



"For the Love of Jasper" One-Shot Contest

Title: "Lost and Found"

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Existing work: N/A

Primary Players: Jasper, Alice, Bella, Edward

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The familiar rumbling of his black truck causes me to turn my head and stare as he pulls into the parking lot. Bella gasps and wraps her hand around my wrist and squeezes as he pulls into a space diagonal from where we're sitting on the tailgate of her rusty, red pickup. Suddenly, the truck silences and all that can be heard are the whispers and giggles coming from pretty much the entire female population of Forks High, all of whom are standing around doing the same thing Bella and I are doing.

Staring. Fantasizing. Admiring.

The driver's side door opens, and a lit cigarette falls to the ground. Subsequently, a black leather boot emerges and steps on the butt, and then he's *there*, standing, stretching, and eating up every single bit of attention he's getting.

"Oh. My God," Bella whispers. "Look at Edward. Look at what he's wearing. His hair- *Jesus Christ*. Do you think it's like that when he wakes up? Do you think he purposely does it like that? What do you think he tastes like? Do you think..."

She keeps going on and on, popping her gum and discussing the boy that had gotten out on the passenger side. Bella has a thing for Edward Cullen. But me? I can take him or leave him.

I'm a Jasper Whitlock kind of girl.

Jasper reaches up and brushes his disheveled, dirty blonde hair out of his eyes, and for a second, I swear my heart stops. He's holding his red, spiral notebook in one hand, and twirling his keys around the index finger of his other one. He's wearing nothing but a simple, tight, white t-shirt and his well worn, ripped and tattered

jeans, which are hanging dangerously low and being held up by his signature, leather studded belt. I want to be that belt. The wallet chain hanging out of his pocket is pulling his pants further down. I can see his gray boxer briefs. I am in heaven.

If my mother knew the kind of thoughts that ran through my mind when I looked at Jasper Whitlock, she'd most certainly ship me off to boarding school, or maybe a convent or at least make me see a therapist. Our parents have been warning us for years that despite what *they* might say to convince us to "spread our legs," Jasper Whitlock and Edward Cullen are nothing but trouble and should be avoided at all costs, unless we want to get Hepatitis and throw up blood and die.

Of course, their advice was useless. Jasper Whitlock and Edward Cullen won't even blink in mine or Bella's direction. They're two years older than us, and mysterious and rebellious and sexy. They have motorcycles and hang out with college girls in Port Angeles at bars that they get into with fake IDs. They play pool and drink liquor and wear chains and leather and boots and stuff.

They are the complete opposite of me and Bella.

Every so often, a rumor will go around that *so and so gave Edward a BJ in the alley behind the gym* or that *Jasper touched so and so's tits in the handicapped stall of the girls' bathroom*, but no one ever really believes them.

Because Jasper and Edward don't give anyone the time of day. Not ever. They sit against the brick wall of the cafeteria outside during lunch and they smoke cigarettes, sometimes joints when they're feeling extra bad. They skip gym class and drink beer under the bleachers by the track while everyone else is running. They lean against Jasper's locker and talk about classic rock music and cars. They are the epitome of cool, and they don't even try.

They just are. They just always have been.

One day last year, Jasper was leaning against his locker with just his shoulders, and his hips were out in front of him, and his shirt rode up and I saw his treasure trail and I swear I almost wet myself because that was the day I found out he has a tattoo. *No one* in Forks High has a tattoo- well, except for maybe Edward but I've never seen his so I don't care. I don't know exactly what Jasper's says, but it's black and near his pelvic bone, and I made it my personal goal in life to find out what that tattoo says. And maybe to see how it tastes.

"Alice? Alice?! Are you even listening to me?"

I peel my eyes away from Jasper unwillingly and turn my head toward Bella.

"Huh?"

"I *said*, do you think Jasper fucks girls in the bed of that truck?"

"I don't know," I answer, "but if he does, I want to be one of them."

Bella laughs at me until her cheeks turn red. "Alice, you wouldn't be able to handle him. He would turn you inside out. You wouldn't even know what to do with it!"

"Um, I would so!"

"You've had sex one and a half times."

"So what?"

"So, that means you know nothing." I roll my eyes because Bella thinks that since she fucked Mike Newton all summer that she's the all knowing goddess of sex or something and it annoys the crap out of me. "Rosalie Hale says they like to fuck girls doggy style so they don't have to look at their faces. You don't think that's true, do you?"

I tune Bella out as we walk into school, going over our schedules and shoving by annoying freshmen who don't know where they're going. We aren't the annoying freshmen anymore and that makes me feel good.

"I hope I have gym with Edward and Jasper again this year," Bella says. "Last year when the boys played basketball, the two of them actually showed up one day and I got to watch their packages bounce against their shorts for 40 minutes. That was a good day."

I yawn, because I've heard the infamous package-bouncing story more times than I needed to.

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First period, second period, third period pass. While I'm walking to my fourth period study hall, I hear Lauren-*I-Have-VD*-Mallory say something about hanging out with Jasper "again."

My fists clench and I realize my innocent crush on Jasper is getting out of hand.

I'm late to study hall because I hide behind my locker door to try and listen to what she's saying. I make the conclusion that she is a liar and Jasper would never call her "baby" while having sex with her. Jasper wouldn't ever call a girl "baby." Maybe "bitch" or "sexy" but never "baby." Anyway, if he did sleep with Lauren, which I doubt, he probably did it doggy style so he didn't have to look at her face.

The hallway is quiet and clear as I round the corner to study hall. And then, out of nowhere, I slam right into a warm, solid chest and I just about die of embarrassment and have a heart attack at the same time.

"Whoa there," Jasper says as he steadies me by grabbing my shoulders.

He smells like Aqua Velva and cigarettes and sexy.

"Sorry," I manage to say, and Edward chuckles at his side. I am stuck there, hypnotized. Never before have I seen Jasper's face so close up, and it's even more perfect than I imagined.

His lips are pink and wrinkly and begging for me to lick them, and his eyes are such a light color blue, they almost look gray. Plus, he has these dimples- *holy shit*, the dimples. He's smirking and I want to stick the tip of my pinky in one of them.

I don't know how I keep myself from throwing up, but somehow I manage as he brushes a strand of hair out of my face and pinches it between his fingers.

"You cut off all your hair," he states matter of factly.

I nod.

How the hell does Jasper Whitlock know that I cut my hair? That would have to mean that he'd seen me last year, when my hair was still long and... No. Jasper Whitlock doesn't look at Alice Brandon.

And then, the moment is over. He scratches the light blonde stubble growing on his cheek and Edward pats him on the back and leads him forward and they walk right past me. I hear them talking about Les Paul and jukeboxes or whatever else super cool, leather wearing rebels talk about, and I melt like a puddle.

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It's the morning after my encounter with Jasper and I'm still riding high on my cloud of Aqua Velva and cigarette smoke. So much so, that I'm almost able to completely block out Bella's voice.

"So, I've been thinking about what Edward Cullen tastes like... and I think it's a mixture of Twizzlers, maple syrup, and yellow flavored Listerine."

I gag.

"I think he tastes like cigarettes and cheap beer," I say. I kick the tire of Bella's truck with my rainboot and it squeaks.

"Eww." Bella sticks her tongue out in disgust. "Why would you think that?"

"Because he smokes and drinks cheap beer a lot."

"Well, so does Jasper," she says.

I think about it. She's probably right. For some reason though, I find the theoretical stench attractive. And then, I worry I'm losing my mind.

"I can't believe he talked to you. And you *touched* him-" She squeals and the memory makes me laugh and gets me all giddy. "I feel like you're not supposed to touch them. Like you're not even supposed to look directly at them, like the sun, or

Medusa or something- if you look at them or touch them you go blind or turn to stone- *oh my god.*"

She's looking over my shoulder, her eyes wide.

"What?"

"If I tell you something, you have to promise not to look."

"Promise." I hold up my pinkie, but I'm lying.

"Jasper is talking to Edward and staring at you. They pointed before."

I gasp and my head spins around involuntarily.

"Alice, you moron!"

I can hear Bella's voice in the background, but I'm not listening to her. Because I meet Jasper's eyes, and he smirks again and blows out a puff of smoke, long and slow and sleek, and then he looks away. Edward laughs and they start heading toward the building.

I'm beginning to think that I stepped into the Twilight Zone.

*

All the Jasper interaction is making me feel like I need to be edgy and rebellious or something, so I convince Bella to sneak out of her window and meet me at Forks Diner. It's midnight and she still hasn't shown. I order a milkshake and sit at the counter, spinning back and forth on the stool as I wait for her.

I hear the bell signaling someone has walked in. The diner goes silent. I do a full turn in my stool and my jaw drops to the damn ground when I see Jasper Whitlock and Edward Cullen strut inside, their eyes red and making the entire place reek of cigarettes and whiskey. Jasper is wearing his every day jeans with the holes, studded belt, and wallet chain, but today I'm in awe. He has a short sleeved, white button up on, but only a couple of the buttons are actually done, and there's a gray tie hanging loosely around his neck and I want him to tie me up with it.

Screw Bella for saying I was sexually inexperienced. I've seen porn before at Ben Cheney's house. I know what can be done with a tie.

Anyway, Edward sits at the opposite end of the counter from me and Jasper starts walking to the bathroom. I realize when he's only about two feet away that I'm still staring at him.

He walks past me and then stops and looks over his shoulder. That's the point where I start hyperventilating.

"Hey," he says, winking at me.

He winked. I died.

"Hi," I respond timidly, holding up my fingers and giving a weak wave. He shoves his hands in his back pockets and turns around, and when he does that, his pants drop a little and he has turquoise boxer briefs on and I am spinning.

I don't know what is happening. I don't know why he's talking to me. I don't know where Bella is. I don't know why I can't stop staring.

"Come on," he mumbles, and before I know what I'm doing, I'm leaving my milkshake and following him back out of the front door, and he's bringing me around the side of the diner, where he lights a cigarette that he rolled himself.

He leans against the building, squinting his eyes every time he takes a drag, and I stare at his *everything*, trying to memorize all I can so that I can keep this night with me for eternity. Because here I am, standing outside a diner after midnight on a weekday, smoking a cigarette with Jasper Whitlock. I feel like a sexy badass. I am *Betty-fucking-Page* right now.

Jasper speaks first.

"How old are you?"

"I'm sixteen," I tell him. He cringes. "What, is that a problem? Is it immoral for you to be speaking to someone who's sixteen?"

"Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it."

I giggle, because he purposely quoted Alice in Wonderland, and I start feeling more comfortable with him by the second. He isn't *that* scary and intimidating. I kind of like the rush that comes when I'm with him. It's exciting and different and... sexually stimulating. Much more satisfying than admiring him from afar.

"You know my name?" I ask. He nods and flicks his cigarette into a pine tree.

"I do, Alice Brandon. Do you know mine?"

"Everyone knows yours."

"Hmm." He shrugs and chuckles a bit, and he combs his fingers through his shaggy hair and pushes it off his forehead and then he glares at me.

He takes a step toward me. I stand there, my hands at my side, knowing what's coming and not able to do anything about it. I don't *want* to do anything about it.

He tilts my chin up with his thumb, and tilts his head to the side, and I feel his lips and taste the warmth and smoke and I am blissful. He kisses me three times and pulls away.

"You taste like ice cream," he states.

I grab his tie and I yank myself back into his kiss, and he stumbles backward until he hits the diner wall, and I show him that I'm not just tiny, young Alice Brandon and that I can handle him and his boots and his chain.

I slip my tongue into his mouth and he tastes like liquor, which I only know because Bella forced me to take a shot at one of Mike Newton's parties a few weeks ago and I almost threw up. He is breathing heavily through his nose and I feel his fingertips pressing against the small of my back, on my skin, and I arch my back so my chest can rub against his body. He groans slightly and just as I think Jasper is going to undo his pants and take me right there outside of Forks Diner, he pulls away and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

"We have school tomorrow," he says.

"So?"

"You shouldn't be out so late all alone. We'll bring you home."

I agree, because the thought of being in the black truck excites me.

Edward drives because he hasn't been drinking, and I sit on Jasper's lap in the passenger seat. I don't say a word the entire time; instead I just listen to them discuss their night and how they conned some old drunk out of money by pretending they were bad at pool. I don't get the mechanics, but I love every second of listening to Jasper speak.

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"I hate you," I tell Bella as we walk to first period. "I could've died last night, all by myself."

"Whatever-" She waves her hand at me. "I told you it was a stupid idea. I couldn't climb out of my window. I would be a cripple right now. Broken legs are never sexy."

I want to tell her about last night, but instead I keep my mouth shut. It's payback for her bragging about seeing Jasper's balls bounce around during gym class all the time.

Jasper and Edward act no differently to me when I pass them in the hallway. They don't say hello, they don't smile, they don't even look in my direction. I wonder how many other girls Jasper has kissed after midnight outside of the diner and then ignored the next day at school. Maybe the rumors aren't just rumors? Maybe there's truth to them? Who knows.

I'm lying in bed later that night when I hear the distinct sound of the black truck rumbling. Without hesitating, I jump out of bed, my fleece blanket wrapped around me, and I tiptoe outside.

He shuts off the truck when he sees me and he smiles. Edward isn't with him. I run across the cold, dewy grass in my bare feet and hop into the passenger seat. The second I climb into the truck, he lifts me onto his lap and he kisses me.

This time he kisses me harder, and hotter, and he pushes his hips up into me and I can feel him, hard and eager and warm through my thin pajama pants. He cups my face in his hands and then slides his hands up my shirt and cups them around my boobs and I'm not wearing a bra because Rosalie told Bella that if you wear a bra to sleep your boobs will sag, and Jasper's hands are warm and hard and I love them touching me.

"Do you fuck girls in the bed of your truck?" I ask him suddenly, partly out of curiosity and partly because I want him to do it to me one day.

He laughs into my neck, underneath my ear, and shakes his head. "What?"

"That's what I heard."

"You heard wrong."

I reach down and undo Jasper's fly, because *God damn it*, I'm taking advantage of this to the fullest, and he tenses up a little bit. But as soon as I lower myself to the floor of his car and I tell him I want his *you-know-what* in my mouth, he isn't tense anymore.

It's long and thick and smooth against my lips and my tongue. The noises that are coming out of his mouth, from his chest, make me feel like I'm in some X-rated movie. It's the first time in my life that I think I've ever really felt sexy. He breathes loudly and puts his hand on the back of my neck, and when he lets himself go in my mouth, it's salty and sweet and warm and he says my name and I am in *love*.

Jasper comes back three more times that week. We kiss and touch and lick and taste and barely speak to each other, but there is something there, and I can feel it.

Eventually I break down and I tell Bella.

"I don't believe you," she mutters as she peels a banana. She bites the end of it and I huff and cross my arms over my chest.

"I'm telling the truth! Would I lie to you?!"

"Well, if you aren't lying, he's probably just using you. He doesn't even look at you."

I don't argue with that because I have nothing to say. She's right. Nothing has changed, whatsoever. He still doesn't look at me, smile at me, acknowledge me. He still stands in all the same places with Edward and rumors still fly around about Lauren Mallory and Jessica Stanley and I want to punch them in the tit but I can't because he isn't mine.

But, I don't care. I don't think that Jasper is using me, and if he is, it isn't bothering me. Not yet, at least.

We keep up our escapades night after night. He pulls up to my house, I sneak out of bed, we drive off to some secluded street, and he touches me. Or I touch him. We don't have sex because Jasper says, "Sex is only momentarily satisfying." Whatever

that means. Then, he smokes a cigarette and he drives me back home and he doesn't say goodnight or kiss me, he just waits for me to get out.

I start to hate being in school and seeing him, because it takes everything in me not to jump on him. I hate watching other girls look at him and talk about him like they know him. They don't know how the radio works in his truck, or that the zipper sticks in his favorite pair of jeans, or that he only chews Winterfresh gum because he hates all other kinds. They don't know how his calluses feel when he grazes your leg with his palm, or that the hair at the nape of his neck is darker than the rest of his head, or how good his skin tastes after he showers. I'm getting territorial, and he isn't, and it's beginning to make me uncomfortable.

One day, right before Halloween, Jasper comes by earlier than usual.

"I want you to start coming to my house," he says. "I've had enough of this truck. Do you want to come over?"

I agree, and I'm expecting to pull up to a double wide trailer or some broken down, moldy old house with the screen door falling off because Jasper doesn't seem rich or fancy, he seems bad and troubled and like his parents are alcoholics or something.

But, I am *completely* wrong and I almost feel ashamed. His house is big and clean and traditional and beautiful. He sneaks me in through a side door, and walks me down a dark hallway to his room.

He turns on the light and there's posters of different bands on the dark gray walls, and there are pictures of him and Edward taped to the edge of his mirror which is kind of gay but cute, and there are baseball jerseys that say "Whitlock" on the back hung up. There are trophies, and stacks of books and DVDs, and a huge, white bed with a black comforter in the middle of the room that I collapse onto. All in all, it's a completely normal teenage boy's room.

Jasper lights up a cigarette and kneels down at my feet.

"You should spend the night," he says. "I can bring you home early in the morning."

He leaves his cigarette between his pursed lips and pulls off my shoes, and then he reaches up and unbuttons my pants.

I know I'll be grounded, and mostly likely for a very long time, but that doesn't matter to me. I want to stay with him. Whatever the consequences are, it seems completely worth it to me.

"Um... okay," I say, sitting up. Jasper puts one hand under my butt and lifts me up so he could pull off my pants, and I take my shirt off and then, I'm just sitting there in my underwear with him kneeling at my feet, feeling awkward.

I don't think he'd ever seen my body in the light before. I grab the cigarette out of his mouth and take a drag and I blow it out slowly, like he does, but the smoke kind of gets in my eye and makes it water, and Jasper laughs at me and grabs the cigarette back and puts it out in an overflowing ashtray on his dresser.

His back is turned to me and I can't help but stare at the way his thin, gray t-shirt hugs his shoulder blades. He cracks his neck and then lifts his arms up and stretches, and I see his back and his spine and I want him to turn around so that I can see his tattoo.

"What does it say?" I blurt out. He looks over his shoulder at me, eyebrow raised, and smirks.

"It says *Lost*."

"Are you lost?" I ask.

"Not anymore."

"Oh."

Then he's on the bed, on top of me, kissing me and trying to pull his shirt off at the same time. I am in awe of his chest and his body and all of his muscles and the way that they flex when he moves, and I almost can't breathe.

He tugs at a strand of my hand and chuckles lightly before kissing my jaw and whispering in my ear, "You're special, Alice Brandon."

I want to believe him, because things feel so right when I'm with him, but I can't shake the feeling that's been building up in the back of my mind. He doesn't talk to me when other people are around. He's ashamed. He's using me and is embarrassed of me.

Fucking Bella. She ruins everything.

The stupid studs on Jasper's belt are digging into my hipbones, so I whine and yank at it to tell him to take it off, and he sighs and puts his hand on his forehead for a second before cursing under his breath and undoing his pants. I kick them all the way off with my feet.

He's positioned between my legs in his black boxer briefs, and his body is right there, and I can touch whatever I want to, so I go straight for his butt. It's kind of hard and kind of squishy and kind of perfect. I reach under the waistband and feel it, bare, with no fabric, and he laughs at me again and reaches behind his back to pull my hand out.

"Stop," he says, and he grabs the back of one of my knees and groans and he pushes his hips and my leg forward and I feel him against me and I'm wet and want him inside of me.

I look down and see his dick straining against the fabric of those fucking boxers that I suddenly hate, and there's a wet spot near the tip and it turns me on so much that I have to gulp and bite down on my bottom lip to stop myself from making a humiliating noise.

He kisses me again and I taste cigarettes and Winterfresh gum and I smell some sort of cologne that he doesn't wear that often.

He takes off my bra and I get up on my elbows because when I lay flat my boobs look smaller and flatter than they really are. I tilt my head back and close my eyes, and his mouth is all over my chest, my nipple, my neck, my stomach. His lips are hot and wet and slippery and I want to taste him so badly that I grab a handful of his sandy blonde hair and I pull his head toward mine forcefully.

Our lips smash together, and our teeth click, and I taste blood, but I don't care because I, Alice Brandon, am practically naked in Jasper Whitlock's bed and am almost certain that he is finally going to fuck me. I claw at his boxers, and he pulls them down enough so that I can feel him in my hands, and there's more stuff coming out of him so I wipe it with my finger and I put it in my mouth and he says, "fuck" and pulls off my underwear.

I have only had sex one and a half times, and let me tell you, my only partner was in no way, shape, or form the size of Jasper Whitlock. He rubs the tip against me and I try and lift up my hips but he shakes his head and reaches into the drawer of his nightstand and he puts a stupid condom on. At least if my mother ever found out, I can assure her that I don't have Hepatitis. Unless that can be transmitted orally. Yikes. I guess we'll find out.

He returns to his original position between my legs and with his lips slightly pursed and a concentrated, urgent look on his face, he pushes into me, all the way, with one thrust.

I swear I can feel it somewhere near my bellybutton.

I think the look on my face scares him because he kisses my lips and doesn't move.

"I'm sorry! Are you okay? You're so tiny..."

"I'm fine," I assure him. I don't know if I'm fine, but for him, I can pretend.

He starts out slow, and eventually we both need more, and he speeds up, and then we switch and I get on top of him and I only move up and down a couple of times before I feel him jerking inside of me. He takes a break and then puts another condom on and we do it again, a bunch of other different ways this time, and he even does me from behind but Bella is stupid because I don't think he did it like that so he didn't have to look at my face.

When we were done, I was sore and tired and Bella was right about him turning me out. I was happy and I felt proud and special and almost a little stuck up because somehow I had managed to sleep with one of the two hottest guys in town.

He was bad, rebellious, sexy Jasper with a tattoo and a motorcycle and I was tiny, innocent, prissy and naïve Alice, but somehow we fit together.

We're sweaty and sleepy and naked as we lay in his bed, wrapped up in each other. He lights up another cigarette, and I trace his tattoo with my fingertip and listen to him breathe.

"I like it," I tell him. "I want one."

He gives me a look and rolls on top of me so that he can reach into his nightstand. When he returns, he has a permanent black Sharpie in his hand and he scribbles something under my hipbone, right in the same place where his is.

I look down when he is finished and I laugh as he blows on it. It says "*Found*."

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As expected, Mom grounds me for a month and puts a bell on the front door so she can hear me if I try to escape. I am devastated and I cry all day on Sunday. I hear Jasper's truck at night, and after two minutes when I don't come outside, he's gone, and I'm afraid he won't ever come back.

Bella drops me off at my house that afternoon, but before I can even get inside, Jasper is in my driveway, and Edward isn't in the car so I get in the passenger seat.

"I got grounded," I tell him. I scribble nervously on a blank page in my notebook and write my name in huge cursive letters.

"For how long?"

"A month."

"Shit."

"I know."

He taps his hand on the steering wheel twice. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" I ask.

"Getting you in trouble."

"It was worth it."

He laughs and takes my notebook from me and underneath *Alice* he writes *Jasper*, just as big and in his own form of cursive. He hands the book back to me and I move a piece of hair out of his eye and then I start crying.

"You don't talk to me in school," I say, tucking my hair behind my ear so that it doesn't stick to my tears. "We only see each other at night and now we can't and you're going to forget about me--"

"No... that isn't true. Shit- please stop crying."

"I hear rumors about you and other girls all the time and it kills me."

"Those are just rumors. It's only you, I swear! Don't you trust me?"

"We don't even know anything about each other!"

"That's not true either," he says, slamming his fist against his dashboard. "We've both learned a lot about each other. Just because we don't talk about everything all the time doesn't mean shit. That's not how I am. You know me better than anyone, Alice."

"So why do you ignore me?"

"I don't... I don't know. I have this reputation, and I just--"

"Right. Your reputation is more important to you than I am."

He shakes his head and tries to touch my face, but he doesn't say anything so I slap his hand away. I open my door and hold my notebook to my chest and I don't want to say goodbye to him but he pisses me the hell off so I do.

"Maybe I'll talk to you next month."

He doesn't say anything. I slam the door and he pulls out of the driveway and he's gone.

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My breakdown does nothing. Jasper acts the same exact way, day after day, week after week, the only difference being that Bella tells me he looks at me when I'm not looking at him. I'm not sure if I believe her because I think she may only be saying it to make me feel better because I'm so depressed she fears I'm ready to drink some bleach out of the janitor's closet.

"I wish Edward looked at me when I wasn't looking," she says.

"Maybe he does."

"Probably not. You should've put in a good word for me, Alice. That's what best friends are supposed to do for each other. You're so selfish."

I roll my eyes at her dramatics as we approach my locker. Jasper is standing a couple of feet away with Edward. They're flipping through some car magazine or something and discussing boy stuff that doesn't interest me.

"I'm enjoying the scenery, but if I'm late to Banner's class one more time, I get detention," Bella says. She waves and leaves me there, and I sneer at her as she walks away because she's not being as sympathetic as I want her to be.

The bell rings and I jump and the books in my hand go tumbling to the ground. Papers fly all over the hallway, one of them conveniently sliding over to Lauren Mallory's shoe. I see her kneel down and grab the paper, and I immediately know what it is. It's the paper that I'd been scribbling on in the car that says "*Alice and Jasper*."

No one knows anything about Jasper. There's a crowd of four or five dumb, evil whores around her who snicker and laugh and then begin to approach me.

Jasper is frozen and staring at me. I feel my cheeks flush, and I am absolutely mortified beyond any explanation. Edward is whispering something to him and tugging at the sleeve of his shirt, but he doesn't move. He just looks at me, and lets them come up and start making fun of me, and he doesn't *move*.

"Hey, Alice, I think you dropped this," Lauren says, holding the paper up in front of my face and giggling.

I snatch it out of her hand and fold it up and put it back in my notebook, even though I really should've just crumpled it in a ball and thrown it at Jasper's dumb fucking head.

"Do you honestly think that Jasper would ever even look at you?" she continues. I ignore her and slam my locker shut.

"Yeah," Jessica butts in. "You're a worthless, little sophomore. He can get any girl he wants, and you... you aren't even *pretty*."

Lauren and her minions laugh. "Hey Jasper-" she snaps her fingers in the air, and Jasper looks angry. "I think little Alice has a crush on you. What do you think about that?"

I start crying. I don't know why. Between them picking on me, Jasper just standing there and not doing anything, and the girls calling me ugly, and stating basic facts- Jasper would *never* want to be with a girl like me when he could have anyone else- it just made me break down. I believed them.

I spin around and start walking away, but all of a sudden, I feel a hand wrap around my wrist, and I turn to look who it is and it's *him*. He grabs my face, and he kisses me, right there, in the middle of the hallway, with all those evil girls staring, their eyes wide and mouths hanging open in disbelief.

I hear Edward whistling and clapping his hands. He is a *moron*. He would probably get along really well with Bella, come to think of it.

Jasper turns to the Forks High Hookers and points his finger at them. "Keep our names out of your mouths for the rest of this school year, do you understand? If I hear you even *looked* at Alice the wrong way, you'll all be very, very sorry."

He kisses me again, and I hug him and smile and he shakes his head at me.

"I'm so sorry," he continues. "I'm so stupid."

"It's okay," I tell him. He grabs my hand, motions for Edward to follow us, and he starts to walk me to class.

Jasper Whitlock was holding my hand and walking with me through school. I am floored. But then again, I'm not. Because he isn't who everyone thinks he is. And for some reason, I like that. I like that I'm the only girl who knows the real him. It makes what we have that much more special.

I think in a way, before we met, both of us were a little lost. And that was what made it so amazing when we found each other.

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