

*You'll recognize this scene from the end of Chapter Two of New Moon. Only a few lines are different. In the first draft, Carlisle gave Bella drugs for the pain of her injuries, and she had an unusual reaction.*

*Why was this angle cut? One, my editors thought the mood was wrong (I try to make a joke out of everything, they try to reign me in). Two, they didn't think Bella's reaction was realistic. The joke is on them, because this story is based on real life experience (not mine, this time).*

I collapsed back onto my pillow, gasping, my head spinning. My arm didn't hurt anymore, but I didn't know whether that was due to the painkillers or the kiss.

Something tugged at my memory, elusive, on the edges...

"Sorry," he said, and he was breathless, too. "That was out of line."

To my own surprise, I giggled. "You're funny," I mumbled and giggled again.

He frowned at me in the darkness. He looked so serious. It was hysterical.

I covered my mouth to muffle the laughter so Charlie wouldn't hear.

"Bella, have you ever had Percocet before?"

"I don't think so," I giggled. "Why?"

He rolled his eyes, and I couldn't stop laughing.

"How's your arm?"

"I can't feel it. Is it still there?"

He sighed as I giggled on. "Try to sleep, Bella."

"No, I want you to kiss me again."

"You're overestimating my self-control."

I snickered. "Which is bothering you more, my blood or my body?" My question made me laugh.

"It's a tie." He grinned in spite of himself. "I've never seen you high. You're very entertaining."

"I'm not high." I tried to choke back the giggles to prove it.

"Sleep it off," he suggested.

I realized that I was making a fool of myself, which wasn't uncommon, but it was still embarrassing, so I tried to follow his advice. I put my head on his shoulder again and closed my eyes. Every now and then another giggle would escape. But that became more infrequent as the drugs lulled me toward unconsciousness.

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I felt absolutely hideous in the morning. My arm burned and my head ached. Edward said I had a hangover, and recommended Tylenol rather than the Percocet before he kissed my forehead casually and ducked out my window.

It didn't help my outlook that his face was smooth and remote. I was so afraid of the conclusions he might have come to during the night while he watched me sleep. The anxiety seemed to ratchet up the intensity of the pounding in my head.

I took a double dose of Tylenol, throwing the little bottle of Percocet into the bathroom trash.