entered the room through the same door, going to sit on the chair Jacob had vacated. “So he really did imprint on me.” The younger vampire looked in awe, and also quite happy at the turn of events.

“Eavesdropping, Edward?” Carlisle asked in slight reproach. “Esme and I have taught you better than that.”

Edward just smirked.

Carlisle shook his head at his first ‘son’ and then looked at the door. “I wonder how he sensed you when even I didn’t.”

Edward didn’t answer, he just smirked with more gusto, neither vampire realizing that something just as important was happening outside of the shopping complex.

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Bella looked up, wide-eyed at Alice Cullen’s paler-than-usual face, shivering at the contact of her body with Alice’s freezing one as the short brunette had her pinned against the car. And while being pinned like this did have something to do with the way she was shivering, there was also other reasons as well.

When Alice and Jasper had driven to her house to take her out shopping (Jasper was along as the official bag carrier) she’d been surprised at how her disappointment at Edward’s quick departure after Jacob left evaporated into glee as she jumped into the car with the two people in the Cullen family she got along with the best.

The ride to the shopping complex was filled with laughter and fun as she and Alice dominated the conversation, and Jasper added some surprisingly witty comments whenever he could. And the shopping spree? It’d been amazing!

Bella had to admit that she’d been somewhat jealous of Alice and Jasper---of their relationship. God, she wished that she had someone smile at her the way Alice smiled at Jasper, or have someone look at her the way Jasper looked at Alice.

So she’d been admittedly jealous, envious and distracted as they were in the parking lot and hadn’t noticed the van swerving dangerously in her direction as she hurried towards Alice’s car, keys in hand to open it up for the others, who were a bit of a ways behind her.

Hearing the screech of the tires, Bella’d looked up in horror as the huge van swerved, about to hit her, and then Alice was in front of her, pushing her against her own car, shielding her body with hers---and Jasper was in front of Alice, crouched, palm out towards the rapidly approaching van.

Bella opened her mouth to scream when the van smashed into Jasper’s hand---but Jasper wasn’t
hurt…he was still crouched, the van stopped and a huge dent in the side of it—a dent in the shape of Jasper’s hand.

The young human gasped, turning her gaze to Alice’s face and she continued to shiver even more, shocked, surprised, and tingling though she didn’t know why.

“Are you okay?” Alice’s voice was urgent.

“Did she get hurt?” Jasper sounded just as bad as he stood up, looking over Alice’s shoulder at Bella.

Bella should have noticed that no one else had seen what’d happened because they were in an abandoned parking lot—and the driver had been knocked unconscious, but she couldn’t look away from Alice’s face. A gasp escaped her lips as Alice raised her hand and cupped the side of Bella’s face, raising it to her inspection.

“I think she’s in shock,” Alice whispered to Jasper.

The young man reached over his girlfriend’s shoulder and softly rested his hand on Bella’s forehead, the extra cold causing Bella to tremble fiercer, breaths coming out rapidly and unevenly. “Bella? I need you to relax. Everything’s all right.”

A foreign feeling of peace and sleepiness overcame Bella and her eyes rolled back in their sockets as she collapsed, vaguely feeling Alice catch her when her knees buckled out from under her.
There were a lot of things on Jacob Black’s mind as he leaned against the wall in the shopping complex. He knew that this was the last place anyone would come looking for him in, so he did his best to ignore the gaggle of giggling girls all around him with shopping bags and short skirts.

He had a very big problem. He’d imprinted on Edward, and since he didn’t have a death wish he was going to somehow have to come to terms with this and find a way to get his pack to come to terms with it as well.

And that was one conversation that he didn’t want to have. But he was going to have to go to the reservation and talk to his father and sister, have to talk to Sam and let him know that the impossible had happened.

The young man vaguely wondered if he’d leave the reservation alive.

Clearing his throat, Jacob decided to let that thought be pushed back for right now.

A group of girls passed him, looked at him, and giggled, all turning red.

He paused, his hand halfway to his neck subconsciously, before remembering that the lovebites Edward had left on him the night before had all disappeared before morning, thanks to his increased healing. So it wasn’t that that had the girls giggling, and the wolf raised an eyebrow, wondering what in the world had caused them to giggle and blush.

Girls. He snorted in annoyance. I’ll never understand them.

Good thing you imprinted on a guy then, huh?

Glaring at whatever voice that had been, Jacob growled, shaking his head. He was going to have enough problems in the future, he didn’t need to be in a fight with himself.

So what did that mean exactly?

Was he just going to accept Edward and their, uh, matehood just like that? Well, not that easily, it was going to take a lot of work on both of their parts, but he was going to have to eventually, if he wanted to live to his next birthday. God, no wonder he hadn’t been feeling in his prime for so long, by unconsciously denying his mate he’d been debilitating himself!

“Did you hear about it?” The voice sounded familiar, and Jacob noticed that it was one of Bella’s few female friends from high school. He’d seen her with these two girls before. “About the second death?”

“Yeah.” The taller, thinner girl nodded, looking pale. “They said it was just as horrible as the security guard’s death in the electricity plant outside of town.” She shivered. “What sort of animal does that sort of thing?”

The shorter, bustier girl shrugged. “I don’t know, but poor Mr. Weyland, it tore him apart!” She hugged herself. “And whatever it is, it’s getting closer to Forks. Mom almost didn’t let me come out here with you.”
“I know.” The tall girl shook her head. “Dad’s thinking seriously about keeping me grounded until Sheriff Swan and the others can find and kill the thing that’s doing all of this. He says that it’s never safe since Mr. Weyland was killed during the day.”

“Savage.” The shorter one declared as they passed Jacob, continuing to talk to themselves, in their own little world.

The wolf frowned, listening to this news. He’d known about the first death, but this death must have happened today. Everyone thought it was an animal committing the killings, but he and his pack knew better, even the Cullens must know that this wasn’t the work of an animal but of leeches.

Sighing, Jacob shook his head.

As if he didn’t already have enough problems with leeches he now had rogue ones out killing the population of people whom his pack and he were sworn to protect.

This was the worst time possible for another problem with leeches. It was during these times that his pack grew more aggressive, wanting blood, desiring to tear the leeches apart. How was he going to tell Sam and the others in the middle of this that he’d someone imprinted on one?

Nothing is working in my favor today. He sighed and looked down at his shoes. I’m going to have to talk to Sam about this new attack—and about Edward. And I’m going to have to talk to Edward about everything—but I don’t even know what to say.

How did you approach the person who you’d been taught since childhood to despise, and converse about mating with them?

A blush tinted his tanned skin at the thought and he sighed, a little disgusted with the way his body reacted to the thought of mating with Edward.

Someone just kill me…now!

Suddenly the stench of leech reached his nose and jolted him out of his thoughts. Jacob pushed away from the wall and looked around him, eyes narrowed, until they landed on red-tinted eyes observing him, the face those eyes belonged to was extremely pale, lips curled in a curious expression.

Leech.

Jacob’s eyes narrowed as his body tensed immediately, a snarl escaping his lips as he looked into the eyes that proved that this taller, male leech with blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail was most probably part of the clan responsible for the killings that was happening around Forks.

The leech’s smirk grew as he looked at him, as if curious that he’d noticed him and completely, darkly amused with the situation.

ATTACK! Something inside Jake screamed, like it always did when he was around leeches, but Jacob clenched his fists and kept control over his wolf. They were in a crowded area, with many innocents, there was no way that he was going to endanger the humans by foolishly rushing his adversary.

LEAVE HERE! He growled, transmitting the message to the leech, who was still leaning against a pillar, arms folded over his chest, smirking at him.
Not trusting the leech to have had the good sense to leave the perimeter, Jacob stalked towards where the creature had been and took a whiff of the potent stench, turning his head slowly, trying to find a trail.

He finally did, amazed at how weak it was. This leech was obviously very good at covering up his tracks, but Jacob had always had an ability to smell that was greater than all of the others in the pack, so he picked up the faint stench and followed it throughout the shopping complex, sometimes coming upon crossways where the scent split in half---obviously trying to get him off of track.

Switching to his instincts, Jacob continued to follow the trail that he believed to be the true one, and it led him to the parking lot. He looked around, on his guard.

“You actually managed to track me.”

Turning, his eyes narrowed as he gazed at the leech leaning against a van. “Leave this place and stop the killings or we’ll hunt you down and tear you to pieces. No one hunts here.”

“What exactly are you?”

Jacob was shocked at the question. “What happened, leech? Nose not working?”

And that smirk grew as that telling word escaped the young native’s lips. “You’re a dog.” His voice seemed tinted with shock. “Why don’t you smell bad like one then?”

The wolf was taken back by that question, but he regrouped and managed to growl at him. “Last warning. If you aren’t gone by tonight we’ll hunt you down and tear you and your clan apart.”

“It seems this boring little place is full of surprises.” The leech announced. “First I witness two golden-eyed vampires put their secret at risk to save one klutzy brunette girl in this very same parking lot not an hour ago---and now I meet a dog who doesn’t smell like a dog.” He tilted his head to the right, smirk growing darker. “What is it about this place? Is it the water?”

Jacob growled, tensing, before pausing, realizing that the reason the smell of leech was so strong here wasn’t because of the one he was talking to, but because he could smell Alice and Jasper Cullen as well---and right mixed up in that scent was Bella’s.

Two golden-eyed vampires put their secret at risk to save one klutzy brunette girl.

And suddenly he’d betrayed the cardinal rule and forgot all about the leech he was facing off, worried about Bella. In a second he remembered the creature though and looked up, but by that time the leech was gone, and no matter how much he tried scenting him, Jacob couldn’t.

I’ve got to go find Bella, see if she’s alright.

With that thought in his head, Jacob hurried towards where he’d left his motorcycle, destination the Swan Residence.

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Charlie Swan looked up the minute Jacob burst into the house. He paused, looking at the boy he’d considered like a son since he’d known him, and wondered how he was going to get this
“Is Bella here?” Jacob asked, looking worried, all anger and resentment now gone.

Charlie took in a deep breath and smiled at him. “Yeah. Alice Cullen and Jasper Hale took her out shopping with them after you left. They brought her back sleeping, said that she fell asleep from exhaustion—and with the amount of shopping bags that poor boy had to haul up into Bella’s room I don’t doubt that.”

Relief flooded the boy’s face.

And it flooded Charlie’s as well, his smile growing more sincere. “Son, I wanted to talk to you about this morning.” He raised his hand when Jacob opened his mouth to speak. “I realize it must be hard for you, taking care of Bells. If only she’d open her eyes and realize what is going on, but her innocence despite the violence and corruption in this world is one of the things I am most relieved about.”

Jacob was silent, frowning slightly, looking confused and a little apprehensive.

“For a moment I thought that Edward Cullen was interested in my Bells,” Charlie cleared his throat, getting a little uncomfortable again. “But this morning I realized that she isn’t the one he came to see. It was you, wasn’t it? He’s been trying to get around you.”

The look on Jacob’s face was answer enough.

“I understand how awkward this must be for you, liking Bells, who likes Edward, who in turn obviously has an attraction for you.” If it wasn’t for the fact that Charlie knew Billy would kill the Cullen boy if he found out about the situation, he would have let the native man deal with this himself, but Charlie knew how the outcome would be otherwise so he took on this uncomfortable conversation. “If you like, I could sit Bells down and let her know why it’d be reasonable for her to stop her pursuit of the Cullen boy and realize the type of man she has besides her.”

A look Charlie couldn’t understand passed over Jacob’s face, and Charlie took it as awkward gratitude.

All of a sudden a door slammed shut upstairs and suddenly there was the sound of hurried footsteps down the stairs as Bella appeared, eyes wide, a little pale. “Where’s Alice? Is she here? I need to talk to her! Why am I here?”

Charlie blinked, wondering what his daughter was going on about. “Honey, Alice and Jasper dropped you home after you fell asleep in their vehicle. They said you dozed off while they were driving here. By the way, Bells, that’s some impressive amount of clothes and shoes you got there. Did you remember to thank Ms. Cullen for buying them for you?”

“Um, no.” Bella’s eyes looked around her before she finally returned her gaze to his. “You know what, dad? That was wrong of me. I should thank Alice. In person. Do you know where the Cullens live?”

“Not really.” Charlie scratched his cheek. “The Cullens are a real solitary bunch. All I know is that their home is up in the mountains somewhere.”

Disappointment flittered through her dark eyes. “Oh.”

Giving one look in Jacob’s direction, Charlie turned to his daughter and cleared his throat to begin his carefully planned speech. “Bells, honey, about Edward Cullen, I don’t think he—.”
“Maybe you could call Doctor Cullen and ask him for Alice’s number,” Bella interrupted, seeming to not have heard a word he’d said. “You know his number, I know you do because you called him when Mr. Weyland was---was found.”

Charlie noticed the way she winced and looked regretful at him and he smiled sadly, understanding her apology for mentioning his old friend Weyland. “Honey, I don’t think----.”

“Wait, I think Alice gave me her phone number while we were at the cinema.” Bella pressed her finger to her lip contemplatively. “I have to check my phone.”

Charlie sighed and lowered his head, shaking it slightly. He knew this maneuver. It was the famous get-to-the-brother-through-the-sister move he’d seen so much in high school. “Bells, I don’t think Edward--.”

Bella suddenly paused, looking at her father oddly. “Daddy? What does Edward have to do with what I’m talking about?”

Charlie sighed once more. His daughter forgot that he’d been young once---that he knew how teenagers thought.

“I need to go to the rez for a couple of hours,” Jacob finally spoke, capturing their attention.

Charlie winced, feeling so sorry for the young man. Obviously seeing how desperate Bella was to get with Edward was tearing him apart.

*My poor, naïve, clueless daughter. How can she not see what’s right in front of her?*

Bella nodded. “Sure, say hi to everyone for me. I’m going to check my phone.”

Charlie was torn as he watched one teenager leave through the door and the other hurry up the stairs.

Taking in a deep breath, Sheriff Swan looked up at the ceiling in determination. He was going to get those two crazy teenagers together if it was the last thing he did.

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Alice Cullen looked down at the cellular as it rung, Bella’s name flashing on the Caller I.D. She was lying on the bed with Jasper’s head on her stomach as he read one of Friedrich Nietzsche works.

“She’s calling again.”

Jasper tore his gaze from the page and looked back at her. “Are you going to answer her?”

The vampiress took in a long, unnecessary breath, twisting her lips as she thought it over. “She’s going to know about us, Jazz. Lately in my visions, she knows about us.” She sighed as the cellular went silent, and then began ringing again. “Should I answer?”

“Do you want to?” Jasper asked.

She paused. “Maybe.”

“Then answer her.”

The call died.
Alice waited for the phone to ring again but it remained silent. Sighing, she threw it on the bed next to her and buried her fingers through his blonde curls. “I love you.”

Jasper smiled tenderly at her. “I love you too.” He then turned his attention back to his book.

Alice looked out of the window at the endless forest, sighing.

Sam Uely didn’t know what he was more shocked about, whether it was the fact that Jacob had imprinted on a leech, that his scent had changed, that this other leech had managed to disappear on him---or that the other leech had talked to him and not attacked, as those creatures were known to do.

Billy Black was in shock, silent.

The three of them were the only ones in the room, and Jacob looked both determined and nervous as he stood before them.

Sam watched the young man, and noticed not for the first time that he had become a man on them. So many conflicting emotions were warring in the older wolf. In one sense he was growling and snarling at the fact that a leech had been imprinted on and he wanted to tear apart said leech, but another part of him knew enough about imprinting to know that he’d never do or allow that for Jacob’s sake.

Plus, there was a law in their pack that one imprinted on by one of their pack members could never be hurt by the pack. On the contrary, the pack was honor-bound to protect the imprintee with their own lives if the situation should arise.

Obviously the elders never thought that law would come back to bite us in our asses when they thought it up.

“Are you sure?” Billy finally spoke, eyes on his son.

“Yes.” Jacob nodded, voice and face firm. “Somehow I imprinted on Edward Cullen.”

“This is a situation no one was prepared for,” Sam announced slowly, looking at Jacob, wondering what should be done in these circumstances. Being with a leech was unthinkable, but it wasn’t as if Jacob himself had chosen. The wolf had, and Jacob shouldn’t be punished for something that he had no fault in.

Still…

“He’s a leech!” Billy exploded, as if no one had figured that out as yet. “They’re human-killing monsters!”

“The Cullen family are an exception to that rule, Billy.” Sam surprised both Blacks by defending the vampires. “They have stuck to their treaty with your ancestor, they haven’t hunted the humans and haven’t placed a foot in our lands.” He looked at Jacob. “But they are still dangerous and cannot be trusted.”

Jacob took in a deep breath, not contradicting anything said.

Billy leaned further in his wheelchair, looking horrified, pissed, and deeply disturbed.
“Thank you for coming to us immediately to advise us of the situation with the rogue leech clan.” Sam announced, face emotionless, eyes dark. “But I think that, given the extreme circumstances, it would be best if you spent some time away from the reservation and the pack.”

Jacob’s eyes widened. “Are you---you’re banishing me.”

“Sam!” Billy snapped.

“Quiet.” Sam hissed. “I am the Alpha of the pack, and as such I have to look after not only the health and happiness of each individual member, but of the unity of the pack. Jacob, I know that this isn’t your fault, but you imprinted on our enemy, and for now as Alpha I believe that it is best for the pack if you are not a part of it. At least until we can find any alternative.”

“I—I can’t believe you’re doing this.” Jacob shook his head, voice soft. “I can’t believe you’re banishing me from my pack.”

“I’m sorry.” And Sam really was sorry. He was, but this was what he felt needed to be done. “I’m sure Billy’s friend won’t mind you staying with them as long as we cover your expenses.”

Jacob turned to his father. “Dad?”

Billy Black turned away from his son, looking sad and conflicted.

“I can’t believe this.” Jacob shook his head, hurt on his face, before turning and storming out of the room, slamming the door closed behind him.

The sound of his motorcycle revving could be heard, as well as the sound of him speeding away.

“Was it necessary to banish him, Sam?” Billy asked, voice soft with sadness. “He’s my son.”

“Everything will work out for the best, Billy.” Sam spoke. “It has to.” He stood. “I must go speak with the rest of the pack. We have much to discuss.”

For some reason he wasn’t surprised that Edward hadn’t waited for him to call him.

Jacob had cruised around his motorcycle at crazy speeds after leaving the meeting with his father and Sam, before getting enough control over his hurt, anger and disappointment to be able to return to Charlie and Bella’s. By then the others had been asleep, and he’d let himself in using the extra key Charlie kept under the mat by the front door.

Bathing, he’d gone to bed immediately, managing to fall into a restless sleep, not surprised when a faint sound woke him up and his eyes caught sight of Edward Cullen sitting on the window frame, bathing in moonlight and watching him.

“You know, stalking is a crime condemned by every state,” he informed Edward dully, pulling himself up into a sitting position, the sheet falling down his bare chest and pooling around his lap. “So is breaking and entering.”

Edward smirked from where he sat on the frame itself, one foot resting on the floor and the other dangling outside of the window. He looked at ease on the two-story window, leaning his head back against the frame, eyes only for Jacob.
“I saw one of the leeches responsible for the two killings,” Jacob announced, watching the smirk disappear immediately from the vampire’s face. “He was a male, looked older than you, blonde hair in a ponytail and red-eyes from drinking human blood. Is impressive at hiding his scent. Ring a bell?”

“No.” Edward frowned, speaking for the first time since Jacob had awoken. “His description doesn’t fit with any other vampire I’ve ever met.”

“Was a long shot anyway.” Jacob shrugged, leaning against the backrest and yawning slightly. “I got kicked out of the pack today.”

And Edward’s frown grew as he smoothly entered the room completely. “What?”

The young wolf kept his gaze on the vampire, not trusting but not wary either. “I had counsel with my father and Sam. I told them about the leech and about you. They didn’t well to either news.”

For a moment that was met with silence, before Edward’s smirk returned as with a fluid movement he was somehow sitting on the bed. “Aww, you told your father about me? Doesn’t a boy only do that when things get serious?”

Jacob sneered. “So you’re calling yourself the girl of our relationship?”

“Touché.”

“Why are you taking this so easily?” Jacob finally asked the question that’d been bugging him all day. “You were taught to hate wolves just as much as we were taught to hate leeches. So why are you so careless about this? You act as if you don’t care that I’m a wolf—or a guy for that matter.”

“I did, at first—hate the fact that you were a dog. The fact that you were a guy never bothered me but a dog? That was hard to accept.” Edward admitted, crawling slowly up the bed towards his prey. “It killed me at first when I realized how much I wanted you. I denied it for months and it nearly sent me crazy.” He trailed up the wolf’s body languidly until they were face to face.

Jacob kept his hands to his side, his eyes on Edward’s, determined to control himself and his body’s embarrassing reaction to having Edward Cullen on all fours above him. “What happened to change your mind?”

“I admitted everything to my family, and Alice admitted to the fact that she’d been having visions of the future and that you were in every single one of the visions, and you were mine.”

Jacob gulped at the possessiveness in the vampire’s voice and eyes as he said that word.

Edward leaned forwards and surprised the wolf by rubbing his cheek against his in a very canine way of showing affection.

The wolf growled affectionately deep in his throat, and Jacob didn’t even realize that he’d closed his eyes and returned the gesture until it was already done. It was such a canine gesture, something usually only done while in wolf form that for a moment the young man was a little disoriented.

Giving into his curiosity, Jacob brushed his cheek against Edwards and continued on journeying past the ear and down the cold neck, inhaling the leech’s scent and wondering why the scent that used to make him snarl in distaste only seemed natural and normal to him now.

It seemed almost acceptable.
Trailing his nose down the skin of the neck Edward offered him eagerly, tilting his head to the opposite side and granting him more access, Jacob bared his blunt teeth and found himself latching them onto the cold skin, teasing it as Edward had once done him.

The vampire shivered, letting out a whimper before surprising the wolf by straddling him, sitting down on his lap, pressing himself further into Jacob’s chest and body.

The pressure on his rapidly hardening member caused Jacob to nibble a little harder than he’d planned. It earned him a gasp of pleasure from Edward as the vampire bucked nearly instinctively against him, giving a little groan when Jacob finally unclenched his fists and brought them down firmly on Edward’s narrow hips, digging into his skin, keeping him there as he gave an experimental buck upwards against him.

“Jacob,” Edward whispered, eyes closed.

That whimper went straight to Jacob’s cock and he bit Edward a little harder again, this time on purpose, the vampire whimpering and bucking once more.

The wolf smirked against the cold neck.

Why wasn’t he surprised that vampires were into a little pain mixed with their pleasure?

“Jacob…” Edward whispered once more, his hand going to his own pants, beginning to work the button as the wolf bucked under him again, lifting him slightly with the movement. “Jacob!”

“Jacob? Are you awake?” The voice that whispered through the door caused them to freeze and broke Jacob out of the lusty haze he’d been submitted to the moment Edward had climbed on top of him. “Jake. It’s me, Bella. Open up.”

“What’s she doing here?” Edward’s eyes were now open and flashing black as he glared down accusingly into the wolf’s face as he hissed.

“Jake?” Bella called once more. “Open up! I hear you up and making noise.”

“Uh—give me a minute!” Jacob called before turning to Edward. “You have to get out of here.”

Those eyes grew darker as that gaze narrowed. “No.” He bucked against Jacob, causing the wolf’s eyes to roll back in his head at the pleasure. “I’m not leaving. We were in the middle of something.”

Jacob kept his eyes closed and bit down on his lip to keep from groaning as Edward bucked against him once more, his cock hard and ready at the constant teasing, wanting to slide into something cool and welcoming.

Shit!

His eyes flew open when he felt hands on his boxers, flipping open the button and a cold hand freed his hard, throbbing member. “Edward.” He growled, half lustfully, half annoyed.

The vampire ignored him, beginning to undo his own zipper.

“Jacob hurry up! It’s cold out here!” Bella hissed.

“Edward…” Jacob growled again, warningly.

And the vampire continued to ignore him as he lifted off slightly, only enough to begin pulling
down his own pants.

Something in Jacob snapped at Edward’s behavior, and in a second their positions were reversed. The wolf himself didn’t even remember doing it, but somehow Edward was now back down in the bed, Jacob straddling him, grabbing the vampire’s wrists with his hand and keeping them pinned over Edward’s head.

Jacob knew that Edward could easily pull his wrists out of Jacob’s hold, but the vampire’s eyes were hazed, his lips parted slightly as he whimpered and squirmed beneath him.

“Jake! It’s important!” Bella whispered. “Something happened while I was with Alice and Jasper that I need to talk to you about! I—I don’t think they're normal!”

Both froze and turned to look at the door.

Taking in a deep breath, Jacob sighed and let go of Edward, getting off of the vampire and the bed, grabbing his discarded pants and putting it on.

Edward sat up in the bed, glaring in the direction of the door.

Jacob kept his back to the vampire otherwise he’d probably just jump him, and went to the door unlocking it and sliding out of the bedroom before Bella could enter and see the vampire that was obviously refusing to leave. “Hey.”

Bella looked at him in surprise as he closed the door behind them, leaving them alone in the dark hallway. “How can you not be cold?”

Jacob realized that he wasn’t wearing a shirt, but just shrugged with a smile. Wolves were never cold, they were always hotter than normal, even when in their human form. “Let’s talk in the kitchen? I’m kinda in the mood for a snack anyway.”

“Sure” Bella nodded, leading them to the kitchen before sitting down and confessing everything to him that’d happened while she was out with Alice Cullen and Jasper Hale. “She moved faster than humanly possible, Jake, and he stopped the van with his outstretched hand.” Bella bit her bottom lip. “They obviously aren’t normal.”

Jacob had listened in silence up until that moment. “What would you do if they really weren’t normal?”

“Nothing.” Bella announce truthfully. “I---I’d want to know more about them, but that’s all really.” She paused. “You should have seen her, Jacob. Alice moved so fast, and then she had me in her arms, her body between mine and the van! I know that if Jasper hadn’t gotten there on time she would have protected me with her own body. It’s---it’s mind-blowing.”

Jacob was a little surprised at this revelation. “Why do you think she didn’t tell your dad about what really happened and isn’t answering your phone calls?”

“I think she’s frightened,” Bella whispered with a sigh. “That I’ll say something and let out her secret. But I wouldn’t do that to her, or Jasper. They saved my life. I owe them everything.”

Jacob took in a deep breath, finishing his glass of warm milk. “We should go back to bed. You can continue trying to call her tomorrow, maybe she’ll realize you won’t give up and answer.”

Bella thought it over and nodded, smiling. “Thanks Jacob. I feel bad for waking you up but you’re my only real friend here, and the only person I can confide in.”
A tender smile touched his face as they both stood and Jacob pulled Bella in his arms, encircling her in a protective hug as he rested his chin on the crown of her head and closed his eyes. “You can wake me anytime you need to, Hells Bells. And thanks for trusting me enough to confide in me.”

He felt a little bad for not doing the same with her, but he’d always had to think of the good of the pack.

Now that I’ve been kicked out of it though…

Hmmm…

He was going to have to sleep on that thought.

They parted ways, each going to their own bedroom, and when Jacob got to his he told himself that he wasn’t disappointed to find that the vampire had gone.

Too bad he wasn’t very convincing.
The weekend went by without another death or visit by Edward or any sort of contact with any of the Cullens. Jacob went with Bella to get the rest of his things from the reservation in her truck and moved into the guest room of the Swan Residence, trying to adjust to the fact that he’d been kicked out of his own home, own pack. His sister had been furious at their father, and she’d made Jacob know that she wouldn’t talk to Billy until her little brother was brought back home.

Jacob loved his sister, and her loyalty, but told her that she didn’t need to do that, he didn’t want to ruin her life as well.

Usually transferring schools took more time than his did, but Charlie had been a childhood friend of the principal and he’d pulled a couple of strings so that Jacob could start school on Monday and not miss anything.

Sunday Jacob had driven to the school, completed a test, and had been informed that since he seemed to have knowledge most kids in his grade in the Forks High School didn’t, he was being bumped up a grade—which meant that he’d be in Bella’s grade---and Edward’s.

Since they would be going to the same school, Bella and Jacob had decided to go one day in her truck and the other on his motorcycle. That way they would save on gas and wouldn’t be alone for the drive either way since it wasn’t safe to be out alone nowadays.

Sure, there hadn’t been any more killings since the day that Jacob saw the leech, but he didn’t want to push his luck, and didn’t want to put Bella in any unnecessary danger.

That was why they now pulled up on school grounds, and Jacob parked the motorcycle, pulling the helmet off and shaking his hair loose as he hooked the helmet on the handlebar.

The young native ignored the gazes of the students on them, and got off from his bike, turning and smiling at Bella, helping the klutz off. Last time she’d tried by herself she’d somehow managed to trip and skin her knee, so he’d ingrained it in his subconscious to keep an extra careful eye on her while around his motorcycle.

“Thanks.” She smiled thankfully at him, pulling a strand of hair out of his face and behind his ear for him. “You noticed all the gawking yet?”

A smirk slipped onto his lips as he looked around at the students of Forks High. Honestly, they were looking at him as if they’d never seen a Native American before. “Yeah.”

“Well, that’s normal for a new kid,” Bella informed him, linking her arm through his and walking him through the throng of onlookers towards the front of the school. “At least you have me to help fend them off, imagine me a couple of weeks ago and with no one to protect me.”

Smirking darker at the cheeky tone in her voice, Jacob sent Bella a sideways glance. “You seemed to have survived just fine without protection.” He noticed the dark glares so many guys were giving him for being this close to Bella. “Better than fine I’d say.”

“Hmph.” Bella made a face, and then paused. “I wonder where Alice and Jasper are---I saw their jeep outside in the parking lot.” She then took in a deep breath and raised her chin. “Not that I care really. I mean it’s not like they answered any of my calls or called back or anything.”

“I agree.” Jacob made a face, telling himself that he was not annoyed that Edward hadn’t made any
attempt to see him after that night.

He was not.

Not!

“What should we do if we see them?” Bella asked in a conspirator’s whisper.

“Nod politely and walk on,” Jacob offered, reminding himself that nodding politely at Edward and not doing anything else was not acting like a spiteful girl.

“But what if they realize that I know and think that I’m only nodding politely because I’m disgusted or frightened or something?” Bella worried in a small voice.

And when Bella said knew, she meant knew.

Jacob wasn’t even completely sure how Bella had managed to put everything together and come up with the correct solution (which anyone else would have snickered at), but she had. That weekend Bella had put together all she knew about the Cullens (cold, fast, incredibly strong) along with some legends she’d sneakily gotten Jacob to tell her about—and she’d confronted him with the truth.

‘There is only one rational explanation to this whole situation. They’re vampires.’ She’d then looked up at Jacob, eyes widening. ‘You called them leeches---you knew!’

Of course, she’d shaken her finger angrily at him for half an hour, hitting him with his pillow, and then he’d confessed to everything. Really, if he hadn’t been so emotionally messed up from moving his things he probably would have held out longer, but things hadn’t been that way. He’d broken down, embarrassingly enough—cried—and told Bella everything.

Everything.

He’d told her everything about the Cullens, about his pack, and about his Imprinting.

Everything.

He’d been crying, frustrated, and worried sick about her reaction. She was the only friend he had left.

And what exactly had been Bella’s reaction to this news? Well. She’d gone white, then gone red, hid her face for a couple of minutes and then peeked at him through her fingers before squeaking out. “You and Edward?”

He’d felt miserable, sure that now that she knew the truth about him and the guy she had a crush on she’d hate him for sure.

But, Hells Bells had shocked him into falling off of the bed by whispering in an embarrassed tone: “That’s actually kinda hot.”

And then things were better between them than they’d ever been.

And now they were walking arm in arm through the hallway of Forks High, ignoring the looks on them.

“BELLA!” Female voices cause Jacob to look up and noticed the two girls he’d seen at the mall that day.
“Hey!” Bella waved back at them and steered Jacob towards the two females eyeing him in surprise. “Jessica, Angela, I want you to meet my childhood friend Jacob Black. He’s going to be going to school with us!” She then gave Jacob arm a little squeeze as she smiled up into his face. “Jacob, these are two of my friends here. Jessica Stanley” short and busty “and Angela Weber” tall and willowy.

“Nice to meet you.” Jacob smiled at the pretty girls.

“Hey.” Angela smiled shyly but friendly, pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose. “Nice to meet you too.”

“Hi.” Jessica grinned brightly, pulling a dark curl out of her face, face slightly flushed. “I—we’ve seen you about, actually. The last time was like Saturday or something. We always see you around. I always admire your hair.”

Angela nudged Jessica.

Bella raised an eyebrow and looked a little surprised and amused.

Jacob chuckled, not exactly sure what to say to that except: “Thanks.”

Jessica grinned brighter at Jacob. “You’re going to love it here at Forks High. The people here are really friendly.”

Jacob looked her over in silence and curiosity. She really was a pretty female.

“So, how does your girlfriend feel about you switching schools?” Jessica suddenly asked, gaze going to Bella rapidly before returning to Jacob.

“Uhm,” Jacob paused, a little surprised at the personal question being asked so easily on in the conversation. Apparently girls in this school were a lot more forwards than the girls in the reservation’s school—or maybe it was just Jessica. “I don’t have a girlfriend.”

And that smile was blinding. “Well, I’m sure that that won’t stay that way for long. What classes do you have? Maybe we have some together. We probably do.”

Jacob was stuck between amused, confused, and slightly uncomfortable. “Yeah, we probably do.”

He opened his mouth to recite what classes he had, when he smelt leech and looked up in time to see the Cullens walking in front of them. Edward, who’d been talking to Jasper, froze in mid step and turned towards Jacob, eyes widening in near comical shock when he saw him there.

The rest of the Cullens stopped to see what Edward was looking at, their eyes widening when they saw Jacob there. The only one who truthfully didn’t seem surprised was Alice.

Jacob squeezed Bella’s arm and the girl looked up, noticing the Cullens and freezing up on him immediately before nodding jerkily in their direction and going back to talking to Angela in nervous tones.

The wolf tried to do so as well, it had been his plan after all, but he couldn’t remove his gaze from Edward’s no matter how hard he tried. Those dark eyes, trimmed with gold, were mesmerizing and hungry, and on him.

“You don’t have problems with the Cullens, do you?” Jessica asked and suddenly there was heat on his arm.
Jacob finally tore his gaze from Edward’s and studiously ignored the vampire as his dark gaze lowered onto the hand that Jessica had placed on his arm. “Sorry, didn’t catch that.”

She smiled, hand remaining on his left arm. “You seem to know the Cullens. They really don’t hang out with anyone but themselves, so I kinda found it weird.”

“I know them.” It was all Jacob responded.

“You know what, we should all get to homeroom.” And suddenly Jessica was on his other side, linking her arm through his like Bella was doing, leaving Angela to raise her eyebrow at her brazenness. “Come on, let’s go.”

Jacob chuckled, grinning down at the short, gutsy girl. She sure was entertaining. “So, you two have boyfriends?”

Angela went red immediately as they began to walk to the homeroom. “N-no, we don’t.”

“Nope. Single and looking.” Jessica amused him once more by announcing, grinning up at him.

Jacob’s grin grew in pure amusement. She had no idea how useless the flirting with him was. If he hadn’t imprinted he’d probably have liked her though, she was very pretty, and daring, and he liked that in a person.

They passed the Cullens and continued on, the girls laughing as Jacob commented on the way everyone was looking at them. And then when Bella let slip that they’d come on his motorcycle Jessica gave a little squeal and demanded a ride on it later.

Feeling his back hot from the many glares he was receiving, Jacob was curious at the amused glance he felt. Looking over his shoulder his gaze met Alice Cullen’s, and she appeared amused, surprising the heck out of him when she winked at him like a conspirator, as if she knew what he was doing and found it entertaining.

And quite to his surprise, Jacob found himself grinning and winking right back at her before turning his head, removing his arms from Bella’s and Jessica’s hold, and placing his arms around their shoulders cheekily, feeling that glare on his back intensify to near murderous.

He grinned brightly.

Oh yeah, he wasn’t acting spitefully at all.

In their homeroom, Alice couldn’t help but grin evilly at her brother. Edward was sitting in his position in the back of the class, completely ignoring their homeroom instructor, and glaring daggers at Jacob Black and his rapidly growing fan club---which surprisingly enough even had a couple of guys in it.

She’d told him to snuff his pride and go back to visit the wolf over the weekend, but had he listened to her? No. And now he was paying the price.

And what seemed to be worse was that Edward now couldn’t read Jacob’s thoughts. He’d whispered that to her near-frantically that morning after Jacob and the others had just passed by them in the corridor.

One of the girls that seemed to be constantly hanging off of Jacob giggled at something the wolf
whispered to her, his hair tickling her face as he leaned close to speak to her.

Edward growled murderously from where he sat.

Alice bit down on her bottom lip to keep from giggling.

It was completely obvious what Jacob was doing. He was getting back at Edward, using the most effective play in the book. Whether you were male or female, the jealousy card was always the best play in the book, and Jacob was playing it masterfully.

Edward looked like he was going to tear his desk apart when the same girl with dark curls leaned over, whispering something in Jacob’s ear, her plentiful breasts ‘accidentally’ pressed against his arm as she did so.

Serves him right. I TOLD him to stop being so jealous of Bella! Nothing’s going on between her and Jacob, no matter HOW MUCH he believes it, the girl doesn’t like the wolf. Alice sighed, shaking her head at her younger brother. If he’d just gone and visited Jacob again this wouldn’t have happened. He’d have known that Black was coming to school here and he wouldn’t have her to worry about. Alice watched the girl smiling dreamily at Jacob. Hmmm. If she wants to remain pretty she better stop looking at the wolf that way.

Edward growled again, too busy glaring at those two to hear Alice’s thoughts.

Alice sighed as they all got up, some to P.E. and some to Home Ec. This was going to be an interesting Monday.

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Bella wondered if she should take Jessica aside and warn her that flirting with Jacob wasn’t going to get her anywhere. Plus, she was kind making a fool of herself---and Bella kept noticing the murderous glares Edward kept sending in their direction, and frankly she was worrying about the girl’s life expectancy.

They were in P.E. now, and since the professor was sick a substitute was teaching them, saying that they would play some games and have some races. The first race was the boys against each other, each with a girl sitting on their shoulders.

This was something new for the class, and the boys mostly hooted at the thought of having a girl sitting on their shoulders since they’d have to grab onto the girls thighs to keep them on.

Bella turned to Jacob to ask him if he wanted her to be his partner, but Jessica was suddenly in front of him, hands clasped behind her slightly arched back as she grinned up into his face.

“I was gonna ask Hells Bells, but, sure, why not?” Jacob shrugged before turning to answer a question Mike, Tyler and Eric had asked him.

Bella looked towards Edward and found him with Rosalie—the only other of his family who had P.E. with him, and Rosalie looked darkly amused with the whole situation while Edward looked more and more deadly.

Once again Bella worried about her friend not making it to her next birthday.

The race began, and Bella was surprised when Jacob let someone else win it. He could have easily won it with his wolf speed, but he’d hung back, preferring third place before letting Jessica down and jogging towards Bella with a grin on his face.
“Hey Hells Bells.”

She made a face at him, honestly. He was never going to stop calling her that, was he? “Why didn’t you win? You could have.”

“I know.” He nodded, standing next to her as Edward and the other half of the boys started their race. “But just because I can do things others can’t doesn’t mean that I should abuse those powers. Plus, other people need to win sometimes too you know.”

Bella smiled at him, noticing that Edward (carrying Rosalie) didn’t try to win either. Then again, the Cullens never tried to stand out, ever. “Hey Jake?” She whispered to her friend. “Don’t you think it’s kinda unsafe for Jessica with you getting Edward jealous because of her?”

The wolf paused and looked at her. “You’re probably right.”

“Jake! Man!” Mike was next to him in seconds, clapping him on his back. “The sub said we could play some ‘ball! You’re on our team!”

Bella smiled and watched as Jacob walked away with Mike’s arm slung around his shoulder, both talking animatedly and ignoring Jessica as she called out the wolf’s name.

*That should have made Edward feel better.* She raised an eyebrow when she looked at the vampire and saw him now glaring at Mike. Oh great.

Edward turned to Bella the moment they sat down in chemistry, the only class they’d had so far without Jacob. “Why did Jacob transfer to Forks High?”

The vampire concentrated, trying to read her mind. Bella and her father were oddly hard to read, and he could only get out every other couple of thoughts.

*Does…know?* Bella looked extremely nervous. *Jacob…me…together…secret…sex? Hot…don’t think…bed…unsexy thoughts now!*

Edward was confused, a little disturbed, and hoped to God that he had not just heard her thinking about her and Jacob together in bed secretly having hot sex.

*Calm down, Jacob will never forgive you if you hurt this human.*

“He got kicked out of his home by his dad.” Bella hurriedly spoke, finally. “He’s living with me and dad now.”

Edward was shocked out of his murderous thoughts by that piece of news. He knew that Jacob had been kicked out of the pack, but he’d never thought that his own father would do that to him.

The vampire squirmed in the seat, feeling a little seed of guilt for not having gone back to see the wolf now that he heard that. It was basically *his* fault that Jacob’s family and friends had turned their backs on him.

Bella opened her mouth, closed it, opened it, closed it, and then opened it once more, stuttering. “I know why he calls you leech and why your kind call him a dog.”

Edward froze, eyes wide in horror as he looked at the girl who’d looked so deceptively naïve and innocent.
“I won’t tell anyone.” Bella hurried to tell him. “But I wanted you—and Alice and Jasper—to know that I know. I know.” Taking in a deep breath, she returned her gaze to the front.

Said it…proud…Jacob…talk…

Edward was numb throughout the whole lesson.

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Jacob had been heading out of the bathroom when the door swung open and then suddenly he was slammed back against the tiled wall, with murderous black eyes glaring into his.

“What is it with you and bathrooms?” Jacob was amazed at how level his voice was when he heart was slamming furiously in his throat.

“You told her?” Edward snapped at him, looking about to explode.

A little disappointed that this was the reason for Edward’s actions, Jacob raised an eyebrow at the furious male pinning him to the bathroom wall. “She figured it out on her own. I just confirmed her suspicions.” He paused. “You shouldn’t be so surprised, especially not after Alice and Jasper showed their powers in front of her Saturday.”

Edward paused, as if he’d forgotten that little fact.

Feeling a little annoyed with the vampire, Jacob tried to push him off but Edward wouldn’t budge. “Wanna get off?”

The vampire suddenly smirked. “Why? You offering something?”

And suddenly Jacob was blushing and he hated the vampire for it. “If I was, it wouldn’t be happening in the bathroom again.”

“Oh, I’d thought it’d become a little tradition for us.” Edward pressed himself a little harder against Jacob.

And the wolf was getting a little pissed at the way Edward always assumed that he could touch and do whatever with Jacob whenever and wherever he wanted. That he teased and taunted and was always the one to take the initiative, always the one smirking while Jacob blushed and was shocked like some stupid little idiot.

It was time he left Edward blushing, and with that in mind, Jacob closed his eyes and leaned forwards, doing something he’d been thinking of for days. He kissed those cold lips, taking it deeper when Edward’s mouth parted in a surprised gasp.

The vampire went tense in shock, loosening his grip on Jacob, and the wolf grabbed Edward by the front of his shirt, turning them around before slamming the vampire into the tiled wall nearly viscously, mouth never leaving his as he groaned into his mouth at the shockingly hot pleasure that ran down his spine.

Jacob hadn’t had much experience kissing girls, and had never kissed a boy before—much less a vampire—so this was a new experience for him. He realized that Edward’s lips weren’t soft and fruity with lip gloss like a girl’s, but his were firm and cold and made Jacob want to sink his teeth into them.
He was heady and dizzy with the sensation of it as Edward whimpered into the kiss, sliding his hands down Jacob’s body to his hips, curling his fingers through the buckles of Jacob’s pants and pulling him against his arousal as he kissed back desperately.

The sound of voices heading towards the bathroom drew them apart. Jacob took one look at the vampire leaning against the wall for support, eyes half-closed, lips bruised and a surprised and utterly content expression on his face, before he smirked and turned, leaving the bathroom.

Making his way back to the cafeteria, Jacob plopped down on the seat he’d left vacant when he’d gone to use the bathroom and reemerged himself into the conversation at the table. Bella was sitting in front of him, and Jessica to his right, both talking about some party that Tyler was having at his house that night.

“You’re coming, right bro?” Tyler asked, looking up from his conversation with Mike and Eric about how they were going to sneak booze into the party.

“Sure, why not?” Jacob smiled, amazed at how easy it’d been to make friends at this school. The handsome young Native American finished his meal before getting up to get another drink from the self-serve bar in the middle of the cafeteria.

He waved to a couple of girls and boys who called his name as he walked across from them, and reached the drinks, picking one glass up.

“I just realized something.”

Looking to his right, he was surprised to find Edward leaning against the counter, looking at him with an odd glint in his eyes. “And what’s that?”

“We haven’t been on a date since the movies.”

Jacob raised an eyebrow. “That was a date?”

Edward grinned evilly. “You’re telling me you take head from guys you aren’t dating?”

And suddenly Jacob was blushing again and Edward was smirking. The wolf within growled, determined to teach the vampire that this wasn’t how things should be. “You wanna say that a little louder? I think an old couple in Sri Lanka didn’t hear that.”

Edward just continued to grin. “I’ll come pick you up tonight. We’ll go somewhere.”

Once again, Jacob was annoyed. Sure, they were soulmates, sure they were destined to end up together, sure he was going to have to get used to a relationship with the leech. But he was not the girl of this relationship. If there was going to be a date he was going to ask Edward out. “I have plans tonight and I already told Tyler I’d go, so it’ll have to be another night.”

And that smirk disappeared from Edward’s face, replaced by a murderous scowl. “Tyler Crowley asked you out and you said yes?”

Jacob grinned in amusement at the thought of the obviously straight Tyler asking him on a date. “Edward. You’re pathetic. He’s having a party.”

The vampire looked like he didn’t know whether to be annoyed at having been called pathetic or relieved at the news that it wasn’t a date. “I’ll see you tonight.” He pushed away from the counter and started walking towards the table where the rest of the Cullens weren’t even trying to hide the fact that they were watching them with rapt interest.
“I said that I’m going to Tyler’s party!” Jacob called after the retreating vampire with a frown, not caring about the attention of everyone on them. He growled when Edward didn’t acknowledge him, and stalked to his own table.

“Dude.” Eric looked at him in awe. “You know Edward Cullen?”

“He talked to you?” Mike was just as shocked. “And you yelled at him?”

“Well, he didn’t exactly yell, but he didn’t exactly talk back either.”

“Do you think he’ll come to my party?” Tyler whispered, hopeful.

Angela looked at the guys and rolled her eyes at their awe.

Bella looked at Jacob with a ‘why are you annoying your soulmate?’ kinda look.

Jessica smiled up at him. “Wanna go to the party together?”

Jacob blinked, looking down at her. “Uh, I’m going with Bella, sorry.”

The short girl tensed, sent a look in Bella’s direction and then glared down at her plate. “Oh. Okay. I’ll see you there then.”

“Um, yeah.” Jacob nodded.

Bella smiled at him for putting Jessica down gently, reaching forwards and placing her hand on his in a friend-like manner.

Jacob smiled back at her, squeezing her hand and running his thumb over her skin, glad that he had such a great friend who was so great with the fact that he was a werewolf who was imprinted on the vampire she’d once liked.

Jessica tightened her hold on her fork.

And somewhere in another table, Edward Cullen growled.
The Party

Charlie looked up and smiled as he saw the two teenagers descending the stairs that evening. Bella was gorgeous, wearing some skinny jeans, a halter-top and a jeans jacket with a glittery B over the right breast. Jacob looked nice with his hair loose, flowing over his shoulders, wearing dark jeans pants and a fitted black, long-sleeved shirt, a jacket slung over his shoulder.

They made such a pretty couple.

“You two have fun, okay?” He walked them to the door. They were going to take Bella’s truck to the party, so his daughter was swinging the keys around her finger and laughing at something Charlie hadn’t been able to hear properly.

“Bye Charlie!” Jacob smiled at him before they left the house.

The sheriff smiled and watched them through the window as Jacob (oh-so gentlemanly) helped Bella into the driver’s side of the truck before jogging towards the passenger’s side and getting in. Both were laughing as they drove away, and Charlie smiled.

This was going to be a piece of cake. Those two were so attracted their chemistry would do all the work for him.

Bella Black.

He smiled.

If Bella ended up with Jacob, maybe she wouldn’t be so adverse to the thought of staying in Forks permanently. Charlie had lost so much time with his daughter---and having her here again with him made him so happy.

So lost in his thoughts, daydreaming of little Bellas and Jacobs riding in the back of his cruiser, and his daughter living just down the block from him, Charlie didn’t notice the time pass until there was a knock on the door.

Shaking his head, Charlie went to the door, looked out the peephole, and blinked when he saw who was on the other side. Now that he knew that Edward wasn’t vying for his daughter’s attention he had nothing against the boy, but still, he felt a little uncomfortable around him for Jacob’s sake.

Taking in a deep breath, he opened the door. “Hello.”

Edward Cullen stood on his porch. “Goodnight Mr. Swan, I came to see Jacob.”

Charlie shuffled on his feet. “Uhm, sorry Edward, but Jacob and Bella are both out. They went to some party at a friend’s house.”

The surprise was evident on the younger man’s face. “He—went—out?”

Charlie nodded, growing more and more uncomfortable by the second. “Their friends invited them to some party, and they got dressed and left around twenty minutes ago. Sorry you had to drive out here for nothing.”

Edward nodded half-mindedly at him, lost in his thoughts as he turned around and began walking to his Volvo.
Poor boy, unrequited love’s a bitch.

Shaking his head, Charlie closed the door and went back to his Lazyboy.

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Alice Cullen grinned, glad that Edward couldn’t see her as she talked to him through her cellular. “Don’t be so dramatic. You’ve never been stood up before and this isn’t the first time either. Jacob wouldn’t do that to you.”

“I told him I was going to come tonight and he went out with that human girl to a party instead of waiting for me!”

Alice and Jasper shared amused glances, both listening to the conversation since Alice had the phone on speaker. “Well, he did tell you that he was going to go out.”

“I told him---.”

“You know, I doubt that this is endearing you to him,” Jasper interrupted. “Jacob’s not some girl, he’s not some boy either. He’s a wolf, and he’s an Alpha at that. He should have been the Alpha of his pack, so I doubt that you telling him anything is going to get you anywhere.”

There was silence.

Alice grinned at Jasper. He was so intelligent in that silent, deep way.

“You think?” Edward asked, seeming surprised but considering it.

“Yes, I do. He was so annoyed with you when you were telling him in the cafeteria, I could feel it as strongly as if I were annoyed with you,” Jasper admitted. “Just, stop with the need to control everything. Jacob won’t appreciate it, as I said, he’s an Alpha, and he’s gonna look for a Beta.”

“I am NOT a Beta!”

Alice and Jasper nearly laughed at the horror in that voice.

“Which is probably why he’s so attracted to that human pile of giggles.” Rosalie didn’t even look up from the magazine she was reading as she leaned against Emmet on the sofa. “I’m sure she wouldn’t mind being his Beta. They’re probably already grinding up together on the dance floor as we speak, getting hot and sweaty and horny and---.”

The phone cut off viciously.

“Rose, you’re evil.” Emmet chuckled.

Rosalie finally looked up at everyone over the magazine. “Oh come on! He is so gullible! It’s a crime not to play with him!”

Jasper sighed, getting up. “Come on, Alice.”

Alice blinked, reaching for his hand and letting him help her to her feet. “What is it, Jazz?”

“That surge of emotion I felt before he cut off? We should go to that party just to make sure that he doesn’t kill someone.”

Alice’s eyes widened. “You think he would---?” She paused, rethinking. “Lemme get my jacket.”
Somehow, true to his word, Tyler had gotten booze in the party, which was filled with Forks students, all bumping and grinding or drinking and laughing, talking and enjoying the party. Tyler’s parents were out of town for the weekend, so no one had to worry about them returning and ruining the party.

Bella had been dancing with Jacob since the moment they’d arrived and said hi to their friends. She’d enjoyed spending the time with her best friend, and while she was a little disappointed that Edward would never be hers, she admitted that mostly what she’d felt was an attraction and not real feelings.

And anyway, the thought of Edward and Jacob---she looked down, blushing, hoping people would think it was the alcohol and not her suddenly adultish thoughts.

God, I really have to remember how to think unsexy thoughts!

The brunette waved off Mike’s fifteenth attempt to get her to dance with him and instead focused her attention on Jacob, who was still on the dance floor, dancing with Jessica. It hadn’t started out that way. When Bella had left, out of breath, he’d remained on the dance floor dancing by himself, and then suddenly Jessica had been there and all over him.

Give It To You, the Dirty Mastered version, played loudly in the large, mansion-like home. The amount of students dancing pushed Jacob and Jessica closer, and while the young wolf looked like he was enjoying himself dancing with a friend, the girl was coming closer and closer, movements growing more flirtatious, obviously trying to seduce him on the dance floor with each shake of her hips.

Jessica said something that had Jacob laughing as he grabbed her hand and twirled her slightly before bringing her back closer to him, laughing once again at the dizziness obvious on her face. He held her close as she closed her eyes, trying to keep from stumbling.

Bella sighed, downing her drink and throwing the plastic cup in the garbage. Folding her arms over her chest.

Thank god Edward wasn’t there, that he and the Cullens didn’t go to parties, otherwise he would have killed Jessica right there.

Honestly, didn’t Jacob realize that Jessica was working him?

The brunette shook her head as Jessica finally opened her eyes and whispered something to Jacob, smile seductive, as she began to move against him to the beat of the song, their bodies touching in, uh, intimate places.

Jacob’s eyes widened and he looked completely shocked, asking Jessica something that the girl shook off, her smile getting a little less seductive and more friendly, and only when he calmed down did she continue doing it again, smiling up at his wary gaze.

“We’re just dancing.” Jessica’s lips mouthed to him.

Jacob finally relaxed and shook his head as if trying to get rid of the doubts, and then began to dance with her again, all the girls in the room shooting Jessica jealous glares.

The door opened and closed, and usually Bella wouldn’t notice it, but there was a zing that raced through her body and she turned towards the door, eyes widening in horror as she saw Edward
Cullen, backed by Alice Cullen and Jasper Hale.

Oh, my, god. Her heart nearly stopped. Jessica's dead.

As the music switched to Drew Seeley’s *Just That Girl*, Edward’s gaze finally landed on Jacob and Jessica. Bella knew this because all of a sudden his scowl turned murderous and he took a step towards them when Jasper brought his hand down on Edward’s shoulder, keeping him rooted in place, snarling something in his ear.

Emotions warred on Edward’s face before he finally nodded and began making his way slowly towards the dancing, oblivious couple, still looking murderous but at least in complete control of himself.

Bella watched him go and wondered for a moment what kind of flowers she should take to Jessica’s funeral.

“He’s not going to hurt your friend,” A voice whispered in her ear, causing Bella to jump at the tingle.

“Alice!” Eyes wide, Bella wondered when the vampiress had arrived by her side. She vaguely, for a moment, looked the short, extremely petite female over and thought she looked pretty, and wondered why she was blushing at this thought. “Uhm, hi!” Noticing Jasper coming up behind Alice, she managed a smile. “Hey Jasper.”

“Edward says you know,” Alice interrupted, going straight to business.

Bella blinked, blushing deeper. “Uh, yeah. I know. And I want to thank you because you two saved my life.” Why was she so nervous? “I don’t—I don’t mind, you know? It’s okay that you’re—you know—uh—different.” She pointed to the dance floor, at Jacob, who had now noticed Edward and stopped dancing, waiting for the vampire to reach him. “Jake’s different and he’s my best friend.”

Alice smiled and the three turned their attention to the dance floor, not able to hear what was being said because of the loud music, but not needing to hear the words to know that this was a tense meeting.

Edward was growling and glaring and throwing his hand up to silence Jessica when the mortal girl tried to get a word in edgewise.

Jacob glared at whatever it was that Edward said and snapped something right back at him, looking annoyed as *hell* at the vampire.

Edward snarled something at Jessica (who just didn’t know when to *shut up*), and grabbed Jacob’s arm, dragging him away from the short, curly-haired girl, who seemed rooted in the dance floor.

Jacob looked about to explode, but was forcing himself to be calm while around the others. He jerked his arm out of Edward’s hold and stalked to the refreshment table, grabbing a can of chilled beer and opened it, taking a *long* gulp.

Looking the picture of a furious, nagging girlfriend, Edward reached the wolf and grabbed the can, jerking it from his hand, causing some of the liquid to spill on the ground as he snapped something.

Jacob closed his eyes in an obvious attempt to keep his patience.

Edward ruined it by snarling something.
Jacob’s eyes flew open, and they were dark and murderous and dangerous. His hand shot out and grabbed Edward by his upper arm before surging into the crowd once more. Dragging the vampire through the throng of dancers until they’d reached the other side of the room, he looked around before marching up the stairs, no doubt looking for somewhere where he could kill the bloodsucker in privacy.

Bella shifted on her feet nervously as she watched them go. “Should we…?”

Jasper watched the two with a smirk. “Nah, with what I’m getting off of the two of them, it’d be better if they had some time alone.”

Alice grinned. “Now that’s more like it.”

Bella was confused for a moment before she suddenly went red, understanding what was being said. “Oh.”

“Dance with Jasper and me,” Alice surprised the human by announcing out of the blue, reaching out with her cold hand for Bella’s warm one.

“Huh?” Bella squeaked, looking quickly at Jasper and noticing that he looked both surprised and intrigued.

“Dance, with us.” Alice giggled, tightening her hold on Bella’s hand and dragging her out to the dance floor. “Please?” She added, although they were already in the middle of the throng of dancers as Bounce by Timbaland began.

Bella was a little awkward, not knowing exactly how to dance with two other people, worried that Alice would think she was completely stupid. But the vampiress just smiled at her and tightened her grip on her hand, surprising Bella once more by pulling her rapidly against her.

The breath escaped Bella’s lips in a gasp as Alice threaded her fingers through hers in a way that could have been friendly but caused the human’s stomach to clench in a way it’d never done with anyone else. Alice smiled as she began to sway to the music, and then there were cold hands on Bella’s hips and coldness behind her as Jasper joined them.

Closing her eyes for a second and swallowing the whimper that wanted to escape, Bella felt trapped within a castle of ice, and yet she didn’t even think of escaping as the bodies pressed in against her, Jasper’s hands guiding her hips as they swayed together in a very inappropriate way back against him---especially considering that his girlfriend was dancing with them.

Then again, Alice didn’t seem to mind. She raised their joined hands above them, somehow moving in closer until her breath was on Bella’s face, her nose trailing up the teen’s cheek.

Bella groaned, eyes opening slightly, wondering why her eyelids felt so heavy as she felt Alice’s body closer and closer, and she wanted more.

The heavy breathing in the song only seemed to accentuate the mood as Bella felt herself crave the cold of their bodies as she began to overheat with their attention.

God. She’d forgotten that only days ago she’d had a crush on Edward, she forgot that Alice and Jasper were vampires, that they were together, and that she didn’t particularly think herself a kinky person. Bella forgot everything but the ability to feel as Alice’s lips pressed against hers, cold, and soft, and entrancing.

Their grip on each other’s hands tightened as Bella opened her mouth to the kiss when Alice ran...
her tongue over her bottom lip, moaning into the kiss when Jasper’s hands ran down her thighs and back up her hips in a way that only added to the stimulation her body was dying from, something hard pressing against her ass.

Normally Bella would be horrified to be in a situation like this, and if she’d been in her right mind she’d probably have fallen into a catatonic state from the mere shock of what she was doing, but Bella wasn’t thinking, she was feeling, and she liked what she felt.

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Jacob didn’t exactly know where he was dragging the utterly INFURIATING vampire, but he needed to get away from the humans before he did something in front of them that he’d regret, or that could put both his and Edward’s true selves in danger.

Stalking down the hall, fingers digging deep into the skin of Edward’s freezing upper arm, Jacob opened the first room he came to and entered, pulling the vampire in with him before closing the door and locking it behind him.

In seconds he’d thrown the shocked vampire against the wall of the bedroom, pinning him to the wall, snarling in his face, eyes dark and murderous, feeling his wolf dangerously close to the surface.

“What the hell is your problem?” He snarled, barely realizing that Edward was glaring right back at him—trying to push him off—and that those vampiric eyes widened when he realized that he couldn’t push Jacob off. The wolf ignored all of this, it didn’t even register, as he pulled Edward towards him a little and slammed him back against the wall once more, indenting it slightly from the force of the blow.

“Let me go,” Edward hissed, eyes narrowing.

“No.” Jacob growled right back, feeling so much like the wolf that he was surprised that he was still in his human form. “You’re gonna tell me what the fuck you thought you were doing down there!”

“What the fuck I was doing?” Edward exclaimed, anger coating his voice. “You were the one mating on the dance floor!”

“I was dancing! With a friend!” Jacob threw back, annoyed, aggravated, and about to seriously lose it. “I was trying to get rid of some stress and have some fun and you had to come and make a friggin scene!”

“What the hell are you doing here anyway?” Edward snapped, struggling again against the wolf’s hold in vain. “We were supposed to go out! I told you I was coming to pick you up!”

“And I told you that I was coming to the party!” He was so exasperated. He’d just wanted to enjoy himself, to forget for one second the fact that his family and pack no longer wanted to see him, that he was banished, and had imprinted on the most annoying leech in history! “Is this why you’re acting like such a bitch?”

At that word Edward stilled, but a darker anger shimmered in his eyes as he glared daggers at the wolf. “Why the fuck do you let her hang off of you? She’s been sniffing you all day and you encourage it!”

And that was when it finally dawned on the tired native what exactly was happening right now. “Aw, fuck.” It was the imprinting. They’d not bonded as yet, and the imprintee was acting out at
the sign of a threat to the imprint.

Jacob had always thought that only the imprinter was subjected to these sorts of mood swings and jealousy and necessity, but apparently the imprintee was as well—or maybe Edward was just the exception to the rule.

Wolf and leech looked each other in the eye, chests rising and falling from anger, frustration and annoyance marring their features, each looking like they’d like nothing better than to beat the other to a bloody, broken pulp. And then in seconds they’d surged forwards, lips clashing, eyes closing, hands gripping, as Edward was once more pinned against the wall, and yet this time he didn’t complain or try to free himself.

Edward’s hands buried themselves in Jacob’s long, loose, silky locks, and Jacob’s hands went to Edward’s hips, grabbing hold of his pants by the buckle and holding him still, their rapidly hardening members pressed teasingly together. He bucked against Edward, their hardness rubbing against the other’s, forcing twin moans of pleasure from their lips as their kiss grew more desperate.

“Jacob…” Edward whimpered into his mouth, his voice breathy and shaky as the wolf pressed harder into him, tearing his lips from the vampire’s and trailing his mouth down Edward’s face, down his neck, nibbling hard on that marble, diamond-like skin just the way that drove the leech mad.

The lips against cold skin curled in a smirk before he bit down harder, eyes rolling in the back of his head as Edward cried out and bucked at the slight pain, tightening his hold on Jacob’s hair, whispering ‘Please, please, please!’ over and over again.

Jacob trailed one of his hands up Edward’s chest, running two fingers teasingly against the vampire’s bottom lip, feeling his pants of desperation. “Suck.”

Without even thought of protest Edward drew those long, lean fingers into his mouth, sucking on them, wetting them, nipping them, running his tongue hungrily over the salty skin, drowning in the taste that was purely animalistic.

Jacob wasn’t exactly sure what he was doing, it wasn’t as if he had experience in this department, so he gave into instinct and didn’t stop to think, to analyze. He wanted to taste, to hear, to feel. The wolf didn’t even notice that he was working the buttons to Edward’s khaki pants with his one free hand until they fell loose to the ground, and in a second his boxer-shorts followed suite.

The wolf wrapped his fingers around that thick, throbbing cock, giving it an experimental tug, grin completely evil when Edward cried out against his fingers, back arching, grip on his hair nearly painful.

Edward whimpered desperately, the vibrations hitting his fingers, and Jacob growled playfully at the thought of feeling that with Edward on his knees, his mouth around his cock like in the bathroom.

“Please!” The plea was muffled by the fingers, but understandable nonetheless. “Please!”

Jacob chuckled against the skin of the vampire’s neck as Edward’s hands quickly detangled from his hair and went to his pants, working the wolf’s jeans’ button and zipper nearly desperately, whimpering around those fingers, sucking on them urgently.

The cold air hit him as his pants and underwear slid down his legs and pooled around his feet.
In a swift movement Jacob let go of Edward’s throbbing cock and trailed down his thigh before raising it slowly, growling deep in his throat in approval when the vampire only hesitated a moment before curling it around his waist, bringing them in even closer.

Slowly slipping his fingers from Edward’s mouth, dark brown eyes met nearly glazed, black eyes as he reached down and Edward’s body jerked as those coated fingers glided over his bud, eliciting a yelp from the vampire.

“Fuck!”

“That’s the idea.” Jacob chuckled as his finger trailed a slow circle around the puckered hole, feeling Edward’s body tensing, tightening. The vampire breathed heavily, eyes never leaving Jacob’s, his cock jumping every time Jacob teased the hole with his digit only to pull away.

“God…” Edward whimpered, eyes falling shut as the digit slowly pushed inside up to the first knuckle, wiggling experimentally. “Fuck!”

“Such an eager little bitch.” Jacob couldn’t help but say.

Edward didn’t disappoint, eyes opening as he snarled at him—the desired effect. “I am NOT a bit-!” The vampire’s sentence died in his mouth as he whimpered when Jacob pushed the finger in all the way, moving it around in a way that had him whimpering and leaning forwards to hide his face in the curve of Jacob’s neck.

A part of Jacob was nervous, another felt like having a meltdown, but the dominant side of him rejoiced in the sensation as he slowly moved his finger in and out of Edward, feeling how tightly those muscles ate him, groaning at the thought of something else of his doing this to the vampire.

“Jacob…” Edward whimpered against Jacob’s neck as the wolf ease the second finger inside, waiting for his partner to relax enough before slowly opening his fingers in a scissor-like fashion. “Please.”

He ignored the plea, continuing to prepare the vampire with only his fingers, teasing him with what was to happen next.

“Jacob!” Edward finally seemed to snap as he growled against Jacob’s skin. “Do it already!”

“And he swears he’s not eager.” Jacob teased, and before Edward had chance to reply to that the wolf slowly pulled his fingers out, earning him a moan of disappointment from Edward despite the fact that the vampire had been snapping at him to do just that seconds ago.

As he aligned himself with Edward’s entrance, nervousness began to set in once more. This was—this was it. What if—if he did something wrong? What if he hurt him? Disappointed?

“If you don’t stop with the fuckin’ teasing--!”

A slight smile curled Jacob’s lips. Even while doing this they were fighting and cursing each other. “I don’t feel anything with anyone but you.”

Edward froze, body tense, before he pulled away slightly so he was looking in Jacob’s suddenly blushing face. “What did you say?”

Completely embarrassed about what he’d just blurted out, Jacob tried to look away, but then Edward was cupping his face tenderly, and his lips softly touched his in a kiss unlike any they’d shared. It was soft, and sensual, and a moan escaped their lips as they pulled closer when Jacob
began to slowly enter him.

Curling his arms around Jacob’s neck, Edward slanted his head slightly and took the kiss deeper, his back arching, his eyes closed, trying to concentrate on Jacob’s taste on his tongue and not on the slight burn as the wolf slowly filled him.

A slight hiss escaped the vampire’s lips as Jacob filled him to the hilt, and he tightened his grip on the wolf, trying to relax. A whimper sounded from Jacob as he kissed Edward hungrily, his hands trailing possessive under the vampire’s polo shirt, those warm hands setting him on fire as they trailed up and down the expanse of his back.

“Edward…”

And he was moving, slowly, carefully, groaning how impossible cold and tight and wonderful his mate felt. Jacob wanted to let loose, to plunder and go as hard as the wolf inside wanted, but he forced himself to go slow, forced himself so hard that his body was shaking, but he kept the rhythm careful as Edward hissed softly above him.

Edward suddenly gasped, arching his back, tearing his lips from Jacob’s lips with a cry of pleasure. “Do that—again.”

Jacob did as told, and watched in amusement, smirk appearing as Edward cried out again, mouth open and panting. The wolf reached for Edward’s face and brought him back into a consuming kiss, keeping him trapped in the kiss as he continued to hit that spot, relishing the way Edward clung to him, jerking, crying out into his mouth, Jacob swallowing each of the whimpers hungrily.

Edward’s fingers clung to Jacob’s shoulders as he kissed the wolf back, crying out in bliss so strong it was almost agony when Jacob’s hand snaked between their bodies and curled around his straining erection, which was already coated in precum.

“Cum for me…” Jacob whispered against those lips as he began to move his fist, jerking Edward off as he began to slowly pick up his pace, pumping up into him.

“Jacob…” Edward whispered, eyes open, pulling away from the kiss to be able to watch his lover through half-laden eyes as Jacob’s thumb grazed the head of his cock. “Jacob…”

Jacob watched him, expression intense, when suddenly Edward cried out, body jerking as semen shot out, staining their shirts, but neither complained---neither took their gaze from the other’s face.

Edward’s legs nearly gave out on him, but even with his climax still ripping through him he reached forwards, once more capturing Jacob’s lips as he cried out his name.

“Fuck.” Jacob whimpered, sounding so young, and then he was all man once more, slamming Edward against the wall again as his thrusts grew faster and harder. “Sorry…can’t…go…slow…”

“Don’t.” Edward breathed against his lips.

And something inside Jake snapped as he let go of his inhibitions and pounded Edward roughly, violently, and for the first time since his death Edward felt heat, felt himself warming up, felt pleasure as the wolf thrust deep inside of him before finally spilling inside.

“Edward!”

The kiss was violent, and Edward knew his lips would be bruised, but he didn’t care, feeling himself climaxing again from the sheer pleasure of this experience.
When it was over they didn’t move, chests moving rapidly in desperate breaths even though Edward technically didn’t *need* to breathe—foreheads pressing against each other, still joined.

Jacob closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath, not yet registering the fact that Edward’s scent had changed completely, and now seemed a mixture of earth, of the night breeze, and of *him*.

“We should probably get cleaned up,” Edward whispered, voice breathless.

“Yeah, we probably should,” Jacob agreed.

Neither moved.

“Anyone could walk in on us.”

“Yeah, they could.”

Edward moaned as he felt Jacob hardening slowly within him again. “We—should—we-----should---.” He pushed down slightly, eliciting a groan from Jacob.

“Yeah.” The wolf’s voice was deep and husky. “We *should*.”

They looked at each other.

And then lips were clashing and Edward’s arms around Jacob’s neck tightened as it began all over again.
The Morning After

The next day, Forks High School was abuzz with the sound of gasps and whispers as news flew rapidly throughout the establishment. At first the professors had tried to quiet down the gossip, but once they actually found out what was being whispered amongst their students they’d instead sat down and listened to the story being whispered from one student to the other, and even called in their fellow colleagues to share the juicy piece of gossip.

Of course, the fact that the moment Jacob Black rode up to school with Bella on his motorcycle Edward appeared by his side and both exchanged smirks caused the rumors to spread even faster, even getting more scandalous with each retelling of certain events.

A couple of girls and guys, who belonged to either the We Love Edward or the We Love Jacob fanclub cried, one or two fainted, and Jessica Stanley looked livid. Not only had her pursuing of Edward years previous left her looking like an idiot, but now that she’d been pursuing Jacob she’d lost him too---and to Edward of all people!

Alice couldn’t help but enjoy the irony in that, as she watched the short, busty brunette with large curls glaring at the boys as they sat together in Math. Just looking at them one wouldn’t be able to see anything weird between them. They were deep into their assignment, Edward leaning over Jacob’s side of the desk and explaining a particular problem that the handsome native just wasn’t getting, neither sitting too close together, nor were there any discreet touches.

No longing gazes were exchanged, nothing that would prove true the rumor that Jenna Jenson had spread when she’d said she’d seen Edward Cullen kiss Jacob Black the night before at the party before both left together in his Volvo.

And yet there was the comfortableness between both boys that was suspicious, as was the way that Edward Cullen had been giving everyone who’d approached Jacob Black the evil eye. Sure, it’d happened the day before as well, but today there was a new possessiveness in those dark eyes that just told you not to mess around with the younger, tanned boy.

“Finally! I get it.” Jacob grinned, relieved as he wrote down the answer.

Edward didn’t wait for a thank you, obviously didn’t expect it, and sat back down, smiling slightly to himself.

And there you go.

The suspiciousness of the whole thing.

Edward Cullen didn’t smile.

Well, Alice conceded, Edward Cullen didn’t smile in public, not around humans, especially not at school. She doubted that in the years they’d been posing as students that anyone here had ever seen him smiling, and here he was, grinning openly at Jacob Black.

“Thanks.” Black finally looked up from his workbook at Edward.

Surprise darkened Edward’s eyes and he blinked at Jacob before grinning brighter. “Sure, no problem.”

The pencil in Jessica Stanley’s hand snapped in two. “What’s he think he’s doing?”
Alice heard Bella, Jessica’s Math partner, sighing. “Jess, he’s helping Jacob with his work, that’s what he’s doing.”

Alice smiled slightly when she heard Bella’s voice. The girl had been avoiding her and Jasper all day from pure embarrassment after having run out on them the night before in the middle of their dance. And yet that didn’t bother Alice. She’d told Jasper the day before what all of her visions strongly hinted, she knew what was going to happen in the future, and last night had just been a way to give Bella a gentle nudge in the right direction.

She knew that things wouldn’t happen right away, Bella was really young and not exactly ready for a relationship like the one that she’d one day find herself in, one that was so condemned in the eyes of the public, but one day she would.

And Jacob and Edward’s relationship would probably be one of the things to prepare her to let go of the rules of society and just live.

Alice was really surprised that no one was talking about them, but then again, everyone had always been somehow obsessed with Edward in particular, and those who hadn’t had found themselves captivated with Jacob, so the possibility of them being an item made everything else inconsequential.

Which was great for Bella, because Alice didn’t really want the young human to have to deal with the small, closed minds that most of these students possessed.

The bell rung, signaling that lunch was starting.

The students jumped to their feet, Edward and Jacob slower than the rest, gathering their things passively, neither looking at the other until Bella trotted over to them with a large grin that Jacob returned.

“So, Edward.” Bella turned her attention on the vampire. “Are you joining our table for lunch?” Looking around her, realizing that a lot of people were watching this, she leaned forwards and whispered. “That way you don’t have to glare holes into Jessica’s back as she tries to flirt with Jacob.”

Jacob gave a little cry of mock-outrage.

Edward looked at Bella in obvious surprise and intrigue before he finally smiled at the girl for the very first time. “I might just do that.”

“Good.” Bella smiled before looping her arm around Jacob’s.

Alice noticed that jealousy flashed through her brother’s eyes but he pushed it back in seconds, and managed to still smile at Bella.

Alice smiled. Edward was realizing that Bella and Jacob, while really close, weren’t more than friends, and that he was going to have to get used to her being touchy-feely with his wolf.

He was slowly toning down his jealousy and possessiveness…well…at least his jealousy.

Good boy.

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Are they really together?
Look at how close they’re sitting.

Wow.

I’ve never seen Edward sitting anywhere other than the Cullen’s Table.

You know, those two are so incredibly hot. It’s unfair that they’re together. What about the rest of us?

Hmmm. God those two look so good together!

The thoughts of the students of Forks High proved incredibly entertaining for Edward Cullen as he sat at Jacob’s friends table. He tried to keep back a smirk at the glare and the thoughts Jessica sent his way as he casually put his arm around the back of Jacob’s chair, talking to the younger boy about what they were going to do that evening.

Honestly, now that he was in the middle of this little group of humans, the vampire realized how little he had to be jealous about. Jacob had barely paid attention to anyone during the whole lunch hour, listening to what Edward said and giving his opinion here and there.

“When do you need to, uh, when do you have planned to go on another camping trip?” Jacob quickly corrected what he was saying as he obviously remembered that they were at a table with oblivious humans.

Edward paused for a second, observing the other boy, wondering why he was asking this. Jacob knew that whenever Edward went on those ‘camping’ trips it was really a front for him to go out and hunt, mostly grizzlies or mountain lions. “Soon. In a couple of days.” He raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

“I’ll come along,” Jacob informed him, leaning back heavily against his seat and resting his hands on his taut, muscular stomach—full from having eaten a huge plate full of food, despite how bad the cafeteria cuisine was.

Camping? Jessica’s thoughts were furious. They’re going to go CAMPING together?

Edward grinned despite the fact that he was shocked at Jacob’s announcement. “You sure? It’s--.”

“I know what it’s like.” Jacob scoffed, interrupting him with a raised eyebrow. “I have done my own share of camping too, you know.”

The vampire thought it over and blinked. He didn’t know why he hadn’t considered that before. Jacob was a wolf, he would have obviously hunted while in his animal form.

A slow smile curled his lips at the thought of hunting with the wolf.

My god, it’s so WEIRD to see Edward Cullen smiling—and SO MUCH!

They have GOT to be the hottest couple in the whole high school.

I can’t believe they’re together! They must just be friends. PLEASE be just friends!

Fuck, Jacob Black is so gorgeous when he smirks like that.

Edward raised an eyebrow at that unfamiliar male voice, and looked around the cafeteria, trying to pin the voice/thought to a face, but all the males were either concentrating on their foods, on the females next to them, or on each other. The vampire caught a good number of girls watching Jacob
and him, but no boys, so he had no face to put with that thought.

“Dad will freak out when he finds out you two are going camping together.” Bella’s giggle brought Edward’s attention back to the table. “Really Jake, you should have seen his face when I came home without you last night. He was so worried we’d fought or something. And then when Edward brought you home? He about had an aneurism when he saw you get out of the Volvo.”

“Charlie has some weird ideas.” Jacob’s smile was amusing, since he looked half annoyed. “And I don’t know who was evil enough to tell him that he should belt out What a Girl Wants so loud in the shower every morning.”

Bella promptly broke out in giggles, Angela following her.

Jessica paused, looking from Edward to Bella and then back at Jacob. Is he---? Is he living with Bella? Are they together? But I thought---? Edward---? Maybe they’re just friends?

Edward kept his gaze on the food on his plate, discreetly moved his hand from the back of Jacob’s chair to play with the black tendrils of his silky hair in an admittedly possessive way. He kept his eyes on his plate, shifting the food on it around listlessly. He didn’t know why he and his siblings ate human food considering that it had the same amount of appeal as dirt did to normal people and they were forced to throw it up later---but somehow they always somehow managed to convince themselves to eat the food.

So deep in his inner pondering, Edward didn’t notice the way the table went silent for a moment and all just gazed at him, or the raised eyebrow and amused smirk on Jacob’s face as the vampire continued to curl his fingers in the wolf’s long locks.

OH MY GOD!

He’s----he’s caressing Jacob’s HAIR!

The rumors are SO true!

Eew! Gross!

How HOT is THAT?!?!

I wish I was Edward right now.

Once again looking up at that unfamiliar voice, Edward frowned. There was only so much Jacob-admiration he could take before his possessive streak appeared and he wanted to know who this boy was. But once again there were no boys looking at them.

Of course, Edward didn’t stop and wonder if this open display of apparent ownership would bother Jacob, it wasn’t as if they’d discussed ‘coming out’, but he didn’t think it would. They were soulmates, they were going to be together for eternity, so he didn’t see why they had to pretend or hide anything.

Plus, he was getting really tired of Jacob’s fan club. He wanted to show all those pesky girls and boys (and Jessica) that Jacob Black was taken, he was claiming the wolf as his own in the eyes of everyone, and he didn’t care what they thought about it just as long as they were aware of the fact that Jacob Black was off of the market.

I wonder what they’re parents are going to say about this when they find out.
Those two should be ashamed of their behavior! This is a SCHOOL!

Hmm… I wonder who’s top and who’s bottom.

Feeling a hand on his thigh, Edward nearly jumped in surprise but somehow managed to keep still as he felt Jacob’s heat burning through the material of his pants. Honestly, sometimes he felt as if the younger boy was on fire for how hot he was all the time, but he enjoyed it, because it was only with Jacob that Edward felt a warm—somewhat alive still.

A thumb caressed his thigh slowly, in a reassuring way that somehow only managed to torture Edward slowly as he felt himself beginning to grow hard despite the fact that that hand had been quite well behaved and hadn’t ventured to any naughty places.

What could he say? He’d always had a strong reaction to the wolf, and now that he had the vivid memories of the night before Edward was going to have a hard time controlling his baser needs and reactions.

“I heard the tracks were human, and were leading away from Forks,” Mike Newton announced in a low, conspirator’s whisper, the topic catching Edward’s wayward attention.

“Humans! Can you believe it?” Eric exclaimed, throwing his hands up in the air.

“I know.” Angela shook her head. “The poor man from the electrical plant and Mr. Weyland—what was done to them—-it’s so hard to believe that humans could have had any part of it.”

Edward and Jacob exchanged looks at that, knowing full well that humans weren’t the ones behind the killings. Alice had said that her latest vision had been of the rogue coven of vampires leaving Forks, and thankfully apparently they’d already done so, and apparently without any fights with the wolves.

It didn’t mean that the vampires or others mightn’t return this way, but at least for now Forks was safe.

“At least now our parents won’t bug out every time we wanna go out anymore,” Tyler decided, in a great mood since his party had been a success.

The bell rung, and everyone got up with a groan as they headed towards their next class.

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That night Jacob laid down in the bed, side by side with Edward, trying to get over the discomfort and oddness of being in a bed with another male, and they just talked. He was surprised more and more as he talked to the vampire, finding out that while they were complete opposites, they still agreed on key points.

This relationship was going to be a challenge, especially since Jacob still didn’t know how he felt about being gay and being open about it. He knew that he was going to get a lot of criticism and prejudice because of it from people who would have normally been nice to him, and while his wolf knew that it was worth it if he was with his imprinted, the boy was nervous.

Edward must have sensed his nerves, because he’d been talking nonstop since he’d sneaked into Jacob’s room after the wolf went to bed and had been keeping him company.

“Alice says that they’re gone.” The vampire shifted his position on the narrow bed, running fingers through his hair. “There wasn’t any confrontation with the pack, we’d have heard about it if it’d
happened, so this guy who you warned off must have taken your words to heart and left.” He paused and grinned, his voice going huskier. “You must have been really intimidating.”

Jacob smirked at the thin veil of lust that covered Edward’s eyes. The vampire had been looking at him like that all day, and it pleased him that he had this effect on him. “I just find it odd that he took the word of a lone wolf to heart and actually left without a fight. It’s virtually unheard of.”

And that was what bothered Jacob. If there’d been a fight and the vampires left it’d be understandable, but there’d been something about that leech that left him odd and angsty, and he had a feeling that he hadn’t seen the last of him.

“We’re going to have to tell Mr. Swan soon.” Edward’s voice was huskier as he was suddenly pressed against Jacob. “I want to be able to come and visit you during the day as well---not that I’m complaining about having you all to myself in the dead of the night.”

“We’ll tell Charlie after we go hunting,” Jacob agreed, bringing his arm to the small of Edward’s back and pulling him closer, grinning at the way the older boy arched slightly in his hold. “I don’t want any reason for him to try and keep me from going.”

Edward had been leaning in for a kiss, when he pulled back, face somber. “If he tries to keep you away from me, if he doesn’t understand, you’re coming to live with me at my house.”

Jacob’s eyes widened at this announcement. “Excuse me?”

“I’ve already talked it over with my family, and they agree that if your father or Charlie or the others try to force their will on you that you’re coming to live with us,” Edward replied seriously before suddenly grinning sheepishly. “In one sense I kinda hope they do so I can have an excuse to keep you all to myself.”

Jacob snorted, amused. “You do realize that I’m supposed to be the possessive one, right? Honestly Edward, it’s almost as if you imprinted on me.”

Edward chuckled. “Technicalities.” With that he leaned forwards and captured Jacob’s lips.

The wolf surged forwards and Jacob groaned into the kiss as he buried his hands in the vampire’s hair, rolling them so that Edward was lying on his back and Jacob was over him.

Their mouths never left each other’s, swallowing each other’s groans and whimpers as clothes were removed and skin explored all throughout the night until early morning.
There were many advantages to being a tracker, but when you were as good as James things were easy for you—ridiculously so. For example, it’d been easy into fooling everyone into believing that he and his coven were gone, left Forks forever, and yet here he was.

It’d been a good thing he’d noticed the girl-turned-vampire. He remembered her despite her now short, spiky hairstyle. She’d been some human in a loony bin with premonitions that’d caught his attention many years ago. The thought of the fear she’d feel as she kept on seeing her death at his hands had made her his obsession, but that stupid caretaker at the asylum had taken her and turned her before he could reach her.

So, having seen the one that literally got away, he’d been warned that there was one who would be able to tell his plans and their consequences before he even started doing anything.

James had changed his intentions, planning on leaving and not hurting anyone in Forks for now, and she must have picked up on those intentions because the tension which had been palpable in the air had disappeared, and both the wolf and vampire clans had stopped their rigorous patrols every day and night.

Things had calmed down, and while his coven was in a nearby city enjoying themselves, James had remained behind, hidden and inconspicuous, watching, intrigued.

The wolf was a pariah.

Wolves were family-oriented creatures, always yearning for their packmates, so this was even more intriguing for the tracker as he continued to follow the wolf from the shadows, hiding his scent as such to not be discovered. He noticed that even with that extra cautious measure the wolf would pause sometimes during the day or night and look around him, sniffing the air as if trying to pick up a scent that intrigued him.

Every time that happened something in James’ stomach shifted and clenched in an odd, human sort of way, and his intrigue and curiosity about the wolf grew. He wondered how this wolf could pick up his scent—no matter how brief—when not even the best of trackers in the world could get even the faintest whiff of it if James didn’t allow them to. And why did the wolf smell so good?

And that smell bothered James because it attracted him, lured him in. It was a dangerous scent. It didn’t make him hungry, no, it would have been better if it just affected his bloodlust. No, that scent was welcoming and refreshing and calming, and he had a feeling it was addictive, because he’d grown to subconsciously search that scent out and had an odd, ugly feeling in the pit of his stomach after a certain amount of time of not inhaling it.

“Did Charlie give you any trouble about coming here tonight?” Edward Cullen’s voice broke James out of his thoughts as he returned his gaze to the two below, conversing together around the camp they’d set up.

As always whenever he saw them together, that something inside James clenched nearly painfully and he narrowed his eyes, annoyed for some reason he couldn’t understand. Another mystery surrounding this wolf—he was with a vampire. While there was a faint trace of Edward’s scent on the wolf, it was Jacob’s scent that encircled his partner, engrained in his every pore.

And that annoyed James even more though he didn’t know why.
“No,” Jacob Black, as he’d learnt was the wolf’s name, grinned from where he was taking off his jacket despite the cold of the night, folding it and placing it on a neat heap on the ground. “But he did do a good imitation of a fish out of water when he found out I’d be out and spending the night with you. His mouth kept opening and closing wordlessly over and over again.” That grin grew mischievous. “I kinda felt sorry for the guy.”

Edwards chuckled in amusement, dark eyes roaming the native’s toned, tanned chest as Jacob pulled off his shirt and began folding that.

James felt a growl growing in his throat but he bit it back before it was completely out of his mouth.

Jacob paused and looked in his direction with curiosity, as if he’d picked up the soft sound and was wondering where it’d come from. “Did you hear that?”

Edward tore his lust-filled gaze from the wolf and looked around. “No. Maybe it was a grizzly or mountain lion?” He sounded hopeful, his gaze dark and the circles under his eyes even darker from his need to feed.

“Maybe.” And again the wolf sniffed the air tentatively.

That feeling in James’ stomach churned, making him lean back harder against the tree he was resting on, watching the others from his hiding place.

“What is it?” Edward asked, eyes growing serious.

“It’s---nothing.” Jacob was slow to answer before turning to his partner, a smirk on his face as he began to undo the buttons of his jeans. “It was most probably just your stomach growling.”

Edward made a face at him for that.

“So what are we hunting?” The wolf asked nonchalantly as he shimmied out of his jeans and underwear, standing before them in his naked glory, looking completely unconcerned as he folded the last article of clothing.

James’ eyes widened at the sight and quickly turned away, that feeling clenching tighter and tighter until it was almost too painful to bear. His breathing got harsher, and if it wasn’t for the fact that he needed his ability to scent out his enemy now more than ever he would have stopped breathing altogether because this response of his body’s was disconcerting to say the least.

What the hell was going on with him?

“Grizzly.” Edward answered with a smirk. “This is going to be an interesting night.”

“Sure.” That grin was more and more mischievous by the minute. “Just try to keep up---old man.”

James turned back in time to see Jacob shifting, his body stretching, muscles clenching, and then he was gone and a large russet wolf stood in his place.

“Who are you calling old man?” Edward glared at the wolf, whose eyes gleamed cheekily at him before it turned on its paws and began running away in the opposite direction, obviously having scented out a prey and leading the hunt. “Cheeky runt.” Shaking his head in amusement, Edward took off after him.

Wondering why his knees felt weak, James leaned even harder against the tree, a muscle jumping
in his cheek at the annoyance and anger he felt mixing inside of him.

What was he *doing*?

*Why* was he here?

Why was he spying on the wolf and his *pathetic* little vampire partner?

“Damn if I know.” James hated himself as he began to follow from a distance, watching wolf and vampire work together like a pack of two, stalking a lone, irritated grizzly, the creature not even noticing that its time was drawing nigh.

They worked in synch, like a perfect pair, finally making their presence known to the creature, who growled threateningly at whomever had dared disturb it while it was in this mood. The wolf and vampire circled their prey, snarls and growls escaping each as they took menacing steps towards the creature and then jumped back out of the way of large, deadly claws swung in their direction.

The chase was on as the grizzly, obviously finally realizing that he wasn’t winning this, made a dash for it, the creature amazingly fast despite its large bulk. The wolf and vampire chased after it, and James paused, feeling his phone vibrating in his pocket.

The tracker between the desire to see how the hunt ended and answering, before cursing softly under his breath and pressing the speak button, placing the cellular to his escape. “What do you want?”

“My, my, someone is in a bad mood.” Victoria’s voice, which was always tinged with a hint of sensuality, spoke.

“I’m not going to ask it again.” James was irritated and not ashamed to take it out on the female.

“You know, one day I’m going to get so irritated with you I’ll forget you’re our leader and remind you how to talk to a lady.”

The blonde took in a deep breath. “Sister or not, I will hurt you the next time I see you if you don’t get to the fucking point.”

She sighed in a sibling sign of annoyance before speaking. “Brother, you have to come back. The others are wondering where you are, and Laurent is being a pain in the ass as always. If you don’t come back soon I will have to rip off his head—along with other appendages—and burn him.”

“I left you in charge while I am gone,” James pointed out, running his long, pale fingers through blonde hair. “If you don’t like Laurent deal with him as you see fit.”

Victoria growled in annoyance, and sounded like she was trying not to shriek. “Get your ass back here! What the *hell* is so interesting in Forks that you stayed behind after forcing us to leave? You’re our leader! You should be here with us! *I don’t want to have to deal with these losers anymore!*” The last sentence was uttered with an utterly pathetic *whine*.

James closed his eyes. “I’ll leave tomorrow night.”

“Thank you.” Victoria exhaled in relief before ending the phone call now that she’d gotten her way.

Sighing, James snapped the phone shut and looked up at the sound of a cry of pain and the metallic scent of blood that filled the air. Apparently he’d missed the climax of the hunt, and he was
surprised at how disappointed he was. It was all his stupid sister’s fault calling him for such a stupid reason.

He growled.

It wasn’t that he didn’t like being the boss of the coven, oh, no, he loved that position of power, but for some reason he couldn’t find the will to tear himself away from this boring little town.

Or from the woods for that matter.

Sighing, James went to his perch above the campsite and hid himself, waiting impatiently, looking around and wondering how long they would be gone, how long it would take for the other vampire to finish feeding.

Impatience wore out and James found himself inside of the camp itself, hiding his scent completely to avoid detection, looking through the one tent perched in the middle of the campsite. Inside were a couple of sleeping bags and some backpacks filled with clothes and other sorts of things.

Sniffing he found the one that smelt of the wolf and curiously looked through the contents of the bag. There were clothes, a knife, some schoolbooks, a flashlight, and a small round container with something called KY Jelly.

He didn’t know what it was exactly, but when he read the back of the container he dropped it with a strangled cry as if he’d been burnt.

The tracker dropped his head, his hair falling in his face and shadowing it as he gathered his wits to him once more, unable to understand why he was acting so weird, why a sudden anger and darkness churned inside of him hungrily, viciously.

It wasn’t his business.

And yet he couldn’t help himself from grabbing the container once more and stuffing it spitefully into his pant’s pocket before storming out of the tent. He looked around the camp and noticed something on top of the bundle of clothes neatly folded on the ground.

Stalking towards the clothes, James picked up the necklace, looking at the wolf totem carved into wood hanging from the chain. It reeked of Jacob, and without even realizing what he was doing, James had brought it to his nose and he’d taken a deep whiff of that scent, another growl escaping from his lips as he took another whiff, and another, tightening his hold on the necklace.

His eyes slowly closed as he inhaled that scent, the growl mixed with a rough purr.

Ever since he’d come to Forks that elusive scent had been calling him, and when he’d finally given into his curiosity and found the young man it came from, leaning against a wall at the mall looking bored and a little trouble—well, James had been so distracted he’d let himself be seen. And then he’d let himself be tracked, surprised to find out that the one with the scent that drove him crazy was a dog.

And now everything was messed up.

Sensing their scent in the breeze, James’ bronze-tinted eyes opened and in seconds he was hurrying away to his hiding place, secure in the fact that they’d never be able to scent him.

He perched in his hiding place, watching as first Edward, and then the wolf returned. Both were covered in blood and both looked satisfied, pleased--smug.
He wondered what the wolf looked like when going for the kill.

Stifling that thought, James looked down at his hand and was surprised to realize that he still had the necklace. He looked down at the wolf totem, wondering what the world he was doing. Not only was he stalking a dog, but he was hunting animals and drinking their blood to keep from being detected by the wolves and vampire clan.

He was being reduced to this pathetic shell. Hell, he was almost as pathetic as the vampire the dog always hung around.

The dog’s lover.

Taking in a deep breath, James looked up when he sensed movement in the camp and watched as the vampire and wolf took off in the direction of the small river a little ways back, obviously going to bathe and get rid of the blood covering them. James fought the urge to follow and instead stayed where he was.

This was the perfect opportunity to sneak back in the camp and return the wolf’s necklace before it was even discovered missing.

And yet---and yet James stayed where he was, and with a determined, exaggerated movement, pulled the chain over his head and let the pendant fall back against his cold skin.

He refused to ponder his actions, instead wondered how long it took to for those two to bathe. It’d been a while since they’d returned, and against his better judgment he found himself on the ground once more, tracking the wolf’s scent until it led him to the river.

It was already dark, but James could see perfectly in the shadows, so it only took one glance to see that neither of his targets were in the water. For a moment he wondered if they’d realized he was following and were waiting to grab him, but then a guttural moan from the other side of the embankment caught his attention and his bronze-colored eyes, tinted differently from the mixture of both human and animal blood within him, noticed what he should have moments ago.

James forgot to breathe.

On his hands and knees on the dirt by the side of the river, Edward alternated between whimpers and gasps, the sounds pleading and desperate, filled with both agony and pleasure.

But that wasn’t what had James in shock.

Behind Edward, Jacob Black knelt, mouth slightly open, eyes closed, face an expression of bliss as he slowly pulled out of the vampire before pushing in again, rocking the body connected with his own. His tanned skin was wet from the bath, droplets of water cascading down tanned, toned muscles that clenched and contracted as he dug his fingers into Edward’s hips and began to thrust harder.

“Jacob!” Edward gasped, the sound so desperate so needy, so filled with want.

The only answer the wolf gave him was to let go of his hips and drape his chest over Edward’s back, curling one arm around Edward and keeping himself upright with the other to the ground. His lips and teeth teased the skin of the vampire’s neck, and even from this distance James could hear the wolf whispering Edward’s name again and again against his skin as he continued to thrust in and out.

This new position seemed so, so, so intimate. It wasn’t fucking, not exactly. Jacob seemed to be
worshipping Edward’s body, and while James had always sniggered at the thought of homosexual coupling, always made crude remarks against any fool who’d allow himself to be bottom, the tracker found himself hard and aching as he watched them, recognizing this feeling for what it was.

Want.

Finally he understood at least one of the many confusing and frustrating feelings he’d been experiencing ever since he came to this godforsaken little town.

“God, Edward.” Jacob’s voice was huskier, deeper, throatier with need as his hips rocked, and he shifted slightly, hitting something that had Edward whimpering, begging.

“Again.” Edward cried out, pushing back against his lover. “Do that again.”

Jacob chuckled with dark, satisfied amusement, and the sound went right to James’ cock, causing it to jerk painfully.

The tracker’s eyes widened, unable to tear his eyes from the wolf, jerking in shock when he realized that his hand was beginning to rub the erection pressing painfully against the fabric of his pants.

“Edward…” Jacob’s voice was possessive, his hold on the vampire loosening as he trailed his hand down the vampire’s stomach before those tanned fingers curled around Edward, pumping him in time to each thrust. “You’re all I want…”

Envy.

“And you’re mine.” Edward’s voice was that of a man who, while being claimed himself, knew he had claimed the wolf as his, and was secure in that knowledge.

Jacob closed his eyes tightly, moaning. “Yes.”

Jealousy.

They continued to move and moan and whisper to each other, and James was frozen solid, watching from his hidden place until Edward cried out, throwing his head back, spurting all over his stomach, Jacob’s hand, and the ground---and seconds later the wolf let out a growl as he came as well, seeming to try and bury himself in his partner as his thrusts grew desperate.

And then it was over and they were laying down on the cold, damp ground, curled around each other, faces inches apart, still talking, still whispering.

Jacob smiled at something Edward whispered before capturing his lips in a slow, tender kiss.

Anger.

James had turned and was running away before he even realized what he was doing. He hurried away, his body trembling, a snarl caught in his throat. He continued running till he was miles away, and that’s when he sunk to the ground.

He was still trembling.

Mine.
With a gasp, Alice came out of her vision, eyes wide in shock.

“Uh oh.”

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