

Beautiful, Dirty, Rich

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One Bet. One Week. No Rules. Bella bets Edward that after a week of some raw sexcapades he won't want to stop. He bets her otherwise

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BPOV

My gag reflex is unique. It's something I learnt about years ago. It didn't matter how deep something went, I could choke on it all day with ease; no muss no fuss.

Rosalie likes to call it my 'uber Slut Gift', a gift that I knew she was insanely jealous of.

Bitch.

And today, it was in full flight.

As Emmett threw his head back and growled, his palm hit the back of my head pushing his cock deeper into my throat. I let it slide further down, enjoying the warmth of it along with the smell of the new leather seats in his black H3. I pushed my bare foot against the smooth leather of the doors to angle myself right above his beast of a cock. In response, he let out a deep groan from his muscled throat. I'd been here so many times before and I knew what was coming. And it was Emmett.

I pushed his throbbing cock deeper just as he started to come. After all, spunk wasn't my favorite beverage, and this was always so much more an efficient way to go. Sure enough, as I pushed down I felt the sudden thick spurt of warm liquid spraying down my throat. I counted to three, pushed down delicately, and slowly licked my way back up again to his tip.

Too easy. And it was only my first day back at Forks High.

I sat back in my seat, just so I could watch the lazy, smug smile branch across his face as he enjoyed his brief high. Emmett was so predictable.

Giving head by fourth period? That was just the predictable Bella Swan.

"Shit Bells, that was as always, superb. I fucking missed you."

He didn't really speak his words as much as push them out with his deep sigh. Emmett lazily dropped his hand on the inside on my leg and started to work his thick fingers up my skirt, a smug grin slowly spreading across his face.

I chortled and threw it back to him like his hand was something that would infect me. He hit me with that jock boy dumb expression that was just perfect Emmett.

I mock pouted back to him.

"You don't want a little payback from the master?" he asked, jiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

I chuckled at him, pulling the passenger mirror down to look at my reflection.

"Lunch is in ten. And you just take too long to push my buttons, Em."

He snorted loudly, shaking his head to hide the clear shame that was so telling from the new pink tinge glowing on his cheeks.

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I rolled my eyes at him as I shook my long, dark hair with my fingers, letting it cascade down my back. It was getting so long now and I loved how I could throw it about when I was giving head. It was the perfect accessory.

Emmett was still pouting so I threw him a bone. "Don't worry, Em, there's always after school."

He gave me his killer smile, all perfect teeth, full lips and strong jaw line. It was the main reason why Emmett was one of Forks Elite and practically president of the Forks High's 'most Fuckable'. It was always the same walking through the school halls with him, pretty much every girl (and even some overly cautious guys) from every clique from every year tried to catch the attention of the infamous Emmett McCarty of the McCarty Country Club, the McCarty Sports Bar and of course Forks' very own McCarty Brewery. Em was part of one of Forks' richest families, captain of the football and wrestling team and had a body you just wanted to bite into. But he was as dumb as fuck in typical jock style, the kind of guy who was always directed by his penis. But to me, I guess that just made him even sweeter.

"You really are the best, Bells."

He leaned in, presumably to give me a kiss, but I held my hand up quickly, grabbing his face in the process. I giggled at the rejected look that washed through his baby blues as I firmly squished his face in my hands.

"I told you, Em, no time." I quickly scanned the school parking lot. He had picked a good spot and I wondered if it had anything to do with his paranoia over Rosalie finding out about our not-so-discreet sexcapades. Little did he know that his prized pony girlfriend was probably receiving some rather exquisite head from our good friend Jasper Whitlock at that very same moment.

I gave Emmett my best wicked grin as I jumped out of the black hummer and slammed the door. It wasn't exactly how I'd planned our meeting to go but as soon as I got into his brand new \$60,000 machine it just brought out the whore in me. I laughed as I realized it was probably the entire reason why Emmett had bought it in the first place. The perfect Hummer for Head.

I passed the M3's, the BMWs and the supped up Volvos, each one more extravagant than the last. It was the same at the beginning of every year; the school car park would be a parade of new toys owned by the fortunate kids of Forks. But that was Forks; there were a lot of blue bloods. It was one of those small towns that was just far enough away from the main city so that the Forks husbands could stay with their mistresses during the week and then spend time with the kids on weekends. Everybody did it, no questions asked.

I wasn't born into cash; my mother married into it. My dad Charlie left us when I was ten, but it didn't occur to him to tell me why. I was pretty sure it was down to Renee's friendship with Jack Daniels and the fact that she complained to him about everything repeatedly. Renee was an original Forks blue blood but was disinherited when she had me with Charlie, a regular cop who earned pittance in comparison to what she was used to. So she regularly told Charlie she hated our tiny house in La Push and the fact that she had to work. Through the years high-flying Forks was so close she could smell it. The moment she met my stepfather Phil, she knew she was in for an easy ride. Phil was a sports agent who spent the majority of his life traveling the world looking for clients. Renee seemed to be quite happy with the arrangement as it meant she could play cougar with the rest of the Forks Wives while he was away.

I remembered feeling pretty inadequate the first time I walked into our huge McMansion that sits in the middle of the thick Forks forest. Renee was so happy she celebrated by taking us to the McCarty Country Club for dinner. She was so ecstatic to be accepted by her old friends that she celebrated by drinking an entire bottle of vodka with her old friend Amy Brandon. Cue me meeting Alice, forging a friendship and saying goodbye to Bella Swan: La Push Baby. Hello Bella Swan: Forks Elite.

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I made my way into the quad as the bell rang. I lifted my head high as the pools of students started to scurry around me, all of them careful not to bump into me. I was Bella Swan after all. You don't fuck with Forks High's very own noughties answer to the Pink Ladies.

I heard the quick paced plunks of high heels behind me.

"Oh my God, Bella Swan, you are such a skanky bitch!" Alice ran up behind me and squeezed my ass as she giggled.

"What is it with you and dumb guys with big cars?" she asked walking in step beside me.

"Oh, I just can't help myself." I grinned, "All that big metal, how can it not be a turn on?"

Alice was my wing man. My best friend and really the only person who got me or even really knew me. Not that I was really sure what there was to get. We were always there for each other from the get go and we did everything together. When Alice got her ears pierced when she was eleven, I got mine done too. At twelve, when I had my first kiss with Emmett, he only had to turn his head to take Alice's kissing cherry the moment after. When I got tanked on vodka jellies for the first time when I was fourteen, Alice was with me suffering by the porcelain the next day. And whenever one of our moms was too tanked to make it out of the ladies toilets in the Country Club we could always count on the other to discreetly help clean up the mess. You sure do get to grow a great friendship on the basis of understanding. I would never sell Alice out; she was like a sister to me.

"Yeah, I know, you always want to be the first to give head in a new car- you big whore!"

She laughed her high pitched giggle again as she flicked her dark hair behind her shoulders.

She had had long chocolate extensions put in over the summer, a change from her usual short, spiky look. She'd called me from the salon when she was in New York to tell me. And although I initially protested she quickly told me, and I quote; "The pixie look was so 2008". She looked fantastic for it though; her perfect, tiny features were framed perfectly.

"Are you ever going to stop dealing this shit to Rosalie?" she asked with an understanding smile.

I narrowed my eyes at her quickly in defense.

Rosalie had fucked my first boyfriend James two years ago. I was devastated when he had told me with a fucking smirk across his face, but I stayed with him and decided to embrace Rose as one of my best friends. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer, right? So I had a clean conscious every time I fucked her precious Emmett. Besides, it wasn't like she was faithful to him anyway. Nobody was ever faithful to anyone in Forks.

"Alice, it's not about that, it's about Emmett McCarty, his perfectly fat cock and his new, hot H3."

"Right, sure, right," she said as she paused to adjust her hose. Alice was the only girl I knew who still wore garter belts and pantyhose. I couldn't help but notice a few male jaws gape as they saw a flash of her petite and perfect ass from under her mini skirt. Alice Brandon - forever the cock tease.

"Anyway, what have you been doing all morning?" I asked as we continued our pursuit to the lunch hall.

"Bah, nothing as fun as you. I've been catching up with Cullen." She shrugged.

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"Still trying to find your way into his father's pants?" I asked knowingly.

She stopped mid-step and fanned her face with her hand.

"Bella, that guy is the fucking sexiest man alive. I swear I'm going to come up with a fake case of vagina depression just so I can get him to touch my cooch!"

"He's old!" I snorted.

"He's experienced!" she laughed back. "And I'm telling you, this is the year for me and Doctor Cullen."

I shook my head in mild disgust. But I had to admit, if I were going to fuck any of the Forks fathers it would be the beautiful Carlisle Cullen.

"You're going to be tag teamed by Carlisle and Edward, I can see it now!" I laughed.

"Oh God, don't. You're turning me on!" she shrieked as she walked into me, giggling.

Edward Cullen was another of Forks' calendar boys that you needed to fuck. And I was pretty sure I had during the end of year fuckfest last term. It was the night that Alice and I decided to raid Jasper's stash and pop whatever pill looked pretty. I woke up in Cullen's bed in nothing but a man's shirt and a riding hat. I had no idea where or how the fuck I got there but I presumed that Edward had taken advantage. The punk had bailed for a weekend in Seattle leaving me with nothing but a note with his dry cleaner's number written on it. Since then our relationship has hardly been an amiable one, in fact Cullen seemed to do his very best to pretend I didn't exist. Like I gave a shit anyway; I quickly learned that Edward Cullen was too arrogant, too rich and far too up his own ass for my liking.

We made our way to the usual table in the lunch course, since the entire building was donated by Alice's father, it was only logical we got the best table; the circular one right in the middle of the room perfect for watching and being watched.

I threw my bag on the table and made my way to the lunch line alone. (What, you think Alice is that skinny by eating burgers all day? Come on!). I noticed that a few students dodged their heads away from me, while a few other young guys tried their best cute smile on me. I ignored them, my stomach calling for something other than Emmett juice, and pushed in the queue to grab a burger for me and an apple for Alice.

When I returned to the table I mock-violently placed the apple in front of her, throwing a knowing look. Alice pursed her lips and picked the apple up, tossing it between her hands. She took a small bite and threw me a sarcastic smirk. I stuck my tongue out at her and took a huge bite of my burger.

"Watch it!" I heard a familiar catty voice from the other side of the hall.

It was Rosalie, scaring the shit out of the new freshmen. The poor things needed to know that you didn't walk across the path of Rosalie Hale when she was in her full 'Look at me' Beyonce walk across the lunch hall. I could tell from the flush twinkling through Rosalie's cheeks that she had indeed spent fourth period with Jasper.

She was dressed in her own version of Forks High's respectable uniform. Sure, she had the blue blazer, but that was about it. Her tie was black and untied around her neck, the ends loosely hanging between her perky E cups that were peeking out of her blushing unbuttoned blue and white checked shirt. Her navy mini skirt was purposefully a size too small so it fit snugly, barely covering her ass cheeks. And her long brown legs

were accentuated with her usual knee high white socks. Rosalie would make Britney Spears blush.

"Hey bitches!" she smirked as she slowly parked her rear in her usual seat, the one where she could watch the Forks students at her leisure. Rose was like the Queen of Hearts and Forks High was her court. Make no mistake, the girl is awesome to party with. In fact, Alice and I had probably the best holiday down in Mexico with her last summer. When the three of us were together, anything went. We were invited to every party. We were envied by the entire student body. We fucked who we liked and we usually got away with it. It was good to be us.

"Eventful morning?" Alice asked with a blatantly counterfeit smile on her face.

Rosalie groaned and threw her head back. "I fucking missed Jasper over the holidays. It's the Texan accent, I really think it is. Something about how he uses his tongue differently."

I nodded in agreement. Jasper had moved to Forks two years ago, causing a stir in our panties. He was a great guy; funny, intelligent and just fucking fantastic. He also had the best connections for the best shit in the town, so he was our main dealer. He took to his new popularity like he didn't care about it, and that was such a turn on. Rosalie and I competed over who was going to lay him first. I won of course, simply because I don't bother with the kind of flirting shit that Rosalie loves to pull. I told him straight up, and we were fucking on the front of his silver AC Cobra before sunset.

Jasper was the only guy I knew that I could fuck and have an actual conversation with. We were good friends on account of a mutual love of British music and choice pot. But in the grand tradition of 'men and woman can't be friends' we'd inevitably fall into bed together a lot (or into the back of my Vantage Roadster). J was always about the oral pleasure and so we dubbed him Mr. Pussy. My clit would always start pulsating in my pants every time I watched him slowly lick his fingers after we'd share a bucket of KFC. J and I were also great friends because of our understanding of the benefits of the 69. Tit for tat. Head for head. He was a good buddy.

Rosalie sighed again as she took her gloss out of her Dior bag. "That guy is the god of head. I swear no one in Monaco made me come that hard."

"I thought you went to Paris?" Alice asked as she took a tiny bite of her apple.

"I did, I got bored. Monaco is so where it's at right now," Rose replied with a satisfied hair flick.

I snorted and took another bite of my burger. Rose was such a 'Gossip Girl' wannabe.

"How was New York?" Rose asked Alice, who was still chewing on the same bite.

"Fine," she nodded quickly.

I raised my eyebrow at her.

Wasn't she going to bomb into a half an hour discussion about how fashion week was the highlight of her life? Alice fucking breathed for clothes and she always made sure that she could go to fashion week in New York before each new school year. Instead she suddenly found her apple ridiculously interesting.

"And Belly, where did you go?" Rosalie asked with a smirk. I knew she didn't give a shit about my holiday; she just wanted to see who she might know in what city so she could get all the details you didn't want anyone to know.

"Miami," I said with a mouth full of burger.

Renee loved Miami; she loved the heat, she loved the men and she loved the drinking. I hated it because it was one of her fake fabulous family holidays with Phil that I was obligated to go on every year. So as predicted I spent the majority of my time learning new drinking games and playing hide the salami with the all guy volleyball team that I was fortunate enough to make friends with early on in our stay.

"How very retro of you," Rose smiled.

I rolled my eyes at Alice and bit into my burger again.

"Oh I am just exhausted; Jasper really took it out of me!"

She leant back in her chair again, re-crossing her legs.

Rose paused as her eyes darted between Alice and I. "What about you two? Belly, you're looking suitably relaxed this afternoon. Been canoodling with Newton? Oh no wait, you're not drunk yet."

I ignored Rosalie's remark.

Yes, maybe I had been known to falling into bed with Mike Newton on occasion. He was like a spaniel, constantly coming back for more no matter how shitty I treated him. Reliability was priceless when it came to casual sex.

"Actually, I was distracting your precious Emmett."

Alice raised her eyebrows at me immediately.

"Oh really?" Rose said, snatching a chip from my plate.

"Yeah, we had a really hard oral review. But he came through it with my help." I stole a look from Alice who looked like she was about to choke on her apple.

Rose responded with an 'Mm...hmm' and brought out her compact to start reapplying her pink lip gloss. Nothing distracted Rosalie like Rosalie.

There was a slight commotion around us, and I realized it was the sound of two hundred students mentally locking the picture of Emmett, Jasper and Edward for their spank bank. They walked in slowly, obviously savoring their very own boy band moment. Emmett's sly smile was so telling he may have well been wearing an "I will fuck you into next week" T-shirt. Jasper was a little more subtle; his eyes avoided everywhere but our table, a small smirk branching across his face as he got closer. I noticed that his hair was a little shorter making him look even cuter than usual.

And then there was Edward Cullen.

Fuck me, he was looking good and of course he blatantly knew it. He must have worked out over the summer as his arms looked a little muscular and his chest seemed broader across his crisp white shirt. His bronze hair was longer, sticking out at all angles and giving him that perfect post-sex look. And even though his face was cast with his usual moody snide, the three day stubble on his face was just begging to be licked.

His green eyes suddenly darted to mine and I was surprised that I didn't know what to do.

Did I smile at him?

Did I flash him a clear 'Let's fuck' look like I usually did with guys who looked too good not to taste?

I was even more surprised to feel my clit buzz at the connection between us. Maybe he'd grown up and stopped being a stuck up twat with no soul.

Like he had heard my thoughts, Cullen suddenly threw me one of his scrutinizing 'I'm so much better than you' glares. He glanced away quickly and roughly pushed his fingers through his hair, sighing like the entire world wasn't entertaining enough for him. I darted my eyes back to the table and bit my lip. I felt pretty stupid for thinking he would have had a total personality transplant.

Punk ass Cullen motherfucker. Who the hell did he think he was?

"Wussup girl?" Emmett pulled Rosalie to her feet as they both carried out the first act of 'We're beautiful, we're hot, now watch us make out'. It truly was disgusting watching them rub up against each other in the middle of the lunch hall, the school hall, and the classrooms. Every 'hello' was like a nomination for an MTV Best Kiss award. I had to avert my eyes as Emmett grabbed Rose's ass in his huge hand and grunted.

To the majority of the student body they were Forks High's golden couple, the King and Queen of the school that had been together since freshman year (thanks to Rosalie sucking him off on the first day- love right?). But to a select few we knew them as show ponies that would happily fuck you if you were worth a damn.

But that's just how we all were; to not do it would be a travesty.

Emmett had an insatiable sexual appetite and would literally go hunting for girls. Not that he needed to as they seemed to beat down his door so they could beat him off. I was sure that he loved Rosalie in his own way, and she did him, but Emmett was all about enjoying being Emmett and everything that came with it. That included sucking, fucking, acid induced threesomes and spending all of his inheritance on big cars and bitches.

His precious Rose could never turn down a competition, a bad boy or a jock. So she never did, ever. But Rose was a master of disguise as she had her parents, the teachers and the whole of Forks wrapped around her perfectly manicured finger. She was class president, head cheerleader, leader of the debate team and head of the Student Council. Of course, she did fuck all in every role; her legion of admirers did everything for her. It seemed the more of a bitch she was, the more people fell over themselves to please her. And Rosalie did love to be pleased.

My Alice was a firecracker with a dangerous partiality for older men. She was a little more reserved than me when it came to actual fucking; for Alice the thrill was seeing how far you could get before driving a guy crazy. Alice always said her best friend was her platinum rampant rabbit and that she didn't always need a man to push her buttons. I said to her that she needed to shut the fuck up and sit on Jasper's face already.

Cullen was more of a myth; he moved to Forks at the end of last term with a reputation so notorious that the school was buzzing about him two months before he actually arrived. It was only natural selection that Cullen would end up rolling with Emmett and J. I heard he fucked about, I know he'd fucked Rosalie (she said he was definitely worth the cost of the \$120 panties that he had ripped off her ass) and I was pretty sure he'd fucked me (like hell I was going to have that conversation with the smug bastard). But I didn't hear much else. I hated to admit that just made him more appealing.

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And then there was me; my reputation was a little clouded with a lot of dirt. And the majority of it was true. I decided to say 'fuck you very much' to morals and start living by the code of 'everyone else is doing it, why can't I?'

I had lost my virginity to my first boyfriend James when I was fourteen. It was a little controversial considering that I was a freshman and he was a senior but no one dared challenge James. If you didn't fuck with James he would always inevitably fuck with you. And I learnt my lesson; I even considered myself stronger and better for it. James taught me the best lesson - never mix fucking with love because you will always have your heart ripped out of your chest. It was a clear lesson and it was one that was exemplified by the fucked up married couples in Forks.

Fucking about: it was the norm. Everybody was doing it, but we just never talked about it to the masses and in some cases even to each other.

Emmett and Rosalie's kiss finally broke and they sat beside each other. Rosalie leant in on his hard chest while Em casually draped his arm over her shoulder. I noticed that he winked to a dark haired girl who walked past him who practically burst out into hysterical giggles from the recognition.

"How's it going girls, first day as seniors all you expected to be and more?" Jasper asked as he settled down between me and Alice.

"It's the biggest thrill of my life. I may just pee my pants," I said dryly.

Jasper sniggered as he plucked a chip from my plate and pushed it between his lips with a smirk. Cullen sat opposite me and was busy brooding about something. It was probably his hair.

"You guys ready for tonight?" Rosalie asked as she sat up straight, pushing her chest out as she spoke. She was awfully proud of the boobs she got for her sweet sixteenth.

"Yeah, we're gonna lay it down! Let's go invite some freshmen!" Emmett jumped from his seat as excitedly as a boy on Christmas morning.

Every new semester started the same way, with a week of mash ups and alcohol-fuelled gatherings to ease us back into the school routine. It was so accepted, even Mr. Stanley, the headmaster of the school, didn't come back to campus until after the first week of the new term.

"Nooo! No fucking freshmen, Emmett, I mean it!" Rosalie smacked Emmett on the arm with the back of her hand. "They just puke everywhere anyway and I can't be bothered to baby-sit."

Emmett mock hung his head and pulled his best baby pout as he pulled her into a bear hug. Rose immediately broke out into a smile as he rocked her in his arms and nuzzled her ear.

"Come on babe, Cullen and J have gotta start ploughing the new fields in Forks. J, you in?" Emmett asked, jiggling his eyebrows at Jasper.

Jasper stretched out lazily in his chair as he pressed his lips in thought, "I wouldn't say no. May I bring a few of my close associates, Rose?"

Rose smiled instantly. She loved new people, and she loved Jasper's close associates the most because they would bring all the booze and drugs that her gathering would need.

"Sure, the more the merrier," she shrugged.

As Rosalie and Emmett argued about the likelihood of freshmen crashing the party, Alice and Jasper made their way into the rest of the lunch hall, probably seeking out possible partygoers for the evening. That pretty much left me and Cullen.

Great.

"Good summer?" I asked, trying to sound as polite as I could, but even I couldn't ignore the blatant sarcasm in my voice.

"Amiable," he mumbled without making eye contact with me. Instead, he looked out into the lunch hall. I couldn't make out whom or what he was looking at or even if he was looking at anything.

Prick. Who uses one word to finish and start sentences? I wasn't going to give in that easily. Cullen WAS going to give me the time of day.

"Looking forward to tonight?" I asked, leaning towards him completely aware that my school shirt was just open enough to show a little cleavage (Thank god for push up bras).

He sighed and smirked, one of those crooked smiles that Alice says he gets from his father. I had to admit, it was pretty adorable if not totally predictable.

"Same old right? Aren't you bored of all this shit yet, Swan?" he asked, looking at me. I was struck by his green eyes that were a lot lighter in the fluorescents of the cafeteria.

"I take what I can get," I responded, slower than I would have liked.

"Don't we all?" he said, exhaling and sitting back in his seat, his eyes still on mine.

I didn't get it.

Were we flirting? I was good at flirting, but I didn't think that the bemused look that he had on his face was flirting.

Damn him.

I carried on.

"Well, I have a dire need to relax. I had a really shitty summer." It was the perfect line; it gave him the chance to engage, comment and actually start a proper conversation and step away from being such an aggravating douche.

His eyes dropped from mine as he stood up and signaled to Jasper. He took his Camels out of his top pocket and stuck one behind his ear as he leant in towards me.

"Yeah well, shit happens, Swan."

He spun on his heel and walked out of the lunch hall, Jasper sauntering behind him.

Motherfucker.

Alice sighed as she fell into her seat. "Can we ditch? I'm bored and I want a new outfit for tonight."

"You read my mind. I'm over this," I mumbled, pushing my half eaten burger into the centre of the table. Sure, shopping with Alice was like playing a contact sport on speed but she was good at it. I didn't even need to think; within ten minutes in the first shop I would have a new outfit for tonight.

"See you tonight, Rose, I can't wait!" Alice smiled sweetly as she threw her half-eaten apple in the bin.

Emmett and Rose were making out again. As he stood up she broke away quickly with a loud lip smack.

"Oh guys, see you tonight, and it's a red party so dress appropriately!" she flashed her Miss America smile and dug into her bag for her lip gloss. Emmett leant back and winked at me.

I threw him a jaded eye roll, which caused his smile to widen but I couldn't fathom why.

"Whatever," I mumbled as I started out of the hall. "Later guys."

Once we reached the school's main hallway I started to dig around in my bag for the cigarette that I suddenly needed very badly.

"What the fuck is a red party? Are we celebrating that she got her period and she can go on with fucking about?" I snapped.

"Meo-ow! Geez B, you really need your oil changed," Alice responded, snatching my bag from me and producing a cigarette with one fell swoop of her small hands.

"I'm sorry, I'm just fucking frustrated," I admitted as I gratefully took it off her.

"Well, fuck with a lazy jock and you shall be left unsatisfied! I'm sure there will be plenty of fresh meat for you tonight. I put the word out on my twitter. I'm sure Rose won't mind my entire list of followers coming tonight!"

She grinned at me, clearly pleased with herself.

"Oh you're such a bitch. I love you!" I smiled as I lit my cigarette, drawing it in slowly, relishing the tingles it brought with it. Ah, sweet nicotine.

Alice started to babble on about a dress she saw in a magazine that she thought would look great on me. I just sucked on my stick and nodded in agreement like I always did when her talk turned to fashion. She carried on until we reached her car, which beeped twice as we approached it. It was a sexy car and perfectly Alice. A custom made purple TVR Sagaris. She also had one in green and one in yellow so she drove whichever one she felt complemented her outfit for the day. Well, why the hell not?

As we pulled away I spotted Cullen leaning on the side of the sports hall building with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. His eyes looked closed and his leg was bent with his foot flat to the wall. He almost looked like he was in pain as he exhaled his smoke, like it hurt to breathe and be Edward fucking Cullen. The usual disinterested look that washed over his face only made him look more aggravatingly fuckable.

To my fucking royal annoyance Cullen saw me looking. I wanted to jump out of the car and push him up against the wall by the neck when I saw him laugh and roll his eyes at me.

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Who the fuck did this punk think he was?!

I mentally filed through the severely fucked up things I could do to him in order for him to realize exactly who he was dealing with. Mother fucking cock of a Cullen needed to learn some fucking respect and realize that the one girl you don't fuck with at Forks High was Bella Swan.

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