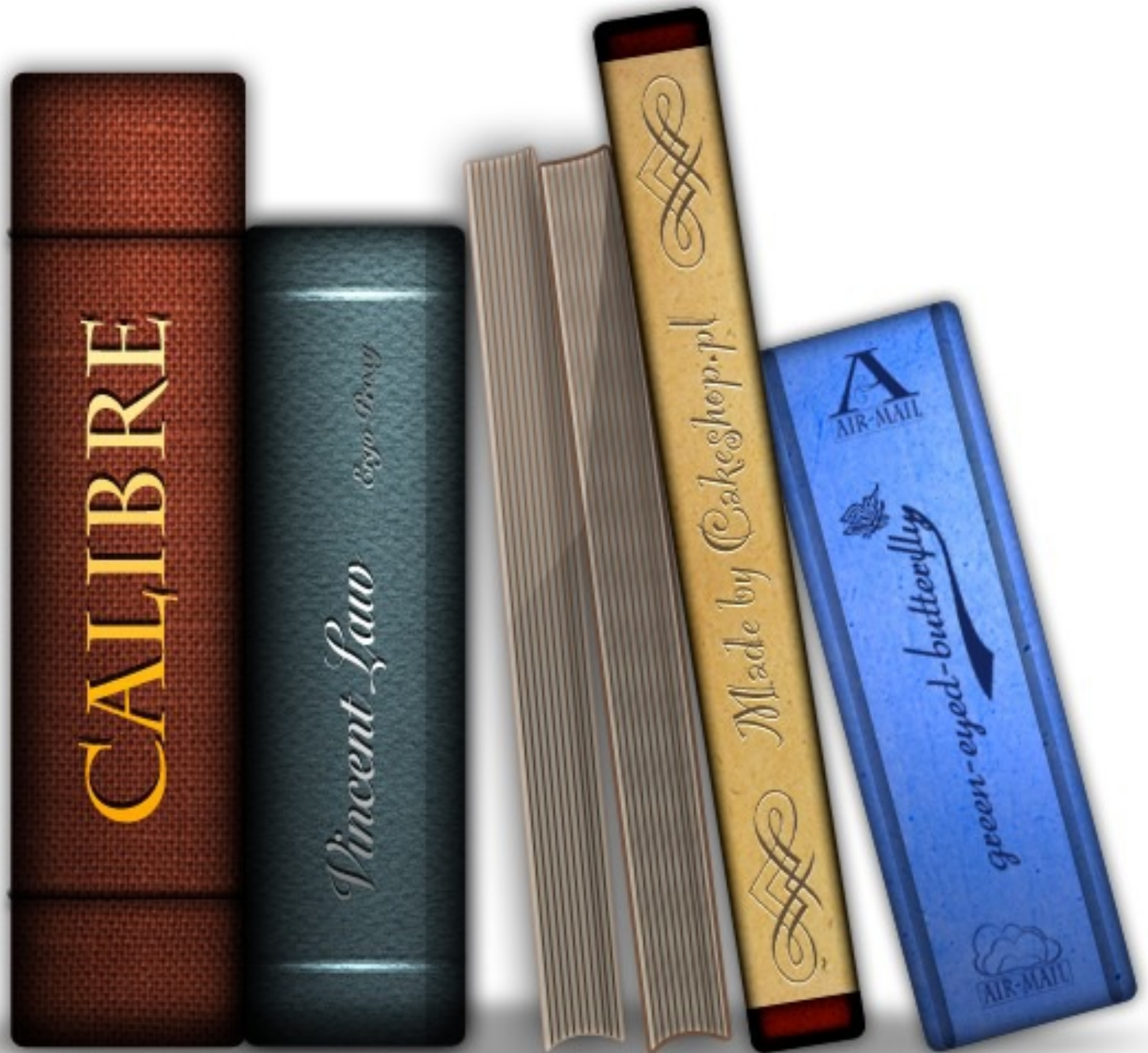


Ready, Set, Action!

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Ready, Set, Action! by [virginalvampire](#)

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Summary: Edward Cullen is ready to take over Hollywood with his new role as vampire Elliot James from the world famous book series Immortal Sun. What he's not ready for? To fall for costar Isabella Swan. Action!

1. Chapter 1

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A/N: First fanfic. Let's go!

Let's say you're a vampire, alright? Yeah. You're a vampire. Incredibly strong. Amazingly fast. Fuck-me-now-please hot. Possibly rich from being alive for hundreds of fucking years. Yeah, that's you – immortal badass.

So...

As this immortal badass, how would you spend your time? Would you spend your time repeating high school over and over again? Driving around in a silver fucking Volvo? By the way how is a Volvo sexy? Isn't that like, a soccer mom car? The No-Vulva-Volvo. Heh, I'm a clever motherfucker. But yeah; is that the kind of vamp you'd be?

Didn't think so.

But according to this stupid fucking book that I have to read in order to keep this part for the movie adaptation, that's what vampires do. They sit through high school as immortal virgins who are *vegetarians* because they eat *animals*...

Pffft. I call bullshit. This woman must have been fucking high when she wrote this. I want whatever she was on.

"How's the book coming Eddie boy?"

I look up from my book to see the smug smile on my bitchy sister's face. Okay, so Rosalie isn't a bitch. Wait, I just lied to you. She's a royal fucking bitch, but she is my sister and also my manager. Her bitch attitude comes in handy when I need her to get me a good role, or more money, or some other thing that I want that they're not willing to give. That is – until they speak to my bitch of a sister. See what I'm sayin'?

"I think my eyes are going to bleed if I need to suffer through one more page of this shit." I rub my eyes for the fiftieth fucking time in the last hour alone. "Honestly Rose, I don't think I can do this movie. I mean, I can't even get through a chapter without wanting to stick dirty needles in my eyes."

Rosalie rolls her eyes at me and then levels me with her glare. Yes, she has a fucking signature glare. Yes, it fucking scares me.

Shut the fuck up.

"Listen to me, Edward Anthony Cullen."

Aw shit, she didn't just middle name me – she whole fucking named me. I cover the guys, you know – the jewels. Just in case.

"You better stop your fucking complaining. This movie is going to be the next huge thing. You're going to be its star, and when it's over and done with, you'll be getting any job you want. You won't be going to a ton of auditions, hoping to get the part. You will have dozens of scripts coming a day, and you'll get to pick which job you want. So stop your bitching and get through that fucking book!"

And, there's my bitch sister Rosalie. Pleasant, isn't she?

I just nod. 'Cause I don't wanna get junk punched, ya know? Don't look at me like I'm a fucking pussy. Have you ever been junk punched? Exactly.

"We have a meeting tomorrow morning at nine. You'll be auditioning with the potential female leads tomorrow so they can determine who you have the most chemistry with. Let's try to not fuck this up, hmm?"

God, I don't know how Emmett puts up with her shit. God bless that huge motherfucker.

"Alright Rose. I'll see you in the morning."

"Don't fuck anyone tonight, don't drink tonight, and finish that fucking book Edward or so help me God..."

"Love you too, sis."

I hear her mumble a goodbye before she shuts the front door of my loft.

Well tomorrow should be fucking fun...

-o-

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

"Uhnngggfff."

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

"No."

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

"FUCK."

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

“I’m coming!”

Lifting my lazy ass out of bed I scramble to my door so whoever the asshole is behind it will stop ringing my fucking bell.

I open the door and immediately want to slam it shut instantly. I try. But like I said...Emmett’s a big motherfucker.

“Morning sunshine,” my stupid giant of a brother in law grins at me with his stupid fucking baby-looking dimples.

“Fuck. Off.”

I’m not much of a morning person...

“Come on, Eddie boy, it’s eight. You have twenty minutes to make yourself look...not dead. Go on, zombie dick, get ready.”

I may have stuck my middle finger up as I walked away. I may have slammed my door. I think I may have even stomped my foot at some point.

I never said I was mature.

I mean, come on. I’m a twenty-four year old actor. How much maturity are you expecting? A lot? Well, then you’re fucking stupid and that’s not my problem.

I manage to take a shower and look somewhat presentable within twenty minutes. My hair looks like I just thoroughly fucked someone. Unfortunately my hair is a lying bastard. It just doesn’t want to look presentable, ever.

“Let’s go sunshine!”

“I’m coming Emmett, please don’t speak.”

It kind of sucks having your sister’s husband as your head of security. But he’s kind of necessary. You see, I got my “big break” when I starred in a raunchy teen comedy about a kid who was trying to lose his virginity before college. *Typical*. My character was a dork who hadn’t kissed a girl and tried to throw a crazy party in order to fuck the girl of his dreams. *Typical*. I never said it was an original plot line. Don’t look at me like that.

It was a job. They were going to pay me well. And I’d be famous.

Check. Check. Annnnd, check.

After the movie’s success I started getting hounded by girls. I know what you’re thinking. Girls chasing you down and wanting to fuck you – poor baby. Well yeah, it’d be awesome if they were all hot pieces of ass but they weren’t. I’m talking cougars here guys. Like, as old as my mom wanting to fuck me.

Shudder.

-o-

“Sunshine, we’re here.”

Emmett’s stupid voice pulls me out of my thoughts.

“Stop calling me sunshine,” I grumble while he just laughs.

Asshole.

We make our way onto the set and are instantly greeted by someone’s PA. “Hey, is there anything I can get you?” The blonde practically purrs at me.

I smirk, “Maybe.”

What? She’s hot.

“We’re fine, thanks.”

I glare at Emmett. He glares back.

Like I said, asshole.

“Edward, darling! So nice to see you handsome!” I’m wrapped in a hug before I can respond.

“Hey Tanya.”

At first glance you might think Tanya wants to fuck me. But that’s just Tanya. It’s her European way, you know.

Kiss. Kiss. Hug. Hug.

All that fucking shit.

I don’t mind it. She’s one of the hottest casting directors I’ve ever seen.

What? She’s hot. I’m a guy with a dick, sue me.

“Are you ready to get started darling? We have five girls to audition with this morning and I would like to narrow it down by lunch.”

“Sure, Tanya. Let’s get started.”

The first girl makes her way into the room and comes into the bedroom set.

Ugh, no. Just...nah. She’s okay looking I guess. I mean...I could probably pop a chub if she was naked but she isn’t anything extraordinary.

“Hi Edward, I’m Lauren.” Oh god. Nasal voice. Bye potential boner, I’ll miss you.

“Hey.”

“Let’s get started!” Tanya claps her hands together and orders quiet on the set.

The camera rolls and I get into character. “Claire...stay very still, I just want to try...one thing.”

I lean in to kiss her as she unattractively and unsubtly propels herself forward, closing the distance between us too quickly for my liking, right before her lips literally attack mine.

Ugh. Oh god, no.

Dry. Chapped. Lips.

No.

Wait, do I taste...Cheetos? What the fuck?

I pull back and stop the kiss. There’s no way I’m sticking my tongue in there. I give Tanya a small nod.

No way.

“Okay, thank you Lauren, we’ll let you know.”

I love how Tanya can dismiss someone in one sentence.

Lauren winks at me before she leaves.

Blahgg. Vomit.

“I’ll be right back.” I excuse myself and practically run to the bathroom. I grab my set bag and silently thank my sister. She’s a bitch, but, a bitch who anticipates my needs. Which right now – consists of a toothbrush, andddd minty toothpaste. *Yes!* Hygiene is fun, guys.

After brushing my teeth for what seems like an hour, I make my way back onto set.

“Next!” Tanya yells and the door opens to bring out the next girl.

This goes on for the next two hours. I basically spent those two hours kissing unappealing, unattractive girls. Let’s just say there was a lot of fucking brushing my teeth in between takes.

By the time the last girl is on her way in, I want to kill myself. I can’t suffer through another terrible make out session. My gums are getting sore from the near incessant brushing. They’ll start bleeding soon.

I hear the door open and look up from my spot on the bed.

Holy. Motherfucking. Shit.

I...uh...holy motherfucking shit!

The girl...no the woman...who just opened that fucking door. Oh my god.

I’m pretty much froze. Am I breathing? Shit.

Mmmmmffffgaaaah.

Okay not breathing. Just making zombie noises? Alright then.

I don’t know what the fuck that was.

Ow. Boner. Painful fucking boner. Glad to see you came back buddy.

Okay. Settle down. Close your eyes. Breathe.

Oh holy shit! Now she’s right in front of me.

Pale skin.

Brown, no, *chocolate* eyes.

Mmmm, Hershey kisses. Oh god kisses. I wanna kiss those lips.

Nom nom nom.

Pouty pink perfect lips. I bet they *taste* like chocolate. This has to be the most gorgeous face I've ever seen.

Oh, lips are moving. Huh. I don't hear anything.

"I'm sorry could you repeat that?"

Pay the fuck attention Cullen! Boner go away, not now boy! Down!

Please don't have a nasal voice. Please don't have a nasal voice. Pretty fucking please.

"I said hi, I'm Isabella Swan. But, you can call me Bella."

Mmmmm. Boner, I totally understand. I wouldn't be able to go away either.

Just don't poke her, buddy.

Fuck.

A/N: Easy boner, easy. Lol!

2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: We're about to earn our M rating a bit here, ladies. ;)

"Boner."

Oh Jesus fucking Christ. Did I just say that shit out loud? Please, tell me, that I did not just say boner to my possible future costar, who just so happens to be drop-dead-fucking-gorgeous. If she does get the role, I'll have to see her every single day – for months. She'll see me every single day and I'll forever be known as the perv who blurted out *boner*.

Maybe I didn't say it.

She's giving me a weird look.

Oh shit, I *definitely* said boner.

"I'm sorry, what?" she asks with an adorably confused look on her face.

Oh, nothing, I'm just wondering what you look like naked.

WHAT. THE. FUCK.

That's not going to help this whole boner situation.

STOP.

Just ignore it. Don't say boner again. This is completely fixable. Go.

"Uh, I said...hey. I'm Edward by the way, but you can call me Edward."

Wait, what? I shake my head and try to clear it. She giggles. That's good right? At least she's not running out of here screaming because I'm such a freak. And the last fuck up probably made her forget that I said boner. Maybe. Hopefully.

I hold out my hand. She takes it. Sparks.

No, seriously. That shit felt like an electric shock.

"Nice to meet you Eddie."

I glare at the gorgeous creature.

She smirks.

"Nice to meet you too, Bella." I smirk. Yeah, I can smirk too.

"Thanks for calling me Bella. Most don't, even though I tell them to. I hate Isabella it's so pretentious," she laughs. Oh God, her laugh. It's like angels singing and...

Be right back, I need to go check on my vagina.

Surprisingly, I still have a dick. How do I know? Because it's still painfully fucking hard.

"Oh yeah, no problem. Bella suits you." Because I'm pretty sure Bella means gorgeous or beautiful or fuck-me-please-sexy in Italian or something.

"Huh?" Bella looks confused, again. Fuck, I'm confusing myself. I need an interruption. A distraction. You know, something to take some attention away from my complete idiocy. I give Tanya a look that clearly says, "Get this shit started already."

"Let's go! Silence! Roll tape."

Thank you, Tanya.

I step toward Bella...uh Claire. Yes, she's Claire, I'm Elliot.

I take a deep breath and get into character. I touch her cheek and say my line. "Claire...stay very still, I just want to try...one thing."

Bella/Claire doesn't try to launch herself toward me like every other girl did today. No Bella/Claire stares at me, like I'm water and she's been trapped in a desert for years without it – without me. Her chest starts to rise and fall rapidly, her breaths becoming more labored.

Boobs. Boobies. Tits. Gimmie!

I'm a guy with a dick. *Stop judging me.*

Stop looking at her tits!

Okay.

I move toward her and cup her face in my hands. I slowly put my lips to hers. Color explodes behind my eyelids. Hand holding – sparks. Kissing – motherfucking fireworks.

I press my lips against hers more firmly, wrapping my arms around her back in the process. Slowly, my hands move down to cup her ass, giving it a little squeeze. She lets out a small moan. I squeeze it harder, causing Bella to try and gain access to my mouth.

Yes fucking please.

I open my mouth to hers willingly and our tongues connect, clashing together roughly.

Ow. Boner. Ow.

I pick her up and she wraps her legs around me instantly. I carry her over to the bed and lay her down. She pulls me down on top of her. Hard against soft. *So soft.*

Her tongue begins assaulting my mouth. She's fucking everywhere. Her hands find their way into my hair and she gives a rough little tug. Unfff. I move my hands to her waist and ghost them up and over her rib cage, rubbing my thumbs along the underside of her boobies. Heh! Bella's Boobies!

Focus Cullen.

Did she just bite my lip? Ugh, yes. I start peppering her perfect face with small kisses that lead to hot open mouth kisses along her neck. I lick a trail from the base of her neck to the shell of her ear. God she tastes amazing. Smells amazing. More moaning. Jesus help me.

"Ahem."

I move my hands to the hem of her tight little tank top and rub my thumbs against her skin. So soft. Need more. I slide my hands underneath her top and stretch my hands out across her stomach. Her skin feels like silk under my hands. I can't stop touching her.

Mine.

Whoa, what?

"Ahem!"

She wraps her leg up over my waist and I start grinding my straining erection against her shamelessly. Bella doesn't seem to mind. If the long, loud moan is any indication, anyway.

"CUT!"

Cut what? Huh? Wait...

Oh shit.

I jump up off of Bella so quick you'd think she was on fire. Well she was smoking hot. Heh. Not funny? Fuck you.

All of my blood is definitely not anywhere near my brain, gimme a break.

I come out of my daze and see Emmett staring at me with a weird look on his face. The blonde PA looks turned on. One of the tech dudes looks like he's trying to hide a boner. And Tanya, well Tanya has a huge smirk on her face. I smirk back and she cocks an eyebrow at me.

"Okay Ms. Swan, we'll let you know."

I look down at Bella when Tanya addresses her. Her hair is a mess. Her face is flushed. Her lips are swollen. Her shirt is rumpled. She's so gorgeous. She meets my gaze and gives me a sexy little smile.

"See ya Eddie." She gives me a small wave and walks backwards while biting her lip.

My jaw hits the floor as my dick twitches.

Help.

-o-

"Edwaaaaard, please. I need you."

I think Bella begging me is the best thing I've ever fucking heard.

"What do you need baby? Hmm? Do you need me to fuck that tight little pussy of yours?"

Her face explodes with a blush that runs down her neck, to her chest. I love that fucking blush.

"Yes. Please. Anything, baby, pleaseee...unnngg." Her pleas turn into moans. I love her noises. They're so fucking sexy.

I follow her blush with wet kisses. I let my lips continue to travel lower until they hover over her boobies, uh – breasts – no, tits. They definitely hovered over

her *tits*. God I love her tits.

I use the tip of my tongue to circle one pink nipple and watch in amazement as it hardens from my light touch. I wrap my lips around it and suck it into my greedy mouth. I roll my tongue all around it and nibble on it slightly. Bella lets out a string of curses followed by a guttural moan that my cock definitely appreciates.

Down boy, *not yet*.

“Mmmm, Edward...”

That’s it baby. Moan for me. Show me what I do to you.

I continue my assault on her nipples and let my hand travel down in between her legs. I use the tip of my index finger to lightly stroke the swollen lips of her pussy. She gasps and tries to grind herself up onto my finger. I give her what she wants and slip a finger through her lips.

“Unnnnggg, Edward, *yes!* More! Please!”

I add a second finger and start moving them in and out of her pussy slowly. I rub my thumb against her clit while I fuck her with my fingers. Holy fuck. She’s so wet. So hot. So motherfucking tight. I can’t wait to bury myself inside her.

I feel her little hand rub down my abs and my muscles twitch under her touch. Fuck. Just her slight touch on my stomach makes me want to slam my cock deep inside her.

Her hand continues lower and my breathing hitches. Yeah, like a fucking girl. I watch her bite her lip as her hand makes its way into my boxers. Her warm little hand wraps around my erection and I let out a moan that I couldn’t control even if I tried. I think it came out as a growl.

“Oh...wow...impressive Mr. Cullen.” She squeezes. Unf. Control yourself, man.

“Ung...uh...you...like that...baby?” God. I can’t even form a motherfucking sentence.

“Mmm I definitely like. Would you like me to show you how much?” she asks this as she lifts her hips up, wanting more friction. I think my answer is something like “hmmmmfffggahhhfuck”. But I can’t really tell you, because there’s nothing but a roaring in my fucking ears.

Whatever, doesn’t matter. What matters is Bella just flipped us over and she’s on top of me. Oh god, she’s exquisite.

She straddles my hips and starts kissing me, *hard*. It’s aggressive and rough and sexy as hell. Her tongue is everywhere. She starts grinding down on my hand while she grinds her ass down onto my cock. I feel like crying; that’s how fucking good she feels.

She slides down my body until she’s lying in between my spread legs.

I kind of want to cry because my fingers are no longer inside her.

“Edward?”

I look down at her and she licks her lips before sliding my fingers into her mouth and sucking them.

Mommy.

“Huh?” It’s honestly all I can get out.

“Can I suck your cock?”

Did she...she wants to...I...

I nod my head furiously and she giggles.

Giggles.

“Edward.”

“Bella.”

“Edward.”

“Suck me off Bella, I’ll make you feel so good after baby, I promise.”

“EDWARD!”

I jump up and fall out of my bed.

What the fuck?

“What the fuck?”

Yeah, exactly! Good job brain, speak up!

I look up, directly into the annoyed face of my sister, who is currently standing over me – hand on her hip and eyebrow cocked.

Aw, fuck.

3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Let's see how Edward handles this awkward situation, lol.

"So, Eddie, I just got a call from Tanya."

Rose looks too calm. I know what you're thinking, someone looks calm, and that's a good thing, right? Not with my sister. Have you ever heard the expression, "calm before the storm?" Yeah that's my sister.

"Yeah?" Good boy, keep it simple. Grab the junk. Protect yourself.

Check.

"Mhmm. She says they picked a Claire."

Please tell me that Tanya picked Bella.

No! That'd be terrible. You'd have to see her every day.

Yeah...wait...

Please tell me that Tanya picked Bella.

"Who'd they pick?" Damn! I almost sound nonchalant there. I'm a fan-fucking-tastic actor.

Rose is smirking...uh oh...

"Tanya picked *Isabella* Swan."

Oh shit, she uh, yeah she definitely emphasized the *Bella* part. I'm pretty sure my sister knows I was having a sex dream about my now co-star *Isabella* Swan.

Why the fuck am I emphasizing her name in my head?

Fuck off, I'm stressing here.

"That's great. She was one of my favorites yesterday."

Face. Palm.

Yeah I just said that.

"Oh I'm sure she was." Rose says with her evil smirk planted firmly on her face. This is not good. "I heard that you had a really great time with her yesterday."

Fucking Emmett. Gossiping teenage girl.

"Yeah she was the only one who didn't have chapped lips and didn't smell like Cheetos."

Good explanation. I nod my head for good measure.

"And she's the only one you're fucking in your dreams now, too?"

I wish I owned a gun. I'm not sure who I'd shoot though. My sister or myself, hm...

Instead of continuing my murder/suicide contemplation, I groan and scrub my hands down my face. "Please don't give me shit for this Rose." I glance at my alarm clock...it's not even eight! Motherfuck. "It's too early for this shit." At least the early hour gives me an excuse to avoid, avoid, avoid!

I need to take her emergency key away. She obviously does not use it for fucking emergencies.

"Right. Well I don't care if you fuck her in your dreams, but you will not be fucking her in real life."

My head snaps up and I send my sister a sinister glare. She laughs. Maybe it isn't as sinister as I thought? I don't know fucking know. She got all of the good glare genes. It's not fair.

"Excuse me?" I ask incredulously and finally get the fuck up off the floor.

"You can't fuck her, Edward."

I think I pouted. You know, like a toddler. "Why?" Yeah that definitely sounds like a whine.

"Are you kidding me Edward? She's your co-star! You can't fuck her! The potential of ruining the movie is huge if you two hook up."

I think I look confused because she rolls her eyes and continues.

“Let’s say you fuck her.” I nod because, hell yeah! I like where this is going. Me fucking Bella. Yes please. But Rose just has to keep talking...

“You fuck her, and after you fuck her... what happens then? What if she wants a relationship? Are you guys going to fall in love? Is everything going to be rainbows and unicorn dicks? No, it won’t, because we both know you don’t do relationships. Don’t get me started on how Isabella fucking Swan shouldn’t be the guinea pig for Edward-Cullen-wants-to-be-a-grown-up-and-not-fuck-around-anymore-experiment. You fuck her, and then fuck her over; you fuck up the movie, and then fuck up your career. Got it?”

Oh.

OH.

That could be bad, yeah. Fuck I hate when Rose is right.

But...is that all I want from Bella? No, I wouldn’t be able to just fuck Bella and be done with it. Not just once anyway. Do I want a relationship with her? No, I don’t even know her!

You seemed to know her pretty well in your dream.

Shut up, dick.

Damn it. I sigh and reluctantly agree with my bitch of a sister, “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

-o-

I hadn’t really given much thought to what Rose and I talked about over the following weeks. I did however give a lot of thought to Bella Swan. Mostly spank bank thoughts. Mostly in my shower. You know, the usual.

I guess I should’ve thought of other things. Like how I was going to handle seeing her again. Or how I was going to, you know, not pitch a tent in front of her.

But I’m a stupid motherfucker and did none of that. Instead I spent the last three weeks imagining Bella in various states of undress while in various dirty situations with yours truly.

Bad fucking move.

Because when Bella Swan walks into my trailer, looking all too fuckable in a pair of yoga pants and a tank top, my cock springs up like a boy scout. Tent achieved. Where’s my badge?

“Hey there Eddie.”

Ung, voice.

DOWN BOY.

“Hey, B.”

She cocks an eyebrow at me.

“What? You don’t like my nickname?” I give her my crooked grin.

Her eyes widen slightly. “Nickname? It’s a fucking letter! Surely you can be a bit more creative Eddie.” She gives me a huge smile.

Uh. I don’t think I can handle Bella cursing. Bella cursing plus Bella smiling equals a very big issue in my jeans. Oh, thank God I wore jeans. I need the extra restraint.

I face away from Bella, using the excuse of grabbing her a water to adjust my erection.

“Sure I can.” I hand her a bottle of water and try to think. It’s an incredibly hard thing to do with her standing so close to me, smelling so fucking good, and looking like my wet dream come to life – literally. And now my thoughts are drifting back to my wet dreams...

Bella, naked underneath me begging for me to fuck her. Bella’s mouth around my cock. Bella riding me while I spank her ass. Jesus fuck, no! Don’t think! Abort. Abort. Abort!

Bella looks at me expectantly. “Okay, Cullen. Don’t pop a brain cell over there. B is fine.” She giggles. I made her giggle. She’s smiling like some fucking angel. I’m pretty sure I’m smiling like an idiot. Our smile fest is interrupted by a knock on my trailer’s door.

“Come in!” Whoever the fuck you are, I wanna punch you in the dick.

“Hey!” A tiny girl with dark spikey hair barges into my trailer. Uh okay? No dick to punch. Maybe a kick to the vag. No. I can’t hit a woman, *damn*.

“Sorry, Edward. This is my best friend slash makeup artist slash stylist Alice Brandon.” Bella called me Edward. What happened to Eddie and why did it make me kind of sad that she didn’t call me by my nickname?

“Oh, hey Alice. Nice to meet you.” I hold my hand out for her to shake. I guess Alice doesn’t like handshakes because she launches herself into my arms.

Bella's trying to stifle a giggle behind her hand.

I'm jealous of that fucking hand. All close to her mouth and shit. Fuck you hand! Actually...I wouldn't mind fucking that hand. All wrapped around me, warm and squeezing...

Oh god, stop. Don't get a boner while Alice is hugging you. Unfortunately it's hard to stop a Bella Swan induced boner so I disengaged myself from Alice.

This is going to be a long six months.

-XXX-

After Alice left, Bella and I grabbed some food from craft service and brought it back to my trailer. I figured eating some food and chatting would make working together less awkward. Plus it was a safe activity for us to do together where I wouldn't want to bend her over any stable surface and fuck her. You'd think watching someone eat a salad wouldn't be erotic, but you'd be wrong. At least in the case of Bella Swan.

"So Eddie," The sound of her voice brings me back from the pervert playground. "Did you finish the book yet?"

"Um, yeah, mostly. Just a few chapters left." I avert my eyes. I can feel her stare on me though, so I sigh and look at her face.

Bella was giving me the Mom look. You know the look, right? The one that tells you you've done something really bad and you'd better fucking apologize or fix it. You'd think her giving me such a look would finally give me some relief from my constant erection, but you'd be wrong, again. At least in the case of Bella Swan.

"What?" I ask her while trying to sound innocent. I don't think it works, 'cause she grins at me knowingly.

"You hate the book, don't you?"

I'm kind of shocked by her blunt honesty. "N-no. I don't hate it. I think it's amazing. I love vampires!"

She laugh, no she guffaws. I'm talking tears streaming, tummy clutching, and snort filled laughter.

"Oh, Edward," she sighs and I can't help but put that sigh in the spank bank for later usage.

Judge free zone.

"Okay, so you love vampires, what do you love most about your character?"

"I definitely love that he's a century old virgin who has about twenty five graduation caps." Okay so that doesn't sound like I love it.

"You don't find it really romantic? That a man refrained from sex for over a hundred years because he didn't find anyone he wanted to be with? That he saved himself for someone he loved. So he knew it'd be special and real and not just a quick fuck?"

I know Bella just said a lot of words, you know, blah blah blah, love and shit. But Bella also said fuck, and that's what I choose to focus on.

What'd I say? Judge free zone, motherfucker.

"Well...I don't think it's realistic. You know for a guy to go that long without sexual release." Yeah that's good. You said a whole two sentences.

"It's fiction," Bella deadpanned with a smirk. "It's also about vampires. I'm pretty sure they're not realistic."

Well, fuck. I know I'm an idiot. I get it.

Please say something smart so she doesn't actually realize how stupid you are.

"Well, yes, that's all true. However, don't you find it unfair?" I ask and she cocks an eyebrow at me.

"Do I find what unfair?" She asks and leans in toward me.

Mmm strawberries...FOCUS!

"Um, don't you uh, find it unfair that um..." Get your shit together man! "Don't you think it's unfair that Elliot waited over one hundred years to lose his virginity to Claire and she essentially had to wait only seventeen years?" There. That was pretty fucking smart if I do say so myself.

"I think it's interesting that you only mention the sex portion of this whole thing." Bella sighs at me. Was that a disappointed sigh? Why is she disappointed? I don't understand this woman.

"What other portion is there? I thought we were talking about his century long masturbation marathon?"

Bella bites her lip and then speaks, "Well yeah we were. I feel for Elliot, I really do, but not because he chose to be a virgin for over one hundred years." Okay, that's weird. "I feel for him because he was alone for over a century while every other member of his family had their one true love, their soul mate. He had to sit up alone every night and listen to them make love, laugh, share, and just...be. He was constantly bombarded with soul mates being together while he was essentially all alone. Can you imagine what kind of existence that would be? Thinking that you'll be alone for *eternity*?"

Well fuck, that's depressing.

"Not to mention that when he *does* find his soul mate, she's not even a vampire. She's a human – forbidden fruit, someone he's not allowed to love. It's a

whole new level of torture. To go from not having anyone to love, to loving someone you can't have." She says all of this with such emotion, like she truly feels this fictional character's pain.

"Wow." I really don't know what else to say. But I definitely need to go home tonight and read that book again.

"Yeah," That's Bella's simple reply before she takes the last bite of her salad. "So I'll see you on set okay?" she stands up and gives me an adorable smile.

"Yeah, okay, see you."

I guess I have some homework to do tonight.

I think Elliot and I may have some things in common.

A/N: Seems like Elliot and Edward are both having some forbidden fruit issues, hm? Poor guys. xoxo

4. Chapter 4

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Back to the adventures of Curseward.

After my *Immortal Sun* conversation with Bella on our first day of shooting, I spent all of my free time during the week reading it again.

Elliot James is a sad motherfucker. I don't know why I didn't notice it before. I think it may have had something to do with the ridiculous soccer mom car, or maybe the fact that he fucking sparkles like a Barbie.

I pushed all of my smartass remarks and thoughts aside and let myself get immersed in the heart of the story. Bella was right.

Elliot was a part of a makeshift coven of vampires that included his pseudo parents, two brothers and two sisters. Each of them were paired up with their vampire mate. The James coven classified themselves as vegetarians...who eat *animals*...instead of *humans*.

I fucking know. But listen!

So they travel all over the world every few years and constantly repeat high school. Fuck that shit. That right there is enough for this motherfucker to be emo. On top of that, vampires can't sleep. It's impossible for them to sleep. So the poor kid is stuck in a perpetual state of consciousness, and suffers through his eternal life knowing that he's all alone. He truly believes he'll never find someone to be with.

Just like Bella said, the poor guy finally catches a break and falls in love. But then eternity fucks him again because he falls in love with a human. Vampires aren't allowed to be with humans for obvious fucking reasons. On top of the fact that she's a human blood bag, she's pretty much the best kind of blood bag. She's his singer. It's like if Bella was filled with Mountain Dew. That shit is fucking scumdidliumptous. That shit's a word. Well, it is now.

The little virgin has balls though because he falls for her anyway, saying fuck the rules! He ignores the fact that he wants to rip her apart and drain her dry too, which is cool I guess.

Looking at it from Bella's perspective really helped me out. I was able to see it as a real story, underneath all of the stupid shit that made me despise it. I was able to bring more to the character too, which our director Aro Volturi loved.

One thing Aro clearly didn't love was me. Why? Well you see all week we've been working on the audition scene. You know, where I basically molest Bella under the pretense of being her potential vampire boyfriend. It was pretty fucking hard – pun intended – to deal with making out with Bella all week long.

If that wasn't enough proof that Aro hates me and my dick, right now I'm standing in Claire's bedroom while they adjust the lightning for the current scene. What's the scene? Oh, this scene we're about to do is a great one. Elliot is standing in the corner of Claire's room like a creepy motherfucker watching her sleep. For this scene, Bella is in a black little chemise and white boy shorts.

Oh yeah motherfucker you heard me, white boy shorts.

Aro fucking hates me.

He wants my dick to fall off. I don't know what my dick ever did to him. It's not like I poked him with my boner.

"Cullen!" Ah, here's the fucker now.

"Yes, Aro?" I say as politely as I can muster. No reason to piss him off. He might just decide to say 'fuck the book, throw a sex scene in here somewhere!' and we definitely *do not* want that.

Right?

Erm, right!

"Edward, I want you to remember something during this scene." I nod my head, listening intently. "Elliot is waging a war inside his mind and body. He wants Claire's blood and is fighting his primal nature as a vampire. He is able to hold off on that aspect because he loves her. He knows that if he were to give in to that primal need, he would no longer have his only love." Makes sense. "The war in his body, however, is that of a hormonal teenage boy." Uh oh. "This war is harder for Elliot because he's never felt this before. He's never felt the urge to take a woman before." Heh take a woman. "With Claire he wants her desperately. But he's convinced himself he cannot have her without killing her. So he's also suppressing these desires along with that of drinking her blood."

Fuck me this guy has a lot of shit going on. Suddenly my constant boner seems alright.

"Yeah, Aro, exactly." I nod for emphasis. "I was thinking the same thing. I want to try and focus more on the hormones. You know, like you said. It's something Elliot is not used to. As part of the James coven he's become somewhat immune to his primal urge for blood. Even with Claire as his singer, he can control it because of that training and also because he knows he will lose her if he gives in." Oh holy fuck, I'm a smart motherfucker! Aro looks impressed. Heh. Whaddya know. I don't even know where that came from.

"However when it comes to Bella's body...he can't really control himself." Aro's looking at me funny. Why? He can't control himself with Claire. Were we not just agreeing on that?

"*Claire*. Elliot can't control himself with Claire, Edward." Is he serious?

"Um, yes I know Aro, that's what I said." I give him a small smile because I don't want to insult the director by correcting him or making him feel stupid.

He gives me a small grin. Good, see he realized he made a booboo. Good boy. “Edward, you said he can’t control himself around Bella.”

WHAT? No I fucking didn’t. “Excuse me?” I ask and he just smiles wider.

“Ah, too be young again, eh Edward?” He claps me on the back. “Maybe you should discuss this with your co-star yes?” He nods and turns around to face the crew. “We shall reconvene within an hour! Make sure that lighting is fixed by then! Thank you!”

-o-

Deep breaths. Come on Cullen you fucking pussy.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

I don’t know why I’m so nervous about being in Bella’s trailer. All week we’d spent time in mine. Plus it’s not as if I’m coming over for no reason. The director himself told me to talk to her. It’ll be fine.

Why hasn’t she opened the door?

Knock. Knock. Knock.

“Coming!” I hear her call, followed by a loud crash.

Panicked, I push her door open and barge in. “Bella are you okay?”

Bella whips around and gasps at the sight of me.

Holy. Fucking. Cheese balls.

Really? *Cheese balls?*

Shut up motherfucker! Bella’s breasts are right there!

WAIT. What? Her...

Her breasts. Boobs. Boobies. Tits. Magic Mountains.

Mommy.

Turn around!

Oh. Right.

I turn around and try to apologize but I honestly can’t speak. I’m too busy fighting my fucking body. It really wants to turn right the fuck back around and stare at Bella’s naked chest for hours on end.

“Ed-Edward. What are you doing here?” She squeaks the question out. Oh shit, I’ve made her so uncomfortable now. This is bad. Soooo bad. Shitfuckmotherassbitch.

“Bella...I...I-I’m so sorry. I heard a crush and I didn’t know if you were okay or not. I uh, I didn’t know you were showering or I wouldn’t have come.”

I’m such a fuck up.

“Edward you can turn around now it’s okay.”

Whew. She doesn’t sound pissed. She sounds kind of...breathy? Weird.

I turn around, prepared to apologize again, but that goes right out the window, along with all other rational thought. Bella’s standing there in nothing but a... holy shit in nothing but a thong.

And Bella’s biting her fucking lip.

Ungggg.

“Bella...” It comes out as a groan.

“I heard you talking to Aro.” I nod because I can’t speak. “I heard you say that Elliot couldn’t stay away from Bella.” Another nod. Oh good job feet, move toward her. “Is it Elliot that can’t stay away from me, or is it Edward?” I think I pointed my thumb at myself ‘cause Bella’s giggling. Yeah I probably did.

“Eddie.”

“Huh?”

“I don’t think Claire can stay away from Edward either.” She reaches out and touches my cheek.

God, that feels so fucking good. I’d had Bella’s hands all over me all week for that stupid fucking bedroom scene, and it felt fuckawesome, but it had been Claire and Elliot. This was definitely Bella and Edward. Bella’s touching me because *she* wants to.

My fucking dick feels like a steel rod right now. Ow.

“Bella, what do you-”

She presses her lips against mine firmly and my question dies in my throat. She snakes her hands around my neck and I place my hands on her hips. I start rubbing slow circles against her skin with my thumbs.

“Edward...” Yes Bella, moan my name.

I move my lips to her neck and cover it with kisses. Placing them at her ear, I whisper, “What Bella? What do you want?”

“You. Only you.”

That’s all I need to fucking hear. I lift her up by her ass and carry her over to the couch that’s sitting against the opposite wall. Bella wastes no time and begins grinding her silk covered pussy against my jean clad erection.

“Ungggg Bella!”

“Do you like that Eddie?”

I nod my head in the crook of her neck.

“God Edward...you feel so good.” Fuck.

“I felt you. That first day I felt your hard cock against me. I’ve wanted nothing else since then. Thought of nothing but *this* since then.” She accentuates her words by grinding down against my cock harder.

“Bella, baby, you gotta slow down.” I’m gonna blow my fucking load right into my jeans. What was it about this fucking girl? I’m not fifteen.

“Why is that *baby*?” Oh Jesus.

Two can play at this game.

I lick the shell of her ear. “Because baby, when I cum it’s going to be deep in your tight little pussy, not in my boxers.”

Bella’s breath hitches then and she begins kissing me aggressively, pressing her tits against my chest. I can feel her hard nipples through my t-shirt. FUCK. Need to touch.

I run my hands up from her hips over her stomach, straight to her perfect mounds. I rub my thumbs lightly over her nipples and she arches backwards. Fuck I can feel her heat through my jeans.

I move my lips down her neck as I squeeze her tits roughly which elicits a nice little porn star moan from Bella.

I kiss her tits all over, avoiding contact with her nipples.

“Edward...please...”

I flick my tongue out against one nipple.

“FUCK!”

Holy shit. Bella likes her nipples licked apparently.

I decide I want more Cursella so I wrap my lips around her nipple and suck hard while pinching the other. I’m all about fair play, after all.

“Ungggg holy shit Edward, I’m so close...” She begins grinding her pussy again and I swear I can feel her clit throb against the head of my cock. I continue to suck and lick her nipples and move my hands to her ass.

I give it a little slap to test her.

“Ungggghhhh...”

Bella likes to be spanked. Heeee!

I grab her ass cheeks in my hands and squeeze them together, using the new position of my hands to rock her faster against my dick.

“Bella, I want you to cum. I want you to cum right now while you grind down on my cock. And when you cum I want you to know that you used my hard as steel dick. And do you know why I’m so motherfucking hard, Bella, do you? Because you give me a constant fucking hard on. All I need to do is look at you and I’m hard as a fucking rock. I want to fuck you all the time. You’re going to cum right fucking now.”

“EDWARD!” She screams out as she comes undone, grinding shamelessly against me.

I feel her shudder against me while she tries to catch her breath.

“Bella.”

“Ahhmm?”

“Next time you cum; it’ll be all over my cock, do you understand me?” I growl out against her neck.

She squeaks and nods her head yes against my chest.

Operation don’t fuck Bella Swan is over.

Operation fuck Bella Swan very motherfucking soon is on.

Like Donkey Kong.

Heh.

Knock. Knock.

“Bella you’re needed on set!”

I groan and bury my face in her neck.

Knocking cock blockers.

A/N: Um. Yep. Whew. Eddie got a little real lovin’ there huh? Thanks for reading! xoxo

5. Chapter 5

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Poor Edward and his blue balls. Lol!

Heading into work Monday morning, I'm expecting for things to be a little awkward following the Humpfest of 2012 that occurred in my trailer on Friday. I mean, it was bound to be a little awkward, right? So yeah, I was fully prepared for it and ready to handle it.

What I *wasn't* prepared for and ready to handle was Bella ignoring me, completely. She kept herself surrounded by a group of assholes throughout the day. I could never get her alone long enough to say more than a quick hello.

I decided to stop by her trailer after wrapping for the day, hopefully I could finally talk to her. Another thing I didn't expect? Some ape-looking motherfucker to answer her trailer door.

"Sup?"

Is this guy for real? Who the fuck says sup? It's 2012!

"Uh, hey, is Bella here?"

He crosses his arms and narrows his eyes. "She's in the shower." He smirks at me.

"Oh. Well...just tell her Edward came by."

He snorts in response. I'm fed up already.

"Do you have a fucking problem?" Yeah, bitch, I'm not afraid of your steroid induced muscles.

"Yeah I do, you."

This is priceless.

"I'm sorry, you are aware that it's 2012 right? Get some new slang."

He takes a step toward me, "Listen motherfucker I'm not going to let you-" He's cut off by Bella's muffled voice somewhere in the trailer.

"Jake! Stop. Get in here." Bella yanks him back into her trailer. I'm sure he let her, because let's face it, this dude is a giant.

"I'm sorry about him Edward, did you need something?" She bites her lip. She looks nervous and...sad?

"Yeah, I need to talk to you. I've been trying all day but you've been busy..." Ignoring me.

"Oh. Um. I'm still kind of busy."

"Yeah, she's busy!" Jake yells from inside.

"Mind your fucking business!" I yell back.

Bella's face is bright red.

"Bella, what's wrong? Why won't you talk to me?" I ask, seriously concerned now.

"Edward..." My name came out as a whimper.

"What Bella? Tell me what's wrong, please."

"I..." She looks so sad. I just want to reach out and hug her. "I...we...w-we can't do...what we did on Friday, ever again."

Huh?

"Huh?"

"We can't hook up or date or...we can't be anything, Edward, I'm sorry." As she says this, a tear stains her perfect face.

"But Bella..."

She cuts me off with a wave of her hand.

"I'm sorry Edward. I don't want things to be awkward between us okay? Let's just be friends." She gives me a watery smile. "I'll see you on set tomorrow."

And with that, she shuts the door, and I shut off my heart.

Fuck this shit.

-0-

It's been one month since Bella decided to end whatever the fuck we had going on.

Which wasn't much to begin with, but whatever?

The first few days following Bella's little bombshell were extremely awkward. I would try to talk to her in between takes but she was never alone. Mountain Man was always with her. It was fucking annoying. One day I even showed up on set even though I wasn't needed. I figured I could catch her off guard and force her into a conversation.

That plan was a huge fail because not only was she constantly flanked by Mountain Man, but he made eye contact with me every time he touched Bella. And he touched her a whole fucking lot.

Touched her shoulder. The small of her back. Grabbed her hand.

What the fuck?

Shit started making sense about two weeks in, though. I had just finished a fight scene and was making my way back to the trailers. I glanced over at Bella's like I did every fucking day, like some creepy stalker and saw one of the worst things I'd seen in my twenty four years of life.

Bella was sitting on the stairs that led to her trailer with Mountain Man kneeling in front of her. It looked like she was crying and he reached up and wiped a tear off her cheek. She gave him a small smile and nod and he held out his arms to hug her.

She complied and gave him a hug. Her body relaxed at the contact and my body stiffened.

After that Kodak fucking moment I came to a conclusion – Mountain Man must be Bella's boyfriend. I spent the next two weeks obsessing over this new conclusion.

Was she with him when we...did the...humpty hump?

Bella doesn't seem like that kind of girl to me. Granted, I don't know her very well, and not by fucking choice, but still. I don't know her very well. For all I know she might be that kind of girl. That thought doesn't last long though, because I just can't bear the idea of Bella doing that to me.

This has to be new. Maybe she had feelings for him before, but it wasn't official. Or maybe she met him after our little rendezvous. That thought hurts really fucking bad. What if she did in fact meet him after, and decided she wanted him instead? Was I not good enough? What was wrong with me?

At that point I decided it was time to move on. I wasn't going to go all emo and self-analyzing over a girl, even if that girl was Bella Swan. This brings us to today.

I've known Bella Swan for a total of six weeks. Six fucking weeks was all it took for this girl to fuck all of my shit up. Well, not anymore.

It was time to stop being a pussy and fuck her out of my system.

"Edward did you hear me?" Blondie asks, pulling me out of my thoughts.

"No, Heidi, I'm sorry love. What did you say?" She smiles, so I guess I'm forgiven.

"I said I'm really glad you asked me out."

I had made the decision earlier today that I'd take Heidi, aka Blondie PA, out tonight. I figure, why the fuck not? She's hot enough, and she works on set. Most guys wouldn't want to shit where they eat, or in this case, fuck where they work, but I don't give a shit. If it doesn't work out and shit gets awkward, I could always have her moved somewhere else.

What, did you think I'd get her fired? I'm not that much of an asshole!

"No problem sweetheart." I give her my signature crooked grin. "I'm glad you said yes." Pft, like there was any other option.

She smirks at me. "Do you wanna get outta here?"

I shrug. "Sure, babe." The endearment feels almost foreign on my tongue, but I decide to ignore it.

We make our way back to her apartment a few blocks away. She holds my hand the entire way and it kind of makes my skin crawl. I shrug it off.

Heidi glances over her shoulder at me as she unlocks her door. I give her a small smile and she winks at me. Ugh. Annoying. I resist the urge to roll my eyes.

Once inside, Heidi wastes no time! She grabs me by the collar of my shirt and pushes me up against her now closed door.

Her lips crash against mine and my body begins screaming in protest.

NO!

Yes.

I ignore my pathetic heart. I need to fuck Bella right out of my system and Heidi is an attractive, willing participant.

I shove my tongue in her mouth and try to make my body respond. Nothing. I grab her ass and squeeze. She moans and lifts her leg up onto my hip. Nothing.

I grab the back of her knee and grind my limp dick against her, hoping for some sort of response. Come on man, wake the fuck up! Nothing. My dick is refusing to get hard.

FUCK!

“Heidi...”

She moves her lips to my neck and begins licking.

Enough.

“Heidi, enough, we can’t do this.”

“What?” she looks at me, confused.

“I uh, I want it to be special okay? I want to wait.” I give her a smile and wink at her, hoping she’ll buy the lie.

Cue eye roll.

“Aw, Edward!” she kisses me lightly on the lips.

Must. Not. Roll. Eyes.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at work, alright?”

She nods eagerly as I make my escape.

Once in the sanctity of the elevator, I let out a roar of frustration.

God fucking damn it!

Getting over Bella Swan wasn’t going to be as easy as getting under someone else.

A/N: Are we pissed at Edward or Bella? Both? Let me know what you think. xoxo

6. Chapter 6

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Thanks for your reviews!

To say I've become depressed over the last week would be incorrect.

To say I've become an emo little pussy that hates his pathetic fucking life would be a more accurate description.

It's been a week since my date with Heidi.

She's done nothing but talk my fucking ear off all week and has bugged me endlessly trying to find out when we'd go out again.

Which was basically code for, "I'm fucking horny when are you going to fuck me?"

When was I going to fuck Heidi?

Never.

Apparently my dick is a traitorous asshole and doesn't want to respond to anyone or anything other than Bella.

The night that I left Heidi's apartment, I went straight home and tried to watch some porn. I'm not an avid participant in the porn community, but I dabble, like any other red blooded American male. I watched two hours of porn. TWO. HOURS. Do you know how hard it is to sit there and watch a guy's balls slap against a diseased looking pussy for two hours? No pun intended, because my dick sure wasn't hard.

After that epic fail I decided to take a hot shower. I went into my spank bank vault and realized it was filled with Bella porn.

Hey, don't judge me. I can't control what images my dick puts in the bank. He's the main account holder, all right?

I tried my best to delete Bella from the vault. Instead I imagined a faceless chick with a hot ass body and began rubbing my cock. After a few strokes I was hard as a rock.

Fuck yeah!

The faceless chick started stripping for me and damn, it was sexy.

Perfect tits with taut pink nipples. Smooth stomach that led down to a perfectly pink pussy. Fuck. Long legs that I'll wrap around my waist and my neck. I motioned for her to come toward me and she complied by straddling my lap. She began attacking my neck with kisses and I groaned – in my fantasy and in my shower alone.

I smacked her ass and she whimpered.

Yes. I started rubbing my cock faster.

I moved my hands to her perfect tits and felt her nipples harden beneath my palms.

In my head she started grinding her pussy down on my cock.

I gripped my cock harder, stroking slowly and twisting when I got to the head.

Fuck that feels good.

She kissed and licked her way from my ear to my lips and then over to my ear again and whispered, "Fuck me Edward. I didn't mean anything I said. I need you. Only you. Please, please, please..."

NO! I know that voice.

The faceless chick looked up at me and she was Bella.

I couldn't stop.

It felt fucking amazing; I needed some sort of release desperately.

I finished. I felt relieved.

That amazingly relieved feeling lasted all of two seconds before I realized that I just jacked off to a girl that wants nothing to do with me and is dating the Hulk's long lost Native American brother.

Fuck my life.

-o-

Today marks the third month of shooting Immortal Sun. We're heading out on location, to Vancouver. I'm pretty excited about getting the fuck out of LA. What I'm not excited about – the actual trip to Vancouver. I don't really know how I'm going to survive being on a plane with Bella for hours at a time.

Arriving at the airport, I realize this trip would suck even more balls. Why? Well fucking Jacob is standing right next to Bella, preparing to board the plane. I almost turn around and walk away. The studio can book me a later flight right? Fuck, if they don't want to, I'll call Rose and have her set something up. I have no problem paying for it myself.

Doesn't this guy have a fucking life? I mean, I've never been a boyfriend, so I don't know, but I'm pretty sure following your girlfriend around like a dog isn't in the description.

Instead of walking away, I pull out my inner asshole and make my way over to the plane.

"Hello Bella." I greet her with nothing more than a nod of my head. I turn to face Jacob, "Hello dick cheese." I don't wait for his reply; instead I head right onto the plane. After situating myself in the last row of seats, I pull out Immortal Sun. Might as well finish this fucking thing.

My reading is interrupted by the pilot's announcement and I look up to see Bella and Jacob sitting right across from me. *Are you fucking serious?* At least Bella is in the aisle seat. I don't think I could handle sitting too close to Puppy Dick.

And to add a cherry on top of my shitty sundae, I spot Heidi making her way over to me. She plops down into the aisle seat next to me. I could have sworn I saw Bella give her a death glare.

Interesting.

I decide to test out my theory. "Hello love," I address Heidi, making my voice low and pretty damn sexy if I do say so my motherfucking self. "I missed you," I say it against her neck intimately, (but loud enough for Bella to hear) before placing a kiss below her ear. Heidi shudders.

Well at least I can still affect someone.

My phone beeps and I reach into my pocket to check it.

Have a safe flight, Eddie boy; I'll meet you in Vancouver tomorrow morning. Love you. – Ro xox

I smile. Normally I'd roll my eyes, but it felt good to have someone care. Even if it is my bitchy sister. I send her back a quick text and switch my iPhone to airplane mode.

Heidi leans over and begins kissing my neck unexpectedly. I groan, trying to make it sound like I'm turned on and not repulsed because Bella is definitely watching us like a hawk.

"Meet me in the bathroom in five minutes," Heidi says into my neck, but it was anything but a whisper. I chance a quick glance at Bella and by the shocked look on her face, I come to the conclusion that she'd heard her.

Heidi bites my ear lobe before making her way to the opposite end of the plane. I smirk after her. Cocky bitch.

Normally I'd like it, but it just turned me off even more.

I sit there for about three minutes twiddling my thumbs before deciding enough time had passed. I place my book back in my bag and get up to head to the bathroom. Just as I'm about to walk past Bella, she grabs my hand.

I feel nothing but fucking sparks. It really pisses me off.

"Where are you going?" she hisses.

What the fuck?

"To the bathroom?" It comes out like more of a question, because I'm not sure why she gives a fuck, if I'm being honest.

"Sit down, Edward."

Demanding, aren't we Miss Swan?

"Why would I do that?" I cock an eyebrow at her.

She stares at me for what seems like hours and I try to read the emotions that flicker over her features. I have no idea what she's fucking thinking.

"B-because the plane is about to take off!"

"I'll be fine Bella. You don't have to pretend to care." It comes out harsher than I meant it to. My tone is icy and cold.

I watch as different emotions cross her features: fear, anger, sadness, confusion. I'm about to apologize when I see Jake grab her hand.

Fuck this.

I walk away from Bella and her fucking boyfriend and make my way to the bathroom where Heidi's waiting. I heard Bella whisper-yell my name but keep on going when I hear Jake tell her to let me go.

Fucker.

I knock twice on the door and Heidi yanks me inside.

The second the door is shut, I'm pushed up against it.

Does this chick have a door fetish or something? Jesus Christ man.

She begins palming my cock and kissing me forcefully. I felt absolutely nothing. This is going to be embarrassing.

"Edward what's wrong?"

"Nothing, keep going."

And she does, she works on my dick for a good five minutes and nothing happens. At all. "What the fuck Edward! Am I really that terrible?" Shit she looks like she's going to cry.

"You're not terrible at all Heidi." I try to reassure her.

She grabs my dick and squeezes. "Then please explain to me why your dick is not hard."

Cut right to the chase, why don't ya?

"It's not you, it's me." I cringe when the cliché slips from my lips. Heidi snorts and rolls her eyes but continues. "Seriously Heidi this has nothing to do with you. It's me. I'm just...trying to get over someone and I guess my body isn't ready to. I promise you're beautiful and it's nothing you're doing, okay?" I don't want her to feel like shit, because essentially I'm using her; using her to get over Bella, and that's bad enough. I don't want to hurt her feelings and give her a boner complex along with it.

"It's Bella isn't it?" My eyes must be bugging right the fuck out of my head, because Heidi shakes her head and starts giggling at me. Am I that goddamn obvious? Well, at least she's not crying. That's something, right?

Why lie? I sigh and answer truthfully. "Yeah, it's Bella." I rub the back of my neck. "How'd you know?"

"It's pretty obvious."

Fuck. That's what I was afraid of.

"Ugh, fuck."

"I'll help you out Edward."

Huh? "What do you mean you'll help me out?"

"I'll pretend we're dating. I know you want her. I'll help you get her."

Do I want her? Bella had just thrown any potential we had right out of the window with no explanation why. Was it worth it to go through all of this shit, just because she humped me once?

It's more than the humping, and you know it.

And that's when I decide to have a fucking epiphany; with a limp dick, in a bathroom of a private plane, with a girl who wants me to desperately fuck her, it hits me. I want Bella. It doesn't matter that she treated me like this, and it doesn't matter that she has a boyfriend. I still want her.

I don't just want to fuck her either. No. I want the whispering. I want the small intimate touches. I want to comfort her when she's upset. I want her to fall asleep on my goddamn shoulder. I want the whole motherfucking package.

And I want it with Bella Swan.

Fuck you, Jacob Black.

Bella is mine.

But first things first. "Why would you do this for me?" I have to ask, 'cause well, she seemed to want me all to herself five minutes ago.

She looks sheepish. Huh. "Well..." She trails off and I raise an eyebrow at her in question. "I have something to tell you Edward." She wrings her hands nervously. "I've kind of been...using you." She gives me a guilt ridden look. "It's just...I've been working with Aro for three years and he never notices me." What the fuck? Aro? That's priceless! I'm pretty sure he's a rainbow card holder, but I keep quiet and give her a smile.

"It's okay Heidi. I was kind of using you to get over Bella, so we're even."

She grins at me in relief.

"Alright, what'd you have in mind?"

She smirks at me. "First things first." She grabs my hair and begins tugging on it. "Sex hair." She moves her lips to mine and bites my bottom lip roughly. I groan out in pain. "Swollen lips." She slaps my cheeks a few times. "Flushed post-orgasm face." She steps back and ruffles her own hair. "Rip my shirt a bit." I reach out and stretch the collar of her t-shirt, ripping the stitching slightly. "Rumpled clothing." She moves toward my neck. "And last, but not least..." She begins sucking on my neck and after a minute or two grins widely at me. "A hickey."

I smirk at her.

“You ready?” she asks me with a glint in her eye.

“Yeah, this’ll be a fun flight.” I grab her hand and open the bathroom door.

And run right into Bella.

A/N: Uh oh. DUN DUN DUN.

7. Chapter 7

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Let's see how Edward handles this, eh?

I yelp like a little fucking bitch when I see Bella standing in front of me, arm raised, ready to knock on the bathroom door.

“Um...I...needed to use the bathroom.” She stutters out, her face tinged pink with a blush.

“Oh. That’s okay Bella, Eddie and I were just *coming* now.” Heidi practically purrs. If being a PA doesn’t work out for her, she should definitely get into acting.

Bella purses her lips and glares at the back of Heidi’s head as she walks away.

“Really Edward? Heidi? In an airplane bathroom?” The venom in her voice shocks me.

“Yup.” I shrug.

She shakes her head in disgust.

I’m pretty fucking pissed for some reason, and before I can stop myself, it all just spills out of me. “Where the fuck do you get off judging me? Why were you standing outside of the bathroom, knowing what we were doing in there? Huh? Why the fuck do you care where I stick my dick? You made it pretty clear that you don’t want it anywhere near you, right? Because we can’t be anything, but friends, remember? Although I don’t know how you consider us to be even just friends, seeing as how you do nothing but act like I don’t fucking exist!” She flinches and her lip trembles but I can’t stop the word vomit. “You’d better hurry along; your boyfriend looks like he’s missing you.”

Now she looks confused. “My what?”

I nod my head toward Puppy Dick. He’s standing up from his seat, sending daggers our way. He shakes his head and motions toward Bella. I see her barely shake her head back at him and narrow her eyes.

What is going on?

She sighs. “Edward, I don’t know why you-” I cut her off with a wave of my hand. I see sadness cross her features, probably because she realizes that I’m giving her the same gesture she gave me when she cut me off that day. The day she took my heart and fucking stomped it.

To complete my asshole behavior I say, “I’m kind of busy right now, Bella. I’ll see you when we land.” I walk away, refusing to look back. I know if I look back and I see sadness in her eyes, I’ll do something pathetic, like getting down on one knee and begging her goddamn forgiveness.

I spend the rest of the flight pretending to sleep while Heidi cuddles up next to me. I don’t know if this is part of the plan, or if she’s just trying to get Aro’s attention. It doesn’t really matter to me anyway. I need some sort of comfort right now, and this will just have to do.

I snuggle into the blonde hair that I wish was brown and try to sleep.

As soon as we were allowed to leave, I bolt from the plane. I get into one of the provided town cars and go directly to the hotel. I unpack my bags and take a long, hot shower. I feel slightly better when I get out, but I still have a clawing feeling in my stomach.

I walk around the suite to check it out. It had one master bedroom with an en suite bathroom, a smaller bedroom, and a second bathroom down the hall. A small kitchen with a little island, a stove, a refrigerator and a microwave complete it. I don’t see the point, I don’t know how to fucking cook. The number to room service is all this guy needed to know. I was surprised to find beer in the fridge. I grab a Heineken and make my way into the living room area. This would definitely be my favorite room. A 60” flat screen TV, a fireplace, and a beautiful piano. I’d definitely spend a lot of time in here.

I plop down onto the plush sectional sofa, flip on ESPN, and grab my phone.

Hit me up when you get here, we’re gonna fuck shit up! – Jazz

I smirk at the text message. I met Jasper a few weeks ago when the studio hired him to choreograph our fight scenes. We’d hung out in between takes and during our training sessions. Jasper knew all about Bella. He was really one of the only people I could confide in. He was a third party with no conflict of interest in the situation. We hadn’t had a chance to hangout outside of work, but I’d definitely remedy that over the next month. I need someone to fuck up Canada with.

You have no idea how good a beer sounds right now man, what did you have planned? - E

I chug down the beer I’m already drinking. It’d be a lot more fun and less pathetic to get hammered with my buddy. I send him the text and then check my voicemail.

“Eddie boy! I’ll be seeing you tomorrow sunshine! I took some time off from the gym and I’ll be in town with Rosie for the week. Let’s show these Canadians how to get down!” I can hear rustling in the background and a muffled ‘ow’ from Emmett. “Edward.” My sister’s voice replaces her husband’s and she’s all business. “I just got a call from Entertainment Tonight. They’re going to be doing an on location interview with you and Bella in two days. Bella’s already confirmed for it and I just got done hashing out the details. They’ll meet you on set tomorrow morning to shoot some behind the scene footage and will then have a quick interview with you and Bella the following day. I should be there before the interview starts, okay? Let me know if you have any questions you want me to add to the do not ask list. Love you little brother!”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

My plan was to do our scenes and not see Bella at all apart from that.

I guess that isn't going to fucking happen now.

-0-

I shrug off the butterflies in my stomach at the thought of seeing Bella in just a few minutes. I haven't said one word to her since our argument on the plane. I see her town car approaching and the butterflies return with a motherfucking vengeance. She steps out and makes her way toward me.

"Follow me," she says as she passes me, not stopping to see if I would in fact follow her. Who the fuck does she think she is? Does she really think I'll just run right after her?

I scoff. And then, after looking around, I follow her. Just like she knew I would.

Fuck.

She leads me toward the trailers that are lined up along the edge of the field. Once inside she whirls around and pushes me against the door. What the fuck is it with women and pushing men against doors? Is it just me?

"You listen to me Edward fucking Cullen!"

Oh god, Bella don't curse.

Boner go away!

I gulp.

Fuck off.

"If you think for one minute that you're going to continue to treat me the way you did on that plane you have another thing fucking coming mister!" She pokes me in the chest and takes a deep breath. "You didn't even have the slightest idea what you were talking about in the first place!" she continues screeching at me.

"Really?" Oh, good I finally found my balls and spoke up.

"Yes, REALLY!" Bella is so hot when she's angry.

Stop. Focus.

"What was I wrong about then, Bella?" I push off the door and she takes a step back. "Hm? Please Isabella, enlighten me." Her eyes widen when I use her full name. I continue to stalk toward her and she continues to back away from my approach. "Was I wrong when I said you didn't want my dick anywhere near you?" I seeth at her as I press her up against the wall. "Have you changed your mind Bella?" She glances down at the bulge in pants and I smirk. "Would you like to see it, Isabella? Touch it?" I stare directly into her eyes and wait for some sort of response.

She whimpers.

"What's wrong Bella? Would you rather it touch you?" She shakes her head no. "Liar." I press my body against hers and she moans as my erection presses directly against her core. "Do you want this Bella? My cock? Me?" I whisper the last question, terrified of her answer.

I see the war raging behind her eyes. She's fighting it. I just don't understand why, and then it hits me.

Jacob. Jake. Mountain Man. Puppy Dick.

Is she fucking thinking about him right now?

Rage washes over me and I have to swallow back down the bile that rose up in my throat.

"Oh wait a second, I forgot." Bella looks up at me with wide eyes. I'm sure she can tell that the tone of my voice changed. It's no longer seductive. It's laced with hurt and rage. "You have your boyfriend waiting for you, right? I shouldn't keep you from Puppy Dick."

Her wide eyes narrow into a glare and she shoves me away so hard that I land on my ass.

Shut the fuck up, she caught me off guard!

At least my boner is gone now.

"You asshole! THAT. THAT RIGHT THERE. That is what you're wrong about! Jake is NOT my boyfriend and never has been! He's my fucking bodyguard! But did you stop to ask? Of course not. You're Edward Cullen and you know everything right? You just assumed that I had fooled around with you one day and then got with someone else the next, was that it?" Her lip is trembling and she's definitely fighting tears.

"Well guess what? I'M NOT YOU!"

What?

“What are you talking about?” I yell back. I’m so confused right now.

“I don’t fuck around with one person and then hook up with someone else!” Her entire face is nearly bright red from her anger.

“NEITHER DO I!” I bellow.

“Are you kidding me Edward?! One word: Heidi!”

And that’s when all of the color drains from my face.

“No, Bella, I...we didn’t-” I don’t get to finish, she cuts me off with a cold laugh that slices right fucking through me.

“It’s fine Edward. I told you that I didn’t want anything with you and you moved on. You can fuck whoever you want.” Something flashes in her eyes, but it’s gone before I can figure out what emotion was there. “But don’t you dare try to judge me and give me shit. You jumped to the conclusion that Jake was my boyfriend and got pissed at me for it. But what did you do? You went and fucked a girl on an airplane.”

Now I’m pissed again.

“It’s been months! You act like I fucked you yesterday and fucked her today! And during all of this time you’ve done nothing but ignore me and treat me like shit!”

Tell her you didn’t fuck Heidi!

No.

“Yes I made assumptions, but can you blame me? Look at your behavior. Fuck, look at Jake’s behavior! He answered the door shirtless and told me you were in the shower. Then you come to the door and fucking dismiss me while I’m trying to figure out what the fuck changed so much in so little time. Then I have to watch you two on set every *fucking* day. I have to watch him touch you and comfort you and it’s so...I just can’t...FUCK!” My voice breaks and I have to look away.

“Edward...” I look up to see her reaching down to...I don’t know what. Comfort me maybe? But I can’t take it. I won’t survive her being sweet and kind one minute and cold and distant the next. I just can’t deal with that again.

I scramble up off of the floor and make my way to the door. “We have two scenes today. Let’s get through them. Let’s do our jobs and be professional.”

“Can we talk after?” she asks hopefully.

I sigh and scrub my hands down my face. “I don’t know Bella.”

She nods and turns away from me. I don’t say anything else. I don’t know what to say.

How did everything get so fucked up?

I walk out of the trailer and spot the ET crew across the field interviewing Aro. I still have to deal with those assholes tomorrow.

Fuckin A.

I grab my phone and send out a group message to Jasper and Emmett. I’ll definitely need both of them tonight.

We need to get drunk tonight. No exceptions. – E

If I can’t fuck her out of my system, I’ll fucking drink her out of it.

A/N: When are they going to smarten up? Geesh!

8. Chapter 8

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Hopefully Em and J can help Edward!

“So let me get this straight.” Emmett points his finger at me accusingly. “You hooked up with Bella, she broke it off, you thought she was dating some dude, so you tried hooking up with Heidi, and then you flipped out on Bella...twice, and found out you were pretty much...entirely fucking wrong?”

I rub the back of my neck and nod at him.

“Dude you’re fucked!”

“Well thanks a lot Emmett, you’re really fucking helpful, you know that?”

He laughs and sips his beer. “I’m sorry man. You know, Rosie did warn you about this...” He trails off and raises his eyebrow at me.

“Emmett I didn’t call you to come over so you could spy for your fucking wife,” I sneer at him and he just grins.

I guess I’m not intimidating at all, eh?

“I’m not doing that Edward.”

“Sure you’re not.”

He doesn’t deny it again; he knows he’ll end up telling her. I’m planning on telling her anyway. I figure if she hears it from me, it’ll probably diminish her desire to kick me in the balls.

I realize that Jasper has been uncharacteristically quiet so far. “What do you think J?”

“Um...I...I don’t know man.”

Huh. Weird. Jasper always has something to say about Bella. He’s been my one confidant in this whole thing. “You don’t know?” I cock an eyebrow at him.

“Listen Edward...I have to tell you something but I don’t want you to get pissed at me alright? I’m still on your side.”

“Okaaaay...”

He takes a long gulp of his beer and cracks his neck. “I’m dating Alice.”

Who?

“Okay, who is Alice and what does she have to do with any of this?”

Jasper’s eyebrows shoot into his hairline. “Um, Alice is Bella’s best friend.”

I feel rage build up in my chest and I’m on my feet before I even realize what’s happening.

“You’re dating her best friend? The little tiny pixie looking chick?” I ask and he nods. “So you’ve seen Bella then?” He nods again. “A lot?”

He grimaces and shrugs. “Once or twice.”

“Why didn’t you tell me? I thought we were friends...”

He shoots up out of his chair, giving me a fierce look. “We are friends...you’re my best friend. I wanted to tell you man, but it was just never a good time. What was I supposed to say? “Hey Edward, that chick that has you all fucked up? Yeah I saw her last night at Alice’s and we played poker. Cool story huh?” Come on! I was going to tell you, I just had to wait a while until you weren’t so...”

“Fucked?” Emmett interrupts with a grin. “Listen I hate to break up your bromance moment here but...what do you plan on doing about Bella?”

The weight of his stupid fucking question makes me sit back down. I play with the label on my beer bottle while I contemplate my answer.

What am I going to do? I really can’t handle another argument with Bella, but I know I need to talk to her again. There’s way too much shit that we left unsaid, and I’m seriously fucking confused about the whole situation.

“I’m gonna talk to Bella,” I say with way more confidence than I actually feel.

Emmett cocks his eyebrow at me and nods. “When?”

My response is immediate. “Now.”

-o-

Alright. I’ll knock on the count of three.

One.

Two.

Three.

Fuck! Man up Cullen, let's go!

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

I waited five minutes and knocked again.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

What the fuck is taking her so long? It's only...shit. It's three in the morning.

I turn away from the door and just as I'm about to walk away, I hear the distinct click of a door unlocking. Bella cautiously pokes her head out from behind the door. Her eyes widen when she sees me standing there. "Edward?"

I take a minute to stare at her perfection when she opens the door completely. No makeup covers her perfect skin. Her hair is up in that messy fucking bun that all girls seem to love. Her body is clad in only a hot little tank top and a pair of tiny shorts. Is this what she considers pajamas? Fuck me.

"Yeah," is my lame response. I mean, can you blame me? She kind of renders me fucking dumb whenever I look at her.

"What are you doing here?" she scrunches up her face adorably in a look of pure confusion.

"Jacob Black is not your boyfriend?"

She stares at me for what seems like forever and then bites her lip. I hold my breath as I wait for her answer. She takes a deep breath and shakes her head slowly. "No, he's not," she whispers. I can see her fingers twitch at her sides, and the hopeful pathetic side of me hopes it's because she wants to reach out and touch me as badly as I want to touch her.

"Right," I mutter as I step toward her. I grab her small face in my hands. "We need to talk."

She merely nods her head in agreement.

"So you want to talk?" I ask. I don't want to force this on her. This has to be equal, we both have to want this, whatever the fuck this is.

She nods again. "Bella," I sigh out her name. "I'm gonna need you to actually say something here, okay? Enough with the silent head movements."

She takes a deep breath and puts her own hands on my face, mimicking my position. "I missed you," she whispers almost brokenly.

All of the air leaves my lungs in one long gust. All it fucking took was three words for her to make my goddamn heart explode. I crash my lips against hers, immediately seeking entrance to her mouth. I want to fucking do a happy dance when she immediately complies and opens willingly for me. Finally, motherfucking finally, my tongue meets hers. I've been dreaming of this shit for so long. My memories did not do her lips or her taste justice. They fit perfectly against mine, just as I remember, like she was made specifically for me.

"Bella..." I groan against her lips. "I've missed you so fucking much."

She whimpers and moves her hands into my hair. After taking a deep breath she speaks. "We need to talk, okay? We need to stop before this goes further."

"Just promise me one thing."

"Anything, Edward."

"No matter what, we work this out. I know you want to. I know what I want. So no more hiding and no more avoiding, got it?"

She smirks at me and motions for me to follow her into the suite. She takes a seat on the sofa. "Kind of cocky, aren't you Cullen?"

I get down on my knees and kneel in between her spread legs. "No," I shake my head slowly. She cocks an eyebrow at me and I sigh. "Bella..." Fuck this is hard. "I...I don't know how to do this, okay?" I motion between us. "But I want to try...for you." I run my hand through my hair. "I want to work this out, no matter what, because...I've realized that I can't live without you. These past few months have been hell for me. You came into my world and just fucking shattered it."

She bites down on her lip hard, and I use my thumb to remove her lip from the confines of her teeth. "I know this seems crazy. We haven't known each other long, but I want to know everything about you. I wanna take a fucking Bella Swan themed test and get a fucking 100% on that shit." She giggles. "So can you promise me one more thing?"

"Yes."

I stroke her perfect pink cheek. "I'm broken. I've been that way for a long time now. Promise me that you'll help me pick up the pieces. Because you're the only one who fucking can."

A/N: A little cliffy?! What'dya think? xoxo

9. Chapter 9

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: I'll be seeing SWATH tonight. Yum! Kstew with an English accent! Enjoy.

"You're not broken." Bella says this with conviction, like she really means it, and for a second, I worry for this girl's sanity. I mean, I've been nothing but an asshole to her lately and I'm even sure she deserved it now. If that isn't the actions of a fuck up, then I don't know what are.

Talk to her idiot!

I give her a small smile. "Well, thanks for thinking that. But it's beside the point right now. We need to talk right?"

"Right."

"Alright."

We both sit there staring at each other, neither saying a word.

Awkwaaaard...

I decide to break the silence. "I uh..." I run my fingers through my hair nervously. "I don't know where to start." I give her a sheepish smile.

"How about at the beginning?" she suggests.

"Okay."

More silence.

Do you have a pair of balls? *Shut the fuck up.*

"Um. So...that day when we um, fooled around..." Her face flames as I speak. "It was amazing." She nods and looks down. I lift her chin with my index finger so she's looking into my eyes. "Don't hide. It was the most amazing experience of my life..."

Wow Cullen. Now you sound like a fucking loser. A topless girl dry humping you was the best sexual experience you've ever had?

Pathetic.

"It was mine too."

It was hers too! Yeah fucker! Not so pathetic now am I?

"What happened after that...kind of sucked," she grimaces at her own words.

"Yeah." I agree. "Still kind of sucks." I look away and she puts both of her hands on my face.

"I'm going to explain why I pushed you away, 'kay?"

"Okay." Fuck this is it.

I really hope she didn't hook up with Jacob. I'll fucking kill him! Just cause he's not her boyfriend doesn't mean they didn't hook up. He's too fucking comfortable with touching her.

"Jacob is my body guard." I nod quickly cause I know this shit already. "He's also one of my best friends." Huh?

I must look really confused cause she continues quickly. "Jake has been my best friend since I was ten years old. I met him because our dads were like long lost brothers, they were the very best of best friends." She smiles and it's beautiful. Focus. "For the last twelve years all Jake has ever done was look out for me. The studio wanted to assign me a bodyguard because I started getting approached by fans around town. I didn't want some weirdo stranger following me around so I called Jake. He's a cop with my dad, Charlie, back in Forks."

Who the fuck names a town after a utensil? I get that he's her best friend and that's fine. But what if they hooked up back then!

Who the fuck cares? You didn't even know she existed!

Oh Jesus. If he forked her in Forks I'm gonna fork him up!

Wow, you're losing it.

Yeah I am. "Your dad is a cop?"

"Chief of Police, actually."

Great.

I just nod instead of saying that out loud. "So Jake is your bodyguard and he's also been your best friend for a decade."

“Uh huh.”

“You guys have never hooked up?”

She narrows her eyes at me. “Why is that any business of yours?”

Shit. She’s avoiding. Ugh, god. They’ve hooked up. I’m gonna be sick.

But she’s right. I grimace. “It’s not I guess. Sorry.”

She sighs and says, “Edward, what am I going to do with you?” I can think of a lot of things. How fast can you get naked? Focus! Right. She’s still talking. “Jake was my first kiss and that’s it. That was about eight years ago. Happy?”

I nod cause fuck yeah I am. “But if you guys never hooked up or dated or whatever, why is he all over you when I’m around? And why did you push me away once he got here?” My voice cracks and I felt like such a pussy.

“I’m sorry that I ever pushed you away. You have no idea how much it kills me that I pushed you away from me and right into Heidi’s clutches.” She spit out the last part about Heidi in anger.

And then a thought occurs to me. She still thinks I fucked Heidi. Shit!

I need to tell her that, but first I want my answers. I’m a selfish insecure fuck, I know.

“When Jake got here I told him what happened with us.” I cock an eyebrow at her. “Not details! Just the general idea. Jake kind of freaked out. He said that I was jeopardizing my career and that I could potentially fuck up my “big break” by messing around with you. He said you weren’t worth it because you would use me like a plaything. He said you would chew me up and spit me out when you were done and ready to move on to the next girl.”

It felt like someone stabbed me right in my heart. “You believed that?”

“No. I just didn’t want to ruin my career or yours for that matter. We’re both so new in our careers. I’ve done independents and you’ve done one other movie. I didn’t want to fuck it all up before we had a chance to even start. I’ve worked so hard and I really love the book and this project. I don’t want it ruined because of off screen drama, you know?”

I can understand that. My sister had bitched at me about it from the start.

“But Edward…”

“Yeah?”

“You kind of proved Jake right.”

WHAT?

“What the fuck are you talking about?” She flinches but I don’t care right now. I can’t. How the fuck did I prove Jacob Black right?

“You fucked Heidi.” She doesn’t yell the words at me. She doesn’t show any anger at all, actually. She says it so quietly, so sadly. I look at her face and see that she looks completely hurt and broken. I feel like complete fucking shit. Honestly, I would rather her pissed and screaming at me.

“No,” I say quietly.

Her head shoots up and her eyes narrow. “What do you mean ‘no’?”

“I didn’t fuck Heidi.” She looks at me suspiciously. “I swear to you I didn’t.”

“Then why…”

“Heidi was trying to get Aro jealous.” Her eyebrows shoot into her hairline. “I know.” I roll my own eyes and shudder a bit. “But she wanted to make him jealous and used me to do it. And I…used her to get back at you.” I grimace cause saying it out loud makes me sound like a dick head.

You are a dick head.

No arguments here.

She doesn’t look mad, which is what I was expecting. She looks relieved. I feel relieved too. For about two whole seconds, until she asks me a question that makes my stomach roll. I’m going to fuck this up before it even starts.

“So you never touched her?” I must have grimaced because her face falls.

“I uh…took her out on an actual date, before we made the pact to make you both jealous.”

“And…”

“I went back to her apartment.” Shit she looks like she’s going to cry. “She kissed me and uh…grabbed my dick.” Real subtle, Cullen. Trembling lip now. Fix this! “But I couldn’t do it Bella.”

“What do you mean you couldn’t do it?”

"I couldn't get hard. My body was screaming in protest against it. I wanted to fuck you out of my system but my dick wouldn't cooperate."

"So *you* are a *dick*, and your *dick* is a *gentleman*."

I burst out laughing and she joins in.

"Yeah I guess my dick kinda likes you."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"What about you? Do you like me?" she asks almost hopefully. I know she's not joking around anymore. I know she's asking me so much more than that one seemingly insignificant question.

Can you forgive me?

Can this work?

Can we fix this shit?

Is it worth it?

Are you with me?

"Yeah," I answer all of her unspoken questions. "Definitely."

She kisses me then, and everything in the world just feels so fucking right. I rub my hands up and down her thighs while she plays with my hair. My knees are starting to really fucking hurt, so I stand up and sit down next to her on the sofa, never breaking our kiss.

As soon as I sit down, she straddles my lap. "God Edward," she sighs. "I've missed you so much."

I feel like crying, and I don't care how much of a pussy that makes me. My stomach is in knots and my heart is hammering in my damn chest. "I fucking missed you more, Isabella."

She gasps at the use of her full name. "I don't care what anyone says. I'm not staying away from you anymore. I won't survive it."

If she says one more fucking thing like that I am going to cry. So I kiss her fiercely instead and grab her ass to pull her closer to me. She'd never been close enough. Nothing with this girl will ever be enough for me. I'll always want more wherever she's involved.

We break our kiss after a few minutes, but don't move our lips away from each other. Instead, we just share oxygen, and it's one of the most intimate things I've ever done. "Bella," I whisper. "I need you."

She doesn't speak. She doesn't have to. Instead, she grabs the hem of her shirt and lifts it off over her head. I lift my arms up and she giggles while she removes my shirt. I kiss her lightly. "Are you sure?" I ask.

She deepens our kiss until we're both gasping for air. "Yes."

A/N: Eep. What do you think? Will they dooo it? Reviews make Edward kinda horny, so he might be more willing to get it oooon next chapter. I don't know. Ignore me.

10. Chapter 10

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Saw SWATH. KStew with an English accent is just...sexy. So I figured...why not upload a sexy chappie? Let me know whatcha think! xoxo

Bella wants to have sex with me.

If my dick could speak, he'd probably say something like, "FUCK YEAH!"

Hell I wanna say it. But I'm not a tool so I'll just keep that to myself.

"Bella...fuck."

If there was an award for best dry humper, Bella Swan would win it every fucking year.

"Edward?" she asks me in between kisses along my neck.

"Yeah?"

She gets up and takes my hand. "Come on."

I follow her through her suite towards the bedroom. My heart starts racing and my breathing gets all weird.

Shit. I think my hands are sweating. Can she feel the sweat on my hand? Fuck.

She turns around to face me once we enter the bedroom. She wraps her arms around me and lays her head against my chest.

The rightness I feel at that moment almost brings me to my knees.

I use the moment to look around the bedroom. Bella had really made it her own. Mine looked like, well, a hotel bedroom. Bella's looked like she'd been living here for a few years instead of days. There were clothes haphazardly strewn along the long dresser on one side of the room. The opposite wall had a small vanity mirror and table that was littered with makeup and other girly type things that I couldn't fucking name if you paid me.

In the center of the room is a huge king sized bed. The sight of the bed makes me really fucking nervous. I suddenly feel like a sixteen year old virgin.

Shit. I think I'm having a panic attack.

"Edward? Are you okay?" Bella looks up at me, concern filling her beautiful features.

"Yeah." I try to smile but I think it looks more like a grimace. "I'm gonna use the bathroom real quick, okay?"

She nods and releases me from her grasp. I practically run across the hall to the bathroom.

Once I'm safely inside I begin my little bitch breakdown.

Bella wants to have sex.

Duh.

Is this all she wants from me? Sex? Will she be done with me after?

What are you, a girl?

Oh, fuck off.

What if we have sex and then she...disappears again. Pushes me away. All it took for her to basically erase me from her day to day life was some dry humping and making out. What will she do if we actually have sex?

I just won't have sex with her. I'll wait. I'll show her that I really care about her. I'll show her that...that I want this with her, whatever the fuck this is. Boyfriend? Yeah. Yeah I could be Bella's boyfriend. No fucking problem.

Heidi thought it was sweet when I told her so maybe Bella will too?

I cross the hall back toward Bella's bedroom and see that the door is shut.

Weird.

I knock. "Bella? Can I come in?"

"Yes," is her simple reply.

Alright Cullen, focus! Go in there, explain that you want to wait, and then cuddle or some shit.

I open the door and literally drop to my knees. All of the air leaves my lungs in one groan. All of the blood in my body rushes straight to my dick.

Don't have a problem getting hard now do ya?

Bella is laying in the center of her bed completely fucking naked. I get up from the floor and zombie-walk toward her.

"B-Bellaaaa..." Fuck. She is perfect.

I can do this. Be strong man!

Bella shifts slightly and spreads her legs.

Bella is...

Completely bare.

Motherfucker!

"Holy fuck. Bella what are you doing to me?" I whimper. Fucking whimpered.

My cock is so hard. I'm pretty sure he just whipped out a pair of boxing gloves and is trying to punch his way out of my pants.

"Get naked Edward."

Gulp.

I start to undo the button and zipper of my jeans while Bella's eyes zero in on my crotch. Fuck she's sexy. Being all demanding and shit.

What happened to not fucking her?

Shut the fuck up, not now.

I yank my jeans down and step out of them. My hand automatically goes to my dick and I palm my erection through my boxers.

"Ungggghh." God that feels fucking good. I could get off right now in about 2.3 seconds just looking at Bella's fucking glorious naked body laying right fucking there.

"Boxers too, Eddie." I meet her lust filled gaze and she smiles. I smile right back and pull my boxers down, stepping out of them too.

Bella gasps. "Holy shit Edward!"

Huh? "What's wrong Bella? Are you okay?"

"You're...you...it...it's so..." She ends her mumbling with a moan and licks her lips. She breaks our gaze and stares at my cock.

OH!

I smirk, 'cause I'm a cocky motherfucker. Literally. Heh, get it?

I start stroking my cock slowly. Starting at the base and moving my way up, twisting when I get to the head.

"Fuck."

I move forward and Bella never breaks her stare. Watching Bella watch me like I'm a piece of fucking meat is really turning me the fuck on. I stand at the foot of her bed and watch in fascination as she gets on her hands and knees and crawls toward me. Once at the edge of the bed, she kneels up and motions for me to come closer, crooking a "come hither" finger at me.

Fuck she's sexy.

I move forward until my knees are pressed against the edge of the bed.

"Edward..." She trails off, kissing her way up my neck until she reaches my ear lobe. She sucks it into her hot little mouth and bites it gently before whispering, "Can I touch it?"

Mommy.

"Y-yeah," I manage to choke out.

She moves her hands to my stomach and my muscles clench from her touch. She traces the outline of my hands and then dips one hand lower, leave the other resting on my hip. The back of Bella's hand skims my cock and I let out a growl at the small contact.

The growl sounded incredibly primal in the silence of the room, and for a second, I thought I might have scared her. But Bella surprises me. Apparently, growling turns her on, because she grips my cock and squeezes it gently. Shit. Bella's small hand wrapped around my aching cock is the best thing I've felt in my entire fucking life.

She moves her hand, stroking me once completely.

Fuck.

Okay. Bella stroking my cock is the best fucking thing I've ever felt in my entire fucking life.

"Edward?" Bella's voice is low and rough and fucking hot. "Can I taste you? Can I take this long..." she moves her hand down and back up again. "Hard..." she squeezes as her hand makes it to the head of my cock. "Cock in my wet mouth?" She finishes her question with a twist of her wrist.

Her movements plus her hot as fuck question make me shudder. "Fuck."

"I'll take that as a yes?" she smirks and drops to her hands and knees once more on the mattress. Before I can ask what she's doing, her tongue peaks out from behind her perfect lips and licks the tip of my cock, sucking the bead of precum into her mouth.

I jumped in surprise and let out a string of profanities.

Bella let's out an adorable giggle. I'm about to tell her that laughing during sex isn't cool, but then she wraps her lips around my cock and all thoughts evaporate right out of my brain.

"Mmmmmmm," she moans around my cock and I almost cum right then and there.

Focus or you're going to embarrass yourself!

I wrap one hand in Bella's hair and give a little tug.

"Mmmmmmmfffff!"

Bella likes her hair pulled. Interesting.

I move one hand to her tits and began teasing her nipples. I alternate between both, pinching lightly. Bella moans out again and I give a little thrust toward her mouth. Bella nods in approval so I do it again, a little harder this time. Her hands come around and grab my ass. She squeezes it roughly and pulls me toward her.

Holy shit does she...I think she...

"Fuck. Bella do you want me to fuck your mouth? Hmm beautiful?" I groan out in between gasps.

She nods furiously, her cute little nose rubbing against my stomach. That's all the permission I need. I begin thrusting my hips toward her hot little mouth erratically.

I know I'm not going to last much longer. Her mouth is so hot, wet, and fuck she knows how to suck me just right. It doesn't help matters that she willingly wants me to fuck her mouth. "Unnnnhggg, Bella I'm gonna cum baby." I warn her and try to pull out.

She shakes her head and grabs my ass tighter, holding me to her. I'm buried in her mouth as far as fucking possible when she starts sucking impossibly harder.

She breaks away and gasps out, "I want you to cum in my mouth Edward. I'm going to swallow every last fucking drop."

Jesus fucking Christ.

Bella uses the very tip of her tongue to lick all around the head of my cock, and I swear it fucking twitches. She takes only the head back into her mouth, sucking on it roughly while using one hand to stroke my cock fast and hard, pumping it roughly into her mouth. Her free hand moves lower and cups my balls, squeezing them gently.

That pushes me over the fucking edge. I roar out a slew of expletives while coming hard into her waiting mouth. She continues to suck my cock, milking me for every last drop I can give before swallowing it all. She removes her mouth with a pop before kissing the head of my dick. Bella looks up at me with the sweetest smile on her beautiful fucking face. She looks so proud of herself.

One final fucking correction. Bella sucking my cock is the best thing I've ever fucking felt in my entire goddamn life.

She lays in the middle of the bed and motions me to join her. She spreads her legs and I lay my body in between them, resting my head on her comfy tits. I sigh in contentment as she begins playing with my hair.

"Edward?"

"Yeah babe?"

She gasps and I look at her in concern. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she answers quickly, her cheeks tinged with a cute pink blush.

"Okay," I kiss the tip of her nose and lay back down.

"B?"

She giggles at the use of her nickname. "Yes Eddie?"

I smile at the use of mine.

"We're doing this right? You and me?" I look up at her gorgeous face.

She bites her lip and smiles at me. “Yeah.”

“Yeah?”

“Definitely.” She begins playing with my hair again and I purr like a cat.

“Did you just purr?” she giggles again and I swear I’ll never get fucking tired of it.

“Yeah I did. Do you have a problem with it?” I try to sound annoyed but can’t manage it.

“Yeah I do!” she yanks on my hair.

“What are you gonna do about it then?” I ask, lifting myself up and placing my hands on either side of her head.

She yawns. “Nothing right now, I’m too tired.”

“That’s what I thought.” I nod, feeling triumphant.

Bella didn’t like the idea of me winning so she retorts right away. “Fine. No more blowjobs. There, that took no effort at all.” She grins at me smugly.

I pout and kiss her smug lips. “Fine, you win.” I resume my position, laying on top of her while she wraps her arms and legs around me and begins playing with the hairs on the back of my head.

I know right then and there, I have no reason to worry about things going to shit again. There’s no one here to interrupt us, and there isn’t a weird awkwardness, and there is definitely no Jacob fucking Black. I’m going to fall asleep with my girl who just gave me the best blow job of my whole fucking life.

And in the morning...I’m definitely going to return the favor.

A/N: EEK! I always worry that my lemons aren’t...lemony goodness. Hope you liked it. :x

11. Chapter 11

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

Waking up on Bella's boobies is really fucking awesome. I wanna do that shit every morning.

What was even more awesome, was my wake up call. Bella was moaning. Bella was moaning my name. In her sleep.

Hearing that turns me on in an instant, so I decide that it's time to reciprocate for last night.

Bella is still sleeping soundly, so I carefully extract myself from her death-grip embrace. It makes me smile, that she holds onto me so tightly while she's unconscious.

I move myself down her body, gently, until my head is in between her thighs. I begin by trailing light kisses up and down her silky-smooth skin.

She doesn't stir, so I continue on with my mission. I spread her legs a little and take a second to stare at the beautiful work of art that is Bella's bare pussy. My eyes hungrily drink in all of her bare, smooth, pink flesh, until it's nearly impossible not to touch her.

I slide one of my index fingers in between her lips slowly. Fuck. She's so wet and tight. I pull my finger out of her warmth slowly, almost whimpering as I do so, before plunging it back into her heat.

"Mmmm," Bella moans out.

I move my mouth to her clit, giving it a gentle little kiss. Her body twitches immediately in response.

That's it baby, wake up.

Wrapping my lips around her clit, I suck it gently into my mouth, nibbling here and there for added sensation. Bella gasps and grabs fistfuls of my hair. "Edward," she breathes out. I look up and take in her lust-filled heavy eyes and her bright flushed smile.

"Good morning love," I murmur against her skin as I increase the speed of my fingers.

"Mmmmm...it...ah...definitely is."

Instead of responding, I lick her clit with just the tip of my tongue, making sure my fingers keep up the rigorous pace of pounding her perfectly little pussy.

"Edward! Oh fuck, please don't stop!"

Wasn't planning on it.

I start sucking her clit again when I feel her walls begin to clench around my fingers.

"EDWARD!" Bella screams out as she comes.

That is definitely making my top ten sounds list.

She tastes so fucking amazing.

"Get up here," she demands, tugging on my hair. I move back up her body and place a kiss on her lips.

"Good morning handsome."

I grin in response.

"What time is it?" I ask.

Bella reaches for her phone. "It is...almost six. Ugh, I don't wanna go to set today," she pouts, looking all kinds of adorable as she does so.

"Why not?"

"I have to do the scene where Jackson bites me today."

"So? Have you been having a hard time with it?"

"No."

"Then why..."

"It's James. He creeps me out."

I laugh. "Well, his character *is* a creepy vampire."

"No, *he* is creepy. Like in between takes. I don't like it."

I'm instantly concerned. I've heard about James. Before this project he was best known for being a complete player on set, reeling in his co-stars and dumping

them when production was done.

If he fucking touched her *I will kill him!*

“Has he touched you Bella? Hurt you?” I’m barely able to contain my rage.

“No! No. *Relax, please.* Shhh.” Bella strokes my cheek with the backs of her fingers, relaxing me almost instantly. I need to man the fuck up. I should be comforting her, not the other way around. I sit up against the head board of the bed and pull her into my lap. She curls up against my chest and covers it in tiny adorable kisses.

I play with her hair, because I can’t fucking resist it. It’s so soft and shiny and smells like...some kind of fruit. Strawberries, maybe? “If he ever bothers you, you need to tell me, all right?” She nods against my chest. “Do you promise?”

She moves herself around until she’s straddling my lap. She places both of her hands on my face and gives me a little smile. “I promise.” She presses her lips to mine, showing me with her body that I can trust her. I groan when she starts wiggling around, trying to get comfy again.

“B, stop with the wiggling, will ya?”

“Why?” She looks generally confused, like she’s unaware of the torture she’s putting me through right now.

I grab her hips to still her. “You’re starting something you can’t finish.”

She bites her lip and then smirks. Okay she *definitely* knows what she was doing. “You’re trouble, you know that?”

“Me?” she asks in mock innocence.

I flip her over and begin tickling her. She squeals and yells for me to stop, but I’m relentless. I keep tickling until she’s snorting and screaming. “Stop! I’m gonna pee!”

“Jerk!” she gasps when I finally stop and release her. She looks so beautiful; all annoyed and flushed, and let’s not forget naked.

I shrug and roll on top of her, “You like a jerk then.” I give her my crooked grin.

“Mhm, I do. But you’re *my* jerk.”

“All yours, Miss Swan.” I give her a kiss that quickly deepens.

Suddenly, Bella breaks the kiss and grabs my cock. I feel myself harden to her touch almost instantly and let out a long groan. “Bella...” As much as I want for her to continue, we do have to be on set in an hour. There’s no time. “Bella,” I gasp out. “We don’t have time.”

“I know,” she grins at me. “But I want you to remember something, Eddie. You. Are. Mine,” she says each word fiercely. She taps my forehead. “Here.” She kisses a spot on the left side of my chest. “Here.” She squeezes my cock. “And here. Do you understand me?”

I nod furiously.

“Good boy. Now at work today, you’re going to end your little relationship with Heidi.” I try to speak, but she cuts me off. “Fake or not Edward, it’s over today.”

“Right.” I agree. “But you’re talking to Jake today too.”

She grimaces but nods in agreement. “Right.”

“Okay,” I sigh. “Let’s go face the real world.”

“You mean the set where you’re a vampire and I’m you’re one true love that you must change into a vampire in order to save?” she jokes.

“Yeah, that one smartass,” I laugh and kiss her nose.

-XXX-

Bella and I arrive on set together, hand in hand. As soon as we’re out of our town car, Aro descends.

“My lovelies!” he exclaims as he envelopes Bella in a tight hug. “Are you prepared for today darling?” he pulls back and looks at her questioningly. “Do you have your mind in the right place?”

“Yes,” she nods. “I’m prepared. I spoke with Bethanie Beyer about what Claire was thinking when she snuck off to deal with Jackson alone. I feel very connected to Claire.” She impresses me, yet again, with her love and commitment for the series.

“Wonderful!” he exclaims, releasing her from his grasp. Bella automatically steps back and takes my hand in hers once more. That one gesture makes me so incredibly happy. I give her hand a squeeze and she gives me a wink in return.

“Ah,” Aro says, his eyes zeroing in on our join hands. “I see that congratulations are in order!”

I smile widely and Aro winks at me. “Just remember one thing, my lovelies. What is on screen must be preserved and must not be contaminated by what is going on off screen. We must keep them separate, yes?” He looks at us both. “No drama on set.”

We both nod and promise that there will be no drama our problems between our situation and the project. With that promised, Aro leaves us.

“Eddie!”

Oh fuck.

I turn around and see my sister making her way across the field toward us. “Your sister?” Bella whispers, guessing correctly.

As Rose gets closer, I see her recognize our joined hands. She narrows her eyes at me for a second, before pulling a happy mask over her face.

“Hello, little brother,” she says as she kisses my cheek.

“Hey Rose. Where’s Em?” Deflect. Good job.

“He’s working out with Jasper. I guess they’re best friends now or something,” she waves it off. Emmett is usually best friends with anyone he meets by the following day.

“Oh. Um, Rose. I’d like you to meet Isabella Swan, my co-star and girlfriend.” I give her a look that clearly says, “fucking behave yourself.”

“Really? Lovely to meet you Isabella. I can see you’ve stolen my brother’s heart.” Rose being incredibly formal isn’t a very good sign. Calm before the storm. The storm that’s going to hit me, hard.

“Call me Bella please. It’s nice to meet you Rose.” Bella is unaware of my sister’s issues with this situation and I know I’ll have to talk to her about it eventually. She turns to face me and speaks quietly. “I have to go to hair and makeup. I’ll talk to Jake while I’m there. I’ll see you in a little bit?” she asks hopefully. Silly girl. As if I wouldn’t want to see her as soon as humanly possible.

“Of course love,” I give her a quick kiss and watch her walk away.

“What the fuck Edward?” Rose screeches as soon as Bella is no longer in hearing distance.

This should be fun.

A/N: Uh oh. Rose is pissed. And lol Bethanie Beyer. How lame am I? 1-10? A 27 maybe? Ya. Lmao xoxo

12. Chapter 12

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A/N: Not much to say here. I just wanted to say thank you to everyone reading and reviewing. It truly means a lot to me. You guys are all the best readers in the world.

I turn toward my sister, completely prepared to hear her bullshit. What I'm not prepared for? Her hand connecting with my face.

That shit fucking stings!

"Ow, Rose! What the fuck?"

"What!" – she smacks my chest – "Is!" – she punches my arm – "Wrong!" – she pinches my nipple – "With!" she smacks my stomach – "You!?" She tries to kick my junk, but I know my sister, and was fully prepared to stop her; which I do with no problem. I continue to hold her leg as she glares daggers at me. Her glare doesn't hold the same intensity it usually does, because she's hopping around on one foot, trying desperately to keep a hold of her balance and her anger.

I can't hold it in any longer, and I start laughing my ass off. She joins in, unable to resist. "Are you done, Rose?"

She sighs heavily. "Yeah, I guess."

"Coffee?" I ask and she nods. We make our way over to craft service and I grab us some coffee and donuts. I lead her toward an empty table and motion for her to vent it out. She's practically bursting at the seams. "Edward, what are you doing? I know that you hooked up with her a while ago," she raises a knowing eyebrow at me. Fucking Emmett! Big mouthed gossiping teenage girl. "But," she continues, interrupting my berating of her good-for-nothing-husband. "But I thought it was a one-time thing? That's what Emmett said, anyway." Okay, I take back all the shit I just mentally gave him in my head. At least he didn't tell her that I planned on pursuing something with Bella. "Are you really going to risk not only this movie, but your career? Is being her little fuck buddy worth it?"

OH! Fuck. She thinks I just wanna fuck around with Bella.

"Rose..."

"Edward wait, just listen please." I nod and allow her to continue. "I just...I've worked really hard here, in L.A., to make a name for myself. You know everything that I've gone through to become what I am. When you came out here, it was easy for me to find you modeling jobs, I mean look at you. Then when you got that commercial, and then House Party blew up..." she sighs and shakes her head. "What I'm saying is that it all came so easy to you. I know you're having fun and I'm fine with you fucking anything with tits – it's pretty much expected of a young rising star in Hollywood." I feel a but coming on. "But..." Ha! I knew it. "I need you to not fuck with Bella Swan. If this little fuck buddy thing caves, so does this movie, and so does your career. You got here easily and you can lose it even easier."

I've never seen my sister look so sad and concerned, especially where I'm concerned. We get along well enough, but we've never been particularly close. Of course she's my sister and I love her and I know that she loves me, but right at this moment, I realize she doesn't really know me. I can only hope that after I explain myself to her, she'll understand me better and we'll be closer.

I sigh. "Bella isn't my fuck buddy, Rose." She snorts disbelievingly at me and rolls her eyes. I narrow my eyes at her in warning and she holds up her hands in defeat. "I didn't introduce her as my girlfriend to...I don't know...not introduce her as my fuck buddy. She's not a friend with benefits, she's not a fling, and she's definitely not a random body to stick my dick in. She *is* my girlfriend." She must have heard the sincerity in my voice, because her eyes widen. "I hooked up with her a few months ago, and yeah, it *was* stupid. She pushed me away for the same reasons you just mentioned. One of her friends, Jake, convinced her that she could avoid me and have nothing with me. It hurt Rose. It hurt us both a whole fucking lot. I was miserable without her. A lot of stupid shit has happened since then, but we just fixed it all; we fixed us. I want to be with her. When have you ever heard me say any of that about a woman?"

Rose looks at me skeptically for a moment before her face clears and she speaks quietly. "Never," she shakes her head as if to clear it. "Do you love her?"

"I...I don't know what love is Rose." It's true, I don't. "I just know that my life with her is better than without her."

"You're listening to your heart little brother," she says with a small smile. I return it, cause fuck; at least she's not screaming at me or trying to kick my dick. That's a win on any day with my sister.

"So we're good?" I ask hopefully.

"Yeah."

"You're not going to start shit?" I cock an eyebrow at her.

"Me?"

"Oh fuck off with this innocent bullshit."

She laughs. "We're fine Edward. As long as you're committed to her and this project and you don't fuck anything up."

I hold up my hand. "Scouts Honor."

"Dick."

“Bitch.”

“Love you.”

“Love you too, Sis.”

She leaves a few minutes later to track down Emmett and I leave to track down my Bella. My Bella. That shit makes me smile. I spot her halfway across the field, at the hair and makeup trailer. She’s talking to a blonde woman that I haven’t seen around before. As I get closer, I can overhear their conversation.

“So, Bella. How have you and the cast bonded? Is it like one big family?” Bella’s face colors instantly in a beautiful pink blush. *Someone’s thinking of last night.*

“Erm, yeah. We’re all getting along great.”

“That’s lovely!” the blonde woman practically shrieked. God I hate interviewers. “Do you feel a personal connection to Claire? Have you ever felt a love like that?”

Bella spots my approach and meets my stare as she answers the question. “Yeah,” she nods. “I’ve felt a personal connection to Claire once I read the first book. I think every girl who reads it feels connected to her. She’s very relatable, you know? She has a lot of qualities that many girls can find in themselves. It’s like she could be your best friend, instead of this otherworldly character in a best-selling epic love story, you know?” She tucks a piece of hair behind her ear and looks down. “Um...as for love?” My heart starts pounding and my palms begin sweating. “Yeah, I’ve felt that kind of love. It’s incredibly scary and wonderful at the same time.”

“Oooh!” the interviewer squeals. “That was in the present tense! So, you’re experiencing this incredible love, right now? Who is the lucky guy?” The woman begins eyeing Puppy Dick, who’s looking at Bella like she’s something to eat. *Fuck that shit.*

I know what I’m about to do is stupid. I know I should talk to Rose first. Hell, I should talk to Bella first. But the primal urge that’s currently rushing through my entire body overrides any logical thinking. The only thoughts running through my head as I approach Bella are: Mine! Mine! Mine! And I want the whole fucking world to know it. I want every man in the world to drool over her and know that they don’t stand a fucking chance; because at the end of the day, Bella Swan goes home to me. She’s in my bed every night. She’s in my heart. And I better damn well be the only one in hers.

“Um...” Bella stutters out just as I arrive beside her.

“Hello,” I say cheerily to the woman, holding out my hand. “I’m Edward Cullen.” Cue panty-melting smirk.

The woman looks like she’s just seen a ghost. “I-I know. I’m Emily. So greet to meet you Edward.” Emily takes my hand and I smirk again when I feel her shiver.

Bella clears her throat. “Hello, Bella love,” I lean in and kiss her cheek sweetly. The woman’s eyes widen. I quickly look at Bella, silently asking for permission. She gives me a tiny nod. I turn back to Emily and smile brightly. “I’m proud to say that I am that lucky guy that Bella Swan is in love with.”

Emily looks like she’s about to piss her pants. I mean, we did just give her the exclusive of a lifetime; two actors playing leading lovers in a summer blockbuster falling for each other in real life is pretty much any interviewers wet dream. However, I’m not paying attention to her and her squealing. I only have eyes for Bella.

“Wow. Oh wow! Luck you, Bella.” She licks her lips and looks at me appraisingly. Bella looks really close to smacking her, and as awesome as that would be, I figure it wouldn’t be the best thing, ever.

I step in quickly. “Oh, no, Emily.” I give her a little laugh. “I’m the lucky one here.” I turn back to Bella and kiss her soundly. As I break the kiss, I chance a glance at Jacob. He’s scowling like someone just killed his puppy.

Fuck you, Jacob Black. *She is mine.*

-o-

Looking back on it, announcing our relationship to a show like Entertainment Tonight, was pretty fucking stupid. I mean, we haven’t even been a couple for more than twenty-four hours, and we’re announcing it to the world. Correction, we announced it to the world, before announcing it to our parents.

Safe to say her both had our long phone calls from our bitching mothers.

The worst part of it all though? The paparazzi.

Over the last month, they’ve followed us around like fucking vultures. They want pictures of pretty much anything we do. I’m talking the most uninteresting things, ever.

Oh, you’re out getting toilet paper?
SNAP. FLASH. SNAP. FLASH.

Picking up your laundry?
SNAP. FLASH. SNAP. FLASH.

Oh wow! You’re filling up your gas tank?
SNAP. FLASH. SNAP. FLASH.

But they *really* lose their shit when Bella and I are together. They come out of nowhere, too.

It's super fucking creepy. One second, you're simply just kissing your girlfriend, and by the next, you have cameras flashing in your face.

To be honest, it hasn't bothered me too much. I've been way too preoccupied with being completely happy with Bella. It hasn't seemed to bother her much either. We've pretty much just laughed it all off and told them that we aren't that interesting.

A couple of weeks ago, we brought a few of them food. They'd been camped outside of our hotel for about five hours, so we ordered some room service and brought it down to them. We chilled with them for a while and they were actually cool about it. They sent out a fake text, saying we were heading somewhere across town. That was the first night we got to go outside without being trailed by paparazzi.

Yesterday was our last day of shooting in Vancouver. We're leaving this morning and heading back to LA.

I haven't stayed in my suite since the night before I talked to Bella. I've been staying in her suite because neither of us have been able to stand being apart. I know that normal relationships start out this way; that need to be with each other all of the time, but I also knew it could fade eventually. I honestly hope to God that it never does for us.

Ever since Bella and I had gotten together, we basically cocooned ourselves in our own little love bubble. We've barely hung out with any of the cast or even our friends. Alice and Jasper haven't seemed to mind too much, but that could be because of the fact that they themselves, have been in their own little bubble.

Rose and Emmett have been supportive of our relationship, and Bella has actually become really close friends with my sister. I know! I'm fucking surprised too. Emmett's treated Bella like a little sister, always teasing and joking around with her. It's made me feel seriously awesome that she got along with them both so well.

One thing I'm not looking forward to? Meeting Bella's parents. I'll have to face her Police Chief father and her – according to Bella – her very eccentric mother. If they're even half as disapproving as Jacob – I'm in a world of fucking shit.

Puppy Dick has been...well...a dick to Bella over the last month. He's done his bodyguard duties on set, but I had refused for him to follow us around. Bella didn't object and that really pissed him off. They'd gotten into an argument and Bella told him not to make her choose, saying that he wouldn't like her decision.

That was a great day.

I'm brought out of my own thoughts when I feel Bella stir beside me.

"Morning baby." I say sweetly, kissing the tip of her nose.

Bella likes when I'm sweet, so I try my best to be. She claims that I don't need to try, but she has no idea how hard I actually do try. I'm always trying to be the best I can be for her. It's incredibly cliché to think this way, but I really do believe she makes me a better person – or at least, she makes me want to be.

"Morning handsome," she replies, her voice thick with sleep.

"Are you ready to head home?" I ask, turning over so we're laying on our sides facing one another.

She pouts. "No."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to miss this," she motions between us.

Wait. This doesn't end once Vancouver ends, right? I mean, she had said we were doing this for real. For real means that we're going to be together no matter what country we're in, right? This isn't like, "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas" shit, right?

Why don't you just shut the fuck up and ask her?

Good idea!

"What do you mean 'this'?" I ask, copying her motioning.

"You know," her cheeks explode in a beautiful blush. Fuck I love that blush.

"I don't know baby, tell me," I try to keep the anxiety out of my voice. It's pretty fucking hard to do.

"I'll miss this," she motions between us and all around the room. "Being with you, all of the time. Sleeping with you. Waking up to you." She sighs. "I don't know. I'm being a whiney girl right now. I'm sorry. I'll stop."

"I'm going to miss it too."

"Really?" she sounds surprised and I give her a look that says "duh."

"Duuuuuh," I say out loud.

She giggles, and I love that I can make her giggle, even when she's upset. It makes me feel incredibly accomplished every time I pull that little sound from her body.

"I think we should shower."

"Together?" I ask, already turned on at the thought.

“Of course. We save water when we shower together,she says simply, with a wink.

“Oh, I’m all about the environment. Let’s save some water gorgeous.” I smack her ass as I get up out of bed. She squeaks and chases me into the bathroom.

I don’t know what the fuck is going to happen when we get back to L.A, but I know we’ll deal with it together. And that’s enough for now. It has to be.

13. Chapter 13

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Arriving back in LA had been an experience. LAX was filled with paparazzi scumbags that would do anything to get a picture of us together. We were swarmed by fans too but we didn't mind. Bella was beautiful and gracious, signing autographs for everyone and taking pictures too.

While Vancouver was special for being the location where we got our shit together, being home in LA this last month was even more special. We spent almost every waking moment together. Being on set was so much fucking fun. We spent all of our free time in one another's trailers talking and laughing. We may have also had the occasional quick fuck.

It was really fucking hard to keep my hands off of her. It was even harder to keep our PDA appropriate, considering we were constantly followed by photographers. I never let it bother me though. I would go through hell and back to be with Bella, so someone taking pictures of me all over my fuck-hot girlfriend was a pretty sweet price to pay to be with her.

"Edward!" Alice screeches as she runs toward me, effectively ending my trip down memory lane. I was prepared for her form of a greeting this time, so when she launches herself into my arms I catch her pretty gracefully, if I do say so my-fucking-self.

"Hello Alice."

"I missed you!" she kisses my cheek and I have to laugh at the girl's exuberant personality.

"I missed you too, Alice."

"Mary Alice Brandon, you'd better get the fuck off of my boyfriend." I turn to see my gorgeous girlfriend with her hands on her hips, looking hot-as-fuck as she playfully glares at her best friend. Damn. Even fake-jealous Bella is sexy.

"Maybe you shouldn't be so slow next time, bitch," Alice retorts as I place her back on her feet.

"Do you want a turn baby?" I ask playfully. "Are you feeling left out?" I laugh when Bella pouts and nods. "Well, come on love, have at it."

She runs towards me, launching herself toward me and wrapping her arms and legs around me, effectively caging me in; surrounding me with her presence. "I missed you so much," she breathes against my neck.

"You were only gone for..." I glance at my Rolex. "A whole three hours."

Bella pulls back and frowns up at me. "Are you saying you didn't miss me?" Her frown deepens and I feel like an asshole. I contemplate playing it off, but realize pretty quickly that'd make me look like an even bigger tool. Plus, I'm not about trying to be all nonchalant and shit with Bella. I want her to know what she means to me, ya know?

"Fuck no, baby! I missed you so much." I kiss her soundly and she grins up at me when I end it.

"You better have," she says, about as fiercely as a kitten, as she digs her heels into my ass.

I grunt and bite her lip, causing her to moan and arch into me deliciously.

"Um, you're aware that you're in the middle of a public place, right?"

I glance over at Jasper. He has a point. It's just always so hard to focus and remember who we are when I'm with her. It's like we're a normal, new couple, that can't get enough of each other. Hell, I didn't even notice that Jasper was there until he spoke up. I sigh. "You're right, J." I unfortunately release Bella, allowing her to slide down me. Bella being Bella, makes sure she rubs all over my semi on her way down. I shift to adjust myself while she's still standing in front of me. "You'll pay for that later baby," I warn her in a whisper.

"I'm counting on it, Mr. Cullen," she whispers back before biting that plump lip of hers.

Fuck.

-XXX-

Today starts our fifth month of shooting. Unfortunately, Bella and I no longer have any scenes together, and it's really fucking depressing to be on set without her. Normally, we'd always be on set together, whether we had scenes that day or not, but she's doing a photo shoot today for Glamour.

I smile when I receive a text.

I miss you so much baby. Can't wait to see you. I'm counting down the minutes until I'm in your arms. – B

I'm man enough to admit that shit makes me fucking smile. It usually makes me want to squeal like a teenage fucking girl, but thankfully I refrain from it... mostly.

I can't wait until you're in my arms baby. I bet you look stunning right now. I miss your face. – E

"What's got you smiling so much dick head?"

I look up and see James standing over me. I hold back my insult and just keep smiling. "Bella," I answer simply as I wiggle my phone in his face.

"You two are fucking gross," he complains with a grimace.

"Thanks."

He shakes his head and walks off. Fucking prick. I won't let him have any power over me and it pisses him off. It's pretty awesome.

A few minutes later, I'm called to do a scene and I immerse myself once more into my character. It makes the time go by a lot fucking faster. I smile when I realize that I'll be with my girl soon.

-XXX-

"Bl!" I call out as I enter her apartment. I hear moaning coming from the back of the apartment; the vicinity of her bedroom. What the fuck? My heart pounds and my saliva turns acidic in my throat as I rush toward her room.

I barge in, making the door slam against the wall with a loud thud. My mouth pops open when I take in the amazing sight before me.

Bella is lying in the middle of her bed, clad only in a tiny tank top and an even smaller pair of boy shorts.

Fuck me.

What's even hotter? The fact that her damn hand is in between her legs, clearly rubbing her clit through her sexy little panties. I glance at the screen quickly, expecting to see porn or some shit playing. Instead, I see a tall blonde guy with fangs. *What the hell?*

I look back at Bella and am met with wide eyes and a flushed face. "Ed-Edward, what, um, what are you doing here?" she stutters out adorably.

I can't help but fuck with her a little bit, so I arch an eyebrow at her. "Why wouldn't I be here?"

"It's only four o'clock; I thought you were working until six today," she says accusingly.

"Aro decided to let us go early because we got all of our shots that we needed for the day..." I trail off. "I can go...if you want. We can do this another night." Even though she's still...in her current position and shit...I feel kind of...sad. Does she not want me to stay tonight? Damn it. I was looking forward to this all day.

"No!" Bella jumps up suddenly. Suddenly, she's in my arms and all of my previous thoughts flee as the rightness of her being there soaks in. "I'm sorry. You just surprised me."

"I can see that." She blushes. "What were you doing, Isabella?"

"Nothing. Just watching *True Blood*," she mutters nonchalantly.

"True Blood?" I ask and she gapes at me.

"You do know what *True Blood* is right?"

I think for a second. "That HBO show about vampires and shit?"

"Yeah," she nods furiously, eyes wide.

"Yeah, I heard about it." I shrug. "But what were you doing while watching it?"

"Nothing!"

"Isabella." My tone is commanding and she shivers in my arms.

"I...I don't know. The sex scene was...sexy." I bark out a laugh at her eloquent words and she scowls at me. "Don't laugh at me Edward." She's pouting now, making herself look all adorable. I kiss her lips and put her back down on her bed. I kick off my jeans and shoes, joining her own the queen-sized mattress in just my t-shirts and boxers.

"You were touching yourself, weren't you? Was it the blonde vampire guy that got you all hot and bothered?" I feel a pang of jealousy, so I try to mask it quickly.

"Are you jealous?" she asks incredulously.

And you call yourself an actor; Cullen.

"No," I lie and it's her turn to laugh at me.

"You are!" she accuses with a giggle.

"Maybe a little," I admit.

"Aw, honey," she says sweetly before kissing my cheek. Bella snuggles up against me while I sit against the headboard. "I wasn't turned on by him; you're the only guy for me." Okay. I have to smile at that shit. "I just thought the, um, vampire part of it was sexy. You know, his primal urge to take her, and the...biting." I look down at her and hold back the smirk when I see her blushing deeply.

Instead of teasing her, I decide to give her exactly what she wants. I grab her and push her down so she's lying on her back beneath me. "You like it rough,

huh, Isabella?” I growl out, allowing a raw edge to tinge my voice.

I’ll give her rough, primal sex.

“Yes?” she squeaks out and I have to smile because it comes out as more of a question than an answer.

“Claire...” I trail off, waiting for the recognition to spark in her deep brown eyes. When I see it, I lick my lips. She knows what I’m doing and wants it. “I can’t fight this anymore. I must have you.”

“Elliot,” she sounds so scared. Fuck, my baby’s a great actor. “I’m...I’m afraid. Please don’t. If you give in...I’ll die. We’ll no longer be together. Be strong. I love you.”

Staying in character, I laugh darkly. “Oh, my love. You misunderstand me. I do not want your blood.” Bella...or Claire, I guess, looks shocked. “No, no. My urge this time...is much...different.” I roll my hips, allowing her to feel how fucking hard I am. She lets out a breathy moan that sends shocks through my body. “I must have your body. Will you give it to me, love?”

She nods and bites her lip. “Tell me, Claire. Tell me how much you want me.

“Elliot, I need you. I’ve wanted you for so long. Please, take me...please...don’t make me wait.”

“Are you sure darling?” I ask as Elliot asking Claire. I know how much my Bella wants this, the evidence is all over her soaked panties; but I want to stay in character.

“Yes, Elliot. Please. Take me. Mark me as yours. Forever.” Her eyes burn into mine and my breathing hitches. The emotion there, in her eyes, is staggering.

“Forever,” I repeat, meaning it in more ways than one. I kiss her roughly, deeply, and she meets my pace with vigor as we devour each other’s mouths. I suck on her bottom lip before biting down on it gently. Bella moans and arches her back. Fuck. She was kidding about the biting, eh?

I sit up on my knees and pull Bella with me. I tug on her tank top, silently telling her to remove it. She does as I ask and then lays back down. My eyes take her in hungrily. She’s so fucking gorgeous. Her mahogany hair splays out across the white pillows beneath them, her chocolate eyes are bright and heavy lidded with lust. Her lips are slightly swollen, visible proof of our heated kisses. Basically...she’s fucking perfect.

I allow my eyes to travel lower, soaking in more perfection. Her perfect tits call to me, so I grab the round, perfect-sized mounds in my hands, giving them a light squeeze. Her small pink nipples harden under my gaze. “Taste me baby,” Bella commands breathily.

My eyes snap up to meet hers and she winks at me. She fucking winked. She quickly replaces her expression with one of apprehension, playing the virginal teenager to a tee with her facial expressions. “Elliot, please, I want you to touch me, with...with your mouth.”

I growl and dive on top of her, quickly sucking one nipple into my mouth and sucking it roughly. Bella groans and grabs fistfuls of my hair. “Yes!” she cries out. “More, please, more.” I use one hand to grab her other breasts, rubbing her nipple with my palm before tweaking it with my fingers. “GOD, YES!”

Fucking hell.

I use my free hand to trail down her stomach quickly, moving underneath her and grabbing her ass. Using my hands position, I pull her body up against my own as I continue my assault on her delicious tits.

“Unnnngggghhhh more!”

Yes, baby.

I sit up suddenly and Bella whimpers at the loss of me. The whimper quickly turns into a growl as I rip her boy shorts down her legs. “Fuck baby, you’re perfect,” I declare as I look down at her glistening pink pussy. “Claire...” I breathe out as I lay my body back down on top of hers. “Baby, why are you bare?” I ask, holding back my smirk.

Damn, I’m playing this to a tee. I mean, come on. Why would a virgin wax her pussy? I stay very committed to my roles.

“I...its more comfortable?” It sounds more like a question than a statement. I love that she’s sticking to her role as well.

“Do you know what that does to me Claire? To see you bare and glisteningly wet for me?” She shakes her head no, an innocent little smile on her lips. “Do you want me to show you? I ask.

She nods vigorously. I barely hold in my laughter.

I get up, standing beside her bed as I remove my shirt and boxers. “Oh my God, Elliot...” she moans out.

“Do you want to touch it, love?”

“Yes,” she whispers.

I make my way back onto the bed, and Bella is on me in seconds, pushing me backward and kneeling in between my spread legs.

“Elliot...you are so beautiful. I’ve dreamt about seeing you this way for so long and none of my dreams have done you justice. I want to touch you.” She reaches out and tentatively touches my cock. I moan out at the small contact and try to grind my dick up into her hand. I can tell that she’s trying to suppress a smile. She loves the affect she has on me. I do too. It’s fucking amazing.

"I...um...I..."

"What is it, my love?" I ask sweetly.

Bella bites her lip and blushes slightly. I wonder if that's part of the role or just Bella.

"Elliot I want to taste you," she looks away and I sit up. I place both hands on her face and kiss her softly. "Claire, don't be embarrassed. You can do whatever you want to me."

Bella gives me a grin and pushes me back down. I put my hands behind my head and enjoy the view of Bella leaning over my cock. I sigh and close my eyes, enjoying the moment. I jerk up onto my elbows when I feel the very tip of her tongue flick out to taste the precum on the head of my cock.

"Fuck baby," I groan. "That felt so fucking good. More...please, fucking more. I need you." My control on my character is slipping. Knowing that I need to regain control, I close my eyes once more and take a deep breath. That's when she decides to wrap her lips around my cock, pulling me into her hot wet little mouth.

"Ungggghhhfuck," I groan out as she sucks just the head with her perfect lips. I feel her hand grip the base of my cock as she begins moving her hand up and down slowly over the shaft, twisting her wrist as she gets closer to where her mouth and I am joined.

"God that feels so fucking good," I choke out.

Bella moves her hands to my thighs and rubs them soothingly as she slowly moves her mouth down my cock. She goes down as far as she can and begins sucking like her life fucking depends on it. I grab her hair and pull, which caused her to moan around my cock.

"FUCK!" I shout and Bella hums. Jesus fucking Christ, this woman.

I can feel her tongue massaging the underside of my dick as she pumps her mouth up and down. I feel one hand move to my cock again, squeezing hard as her other hand gently cups my balls.

Fuck. It's all too much. I'm going to cum too fucking quickly.

"I'm gonna cum, babe," I warn. Bella doesn't back off. She just sucks me harder and faster, not stopping until my cum is shooting down the back of her throat in long spurts. She removes her mouth from me with a pop, climbing up my body and settling against me with a smirk on her lips.

She kisses me, and it should fucking gross me out, but it doesn't, because it's my Bella. She presses her tits against me, and I can already feel my cock stirring back to life as she wiggles her pussy against it.

She kissed me, and it should've been fucking gross but it wasn't because it was my Bella. She pressed her tits against me and I felt my cock stir back to life when she wiggled her pussy against it.

"Did I do well, Elliot?" she asks innocently.

"Claire, love, you did perfect."

She stares at me, a look of wonder on her face. "Is it...are you...its hard again." She's so fucking cute. I loved her inexperienced Claire.

"Yes baby. You make me hard all of the time."

She smiles brightly at me and says, "Elliot...I-I want you inside me."

I groan, because fuck, I've wanted to be inside her since the moment I walked into her room. Bella's blowjobs are always fantastic, but nothing beats the feeling of Bella's pussy around my cock.

I roll us over, so I'm on top. She spreads her legs immediately to accommodate me. I kiss her, keeping it slow and gentle while I line my cock up with her soaked entrance. I keep up with the scene we're doing and push just the head of my cock through her lips.

"Fuck," she breathes against my neck.

"Are you okay, love?" She's so fucking tight, and I'm not talking about virgin Claire. Bella is always tight, hot, and soaking wet for me. Always perfect for me. Always ready."

She nods against my neck and whispers, "More. Please, I need more."

I slide into her perfect pussy slowly, enjoying her tight heat as I ease my way in completely.

"God," she gasps. "I feel so...full."

I look at her. "Good full?"

"Amazingly full, she answers with a smile. "I need you to move Edward, I need you to fuck me."

I'm not sure if that was Bella or Claire, but fuck, I need to move too. I clasp her hands in mine and move our joined fingers above her head. I kiss her hard and rough, biting her lip, and then practically shoving my tongue down her throat. I start a quick pace and begin fucking her tight little pussy as hard as I can.

Bella is writhing underneath me and panting now, begging me to fuck her even hard. Who am I to deny her?

I kneel up, breaking our grasp and grab the back of her knees with my hands. “You want me to fuck you” I groan out as I pound into her.

“FUCK! YES!”

I can feel her pussy clenching tightly around my cock and I growl in pleasure. Fuck. It’s so good. “So fucking good baby. You’re fucking perfect.”

“I know,” she moans out. “Don’t stop, please...”

I move one hand to her clit and begin rubbing it in fast circles. I can’t hold out much longer and I need her to cum for me.

“UGH! EDWARD!” Bella screams as she cums, her walls like a vice grip on my dick as she rides out her orgasm. It’s all I need to fall over the edge right after her. I scream out, my cum filling her while I continue to pound into her relentlessly.

I collapse on top of her and kiss her neck gently. We’re both a panting sweating mess, but it was worth it. That was far from the first time Bella and I have had sex, but it was the first time we role played. I plan on doing that a whole lot more. Scenarios spin through my mind. I find it hilarious that our first time was vampire related. Which reminds me...

“I think I like True Blood,” I pant.

She giggles and kisses me. “I think I love you.”

Her eyes widen as she realizes what she said. She’s worried I’ll freak out. I am freaking out, but not because she said. I’m freaking out because I’m afraid she didn’t mean it...that it was just a joke or a “in the heat of the moment” kind of thing. I want her to mean it so fucking badly.

I kiss her nose and look into her eyes. “I know that I love you.”

She gasps.

Shit?

14. Chapter 14

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A/N: Heh, let's see what Bella has to say.

"You know that you love me?" Bella asks as her eyes fill with tears.

"I know that I love you," I repeat. My heart is beating so fucking fast. "You think that you love me?" I ask.

She shakes her head no and I swear, my fucking heart stops right in my chest. I bite my lip to keep from crying like a little fucking pussy and take a deep breath. Bella grabs my face in her small, warm hands and I close my eyes. I can't handle seeing the pity in her eyes while she explains why I'm so unlovable. It'll fucking kill me.

I know I'm a pussy, shut the fuck up.

"Edward open your eyes please." I can't deny her anything, so I open my eyes. I can feel the tears in them, sitting there, waiting to humiliate me. I will myself not to blink. I'm not ready to give up my dick and have it replaced with a vagina.

"I don't think I love you, because I know that I love you," she says softly, almost in a whisper. I blink, because, *fuck*, is this real?

You weren't supposed to blink! Now you're fucking crying.

"Edward," Bella chokes out, her own tears consuming her beautiful face. I kiss her tears away as she wipes at mine with the pads of her thumbs. "Baby, I love you," she whispers before burying her face in my neck, covering it with small kisses.

"I love you so fucking much," I whisper back, kissing her hair and breathing her in. She always smells so goddamn good; like strawberries and vanilla and... home. "I have never loved anyone before you," I tell her truthfully.

She gives me a bright smile. "Really?"

I nod. "This will sound cheesy, but...I have no fuckin' clue what love was until you. Love just didn't exist to me until now; until you."

She bites her lip and sighs. "I thought I was in love once. I was so wrong. This," she kisses my nose. "You," she licks my lips, making me groan, unable to help myself. "You, you're what love is."

I roll her over so we're lying next to each other and then pull her back against me. "Do you wanna cuddle baby?" she asks, and I swear I can hear the smirk in her voice.

"No, I wanna spoon," I answer, causing her to giggle. I love hearing that laugh. Hell, I love knowing that I'm the one to cause it. "When we visit Charlie in Forks, I wanna spoon," I say playfully as I pinch her plump little ass.

She lets out a very un-lady-like but very Bella-like snort. "You're a dork."

"Yeah, but you love me, so what does that say about you?" I ask.

"It says that I've got good taste," she answers proudly.

"Mhm," I hum. "I have pretty good taste too." I nuzzle her neck and plant a few kisses along the back of it, down toward her spine. "Let's sleep love," I whisper. "We've got a long drive in the morning." We do. We're heading to Forks to visit Bella's dad. I'm a little terrified of Chief Charlie Swan.

Don't fucking look at me like that. The man can legally carry a gun and shoot me! You'd be as scared as I am if you were fucking his daughter.

Bella sighs sleepily, pulling me from the thoughts of my impending demise. "I love you, Edward," she whispers as she snuggles back against me.

"I love you too, Bella," I respond as I wrap my arms around her tightly before dozing off.

Best night's sleep, ever.

-XXX-

The next morning comes too fast and we're up at the ass crack of dawn.

I rub my eyes and send a death glare to the clock on the dashboard. Six in the fucking morning.

"FUCKING MOVE DICKCHEESE!" I scream as I beep my horn furiously. Some people can't fucking drive. And I might be a little cranky...

I can see Bella glaring at me out of my peripheral vision. "I don't know if I can handle Sir Cranky Pants for twenty-one hours of driving, Edward. Rein it in, big boy."

I glare right back at her. "Maybe some people should learn to fucking drive, then."

"Don't you dare give me attitude, Edward Anthony Cullen!"

Fuck! She whole named me! Time to backtrack. Save your junk, man!

"I'm sorry baby," I smile sweetly, truly trying to fix my bad mood. It's not Bella's fault that the guy got his license out of a Cracker Jack box.

She grins at me. Score! I'm forgiven. "Good boy. You almost lost the surprise I have planned for you."

I raise my eyebrows at her. "What surprise?"

"You'll find out soon," she says cryptically with a wink. "If you're good of course."

"I'll be amazingly good baby." I kiss her knuckles before placing our clasped hands back in my lap.

"Oh I know you will," she smirks evilly.

-XXX-

We arrive at our first hotel stop around five that evening. We've been driving for almost ten hours, stopping only for food and bathroom breaks. Bella convinced me to take a nap around hour five, while she drove for a few hours. We're both spent and stinky by the time we enter our hotel room.

"Would you like to take a shower with me, gorgeous?" I ask, allowing my voice to drip with sex.

"Mmm, that sounds lovely," she practically purrs with a grin.

She grabs my hand and nearly drags me toward the bathroom.

"Holy shit!" Bella squeals in excitement.

The bathroom, if you can even call it a damn bathroom, is fucking huge! It looks more like a separate suite all on its own. I can see why she's so excited though. There's a gigantic Jacuzzi tub in one corner that looks like it can fit about ten people in it. One of the opposite walls is occupied by an even bigger looking shower with about five shower heads along the ceiling and walls.

"Fuck me," I whistle in awe.

"That's the plan," Bella says, her voice full of lust and naughty promises.

I grin down at her. "Jacuzzi?" I ask, 'cause that shit looks fanfuckingtastic.

"Definitely," she agrees easily.

I watch as she removes her tiny vintage Ramones t-shirt and glare at her cut-off shorts. "I don't think those should be allowed to be called shorts, you know." My tone shows my annoyance as I point at the shorts accusingly.

Bella raises an eyebrow at me. "And why not?" She crosses her arms over her chest and I almost cry at the loss of seeing her tits.

"They should be called 'piece of scrap that barely covers my shit' shorts. Not cut-off shorts." She snorts at me. "I'm serious, Bella! I almost had to kill five guys today. Apparently they're not very attached to their small dicks. I had to resist the urge to unattach them and shove them down their throats."

"What am I going to do with you, Edward?" she sighs as she removes my t-shirt.

"I can think of a few things, if you need some help," I reply, waggling my eyebrows suggestively.

She snorts and rolls her eyes. "Have I told you lately that you're a dork?"

"Hmm," I pretend to think as she helps me out of my jeans. "No. Not lately, anyway. I think I might be due for it."

She steps out of her so-called-shorts and I realize she has no underwear on. All joking is gone, replaced by furious anger.

Are you fucking kidding me, Bella?" I yell, not really caring when she flinches at the volume of my voice.

"What?" she asks, her face a mask of confusion and irritation.

"No panties?" I ask slowly as I try to contain my rage.

"Oh, that," she says, all nonchalant and shit. "Nope," she says, popping the p and smiling smugly at me.

"Do you think this shit is funny, Bella? Do you know how many fuckers were looking at your ass today? Those 'shorts'," I yell, complete with air quotes, "do not cover anything! I'm sure one of those assholes saw something. What were you-"

I'm cut off by her lips against mine. "No one saw anything, Edward," she murmurs against my lips.

"How do you know?" I ask, watching her lips travel across my chest, toward my nipple.

"Because..." she trails off before wrapping her mouth around my nipple and sucking gently. I gasp and she giggles before continuing. "I wouldn't let anyone see anything. I'm yours, remember?"

I growl like a fucking animal and pull my boxers down my legs, kicking them off...somewhere. Who cares? "Fucking right, you are." I grab Bella by her arms and lift her up, placing her on the countertop between the his-and-hers sinks. "You are mine. I'm the only person who gets to see you that way. Are we clear?" I expect her to glare at me or yell some feminist bullshit at me. She does neither. Instead she surprises me and moans out a loud, resounding "yes" that has me

grinning evilly. "I'm going to fuck you right here."

I rock my hips into hers and she arches her back toward me, searching for friction I'm not ready to give her.

"Do you want that baby?" I ask with my own smug grin firmly in place.

"No," she answers, making my grin disappear. "Not like this," she continues with a grin. She pushes me back and I watch as she slides off of the counter and turns away from me.

"Fuck me," I mutter as I watch her bend over the counter, before looking over her shoulder. She shoots me a wink and I pounce.

"You're a dirty fucking girl, Isabella." She groans at the use of her full name. "Do you want to watch me fuck you?"

"Yessss, Edward, mmm..." she moans out as I rub her clit. "I want to see your, ah, gorgeous face you pound my...unghh...pussy from behind."

"Motherfucker!" I groan as I rub the head of my cock up and down her soaked slit. "You're so wet and ready for me, baby."

"Always Edward. Only for you. Fuck me right now. I need you so badly baby, please..."

I don't need to be told twice. I grab her hips and slam inside her tight little pussy in one thrust. She cries out and arches her back, pushing her ass against me. I grunt and find a fast pace, pounding her pussy over and over again. I move my hands from her hips to her tits, grabbing them roughly. Bella moans and bites her lip.

I pinch her nipples and bite her neck as she screams my name. "That's it baby, scream my fucking name. I'm the only one that makes you feel this way. The only fucking one."

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh my God...mmm...more, Edward. Fuck me harder!"

Goddamn, I fucking love this woman.

I move one hand to her hip and grip it tightly for leverage as my other hand travels to the swell of her plump ass. "You were a bad girl today, Isabella. Do you know that? Wearing those slutty fucking shorts with no damn panties. Do you need to be punished?"

"Fuck!" she groans as I hit that special spot inside of her. Now that I found that, she won't last much longer. "Oh my fucking GOD, Edward, right there. Mmm, fuck, ah, baby don't stop!"

I smack her ass hard when I feel her pussy clench around my cock. She screams out a string of impressive expletives. I feel my balls tighten and I know I'm about to cum. Our eyes meet in the mirror and Bella bites her lip before saying the words that nearly rip my orgasm from me. "Edward, I want your cum shooting inside my pussy right now. Fill me up and mark me as yours. I belong to you, forever baby. *Only you.*"

I yell out Bella's name as I cum in her perfect little pussy, spilling every drop deep inside of her. I collapse on her back and pepper it with small kisses while I whisper sweet words against her sweat-soaked skin. I guess those shorts aren't *so bad*.

A/N: Eek. We're on the road to see Charlie, is anyone nervous? *Edward raises his hand*

15. Chapter 15

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A/N: More road trip!

We're back on the road bright and fucking early, much to my dismay.

Over breakfast, we decided that we didn't want to make another stop at a hotel. So instead of driving five hours and stopping, we're going to drive straight through for the last ten hours of the drive. It had originally been my idea to use our six days off to take a road trip to see Chief Swan. I knew Bella was missing him, and apparently he has a new girlfriend, which according to Bella, is history in the making. So I figured a road trip would be perfect. We'd get some time off, Bella would see her dad, and I'd finally meet him officially.

The only thing that has me worried is the paparazzi. I figured taking the road trip would make us less conspicuous. It wouldn't take them long to figure out that us on a plane to Seattle meant that we were heading to Forks. Bella didn't want the fame to affect her dad or her close friends in the tiny town and I thought that was really cool of her. Plus, I don't want to drag paparazzi to his door step and make him hate me anymore than he probably already does.

We make a few stops for food and bathroom breaks, but we don't stop for any other reason. We rotate driving responsibilities every few hours while the other napped and relaxed. Spending hours in a car with someone should be annoying, but of course with Bella, it really isn't. Surprisingly we haven't killed each other yet.

The exact opposite actually.

Okay. I'm not sure that road head is the exact opposite of murder...but...I got road head! That was my surprise for being an awesomely behaved boy. Being a model young man on my best fucking behavior has some serious perks.

Bella becomes fidgety when we spot the Welcome to Forks sign. "Are you okay love?" She stops playing with the hem of her hoodie and looks up at me. She's definitely nervous. "What's wrong baby?"

"Nothing," she lies. I can always tell when Bella's lying now. She's terrible at it and her face is too easy to read now, considering I know all of her facial expressions. I cock an eyebrow at her, silently challenging her. "I don't know. I'm just really nervous, I guess."

"Why?" I hope it's not because of me. Maybe she's afraid that Charlie will hate me? Does he hate me? It really wouldn't surprise me. According to Bella, Jake is Charlie's golden boy; an upstanding young man upholding the law. Bella told me last night as we cuddled that he actually expected Jake and Bella to end up together. That pissed me the fuck off. She tried explaining to me that it's because their families were always so close. I tried to explain to her that I didn't give two fucks. Bella is mine and I'm not allowing anyone to change that.

"I haven't seen him in over a year," she confesses. "What if he's mad at me?" She bites her lip nervously.

"What? Why would he be mad at you?"

She shrugs. "For leaving him." Bella's face is consumed by sadness. "Do you want to stop for a bite to eat before we head to your dads?" She nods quickly and I find a quiet little diner. Hell, it's probably the only diner.

We walk inside, hand-in-hand, and sit ourselves down into a corner table in the back. We'd been lucky so far, and hadn't been recognized. Not many people expect to see celebrities at gas stations and truck stops in the middle of nowhere. But luck always runs out, and by the look on our approaching waitress' face, ours just did.

"Ohmigod, you're Edward Cullen!" the teenage waitress shrieks.

"Shh!" I place a finger over my lips, trying to quiet and hopefully calm her down. "Please don't make a scene. I would really just like to have lunch with my girlfriend."

She scowls when I mention a "girlfriend" but her face lights up when she recognizes Bella with me. "Ohmigawwd! You're Isabella Swan!" she shrieks even louder this time. "I can't believe that you're both here! I know you're from here, obviously," she says to Bella. "You actually used to hang out with my cousin Angela! Do you remember her? OH MY GOD! I just can't believe this. Can I have your autographs? And a picture too? Oh, I so need a picture! No one will believe me unless I have one!"

After our waitress' tirade, Bella looks completely overwhelmed. I'm sure it has something to do with the fact that someone from her own small hometown is freaking the hell out over her mere presence. I decide to take the reins here.

"Um..." I look at her nametag. "Samantha." Her eyes snap to mine at the sound of her name. She blushes bright red and I can see Bella rolling her eyes out of my peripheral vision. I give her my crooked grin, the one that's always been Bella's favorite, which causes the poor girl to fan herself with her notepad. I suppress a laugh and speak to her in my most charming voice. "Samantha," I say her name again. "Would you be absolutely amazing and just let us enjoy our lunch? Don't tell anyone who we are, no more questions, and just do your job? If you can do that for us, before we leave, we will definitely sign some stuff for you and even take a few pictures. Does that sound like a good deal?"

She squeals and claps her hands. I raise an eyebrow at her and she blushes, mumbling out a sheepish, "Sorry." She takes a deep breath and blows it out through her lips. "That's the last one, I'll control myself now." She gives us both a bright smile. "What can I get you today?"

I smile and wink at her, making her blush once more, but she doesn't pull out another fangirl reaction. Feeling confident that she passed that little test, I think about what I want, knowing she'll be cool and actually let us enjoy our lunch together.

Before I can say what I want, Bella says what she wants, which just so happens to be exactly what I was going to order. "I'll just have a burger and fries."

I smile and nod in agreement. "Me too."

"Okay," Samantha nods as she writes it down. "Drinks?"

"Milkshake," Bella and I answer at the same time.

"Oh, gosh, you guys are just so cute together!" she looks horrified once the words are out of her mouth. "Sorry," she blurts out quickly. "I'll put your order in and be right back with your shakes." She spins on her heel and practically runs toward the kitchen.

"You're ridiculous," Bella says with a smile.

I shrug, not denying it. "I got us some privacy. Now tell me what's wrong, baby." I reach across the table and take her hand in mine, playing with her fingers.

"Nothing is wrong, Edward. I just...I don't know. I haven't seen him in so long. We talk on the phone everyday, but that's not really the same, you know? Plus, now he has a girlfriend. That's just...fucking weird." I laugh, which earns me a glare from Bella. "It's not funny, Eddie! What if he...what if he moved on from me?"

I ignore her playful Eddie jibe. "What do you mean 'moved on from you', babe?" I watch her face carefully and her expression just makes my damn heart ache. "Can we talk about this later?" Bella practically begs me, her voice cracking as she finishes her question.

I know she's close to crying, so I nod. "Sorry, baby," I apologize, giving her my crooked smile.

"Sorry," she says. "I'm being a buzzkill."

"No, you're not B. I understand."

She gives me a grateful smile. "I love you."

I smile right back at her. "I love you, too."

Our burgers arrive and I give Samantha a look that clearly says "remember our fucking deal" and thankfully she does, leaving us alone to enjoy our lunch with no interruptions.

Once we finish, I tell her to meet us out in the parking lot. I sign our receipt for her and Bella signs her copy of Immortal Sun that she retrieved from her beat up Toyota.

"Can I get a picture with you both?" she asks in a shy voice. Gone is the fangirl from inside the diner, which makes me incredibly happy.

"Sure," I smile. "B, why don't you stand with her there and I'll take your picture?" Bella takes her by the hand and I swear the poor girl looks like she's ready to pass out. They stand in front of the girl's car and Bella wraps her arm around the girl's waist and puts her free hand on her own hip. Her smile is fucking breathtaking, I swear. I snap the picture with the girl's phone and hand it to Bella. "My turn," I say with a wink toward Samantha.

Her breath catches and her face flushes a brilliant shade of red, so I decide to stop teasing her. Bella's shaking her head, but has a smile on her face.

"Um..." Samantha trails off. "Could you, uh, maybe...pretend that you're going to bite me?" she stutters out, looking down at her worn-out Chucks.

"Sure he will!" Bella answers for me. My eyes snap to hers and she winks at me. I sigh and nod my head. I stand behind Samantha and when Bella counts down I open my mouth near her neck and give my best vampire-face to the camera. "That was perfect!" Bella screams in between giggles.

"Omigawd! Thank you so much! My friends are going to be so jealous!" she squeals a bit, and I figure we should get going before the fangirling comes back. "By the way," she continues. "You two are seriously, like, the best couple ever. You're totally cute together. I hope you guys get married and have adorbs babies!"

I laugh and Bella blushes. "Thank you," she says. "It was awesome to meet you."

-XXX-

Pulling up to Bella's childhood home, I spot the cliché police cruiser in the driveway. I'm suddenly really fucking scared. I've been fine for most of the trip, hell, I was even fine at the diner, knowing our next stop would obviously be here; but seeing her house, and the cruiser in front of sad house...

"I can't go in there," I blurt out, turning in my seat to stare at Bella, all wide-eyed and pathetic looking.

"Of course you can, baby," she says reassuringly. It doesn't help much.

"No. I can't. Bella, I cannot go into that house."

She sighs and tries not to laugh at me. "Eddie, you'll be fine, my dad will love you."

I nearly scoff. Yeah fuckin' right. He'll love me, because dads just love meeting the guy that's been defiling their daughters. "Bella," I look at her seriously and take her hand. "You're asking me to walk into that house," she nods, "to meet your father," she gives me a 'duh' look, "the Police Chief of this town," she bites her lip, "Who can legally fucking kill me?" That's what finally breaks her, and she bursts out into a fit of laughter. "It's not funny!" I nearly shriek.

"Thank you baby," she says before kissing my lips gently.

“For what?” I ask, confused out of my damn mind. What is she thanking me for? Being a pussy?

“You always know what to say, to make me laugh and forget. I’m not nervous anymore. But I do still want to talk later, okay?”

What the fuck?

“Um,” I stutter out. Better to be the good boyfriend, joking around to make your girlfriend smile, than to be a scared shitless pussy who was whining over meeting said girlfriend’s dad. “No problem, baby.” *Well played.*

“Bells!” I hear a gruff voice boom out while I’m retrieving our luggage out of the trunk.

“Daddy!” Bella yells in reply. I look up and see her running toward her father. You can see the resemblance between them...kinda, well not really. He’s tall, maybe only an inch or two under my 6’2 frame. Where Bella has mahogany hair, her father’s is jet black. As I walk toward them with the luggage, I notice that his eyes are the same shade of brown as Bella’s, but they lack the bright, chocolatey warmth that Bella’s have. Thank God for that. I’m pretty sure something would be seriously wrong with me if I started describing my girlfriend’s father’s eyes as bright and chocolatey.

I place the bags down on the porch and hold out my hand. “Hello, Chief. I’m Edward Cullen. It’s nice to meet you, Sir.” It all comes out surprisingly calm, even though my insides are raging with nerds.

Charlie looks me over and grunts before taking my hand and squeezing the ever-loving-shit out of it. I don’t flinch, which I’m sure is what he expected of me. His porn-stache twitches as he fights off a smile. Asshole.

You are fucking his daughter...

True. He gets a pass.

“Isabella!” A beautiful Native American woman emerges from the house and wraps Bella in a hug.

“Mrs. Clearwater?” Bella gasps out, sounding surprised. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh, Dear, call me Sue!” Sue shoots Charlie a death glare over Bella’s shoulder, making him gulp.

“Wait...” Bella says slowly, a thoughtful look on her face. “You...you’re dad’s girlfriend?” Oh shit. Death glare, explained. Sue just smiles at Bella and nods.

“Yes, Honey, but apparently your father decided to let that little piece of information slip.” Another death glare. “I’m sorry if this is a shock for you. I thought you knew.”

Bella shakes her head as if trying to clear it. “It is a shock.” Charlie gets a third death glare, this time receiving one from Bella. Shit. I wouldn’t want to be on the receiving end of these looks. Charlie is as pale as a ghost now. It’s kind of comical how afraid he is of his own daughter.

Like you wouldn’t be.

Oh, shut up.

“But it’s not a bad shock, Sue,” Bella continues. I’m glad you’re making my dad so happy.” Bella smile sweetly and follows her into the house.

I let out a small chuckle and Charlie raises an eyebrow at me. “What are you laughing about, Son?”

I try to cover it up by coughing. “Uh, nothing, Sir.”

He just grunts and follows the women into the house and I do the same after grabbing our bags.

The house is really nice on the inside. I’m assuming it’s all Sue, because Charlie I can’t picture Charlie at Ikea, trying to find matching window treatments and rugs. I almost laugh-out-loud at the mere thought, but somehow contain it. “Your home is great, Chief,” I compliment. He grunts out a disinterested “thanks.”

He turns to face me. “Call me Charlie, kid.”

I nod and he walks toward the kitchen while I follow like a fucking puppy.

Bella spots me and grabs my hand, leading me toward the stove where Sue is busy stirring something that smells fucking delicious. “Sue,” Bella says with a smile. “This is my Edward. Edward, this is my dad’s girlfriend, Sue.” I love how sweet my girl is, acting like that whole shit storm didn’t just happen out on the front porch.

“It’s so nice to meet you, Edward. You’re even more handsome in person,” Sue says with a wink.

I blush, because what the fuck. She’s so sweet and it’s kind of embarrassing to be complimented like that in front of Charlie, by his girlfriend, of all people. “Thank you, Sue, you’re absolutely stunning yourself. The Chief is a very lucky man.” I wink right back and kiss her hand, causing her to blush. I’m smiling until Charlie clears his throat.

Oh, shit.

I decide to stop being such a pussy in front of this guy and just shrug at the glare he shoots my way.

“What are we eating?” Bella asks, leaning over and smelling the contents of the pot. “Spaghetti?”

“Yes, Dear. I thought I’d make spaghetti and meatballs with my special sauce.”

"That sounds great, Sue, thank you," Bella replies politely. Sue waves her off and suggests that we take our things upstairs. I follow Bella into her old bedroom, and as soon as the door is shut, she attacks me. "Bella..." God, I love her lips. So soft and warm. She tastes like watermelon right now, and I silently thank whoever the hell invented watermelon-flavored Jolly Ranchers. "Love...stop, we're in your dad's house." I groan as she kisses and sucks on my neck.

"He's not going to come up here, Edward, let me touch you," she mumbles against my skin. "Let me touch you. I wanna make you feel good..." Bella trails off as her hand disappears down my jeans. "Fuck!" I groan as her hand wraps around my already hard cock. "Look at you baby," she whispers. "So hard and ready for me," she nips at my chin, making me growl.

"Bella! Dinner is done!" The sudden sound of Charlie's voice scares the shit out of me, and before I can stop myself, I push Bella away, nearly making her smack to the ground. I catch her before she does, but she still shoots me a well-deserved "what the fuck" look.

I smile at her sheepishly. "Sorry," I mutter and kiss her cheek.

She starts laughing and pushes me away. "Get off of me, you wimp."

"Hey!" I protest.

"What?" she asks as we descend the stairs.

"I'm not a wimp!"

She laughs again and lets the mini-argument drop as we reach the bottom of the stairs. I don't continue, because I don't really want to explain how I'm a wimp to Charlie and Sue.

Dinner is fucking delicious, and going really well. I reach for my second helping and that's when things take a turn for the worse. We had been chatting about the movie when Jacob fucking Black comes up into the conversation.

"So, Bells, how's Jake been doing down there for ya?" Charlie asks with a mouth full of spaghetti. Sue chastises him like a child, but he waves her off and looks expectantly at Bella.

She gives me a quick glance before answering. "He's been okay. I think he misses home, though. I might be getting someone new, if he moves back."

Charlie's eyebrows are almost into his hairline when he responds. "Really? He told me he missed work and Billy, but I didn't think he'd just abandon you." He grunts disapprovingly, which I'll admit, I got some serious enjoyment from. "I'll have a chat with him when he stops by tomorrow."

I choke on my spaghetti.

Bella scoots closer to me and pats my back. "Are you okay?" I nod as I gulp down some of my water. "Why is Jake here?" Bella asks her dad.

"He didn't tell you?" Charlie asks. Bella shakes her head no. "He called me a few days ago and told me he was coming back to visit while you did. I figured he was going to come with you, but he told me he was catching a flight up tomorrow. Why didn't you take a plane, Bella? Why would you wanna drive all the way up here, anyway?"

Bella looks at me while she answers. "Edward thought it would be fun to take a road trip together. Plus, that way no paparazzi really knew where we were headed. I didn't want them swarming your house like vultures again, dad."

Again?

"Bella, I can handle myself," Charlie says with a roll of his eyes.

"I know you can, dad, relax," Bella replies with a roll of her eyes as well.

Sue laughs at their banter and I join her. You can tell that she has a really close relationship with her dad. I don't know too much about her mom. It seems like Bella never really likes to talk about her, and I don't want to push, but spending time with her dad is making me incredibly curious about the infamous Renee.

After dinner we all watched some of the Mariners game, until Bella yawned. "Tired babe?" I ask with a kiss to her forehead.

"A bit," she answers quietly.

"Do you wanna go to sleep?" I whisper, making her shiver. I smile into her hair and see Sue looking at us with a wistful expression on her face.

"I think we're gonna head up to bed, dad."

Charlie looks up from the game with a frown. "All right, Bells." He turns to me. "Edward, we'll be heading to bed in a few minutes. I'll bring you down some blankets and a pillow." My eyes must've widened comically because he chokes out a laugh. "You didn't think I'd let him sleep in your room, Bells, did ya?"

Fuck yes she did. I have to sleep on the couch? Fuck that! I wanna sleep with Bella!

"Um, yeah I did, dad. I'm a grown woman."

He snorts. "That doesn't matter, Bella. He's sleeping down here. No premarital funny business in my ouse."

Bella gets that look on her face; the one that makes me instinctively protect my junk. Charlie looks scared. I snick and cough to cover it up. "Edward and I will be in my room." She grabs my hand and I follow her toward the stairs, Charlie following right behind me.

“Isabella Marie Swan.”

Oh shit, he full-named her. Bella turns around without a trace of fear on her face. “Yes?” Impressive.

“You will not be sharing a room with him,” he nearly growls. His face is red and his body seems to be vibrating with anger, so I know he’s pissed. I decide to try and diffuse the situation.

“Bella, love, I can sleep down here,” I say softly. I don’t want to be the reason she and her dad are fighting.

Bella snorts. “No, Edward, we’re staying in my room.” She turns and faces her father. “Unless Sue is sleeping the living room as well, and not in your bedroom?”

All color drains from Charlie’s face as he stutters. “I...we...she...”

Bella smiles triumphantly. “Exactly.” And then she pulls me up the stairs without another word.

Once we’re behind the safety of her bedroom door, I whistle. “Fuck baby, remind me to never piss you off.”

Bella laughs and removes her jeans. “Why’s that? Did I scare you, Eddie?” I watch as she removes her shirt next, and I lick my lips. I shake my head no. “No?” she asks as she unclasps her bra. I groan as her perfect tits come into view. I shake my head no again. I can’t speak, I guess.

I watch in rapt fascination as she bends over and gets one of my plain white t-shirts out of my bag and slips it over her head. Bella in nothing but my shirt and a sexy little pair of panties has me rock fucking hard.

Control yourself! Her dad is downstairs.

“Are you trying to drive me fucking crazy?” I groan out.

“What do you mean, baby?” she asks with mock-innocence.

Innocent my ass. Two can play this game.

“Nothin’ baby, never mind.” I unzip my jeans and watch Bella’s eyes follow my movements. I yank my jeans off and fold them neatly. I take my shirt off next and throw it on the dresser in the corner. I scratch my stomach and put my arms up over my head, stretching and groaning. I hear Bella whimper but ignore her completely. “Baby, can you pass me a pair of boxers?” I ask absently.

I watch Bella bite her lip and approach me. “What’s wrong with the pair you’ve got on?” she asks accusingly.

I laugh. “There’s nothing wrong with them, I just want a fresh pair.” She cocks an eyebrow at me but gets the boxers anyway. “Thanks, B.”

I pull my boxers down and kick them off. I unfold the pair that Bella handed to me, but I don’t get a chance to put them on.

“You think you’re slick, don’t you?” Bella asks me as she pushes me against the wall.

“No,” I shake my head and grin, moving my hand in between her thighs. “But you are, baby.” I groan as I feel how slick and wet her pussy is for me. Bella moans into my mouth as she kisses me forcefully. I slide two fingers inside her, and fuck she feels so good. So wet. So hot. So tight. I want my cock buried in there so fucking badly.

“Edward,” she moans out my name and hooks her right leg around my hip. “I need you so bad.”

I pick her up by her ass and walk over to the small full-sized bed. “I can’t fuck you here, Bella. Not with your dad downstairs.” She whimpers and begs and it takes all the self-fucking-control I have to not rip her panties off her body and take her anyway.

“But Edward,” her whimpering is softening my resolve. “I want you so bad, baby. Can’t you feel how wet I am?”

Fuck. She’s killing me. “Bella...I said I wouldn’t fuck you. I never said I wouldn’t make you cum.”

She moans at my statement and pulls me down on top of her.

I kiss her roughly, shoving my tongue into her mouth before biting her bottom lip. She groans and arches her back, craving friction. I kiss my way down her neck and wrap my mouth around a nipple, sucking hungrily. I nibble at it while I pinch the other as she moans, begging for me to touch her.

I kiss my way down her stomach, stopping to kiss and lick her bellybutton, making her shiver. I lick a trail down past her hips, until I’m in the fucking promised land. Bella’s pussy is so fucking beautiful; swollen, pink, wet, and begging for me. I lick up her slit, using my entire tongue, making Bella cry out. “More, Edward!”

“Bella, baby, you need to be quiet or I have to stop.”

She nods and bites her lip. I go back to work, sliding my tongue in her pussy while I work her clit with my thumb. Bella starts grinding herself up onto my tongue and I fucking love it. She grabs my head, holding me to her while I bring her closer and closer to the edge. I move my mouth to her clit, sucking it hard while I push two fingers inside her tight hole. “Harder baby,” she begs me. “Mmm, fuck, faster Edward! Fuck me with those fingers, mmm...God...I’m so close.” Bella’s words fuel me and I start pounding my fingers in and out of her while I nibble at her clit gently.

Bella grabs a pillow, covering her face to muffle her screams. I wipe my mouth off and crawl up her body, until I’m lying on top of her, resting my head on her chest. “Thank you baby,” she kisses me softly when I look up her before licking my lips.

Fuck. I love when she tastes herself on me. So damn sexy.

Bella pushes me onto my back and starts making her way toward my aching cock...when there's a knock at the door. "Night Bells, see you in the morning, kid." Charlie's gruff goodnight completely ruins the mood. Bye boner.

I groan in frustration, making Bella giggle. "I'm sorry baby," she pouts, looking as upset as I am.

"It's okay," I tell her, not wanting her to feel bad. I don't need to cum every time she does. I just wanted to make her feel good after a seriously stressful day.

"Hey!" Bella suddenly says brightly.

"What, baby?" I ask, happy that her mood has turned around.

"We're in Forks..." she trails off.

"I know." I give her a 'duh' look. "So?" That earns me a very hard pinch to my nipple. "Ow!"

She just laughs at my discomfort. "So...you don't wanna spoon?"

Huh? Oh! "Yeah! Hell, yeah!" I swear I sound like a little kid on Christmas. "Let's spoon in Forks, baby," I say with a smile.

Bella giggles and snuggles up against me. "I love you, you dork."

"I love you too, B."

I don't know how I did it...but I survived meeting the Chief. However...if Jacob Black pulls any shit tomorrow, I can't guarantee that he will.

16. Chapter 16

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A/N: Back to our lovebirds!

I feel the warm, comforting sunshine on my face and I let out a sigh of contentment. At least, until it rises a bit higher and starts blinding me. “Ughh,” I groan. I try to roll over in an attempt to shield my eyes from the offending sun, but I can’t. Why? Because Bella’s tiny body has me pinned down in place. She’s seriously fucking possessive when she’s unconscious. It’s kind of hilarious, usually, but right now it isn’t funny at all; because not only am I being blinding, but I really have to piss.

“B,” I whisper while I give her a little nudge.

“Mmm,” is her only reply. Normally, I love when Bella moans. However, that wasn’t the sexy little moan she’d give me during sex; that was her “I’m not waking up and this is the most you’re getting out of me right now” moan.

“Bella, wake up. You’re trapping me.”

She groans, but doesn’t budge one little fucking bit. I try to roll out of her grasp again, but she hooks a leg over my hip. “Don’t leave me,” she whispers.

I immediately stop trying to move and stare at her face. “What’s wrong, babe?” I ask because I know that whisper was serious. She’s not joking around like she does every other morning. I tell my dick to calm the fuck down. We can piss later, our girl needs us. He thankfully senses the seriousness of the situation and puts my bladder on standby.

“Nothing,” she grumbles, scrunching her nose up adorably...and lying right through her teeth.

“Tell me, or, I’m gonna have to resort to violent measures.”

She cracks one eye open. “Like what?” she challenges.

“Like...tickling you until you pee your pants.”

She opens both eyes now and sighs. “Fine. I’ll tell you. Keep your hands where I can see ‘em.”

I laugh, unable to help myself when she’s being so damn cute. I raise my hands in surrender and wink at her. She gives me a small smile, but it’s only a wisp of her real smiles. It doesn’t reach her eyes. “Tell me what’s wrong, Bella.”

She nods and bites her lip. I don’t push, because I know she’s giving herself a minute and I have no problem letting her have time to think and sort it all out in her head.

“Remember yesterday, when I had my little freak out?” she asks. I nod, because fucking duh I remember it. “Well...it didn’t have much to do with my dad. Well, no, it did. But it was really mostly about my mom.” I must look confused, cause she continues on quickly. “I felt like, my dad getting a girlfriend would mean that he would abandon me, you know? Like he wouldn’t want me in his life anymore.” She says the last part so quietly that I barely heard her.

“Why would you think that?” I really can’t imagine anyone ever abandoning Bella intentionally. Who would ruin their own life like that? Because that’s exactly what they’d be doing; they’d be ruining their life by removing her from it. A life without Bella isn’t a life at all.

“I haven’t told you much about my mom, and I know you’ve wanted to know, and I’m sorry about that. But I’d like to tell you now,” she says almost shyly. “If that’s okay?” Her tone is uncertain, like there’s any chance in Hell that I wouldn’t want to know more about her.

“I would love to hear about your mom, B.” I give her a genuine smile, because I’m really excited to learn something new about her. I just can’t help it.

Bella takes a deep breath before speaking. “My parents met in high school. They were high school sweethearts, and I was there little accident. They got married right after they graduated, a few months before I was born. My mom always hated this town. She hated the small town life. She thought she was too good for it, that she deserved better. She wanted to be a famous actress and live a glamorous Hollywood lifestyle.”

I snort. People don’t realize how hard being a famous actor actually is. Sure, you have fame and fortune, but all of that comes with a price. You make sacrifices and life isn’t perfect. You’re just like everyone else in most ways.

“I know,” she agrees with my snort and rolls her eyes. “So anyway, my parents got divorced when I was ten. My mom wanted to move to California but we couldn’t afford it right away. So she took me to Arizona instead.”

Bella looks so sad, so I interrupt. “You picked living with your mom over your dad?” She nods and bites her lip. “Why?”

Her lip begins trembling, so I run my thumb over it in what I hope is a soothing gesture. She visibly relaxes and I give her a small kiss, silently willing her to continue; to let me into her life.

“I thought that my mom would need me more than Charlie would. She was, well, *she is*, kind of a flake. Plus, I was afraid of being without her. I mean, every little girl needs their mom, right?” I don’t answer, ‘cause, how the fuck would I know that? But I give a small nod anyway, so she knows I’m listening. “I was right and wrong. My mom did need me. She needed me to pay the bills, cook dinner, and take care of her when she spent the night before partying too hard.”

She grimaces and I feel sad and angry all at once. Sad for the little ten-year-old girl that had to deal with all of that bullshit, and angry at her mother for not stepping the fuck up and doing her job as a mother. “I’m sorry baby,” I whisper into her hair before placing a kiss there.

Bella shrugs. "I guess Renee was just never meant to be a mom. She was too selfish; she's still too selfish. I moved back in with Charlie when I was twelve and I haven't looked back since. I hated her for the longest time, but now that I'm older we have a better relationship."

"You don't talk to her much, though," I say, pointing out the obvious.

"No, I don't," Bella agrees. "She's usually too busy chasing after whatever new guy is in her life, or some hobby that she'll drop next week. But she calls me and I call her and that's enough. Renee is more like an older girlfriend, I guess, not really like a mom." I can hear the bitterness in her voice that she's trying to hide.

"There's something else bothering you, isn't there?" I guess and she nods. "Tell me."

"Remember when our parents found out about us, through the tabloids?"

I grimace, because yeah, I fucking remember. My mom was ready to kill me. Not because I was with Bella, she was ecstatic about that part, but because she had to read about it, in line at the grocery store, instead of hearing it from me. "Yeah, I remember."

"Well, when I told Charlie, he had the same reaction as your parents. He was kind of pissed that I didn't tell him myself, and that he found out about it from Molly, the station's receptionist. He got into an argument with her, telling her that it wasn't true, because he hadn't heard it from me, only to call me later and find out that it was true and she was right."

Bella looks so guilty that I need to reassure her. "Hey, it's okay. We made a mistake, but they weren't mad for too long. You know that once my mom was done bitching me out, she wanted to know when she was getting grandbabies." The memory makes her blush and giggle. "And my dad, well, he just grunted out a congratulations and told me not to fuck it up."

Bella makes a face and kisses me. "You'll never fuck this up."

"I'll try my best not to fuck this up," I correct her.

She rolls her eyes, hating it whenever I say that. She doesn't see me as a fuck up and I love her for it.

"So..." she dives back into her story. "When I called my mom, she did talk my ear off that day, just like your mom. But she wasn't mad that I didn't tell her. She wasn't happy about it, she didn't congratulate me. Do you know what she talked about?" I shake my head no, because I don't. I just assumed that she was on the phone as long as she was for the same reasons as me. "She told me that it was a fantastic idea to nab a rich Hollywood actor for a husband, just in case my career doesn't pan out. She called you a...backup plan."

I flinch instinctively. That's so...fucking harsh. I feel pissed because her mother views me as nothing more than a secondary bank account, a life insurance policy in case Bella's career doesn't take off, and that hurts. But, I feel even more pissed about the fact that her mother obviously has no faith in her daughter. But what pisses me off the most? Her mother thinks that Bella is actually capable of that, of using me and being essentially nothing but a gold digger, trying to sink her claws into the man with the biggest bank account. I want to find Renee and kill her. I swallow back the bile rising in my throat and take a deep breath.

"Are you made at me? Bella whispers, her lip trembling back in full force. "I promise you, Edward; you're my everything. You're not a backup plan. I'm with you because I love you and if this didn't work out," she motions all around us. "I would never try to marry you, just so I could continue to live this...lifestyle of the rich and famous." Bella starts crying and chanting "I promise" over and over again.

She actually thinks that I would think like her mother? That I would think that she's capable of that? That she's that kind of person? *No fucking way.*

"Bella, baby, come here." I roll over, onto my back, and pull her small body on top of me, until she's straddling my hips. She keeps her head down, her hair flowing down in between us, hiding her face from me. I push her hair back behind her ears, and lift her face to mine. "Look at me, Bella," I order in a firm voice. She looks up at me, making my heart plummet into my stomach when I see her expression. She looks so sad and afraid. "I would never ever think that about you. Do you understand me?" She looks uncertain and I fucking hate it. "We are both at the same level. We're both just starting out. Do you think I'm with you, in case my own career tanks?"

She looks horror-struck. "No!" she says fiercely. "You're with me, because you love me, I know that."

I smile at her. "Yes, I am. And you're with me because you love me." She smiles back at me and it's so fucking beautiful to see. "No matter what happens; if we both become huge movie stars, or if we both work at Starbucks, I will always love you, Isabella Swan."

She leans down and gives me a sweet, slow kiss. "I will always love you, Edward Cullen," she breathes against my lips.

After hearing everything that Bella said, I figured she was so nervous yesterday because she thought that Charlie would see her moving off to Hollywood as abandoning him again. Which I know she thinks she did when she was little, but she didn't. She was just a little kid who needed her mom at that time.

"Hey, Bella?" I ask to get her attention, because this shit is important. I refuse to have my girl carrying around all of this unnecessary guilt. It will eat her up like a flesh-eating virus. "You know your dad doesn't see you going to Hollywood and pursuing your dreams as you abandoning him, right?" Her breathing catches and she stares at me wide-eyed. "You never abandoned him. You were just a little girl that wanted to be with her mom, and Charlie knew that. He never held any of it against you, and I know he's happy that you're living your dream. He knows that you love him and that's all that matters. And, him being with Sue, is not a way to replace you in his life. I'm sure your mom hurt him just as much when she left, and Sue is healing that part of him."

Tears roll down her cheeks, but these tears don't worry me. These are cleansing tears, she's letting all of those ugly demons go that have been haunting her. "I love you so fucking much, Eddie."

I let out a small laugh and hug her close to me. "I love you, too, B."

After a little impromptu, emotional make-out session, Bella and I finally decide to get up and get ready for the day. I really want to shower with her; not to have sex, but just to feel close to her. I can't of course, because the only bathroom in the house is down the hall from Bella's childhood bedroom, and also happens to be right across from Charlie's bedroom. I really don't want to run into Charlie, leaving a steaming bathroom with his daughter, clad only in a towel. So sadly, we showered separately. I let Belal go in first, being the awesome gentleman that I am.

The water pressure sucks, so I work through my luke-warm shower quickly, doing only the essentials and getting the fuck out. On my way back to Bella's room, I pass the stairs, hearing a loud guffaw from somewhere downstairs.

I know that stupid fucking laugh. Jacob Black is here. All right, motherfucker. *Game on.*

I walk into Bella's room, grabbing only a pair of loose basketball shorts and throw them on. I walk into the kitchen a few minutes later, wearing nothing but my shorts. Bella's eyes widen and I watch in amusement as they roam up and down my body hungrily. *That's my girl.* I almost laugh out loud when I see the look on Sue's face. Her cheeks are stained with a bright red blush, and she won't maintain eye contact with me. The funniest reaction by far, though, is Jacob's. He's scowling at me, like a little boy who didn't get what he wanted on Christmas morning. He can't hide the impressed look that flickers across his face either, which only seems to piss him off further.

Yeah motherfucker, you can get ripped without taking all of those steroids that give you baby balls. Imagine that?

I bask in Jacob's jealous rage as I stalk over to Bella, pulling her close to my half-naked body. Not seeing the Chief anywhere in sight, I allow my hands to roam down to her ass, giving it a light squeeze. I'm rewarded with a hot little moan against my lips as I softly kiss my girl.

"Sup, Black?" I make sure to use his old-fashioned, lame-ass greeting, just to piss him off. He shrugs and sits down. *Little fuck.*

I sit down in an empty chair right across from him and pull Bella down onto my lap. Sue excuses herself to go "freshen up" and I capitalize on the absence of all parental figures, like a hormonal teenage boy. "Bella, love, you smell amazing," I purr into her neck as I kiss and lick my way down from the base of her throat to her earlobe. Her breath hitches and becomes more and more ragged as I trace my finger all around her jean-covered thigh. "I missed you in the shower. It was very lonely without you," I whisper in her ear, loud enough for Jake to hear it.

His visibly fuming when Bella replies. "I missed you, too, Eddie."

As soon as the words leave her lips, he shoots up from his chair, knocking it backward to the floor. "UGH! ENOUGH!"

Bella jumps up out of my lap, startled by his outburst. I sit there, legs spread, with a shit-eating grin on my face.

"What's wrong, Jake?" Bella asks, looking concerned for the oaf. She's such a sweetheart. She has no idea why he's so upset. I feel bad for a second, using her weakness for me to get back at him, but then I remember how he tried to use *my* Bella to piss *me* off, so I let the emotion go.

Bella is mine. All I'm doing is letting it be known. I'm not going to hump her leg or piss on her. Be grateful for that.

"I can't take it anymore!" Jacob screams. "Why are you with him, Bella? Huh? You're supposed to be *with me*."

Bella looks horrified and slightly embarrassed. "Jake, I'm with Edward because...I love him. I know our dads really wanted us to end up together, since our families are so close, but--"

Jacob's cold laughter cuts her off. "*Friends?* Friends, Bella? You were my first kiss! You were supposed to be my first everything, but I was always pushed to the side. Always! I always had to hear, 'Oh, Jake, you're such a good friend. I don't want to lose that.' I had to hear all of that bullshit while you slutted your way through Forks High! But I thought when we were all grown up, you'd be done messing around, and settle down with *me*."

Bella steps back like he just slapped her.

I try to stand up, but Bella puts a hand on my shoulder to stop me. "I was a slut in high school, Jake?" her voice is cold and completely devoid of emotion. God. If Bella ever spoke to me like that, I'm pretty sure I'd die of a broken heart. *I know, I'm a pussy.*

Jacob blanches at her question, but after a second, the fucker nods. "Really?" she asks again and he hesitates this time before nodding again. "*Jacob fucking Black!*" Bella sudden screams. Hey, she knows his real name, just like me! "You are the most idiotic person that I have ever met." I agree, baby. "Losing your virginity to your boyfriend of six months is pretty much sainthood for a high school girl!" True. "And makingout with three boys, over three years, is practically Mother Theresa behavior!" Even though I have the urge to hunt down all four of these asshole boys that touched my girl, my girl is right. "Don't you dare call me a slut." Bella is nearly shaking with rage at this point.

Bella lets out a cold, humorless laugh and shakes her head. "You're the one who told me how much you loved me and wanted to be with me..." Motherfucker! "And then you'd be fucking some skank down on the Rez the following weekend. You fucked your way through your entire senior class! So, who is the real slut here, Jake? It certainly isn't me."

God, I'm so proud of her!

"I..." Jacob has shit to say and he knows it. This is fucking amazing. "You always denied me!" he yells after a minute. "What was I supposed to do? Wait around forever, for you?" he says it as if the mere concept is ridiculous. Who the fuck does he think he is? I would wait five fucking lifetimes to be with Bella. Hell, even if she told me she didn't want to be with me; oh wait she did that already. I'd make her mine; oh wait, I did. 'Cause I'm fucking awesome and Jacob clearly isn't.

"No, Jake. I never wanted you to wait for me, because I never wanted you."

That makes Jacob's eyes flash and before I can even move myself in between them, he has her face in his hands. My stomach churns when he crashing his lips against my fucking girlfriend's. Bella whimpers in protest, but asshole here takes it as a fucking whimper of desire and not distress. I know my baby's

sounds. She tries to push him off, but in his fucked up head, he thinks she's trying to hold onto him. Once she finally frees herself from him, she speaks. "Get off me, Jake!" It comes out breathy from her lack of oxygen. I grab her and pull her behind me, sitting her in the chair I vacated.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, motherfucker! You don't kiss a woman unless she asks or gives you fucking permission." My voice doesn't even sound like my own. I'm using every ounce of willpower I have to contain my rage. I feel murderous.

"She seemed to like it," he says smugly, trying to provoke me.

I will not be disrespectful in Charlie's house.

I keep chanting that over and over in my head as I simply smile at the fucker. "Really?" He just nods with a shit-eating grin on his face. "You're wrong." His smile falters, but he plasters it back on. "She was whimpering for you to get off of her. She couldn't stand the thought of your lips on hers. She was trying in vain to push your huge ass off of her, because she didn't want to feel you all around her. She didn't want you to consume her. You see, Puppy Dick, she only has those feelings *for me*. I am hers and she is mine. I don't care who told you what when you were five-fucking-years-old. People grow, people change, and make their own fucking choices. Bella has chosen, so fucking deal with it, or get the fuck out of her life. Because I will not have you touching her again, without her permission." By the time I finish my rant, my body is heaving with labored breaths. I'm grinding the fuck out of my teeth and my knuckles are white. I'm pretty sure I have nail marks embedded into my palms, too.

"I couldn't have said it better myself," a gruff voice says from the entryway of the kitchen. We all spin around and see Chief Swan standing there, and damn does he look pissed the fuck off. I can tell he's in a state almost similar to my own. Sue has her hand on his shoulder, trying to calm and probably restrain him as well. "Jacob, I want you out of my house, now." Jacob tries to speak, but the Chief silences him with a raised hand. "I don't care what you have to say anymore. I heard the whole thing. The only reason I ain't getting my gun belt is 'cause Sue is holding me here, and I don't want Bella to see you die. She may want it herself right now, but she might feel bad about it later. And I won't have my baby feeling bad over a sorry sack-a-shit like you. I'll be letting Billy know all this too. He'll be real disappointed in you."

Holy fucking shit, I love Charlie Swan! I'd marry him, but his mustache looks like it might tickle. Plus, you know, I'm going to marry his daughter one day, and that's just incestuous polygamy and who wants that? Oh, and plus, I'm not gay. I mean, I have no issues with that lifestyle at all, I support it 100%, but I think not liking dick might be a damper on the honeymoon.

Bella's lovely voice brings me out of my disturbing thoughts. "Leave, Jake. I don't want to see you anymore. I'll get a new bodyguard. Please have all of your things gone by the time I get back. And leave my key."

His face falls and I have to stifle a laugh. He's so fucking delusional. What did he think? She'd run to him and proclaim her undying love for him? Jesus Christ, man, get a fucking grip.

Bye Puppy Dick. I won't be missing you.

The tension leaves right along with Jacob.

"Put a shirt on, boy," Charlie says, shaking his head.

I smile at Bella, who's trying to stifle her giggles. "Yes, Sir."

-o-

After the whole Puppy Dick fiasco, our day with Charlie and Sue was quiet and enjoyable. Charlie gushed about how he tells all the guys at the station about Bella. He makes everyone watch all of her movies and even her interviews. I give her a few conspiratorial winks throughout the day that say, "See, he loves your work, he's proud of you." I think she finally gets it.

As the day wore on, I saw the worry and tension leave her body. This was a good trip for her; this was a good trip for us, just like I knew it would be. She got to reconnect with her dad, worked shit out about her mom, and got rid of the cancerous sore, also known as Jacob fucking Black.

As we're heading back to LA, Bella sleeps soundly in the passenger seat, holding onto my hand tightly. I know when we get back, something is going to change. I need Bella to be with me, always. I'm going to ask her to move in with me. I don't even feel nervous about it. Okay, I feel kinda fucking nervous and a little scared, but I'll just ignore that shit. I know this is what I want and I can only hope that Bella feels the same. We practically live together as it is, but I want it to be official.

My Bella will be with me always, and I'll make fucking sure of that. I love her too much to settle for anything less.

A/N: See ya, Puppy Dick!

17. Chapter 17

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Filming for *Immortal Sun* is officially over. I have to admit that it's super weird to be here, standing in the middle of the wrap party, with Bella by my side, as more than just my co-star. Six months ago, I would have never imagined that this would be my life. I just finished what is expected to be a widely successful film, the start of a huge saga. I'm in love with the perfect woman. I have everything I want. Well, almost everything that I want. You see, I've been kind of a pussy. I haven't asked Bella to move in with me yet. I tried a few times, but always backed out at the last minute.

I'm not sure why, and I can't figure it out for the life of me. I want to talk to someone about it, but I decided against it, because there's no one I can really talk to about it. I don't want to tell Rose or Emmett until it actually happens, so they're out. I can't tell Alice or Jasper, just in case she says no. I mean, how horrible would that be? I'd always have to see their sympathetic looks if they knew that I asked and she obviously declined. I definitely can't tell my parents, simply because my mom would keep me on the phone for hours. All of my other friends are...not the settling down type of people. So they're out. I'm on my own.

All day I've done nothing but think about asking her tonight. My palms begin sweating and my throat instantly dries, just from thinking about it.

"Are you okay, babe?" Bella whispers in my ear. She's incredibly perceptive to my moods, just like I am to hers. Sometimes it's annoying, but I'm mostly grateful for it.

"Yeah," I nod. "Just nervous I guess. It's kind of overwhelming, huh?"

She nods in agreement, and I relax a bit. I hate lying to Bella; even a little white lie for a good reason bothers me.

"Hellooo, lovebirds!" I hear the tiny pixie a second before I see her.

"Hello, Alice. Where's J?"

She smiles brightly at the mention of her boyfriend. "Jazzy is getting me a drink!" I snort and she glares.

I love that she calls him Jazzy. I see him approaching and I bat my eyes at him. "Hey Jazzy! You're looking so fucking delicious tonight." I make kissy noises at him and he rolls his eyes.

"Grow up, Cullen. Go kiss your girl; my lips are for Alice only."

Alice smiles brightly and leans in for a kiss. "That's right!" Her smile falters as she looks around. "Where is Bella, anyway?"

I realize that she's no longer next to me the second Alice says her name. Where the fuck did she go? I look around the room frantically, searching for her until my eyes lock onto her. She's so fucking gorgeous. She's wearing a tight, red dress that ends right above her knees. It's a shit ton of leg porn and her tits look great. I start fantasizing about what I want to do to her later tonight when we're alone, when I see a hand land on her shoulder. Who's fucking hand is that? My eyes follow the hand to the face of its owner. Motherfucker! James is looking at Bella like she's his future midnight snack.

Now that I'm no longer under a Bella Swan induced horn-ball daze, I see that her posture is stiff and defensive, and the asshole is definitely enjoying her distress. I hand my drink to Alice, who accepts it silently, her own eyes boring into James as well. Jasper steps up to go with me, but I hold him back with my hand. I shake my head and he nods once in recognition. I need to deal with this fucker alone. As far as I know, he hasn't been bothering her on set. She told me that one time, when he was being creepy, but she hasn't mentioned anything new, so I'd forgotten about the jerk.

As I approach them, I catch the end of his sentence. "...Edward wouldn't have to know, love. You need to broaden your horizons, don't settle for the first pretty face you see here. Hollywood is full of pretty people." He strokes his finger down her bare shoulder and I see her cringe at his intimate touch. I feel bile rise in my throat. I'm going to fucking kill him!

Saying nothing to alert my presence, I walk up, and position myself behind him. I grab his shoulder and squeeze hard, twirling him around to face me. "Keep your disgusting fucking hands off of my damn girlfriend." I barely get the words out, I'm so overwhelmed with rage. James just fucking smirks at me. The motherfucker obviously has a death wish, and I'm all too willing to oblige. I don't need any more motivation. I swing my fist back and connect with the side of his face.

He falls to the floor and immediately enters the fetal position. I kick him, over and over again. I can hear Bella screaming, and it sounds like she might be crying, but it all seems so far away. All I can focus on is James and hurting him as much as humanly possible.

I'm practically craving his blood at this point. I'm so fucking sick and tired of all this bullshit. I had to deal with Jake ripping her away from me. All of that time lost, for what? Because he wanted her for him-fucking-self. He can try and say he was looking out for her, but we all know the truth now. He did it all to keep her single, to keep her open for him. He wanted that golden slot right next to her.

Now I need to deal with this disgusting fuck James, wanting to fuck her. My girlfriend. Bella will never be a one-time fuck and will definitely never fuck this bastard, at all, never mind once.

Someone grabs at my shoulders, trying to hold me back, but I shrug them off and throw myself onto James. I just start hitting him, pummeling him with my fists, loving the sound of him crying out. He's such a fucking pussy. My knuckles are sore and bloody, but I don't give a fuck.

Someone grabs at me again, but this time I can't shrug them off.

"Edward! Get a fucking grip, man! C'mon!" Emmett. It's Emmett. He's dragging me out of the ballroom, toward a darkened hallway. The second we step through the doors, he slams me up against a wall. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Are you trying to go to jail, you stupid prick?!"

I try to push him off of him, but the fucker is just ridiculously huge. “I don’t fucking care, Em! I’m tired of people trying to take what’s mine!”

The door opens and Bella comes rushing through with Alice and Jasper on her heels. The second she sees me, she whimpers and starts crying again. Her eyes are swollen and bloodshot, and there are dry tear stains all down her pink cheeks. *Fuck.*

I reach out toward her, but she flinches away from me. Is...is Bella afraid of me? My stomach drops and nausea consumes me. “Bella...”

She shakes her head and takes Alice’s hand, leaving toward the elevators. Seeing her walk away from me feels so fucking wrong. I try to chase after them, but Jasper stops me with a hand on my shoulder. “Don’t, man. She’s really shaken up right now. Let her have a few minutes, all right?” I nod, but I don’t really register what he says. My world is too busy crashing all around me. I don’t think it can get any worse at this point.

And that’s when I hear the sirens.

A/N: Shorter chapter, but it needed to end there! Thanks for reading. Love you guys! :) xo

18. Chapter 18

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A/N: Breathe. It'll be okay. Lol

"Cullen, your lawyer is here. Let's go."

I look up and see the potbellied officer glaring down at me. Apparently he doesn't like me, because I'm a "Hollywood Halfwit" that just gets everything handed to him. According to Officer Fatass, the one thing I will never be, is above the law.

I stand up and he cuffs my hands behind my back. I'm pretty sure its unnecessary, but I'm also pretty sure he just wants to be a dick. I don't complain at all. That's all I need is for him to claim that I'm trying to get "special treatment" or some shit like that. What the fuck ever.

"In here," he grunts as we approach a diarrhea-colored metal door. "Sit," he says as he pushes me into one of the bright orange chair. Who the fuck decorated this place? Alice would have a heart attack. Hell, so would Rose. "Your lawyer will be in soon."

I nod and Officer Chubby huffs before walking out of the room.

A few minutes later, a fiery-haired woman storms through the door, making me jump like a fucking pussy. "Holy shit," I mutter as I sit back down.

"Hello, Mr. Cullen. My name is Victoria Price. Your sister Rosalie called me a couple of hours ago and I got down here as soon as I was able to." She holds out her hand and I shake it. She gives me an intense stare with her ice blue eyes that kind of creeps me out. I decide not to say shit, seeing as she's the one who's going to get me out of here...hopefully.

"You were brought in for aggravated assault, correct?" I nod. "A Mr. James Dallas is the victim?" I swallow back the retort of how James is no fucking victim and just nod again. "I have my investigator, Mr. Jenks, getting dirt on Mr. Dallas as we speak. He should have something by the morning. Your sister is posting your bail right now. I'm sure all charges will be dropped by the end of tomorrow, maybe Wednesday at the latest."

I feel my mouth pop open and I'm pretty sure it's just chilling on the fucking floor.

Victoria smirks at me. "Don't look so shocked, Mr. Cullen. I'm very good at my job. I'll call you at home tomorrow when I have news." She holds out her hand again and I shake it again. "Here's my card, in case you feel the need for me." I don't miss the double meaning of her words, and with a quick wink, she's gone.

What the fuck?

-o-

I spend the next three hours waiting to be released. I spent most of my time in the small jail cell thinking. I know Bella probably hates me right now. It killed me to see her storm through those doors, only to cringe away from my touch. I felt like a complete scumbag in that moment. I felt like I was James, trying to touch her, and it made me sick.

I can't be sorry, though. If I could do it all over again, I know I would. He stood there, touching my girlfriend, practically propositioning her in the middle of our wrap party, making her uncomfortable and afraid. I'd take his fucking ass down over and over again. If I could've gotten away with it, I would've killed him.

The only thing I would change, is Bella. I would make sure that she wasn't there to witness it. I just keep hearing her voice, scared and worried, screaming my name and begging me to stop.

I'm a monster to her, now.

When Rose sees me, she runs right to me, gripping me in a tight hug. When she pulls back, she smacks me right across my face. Her chest heaves and suddenly, she's crying, crushing me in an even tighter hug than before. "I love you, you stupid asshole."

I laugh and she pinches my side. "Ow! I love you, too. I'm so sorry for making you cry." All humor is gone and I frown down at my sister's face. This is only the second time I've ever seen my sister cry, and I hate being the reason for it.

"It's okay," she sniffles. "Did you see Victoria?" I nod. "Between me and her, you'll never see the inside of a jail cell ever again," she says fiercely. She gives me a very Rosalie grin and I smile down at her. "Let's get you home."

I hesitate and she looks at me questioningly. "Can you drop me off at Bella's?" She gives me a look and I get really nervous all of a sudden. "What is it?"

"Bella hasn't been staying at her place."

My stomach drops. "At Alice's?" She shakes her head. "Your house?" She shakes her head again. I can't think of anywhere else she would go. Sure, she has friends, but they're like mine, more of an accessory than friends. If she's not with Alice, she'd be with...no fucking way. "Rosalie! Please tell me she is not with Jacob fucking Black."

My sister gives me a shocked look. "No! She would never do that."

I calm down a bit, but I need to know where she is. "Where the fuck is she then?"

Rosalie bites her lip. "At your apartment."

My heart starts fluttering around in my chest, like a girly little butterfly as my head spins. “She...what...why...why is she at my apartment?” I can’t keep the hope out of my voice. Rose looks away. What the fuck is her problem? “Rose, will you please just spit it the fuck out already? You know I’m dying here!”

She huffs. “Relax, Captain Emo. Calm the fuck down. She’s at your apartment because she wanted to go there. I asked her why and she didn’t say. I gave her the spare key I have and she’s been there since you were arrested last night. Don’t give me shit about it either. The poor girl is traumatized because of what you did. So I let her go so she’d feel better and hopefully get some sleep. It’s kind of scary to see your boyfriend almost beat someone to death over you, you know.”

I roll my eyes at her. “Calm down, Princess Rants-a-Lot. I was just asking. I figured she’d want nothing to do with me, so it just surprised me that she’s at my place, that’s all.”

“Uh huh,” is her simple reply. “Don’t give her any shit, Edward. I mean it. She’s been through a lot. Reporters were swarming the outside of the venue by the time we left and the vultures followed us all the way to your apartment. When we got out of the car, they practically attacked her. They were shouting really mean things and just made it all worse.” I nod because I know how they are. They’re ruthless and will do anything for details and a picture. “We need to be careful getting you there, too. I don’t want a huge ruckus to wake her if she’s sleeping.”

I nod again. “Special Ops shit, huh?”

She rolls her eyes. “You and Emmett are exactly the same, I swear.

“How are we the same, baby?” Emmett asks as we get into the car.

It’s a black SUV that isn’t flashy at all. The beat up look of it will hopefully deter most of the paparazzi.

“You’re the same because you both act like teenage boys,” Rose answers.

Emmett raises his eyebrows at her and she sighs. “The second I mention stealth or being careful, you both think you’re living out a Call of Duty mission.”

Emmett laughs and holds his hand out for a fist bump.

Of course I fucking bump. “Fuck yeah! I wanna be Soap!” Emmett exclaims.

I bust out laughing. Leave it to Emmett to make me laugh this hard during a fucked up time like this. I really did luck out in the brother-in-law department. I’ll never tell him that, though.

We make it into my building without arising suspicion. The closer we get to my apartment door, the more anxious I feel. I’m pretty sure I’m going to cover my own front door in vomit. “Uh, I’m going in alone, right?” I ask uncertainly, even though it’s my own damn apartment.

“Oh no you’re not,” my sister says.

And that’s why I asked. I knew Rose wouldn’t let me go in alone. She’s fiercely protective of Bella, and while I’d normally love that fact, right now it’s just pissing me off. I don’t argue though. I have a feeling I’ll be getting yelled at plenty tonight, no need to add Rose to it too. “Fine,” I sigh and turn the key.

Here goes nothing.

19. Chapter 19

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A/N: Fingers crossed!

Turn the fucking knob!

I've been standing here for about two minutes, in the doorway of my apartment. I'm terrified about what I'll be faced with once I actually enter. Will she hate me? Will she be afraid of me? I know that just because she's here doesn't mean she wants to be with me. Hell, she could just be staying here to make sure she's the first to kick my ass. Or maybe she just wants to fucking end it with me as soon as possible.

Shit.

This line of thinking is not fucking helping.

"Edward."

Oh, right. Rose and Emmett are here too. Fuck. Now I'm a pussy with an audience.

"It's all right, bro. Just go. We'll hang back a sec."

I hear my sister try to interrupt, but Em gives her a little elbow, and for that, I'm grateful.

I enter my apartment and look around. It's dark, and I pray that she's sleeping. At least that way I'll have some time to think all of this shit through. But then again...her waking up and seeing me here randomly might not help me at all.

Fuck!

Jesus Christ. I need to man the fuck up.

I take a deep breath and walk down the hallway.

I check the kitchen. No Bella. I check the living room. No Bella. I knock on the bathroom door softly before opening it. No Bella. I check the guest room. No Bella. Which means...Bella is in my room.

All right. Let's fucking go.

I hesitate at my bedroom door. Do I knock? I mean, it's my own fucking room, but I know she's in there. Would it be rude to just open the door?

You're serious a motherfucking pussy!

Fuck off!

I grab the door knob and push my bedroom door open, slowly and quietly. The sight before me makes my heart stop. My gorgeous girlfriend is lying in the middle of my bed, cuddling a pillow, in nothing but one of my t-shirts. Her gorgeous face is red and splotchy, with tear tracks staining her adorably puffed cheeks.

You did this. This is your fault.

Regret fills me.

That fucker deserved more than what I gave him, but right now, looking at Bella...I know I would've handled it all differently. If I knew that hitting James would lead to this...I wouldn't have done it.

I pull out my phone and send a quick one sentence text to my brother-in-law.

Need privacy, handle Rose.

I know Emmett will be able to convince my sister that Bella is fine and she can leave us alone. I'm sure I'll get a call or text first thing in the morning, but I don't care about that now. I'll deal with whatever when the morning comes, as long as we're alone right now.

I move closer to the bed and see that she's clutching tissues in her hands. I feel tears well up in my own eyes, but for once, I don't feel like a pussy because of it. I welcome the tears. I feel so pent up, so trapped inside my own emotions, I need to let them get the fuck out.

I know I deserve to feel this way; I deserve to feel like an asshole, because that's what I am. I don't deserve this beautiful girl. She deserves so much better than me. And that thought right there, is what breaks the dam. The tears fall freely, and I don't try to stop them.

"Bella," I whisper. She doesn't stir at all. I shake her gently, trying to wake her again. "Bella," I say her name a little louder this time, keeping my tone soft. She begins stirring and I know she'll wake up soon. "Bella, love, wake up please." I kiss her forehead lightly and her eyes flutter open. I watch as her eyes lose their sleepy haze and recognition dawns in her gorgeous brown eyes.

"Edward?" she croaks out, her voice full of sleep. I nod and feel a few tears slide down my face. "You're okay?" she asks and I feel a sob rip through me before I even hear the strange noise escape me.

I just can't handle her being so sweet to me. She's worried about me? Why? I was the one who caused this whole fucking thing. I kneel beside her bed and put my face into the mattress as the tears overwhelm me.

"Edward, you're scaring me. Please look at me.

Oh, great.

I'm scaring her. Again.

I'm such a fuck up.

I knew I'd fuck this all up. I just never thought I'd do it so colossally.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you afraid of me...again. I'm gonna...I'll stay at a hotel. I'm sorry. You can leave or stay. I'm gonna...I'm gonna go." I stand up and begin walking towards the door when I hear her cry out.

"Edward!" I turn around and see her sitting in the middle of my bed, crying. I've reduced my happy, beautiful girlfriend, to this. I really am a monster. "Please don't leave me," she whispers.

I'm on the bed with her in seconds.

"I'm so sorry, Bella. I never meant to scare you or to make you fear me. It makes me feel like such a piece of fucking shit. I'm so sorry that I'm such a fuck up. If you...if you want this to end, I won't be mad. I'll understand. Just don't cut me out of your life completely. Please. I'll take you in whatever form I can have you. Please." I'm begging but I don't give a fuck. If I can't be with her how I want to, I'll take what I can fucking get. A life without Bella in it in any capacity makes me feel sick to my fucking stomach.

"W-What are you t-talking about? You...you're breaking up with me?" she squeaks out before another sob takes over.

What? She thinks I'm breaking up with her? In what fucking reality would that ever make sense? "NO!" I shout, louder than I meant to and Bella jumps in surprise. "I'm sorry." I hold her hand gingerly, not sure what kind of contact she'll allow. She gives my hand a squeeze and I smile internally. At least she's not pushing me away or running from me. "I would never break up with you, Bella. I'm just giving you the option. You know, just in case you...can't be with me. I want you to know that I won't be mad at you, love. I will understand. I did unforgivable things last night and I know you're afraid of me, or you were. I don't want you to be uncomfortable with me."

She doesn't speak for a few minutes, and I'm starting to get nervous again. I study her face but I can't read it. I have no idea what she's fucking thinking and it's driving me insane. "Bella, love, please say something."

She looks at me then, and when I see her mouth open to speak, my heart starts hammering in my chest. Fuck.

"Edward," she sighs and I don't think it's a good sigh. "You're such a fucking idiot." I grimace and nod, because she's right, I am. "I don't understand how someone so smart, can be so stupid some times." I look down because I won't be able to handle seeing disappointment on her face. "Look at me," she requests.

I'm in no position to deny her anything, so I do. I look up at her.

"I love you, Edward Cullen."

All of the oxygen leaves my lungs in one big woosh. "You do?" I ask hopefully, praying that I didn't just imagine those words falling from her lips. She nods and I all but beg. "Please say it again."

She gives me a small smile and honors my request. "I love you, Edward."

I grab her face in my hands and kiss her gently. "I love you, so fucking much Bella." My voice breaks as I say her name and I feel relief wash over me. She loves me. She loves me, so no matter what happens, I know I'll be fine. As long as she loves me, I can survive. If I have to win her back, I fucking will. As long as she still loves me, it's not all hopeless.

"I...um...are...w-we back together?" I stutter out, my emotions not helping me get a fucking sentence out. I pull back and take her hand, so I can see her face clearly.

Confusion crosses her features. "What do you mean, are we back together?"

Okay. Now I'm confused. "Um, did you not want to yet? I totally understand if you need time. I don't want you to feel rushed into something you're not ready for and I-"

She cuts me off with a hard, rough kiss, pushing me down into the center of the bed. Bella climbs on top of me and gives me a fierce look. "Edward, we were never apart. I never broke up with you. Where are you getting this all from?"

What?

"I, uh, just assumed that-"

I'm cut off this time by her grinding on my cock.

Shit.

Now I'm hard as a rock, which is probably highly inappropriate at the moment.

"Maybe you shouldn't assume things, Edward," Bella all but seethes at me.

Okay...she's mad now?

"How dare you assume that we were broken up? Did I ever once say that I didn't want to be with you?" I shake my head no. Exactly, so what the fuck is wrong with you?" She punches my chest, and it actually kind of hurt, but I decide that I've destroyed my manliness enough for one day, so I don't wince.

"You came bursting through the doors and you were so upset. When I tried to comfort you, you practically ran from me, like I was some kind of fucking monster." I'm trying my best not to be angry, but now that I know she's not completely done with me, with us, I realize I'm upset that she basically abandoned me. I mean, I know I fucked up, and I know she was scared, but why run from me if what she's saying now is true? Why would she just run away?

"Edward, I was upset! I'd just finished watching you almost beat a man to death because he was hitting on me! Do you know how scary that is? I wasn't afraid of you. The whole situation just scared me. I was afraid from the moment James first said hello to me until I came into that hallway and saw you all bloody. I just needed to get out of there and think. I didn't know you'd be arrested. When I found out, I was a mess, as I'm sure you can see." She motions toward herself, but she looks gorgeous to me. "I needed to feel close to you and I needed to see you as soon as possible, and that's why I'm here."

"So...you were afraid because of everything that happened, but never of me?" She nods. "You don't think I'm a monster?" She shakes her head. "We're still together and you never wanted to be apart, right?" I ask, making sure I'm up to speed before I pounce on her.

"Right."

That's all I need.

I flip us over so she's underneath me, and I kiss her roughly, shoving my tongue into her mouth. I need to feel connected to her, so desperately. "Want you. Need you. So fucking much," I mumble against her lips and neck as I kiss her all over.

Bella moans and I know she feels the same way right now. I sit up a bit and motion for her to take her shirt off, well, my shirt actually. I smile as she blushes, knowing I know it's my shirt. "I love that you're wearing this," I whisper and she blushes deeper. "But I want it off. Now."

I can tell by her blazing eyes, that she's turned the fuck on and loving this. She removes my shirt and my breath catches. She's completely naked underneath it. How had I not noticed that before? Oh, right. I thought I was losing the love of my life.

"God, baby," I groan out. "You're so fucking gorgeous."

She bites her lip and it makes my cock ache. I capture a nipple in my mouth and suck hard, electing a lovely fucking moan from my girl. "Edward," she sighs and grabs my hair. I nibble on her nipple and she arches her back, grinding her pussy against my jeans. "You need to get naked, right now," Bella orders. Her command goes straight to my cock. I jump up off of my bed and strip faster than I thought possible.

Bella licks her lips as she eyes my cock and it's the sexiest shit I've ever seen. "See something you like, baby?" I tease. Instead of blushing like I expect, she licks her lips and nods. Fuck me.

"I see something I wanna taste," she purrs. Bella gets up and stands in front of me. After pushing me down onto the bed, so I'm sitting on the edge, she quickly drops to her knees.

Gulp.

Bella licks all along my toned stomach, paying special attention to each individual muscle. Her touch makes me shudder and I feel her smile against my skin. She continues to kiss her way down toward my cock and places a light kiss on the head. It twitches in response, making her giggle. I know she loves the affect she always has on me. Her tongue flicks out and licks all around the head, before she sucks me into her mouth. I let out a long, guttural groan. Fuck. Her mouth is fantastic.

I grab her hair, giving it a tug. I know my baby loves to have her hair pulled. She moans around my cock and shoves her mouth down as far as possible.

Fuuuuuck.

That feels way too fucking good. I feel her tongue press against the underside of my dick as she rams her mouth up and down it. Jesus Christ. I'm not going to last much longer if she keeps this shit up. "Bella, baby, slow down. I'm not gonna last." She shakes her head in response, denying my request, and doing the exact opposite. When Bella starts sucking around my head with renewed motivation, my eyes nearly bug out of my head. Holy shit.

Her fingers snake down and she gives a gentle tug to my balls. I feel them tighten, the spring in my stomach nearly snapping. Before I can warn her, my entire body freezes, and my orgasm takes over my entire body. I explode into her mouth with a loud moan. "Fuck, BELLA!"

Bella stands, swiping at the corner of her mouth with her thumb. The action almost causes me to cum again, right then and there. "What's wrong, Eddie?" she coos as she pushes down on my shoulders, lying me on my back in the center of the bed. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" I shake my head, 'cause fuck no, that felt fantastic.

Bella climbs on top of my naked body, straddling me, and continues. "Really? Well...I think I should warn you that this may get a little...rough." She accentuates the word rough with a swivel of her hips. I feel my cock spring to life again from the brief contact with her pussy.

"Unghh," I groan out.

"Can you handle me, Eddie?" she taunts me.

I don't answer with words. I grab her hips and slide the head of my aching cock against her wet lips. She moans and grinds down against me, pushing only the head inside her.

"I think the right question, Bella, is, can *you* handle *me*?"

As soon as I finish my sentence, I ram my cock up inside her pussy. Bella screams out as I fill her completely, scratching at my chest.

I move my hands from her hips, to her tits, and grab them roughly, pinching her nipples. "FUCK, EDWARD!" she screams out moving her pussy up and down my cock in slow, but hard thrusts.

"That's right baby," I rasp out. "Ride my fucking cock. Use me to cum." Bella moans and collapses onto my chest, the movement of her hips becoming more and more erratic. I move my hands to her ass. "Do you need some help, love?" I ask as I use my grip on her tight ass to move her faster, my cock now pounding in and out of her soaked pussy. "Reach down and touch your clit, Bella. Play with it." She whimpers, but obeys my order, sliding her hand down in between us to do as I said. "Rub your clit fast and hard baby, just like I would." I nip at her lip, loving the little mewling sounds that escape them.

"Unggggh! Fuck! Edward. I'm gonna cum, baby."

I want her to see fucking stars. I slowly slide one finger up and down the crack of her ass, testing her reaction. She clenches in surprise and then relaxes, letting out a low moan that I take as permission. I slide one finger in between her cheeks and lightly run it over her back entrance, pushing the tip in ever so slightly. "EDWARD!" she screams my name out in pleasure and I feel her pussy clench around my cock tightly. Her orgasm triggers another from me, and I moan loudly as I spill deep inside her.

I swear, sex with Bella gets better every fucking time. I've never cum this hard in my entire life. "Fuck baby," I groan as her pussy milks my cock for all its worth. I can barely move, so we both just lie there, enjoying our post-orgasm lethargic state.

Bella sighs and slides off of me, cuddling herself into my side. "Sleep, baby," I whisper into her sex hair as I wrap my arms around her.

"Edward, I love you. Please never question that again."

I smile. "I love you too, and I won't baby. I promise."

-o-

RING. RING. RING.

"Uhh."

RING. RING. RING.

"Go away!"

RING. RING. RING.

"Fuck! I'm coming!"

And not in the good way, I grumble internally as I walk to the door.

I swear to fucking God, I'm going to rip that buzzer off of the fucking wall. I press the call button and bark into the speaker. "What?"

"Um, Mr. Cullen, I have a Ms. Price down here in the lobby. She says it's imperative that she speak to you as soon as possible. I'm very sorry to have woken you, Sir."

I sigh. "It's fine, Marcus. I'm sorry for snapping at you. Send her up in five, please."

There's a pause. "Very well, Sir."

I run back to my room and find Bella awake, sitting up in bed.

"Hey," she says quietly.

"Hi baby." I give her a smile and she gives me a small one back. It has me instantly worried. Shouldn't she be really happy? Hell, I am.

"Bella...is...is...everything okay? Are you upset about what happened earlier?" She glares at me and I back off. "I take it back, sorry." I rub the back of my neck nervously. "I just don't understand what's wrong?"

She sighs. "There's a woman here to see you at seven in the morning?"

Ha, Bella is completely jealous! It's kind of hot. I try to hold in my smile.

"What are you smirking at?" she asks, sounding annoyed.

Well, you suck, don't you Cullen?

"Uh, nothing. It's my lawyer baby. That's all."

Her cheeks become tainted with her adorable blush. "Oh."

I nod and hug her, pulling her up to stand next to me. “Yup.”

She kisses me and I kiss her right the fuck back, completely ready for round two.

And of course that’s when there’s a damn knock at the door.

I groan. “Let’s get rid of her, so we can finish this,” I say with a smack to her ass.

Bella giggles while we both throw robes on and head for the door.

I open the door to a sight that I *did not* expect.

Victoria Price is standing in the middle of my hallway, holding a bottle of Cristal, wearing nothing but a tight black dress and fuck me heels. I’ve fucked enough girls with those things on to know their purpose in the world.

My mouth must have been on the floor, because she has a self-satisfied smug grin on her face. I’m not gaping because she looks good, I’m gaping because I know this shit is going to get me into trouble! And I didn’t even do anything! Not fucking fair.

“Your lawyer, huh?” I hear Bella say behind me.

Fuck. I know that tone. Bella is pissed.

“Uh, Victoria Price, this is my girlfriend, Bella Swan. Bella, this is my lawyer, Victoria Price.”

I watch as Victoria realizes the position she’s put herself in. She changes her expression into a blank mask and then plasters a fake smile on. “Bella, so nice to meet you.” She holds out her hand and Bella crosses her arms over her chest, glaring daggers at the woman.

Fuck me.

Today is going to be so much fun.

What the fuck do I have to do to catch a fucking break?

Christ.

20. Chapter 20

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A/N: Let's see how our boy handles this one. Heh. ;)

EPOV

I look back and forth between my girlfriend and my lawyer, trying to figure out who would win if this shit goes down. I'd love to say my Bella, because I think she's amazing, and obviously I wouldn't want her to get her ass kicked; but Bella's a sweetheart and Victoria is kind of a bitch. I mean, who comes to their client's house, decked out in a "please fuck me" outfit, with a bottle of Cristal? A bitch, that's who.

Luckily, Bella takes a deep breath and holds out her hand in offering and Victoria shakes it.

Whew.

"Um, come in, Victoria," I say awkwardly, moving out of the way so she can enter. She walks right in, heading straight for the living room, like she owns the place. Bella shoots me a glare and I hold up my hands, making a face that clearly asks, "The fuck did I do?"

She just rolls her eyes and follows Victoria. I follow behind Bella, feeling like an asshole for the hundredth time in the last twenty-four hours. That has to be some sort of fucking record. I should join an asshole club and ask around about their records or some shit.

"So, what's up, Victoria?" I ask, joining Bella on the couch as Victoria takes a seat across from us, choosing one of their arm chairs.

"Yes, Victoria. What is so important that a phone call wouldn't suffice?" Bella asks.

I grimace slightly. Her tone seems polite, but I know it's far from it. I know my girl well. And she is pissed.

Victoria shows no signs of discomfort. I guess that's one of the reasons she's a good lawyer. She needs to be able to handle whatever is thrown at her, without batting an eyelash. She clears her throat and places what I assume to be a fake ass smile on her face. "Well, I wanted to congratulate Edward. All charges have been dropped."

I'm pretty sure my jaw is chilling on the floor again. All charges were dropped? *Seriously?*

"Uh..."

Victoria gives a genuine smile at my speechlessness.

The smile disappears when Bella speaks up. "How did you manage that?"

She turns her gaze toward Bella. "I'm very good at my job, Ms. Swan."

Bella snorts. "Yes, obviously," she replies with a roll of her eyes. So how did you get James to back off?"

I lean forward, resting my elbows on my knees, eager to hear her answer. How the hell did she do it? I hope she didn't throw my name around, using my "celebrity status" as a way to get me out of trouble.

"This better not be because of who I am, Victoria. I don't want preferential treatment. That's not who I am. I did something wrong, and that deserves punishment. I don't want to get out of it, just because I make movies for a living. That's fucked."

Bella, sensing my growing anger, grabs my hand and gives it a squeeze. I calm down instantly. Victoria notices our silent exchange and frowns slightly.

"I told you yesterday, that I had my guy, Mr. Jens working on some things. Do you remember?" I nod, because, of course I fucking remember. It happened a few hours ago, and this is my life we're talking about here. "Well, I assure you, that you getting out of this situation, relatively harm-free, has nothing to do with who you are and everything to do with what James has done."

Bella looks as confused as I feel. "Huh?" We both ask dumbly, at the same exact time. I smile and Bella giggles, before planting a light kiss on my lips. God, I love her.

I see Victoria roll her eyes out of the corner of my eye. She lets out a sigh and explains. "James likes to party. Apparently, he likes his company to be... underage. It wouldn't be good for him if it got out that he has done coke with fifteen-year-old girls, and God only knows what else."

"Holy shit!" I exclaim. "I knew that fucker was a creep, but that's just...wow." I look at Bella, hoping to see a smile, but she's frowning. "What's wrong, love?"

She just shakes her head, acting like it's nothing, but I don't believe that for a second. I nudge her slightly with my elbow and she sighs. "So...he's not going to press charges, as long as Jenks keeps this new information quiet?"

Victoria nods and Bella's frown deepens. "So he's not going to get in trouble for giving underage girls drugs, and probably having sex with them? That's statutory rape and child endangerment. He needs to be arrested for that. He's disgusting and twisted."

Damn. I didn't even think of it like that. I'm such an asshole. I just broke a new asshole record. Someone call Ripley's.

"Fuck. You're right. I don't accept it. Let him press charges. Everyone needs to know what he's doing and he needs to be arrested for that shit. I don't want

any other young and innocent girls getting hurt. If he does it again, it'll be on me. I can't live with that."

Bella nods and kisses my cheek. "I'm here for you," she says. "No matter what happens, baby."

"No, Edward. It's not necessary for you to be dragged through court for this. You could be convicted, are you willing to risk that?" She doesn't let me answer. "You, Bella, myself, and Mr. Jenks will all sign a confidentiality agreement. It will state that none of us are allowed to ever speak of it, report it, or try to gather black mail related information on his future...endeavors."

I shake my head vehemently. "No. I don't agree to that, at all. He needs to pay for what he's done, even if it means that I need to pay for what I've done as well."

Victoria shakes her head as well. I'm about to tell her to fuck off, when she speaks. "No. As I said, we will all sign it and it will be binding. None of us will break it. However, Mr. Jenks has already informed an old friend at another agency. They will be following James and gather evidence against him. None of it will trace back to any of us, and we will all be in the clear. You will get off and he will go down."

Whew.

That's a fucking relief.

"Damn, you are good," Bella compliments Victoria, who gives her a genuine smile.

"Yes, I am. Listen," she says as she stands up. We join her, standing up and stretching slightly as she continues. "I'm sorry about before. All of this," she points to herself. "I didn't think you guys were...so...disgustingly in love. Can you really blame me for trying to get with that? Victoria asks Bella as she points at me.

Bella surprises me by laughing. "Honestly? No, I can't. But never again, all right? I'm not afraid to throw down for my man." Damn, that's sexy. Victoria laughs along with Bella and promises not to hit on me again.

"All right," Victoria sighs. "I'll keep you posted on the whole James situation. Steer clear of him at the upcoming press junket and hopefully by the time the premiere rolls around, he'll be sitting in a jail cell." I nod in agreement. I walk her to the door and Bella follows. "Thank you, Victoria. You did awesome. We really appreciate it."

I wrap my arm around Bella's shoulder and kiss her forehead.

"You're welcome, Edward. Good luck with everything." And with a final wave, she's gone.

I let out a breath of relief.

And then my iPhone rings.

When I look down and see that it's Rose...all relief is gone.

-o-

Thankfully, Rose didn't really lay into me. She was too busy being ecstatic about how everything turned out, and for that – I was grateful. After I hang up with Rose, I find Bella in the kitchen. "Whatcha doin' baby?" I ask sweetly as I step up behind her, wrapping my arms around her waist, kissing the back of her neck lightly.

She sighs and leans back into me. "Cooking for you."

I smile and before I can stop myself, I blurt it out. "Move in with me, baby."

Holy shit. Did I seriously just say that shit out loud?

Bella gasps and spins around in my arms.

Fuck. Yep. Definitely said that shit.

"What did you just say?" she squeaks out, searching my face.

Don't fucking pussy out this time, fucker.

"I...uh...I asked if you would move in with me? I want us to live together. I don't care if it's here or at your place. Hell, I don't care if we go out and find our own place and buy it together. I just..." I sigh and try to find the words that have been floating through my head for so long. "I just don't ever want to go through another night of saying goodbye to you. If we're out somewhere, I want to be able to say, "Let's go home." If I'm at work, I want to know you're waiting for me at *home*. If you're at work, I want you to know that you're coming *home* to me. I just...I want you, Bella, always. Please live with me? I don't give a fuck where we live, as long as you're with me. I love you so much."

Tears are streaming down her face, but she smiles so brightly at me when she nods in agreement. My heart starts pounding, so fucking fast. "Say it," I beg. "Out loud." I hold her face in my hands, staring intently into the chocolate eyes I love so much. I need to hear it.

"Yes. Yes, Edward! Of course I'll move in with you. I love you more than you'll ever know."

I smile triumphantly, feeling like a million fucking bucks as I kiss her hard, letting all of my love and passion for her soak out of me and into the kiss.

We both break apart, smiling and breathless. "I need to pay attention to this," Bella whispers, nodding toward the stove.

I pick her up by her ass and press her against my raging fucking hard-on. "I'm not hungry for food right now, baby." I practically growl when I squeeze her plump ass.

When she moans, long and throaty, I'm done for. I reach over and turn the stove off, and as soon as the flame is gone, I place her on the kitchen counter, unable to wait any longer.

A few minutes later, as I take her right there, on the counter, I realize something.

I'll never be able to eat in here again without getting a fucking boner.

-o-

"Please explain to me, why TMZ is telling me you were arrested, Edward Anthony Cullen!" my mother shrieks. I hold the phone away from my ear to preserve my hearing. It would suck to go deaf. A world without hearing Bella moan or laugh is a world I do not want to live in.

"Mom, calm down, please. It was all a misunderstanding. James was making Bella very uncomfortable and he was asking for it. All of the charges were dropped; my record is squeaky clean, okay? Now, relax."

I hear a relieved sigh from her and I know she's finally calming down. "Please be careful, Edward. I don't want to see you getting into trouble like that. It nearly broke my heart."

I feel terrible again, but Bella shakes her head, sensing my distress. "You're a good man," she whispers, making me smile. I love her even more for always making me feel better.

"How is Bella holding up, dear?" my mom asks.

Bella raises her eyebrows, silently asking permission. I nod, letting her know it's okay to talk. "I'm fine, Mrs. Cullen."

My mom gasps. "Oh, Bella! Darling, are you sure? How dare a man treat you that way! I should kick his ass myself," she huffs, causing us both to laugh.

My mother can be a big Mama Bear when it comes to the people she loves, and my parents definitely love Bella. She won them over so far, through only phone conversations, so I know when they come next week it will be great.

"I think we should both tag team him, Mrs. Cullen," Bella jokes and they both laugh hysterically.

"Bella, dear, please call me Esme."

"Sorry, Esme."

My mother snorts. "Oh, no need to apologize, honey! I can't wait to see you next weekend! I'm very excited."

Bella smiles. "So am I, Esme. We have plans with Alice and Jasper, so we're going to head out now. Text me and let me know if there's anything you'd like to do while you're here and I'll be sure to set it up, okay?"

God, I love her so much.

"I will honey, love you! Oh, and goodbye Edward!"

PFT.

It's like I'm chopped liver to my parents whenever Bella is around. "Yeah, bye," I mutter. Bella giggles as she hangs up. "My mom loves you more than me," I pout. Bella giggles some more and tackles me to the bed.

"What can I say? I'm very loveable."

I grin and nod in agreement, wrapping my arms around her. "Yeah, you are baby."

"This is the third place we've seen this morning, Bella." I whine. "I'm starving. Can we please take a break?" I know I sound like a five-year-old, but damn!

"You didn't need to come, you know," she says with a roll of her eyes.

I huff and cross my arms. "I'm going to be living here too, you know. I think that means I should be able to come along."

Alice twirls into the room then. Yes, she literally fucking twirled, like a ballerina or some shit. "Bells! I love this place. It has so much potential!"

Shut up, Alice.

I don't want her to sell Bella on this apartment, or any other apartment for that matter. I realized after the very first apartment that we saw, that I don't want to live in one with Bella. I have my eyes on houses. I want us to buy one together, and yes, I'm very fucking aware of what a house will mean for us.

It's a big commitment, but Bella is it for me. When my parents visited three weeks ago, my mother brought me my grandmother's ring. It's perfect and I know Bella will love it. It's been burning a damn hole in my pocket. I always keep it with me, waiting for the exact right moment. When I ask her, I want it to be perfect. And I want there to be plenty of stable surfaces around, because I'm going to attack her when she says yes.

If she says yes.

Shut the fuck up! She will say yes.

“You think so, Alice? I like it too, maybe this one is it!” Bella says excitedly as she walks toward the windows, checking out the view again.

I catch Alice’s eye and shake my head no. She glares at me and mouths a “Why?”

I’ve been shaking my head at her all morning and I guess she’s getting sick of it. She huffs and curses.

“What’s wrong, Ali?” Bella asks.

“I changed my mind; I don’t like this vibe at all,” Alice lies easily.

Bella looks at her for a moment and shrugs. “If you say so. Let’s go feed Edward before he cries,” she teases.

I would’ve pouted, but I’m already close enough to tears from my hunger. Don’t look at me like that. I’m a man, we need food or we get grumpy. Alice gives me a look and I know I have to explain myself at the earliest possible moment before she flips the fuck out on me. Alice may be tiny but she’s fucking scary.

Don’t judge me. I saw that chick throw a shoe at someone on set before. The heel was like five inches! It’s practically a throwing knife. No thank you.

I try to be sneaky and send a text to Alice.

Dinner tonight 8? – E

Yeah, enough of this fucking later bs. – A

I give her a smile and she glares at me.

I promise, no more bs. – E

Alice looks at her phone and reads the text, sending me a smile.

Hopefully Alice can help me out. Because God knows, I fucking need it.

21. Chapter 21

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Alice time!

I meet up with Alice the next day, at a small little hole-in-the-wall type restaurant, nestled in a shady-type spot of downtown L.A. She's already there when I arrive, and after a quick "hello", Alice descends. I'm not even fully seated before she fires questions at me.

"So, what the fuck, Edward? Why did I have to pretend to hate nearly every single damn apartment we went to? That last one was great! Plus, Bella liked it. So, I don't understand why you didn't." Something seems to occur to her, and her eyes widen. "Oh my fucking God! Edward! Are you having second thoughts?"

I shake my head quickly, wanting to squash that shit immediately. "No, Al, I—"

I don't get to finish, because a very pissed off Alice interrupts me. "I swear to God, Edward; if you break her heart, I will break your pretty-boy face!"

I know, at this point, I'm not going to get a word in. So I do the only thing I know will catch Alice's attention and shut her mouth; I pull out something bright and shiny – the ring.

Alice shuts up immediately, as soon as the ring catches her eye. Her eyes widen almost comically as she realizes what it is. "Is that..." she trails off.

"It's a ring," I interrupt this time.

"An...engagement ring?" She gives me a really intense look that makes me really fucking nervous.

"Yes," I answer cautiously, not sure of her reaction.

She squeals and jumps up, clapping her hands together happily. Her reaction earns us some attention from the other diners in the restaurant and I quickly hide the ring, shoving it back into my pocket. That's all I need; someone thinking I just proposed to Alice, the very well-known best friend of my very well-known girlfriend.

Soon to be fiancé!

Hopefully.

But yeah, I so do not need any more TMZ fiascos. I can just see it now: *Edward Cullen proposes to Bella Swan's best friend, Alice Brandon!*

That would be so fun. I'd get to explain it all to Bella and our entire families. And you know, the whole ruining the proposing to Bella thing would be a blast.

Sarcasm.

"So...do you think Bella will have that kind of reaction?" I ask Alice with a smirk. I run my hand through my hair. "Or will she..." Damn. I can't even finish the question. I can't ask if she thinks Bella will freak out and say no. Just the thought of it nearly cripples me with nausea.

Alice relaxes a bit, thankfully, and sighs. "Edward..." she takes my hand in a comforting gesture. That's not a good sign. "You need to understand...Bella's parents were just...they didn't...her mom..."

I sigh and squeeze her hand. "I know Al; Bella told me everything."

Alice looks a bit shocked at that particular piece of news.

I laugh a little. "Why are you so surprised?"

She bites her lip, obviously unsure of what to say. "I didn't know you knew that. She never tells anyone about her parents." I shrug and Alice continues. "I was going to say that Bella might resist this." She points up and down at me. "But knowing she told you such personal things so easily...I don't know. Maybe she won't freak out. But can you promise me something, Edward?" she asks sincerely.

I nod.

"If she does...you know...freak out...please, don't leave her." Alice looks so sad and worried. "Just give her time, okay? Wear her down. Don't give up on her. She loves you so much. This is kind of fast, I'll admit, but I know how much you love her, and more importantly, I know how much she loves you. Just please..."

"Alice." I cut her off. I can't stand her begging me, because I know there's no need for it. I'll never give up on Bella. Alice is important to Bella, which means she's important to me, and I need to let her know the full spectrum of my love for her best friend; awkwardness be damned. "I will never hurt Bella. I will never leave her. Even if she tells me 'no', I'll just wait. She is it for me, Alice. I've never felt this way before. Without her...I just..." I cough to hide the emotion peeking through my voice. "I promise."

She gives me a huge grin. "Okay. I trust you." I let out a little laugh. Her grin turns to one that resembles the Cheshire cat and I stop laughing, knowing something bad is coming. "Soo, have you asked for Charlie's blessing?"

I gulp audibly. Alice laughs as I feel the panic rise in me.

Fuck. I need to ask the Chief.

-o-

A few hours later, I'm sitting on the porch of Bella's childhood home, sweating bullets. Honestly, I feel like I'm picking Bella up for Prom, ready to face Charlie. I can picture him easily. Shotgun in hand, mustache twitching, ready to scare my dick away from his daughter's virtue.

Fuck.

I wish I could have brought Bella with me, but that was obviously impossible.

I mean, what was I supposed to say? "Hey, B, wanna come up to Forks with me? I just wanna ask your dad if I can marry you. No biggie."

Yeah. I don't think so.

Alice took Bella and my sister to some spa place as a cover story while Em and J came to Forks with me. Unfortunately, I couldn't actually bring them with me to see the Chief. So they lucky fucks are at some bar, waiting for me. I figured it would be the best place to meet up. I'll either show up happy as fuck, wanting to celebrate; or I'll show up wanting to drink myself to death. Either way, I'll be in the right place to do just that. I'm hoping for the former.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The second my hands connect with the door, doubt fills me.

Fuck. Should I have called?

I mean, I'm sure he's not expecting me at all. Who would expect their daughter's boyfriend to fly up from California, on a random Saturday afternoon? Shit. I shouldn't have just shown up like this. I should've called. This is fucking stupid. I'll just...leave and then call him from the safety of my hotel room. Port Angeles is far enough away, right? I don't think he'd make it up there in time to kill me before I can hop on a plane.

Yeah! That's a good fucking plan, man! Go, go, go!

I run down the porch steps two at a time, but stop dead when I hear a gruff voice call out. "Edward? Is that you?"

I plaster a fake-ass smile to my face and turn around slowly. "Chief Swan! What a surprise!" *What the fuck?* Why in the world, would it be a surprise, to see the man on his own damn porch? *You're a stupid fuck, Cullen!* "I mean, uh..." I run a hand through my hair. "Hi Chief."

"What are you doin' here boy?" he asks as he crosses his arms over his chest. "Where's Bella? She all right?"

"Bella's great," I quickly reassure him. "She's at a spa in Carmel with Alice and my sister, Rosalie. I wanted to, um, talk to you privately...in person. If that's all right with you?"

He eyes me wearily, and after a minute, grunts and motions for me to come in. I take a deep breath and wipe my hands on my worn-out jeans, before following him inside. He offers me a before and we both sit down on his run-down couch. "What's so important that a phone call couldn't suffice, Edward?"

Okay. Right to business then.

Should I ease him into it? Or just come right out and say it?

Charlie looks at me expectantly and I feel the pressure immediately. So what do I do? I blurt it right the fuck out. "I want to marry Bella!" My face flames instantly as embarrassment nearly overpowers me.

His eyebrows shoot up and his mustache twitches. "What?"

"I...uh...um...I-I want to um, marry Bella. Your daughter."

I think he knows his own daughter's fucking name, you stuttering dimwit!

Charlie says nothing. He just stares at me. I'm pretty sure I resemble a fucking tomato at this point.

"Please, say something," I beg.

He sighs heavily, taking a long pull from his beer. "Drink, Edward." I oblige, immediately chugging my beer for the liquid courage I know it will provide. "Slow down, boy!" Charlie chastises. I cough and place my beer down on the coffee table. "Would you like a do-over, Son?" he asks, smirking at me.

I can't tell if he's being nice or just being a dick and teasing me. I decide it doesn't matter. I do want a do-over. He motions for me to go ahead and I try to take a deep breath.

"Chief Swan, um, Charlie...I want to marry, Bella. May I have your blessing?" My voice is surprisingly steady as I ask and I'm slightly impressed with myself.

"Why?" he asks abruptly.

"Why what?" I ask, completely confused.

He cocks an eyebrow at me. "Why do you want to marry my daughter?"

Shit. He wants reasons? What is this, a fucking pop quiz?

Isn't it enough that I had to tell all of this to Alice? Hell, didn't I pay my dues when I had *the talk* with my mother?

I sigh. If the Chief needs to know why, then I'm going to fucking tell him.

I clear my throat and empty my brain. I don't want to over-think this. I don't want it to come out sounding like I don't give a fuck. This shit is important.

"I don't know if Bella told you, but we started to look for an apartment together. We're planning on moving in together." He nods. "After we saw the first place, I knew immediately that I didn't want to find an apartment with her." He raises an eyebrow so I continue quickly. "I want to find a house. I want to fill that house with happy memories together. I want to make a house into a home with her, Sir."

I take a quick drink of my beer and clear my throat. "I love her more than anything in the entire world, Charlie. I've never loved anyone the way I love her and I know I'll never love anyone after. She is absolutely it for me. I want to make her happy, every single day, for the rest of our lives. I want your blessing and I want you to know that this is important to me; that she is important to me. But you also need to know something else. Even if you say "no" I'll still ask her to marry me."

Charlie's eyebrows shoot into his hairline, but I plow through. "I won't let anyone else stop me from being her husband, not even Bella herself. So I hope you'll give me your blessing and then give me your daughter on our wedding day. I promise, that once you do, she'll know nothing but happiness with me. I know shit won't always be easy, but I don't want easy, I just want her."

He doesn't speak for a few minutes and I start to worry. But then, he holds out his hand and I take it, shaking it firmly. He gives me a hard squeeze, but I refuse to flinch or wince and smile instead. He smiles back and laughs quietly. "You're a good man, Edward. You have my blessing. Don't you let Bella stop you. I know her mom leavin' left her kinda broken. I think you're the glue for that. Take care of my girl. Do I need to show you my gun case?" I shake my head quickly and gulp, making him laugh. "All right then."

I leave feeling victorious.

I meet up with Em and J and we spend the night drinking ourselves stupid. We finally crawl into our hotel rooms around four in the morning. I grab my phone as I sprawl out on the king-sized bed and dial Bella.

"Lo?" she answers in her adorable sleepy voice.

"Bella! Baby! I'm sooo sorry. Did I wakey-wakey you?"

She laughs and damn, I love that sound. Her laugh is so cute.

"Are you drunk, Edward?"

I frown, shaking my head no, and then I laugh, cause I remember she can't see me. "Pft! Naaaah! I swear to drunk, I'm not you." She laughs harder and I smile in response. "What's so funnaaaay?" I ask, cause I wanna laugh too, you know?

"Nothing, baby," she answers. "Why don't you get some sleep, and call me when you wake up, preferably after you've dealt with your imminent hangover?"

"BELLA!" I yell loudly, feeling very upset with her. "I am not impotent and I never will be! I'll always be hard for you. I'm hard right now! I'll send a picture to prove it!" How the hell could Bella think that about me? My dick is amazing!

Bella laughs and I pout. This shit is not funny. My dick is sad. "Baby," I whine. "It's not funny."

"Aw, baby," she sighs into the phone. "I didn't say *impotent*, I said *imminent*." I can hear her holding back her laugh, so I just grunt in response. "Go to sleep, okay?"

"But you know my dick is hard, right? Should I send the picture?"

"Edward," Bella sighs. "I know your dick is hard. It's always hard for me, isn't it?" Her voice is suddenly all low and breathy, making said dick even harder.

"Yes, Bella," I groan out. "Always for you. Only you."

"You'll have to show me, when I'm home."

Fuck yes, I will! I nod quickly and remember again that she can't fucking see me, so I speak up instead. "I will. I promise. I can't wait to see you, baby."

She sighs and I suddenly feel so far away from her. "I can't wait either, Eddie. Go to sleep. I love you. I'll see you tomorrow night."

"Okay. I love you, too, B. Goodnight."

We hang up and I fall asleep, hugging my pillow pathetically, wishing it was Bella.

-o-

The flight home is uneventful, which is why I love to fly privately. I sleep most of the way, because I always sleep like shit without Bella. Having Emmett and J with me made me not act like such a pussy, which is why I'm able to get at least a nap in. When we arrive, we're pretty fucking ninja-like, which is pretty fucking cool. Not one person or pap spotted us, and that was our goal. I didn't want to be seen leaving or arriving in L.A. Bella still has no idea that I even left the city, and that's how I want it to remain.

We have a press junket coming up for *Immortal Sun*, which includes a stop at Comic-Con. Bella and I both want to be moved in together before we leave for that craziness. Bella is still under the impression that we're looking for an apartment. Alice and I know better, though. We'll be looking at fantastic houses in

the Hollywood Hills.

We she asks, and it's Bella we're talking about, so she will ask; I'll simply tell her tht a house is a great business investment, to throw her off the trail. The second we both find the house that we love, I plan on dropping to one knee, and asking Bella to marry me.

I'm pretty fucking nervous about it, but I figure it'll be the best place to ask; kneeling in our future home, asking her to share that future with me forever. No big deal, right?

-o-

"Lucy, I'm hooome!" I shout in my best Ricky Ricardo voice.

I hear Bella's answering giggle before I find her. When I finally spot her, my jaw drops.

Holy fuck.

Bella is...on my bed...completely naked...

"Holy fuck."

A/N: Holy fuck is right! Our love-birds juicy or should I say lemony reunion is up next!

22. Chapter 22

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Let's see their reunion.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Bella, I've missed you," I groan out, my eyes greedily taking in her naked perfection.

"Show me," is her simple, sexy response.

I don't need to be told fucking twice.

I strip in what's probably record time before slowly approaching the bed. I stalk toward her like a lion stalking his prey. She is my prey. I'm going to devour her. "I'll show you, baby," I nearly growl out, my voice deep and laced with my arousal and need. "Do you think this is funny Bella?" I cock my head as my knees land on the edge of the bed. "Teasing me this way? Do you enjoy making me *ache* for you?" Bella grins and shakes her head as I stroke my cock. "Liar," I accuse. "You love this, don't you?"

Bella bites her lip, her white teeth sinking into her light pink flesh. She shakes her head again. She wants to play.

"Oh, you do, my love. But it's okay. I enjoy it too." I'm only inches away from her naked flesh, but I somehow refrain myself. "Do you know what I'll enjoy even more?" Bella says nothing, but I see her breathing speed up. I smirk and speak quietly. "I'll enjoy making you ache for me, even more than I do for you. By the time I'm done with you, you'll be begging for me o fuck you. You'll be begging for my cock."

Bella moans then, the sound heading straight for my aching dick.

Down boy.

We need to torture the shit out of Bella, no, we need to torture the cum out of Bella. I'm going to make her cum multiple times tonight. Guaranteed.

I reach out, finally allowing myself to touch the beautiful creature that's laid out before me. I lift her right foot, placing gentle kisses all along her toes. Bella squirms slightly, fighting against the battle of ticklish torture. She loves her feet being massaged, but tickling...let's just say my girl is very ticklish. I move toward her ankle, knowing that if I keep on with the feet, she'll end up laughing her ass off, and that's not the sounds I want right now.

Don't get me wrong, I love her laugh...

But right now? Right now I want breathy sighs and guttural groans.

I lick all around her ankle bone, making Bella shudder in anticipation. I begin placing wet, hot, open mouthed kisses all along her silky calf, not stopping until my lips land on her knee. I lift her leg higher, placing the heel of her foot on my shoulder so my mouth can access the sensitive skin at the back of her knee.

I place a long kiss there, loving the sigh that escapes her lips. It's Bella's special spot. When I open my mouth, licking all around her skin before sucking lightly, Bella lets out a loud moan.

"Edward," she breathes. "Touch me, please."

I smile into her skin, loving that she's already begging for me. Sorry love, but I'm only just getting started. "I am touching you, baby." I stroke my index finger up and down her inner thigh, feeling her shiver. "See?" I ask as she glares at me.

"You know where I want you, Edward," she says forcefully, making my dick twitch. I have to fight the urge to say "fuck it" and fuck her. She knows what it does to me when she talks that way. Realizing that she wants me to do just that; give into my urges and give her what she wants, I hold myself back.

I take a deep, cleansing breath, and smile at her. "I know where you want me to touch you baby, and I'll get there...eventually." My smile turns smug when she whimpers.

I continue to make my way up her thighs, kissing and licking along the way.

As I get closer to her glistening folds, it gets a lot hard – pun intended – to not fuck her. Instead of ramming my cock inside her in one thrust, I take another breath and move my lips to her other thigh. I repeat my mission, in reverse, kissing and licking and sucking my way down to her left foot.

Bella growls in frustration. Fuck I love that sound. I love that I'm driving her crazy with lust for me. She drives me crazy, every second of every day.

I spread Bella's legs as wide as I possibly can, which causes an excited gleam to erupt in Bella's chocolate eyes. I know she thinks I'm finally giving in; giving her exactly what she wants. But she's sadly mistaken.

I lay in between her spread legs, resting my head on her stomach.

I start out licking her bellybutton; swirling my tongue all around the edge before plunging it inside. Bella wiggles around, giggling slightly at the sensation. I smile up at her before covering her stomach in kisses. I move further up, placing my chin in the small valley between her perfect tits. "Hi," I whisper sweetly, happily watching a smile spread across her face. "I really fucking missed you."

She bites her lip as she plays with the hairs at the nape of my neck. "I missed you too, handsome."

I kiss the spot where my chin vacates and then move along to one of her tits. I lick all over, making sure my tongue makes contact with every inch of skin on her perfectly round breast...everywhere except for her nipple, of course. I move to the other breast and do the same thing.

“Edward,” Bella growls. I can tell that she’s pissed. But I love it.

“Yes, love?” I ask sweetly, smiling up at her.

“Enough.” Her tone is forceful once again...and once again...my cock twitches in response. “I want you to fuck me right now.” She’s speaking through gritted teeth and I can feel the heat of her seeping out onto my stomach.

“I don’t think I’ve given you enough...attention...baby,” I say it so innocently that I almost believe it myself.

She pouts then, and I swear, it’s the most adorable thing I’ve ever seen.

Bella’s pouts are dangerous though, they make me putty in her hands and she fucking knows it. “Don’t you love me?” she asks sadly.

I snort. “Of course I love you.”

She bites her lip and looks incredibly sad as she does so. “Then why won’t you fuck me? Am I ugly?”

I know she’s doing this to get her way, but that doesn’t stop my stomach from clenching in discomfort. I hate hearing those words come out of her mouth, even though I know they’re just being spoken so she can get her way.

Fuck.

I’ll give in and she knows it.

“You’re the most gorgeous girl in the world. You’re incredibly fucking sexy and I want to fuck the shit out of you right now. Is that what you want, baby?”

Bella shakes her head now, confusing me for a second, until I see a smile spread across her gorgeous face, making her impossibly more beautiful. “It’s what I *need*, Edward. I’ve missed you so much. I need you, right now. Please, take me.”

Fuck.

I grab her thighs and hoist myself up on my knees. Bella instantly wraps her legs around my waist and arches her back, searching for the friction she’s been craving. I move a hand to her pussy and run two fingers up and down her slit. *Fuck*, she’s *soaked*. “Look at that,” I chuckle. “So soaked and ready for my cock. Aren’t you baby?” I ask as I dip a finger inside her wet folds.

“Mmm, fuck,” Bella moans. “Yes, baby, I’m ready. Right now. Please don’t make me wait.”

She’s begging me now, but it’s unnecessary. I can’t wait another fucking second to be inside her.

I move my hands to her ass, lifting her up slightly, so her pussy is lined up with my aching, dripping cock. I thrust my hips forward a bit, letting the head of my cock rub against her swollen clit. I hiss in pleasure and Bella moans. Suddenly, she grabs my cock, pushing the head inside, and that’s the moment when I lose all rational thought.

I squeeze her ass roughly, shoving my dick completely inside her soaked pussy. I groan, feeling her tight pussy wrap completely around me; so wet, warm and fucking delicious. I remove my hands from her ass, but Bella keeps her position. I move one hand to her tits, squeezing each a little roughly, rubbing the palm of my hand against her nipple before pinching it gently. Bella moans out, using her own hand to pinch her other nipple.

So fucking sexy.

I use my free hand to rub her clit, causing Bella to scream out in pleasure. “Edward! I’m going to...uhhngg, I’m gonna cum.” I increase my pace, letting my cock pound in and out of her wet folds, loving the sounds of our bodies connecting. “I’m gonna cum...All. Over. Your. Cock.” She punctuates each dirty fucking word in time with my thrusts.

I can feel her walls grip me even tighter, and it takes every ounce of will power I have to not cum before she does.

“MMMMM! Fuuuuck. Edward! Yes, yes, oh my fucking God, yessss.” Bella’s voice rings out loudly, making me fuck her even harder, wanting to draw out her orgasm as her eyes nearly cross and her body freezes.

I feel my balls tighten, and I have to warn her. “Fuck. Bella...I can’t fuck...I can’t wait any longer...” I groan, not able to finish my warning when my own orgasm takes over. I cum deep inside Bella, filling her tight pussy as indescribable sensations run through my body.

I slump over, making sure to keep most of my weight off of her tiny body. She slings her arms around my neck and sighs heavily. “God, that was...” Bella trails off.

I sigh myself and agree. “I know.”

I roll over and wrap her up in my arms. “I’m so glad to be home,” I whisper against her hair as she pushes back against me, trying to snuggle in and get as close as possible.

She giggles and speaks softly. “We haven’t found our home yet, remember? Between Mr. Grumpy Pants – who is you, by the way – and Mrs. Picky Pants – who is, you guessed it – Alice, we are still undecided.”

I laugh, but not at what she just said. “Bella, that shit doesn’t matter. I’m not talking about that. When I said I was glad to be home, I meant here. My home is wherever you are. This,” I nod at her, “this is my home. Right here. Here with you and your heart; that’s my home.”

She sighs and whispers how much she loves me. I smile as I throw a huge comforter over us and whisper the words back, meaning them with every fiber of my being. I'll ask her to marry me, to be my wife, to be my forever, and when I do – she'll say yes. Because I cannot live without this.

I can't live without her.

A/N: K, where can I sign up for an Edward of my own?

23. Chapter 23

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Thanks for your reviews. xo

These past two weeks have been ridiculously fucking hectic.

Bella and I have both been completely swamped with work. Day after day we've had something to do. If it wasn't a photo shoot, it was an interview; and half the time we had to do those separately! What sucked the most about that? Every interviewer just had to ask me questions about her, which only made me miss her more.

The only time we've spent together lately has been in bed. No, it's not the awesome "let's fuck" bedtime. Oh, no. It's been the "I'm dead to the fucking world the second my head hits the pillow" bed time. Consciously, I think we've spent no more than an hour a day together. It's fucking sucked majorly.

But today? Today is gonna be different. Today begins our collective days off and we're gonna capitalize on that shit.

Good luck today! Make sure she calls me the second she's done crying. – A

Lol, Alice, we might not find the right place today. Don't expect a call. – E

Edward Cullen! I chose the best houses to pick from, so you'd better see something you like! You better propose! And I'd better get a call from my best friend asking me to be her MOH! – A

MOH? – E

Maid of Honor! Jesus. – A

Ok ok. Relax. Breathe. Bye. – E

I hear my phone beep again, but I ignore that shit and place it on the nightstand.

I roll over and smile at the sigh before me. My beautiful Bella is still asleep. Her hair is a complete mess of tangles and her nose is scrunched adorably. I love watching her sleep. I'm not a fucking creep, so don't even try that noise.

See, when Bella sleeps, she talks. Sometimes she says my name, or moans it; that's my favorite. I love knowing that she's dreaming of me, in any capacity.

"Edward..." Bella breathes quietly as she tosses and turns slightly.

Yes! *Showtime!*

"Touch me, please. I need you so much..."

Fuck me.

Her voice is getting that breathy, turned on quality that makes my cock like steel.

I think it's time to give Dream Bella what she wants.

I pull at her gently, rearranging her body carefully until she's lying on her back. I tug on her panties, pulling them down over her thighs, and eventually off completely. I spread her thighs slightly and lay my body directly beside hers. I prop myself up on my elbow so I can look down at my handiwork.

I slowly stroke my index finger lightly up and down her slit; keeping my pace slow, I make sure to barely graze her flesh. "Mmmm," Bella moans out and I smile in triumph before sliding one finger through her lips. I hiss at how hot and wet she is for me, even in her sleep.

Bella wiggles around a bit at my touch, running her hands along her stomach. I watch in fascination as her hands travel higher. I lick my lips when she rubs her palms against her tits and moans. "Edward, *oh God*, yes. More...need you...so much."

I remove my finger for a second, adding another to the party before sliding back into her pussy. I rub her thumb against her clit roughly as my fingers slide in completely, burying into their favorite place in the world.

Bella's eyes pop open and she gasps. Her eyes land on me and I'm momentarily stunned by the look of pure lust that overtakes her features. A slow smile spreads across her gorgeous face as I pick up speed; thrusting my fingers in and out of her soaked pussy.

"Good morning gorgeous," I tell her with a grin. "I hope you slept well..." my grin turns smug, knowing she was dreaming of this, or something like it, while she slept.

"I...mmm...I slept g-good. But waking up is soo much better. Ungghh, yes! More Edward, harder!"

I immediately obey her sexy commands, picking up the speed of my fingers. I pound them in and out, as fast and as hard as I can, but it doesn't seem to be enough for Bella. She grabs my wrist and grinds her pussy up against me.

I decide she needs something more, so I position my body lower, wrapping my mouth around her clit and sucking it into my mouth.

“Fuck!” she screams as she writhes beneath me. Her pussy is nearly clamping down on my fingers and it feels so fucking good. I know she’s getting close, so I push my fingers in a final time, curling them; finding that spot that makes her see stars.

I continue to rub that special little spot while I nibble on her clit, and Bella screams once more as her body tenses in pleasure. “Oh my fucking God, Edward. Jesus...”

Bella closed her eyes as her chest heaved and I knew she was trying to calm down. I laid my head on her chest while she played with my hair. “Good morning handsome,” She said sweetly as I looked up at her. “What was that for?” I smiled and shrugged, sitting up and grabbing her hand in mine. “You were moaning and saying my name in your sleep.” I waggled my eyebrows at her and she rolled her eyes. “I was not. You’re completely lying.” I snorted and she smacked my arm. “Whatever you say gorgeous.”

She bit her lip and arched an eyebrow. “Whatever I say?” She asked sweetly and I nodded slowly, unsure of where she was going with this. “Get naked.” She demanded and I tried to hide my shock. Bella giggled so I was pretty sure I failed at the not looking shocked thing. “Why?” I asked dumbly. “Are you really questioning this?” She asked teasingly and I shook my head, quickly undressing. Why the fuck did I question it? I should’ve been naked the second she finished her sentence.

“Naked, check.”

Bella smiled and laid back on the bed. She crooked her finger at me; signaling for me to come to her and I complied. I crawled back onto the bed until I was hovering over her. “Now that I’m naked, what will you do with me love?” I asked, and Bella wasted no time answering me. “I can think of a few things,” She said sweetly. “Like this for starters,” She said as she grabbed my cock in her small hand and gave it a slight squeeze. “Unggg...fuck.” I groaned, loving the feeling of her hand on me. “And...this.” She purred out as she began stroking my cock slowing, gripping it with more force as she moved her hand up and down my shaft. My eyes crossed when I felt her rub her thumb across the head of my dick.

I felt Bella’s legs wrap around me, and she pulled me toward her; using her control of my cock to rub the head all around her clit. She moaned while I hissed and thrust my hips on instinct. Bella grunted when my cock pushed against her clit. “Edward...” She trailed off and I looked at her face. “Yeah baby?” I asked, my own voice strained with my arousal. “I want you to fuck me.” She said and then bit her lip, grinding her soaking wet pussy up against my cock. “Do you want to fuck me?” She asked sweetly, and I didn’t answer with words. I grabbed her hands and used one of mine to hold hers above her head. I gripped my cock firmly and rubbed it all over her clit, causing Bella to writhe against me. I moved the head up and down her clit slowing, pushing in bit by bit with each pass, until the head was through her lips. I groaned and filled her with one smooth thrust; gasping at the feel of her heat consuming me.

“Fuck, Bella...so fucking good.” I groaned out as I rocked my hips against hers slowly, filling her over and over again. Bella wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me down for a kiss. Our lips met, and I asked for entrance; sliding my tongue along her bottom lip. She complied and opened her mouth to me, our tongues melting together slowly; and I loved that we weren’t rushing anything. It was like a slow consuming fire and I wanted to fucking burn.

I felt my orgasm coming, and I wanted Bella to cum again first. I reached down and rubbed her clit fast and hard while I continued with deep, slow, hard thrusts. “Edward!” She cried out as she clenched around me, I felt her entire body spasm and freeze; this triggered my released and I came deep inside her in hard long spurts.

“Fuck me.” Bella breathed out and I smiled smugly. “I just did, but give me a minute and I’ll go again.” Bella laughed and nudged me. “Shut up, perv. We need to get up and join the real world anyways,” She sighed then and rolled on top of me. “Even though I’d really rather not.” She finished with a kiss to my lips. I squeezed her ass and nodded my head in agreement. “I know. But let’s go, we have a lot of houses to see.” She smiled then, and I’m sure my answering smile was ginormous and goofy.

-XXX-

“Well, that place sucked.” I muttered as we got back into the car only ten minutes after exiting it. “It really did. I didn’t know Charlie Sheen lived up here.” Bella said, trying to fight off giggles. “I just can’t live next door to him; I don’t have enough Tiger Blood.” I said, shuddering slightly. Bella did giggle then, and I smiled at the sound. It cheered me up instantly and I didn’t care how whipped that made me. “You ready for the next place babe?” I asked with a squeeze to her fingers. “Yep, let’s go!” She said with extra enthusiasm. I wasn’t sure who she was trying to cheer up, me or her, but it sure worked on me.

-XXX-

“I’m going to kill Alice! Seriously, I’m going to rip out her throat with my bare hands!” Bella screeched out, making a fist and shaking it. I was trying really fucking hard not to laugh, because I knew that would bring her wrath to me and that was the last fucking thing I wanted right now. “Bella,” I spoke slowly and calmly as she turned and faced me. “It wasn’t that bad.” She was fuming, her chest heaving as she glared at me. “Not that bad? That was a dominatrix den in the basement Edward! Did you not see the sex swing? The whips and chains on the walls? The ball gag shelves!” I cracked up then, unable to help myself. I was laughing so hard that tears were streaming down my face. “Shut up,” Bella said, trying to fight off the laughter and hold onto her anger. “It’s so not funny.” She giggled then, and covered her mouth to stop the sound. “It’s kinda funny babe.” I said between breaks in my own laughter. She sighed and shook her head. “Yeah, I guess. But I wish she wouldn’t waste our time like that,” She frowned and continued. “We only have a couple of days together and I’d love to find this place before we have to go to San Diego.”

I sighed and wrapped her up in a hug. “I know baby, we’ll find the right place. Third time’s the charm right?” I smiled at her and she gave me a tiny one in return.

-XXX-

“Oh my God!” Bella screamed for probably the fiftieth time since we entered this house. I couldn’t disagree with her assessment, or be annoyed at how many times she screamed it; because damn this house was fucking fantastic. It was all one level, with three bedrooms and two bathrooms. The front of the house looked like a modest home, which Bella and I both loved, but what was causing the screaming fest right now was the back of the house. Any window you looked out at the rear of the house showed off an incredible view of the Hollywood Hills. But what was amazing about this backyard? It had an infinity pool that gave off the illusion of swimming right off of the cliff and into the amazing view.

Standing in this backyard, watching Bella freak out; I noticed the sun was fiery orange as it settled down to set. This was the place, I was sure of it. I knew what I had to do, and the fucking butterfly riot of 2012 began in my stomach.

“Bella.” I spoke her name quietly, and she seemed to turn around in slow motion. I watched as she took in the sight before her; her eyes widened and her hand flew to her mouth.

Fuck.

24. Chapter 24

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: It's about that time. ;)

Speak.

Come on, Cullen! Words! Anything!

"Your boobs look fucking great in that tank top."

Oh my fucking, God! Not that.

Bella gives me a strange look, kind of like a "what the fuck did you just say" look. If I had a mirror, I'm pretty sure I'd see the same facial expression on my own horrified face. "What?" she asks, her nose scrunched adorably.

"Nothing," I shake my head. "Can, uh, can we just pretend that I haven't said anything yet?" I'm practically begging her, but I don't care at this point. She simply nods, and relief fills me. I take a deep breath.

Okay.

Take two.

"Bella," I say her name with reverence, like she's a goddess; because to me, that's exactly what she is. She's beautiful and perfect; inside and out.

I reach into my pocket and take out the box that has been burning a hole inside every pair of fucking jeans I own. "I think this is the house for us, what do you think?" Her eyes, which are trained on the box in my hand, fill with tears. I smile and nod. "Okay, so this is the house for us; and you're the one for me."

Bella bites her lip as a few stray tears roll down her cheeks. I take a step toward her, placing my free hand on her cheek and wiping away the tears with my thumb. "You changed my life the day you walked into that audition. The first thought that filled my head when I saw you was "fuck me, she's hot" and it was constantly there when we began filming." Bella lets out a giggle and I smile even bigger. "It was hard for me, and you know just how hard," I waggle my eyebrows, "for me to even be around you."

She lets out a full belly laugh at that. I've never loved a sound as much as I love her laugh.

"Then we hooked up," I continue. "And just so you know, even though I was fully dressed, that was easily the greatest sexual experience of my entire laugh." I laugh a bit at that myself, realizing how pathetic it sounds when you say it out loud.

Bella's words cut off my laughter. "It was mine, too," she reminds me sweetly.

I take a deep breath, trying to reign in the emotion I feel as I prepare the next words in my mind. "And then you pushed me away, and I know your reasons now, but back then it hurt. I'm glad it happened, though." Bella raises her eyebrows in surprise.

"You are?" she asks quietly, biting her lip.

I nod and continue. "Yeah, I am. Because I know what it's like to *want* you and to *not* be able to have you. I know what it's like to live without you. It's hell for me, plain and simple. I know that I don't want to ever live without you. I *could* live without you, but it would be a miserable existence. I want you forever. I want you to be my co-star, my best friend, my wife, and my entire world. I promise if you give yourself to me, I'll give you myself right back. I'll make you the happiest you've ever been. I know it will be hard, and I know I'll probably fuck up," my eyes fill with tears and I know I can't hold the emotion back much longer. "But when I fuck up, I'll make it all better. I'll always be the best me I can be for you, I want you to have the best of me; it's yours forever. All I need you to do is take it. Will you?" She nods quickly and I know I need to be clearer.

"Bella, will you marry me?" My voice is surprisingly calm, not showing the raging anxiety within me. I open up the box to reveal the ring I bought for her. Her eyes zero in on the diamond in my hand and I watch her lips open to give me her answer.

My heart stops.

"Yes."

Never, had one three letter word, brought out such emotion in me. My tears spill out, and I don't fucking care. I'm feeling way too much. I feel like the Grinch, my heart threatening to burst with fucking happiness as it grows three times its size from the overwhelming love I feel for this beautiful creature in front of me.

"Yes?" I ask, 'cause I wanna hear that shit again.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she squeals and launches herself at me, knocking me backwards and onto the ground. "I love you, Edward, of course I'll marry you." *Fuck*. I have no idea why, but that shit just turned me on a whole fucking lot. "I want to be your wife," she continues. "I want to make beautiful babies with you, I want to grow old with you; I want it all. I want to be with you forever."

"Bella," I groan. "Stop talking."

She giggles. "Why baby?" she asks sweetly.

I grunt and thrust my hips up against her, letting her feel what she's doing to me. "That's why."

"Mmm," she moans seductively. "Are you hard for me, baby?" she asks in what I like to refer to as her "Dirty Bella" voice.

"I'm always hard for you, Bella, only for you," I tell her honestly, meaning every word of it.

"Only for me?" she asks as she grinds her hips down against me.

I nearly growl and grab her hips, thrusting my own up again as she gasps. "Yes, love, only you."

"Edward?" she asks sweetly. I raise my eyebrows in question. "I want to fuck my fiancé."

Dirty Bella is out to play and I am fucking down.

I flip us over, so I'm hovering over her, being careful to not rest all of my weight on her. "You do, huh?" I ask, my voice thick with my own restraint. "Well, love, you're in luck, because your fiancé wants to fuck you, too."

Bella moans and wraps her legs around me, pulling me in against her.

I'm going to make her cum as many times as fucking possible tonight.

"Take your shirt off, love." I speak softly, my voice low with anticipation.

She sits up a little, removing her tank top. I use the new position to unclasp her bra and watch in rapt fascination as her perfect tits are released from their confines. I attack her then, I just can't fucking help myself. I push her down gently, covering her neck in wet kisses as her body descends back down to the floor. Bella moans, arching her back when I place my hands beneath her, holding her to me as I move my mouth to those pretty pink nipples.

"I love you so much," I whisper against her skin.

Bella lets out a content-sounding sigh and rakes her hands through my hair, tugging slightly as she responds. "I love you more."

I smile against her skin, placing tiny kisses all along her tits. There's no way in hell that she's right about that, and she knows it. I won't argue with her now, though. No. This isn't the time for arguments. This is the time for me to make love to my *fiancé*.

Fuck. That sounds so good!

Fiancé. Fiancé. Fiancé.

That's my new favorite word.

At least until I can call her my wife.

25. Chapter 25

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A/N: Squee with me!

“Don’t forget these, love,” I tease Bella as I swing her thong around in circles with my index finger. “I don’t think the realtor would like to find this lounging around, do you?”

Bella reaches out quickly, trying to snatch the tiny piece of silk out of my hand. Unfortunately, she’s not fast enough. I yank them out of her reach and wink at her. “Actually, I think I’ll hang onto it, love.” I shove the thong into my jacket pocket and smile smugly.

Bella only shrugs, before giving me a kiss, reminding me once again of why I love her so damn much.

She’s going to be my wife.

Damn.

I just can’t get that out of my head.

I’m no longer surprised about all of these marriage-like thoughts not scaring the shit out of me. I know it’s because of Bella, though. If this was happening with any other woman, I’m pretty sure I’d be running for the border right about now. Hell, if it was anyone else but her, I’d never have gotten to this point.

“So...this is it, huh?” Bella asks, linking her arm through mine as we make our way back to the car.

I know she’s not just referring to the house, so when I answer her, I speak with nothing less than absolute sincerity. “Yeah, it is.”

We stop at the car and I pull her into a hug, clasping my hands just above her delectable ass. I smile down at her gorgeous face. “I love you. Have I told you that lately?”

“Hmm,” she says as she taps her chin. “I’m not sure. Say it again?”

“I love you,” I kiss her forehead. “I love you,” I kiss her nose. “I love you,” I kiss her lips.

I’m rewarded with a beautiful smile. “I love you, too, Edward. I love you so much.” Bella reaches on her tip toes and kisses me soundly, making me want her all over again.

I groan and reluctantly break the kiss. “Let’s go.”

Once we’re both seated in the car and backing out of the driveway, Bella speaks. “I really love that house, Edward. What was your favorite part?”

I link my fingers with hers. “Definitely the backyard,” I say with a waggle of my eyebrows.

Bella rolls her eyes and sighs. “Be serious, please.”

I give her my most serious look before I speak again. “Baby, I am being serious. That was the first place that I had sex with my beautiful fiancé. Nothing will ever beat that for me.”

She doesn’t roll her eyes at me this time. She smiles and kisses my cheek. “You’re the sweetest person I know.”

I laugh and narrow my eyes at her playfully. “Just how many person do you know?”

Her eyes widen comically. “Oh tons! But you’re most definitely my favorite. I promise.”

I kiss her hand before linking our fingers together and placing them on my thigh. “I better be.”

-o-

“Let me see it! Let me see it! Let me see it!” Alice’s voice rises an octave each time she shouts her demand at my mildly alarmed looking fiancé.

Bella holds out her hand and the shriek that erupts from Alice’s tiny body nearly makes my ears bleed. Jesus! That woman can scream.

“Oh my God, Bella! It’s so beautiful and perfect!”

In my head, I’m thinking: “Hey, Alice, you already saw the fucking thing, so chill.” But of course, I won’t say that shit out loud. Alice may be small, but she scares the shit out of me. Jasper’s shown me scars.

“I know!” Bella gushes right along with her best friend and it makes me smile to see her so happy with her ring.

It was my grandmother’s wedding ring, and seeing it nestled safely on Bella’s finger means so much to me. The Claddagh ring is a very big deal to my Irish roots and I’m so glad she didn’t hate it and demand a huge rock instead. Thankfully, Bella isn’t like that.

Bella and Alice hug then, silently sobbing into each other’s shoulders.

Suddenly I feel like I’m intruding on a private moment. I excuse myself and make my way to my bedroom. I love the fact that pretty soon I’ll be able to say

“our” bedroom instead.

I check my email and return a few phone calls, trying to pass the time. I feel a little pathetic, because I miss Bella...and she’s only a room away from me!

Just when I’m about to crack and rejoin the estrogen fest going on in the living room, my phone rings.

Shit. Rose.

I take a deep breath and answer. “Hey Rose.”

“Don’t you fucking “Hey Rose” me, Edward Cullen! Did you think it wasn’t a good idea to let me know that you were going to propose to Bella! Did you think I just wouldn’t want to know? I helped you keep her away while you talked to Charlie! I deserved to be the first to know!”

“Well, looking back on it, Rose, you know that’s impossible. I mean, obviously Bella would have to be the first to know...” I know it’s dangerous to tease her right now, but I’m really trying to avoid this argument. I know that I should have told her my plans, and I know she must have found out that Alice got to help, but I didn’t want a ton of people to know my plan. It would make it that much harder to deal with if Bella said no.

“Edward...” Rose warns, but I can hear the hurt in her voice. Shit. My sister has quite literally done everything for me during the past few years, so I just decide to bite the bullet and be honest with her.

“Listen, Rose. I’m sorry, okay? I didn’t mean to leave you out. Alice was the only one who knew my plan and she only knew because I needed her Bella-input. I know you and Bella have become close, but Alice is her best friend and has known her forever. I needed insight Rose, that’s all. I didn’t tell anyone else when I would propose, or how, because what if she said no? It’s bad enough that I had to involve practically everyone just to ask Charlie’s permission.”

There’s a long pause and I worry for a second that she is really and truly upset with me. “Rose?” I ask quietly, afraid that I’ll hear tears on the other end of the line; or worse – silence.

“I’m here,” she says solemnly.

I sigh. “I really am sorry. Do you forgive me? I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings, or make you feel left out.”

She sighs. “Yes, I forgive you, Edward. But I want to be heavily involved in the planning of the wedding.”

I wince, knowing that between my sister, my mother, and Alice...Bella is in for some serious trouble.

“Sure, Rose,” I agree, dying to give her something to cheer her up.

She squeals, and I’m pretty sure I’ve never heard that sound come out of my sister.

“Did you just...”

Rosalie cuts off my disbelieving half question with a growl. “Shut up, Edward.”

I decide to shut up.

“Well, was that the only reason you called? Did you just want to bitch me out and make me feel like shit?” I ask, kind of annoyed with her back and forth emotions.

“No,” she says. “I’m about to email you your itinerary for Comic-Con. I want you to check it while we’re on the phone and let me know if you’re on board with everything. I spoke to Demetri and he said he also emailed Bella.”

Demetri is Bella’s equivalent to Rose, but he’s much more pleasant than my sister is. Not that I’d ever say that shit out loud.

“I think it’d make more sense for Bella and I to look over our emails together. That way we can just call you both back and let you know at the same time. If something needs to be changed, you can both get on it right away.” I’m trying to get off the phone as quickly as I can, before she finds something else to bitch at me about. Plus, I really fucking miss my Bella.

Yes, I’m aware of the fact that I’m a whipped little pussy; no need to point it out.

Thankfully she agrees. “All right, fine. But please call me back as soon as you can, I have plans with Emmett tonight.”

I laugh at their scheduled date night, which earns me a lovely “fuck off” before my darling sister hangs up.

I’m about to finally make my way out into the living room, when I overhear something that makes me stop in my motherfucking tracks.

“Are you going to tell him now? He’s obviously in this for the long haul. I don’t think you have anything to worry about, B. I’ve been telling you that over and over, but now here’s your proof.”

I hear Bella sigh before she responds quietly. “No. I don’t want to stress him out or upset him. Especially if he doesn’t feel the same way about this as I do. What if he wants to break it off with me?”

What? Break up with her? What. The. Fuck.

“Bella,” Alice sighs heavily, sounding irritated. “He will not break up with you because of this! But if you keep this from him, I really would not blame him for being pissed. He deserves to know. It’s not fair to him.”

Shit. Now I'm worried. Alice wouldn't blame me for getting pissed, and what, breaking up with her? This, coming from the same girl who threatened to cut off my dick if I did anything to hurt Bella. This can't be good.

"I'll tell him after Comic-Con. I don't think either of us will be able to make it through that if he takes this badly."

After Comic-Con? But that's still two weeks away! I'm not going to be able to wait that fucking long. What is she hiding from me? I can't even go out there and ask her, either, because then she'll know I was eavesdropping. I know it's wrong for me to eavesdrop, but it's wrong for her to keep shit from me too. So I guess we're even. But still, I'm not going out there. I'm not sure I even want to know what's fucking going on.

My stomach feels like it's filled with heavy bricks. I feel like I'm being weighed down by worry and I hate it. Bella is keeping something from me, lying to me; and whatever it is...it's bad enough that she fears I'll break up with her.

I wrack my brain, trying to figure out what it could be. Have I done something wrong? No. That doesn't make sense. This is something Bella did. But what could she have done that she feels she needs to keep from me?

My first thought flits to Jacob Black and once it's there I can't shake it.

Fuck me.

Can't I catch a break?

A/N: No, Eddie, you can't! That would be boring! :P

26. Chapter 26

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Let's see how our Eddie boy is holding up, yeah?

This past week, has easily been the worst of my entire fucking life.

“She’s pregnant.”

And Emmett isn’t making it any fucking better right now.

“What?” I gasp out as my head snaps in Emmett’s direction. I swear, just hearing the word pregnant knocked the wind out of me.

“He said that Bella’s pregnant,” Jasper says matter-of-factly.

“Shut the fuck up, J, I know what he said.”

Jasper holds his hands up in a surrender-type motion, but he has a smug grin plastered on is fucking face that makes me want to punch it right off. Why is he so smug? Wait...oh fuck me. Jasper dates Alice, and Alice obviously knows what’s going on...so Jasper *has* to know!

“Jasper,” I say sadly. “You’re my friend, right?” He gives me a quizzical look, but nods slowly. “So...you’d tell me anything I needed to know, right?” He nods again. “Is Bella really pregnant?”

I expect his face to pale. I expect him to stutter out a lie.

Instead, he just shrugs. “I don’t know man.”

I know he’s telling the truth, because Jasper can’t lie to save his life. He’s the worst secret keeper, ever. I’m not surprised that he knows nothing, actually. If I was Alice I wouldn’t tell Jasper shit.

I sigh and scrub my hand down my face. “I don’t know what to fucking do.”

“Why don’t you just talk to her?” Jasper asks me like it’s the easiest thing in the world to do. I give him my best murderous look, causing him to look away and mutter. “It was just a suggestion. Christ.”

Emmett steps in before I can choke Jasper out. “He can’t do that, Jazz Hands. If he confronts Bella about what she said to Alice, then she’ll know that he was eavesdropping on her conversation. Chicks get pissed about that kind of shit. They whine about invasion of privacy and how we don’t trust them, and all men want to do is control women, blah blah blah.”

“Yeah,” Jasper sighs. “That’s true. Sorry man.”

I wave off his apology and give him a small smile, letting him know he’s forgiven. I’m sure it looks more like a grimace, but I don’t care. It’s all I’ve got right now.

“I guess I’m just going to have to wait another week.”

“You actually need to wait a week and two days, seeing as how Comic-Con is a week away and then you’ll be there for two days and she said she’d tell you after it was over, right? Well actually it’d be more like a week and three days or for days. Or maybe she’ll wait like a week. It’s not like she’ll bust out a secret the second it’s over.”

I stare at Jasper open-mouthed when he’s done with his rant. “Are you being fucking serious right now?”

“Huh?” he asks stupidly.

“That’s supposed to make me feel better?” I mutter through gritted teeth.

“Well...no,” he frowns. “I’m just saying, you know, don’t expect to wait just a week and then BOOM, problem solved.” I glare at him and he sighs. “Whatever. I have to go to work.”

“What do you have going on today?” Emmett asks, trying to change the subject before he’s a witness to a homicide.

“Doing this movie with Jennifer Aniston. I have to teach her a few moves for a scene.”

Emmett’s eyes light up before he speaks and I already know something ridiculously perverted is going to come out of his mouth. “Can I come?” he asks. “I’d love to show America’s Sweetheart a few moves of my own, if you know what I mean.” Emmett waggles his eyebrows and thrusts his hips.

Well, whaddaya know, ridiculous and perverted, a double score.

Jasper just shrugs. “Sure.”

I raise my eyebrow at Emmett as they leave. “What?” he asks defensively, already knowing what I’m going to say.

“Rosalie.” It’s only one word; three syllables, but it’s all I need to say for him to sober right up.

Emmett coughs and nods. "I'm only going to keep Jasper company." I cock my head to the side. "And of course, I'll keep it in my pants." I laugh and he grins. "See ya later, Eddie," he waves. "Don't have an aneurism."

Easier said than done.

-o-

I'm honestly pretty proud of myself for not freaking the fuck out. This whole past week, I found myself becoming less and less petrified of the fact that Bella could be pregnant. This week also helped me realize for the first time that I'm a really phenomenal fucking actor. I didn't say or do anything to alert Bella to the fact that I already knew something was up.

I've been my usual charming self.

But...we haven't had sex.

At all.

My dick is pretty sad, not gonna lie.

I don't know why we haven't; I'm not sure where the blame lies. Both of us have been kind of distance; our own guilt eating at each of us. It's been an endless fucked up cycle of the two of us feeling too guilty to do anything with the other.

It's a mess. A big, sexless mess.

In my opinion, that's the worst kind of mess, ever.

"Edward, have you seen my red bra?" Bella asks as she enters our bedroom.

Yes, our fucking bedroom.

Unfortunately, with Comic-Con rapidly approaching, we haven't had time to fully move out of our own respective apartments and into our newly co-owned home. Basically, we're living in a beautiful house, that's filled with opened boxes.

"Ugh!" Bella yells in frustration. "I can't find it anywhere." She continues to dig through a box labeled "Bella's Naughty Box." Em and I thought that shit was hilarious, but Bella and Rose were not amused.

"Don't you have like, five red bras?" I ask as I search along with her. "There's one right there." I point to a red bra at the top of the pile. "What's wrong with that one?"

She scowls at me and crosses her arms over her chest. "It's not the right shade of red. That bra is maroon."

I cock an eyebrow and give her my very best "who the fuck cares" look. I guess she doesn't appreciate the look, because she huffs and storms out of the room.

I'm truly becoming more and more convinced that she's really pregnant. Don't pregnant chicks get crazy like this? I mean, who the fuck cares about different shades of red?

-o-

We arrive in San Diego a few days later, alive, which is a pretty big accomplishment on its own.

Once the paparazzi spotted Bella's ring, they went apeshit. We were quickly surrounded by them as we made our way through the airport. Getting to our private plan was like walking through a sea of molasses, there was so many photographers crammed around us. One pap even managed to make it onto our private jet.

Right before take off, Bella had to piss, badly; which honestly is another check in the pregnant box, if you ask me. But anyway, she goes into the bathroom, and the second she's in there, she screams. The motherfucker was hiding in the bathroom.

I wanted to fucking kill him, but the most I got to do was destroy his camera.

"Eddie," Emmett's voice interrupts my thoughts. "Your car is the second in line, all right? You get in on that side of Bella and I'll be on this side." We both stand on either side of her, creating a protective wall around my fiancé. "We'll make sure she gets in, and then you. I will be following in the third car." I nod along, letting him know that I can hear him over the roar of fans and clicks of cameras.

We hurry through the crowd as fast as we can, and once Bella and I are safely in our limo, I breathe out a sigh of relief.

"That was crazy," Bella says, sounding a bit overwhelmed. "Is it always going to be this way?"

Her tone is sad and quiet, and it makes my heart clench. I don't like how it makes her so upset. It bothers me too, of course, but to me, being with Bella is worth it all. "I don't think so, love," I try to reassure her. "I think it's just the whole engagement, plus Comic-Con, and then the movie release date is getting closer...it'll calm down, eventually."

She nods but I don't think she's paying much attention. "Are you okay?" I ask, worrying about the far-off look that's on her face.

She bites her lip and nods, laying her head on my shoulder. I lay my cheek on the top of her head, breathing in her strawberry shampoo. "I love you," I

murmur into her hair. “I love you so much, always, no matter what.”

“I love you, too, baby,” she says fiercely, tipping her head up and kissing my lips. “Forever,” she mumbles against my skin before burrowing back into my side.

I know, without a doubt, that I’ll always be with this woman. It doesn’t matter what she’s hiding; whether she’s pregnant or not; I’ll always love her.

My life just doesn’t work without her.

A/N: D’aww. Cutie pies.

27. Chapter 27

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Comic-Con is here!

“Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome to the stage, your Elliot James; the very talented and handsome, Edward Cullen!”

I walk out onto the stage and am greeted by a sea of pre-teens, young adults, and their mothers. I smile and wave while trying not to do something stupid, like trip on my way to my seat. I hear nothing but the roar from the crowd and see nothing but the flashes from the cameras.

It wouldn't be very smooth if vampire Elliot fell, would it?

Shit. Bella's coming out next. I hope she's okay.

I stop in my tracks, turn around, and face the confused looking hostess. “I'm going to wait for Bella,” I explain as I walk back to the stage's entrance. She just grins at me, apparently fine with my change of events.

“Let's hear it, for the lovely Claire; the gorgeous Bella-Swan-Soon-To-Be-Cullen!”

Bella steps out into the crowd's line of vision and the entire auditorium erupts into ear-drum-shattering screams.

Tons and tons of teenage scream for her as we sit down. I'm not even jealous of the attention she garners. The fans know that Bella is just as much a fan of the books as they are. They connect with her and feel like she's one of them instead of an untouchable celebrity. My girl is awesome, and definitely the fan favorite.

-0-

Aro has been answering the woman's questions for about ten minutes, explaining how hard it was to adapt such a beloved book series into a script, and how he felt about directing a cult phenomenon.

I'm basically just trying not to fall asleep at this point.

I don't loathe the book as much as I did when we began shooting, but hearing Aro talk about this shit is really fucking boring.

“We have some questions from Twitter now,” the hostess says. “This one is for Edward.” There's an uproar of screams. “Edward,” I pay attention now. “Twitter user *MrsJames90* wants to know: Did you fall in love with Bella because of Elliot's feelings for Claire?”

I laugh lightly and take Bella's hand as I lean toward the little microphone on the table. “No. I'm grateful to Elliot and Claire's love because I got to play the role, which brought me to Bella. However, my love is purely Edward for Bella. Our characters have nothing more to do with it than being the catalyst for our meeting.”

There's a chorus of awws throughout the crowd and when I glance at Bella, I see that she's blushing. I wink at her and her blush deepens.

Fuck, I love her.

“Our next question is from user *VampMeUp* and she would like to know: How did it feel to play a vampire? Was it badass?”

I grimace and shake my head. “Definitely not! I assure you, the movie will be awesome, and I'll look like a complete, badass vampire...but filming it wasn't always fun. I was connected to a lot of wires and uncomfortable harnesses for the majority of my stunts, which hurt quite a bit. I also had to wear very uncomfortable contacts and I sat in the makeup chair for three hours a day. I didn't like being a vampire very much.” There's laughter throughout the crowd and I wink at the sea of girls, causing another riot of giggles and screams. Bella squeezes my hand and I look at her just in time to see her roll her eyes at me.

“We also have some questions from the audience. Please step up the microphone, state your name, and then ask your question!”

There's movement in the crowd and the line fills up quickly.

The first girl steps up, looking very nervous. She can't be more than thirteen. “My question is for Bella.” Bella leans forward and smiles at the little girl encouragingly. The little girl smiles back shyly. “Oh! My name is Rachel, by the way.” The little girl's cheeks tinge pink and Bella laughs.

“That's a lovely name, Rachel.” Rachel beams at Bella's compliment. “What's your question?”

“Um...I was just wondering...isn't it awesome that you're going to marry the prettiest boy in the whole world?”

I stifle the laughter that wants to escape me and send Rachel a wink. Her face resembles a tomato in response and Bella elbows me. “Ignore him, Rachel. It's very awesome that I'm going to marry the prettiest boy ever! It's even awesome when he's annoying.” This time it's Bella's turn to wink, but it's conspiratorial and makes Rachel giggle. She walks away a happy camper.

I lean into Bella, using the brief break in questions to whisper in her ear. “You're so amazing at this, love. You just made her entire year. Do you know that?”

Bella just smiles in response and kisses my cheek. The crowd bursts into squeals and applause, making Bella blush again. I think she forgot that we were in a packed auditorium. I did too. I forget everything but this girl when I'm with her. I don't give a shit who's around. Bella's the only one who has all of my attention. I lean in and peck her on her soft lips, and the noise that follows...deafening.

An older girl, probably in her late teens, is the next to step up to the microphone. “My name is Nicole. My question is for Bella too. I was wondering if you were a fan of *Immortal Sun* before you auditioned for the movie?”

Bella tucks a strand of hair behind her ear and nods. “I was a huge fan of the book before I signed on for the film. I had read it quite a few months before at the insistence of my best friend, Alice. When I found out that it was being made into a film, I just knew I had to try and get the part. I mean, come on, who *wouldn't* want to be Claire? She gets Elliot and isn't that what we all want; we all want our own personal Elliot, right?” Bella squeezes my cheek as she asks her question and the crowd goes wild.

It seems as though you have found your very own Elliot, Miss Swan,” the hostess says sweetly. “We have time for one more question.”

A guy steps up the microphone, shocking the shit out of me. Of course, Comic-Con is a guy's fantasy come true, but I'd never expect to see a dude here. True Blood? Sure; but not *Immortal Sun*.

“My name is Mark and my question is for Bella. Well, it's not really a question,” he admits as he rubs his neck. “Bella Swan, you are the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen on the big screen, and now, in real life. Will you dump the bloodsucker and marry me instead?” he asks and pulls out a Ring Pop.

The crowd erupts into laughter and Bella joins them. “Sure! But only if that thing is strawberry!” she yells, giggling the whole time.

The douche fist pumps and my blood boils.

I know it's all a joke, and I know that Bella is kidding, but it pisses me the fuck off.

Obviously, the guy knows it's a joke too, and I'm sure he wasn't expecting her to run into his arms, but fuck. I get it. Everything he said was true. She's fucking gorgeous. But she's mine.

I hate the irrational jealousy bubbling beneath my skin, but I just can't help it. With Bella hiding something from me, it's not taking much to get me going. I feel all wound up and insecure and I hate it. How did everything go from happy and giggly to this?

That asshole popped my oblivious bubble.

I grip the edge of the table and the action doesn't go unnoticed by Bella. She raises her eyebrows at me in question, but I shake my head and mouth “later” to her. Yes, later. We'll be fucking talking later; we're sorting this whole thing out, whether she likes it or not.

I'm sick of feeling this way and I don't give two shits if it ruins Comic-Con.

Because if we don't talk soon, Comic-Con isn't the only thing that will be ruined.

A/N: AH! Calm down, Eddie. Take a chill pill.

28. Chapter 28

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Aww, shit! It's about to go down!

"Are you fucking someone else?"

I snap my eyes up and away from my computer screen and look at Bella. Seeing her standing there, in the middle of the room, with her hands on her hips; I can tell that she's pissed off.

"What?" I ask stupidly, knowing full well what she just asked me. I just need a moment to process it and prepare myself. Because now that she's said this, I know that I can't keep avoiding this conversation. I can't avoid her or this fucked up situation any longer.

"Are. You. Fucking. Someone. Else?" she says each word slowly, like I'm a fucking moron; becoming more and more pissed off as each word falls from her lips.

"No," I say simply. "I'm not."

She arches an eyebrow at me. "That's very fucking convincing, Edward."

Her lip starts trembling, and I know she's fighting hard to hold back tears. She tries to keep the emotion out of her voice as she speaks again, but I can read her face so easily. "If you're fucking someone else, or in love with someone else, or what fucking ever you're doing; just tell me now Edward. I need to know."

I hate the tone of her voice. Its anger and sadness and betrayal all mixed into one. It's a tone that my fiancé should never fucking speak in.

"Bella," I sigh out her name as I move toward the edge of the bed. I hold out my arms, silently telling her to come to me. She hesitates for a second, and it kills me a little bit.

She steps in between my spread legs and I pull her down so she's sitting on my right knee.

"Why would you ask me that?" I ask quietly, rubbing soothing circles along her arm. She looks down at me and bites her lip. "Tell me," I coax.

She sighs and finally speaks. "You've been acting weird. Like yesterday at the panel interview, you were acting really weird, and even before that. Even before San Diego. You avoid me, you don't want to have sex with me, you're not...*you* with me. I don't even know who you are anymore."

I sigh and lay back on the bed, rolling until we're both in the middle, lying side by side.

Instead of being an awesome boyfriend and reassuring my girlfriend that I'm not cheating on her, I blurt out, "What are you hiding from me?"

Fucking word vomit.

Bella's eyes widen slightly and her breathing picks up. "What?" she squeaks out and I know that she's nervous. "Wait...stop...don't try to put this on me."

"Huh?" I ask stupidly.

"Don't try to flip this conversation to me! That's what a guilty person would do. Are you...are you really cheating on me?" Her eyes fill with tears and I completely forget about all of the shit that I'm worried about. I need to make her feel better.

"Bella, baby, I am *not* cheating on you. Why would I cheat on you? I love you." I hug her to me tightly and kiss her temple. "You're the only girl for me. I would never intentionally hurt you. Don't you know that?"

She bites her lip and nods, burying her face into my neck. "I'm sorry," she mumbles quietly.

"Don't be sorry; don't apologize for your feelings. I just need you to know that you never have to worry about me. I'm in this for the fucking long haul." My tone is intense, and Bella looks up at me questioningly.

"Really?"

"Really what?"

"You're really in it for the long haul? Like...forever?"

I roll my eyes at her. "Seriously Bella? Of course I am. Are you on drugs?" I joke, trying to relieve some of the tension. She laughs and rolls her eyes right back at me.

"Shut up. No drugs or alcohol for me," she blurts out and her eyes widen.

My eyebrows furrow in confusion. "Well obviously no drugs, but why aren't you drinking? We were supposed to meet up with Rose and Em tonight for drinks...are we not doing that?"

Bella shakes her head slowly. "I promised Rose that I wouldn't drink with her."

“Why can’t Rose drink?”

Her face drains of color at my question. “I don’t know. She wants to um...take a break from it, you know. Hollywood cleanse and all that.”

“Are you okay? You look like you’re going to throw up.” As soon as I ask the question my mind goes into overdrive.

No alcohol. Emotional. Queasiness. Lame fucking excuses.

My sister giving up alcohol? Yeah fucking right.

“Bella are you —”

I’m not able to finish my question because my fiancé launches off of the bed and runs for the bathroom.

Fuck.

She’s pregnant...

She’s pregnant.

She’s pregnant!

I’m going to be a fucking Dad.

Maybe you should cut back on the swearing then.

Right.

I decide to not bring up the whole “Hey Bella, I know you’re hiding something from me, probably our unborn child...let’s talk” thing. Instead, I follow her into the bathroom and hold back her hair while she pukes her fucking guts up.

“You okay, baby?” I ask as she wipes her mouth. “More?” I ask, unsure if she’s going to expel more disgusting shit.

“No I’m done,” she squeaks out. “Sorry.”

“Stop apologizing. Why did you throw up? Are you not feeling well?”

Tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

“Um...”

Yes, baby. Come on, spill it.

“I don’t know. Maybe it was something I ate?” she asks uncertainly, like I would fucking know.

No, Bella, I don’t know if it’s something you ate. What I do know is that you’re lying to my fucking face. So thanks for that.

I bite back the words, but only barely. Instead I smile, or try to anyway; I’m sure it looks like some creepy fucking grimace. Maybe I resemble the Joker. If I do, Bella doesn’t say so. Instead she tries to smile as well, but I can tell that it’s forced. “Can we go to bed?” she asks quietly and I nod, helping her up and to the bed.

We snuggle down into the comforter, holding each other tightly.

I’m glad for the physical closeness, because truly we have been incredibly distant for a while. The fact that she had plenty of opportunity to tell me tonight, and didn’t, isn’t sitting well with me.

-o-

“I told you man,” Jasper says as he throws the medicine ball toward me.

“Told me what?” I groan out as I catch the ball and throw it back. He arches an eyebrow that clearly states, you-know-the-fuck-what, but I arch an eyebrow right back at him.

He sighs as he catches the ball, dropping it to the floor and sitting on it. He motions to the floor in front of him, and I sit down; rolling my eyes as I do so.

“I told you she was going to need more time. She told Alice that she didn’t wanna fuck up Comic-Con. I knew she wouldn’t say anything there and I knew she wasn’t gonna say it the second the panel or interviews were over either. Give her time, man.”

I sigh and scrub my hands down my face. “It’s fucking hard. I hate knowing that she’s keeping something from me. She’s lying to me on a daily basis. I can’t...be with her like this.”

“Be with her?” he questions, looking as confused as I feel.

“Yeah,” I nod. “We haven’t had sex in a long fucking time.”

He raises his eyebrows at this new information. “How long?” he asks.

I rub my neck and look down. “Few weeks,” I mumble.

“Wow,” he says sympathetically.

“I hate this!” I yell out, my frustration taking over.

“Maybe you should do something...” he trails off.

“Like what?”

He shrugs. “I don’t know. Buy a onesie.”

“Buy a what?” I ask, thinking he misspoke or some shit. *The fuck is a onesie?*

“You know, a onesie. It’s like a shirt with buttons that babies wear.”

I look at him like he’s a fucking moron, because he is. “How the fuck would that help?”

It’s his turn to look at me like I’m a moron, and yeah, I probably am one.

“It would show her that you know.”

The fucker has a point.

I shrug and nod. “It’s not like I have any brilliant fucking ideas. Where do I buy a onesie?”

-O-

“I like Toys R Us way better,” Emmett whines for the hundredth time, stomping his foot like a five-year-old.

“Then walk across the fucking store and go to the Toys R Us side,” Jasper says, sounding far too much like an exasperated father.

“No,” Emmett pouts.

I put down the Toy Story pajama set I’d been inspecting while simultaneously secretly wishing they made it in my size.

Don’t judge me, Toy Story was my childhood.

I turn to Emmett. “Why not?”

“I’ll look like a pedophile, walking around a toy store all by myself!” His eyes light up suddenly and he grabs my shoulder. “Hey! Come with me!”

I roll my eyes. “Fine. Let’s be the gay couple finding a toy for our son so you don’t look like a pedo.”

“Yes! I knew I married you for a reason baby,” he says with mock sincerity as he makes kissy noises at me. I laugh, unable to help myself when he’s being so stupid.

Jasper rolls his eyes and follows us.

“Holy shit! You’re Edward Cullen, right?” A teenage boy asks as he approaches us in the Lego aisle.

“Yeah,” I say quietly as I put down the Star Wars Lego set I’d been inspecting. “Keep it down, man.” I look around quickly, praying to God that there are no preteen girls present...or their mother’s for that matter.

“Wow,” he looks up at me in what I can only describe as awe. I feel pretty fucking cool – for about three seconds. “You’re dating Bella Swan!”

I laugh quietly as I pull my baseball cap further down. “Yeah, I am.”

“That’s so cool! She’s so fucking hot.” I grind my teeth together to prevent myself from decking a little kid. “Hey, can I get your autograph for my girlfriend? I’ll totally get laid!” Jasper and Emmett snicker.

I sign a piece of paper for the kid, and recording a video saying a hello to his girlfriend, Ashley.

“Thanks man, you’re fucking cool.” I smile tightly and relax as he walks away.

“Way to be a wingman, Eddie!” Emmett exclaims as he slaps my shoulder.

“Fuck off and pick out your toy.” I grumble, grabbing myself a few Lego Star Wars sets before heading back to the-land-where-shit-makes-no-sense; aka Babies R Us.

-O-

“This is definitely a bad idea.”

“Would you shut the fuck up Edward? Honestly you’re worse than your sister, and that’s fucking saying something!” Emmett yells and then looks around right after, probably afraid that my sister’s hiding behind my couch or some shit.

I laugh and he glares.

“What if she *isn't* pregnant?” I ask.

Emmett's eyebrows pull together in thought, “Well, that's good too. At least she knows you're down for the idea, right?”

I shrug, “I guess.”

I look around the living room and am slightly impressed with myself. In the center of the living room, on our dark wood coffee table, is a gorgeous bouquet of pink Carnation flowers. I really wanted to get Lilies, because they're Bella's favorite; but according to my trusty friend Google, they aren't safe for pregnant women.

I have a fucking plethora of congratulations balloons along with some “It's a boy” and “It's a girl” balloons, because I don't know what kind of baby it is.

What kind of baby? Oh shut the fuck up. I'm trying!

“Dude,” Emmett says distractedly while looking at his watch. “I'm gonna head out, Bella should be home in like five, right?”

I check my own watch and nod. “Yeah.”

“Good luck man,” Emmett wishes as he slaps me on the back.

“Thanks,” I mumble.

-o-

Ten minutes later, I find myself sitting in the middle of our couch, staring at the front door. I hear the distinct jingle of keys and suddenly it feels like there are tiny people using my stomach as a mosh pit.

Bella steps through our front door; head down and hand in her purse. “Hey baby,” I whisper sweetly and her head snaps up.

She gasps as she takes in the room; the flowers, the balloons, the candles that I added as a last minute touch up.

“What...I...what...” She stutters out, bringing her gaze back to me.

I smile and move toward her; taking her hand, I lead her to the couch. I sit down first, and pull Bella down onto my lap. “I know.” I say, taking her face in my hands. “I overheard you and Alice talking. I'm sorry for eavesdropping but I just couldn't help it.”

Her eyes snap to mine then, and I see all of the emotions flit across her face: anger, sadness, relief. “Thank God! I've been dying to tell you. Alice told me that I should but I made a promise not to.” *Huh?* “I'm so glad you know, so you're okay with it then?”

“Of course I am, baby. I'm really excited.”

“Aw, Uncle Edward! So cute. So does this mean you wouldn't mind...maybe...someday being Daddy instead of Uncle? And you're fine with how I fit into things right? I mean, obviously we're getting married but this is a big deal.”

What the fuck?

“What?”

“What?” Bella repeats my question right back to me.

I shake my head, hoping to clear it of the confusion that's currently wracking my brain. “What are you talking about?”

“What do you mean, what am I talking about? You said you overheard me and Alice.”

“I did.”

“So...then you know that Rose is pregnant.”

WHAT?

I decide to play along, because I need fucking answers.

“Right...”

“I was worried because like I said, I know we're getting married but...being Godparents is a huge thing. Like...even if we were to get a divorce,” she frowns, “we would still be responsible for that baby together. Alice said that you'd be fine with it, but would probably be pissed at me for keeping something so huge from you. I didn't want to baby, honestly. I'd just made a promise to Rose not to say anything. I wouldn't even have known if I didn't walk in on her peeing on the damn test. And then she asked if I'd be the Godmother and said that she was going to ask you to be the Godfather and I was so happy about that. So when is Rose getting here? Is Alice coming? How many people because, honey there's isn't even any food out or anything and—”

I cut off her rambling by securing her lips in between my thumb and index finger.

“Ewar, ger off!” I release her lip but hold up a finger, asking for silence.

“Wait.”

I take a deep breath and try and deal with the emotions filtering through my body.

My *sister* is pregnant.

Well...she's been married to Emmett for years, so I'm not surprised; this was the logical next step. I don't understand why she wouldn't want to tell me. Well, maybe because I'd fuck with Emmett about it, and maybe she doesn't want him to know. Plus I suck at secrets, and if she didn't want anyone to know, I'd be the last person to confide in. Plus, Bella finding out was accidental, so it's not like she went and told her and not me. Okay, yeah, that makes sense.

I try to think back to the conversation I'd overheard to see if this entire thing makes any fucking sense.

It does. *Fuck*.

Finding out that I'd proposed, I'm sure Alice figured that it wouldn't be a big deal to tell me about Rose now, and how she wanted Bella and me to be Godparents to her unborn child. But in Bella's crazy brain, I'm sure she thought that it was far too soon for me to know. Having just proposed, she probably thought she'd scare me away with talk of being completely responsible for a human life with her, if anything were to happen to Rose and Em.

I mentally file away the fact that divorce has already crossed her mind. Not fucking cool, but I'll need to deal with that later.

She was afraid that I'd be mad that she kept it from me, and truthfully I kind of am; but I'd never break up with her over it. Sure, it's a huge secret to keep from me about my own sister, but I understand her position. My sister asked her to keep it quiet. If she broke a promise to Rose...that shit would never be forgiven and it'd make our lives hell, so I'm actually glad she kept the secret. Finding out on my own lets her off the hook with that one.

“Rose is pregnant.”

She nods.

“That's what you were keeping from me.”

She nods again slowly, probably wondering why she's marrying an idiot.

I try to keep the disappointment out of my voice as I speak again. “So you're not pregnant then.”

Something changes in her face, but it's gone before I can decode the emotion. “Um...”

“Um what?”

A/N: I know I am a raging bitch, but I had to cliffie you guys. It's cause I love ya. xox

29. Chapter 29

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Let's see what the hell is going on, yeah?

"I..."

"Bella, please, spit it the fuck out," I say a bit more harshly than I intended to.

She frowns and nods, making me feel like a dick head.

Maybe because...you are a dick head?

Yeah, I am.

"I don't know," she admits. "I've been having a lot of the um, symptoms. But I'm just not sure."

"Since when?" I ask.

"Since when what?"

I barely resist the urge to roll my eyes.

Stop being a dick head to your possibly-pregnant fiancé.

"When did you start to have...symptoms?" I roll my eyes at myself. "When did you start thinking that you could be pregnant?"

"A couple of weeks ago, I guess," she shrugs. "I didn't really put the pieces together until I walked in on Rose."

I nod. "Okay. Let's go take a test." I grab her hand and practically drag her to the door.

"Wait!" she shrieks. "We can't just...walk into a CVS or something and buy a pregnancy test!"

Okay. She has a point.

"Alice can," I say instantly, reaching for my phone. *Goddamn*, I'm a genius.

"No! I don't want her or Rose to know yet. I wanna be sure first," she pleads with her eyes and of course, I give in.

"Okay, I'll call Jazz," I search through my contacts for his number while trying to resist the urge to throw up.

This is hilarious. When I think she's already absolutely pregnant, I'm fine with it. Now that it's just a possibility, I freak the fuck out.

"What if he tells Alice?" Bella asks, breaking me from my thoughts.

I wave off her concern, "He already knows. So does Em, by the way."

Her jaw drops open and I can't help but laugh. "I had to tell someone. I needed someone to freak out with, you know?"

She frowns, and I realize what I said. "No baby, don't make that face. I'm cool with this," I motion toward her tummy.

"Hello?" Jazz interrupts us by answering his phone.

"Hey man, can you do me a favor?"

"Sure," he agrees easily. "Sup?"

"Do not say 'Sup'," I complain and I can almost hear the eye roll.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. What's up?" he asks sarcastically, emphasizing the word 'what's'.

"I need you to get a pregnancy test."

"Okay, be there in fifteen."

I love my friends.

-o-

After Jasper left, Bella pissed on the stick test thing. That was three hours ago.

"I'm pretty sure it was only supposed to take a few minutes," I say as sweetly as possible. It doesn't stop Bella from glaring at me though. "Baby, let's just check." I rub her shoulder soothingly and kiss her temple.

She shakes her head and I sigh. "Why not?"

"I can't."

"Yeah, I know you can't, but *why* not?"

"Don't be mean to me Edward!" she all but whines.

Seriously, is it any question that this girl is pregnant?

"I'm gonna look," I say suddenly, standing up and walking toward the bathroom.

"No!" Bella shouts, jumping up and following me. "Wait," she begs me, trying to pull me back toward the living room.

"I'll wait right here," I say while we stand in front of the bathroom door. "Do you want it to be a yes or a no?"

"I want it to be yes," she says quietly, looking down at the floor boards. "What do you want it to be?"

I lift her chin with my index finger. "I want it to be yes, too."

Her smile lights up her face and the only thing I can think of is how much I love her and how much I want to see that smile for the rest of my life.

"Let's do it," she says with confidence.

"Let's do it," I copy.

-O-

"Oh my freaking GOD, Rose that is adorable!" Alice squeals over another fucking baby outfit.

"That looks exactly the same to me," I say grumpily. Alice whirls around to face me, with a look of pure rage on her face. "Shut up, Edward," she says angrily, "Go sit over there." She points, dismissing me from their group and sending me to the reject section.

I hear their laughter before I see them.

"Dude, that was awesome!" Emmett shouts in between his little bitchy giggles. "You got owned!" he fist bumps Jasper. "Hey, J...is Ali really wild in the sack?"

If someone had asked me that about Bella, it'd probably be their last words, but this is laid back I'm-too-fucking-cool Jasper Whitlock; he laughs and shrugs. "Sometimes man."

"How long have we been here?" I ask, hoping to change the subject.

It works.

"Half an hour," Emmett says looking at his watch.

"Are you fucking serious?" I groan. "It feels like we've been here for days."

"It's not s'bad," Jasper says shrugging. "I kinda like it."

"Why are you even fucking here?" I ask, letting my anger shoot out, using Jasper as my target.

He shrugs again. "I don't know man. Ali asked me to come. Maybe she didn't want to be the only one without her man here, seeing as how she's the only one who isn't pregnant."

The anger dissipates quickly. "Really?" I ask, feeling kind of concerned. "Is she okay? She's not like, depressed or anything right?"

Jasper scoffs. "Have you met Alice? I don't think she even knows what being depressed entails." He makes a good point. "I think she's just feeling a little left out. I mean, this is shopping, and Ali doesn't get to do it for herself. I think it has more to do with shopping-jealousy than baby-jealousy."

We laugh, because it's probably true.

"Besides," he continues. "We're not ready for a baby."

I don't agree, because I feel like that would somehow be rude...and slightly hypocritical. Technically, Jasper and Alice have been together longer than Bella and I have, so it'd make more sense for them to have a baby before us. But, this is life and shit doesn't work out how it should.

"So how you feelin' Daddy-to-be?" Emmett asks me.

I smile, 'cause I just can't fucking help it. "Pretty fucking great."

"Yeah me fucking too," he says, his smile almost identical to mine.

Jasper rolls his eyes and sighs. "You guys really need to work on not swearing."

"Fuck off," Emmett and I say simultaneously.

All three of us burst into laughter as the girls approach.

“What’s so funny?” Bella asks as she slides up beside me, grabbing my hand and giving it a squeeze.

I squeeze back. “Nothing, baby.”

-0-

“So I was thinking of doing some type of a baby blue color, with a splash of a pale yellow all around the room. That way it’s unisex, and plus I read somewhere that yellow is calming to babies. It’ll look so cute Bella! What do you think?”

I can’t help but wonder how such a tiny person can say so much in one single breath.

“Um...” Bella trails off, looking very overwhelmed.

“Alice, why don’t you let her sleep on it and we’ll tell you tomorrow alright?” I slip in the ‘we’, because she pretty much acts as if I don’t exist when it comes to baby decisions. I’m pretty much a sperm donor in Alice’s eyes at this point.

“Well...fine, but I need to know by tomorrow, okay?”

“Sure Alice,” I touch her gently on the shoulder and smoothly move her toward the front door. “We’ll let you know first thing.” She smiles and nods. “Wait,” I stop her from leaving, “By first thing – I mean no earlier than nine o’clock.” I arch an eyebrow and she rolls her eyes.

“Fine! But for future reference, in my head, first thing in the morning is six o’clock,” she looks at me as if I’m stupid. “So choose your words wisely.”

“Uh huh, whatever you say Al.”

“Bye Bella!” she calls over my shoulder, not even bothering to give me a goodbye.

“Love you too, Alice,” I say bitterly as I shut the door behind her.

“Aw baby, are you feeling neglected?” Bella practically purrs in my ear as she comes up beside me.

I decide to get what I can and pout. “Yeah, nobody gives me any attention anymore.”

She transforms her facial features into a look of mock horror. “How dare they not give you the attention you deserve?”

“You do it too,” I say sadly. “I never get any attention from my fiancé anymore.”

I’m going along with our little role play, but it actually is kind of true. I understand that Bella has a lot going on, it must be hard to have your body transform into a baby making oven – a term I *do not* use out loud anymore; not since I was slapped three times by all three of the women in my life. Four if you include the delayed slap I received from my mother the following fucking weekend.

Bella’s body isn’t showing any outward differences yet, but Bella had said she just didn’t feel ‘sexy’ anymore. According to Emmett, I’ll have plenty of sex once the second trimester hits, which grossed me out more than reassured me; considering I now knew he had a lot of sex with my horny, pregnant sister.

Shudder.

“Well, I think you deserve a lot of attention, in some regions more than others...” she trails off, rubbing her hand over the now prominent bulge in my jeans.

Yes!

“Really?” I cringe at how high and hopeful my voice is.

“Really,” she purrs, taking my hand and leading me toward our couch. She unbuttons my jeans and helps me take them off, rubbing my hard on through my boxers. “Someone’s ready to play,” she says and I nod enthusiastically. She pulls down on the waistband of my boxers and I get them off in record time. She laughs and pushes me down, so I’m sitting on the couch.

Bella winks at me before giving me a little striptease show, making my cock even harder. I groan and she smiles, loving the torture she’s putting me through. I’m patient, letting her have her moment; I want her to realize that she’s still fucking sexy to me.

It’s not long before she’s completely naked, straddling my lap and rubbing her soaking, wet pussy all over my fucking cock.

“Jesus Bella,” I groan out, licking and sucking on her neck. She moans and grips my hair, giving it a tug. “I need you right now,” I all but growl as I line myself up with her entrance. I rub just the head of my cock against her clit, causing Bella to moan out and grind down on me. I fucking love it. She’s so wet and hot and ready for me that I can’t take it anymore. I grab her hips and slam her down on my cock as I push up inside her tight little pussy.

We both moan at the overwhelming sensations of me filling her.

“God, Edward, so good...mmmm....always so fucking good,” she moans out, grinding her hips. I grab her ass, squeezing it roughly and using it as leverage to move her back and forth along my cock. “Harder,” she demands and I comply. I thrust up, over and over as I pull her pussy down onto me. I continue to pound into her relentlessly, until she’s screaming my name and begging for me not to stop. I don’t, not even when I feel her clench around me even tighter, coming hard and fast.

My goal now is to not only come myself, but to bring her there again, right the fuck with me. I slap her ass hard, causing a lovely little squeal to escape her. I flip us over, so she’s laying on the couch with me on top of her; never breaking our connection. Kneeling up, I grab her hip with one hand, thrusting with long,

slow, hard strokes.

“Bella, you are the sexiest fucking thing I’ve ever seen,” I say as work her clit with my free hand. “You’re the most beautiful woman on this planet,” my voice is getting rougher as I get closer to the edge. “And I want you to come, right...fucking,” I pinch her clit and she screams, “now.”

She clenches around me again, and I release inside her with a primal, guttural growl that definitely resembles a lion’s fucking roar. She continues to milk me, moving her hips against me slowly, with a satisfied grin on her face.

“Fuck me,” she sighs as I lay beside her on the couch.

“I just did,” I say, making her giggle as she snuggles against me.

“I love you,” she says sweetly, kissing me on the nose.

“I love you,” I say back, kissing her on her nose as well before pushing down her body and kissing her stomach as well. “And I love you, too.”

I hear a snuffle and make my way back up, so we’re lying face to face. “What’s wrong?”

“You are entirely too sweet,” she says kissing me lightly.

“Don’t tell Em,” is all I say and she giggles uncontrollably before drifting off.

As I watch her sleep, all I can think about is how I want everyone in the world to know that I have the most amazing fiancé in the world, and that I’m going to be a dad. This causes me to think about something else – being me, being us, and who we are; that won’t be the smartest move. Everyone freaked out over our engagement, and I’m sure they’ll freak the fuck out over this.

We’d need Alice’s creative fucking fashionista mind to come up with something to hide any future baby bumps, especially at the *Immortal Sun* premiere, that’s coming up soon.

I reach for my cell and shoot off a quick text to Alice.

Come bright and early, maybe like...eight, we have a lot to discuss. –E

Yay! –A

I roll my eyes at her enthusiasm. I throw my phone back onto the coffee table and snuggle into my beautiful girl.

A/N: We’re approaching the end, only a few chapters left and an epilogue.

30. Chapter 30

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: It's time for the premiere! Woo!

"Does this make me look pregnant?" Bella asks as she twirls around in a small sexy black dress.

"No," I laugh.

At the same time, Alice says seriously, "Twirl again."

Bella does, and I watch in awe as the dress billows out, surrounding her sexy legs perfectly. "Well, does it say 'Hey, I'm pregnant and I'm trying to hide it?'"

"I don't think so," I shrug and turn to Alice. "What do you think?"

"I don't know," she says studying the dress. "You don't have a baby bump that we need to worry about but..."

"But what?" Bella asks.

"But the tightness of the dress over your tits is an issue," she says seriously. I burst into giggles like a little boy who just heard tits for the first time in his life. Alice glares at me and huffs. "They're a lot bigger! I think people will speculate pregnancy or a boob job. This is Hollywood though, so they'll probably just assume boob job."

"I told you!" I shout jumping up off of the couch, pointing a finger at Bella. "I told you they were bigger!"

Both women roll their eyes at me and begin perusing the second rack full of designer dresses.

"Alice," Bella says nervously, grabbing both of our attention. "Yeah, B?" she asks.

"I don't think I'm going to find anything here," she says as she ruffles her hand through the dresses. "I was wondering if um...you could uh..."

"Oh my god, yes! I'd love to design your dress! Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Alice squeals, grabbing Bella and squeezing her tightly.

"What the fuck," I say in disbelief, "How'd you know that she was going to ask you that?"

"I'm Alice," she says with a shrug, tapping her temple with her index finger.

"Ooookay," I say with raised eyebrows. Alice scares me sometimes.

"So, can you do it? You only have a week."

"Bella, do not underestimate the power of Alice," I say.

Alice gives me a huge smile. "Thank you Edward. I'll have it done in a few days. Let me take your measurements."

-o-

"Holy fuck."

"That bad?" Bella asks with a grimace.

"Wait," I say. I need a fucking minute to digest this shit right now.

Bella's standing in the middle of our room, in her new Alice-designed dress.

I'm no fashionista; but the fire red engine color, the plunging neckline, and the fact that it hugs her thighs tightly before ending at her knees...

Yeah, this dress...it definitely doesn't make me think 'oh she's pregnant', it makes me think 'I need to fuck her now'.

"Umm..."

"Edward, say something. Is it too much? I told Alice to just do whatever. I really don't care what people think; whether they think my tits look fake, or if they think I'm pregnant. I just want to look beautiful for you. And I want to feel worthy of you when I stand next to you. I'm going to be there with the world's sexiest man after all.

"I thought we were never going to speak of that," I grumble.

Bella giggles and says, "But baby...I love being engaged to the sexiest man alive."

"Just because some magazine names me that doesn't make it true."

"I thought you were the sexiest man alive *way* before they did," Bella says with a wink.

"Is that so?" I ask as I make my way toward her. She nods and bites her lip. "Don't do that," I groan as I wrap my arms around her body.

“Do what?” she asks innocently.

“Bite your lip; you know what that does to me. I’ll rip this dress from your body, and fuck you senseless.”

“Well, we don’t want that,” she says shaking her head.

“We don’t?” I ask, unable to hide the disappointment in my voice.

“Yes, this dress took Alice a lot of time and effort,” she says seductively as she pulls down the zipper. “Help me finish?” she asks sweetly.

I stand behind her body and slowly finish unzipping her. My breath catches when I see that she has absolutely nothing on underneath the dress. “Are you trying to kill the sexiest man alive?”

She giggles and turns around in my arms. “Definitely not, I’m just trying to fuck him.”

“Fuck me,” I mutter.

“Exactly.”

That’s all it takes and I’m all over her. I grab her ass and pull her toward me, squeezing it roughly and earning a grunt from Bella. She steps out of her dress carefully, afraid of ruining it and feeling the wrath of Alice.

“Hang it up, babe,” I say with a smack to her ass.

She hangs it up in the closet, turning around to face me again when the task is complete. The look on her face takes my breath away.

“Do you have a problem with being the sexiest man alive?” she asks me, her voice low and heavy with desire.

I nod my head, silently telling her yes.

“So you don’t want to be the sexiest man alive?”

“No,” I barely choke out, entranced by her movements as she reaches behind to unclasp her bra.

“That’s too bad,” she frowns, “I was looking forward to fucking the sexiest man alive. But since you’re not him…”

She makes a production out of bending over to pick up her bra off the floor. She goes to put it back on her body and I lurch forward to stop that atrocity. I don’t fucking think so. I grab the flimsy material out of her hand and toss it across our room.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

“Getting dressed,” she says, and I can tell she’s fighting to keep her voice even.

“I don’t think so.

-o-

“Looking good, little brother,” my sister says sweetly.

“Thanks.”

“Are you ready for tonight?” she asks me with a concerned look on her face.

I shrug and nod.

The truth is, I’m feeling pretty damn nervous. I’m feeling a ton of pressure, and I’m not sure why.

“You’re not nervous at all?”

I look at my sister, prepared to say a quick “nope”, but that doesn’t happen. What does happen? Verbal diarrhea. “Yeah, I’m really fucking nervous. Bella looks gorgeous in her dress, Rose – I mean fucking gloriously fuckable – and that’s just the tip of my nervous fucking iceberg.”

Rose looks as if she’s trying hard not to laugh at me, coughing slightly and looking down. “Why are you nervous about Bella looking hot? She always looks great. I should know – I dress her half the time.”

I roll my eyes at my sister’s knack for making almost everything in the world relate to her before explaining myself. “I’m afraid because we haven’t been out in public for something big since we got engaged and since she’s been pregnant. What if someone knows she’s pregnant?”

It’s her turn to roll her eyes at me. “Nobody will know she’s pregnant Edward. How would they find out? Only our crew knows, plus her parents and our parents. Plus, I think my belly will be enough of a distraction,” she says sweetly as she rubs her stomach lovingly. “So don’t worry about any of that.”

“Crew?” I ask with raised eyebrows.

“Shut the fuck up Edward,” she says hotly. *Hormones.*

“Well, Bella’s mom doesn’t know about the baby,” I say, steering the conversation back to the land of serious. “Bella doesn’t want her to know, so we only

told Charlie.”

“Why doesn’t Renee know?” she asks curiously.

“She’s a bitch.”

Rose cocks an eyebrow at me that clearly says “explain yourself,” so I do.

“Remember how Ma and Dad went ballistic when they found out about our engagement via the tabloids?”

She nods her head, silently telling me to continue.

“Well, Charlie freaked the fuck out too, but not Renee.”

“What did Renee do?”

I rub the back of my neck and sigh heavily. “She told Bella that it was smart to want to marry a man in Hollywood in case her career didn’t pan out; basically calling me a secondary bank account.”

“No she fucking didn’t!”

I nod solemnly. “It really hurt Bella’s feelings. Now she doesn’t want to tell Renee because she’s afraid that she’ll go to the tabloids with the story or something, hoping for cash or fame.”

“That’s so fucked.”

It is fucked. I hate that Bella can’t even tell her own mother that she’s two months pregnant. I can’t imagine not telling my mom about it. I know it has to be even harder for Bella to not share this with her mom, being the one who actually has to suffer through this shit for seven more months.

“Yeah, it is.”

“Well everyone knows about your engagement, so that’ll cause enough of a stir. The media only acts like a bunch of sharks when they’re hungry. They have a story to talk about – the pregnancy – so it’s not like they’re going to be fishing for a story on the carpet. Just stay close to her and I’ll be right there with both of you too, making sure no one gets out of line.”

“Thanks.”

She shrugs. “It’s my job.”

“I love you,” I say out of nowhere.

“What?” she asks me, clearly surprised at my emotional outburst.

Rose and I don’t really get emotional with each other and I think the last time I openly and sincerely told her I loved her, I still had acne all over my face.

“I love you,” I say again opening my arms for a hug. She tears up and steps into my embrace. Her stomach doesn’t let her get too close, but I squeeze her with all I have. “I love you too, little guy,” I say, rubbing her stomach gently.

“I love you too, Edward. I’m so happy for you. You’ve grown up so much, so fast and I’m incredibly proud of you.”

“Thanks Rosie, I’m proud of you too. You’re gonna be an amazing fucking mom.”

She smiles brightly at me before fixing my tie. “Go get ‘em.”

A/N: Premiere is next, followed by something ahem...juicy.

31. Chapter 31

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Who's ready for some drama?

My anxiety level reaches epic proportions as another round of flashes invades the privacy of our limo.

"How much longer?" I ask the driver as I yank on my tie.

"About a half an hour, Sir," he replies before raising the privacy window again.

Fuck! I need to get this shit over with.

"What's wrong Edward?"

I look at Bella and shake my head. "Nothing."

She gives me one of her mini-glares and I buckle underneath it like a pussy. "I'm anxious and nervous."

"Aw, come here baby," she coos holding out her arms. "I know it's a massive crowd, but it'll be over in an hour and then you get to watch yourself on the big screen again. Unless...that's what you're actually nervous about; in that case, forget I mentioned it."

Being in Bella's arms while she plays with my hair should calm me down, it usually does; but today it does nothing to help my nerves. Bella senses this and it makes me love her even fucking more. "So it's not any of those things...what has you so freaked out?"

"I'm afraid someone is going to find out that you're pregnant," I blurt out unexpectedly.

A flash of pain crosses Bella's face, but I don't understand why until she speaks.

"Are you...I don't know...embarrassed or something?"

"No!" I exclaim, causing her to flinch back from our embrace. "Sorry," I mutter as I pull her back into my arms, careful not to mess up her dress and feel the wrath of Alice Brandon. "But no, I'm not embarrassed. How could you even think that?" She shrugs but gives me no answer. "I'm so proud that you're carrying my baby. Every guy in the world will be incredibly fucking jealous, and probably wish they were me." I growl out the second half of my sentence and Bella lets out a small giggle.

"Well they aren't you, sexy man."

"Damn fucking right they're not."

"So, tell me why you're so nervous then."

I sigh and try to find the right words. "I don't know really. I'm just...fuck. I don't want you to get hurt. I don't want someone to speculate that you're pregnant and cause a frenzy. There's a lot of fucking fans and there's a lot of paparazzi. They'd flip their shit if they found out tonight, you know that right?"

She nods and tries to quench my fears. "Baby, we're going to have a whole entire security team, which just so happens to be captained by Emmett. He'd never let anything happen to me. We're going to be fine."

I shake my head. "I know all of that, but I don't know. I just want you safe."

"I promise I won't leave your side for the entire carpet," she says sweetly. "I won't leave your side all night long," she whispers against my lips. "Does that make you feel any better?"

"A little," I admit with a small smile. "I just feel really tense, you know?"

She nods with a frown. "Do you want me to help you feel less tense?"

I raise an eyebrow. "How? Massage?"

"Mhmmm," she says as her hand moves to my crotch.

"Bella..." I groan. "What are you doing?"

"Massaging you, baby," she says innocently. "I thought that's what you needed?"

"I do; it is," I say stupidly as she unzips my pants. I shoot a panicked glance toward the privacy barrier. "What if he sees?" I whisper into her hair.

She bites her lip and grabs the phone beside her. "Hello Eric. Can you please not disturb us until it's our turn in line to arrive? Yes, thank you. Please call us five minutes before."

"Fuck, I love you," I say as she hangs up the phone and reaches into my boxers. The second her hand touches my dick, I groan loudly.

"Shh," she whispers against my lips before kissing me hard, shoving her tongue into my mouth immediately. I moan into her mouth as she grips my cock tighter in her tiny fist, moving her hand slowly up and down my length.

I desperately want to be in her mouth, but I know I can't be at the moment. It'd ruin her dress, and I don't want my fiancé getting out of our limo at our first premiere together looking like she just gave me a blowjob in the backseat of our limo.

Right? Right! Be a gentleman.

Her speed increases as her strokes become shorter, pulling me closer and closer to my release. "Bella, fuck...I'm gonna...mmmmm...I'm gonna cum baby," I warn her. "Get something; there are small towels over there somewhere." I point toward the bucket of champagne.

Instead of reaching for the towels, Bella does something that surprises the fucking shit out of me. She leans over and wraps her mouth around the head of my cock, sucking like a motherfucking vacuum. "Shiiiiittttt..." I groan as I feel my orgasm rocket through me, spilling down her throat as she swallows me down. "God fucking damn it!" I say as I watch her sit up and wipe the corner of her mouth with a towel, careful not to disturb her makeup. "Why did you do that?" I gasp out in between sharp breaths.

"Do you feel better?" I nod. "All of your tension gone?" I nod again. "That's why," she says with a shrug. She leans over to give me a kiss and I comply, pulling her against me and crushing my lips to hers. "I love you."

"I love you too," she says sweetly. "And Mr. Cullen?"

"Yes, future Mrs. Cullen?"

"I fully expect to have the favor returned when we return to this limo later."

Fuck me.

-o-

"I love you Edward!"

Flash. Flash. Flash.

"Marry me!"

Flash. Flash. Flash.

"Bella you're so gorgeous!"

Flash. Flash. Flash.

"Bite me Edward, bite me!"

"Show us your rock!"

Flash. Flash. Flash.

I feel incredibly disoriented between the bright flashes and the screaming. I intensify my grip on Bella's hand, pulling her closer to my side while keeping the smile plastered to my face.

"This way, Edward!"

"Bella, look to the left!"

"Edward, look to the right!"

"Can we get a kiss from the lovely couple?"

We follow the directions of the photographers in hopes to be released from their clutches faster.

"That's enough," I hear my sister say with authority as she ushers us through. "Edward we have Extra coming up first." I nod to let her know I heard her over the screaming and crying going on around us.

We approach Mario Lopez as he smiles brightly at us.

"The Cullens!" he says happily. "Or, not yet right? When do you plan to tie the knot?"

I smile and kiss Bella's cheek. "Very soon," I answer as Bella blushes and nods her agreement.

"So Bella, is there any way I can convince you to call off the engagement and run away with me? You look fabulous tonight!"

Mario Lopez is gay right? I swear to fucking God I'll kill him if he's straight. I don't give a fuck if it's playful banter for the show, I'll playfully beat the shit out of him!

"No Mario, I'm kind of attached to my vampire," Bella says smoothly, giving my hand a small reassuring squeeze. She knows me too well.

"Ah, well, I had to try right?" he smiles at me and I want to punch him in the dick. "Edward, how are you feeling about all of this?" he asks as he gestures around us. "Pretty crazy huh?"

“It’s a bit surreal,” I say truthfully. “I’ve been to premieres before, but nothing quite like this. We have the best fans in the world.” The fans erupt into applause and cheers at my words and I fight the urge to cover my ears.

“Well, I hope you enjoy the rest of your night. Congratulations!”

I nod and lead Bella away from the fucktard. “Extra gets last dibs on everything from now on,” I whisper conspiratorially to my sister. She laughs and shakes her head but agrees. “You got it.”

We have a few more interviews before we’re ushered to a space where specially picked fans wait to meet us briefly. We sign a few autographs and take pictures. Luckily, the fans are sweet and not rabid, like the ones behind the barriers, and I don’t have to have a mini heart attack any time one of them touches Bella during a photo op.

Finally, we make it into the theater. I hold Bella’s hand throughout the entire movie, whispering words of encouragement and pride; because while I’m completely fine seeing myself on screen, Bella is not. I see her visibly cringe out of my peripheral vision when her bite scene comes onto the screen. “You were perfect in that scene, love.” She smiles at my words but stays tense until the credits roll.

“Do we have to go to the party afterwards?” she whispers to me as we exit the theater.

I frown. “We have to make an appearance, but we don’t have to stay if you don’t want to. Do you want to show our faces and leave?”

She nods quickly and leans into my side. “Are you not feeling well?” I ask, feeling the panic swell in my chest.

“No, I’m fine. It’s nothing like that,” she says distractedly as she looks past me. I look behind me to see what she’s glaring at, but I see nothing but a restroom door.

“What’s wrong?”

“I thought I saw someone behind you.”

“Who?”

“I think it was…”

Before she can tell me who it was, Aro interrupts. “Congratulations! What a wonderful night!”

I smile tightly while searching Bella’s face. She looks tense and worried and I don’t fucking like it. The second Aro leaves I’m going to find out what’s going on.

A/N: Edward got a little limo lovin’ eh? Who do you think Bella saw?

32. Chapter 32

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A/N: So...here comes the drama I promised. ;)

"I just knew that this movie was going to be a sensation. Do you know how amazing it is to make a movie, when it already has such a huge fan base? It's like there's no risk at all. Some of the guys at the studio were worried, can you believe that? I mean...look at the turn out tonight! People have camped out for days just to get a glimpse of you two in the flesh! I can't wait to start on the second film."

Aro had been going on for about ten minutes now, never really giving either of us a chance to speak, so I just nodded and hummed in the appropriate places while looking at my wife's terrified face. At the mention of a second movie her eyes widen and snap to Aro.

"A second film?" she asks and it breaks me out of my trance. Finally taking my eyes off of Bella, I look to Aro for confirmation.

He nods and smiles. "It was very hush-hush and under wraps for quite some time. We didn't want to get ahead of ourselves and be overconfident. But with tonight's reaction, the studio is confident that the movie will make us millions. If this does well, it green lights the next film.

Bella and I exchange a worried glance. "When would production begin?" I ask as nonchalantly as I can. Aro's eyebrows draw together in concentration as he mulls over my question. "Well, there's the paper and red tape to get through of course. We're probably looking at a three month waiting period while we get all of our ducks in a row. I wasn't even supposed to say anything yet, your sister will be getting the news tomorrow morning. Please do not say anything to the other cast members and any crew if you see them before then, okay?"

I only nod my promise because I can't form words right now; and fuck me if I'm going to lie to Rosalie. Aren't they supposed to let you know this shit? I mean...fucking hell. I quickly try to think back to my contract, looking for any inclination that I'd signed on for more than one film. I probably had, but I just didn't give a fuck at the time. Rosalie handles that shit, not me. Aro finally excuses himself and I step closer to Bella and wrap my arms around her waist. Ignoring the questions the conversation with Aro just brought me, I instead focus on the beautiful woman in front of me. "What's wrong, love? What did you see?"

She looks up at me from under her lashes and I have to fight off the urge to rip off her pretty dress and take her right here; audience be damned. I don't give a fuck. A look of worry and fear passes over her features, immediately killing my fast-approaching boner. "Tell me, please."

She takes a deep breath and sighs. "This will sound crazy, and I have no idea how it's even possible, but I swear Edward...I saw Renee over there." She points to the entrance of the women's bathroom and shakes her head. "Maybe it's just hormones or something, but I swear I saw her there and if she's here, I'm going to-"

I don't get to hear what she's going to do, because at that moment, Renee Dwyer makes her exit from the bathroom door that Bella and I are staring at. "Motherfucker!" I whisper-yell, instinctively tightening my hold around Bella's waist. "I'll get rid of her baby, I promise." I kiss behind her ear after I whisper, pulling back to head over to her mother.

Bella stops me, tightening her hands on my forearm and shakes her head. "No, I want to come too. We'll do this together; always, right?"

I smile at her and grip her tiny hand in mine.

"Thanks for that," she says looking up at me and smiling slightly.

"For what?" I ask in confusion.

"Thank you for giving me my smile," she says before biting her lip and standing closer to me.

"Your smile?" I ask, still kind of confused.

She nods and laughs. "Yep, you have a special smile for me, didn't you know that?"

I shrug. "Anything to do with you is special for me."

"Stop making me swoon when I can't fuck you senseless," she says seductively with a smirk.

I groan and pull her against me. To the people around us I'm sure we just look like a couple in a cute little embrace, but we're not.

What I'm doing? I'm pulling Bella's sexy little body firmly against my own, letting her feel what her words are doing to me.

Bella gasps as she feels my erection pressing into her stomach. "Don't tease me, woman," I growl into her ear.

We've encased ourselves in our own little world, as usual. So much so, that Renee Dwyer is the last thing on either of our minds; until she bursts through our fucking bubble.

"Bella! Honey, you look so gorgeous, let me see you." She removes Bella's hands from my shoulders and steps back to glance at her. "Oh my God, you're pregnant!" she suddenly exclaims, earning a few curious glances from the groups of people surrounding us. My eyes bulge out of my head and Bella's face drains of all color.

"Shut up, Renee!" she whispers to her mother so only the three of us can hear. It doesn't escape my notice that Bella uses her mother's name instead of calling her mom. I shoot the staring observers a look that clearly says: "mind your fucking business, dickhead" and a few finally look away. "Come over here," Bella says as she drags her mother toward an empty corner of the room. As soon as we're a safe distance away from nosey ears she whirls around on Renee. "Why

are you here?" she asks bluntly, crossing her arms over her chest in a defensive stance.

Renee blinks, looking genuinely surprised. I resist the urge to roll my eyes at her ignorance. Does she seriously not realize what a flakey, uncaring bitch she truly is?

Denial isn't just a river in Egypt.

"What do you mean, honey? Of course I'd be here! It's a premiere; a big night for my little girl." Bella flinches at the endearment, and I want to punch Renee for causing Bella even the slightest bit of discomfort tonight.

"You've never come to one of my premieres before, so why now?" I already know the answer to her question and I know Bella does too.

Renee has never come before, because before, they were smaller indie films. To Renee, this is Hollywood; this is a big deal to her because of its location and its size. She should have been there for every single premiere her daughter has ever had, but she just doesn't give a shit unless it benefits Renee.

"Honey, you know I would've come to your other ones but my schedule just didn't permit it. I didn't have the time or the money to come out, baby," she all but coos at her while trying to touch her arm in comfort. Bella jerks away from her touch, not letting her sway this conversation at all.

"So what made you have the time and money now?"

Renee frowns at her cold tone while I smile in pride. "Well...Phil is away on a trip and Esme was so generous, she paid for my ticket."

"I'm sorry, what?" I interrupt. "Did you just say Esme, as in Esme Cullen?"

She smiles and nods. "Oh Edward, you are so handsome in person!" Her voice is a little too enthusiastic and her eyes linger a little too much. "Yes," she says as she shakes her head. "Your mother paid my way; she was so graceful and kind to do such a thing. She wanted me to surprise Bella." She turns back to Bella and smiles. "How far along are you?"

"I'm not pregnant," Bella lies while giving me her "help me" look.

"Renee, would you do me a favor?" I give her a forced fake smile. "Would you go and get my mother for me? Bella and I would like to thank her." *Or kill her.*

She nods and walks swiftly away.

"Oh my fucking God!" Bella says while wringing her hands. "What are we going to do? Why would your mother invite her? She already knows I'm pregnant! She's going to tell everyone!" I can tell she's about 2.5 seconds away from a meltdown, so I grab her shoulders and give her a gentle shake.

"Bella...you need to calm down." Her breathing doesn't slow and I know she's not hearing me. She's too far gone into Bella Land; the land of overthinking. "The baby, Bella, think about the baby," I whisper against her ear and she tenses slightly before relaxing. "That's it. Breathe. Nice big deep breaths. Good girl."

I continue to whisper sweet words in her ear while running my hands along her arms. She finally calms down and gives me a sheepish smile. "Sorry."

"Don't apologize. This shit is ridiculous."

"I know, and I'm sorry for that too. You shouldn't have to deal with my mother."

I scoff. "Nobody should have to deal with that. Especially you." I kiss her temple and whisper, "I love you."

"So much," she replies just before we hear our approaching mothers.

"Bella darling...you were so incredible tonight," my mother says as she envelops her in a big hug. I hear her whisper quietly in her ear so Renee can't hear. "Honey, are you alright?" Bella nods slightly against my mother and sighs. "You look beautiful, you're glowing." Bella has a genuine, big smile on her face as my mother pulls back.

"You look beautiful Esme, where's Carlisle?"

"Oh, thank you dear," my mother gushes at Bella. "He's around here somewhere. Edward, could I speak with you for a moment?"

I nod and follow my mother a few steps away, just out of hearing distance, not wanting to go much further away from Bella. "What's wrong with Bella?" she asks with a raised eyebrow.

"Her mother...they're not close." *That's putting it fucking lightly.* "She's just...not...I don't know how to put it Mom. She's not like you."

My mother smiles at me and puts her hand on my cheek. "My sweet boy. So her mother is a bitch?" I gape at my mother and she laughs. "What? I can't curse? I know you do it enough for the entire universe but I have my moments, too. I'll keep Renee occupied and away from you two, okay? Enjoy your night. We'll have a family dinner tomorrow and set her straight."

I smile at my mother, secretly loving that she can still make everything better. "Okay, thanks Ma." Just as we're about to walk away I grab her hand. "Wait! Renee doesn't know about the baby. I mean, she came over and right away said 'you're pregnant' but I think she doesn't know for sure. So don't mention it okay?"

She nods. "If Bella doesn't want her to know about this, then I need to know everything tomorrow night. Understood?" I visibly gulp and nod, causing my mother to laugh. "You're not in trouble, honey. I just want to know who is fucking with my babies. All three of you." She smiles at me then and I silently thank God for giving me a mother like Esme.

"Can you tell the Chief we're leaving? Just mention Renee being here and I'm sure he'll understand...and flee the scene himself." She laughs and nods.

We walk back over and she easily extracts Renee from our sides with a wink over her shoulder as they walk away.

"My mom has your mom handled for tonight," I say with a grin. "No more worrying, okay?"

She nods. "Can we go home now?"

"Sure baby, anything you want."

-o-

After breaking my "promise" to Aro and warning my sister of the pending phone call she'd get tomorrow, we snuck out of the after party under the tactical lead of my brother-in-law. Not one person spotted our departure and I let out a huge sigh once we were safely in the back of our limo.

I immediately pick up the phone and tell the driver we are not to be disturbed under any circumstances. That settled, I wrap my arm around Bella's shoulders while she leans into my touch, resting her head on my chest. "I love hearing this, you know," she says suddenly looking up at me.

"Love hearing the sound of what?" I ask, because it's pretty fucking quiet in here. I don't hear anything.

"The sound of your heart beat," she says it so quietly that I almost don't hear her.

"Yeah?" I ask as I enjoy the blush that colors her features. She nods and bites her lip causing me to groan. "Bella, don't bite your lip. You know what that shit does to me."

"I do know," she says sweetly, abandoning her seat and climbing into my lap. She wiggles around as she gets situated, each knee placed securely on the leather on each side of my hips.

"Comfy?" I ask in a strained voice. She smiles and nods and I know that she knows exactly what she's doing to me. "Bella..." I warn and she giggles. "If you don't stop right now you're going to get fucked in the back of a limo."

"Really?" she asks with a gleam in her eye.

"Yes," I grit out, barely able to form a three letter fucking word.

The second I answer her she resumes her wiggling and giggling and I fucking lose it. I grab her by the back of her neck and yank her head down to my mouth roughly. Our lips crash together, hard and firm as we taste each other greedily. She grinds her hips down on my now prominent erection and I gasp. Using the opportunity to her advantage she plunges her tongue into my mouth. I moan at the sensation of her tongue with mine. She tastes like strawberries and love and home.

Just as I'm about to mentally scold myself for being a pussy, she swirls her hips, and I know I'm going to come right then if I don't pull my shit together.

I lean forward, my ass resting only on the edge of the leather seats, and wrap my arms around her back. I silently thank the two long, couch-like rows of seats in the limo as I lay her down on top of one of them. Abandoning my jacket and ripping off my tie, I throw them behind me and grin as they hit the seat we were quietly sitting in moments before.

Bella sits up and I unzip her dress slowly, watching in fascination as the straps slowly slide down her creamy white skin. I kiss her bare shoulders lightly, following the path of the falling garment down the length of her forearm. When I reach her hand I suck her index finger into my mouth, wrapping my tongue around it before nibbling on it gently. She gasps and I grin as I release her finger. "Slide that dress down your body so I can make use of my tongue in more important places."

I watch the deep blush spread throughout her face and down her chest as she slowly pulls it down. Her eyes burn into mine as she removes the dress completely, and I hear my inner caveman shouting "*mine*", over and over again as I drink in her naked body. "You had nothing on under that dress all night?" I ask; my voice sounds low and rough to my own ears. Bella only nods and smiles wickedly at me. "That's very naughty Bella. I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you now." I frown and her eyes widen. I can see the excitement in those deep brown eyes and it stirs something low in my gut.

"Do you agree, Ms. Swan?" I can't fucking wait until its Mrs. Cullen.

She squeaks out a quick, "Yes," and I grin evilly at her.

"Remove my belt. Now," I command, making sure my voice is hard and rough. I watch in amusement as she tries not to whimper and does as I ask. "Pull my pants down, but not my boxers. Do you understand?" She nods and yanks my pants down until they're pooling at my feet. The position of standing, bent slightly as to not hit my head, is starting to kill my back, so I spread her legs apart and kneel on the leather in between them.

Bella reaches out to grab my cock over my boxers and I grab her wrist. "Did I give you permission to do that, love?" She shakes her head no and I smile. "Another punishment then." This time she does whimper, and I know how much she's enjoying this little game. I'd never be too rough or intentionally hurt her, but I know she's loving my caveman side just as much as I am right now.

"Can I please touch your cock?" she asks suddenly and my breath catches. I abandon the buttons on my shirt, only getting two of them unclasped. All thoughts of returning the favor she gave me earlier fly out of my head and the only thought I can think of is being inside her. She smiles sweetly and I glare at her. She knows exactly what she's doing, and I do too. She wants control, and I'm all too willing to give her anything she wants, so I nod. She pulls down my boxers at a torturously slow pace until they're bunched around my knees. Her little hand grabs my cock and grips it tight, moving slowly up and down my shaft as she licks her lips.

She smiles smugly as she watches me watch her, knowing that I want nothing more than to be inside that mouth of hers. Almost as if she's reading my mind

she asks, “Do you want me to suck your cock baby?” *Holy fucking shit.* All I can do is nod dumbly as I watch her position her mouth in front of my waiting dick. She positions her body so she’s on her hands and knees as she wraps her lips around just the head, sucking lightly and driving me fucking crazy.

“Edward,” she moans out my name when she releases me from her mouth, “I want you to fuck my mouth.” I try my hardest not to whimper, but it escapes me anyway. Bella grins like she just won a gold fucking medal and places my aching cock back in her heavenly mouth. I wrap her hair around my hand and push my hips slightly until I’m in as deep as she can handle. She rolls her tongue all around the head of my cock as I plunge my length in and out of her mouth slowly.

I feel the familiar tightening, my balls screaming for release, but I fight it off. I gently pull her away from me and she frowns. “I need to repay that favor, remember?” She smiles and lies on her back, automatically spreading her legs for me.

I run my index finger up along her slit until I settle on her clit, teasing her by gentling rubbing her nub. She wiggles around and whimpers, begging me for more. Just as I’m about to replace my finger with my tongue, she stops my movement. “Need...you...inside...” She moans out loud and it urges me on, making me want to give her more, to make her scream my fucking name.

Without notice, I plunge my cock through her lips, my eyes nearly crossing as her heat envelopes every inch of me. “Fuck, Bella, so good...” I don’t make any motion to move, simply enjoying the feel of her hot pussy surrounding me. I pull out, leaving only the head inside, and slam every inch of my dick back inside her in one full thrust. She moans and arches her back, craving more friction that I’m all too willing to give.

I grab the tops of her thighs and begin a rigorous rhythm, fucking her hard and fast; loving the sounds of her pleasure: the panting, the moaning, my name entwined in a groan of ecstasy. “Only I make you feel this way, Bella, only me. This,” I say as I roughly rub her clit with my thumb, “and this,” I grit out as I place my other hand on her heart, “They’re *mine*.” I pinch a nipple as I roughly speak the one word that drives me crazy.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

“Oh fuck,” she moans out as I continue to pound her pussy, “Yes, yes, yes. Only...ohhh...mmmm...yours...fuck Edward right there. Harder!”

I hit that special spot, so deeply inside her and don’t stop until her walls clench around me and she cries out. Feeling her pussy clamp around my cock even tighter, along with knowing I just made my woman cum hard, I finally let myself go. The ball of tension springs free, bringing with it a delicious burn as it runs through every piece of my body. I explode inside her, loving the feeling of marking her as mine as I do so.

I collapse on top of her, trying to regulate my breathing as she plays with the hair at the back of my head. “Holy shit,” she whispers against my hair.

“Holy shit, indeed,” I say with a laugh that she joins in on.

“I love you Edward,” she whispers against my ear.

“So much,” I finish and watch as she smiles up at me. It’s her you-just-fucked-me-senseless sleepy smile; one of my favorites.

It hits me then, like a freight train; the blinding need to make her mine in the most binding way. I suddenly can’t wait, and even a month seems too far off. “Bella, marry me.”

She giggles and holds out her hand. “Helloooo, you already got your answer for that.”

“No, marry me. Now. Tonight.”

A/N: Crazy kids. Esme for mom of the year. What do you think will happen at the family dinner tomorrow? We shall see...

33. Chapter 33

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A/N: Thanks for all of your reviews/support.

“Edward,” Bella sighs my name, and I can tell by the tone of her voice and the look on her face that she’s going to say no. “We can’t get married tonight.”

I should be a fucking psychic. I lean back, sitting on the comfortable leather bench and begin putting on my clothes.

“Are you mad?” she asks quietly, not looking at me as she speaks. “I’m sorry. You know I want to marry you, hell I already said yes!” She waves her ring at me and gives me a small smile. I try to return it but I’m sure it looks fake, because it is. “Edward...” she sighs again, but this time her tone is sad, and that’s the last thing that I want.

“Bella, it’s okay. I’m not upset with you. I understand.”

“Do you?” she asks, looking surprised. I nod my head and she narrows her eyes at me as I tuck in my shirt. “What do you understand?”

I shrug. “You’re not ready to get married yet. I completely get it. I was trying to rush it, you know, heat of the moment and all that fucking shit.”

“Edward Anthony Cullen.”

Oh shit. My hands cup my balls on instinct, my body automatically going on the defense as my full name escapes her perfect lips. Full name is always bad. “Yeah?” I croak out. I roll my eyes at myself. *I’m such a pussy.*

“You think that I’m not ready to marry you?” she crosses her arms over her chest and I shrug; best not to say anything more and dig my hole fucking deeper. I’d learned that much between my mother and my sister. She glares at me. “Answer me, Edward.”

Oh shit. Is it fucked up that my dick is getting hard at her demanding tone? Probably. I kind of wish it wouldn’t...it’s a lot harder to shield in fucking boner form.

“I don’t know, Bella. Okay? What else am I supposed to think? Why wouldn’t you want to get married right away if what you really want is to marry me?”

Her eyes bug out of her head and her voice rises as she speaks again. “Now you think I don’t want to marry you at all?” Her lip trembles after her question and I realize her anger is a façade. I’m hurting her and making her sad. *What a dick.*

I hold my arms open to her, hoping she’ll come and rest on my lap. Thankfully she does, and I wrap her into a tight embrace as she settles onto my lap. “How could you think that?” she asks in a small voice.

“I’m an idiot? But Bella...can you tell me why you don’t want to? Please?”

She sighs and sits up, straddling my lap and holding my face in her hands. “It is too soon, but not for *me*. Do you realize how much goes into getting married? There are blood tests and certificates and...a lot of stuff. That’s just the legal side of it. What about our family?”

My brows furrow in confusion. “But people get married in Vegas all the time. They even get married when they’re drunk!”

She raises an eyebrow. “Is that what you want for me? For us? To be married by some overweight unimpressive Elvis impersonator? Or at the Happy Wedding Chapel Drive Thru?”

“Is that a real place? The drive thru?”

She glares at me. “Focus, Edward.”

“Sorry,” I give her a sheepish smile. “No that’s not what I want for us. But who cares about our family? I’m sure they’d just be happy for us. We could have announced the news at dinner tomorrow night.”

“Dinner tomorrow?” she asks.

I nod. “With everyone. My mom invited your parents over.”

Her eyes widen. “That is even more reason to not get married tonight.”

“Why?”

She sighs and gives me a small kiss. The gesture shocks me. She’s pissed at me and kissing me?

“You are such a guy.”

“Uh, I’m sorry?”

“Do you remember what happened when our parents found out things about us through the tabloids?” I nod. “How do you think they’d feel if they woke up tomorrow and saw pictures of us getting married in Vegas or whatever insane plans were running through your head? How do you think dinner would go tomorrow?”

Suddenly I picture an irate Alice, screaming about not being able to design Bella's dress; Rosalie punching me with all of her strength; Emmett and Jasper laughing at me; my mother crying because her only son didn't want her at his wedding; and Chief Swan...loading a shotgun.

"Fuck."

"Exactly," she says with a laugh. "So, do you still want to get married tonight?"

"No!" I yell a little more loudly than I'd meant to. "Sorry...but no. You're right, as usual."

She grins at me and kisses me. It isn't a quick chaste kiss. It's long and lingering and I can feel myself getting hard all over again. "Shit Bella," I groan as she moves her lips to my neck. "I guess this means you forgive me?" The breathless quality of my voice makes me roll my eyes again. Definitely a pussy.

"Of course," she says as she grinds her pussy against my now covered cock. The phone rings beside me and I reach for it. "Yeah?" I ask distractedly.

"We're on your street sir; arrival time is less than one minute." *Shit.*

"Keep the privacy barrier up, we'll be ready." I answer back quickly.

"Yes sir," he says with a hint of amusement in his tone; a tone that makes me question if he heard us the entire time.

Suddenly, I realize that Bella is still naked. I reach behind her and grab her dress. "Put this on."

She pouts at me but does as I say. "Don't worry love," I assure her. "It won't be on for long."

She grins at me and I know she's ready for round two.

Fuck. Yes.

-o-

Bella fidgets with herself again as we get closer to my parent's new place. My mother decided she wanted a more permanent California residence, especially with the baby coming. She's a lot like my sister in that way, if she wants something, it happens. Quickly.

Bella's palm begins to feel clammy as I signal the house just down the road. "Wow, it's beautiful," she says distractedly. It is a beautiful home. A three story house, white with red shutters and a fantastic wrap around porch come into view as I pull up. There's even a tire swing. I roll my eyes at my mother. The baby isn't even born yet and she has swings for a five year old.

"Are you ready?" I ask Bella as I get out of the car. By the time I'm at her door to help her out, she's hyperventilating. "Bella?" I ask quickly, worry covering my tone. "What's wrong?"

She shakes her head but I'm not letting it go that easily. "Tell me, love."

"My mother."

It's all she has to say. I sigh and lean back against the car, pulling her into my arms. She sighs and seems to relax against me, my touch soothing her. It makes me smile. "I won't let her do anything to upset you, and we definitely won't let her find out about the baby yet. Okay?"

"Okay," she says quietly against my chest. I smile down at her and pucker my lips dramatically. She laughs and kisses me quickly before taking my hand and walking up the pebbled path between a perfectly mowed, green lawn. My mother is ridiculous.

Speaking of my mom, she's at the door before we even ascend the porch steps, pulling Bella into a hug the second she can. "Oh don't mind me," I tease, "just your only son standing her, waiting for some attention from his mother."

She scoffs and kisses me on the cheek, not breaking her hold on Bella. "Come in, come in!" she says excitedly. "You must see the kitchen Bella, I'm sure you'll love it!" Bella smiles at my mom and nods, following her toward what I assume is the kitchen at the end of the long hall.

"Hey, Son," my father says as he approaches me, handing me a Corona. I take it gladly and gulp it down. He laughs. "Needed that one, huh?"

I nod. "I think I'm going to need a few more before I deal with Renee tonight."

My father frowns. "Yes, your mother mentioned something about her. Let's go see our women, huh?"

I nod and follow him, taking in the house. It's subtle, not showing off my parents' wealth. My mother and father have never been one to brag or to overindulge; instead wanting to live a normal, comfortable life, only splurging on their children, and now future grandchildren; along with the occasional trip.

"Oh, I was the same way when I was pregnant with Edward, dear! Don't worry. It gets even better and I'm sure he's not one to complain." My mother winks conspiratorially at Bella when she sees us enter. Bella blushes a deep shade of pink and I cock my head to the side. She shakes her head, mouthing a silent, "Not now."

I walk up to her and kiss her before standing behind her and wrapping my arms around her tightly, resting my hands on her stomach.

"So," my mother says, "we have some things to discuss. Living room?"

I nod and Bella gulps.

-o-

Once we're all situated in the living room, my mother wastes no time diving right in.

"I've invited your parents over an hour later, so they should be here in about forty five minutes. I figure that's plenty of time for you both to tell us what's going on."

"Umm..." Bella trails off uncertainly.

I squeeze her hand, silently telling her I've got this.

"Bella's mother doesn't know about the baby because we're worried she'll go to the press looking for some sort of compensation." The shock on my mother's face is evident, but I continue, hoping to get this all out with no interruptions. "When we first got together, she congratulated us right away. She wasn't upset like you and Charlie were. In fact, her congratulation to Bella was the fact that she could snag a rich Hollywood-type in case her career didn't pan out." My mother's face is beet red now, and I can see the anger simmering beneath her somewhat cool façade.

"Are you serious?" my father asks, true confusion coloring his features.

"Yes," Bella says softly. "I've never been close to my mom, but I never expected her to say such things. I guess I shouldn't be surprised, because that's what she looks for in her love life, but I thought she knew me better than that." Bella's eyebrows pull together before a look of fear covers her face. "Oh! I don't want you to think that that's the reason I'm with Edward." She bites her lip to keep it from trembling. "I promise I love him and that's never crossed my mind. I only want-

My mother's gasp cuts her off as she quickly moves to kneel in front of Bella. "Sweetheart, we would never think that!" My father nods his agreement. "We love you and we know how much you love our son. You've made him so happy, honey. And you've made us equally as happy." She lovingly rubs Bella's stomach. "You and Rose being pregnant...knowing I'm going to have two grandbabies and my children are with amazing people...you have no idea what that has done to my life."

A tear runs down Bella's cheek as she thanks my mother.

"There's no need to thank me darling. I love you. Do you know that?"

Bella gasps slightly but nods. "I love you, too." She says as my mother wraps her in a tight hug. "Both of you," she says to my father, who grins and nods. "I love you as well, Bella. You've made our family so blessed."

"Now, about your mother," my mom says ice in her tone. "We're going to handle that tonight."

"How?" Bella asks before I can.

"With my help, of course." We all look up and see my very pregnant sister standing in the entryway with her hands on her hips.

"Yeah, let's kick some ass!" Emmett says as he fists pumps. The tension leaves the room as everyone laughs at Emmett's antics.

This should be interesting.

A/N: What do you think Rose has up her sleeve? How do you think Renee will handle all of this? Will Charlie bring his shotgun to dinner? Lol.

34. Chapter 34

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A/N: Dinner time!

“Bella!” Renee’s happy greeting makes everyone in the room cringe. How fucking fake can you be?

“Hi Mom,” Bella says quietly as her mother envelopes her in a hug. The saddest part of the entire exchange is how stiff Bella is in her own mother’s arms. I feel rage consume my body and I try my hardest to tamp it down.

“Edward!” she turns her claws my way, grabbing me and pulling me into a hug before I can even attempt to refuse contact.

“Hello Renee,” I say stiffly as I wriggle out of her grasp. “How are you?”

“Oh I’m fabulous honey! LA is my kind of town. I may need to consider a change of locale.”

I see Bella’s eyes widen behind her mother. “I don’t think LA is for everyone Renee.” I give her a fake smile and she returns one that’s just as fake.

“We’ll see,” she says.

“We will.”

-o-

“So, Renee, what do you do for a living?” my mother asks politely, always the hostess.

“Oh, a little of this and a little of that.”

“What’s the ‘this’ and ‘that’?” My sister is shooting daggers at Renee.

“I’m actually in between jobs.”

In between boyfriends is more like it, I think bitterly.

“Plus,” she continues. “My big star over here will take care of me if I need it. Won’t you baby?” Renee coos at Bella, tucking her thumb under Bella’s chin.

Bella steels her glare at her mother and says one word. “No.”

“What honey?” Renee asks, clueless.

“I said no, Renee.”

“Oh honey, call me Mom.”

“Now you want me to call you Mom?” Bella asks bitterly. “Why not when I was younger? Or are you just putting on an act for the Cullens? Sometimes I think you should’ve stuck it out here in Hollywood a little longer, you’re a terrific actress, *Mom*.”

With that, she slams down her napkin and leaves the dining room. I’m about to get up and follow her but my sister clamps her hand down on my knee. “Stay for a minute,” she whispers conspiratorially. I nod my head slightly and sit back down.

Renee, noticing my attempt to go and comfort her daughter, decides to copy my move and stands up. “Sit down Renee,” my sister demands and the older woman complies instantly. Rose used her ‘don’t fuck with me’ voice. Works every time.

“Yes, Rosalie?” she asks sweetly.

“Why did you assume Bella was pregnant?”

“Well...she’s not as big as you yet, and not showing as much, but she has the same beautiful pregnancy glow that you have.” Flattery won’t get you anywhere with Rosalie. “So she *is* pregnant?”

Renee’s question is met with complete silence, so she continues speaking. “Oh, this is lovely! We’ll have to set up some great interviews. You don’t want to have a random jump in interview this time around Edward. Oh! You can shop around the idea of paying for the baby’s first picture! We can see who will pay the most, and as long as they’re a respectable magazine we’ll sign an agreement.”

“STOP!” I shout, unable to hold in my rage any longer. “You will have absolutely nothing to do with your grandchild.”

“What? But...”

“No,” I cut her off. “You will never see this baby. And you certainly won’t have a chance to fucking sell pictures of the unborn child to the highest fucking bidder! What the fuck is wrong with you? Do you know what my mother’s reaction was when she found out? Happiness!”

“I am happy!” Renee argues back.

“Yes, you’re very happy. You’re seeing dollar signs! That’s the source of your happiness.”

“Edward,” my sister puts her hand on my shoulder, guiding me back to my chair. “I’ll handle it from here.”

“Renee, please read this.” She pushes a manila folder her way and Renee begins reading its contents.

“What is that?” I ask my sister.

“It’s an agreement that she will never go to any tabloid or any other press outlet with information on Bella or anyone surrounding her. She also can never have contact with Bella unless Bella initiates that contact. And...it includes a payment if she agrees, signs, and leaves without turning back.”

“Shit.” It would be seriously fucking fantastic to never see Renee again, but it would kill Bella. She’s already been abandoned by her before, she doesn’t need it again; especially when she’s fucking pregnant with my baby. Fuck! This situation sucks massive dicks. I tell a more articulate version of my thoughts to my sister in quick hushed whispers.

“Damn...I didn’t think of that.” She frowns and looks to my mother who’s been close enough to hear our whispers.

“I think she’ll need her mother. Maybe we can just talk to Renee and see what she has to say? Let her make a motherly decision. If it were me I would be devastated and do whatever it takes to stay in her life, so let’s not make a quick decision. Let’s talk to Renee and-” She stops speaking when we all hear the quick motion of a pen across paper.

Renee is signing the fucking contract.

“So I can just deposit this check into my account?”

I look at her, mouth agape as she folds the check and slides it into her purse. My sister, just as shocked as me, only nods. I briefly wish that Charlie hadn’t been such a chicken shit and shown up with his shotgun. But if I had the choice to avoid Renee, I would too.

Renee stands up and heads for the foyer, my mother calls out to stop her and she turns around. “But Bella...” my mother says sadly.

“Oh, I think it’ll be better to not say goodbye. Clean break and all that. It was nice to meet you. I wish you all the best. Please send Bella my love.”

My mother whimpers and begins crying when she hears the click of the front door. My father, who has been silent throughout this entire exchange, hugs her closely to his chest. “It’ll be okay Esme. She has us.”

It’s with that thought that I head upstairs in search of my fiancé.

I just hope we’re enough.

-o-

“Babe?” I ask quietly as I enter the guest room, not wanting to wake her if she’s fallen asleep.

“Yeah?” she asks sleepily as she sits up in the four poster bed.

“Are you okay?” She nods and I sigh. “You might not be in a minute,” I say cryptically.

“Why? What’s wrong?”

“Your mother is gone.”

She scoffs. “I’d say that’s good news. Can we put off the next meeting for a few days? I just need some space from her crazy and-”

“Bella...” I sit down on the bed beside her and take her hand; it’s cold. I frown before lying her back down and joining her; pulling the heavy quilt over our bodies. “Baby, she’s gone. As in, not coming back.”

“What do you mean Edward?” she asks me with wide eyes.

I sigh and mutter an impressive amount of profanities in one breath. “Edward...” she whimpers out my name. I wrap my arms around her and begin explaining what happened downstairs. As I tell my story, her eyes lose their light and her bottom lip is assaulted by her teeth.

“I’m sorry, baby.”

She buries her face into my neck and sobs; deep, heavy heartbroken sobs. I fucking hate Renee.

-o-

This is the best dream ever. I can feel Bella’s lips as if she were really trailing them all over my body. I sigh and then groan when dream Bella moves her hand down my pants and grips my cock.

Wait...

I bolt up and open my eyes, darting them around the dark room. “Bella?” I question and hear a small giggle beneath the blanket. I lift it up and smile - despite my confusion - at her crazy hair and flushed cheeks. “What are you doing down there?” I raise an eyebrow for emphasis.

She crawls up my body, lying hers directly against mine. I groan again at the sensation of my now hard cock being sandwiched between our stomachs. “Hi,” Bella says sweetly before placing a chaste kiss on my lips. “Hey,” I respond with my own kiss. “Are you okay?” I run my thumb along her chin in what I hope is a soothing gesture. She nods and looks away, suddenly finding the pillowcase more interesting.

I grip her chin between my thumb and index finger and lift her face to mine. "Are you really?" She shakes her head and then crashes her lips against mine.

I love the feel of Bella's lips on me, especially on my lips. They're so soft and warm, fitting perfectly against mine. I can't describe the taste of her skin, it's just fucking heaven, or something equally emasculating. I don't give a fuck.

She sighs and I use it to my advantage, slipping my tongue into her open mouth. Our tongues connect and she moans, grinding her covered pussy against my covered cock. We need uncovered shit right now. I start pulling at her jeans – wait jeans? Why is she in jeans? *Because she fell asleep while sobbing her heart out in the same outfit her mother abandoned her in, asshole!*

Fuck!

Summoning up all of the self-control I have - which is basically none when it comes to Bella, I pull away. "Bella, baby, stop."

She frowns down at me and cocks and eyebrow. "What?"

"I said stop," my actions contradict my words as I leave a simple, yet lingering kiss on her pouting lips. She slides off of me and it's suddenly too much distance. I roll onto my side and wrap my arms around her. "Don't frown, it leaves wrinkles." She doesn't laugh and doesn't stop frowning either.

"Do you not want me?" her voice cracks as she asks the question and I instantly know why.

"Bella...baby...you know I love you, right?" She nods her head. "You know how beautiful you are, right?" She hesitates and I capitalize by taking her head in my hands and gently making her nod. She lets out a small giggle, and I smile. "You're the most gorgeous girl in the world to me. Hell, you're the most gorgeous girl in the world to the entire world." She blushes and I love her for it. "I will always want you, do you understand me?" She bites her lip in response.

Actions speak louder than words, Cullen.

I grab her small hand and lower it down in between us. I let it brush against my hard on, moaning quietly as her hand makes contact. "See?" I groan out. "I want you right now." She gasps and untangles our hands before wrapping hers around my dick tightly. "Bella..." I trail off and shut my eyes tightly, taking a few deep breaths to find some semblance of self-fucking-control. "No, baby. You're upset. I'm not going to take advantage of you."

"I think I'm taking advantage of you," she challenges with a cocked eyebrow. "Don't you think so, baby?" Her sweet, yet seductive tone combined with her magical hand shatters any bit of self-restraint I have left.

"Fuck it," I mutter before rolling on top of her and spreading her legs. I sink down between them, enjoying the warmth of our combined bodies. "This is what you want, huh?" I whisper huskily in her ear. She shakes her head and I pull back, ready to stop the instant she says this is too much.

"This is what I need," she whispers as she strokes her thumb along my jaw line. "Please give me what I need Edward. Show me how much you want me. I need to know you need me as much as I need you." Her voice grows higher with each sentence and I know she's on the verge of tears. She won't cry another fucking tear over that bitch.

"I need you so much Bella. Do you feel how much I need you?" I accentuate my question with a thrust of my hips. My hard cock rubs against her clit through our jeans and she lets out a little moan. She nods her head furiously as she digs her fingers into my hair and tugs. I groan at the sensation but keep my eyes open so I can look into hers. "Look at me Bella." She opens her eyes and I see everything right there. I see my future in those chocolate orbs. "Listen to me." She bites her lip and I look directly into those eyes as I speak. "I need you," she grinds her hips up into me at my words. I moan but try my best to stay focused. "Not just here. You know that right? I need you right here, right fucking now, but that's not it. I need you everywhere. I need you in my life. You are my life."

"I love you so much, Edward. Don't ever leave me."

She averts her eyes, looking down after her confession. "Bella..." I trail off, waiting for her to look up. She does and I kiss her with everything I have. When we break apart to breathe I whisper against her lips. "I will never fucking leave you. Do you understand me? You and this baby are the most important things in my world. I love you, so fucking much." I trail my lips from hers down her neck until I'm settled against her collarbone.

"You're mine, and I want everyone to know it." I start licking and sucking on her skin, marking her as mine. She doesn't protest against it, instead using her grip on my hair to hold my lips closer to her, encouraging me to mark her. "Sit up baby," I whisper against her skin and she complies. "Take this off," I finger her shirt and watch in awe as it lifts up and reveals her perfect porcelain skin. My breath catches when I realize she's not wearing a bra. "Fuck Bella, you're perfect."

I push her down gently, my lips following her body like a fucking magnet. I kiss the mark forming on her collarbone and drag my lips lower, kissing the swells of her perfect tits. I lick my way down, lower and lower until I can grasp her hardened nipple in my mouth and suck lightly. Always one to be fair, I tweak and pinch her other nipple. Don't want it to feel lonely, you know?

Bella moans and arches her back, seeking friction that I won't give just yet. "Patience love," I whisper against her skin before switching it up. I take her other nipple into my mouth and suck harder, nibbling slightly as I tweak her other nipple. "Edward," she sighs before giving my hair a yank. I pull back and use the tip of my tongue to flick over her nipple before quickly moving to the next and doing the same. "Fuck," she mutters and I smile.

She reaches down between us and unbuttons her jeans. My eyes zero in on the action and I quickly help her shed those bothersome jeans and her panties. "Fuck me," I groan out as I take in her naked flesh. I'd see Bella naked so many times, but it never gets old to me. I loved seeing her spread out before me, naked and exposed, waiting on me to give her perfect body pleasure.

"That's what I'm trying to do."

Bella's voice brings me out of the trance-like state her body has put me in and I grin down at her. I unbutton my jeans and watch her eyes follow my hands.

She licks her lips and I swear to fucking god I almost cum right then and there. I slide my jeans down along with my boxers over my hips, just enough to expose my hard cock. “Mmmm,” Bella sighs as she takes my cock in her hands. “Come here,” she says with a crook of her other hand.

I follow her demand and lie my body down against hers. She releases my cock and I almost whimper at the loss until I realize she’s using her hands and feet to kick off my jeans and boxers. I help her shimmy me out of them and finally, finally we’re both naked and pressed against each other.

She spreads her legs wider, allowing me to settle in between them. I feel her legs wrap around my hips, her feet settling on my ass. “Show me.”

It’s all she says, and all she needs to say. I grab my cock in my hand and stroke it in between us. My knuckles brush against her stomach as I stroke myself and I find this small act incredibly erotic. I rub the head of my cock against her clit gently and Bella bucks up against me. “God, Edward...please. I can’t wait anymore.”

“What do you want me to do baby?” I ask teasingly.

“Fuck me,” she groans out. “Now.”

Shit.

I align myself with her entrance and slowly sink the head inside her. We both gasp at the sensation. Bella grabs me around my neck and pulls me down against her, pressing our bodies together as I continue to slide slowly into the heaven that is my girl’s pussy. “Fucking hell,” I grit out between clenched teeth when I’m fully inside her. “So fucking tight.” I resist the urge to take her roughly. I want nothing more than to pound into her and make her scream my name, but I know that’s not what she needs right now.

I kiss her lips gently, licking her bottom lip until she opens up to me. Our tongues tangle together in slow deep kisses as I move my hips slowly, pulling out of her heat almost completely before slowly sliding back in. “Ung, Edward, more. I need more.”

Anything for you, baby.

I wrap my arms underneath her back, grasping onto her shoulders. I continue kissing her deeply, the action of our lips together causing a slow burn between us. Suddenly I pick up my pace, moving my hips in a faster rhythm. She gasps and grinds her hips up in encouragement, and it’s all I need. I slam my cock into her dripping pussy over and over again. I feel the coil in my stomach threatening to spring and I will not fucking cum before my girl.

I reach between us and rub her clit with my thumb as fast as I can, keeping up with the pace of my thrusts. “Cum for me Bella, cover my fucking cock.” She gasps and it quickly turns into a moan as I feel her walls starting to tighten around me. “I will always be here, do you understand? I will always make you feel this way. I’ll love you forever. None of this will ever fucking stop.”

I pinch her clit in between my thumb and index finger as I start hitting a deeper spot inside her. Her walls clench down on my cock, gripping it in the most intense and fucking perfect way. I grit my teeth and shut my eyes tightly, holding off my own orgasm with every ounce of willpower I possess. “Cum Bella, right fucking now,” I growl into her ear before biting her lobe and pinching her clit again.

She screams out my name along with some impressive profanity as her pussy pulses around me, milking my cock. I continue to thrust with purpose, keeping up the rhythm with deeper strokes. “Fuck!” she screams out. “Oh god, fuck, fuck, I’m going to cum again. Edward!”

I open my eyes and watch her come apart for the second time. Seeing her hair a mess, eyes bright, cheeks flushed, and lips parted...I lose my shit. “Bella!” I yell out her name as I pick up the pace of my hips, letting myself go completely. I grab her tits in my hands roughly, using them as leverage as I slam my cock in and out of her dripping pussy until the coil finally snaps. Light explodes behind my eyelids and my entire body explodes, a warm fire filling my veins.

I collapse on top of her, my breathing erratic as I come down from an intense fucking orgasm. “Shit,” I mutter against her tits. I kiss them gently, covering every inch of them in kisses before I trail up her neck to my lips. I kiss her gently and feel her lips smile against mine.

I lean up on my hands, keeping some of my weight off of her. “No,” she pouts and pulls me down on top of her. “Stay right here.”

“Okay,” I nod and rest my body against hers. “How are you?”

“I’m fucking fantastic,” she says with a grin.

I grin right back and kiss her again.

“You know I’ll never leave you right? I’m the one person you never have to worry about. I’m here as long as you want me.”

“Well...I hope you’re ready for forever.”

“Oh I am, beautiful. I’m ready for anything when it comes to you.”

Her smile is glorious as she says, “I love you more than anything, Edward.”

I kiss her perfect lips quickly. “I love you more than anything, and...”

I kiss my way down to her stomach and whisper against the skin there. “I love you more than anything, too.”

I look up and see Bella’s beautiful brown eyes shining down at me as I talk to our baby. I see it there, in those eyes. I see my *forever*.

A/N: I can’t believe this is the almost-end of my very first fanfic. Epilogue is next and that’s it. :(

35. Chapter 35

Disclaimer: All Twilight-related material belongs to Stephenie Meyer. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Warning – this epilogue is super long; but I’m sure you’re not complaining. :)

“I will now allow Edward and Bella to recite their vows. Edward?”

Edward clears his throat and licks his lips quickly before speaking. “Bella, you have given me so much, in such a short amount of time.” His hand reaches out and caresses her bulging stomach. “You’ve given me love, and you’ll be giving me our child very soon.” His eyes twinkle as he speaks about their unborn child. “You are everything that I have always wanted, yet never knew I needed. You changed my world that day, when you walked into that audition. You didn’t just make a bad day more bearable; you made my life worth living. I’ll love you, every single second, of every single day, for the rest of our forever.” He slips on the wedding band, sealing his promise and making her, his.

Bella’s eyes shine with unshed tears as Edward kneels down in front of their guests and kisses her stomach sweetly. He stands up again, taking her hands in his and smiling brightly at her. The priest clears his throat and indicates for Bella to go next.

Her cheeks turn a lovely shade of pink as she bites on her lip. Edward reaches out and pulls her lip free, giving her an encouraging wink.

“Edward. We had a rough start.” She gives a small laugh. “But we made it through, didn’t we?” Edward nods slowly, smiling. “We made it because our love is real. You are my grounding force. You are who I turn to when I need someone the most. You’re my best friend. You’re the father of my baby.” She pulls their joined hands to rest on her stomach between them. “You’re my love, and you’re my life. You have always been there when I needed you, and I know you always will be. I promise to always love you, no matter what, and to never give up on us.” A tear rolls down her face as she sniffles quietly. “I love you baby. You’re mine, forever now.” She gives him a smirk that he returns. Bella slides the ring onto Edward’s finger, beaming with pride.

“I now pronounce you, husband and wife. Edward, you may kiss your bride.”

Edward grabs Bella into a crushing embrace, carefully maneuvering around her protruding belly and kisses her fiercely, pouring every ounce of love that he shares into her. She wraps her arms around his shoulders, but they quickly ascend into his hair. They continue to kiss until the audience starts clearing their throats and snickering.

They pull back from each other and with huge smiles on their faces, face the crowd.

I turn the television off and look at my son’s confused face. “You said I was in it Daddy. I wasn’t in there.” He crosses his arms over his chest with a pout firmly on his lips. “You lied. Mommy says you get time outs for lying.”

I chuckle at him, unable to help myself. “I didn’t lie to you buddy, you were there!”

“I didn’t see me!”

“You were in Mommy’s tummy.”

His eyes widen. “What?”

“Did you see how big Mommy’s tummy was?”

He nods slowly, looking at me like I’m crazy. “Well, that was you in there. That’s where you lived before you were born. And do you know what else?”

“What?”

“You were born that same day, later that night.”

He giggles and shakes his head. “Really?”

“Yup. Mommy and I were going on our honeymoon and bam! You decided it was time to come out and say hi to everyone.”

“Wow.”

“That’s why Mommy and Daddy’s special day is also your birthday. Do you feel older?”

He shakes his head and frowns. “No. Am I apposed to?”

I laugh and shake my head at him. “Not really. But you’re older. Now you’re a whole four years old.” I hold up four fingers. “Can you count them?” He nods and counts my fingers. “You are so smart, bud!” He grins proudly and stands up on the couch.

“Can we wake up Mommy now?” he jumps up and down on the cushions in excitement.

I raise an eyebrow and he stops immediately, knowing what I’m going to say. He blushes lightly, looking so much like his mother and shrugs. “Sorry for jumping.”

I smile and pick him up. “It’s okay. Just try to remember. Let’s check on the cinnamon rolls, okay?”

“Yeah!”

We take the cinnamon rolls out of the oven and make a mess icing them. I'll have to make sure to clean up the kitchen before Bella sets her eyes on it. She's kind of...scary these days.

"Watch your step Mase," I warn as he runs up the stairs. "We have to be quiet, remember? Mommy is still sleeping."

"Okay Daddy."

We poke our heads in quietly and see Bella lying on her side, her legs separated by a few huge pillows. Masen looks to me for permission and I nod. He carefully climbs up onto my side of the bed, sliding under the covers and kisses Bella's face. "Mommy, wake up. It's your nanaversmary!"

Bella's eyes flutter and I see a small smile playing on her lips. "It's my what?" she asks him without opening her eyes.

"Your nannymaversmary!"

"Oh! You're right." She opens her eyes and smiles beautifully. "What else is today?"

"My birthday!" he shouts excitedly.

"Careful Mase, Mommy is fragile right now."

Bella narrows her eyes at me and I narrow mine right back. She knows she *is* fragile and needs to be careful, its doctor's orders; but she wouldn't be my Bella if she wasn't stubborn. "Don't argue with me babe, you know what the doctor said."

She rolls her eyes and huffs out, "Fine."

"Are you really going to be so mean to me on our anniversary love?" I ask with a mock frown on my face. "I even made you cinnamon rolls." I hold out the tray and see her eyes widen hungrily. I hold back my chuckle; Bella is always sensitive about her appetite when she's this far along, even when it's obviously not her fault. She's eating for two after all.

She smiles up at me and I instantly forgive her for her little hormonal outburst. "I'm sorry baby, come here." She holds out her arms and I lean down for an amazing Bella hug. She kisses my cheek quickly, and grabs a cinnamon roll from the tray. "Mmmm, God, so good."

My dick instantly stands at attention, curious at the sound that it loves so much, but hasn't heard in months. *Not now man, that moan wasn't for you, it was for food.* My dick backs down and sighs in defeat. Food always wins lately. I see Bella's eyes flit down to my crotch quickly and her eyes meet mine. I gulp at the look there. It's lust. I know she's not denying me on purpose. I know that she misses me as much as I miss her. It's just too hard and painful for us to try and maneuver around her nine-months-pregnant belly.

"Soon," I mouth at her and she blushes. It's actually not all that soon, considering it'll be weeks until we can actually be together again; but I love that I can make her blush after all these years.

"Are you ready for your party?" she asks Masen who launches into a tirade about how excited he is for his party and how happy he is that he gets to see his cousins and his friends. He chats throughout breakfast, only stopping to bite and swallow his cinnamon rolls.

-0-

"Jackson, slow down right now!"

I hear my sister before I see her. I see my nephew speed past me, ignoring my sister completely. I grab his t-shirt, bringing him to a quick halt. "Hey man. Where are you going?"

He looks up at me and smiles mischievously. He looks exactly like Emmett in that second and it makes me laugh. "Nowhere Uncle Ed. I didn't do nothing!"

"You didn't do anything," I correct.

"That's what I said."

"Rose, are you looking for something?" I call out as I see her exit the house and come out into the yard. Her eyes zero in and narrow on Jackson.

"Aw man," he moans, knowing he's in deep shit.

Rosalie stalks over and takes him from me, kneeling down in front of him. "Jackson McCarty! You are going to apologize to Grandma and Grandpa. Do you understand me? That was not funny!"

His cheeks burn in embarrassment as he looks down, clearly ashamed. "Sorry Mommy. I didn't mean to."

"You *did* mean to, Jackson, and that's the problem. You can't do things like that, okay baby?" Her tone softens as he lets out a sniffle.

"Okay Mommy."

"I love you," she says as she hugs him and he mutters and I love you back before running off to find our parents.

"What'd he do this time?" I ask as I help her up off the ground.

"He shot Mom in the ass with a slingshot that he manufactured secretly on the way over here. Then when Dad went to help her up he made a huge farting noise." I can't help it; I burst into a fit of laughter. It was such four year old behavior. I could understand Rose's discipline though. We'd all heard stories of how Emmett was a handful, even at such a young age. She was trying to nip it in the bud. We're all rooting for her, especially Bella and I, considering Jackson

and Masen spend so much time together.

Our parents come through the door right then, with Jackson in between them, looking properly chastised and remorseful.

“Edward! Where’s my baby Masen and your gorgeous Bella?”

“Gee Mom, it’s fabulous to see you too.”

She laughs and hugs me tightly. “Oh, you know I love you. Where are they?” I roll my eyes and ignore her.

My father laughs at her excitement and claps me on the back. “How is she?” he asks me quietly as my mother walks over to the gift table with Jackson and Rosalie in tow.

“She’s doing well. She hates staying in bed, though. She’s been looking forward to today more than usual, just for the simple fact that she gets to get out of bed.”

He laughs at that and nods. “Where is she?”

“Em’s helping her down in a minute and Masen is over there, of course.” I point to the bounce house in the center of the yard.

“I think I’ll go test it out with him,” my father says with a glint in his eye.

“Go for it, old man.”

“Jesus Bella, you’re fucking heavy.” I hear Emmett’s voice and turn around to see them coming into the yard.

Bella’s face turns red and she smacks his arm. “Shut up, Em. You try being pregnant. I’m telling Rose what you said.”

His face pales and he shakes his head quickly. “No! Please don’t. I’m sorry Bella. I was only kidding. You look great. You’re still sexy and-” He stops short when he sees my glare. “Damn. I’m getting into trouble with the Cullens from all sides today.”

Bella giggles and smiles when she sees me glaring. My glare disappears and I replace it with a smile of my own. The smile she knows is just for her. “Hello love,” I say as I kiss her cheek. “I’ll take her from here Em.” Bella shakes her head and tightens her grip around Emmett’s neck. “Bella,” I sigh. “I was okay with Emmett helping you down the stairs because you felt so strongly about it, but now you’re just insulting me. I’m not a weakling.” I flex my arms at her for proof and I smirk when I see her drool slightly.

“I’m not worried about your strength Edward,” she rolls her eyes. “I’m worried about my fat.”

I glare at her but she doesn’t back down. “You’re not fat. Em, give her to me.” I hold out my arms and he deposits her into them. I groan and pretend to stumble which earns me a hard slap to the chest. “Ouch!”

“Don’t act like I’m fat.” I raise an eyebrow at her and she giggles. “Okay, I get it. I’m not fat.”

“Damn right you’re not. You have my baby girl in there.”

“You don’t know that it’s a girl.”

“I have a feeling.”

“Oh, really. You think you’re right, huh?”

“Yup and I *know* I’m right.”

“We’ll see, Mr. Cullen.”

“Yes we will, Mrs. Cullen.”

-o-

“Hey kid.”

I turn around and see Charlie standing there with a long package.

“Hey Chief, what’s up?”

“Where’s the present table?”

I point over toward it and he raises an eyebrow. “You can’t even see the damn table.”

“It’s not my fault everyone spoils the kid.”

Charlie lets out a laugh before stalking over to the mountain of presents. He chats with my dad for a few minutes and then makes his way back over to me. “How’s my girl?” he asks as he looks at her in concern.

“She’s good. Kind of grumpy about the whole bed rest thing, but good.”

"I know she hated turning down that Shakespeare movie. How's she handling that?"

"She's had a few months to get over it. She realized it just wouldn't work with the pregnancy and the studio's schedule. They needed to start now and couldn't wait for her to have the baby."

"Assholes." I nod my agreement. Bella was perfect for that role, and in my head really the only choice for it.

"Daddy! Can we open presents now?"

"Ask Mommy." He runs back to Bella who glares at me. Charlie laughs and mutters something about the dog house.

"Sure baby," I hear Bella's permission but don't look at her; afraid of her death glare.

"Open mine first!"

"Allie, relax. Remember who the kid is here."

"Shut up, Edward! I just really want him to see my present that's all." Alice frowns at me, looking like a little chastised four year old herself, making me feel bad for teasing her.

"I'm sorry Allie." I give her my crooked grin and all is forgiven. She only just let me start calling her by a nickname a few months ago, and I'd rather stay on her good side than cross over to the bad. After all, Alice is kind of terrifying when she wants to be, size be damned.

"I'll open yours first, Auntie Allie." Masen is a smart kid.

He rips into the package excitedly, throwing all of the shreds behind him carelessly until he reaches the box. It's a plain white box, and Masen frowns before ripping it open. "Aw man, its clothes!" Bella nudges him with her foot and gives him the mom brow. "I mean, awesome its clothes!"

Alice only laughs, clearly not upset that he didn't like her gift. "Hey buddy, don't you know Auntie Allie would never leave you hanging? I got you clothes so you could be the most handsome kid on the block, but I also got you this." Jasper hands her a package with a grin. "Here you go."

Masen rips it from her hands and Bella and I admonish him at the same time. "Manners, Masen!"

"Sorry," he mutters over his shoulder at us as he rips open his new present. "Oh wow! This is so cool! Thank you Auntie Allie. Thank you Uncle Jazz!"

"What is it?"

"Look!" He turns around and shows us his new Batman figurine set.

"Wow, that's awesome buddy."

Bella rolls her eyes. She hates that our four year old is obsessed with Batman. Something about it being violent and him being too young, blah blah blah. I'm just glad that he's into Batman and not into shit like The Fresh Beat Band or the Backyardigans. That shit is creepy and would give *me* nightmares.

Masen quickly makes his way through all of his presents, showing them off to everyone as he unwraps them and then handing them to us to dig into the next one. The presents seem never-ending and I'm starting to feel like we're going to need to add another toy room. This kid is spoiled.

When he gets to Grandpa Charlie's the shriek he lets out is almost deafening.

"I gots my own fishing rod! Mommy look! Grandpa, can we go on the boat?"

"Sure can, little man. We'll catch some big ones."

Bella smiles at her father and mouths a silent, "Thank you" his way. Masen has been bugging everyone about fishing with Charlie since he was two. He's always been told he wasn't big enough, so I'm sure in his head he's officially a big boy now.

"Is that all of the presents?" Masen asks with a frown on his face after he gently places his rod down.

"I think so, bud. Do you like everything you got?"

"Yeah..."

"What's wrong?" Bella asks as he climbs up onto her lap.

"Be careful of Mommy's tummy buddy."

He rolls his eyes at me. "I know, Daddy."

"So what's wrong?" Bella asks again and Masen shakes his head.

"Nothing," he says sadly, biting his lower lip; another habit he picked up from his mother.

"Tell me." Oh shit, Bella used the mom tone.

"You and Daddy didn't get me anything. Does that mean you're not happy that I was born?"

“Born,” I correct automatically.

Bella glares at me and motions to the house.

“I’ll be right back.” I run off before she can hurt me or my balls.

I run out to the garage and grab our present. I smile as I look at the red, kid-sized Hummer. Masen is going to fucking flip over this! We stored it in here after we bought it, letting it charge for a few days so he could get a few hours of use out of it.

I send a quick text off to Bella.

Keep him distracted, babe.

I lift up the Hummer, surprised at how heavy it is to lift on my own. Maybe I should’ve had Emmett help me, like he did when we bought it. No, fuck that, my wife already thinks I’m weak. I’ll grin and bear it.

I see something out of the corner of my eye and place the truck down just outside of the garage. I hear a click and the hair on the back of my neck stands on end. “Motherfuckers!” I stalk down our short driveway and make my way to the small black gate that outlines our property. “Get the fuck out of here. I can’t see you, but I can hear you. This is my son’s goddamn birthday!”

A small guy with stringy hair steps out of the bush on the other side of the gate. “Hey Edward. How’s the party going? Masen like his presents?” I practically growl at the casual way he discusses my son, like we’re best fucking friends or some shit.

“Get out of here, *now*.” My voice is low and menacing and the guy is smart enough to back off somewhat.

As I turn back around I hear another click. I turn around and he stumbles backward from the look on my face. “C’mon Edward, let me just get a few shots man. I need the money. How about a video of you talking about your next project? How do you feel about saying goodbye to Elliot and the *Immortal Sun* franchise?”

“Okay man. I’ll give you a little video.”

He grins and I swear I can see the dollar signs in his fucking eyes. Scumbag.

“Okay, rolling!” he shouts happily as he points his camera at me.

“Fuck you!” I shout at the camera before stalking back to the garage. I press the automatic button to close it. I take a deep breath and clear my mind of the fuckery that just happened so I don’t ruin my son’s birthday party. After letting myself calm down, I lift the Hummer up again and ignore the clicking I still hear as I walk around to the back of the house.

As I walk around the corner, I see Bella talking to Masen, keeping him distracted. I make my way across the yard as quietly as possible, and deposit the truck right behind him gently, making sure to not make a sound.

“Masen, do you really think Mommy and Daddy would have your birthday come and go and not get you a present?” He shrugs at Bella’s question. “No way, little guy. We love you and want to make sure your birthday is special and make sure you’re happy.”

“Exactly, so Happy Birthday buddy!” I shout from behind him. He whips around and I watch happily as his eyes widen and his mouth falls open.

“WOW!” He shouts loudly. “This is for me? This is so cool! Jackson!” He looks around for his cousin. “Jackson, look! It’s cool!” Jackson nods his head with a big grin on his face. He helped pick out the color and kept the secret all week. He’s incredibly proud of himself.

“Thank you!” Masen launches himself at my legs and I pick him up into a big hug.

“You’re welcome Masen. Who else do you need to say thanks to?” I walk over toward Bella with him still in my arms. She beams up at the two of us as I lower Masen down. He kisses her sweetly and whispers, “Thank you so much Mommy. I love it.”

“I love you, baby,” she responds. “Go play!”

It’s all he needs to hear. He takes off running and I sit down on the grass in front of Bella. She plays with the hair at the back of my neck; a favorite spot of hers, while we watch our son play happily with his friends and all of his new toys.

I look around and see all of our friends and family laughing and eating the great barbeque Em’s been grilling all afternoon. I think of Renee for a moment, as I usually do when we have special occasions. It still pisses me off that she walked out on her own daughter years ago, and hasn’t looked back since; but I know Bella is better off. I make sure she never feels unloved for even a second. “I love you Bella,” I say quietly as I rest my head against her knee. I look up to see her smiling down at me as she whispers a quiet, “Always.”

-o-

“I think he had a nice birthday.”

I chuckle at Bella’s assessment. “I’d say so.”

We both laugh as he snores louder, rolling over to his side and snuggling into his pillow. “Come on gorgeous,” I hold my hand out and she takes it eagerly. As soon as we’re out of his room and the door is quietly shut, I scoop Bella up into my arms. She squeals and tries to wiggle out of my grasp. “Where do you think you’re going? You’re mine, Mrs. Cullen. Don’t fight it.”

Bella giggles and lays her head against my shoulder.

“Are you ready for your anniversary celebration now?” I ask with a smile on my face. She looks up at me and frowns. “We already talked about this. The doctor said bed rest. It’s not like you can carry me around everywhere and then just drop me somewhere comfy.”

I laugh and her frown deepens. “It’s not funny. I’m sad that we can’t do anything for our anniversary, and it’s my fault.” She pouts and it’s even more adorable than when Masen does it, which is very fucking impressive.

I don’t say a word; instead I just continue carrying her down the hall to our room. As we reach the door, I look into my wife’s eyes and hope they show nothing but pure honesty. “It’s not your fault that we can’t go out for our anniversary baby. You’re pregnant, and I’m pretty sure I had a hand in making that happen.”

“I’m pretty sure you had something else in besides your hand,” she says with a wink. Oh, Bella is playful tonight, is she?

“I think you’re right, love.”

“So you’re not upset that we can’t go out and celebrate?”

I smile. “No. You’re right that we can’t go out, but you’re wrong about not being able to celebrate.”

“Huh?” Her face is adorable when she’s confused.

“Happy Anniversary baby,” I push our bedroom door open and smile wider when she gasps.

“You did all of this?”

I look around our bedroom. The floor is covered from wall to wall in rose petals and every flat surface in our room has a candle on it. It took a lot of time to set up, but Masen helped me out, making sure Mommy was occupied for a few hours, watching Finding Nemo with him for about the fiftieth time. In the middle of our bed sits a lovely spread of food. I decided to go with Chicken and Broccoli Alfredo, considering Bella had craved it three times in one week about a month ago; I threw in fresh garlic bread sticks and a fresh salad too.

I’ll have to text my sister later and say thank you for laying out the food while we were putting Masen to bed. I probably owe her one now.

“I did,” I answer her question. “I wanted tonight to be special for us, and for us to be able to celebrate.” I place her down gently on the side of the bed, making sure not to rustle the food. Spilled food would definitely ruin the mood. “What do you think?”

“I think I couldn’t love you anymore than I do right now.” She smiles at me, her eyes watery as she bites her lip. I know what she’s doing. She’s trying not to cry.

“Don’t cry baby. This is happy, right?”

She nods. “Hormones,” she says as way of an apology.

I laugh and she joins in.

We both get comfy and dig in, enjoying the delicious food. Bella hums and moans a few times, making my dick curious. It’s not for you, I tell him sadly. Bella looks over at me as she takes a piece of ziti in her mouth, swallowing it down and moaning out at the taste again.

I shift around; trying to readjust my hard on so Bella doesn’t notice it. Her eyes zero in on my crotch anyone and I swear to fucking god my dick twitches under her gaze. She smirks at me as our eyes connect and my mouth drops open. She knows what she’s doing? And she’s doing it on purpose? She’s fucking teasing me? Fuck that!

“Bella…” I practically groan out her name.

“Yeah, babe?”

“Would you like some dessert?” I ask innocently as I reach for the ice-cream.

“Mmmm, yeah that’d be great. Thanks.”

I hand her a bowl of ice-cream and drizzle it with chocolate sauce. “Whipped cream?” She nods and smiles at me as I cover her ice-cream with toppings. “Here you go, love.”

Her eyes glaze over as she takes in the bowl of deliciousness. She used to stare at my dick with that glazed look…good times.

She takes the spoon I offer and digs in. She continues with her fucking hums and moans as she eats her treat and I feel as if I’m going to burst right out of my fucking jeans. I look at Bella, I really look at her, and feel myself harden further. Shit.

She’s wearing an old KISS tank top with black yoga pants. I know she’s wearing it for comforts sake, but the outfit is fucking with me. She looks far too fucking sexy. She unconsciously rubs her growing belly a few times while she eats and it makes me smile. Suddenly she stops and looks at me. “What?”

“Huh?”

“Why are you staring at me like that?”

“I’m just enjoying the view.”

She blushes and puts down her bowl. "You enjoy watching your wife eat like a disgusting pig?"

"No, I enjoy watching my wife feed our growing child." I give her a smile and she returns it.

"Why didn't you have any? Don't you want dessert?"

"Oh, I plan on having dessert, love." I give her a wicked grin and watch in amusement as her breasts rise and fall quickly with her rapid breathing. "I'll get my dessert in a minute."

"Oh," she says, sounding somewhat disappointed as I clean up the mess on our bed. When I return from dropping off our dirty dishes, I start undressing for bed, leaving myself in just my boxers. Her eyes widen as she stares at my dick. I bite back a grin, loving the fact that she's now as desperate for me as I am for her.

"Do you need help getting undressed love?" Bella has been sleeping in nothing but her bra and panties for about a month now, feeling too hot and uncomfortable wearing anything more than that to bed at night. It's been driving me fucking crazy. She nods and I help her sit up, stripping her out of her tank. She lies back down and lifts her hips, helping me strip off her black yoga pants.

I start removing her panties and she stops my hands with her own. "What are you doing?" she asks me quickly, looking somewhat nervous. I give her a reassuring smile. I know she's probably nervous about us doing anything sexual. She's expressed plenty of times that she feels uncomfortable so far into her pregnancy. She did the same thing with Masen; at first we had so much sex, but it dwindled down as her pregnancy progressed. "Edward? What are you doing?" she asks again.

"I'm having my dessert baby," I say in a low tone, causing her to shiver.

"Y-your dessert?"

"Yes."

"What's your dessert?" she asks a bit breathlessly.

"You're my dessert."

I watch her gulp and fidget on the bed.

"Bella," she looks down at my face that's now nestled in between her thighs. Her cheeks redden with her blush as I smile up at her. "I miss you. I need you. You're so fucking gorgeous; you have no idea how sexy you are. Please, let me have my dessert?" I give her my puppy dog eyes and it works. She smiles down at me and then bites her lip, nodding slowly and giving me her permission.

I give myself a mental clap on the back in accomplishment before trailing kisses up and down her thighs.

"E-Edward," she stutters out, gripping my hair in her hands. She's begging me for something, but I don't know what she's begging me for; more or stop?

I decide to just fucking ask.

"Baby, do you want me to stop? You know we never have to do anything that you don't want to do."

"No!" she shouts loudly and then blushes at her outburst. "I don't want you to stop. Please don't stop." I see her nervousness melt away, quickly replaced by lust and need. This is *my* Bella. Fuck, I've missed her.

"Spread your legs for me, baby."

She complies and I grin wickedly. I continue my previous mission, kissing up and down her inner thighs while she writhes at my touch. "God Edward, I've missed you so fucking much." I groan at her words and take in the sight of her; wet and ready for me.

"Fuck Bella. You have no idea how much I've missed your pussy." I show her just how much. I flick my tongue against her clit, causing her to squeak and jump.

She giggles and runs her hands through my hair. "Mmmmm, yes Edward. Right there."

I love it when she's vocal. I continue to swirl my tongue around her clit as I spread her slick lips apart with my fingers. She sighs as I slip two fingers inside her soaked pussy, not stopping until my knuckles are no longer visible. "Shit," I mutter as her heat surrounds my fingers. Just thinking about her wrapped around my cock makes me pulse against the mattress. I rock my hips, grateful for any fucking friction at this point.

I move my fingers in and out of her heat at the same pace and rhythm as my hips against the mattress. Her sounds drive me fucking crazy. She gasps as I replace my fingers with my tongue, fucking her slowly and swallowing down her delicious juices. I pinch her clit gently and she squeezes her thighs around my head tightly, locking me in place. "Don't you dare fucking stop Edward," she groans out. "I'm so, so, so close. Make me cum, baby."

Fuck. Yes.

I place my hands underneath her ample ass and give it a rough squeeze as I lift her to my mouth. I go insane, fucking her with my tongue, nibbling her clit; all while she grinds her pussy up to my waiting mouth. "God, fuck, yes. Edward! Edward! Unnnghhhhh!"

I smile in victory as she falls over the edge. I look up at her flushed face and heavy lidded eyes as a lazy grin fills her beautiful features. "Wow."

"Wow, huh?" I tease and watch in delight as she blushes and nods. She looks sleepy and satisfied. My cock screams in protest, wanting attention, but I tamper

him down. This was about Bella, making her feel sexy and loved, and I accomplished that. “Are you tired, baby?” Please say no.

She ignores my question and asks one of her own. “Are you hard, baby?”

I nod furiously and kneel up on the bed, showing off my boxer-covered hard on. She licks her lips and whispers, “No I’m definitely not tired. Take your boxers off Edward.”

You don’t need to tell me fucking twice. I slip out of my boxers and toss them away from the bed. I grab my cock in my hand, rubbing it lightly as she watches in rapt fascination.

“Bella, take off your bra. Show me those amazing tits.”

She sits up and unhooks her bra, letting it fall off of said perfect tits. “Shit,” I moan as I grip my cock tighter, making my strokes more frequent.

“I need you Edward,” she says suddenly, and the look in her eyes almost melts me.

“Where do you need me, Bella? Show me.”

She slips her hand down her stomach, caressing it as she goes, continuing until she reaches her pussy. She strokes her clit and moans, giving me a breathy answer. “Right here, Edward. I want your cock right here.”

Fuck. Me.

I lie down beside her and she looks momentarily confused. I smirk at her and use her arm as leverage to pull her on top of me. She instantly starts to refuse. “NO! No way, Edward, I’m too big! I’ll crush you.”

I try my hardest not to roll my eyes. “Bella, baby, we’ve done this position before, when you were pregnant with Masen.”

“I wasn’t nine months then.”

“Bellaaaaa...” I sing-song her voice as I trail my fingers down to her pussy. “Don’t you want this?” I ask in the sexiest voice I can manage as I massage her clit with my fingertips.

“Mmmmm yes...so much.”

“Then come here.”

She shifts and crawls over until she’s resting on top of me. She gently rubs her pussy up and down the length of my cock. I groan and grab her hips, helping her along. “Are you sure I’m not too heavy?” she asks nervously, backing off a bit.

“Fuck no, you feel amazing.”

She repositions herself over my cock and rubs the head against her clit. We both moan out at the contact. “Fuck Bella, I’ve missed this so fucking much.”

“Me too baby, me too.”

She sinks down onto my hard cock then and I groan at the sensation of her pussy gripping me, surrounding me in her wet heat. “Fuuuuuuck!” I have the sudden urge to grab her and pound up inside her, but I know I can’t do that, so I grit my teeth and gently take her hips. I help her lift up and slide back down again gently. I fight an inner battle with myself as she continues to ride me. I know that I need to be easy with her.

“Edward, God, it’s too much,” she half moans-half whines.

“Do you want to stop?” I almost cry after I ask the question. I don’t think I can fucking stop at this point, but I will if she needs to.

“No! Don’t you dare stop fucking me, Edward. I need it harder, baby.”

Shit.

“Bella, you control this. I don’t want to...unggghh...hurt you.”

“But I need you so much.”

Fuck!

“Okay, hold on.” I help her off of me and almost ball like a baby at the loss of her heat. She lies down on the bed, watching my every move as I get up and walk to the edge. I take her ankles and gently pull her towards the edge of the bed. “Prop your feet up on the edge and bend your knees baby.” Right about now I’m thanking God that we bought a high fucking bed. She does as I say and I groan as I see her spread open and waiting for me.

“Now, Edward, now.”

I waste no time, quickly sliding back into her hot pussy. “Fuck Bella. You feel so fucking good baby.”

“Mmmm, I love the way you fill me. I love your cock inside me.”

“Stop talking like that or I’m not gonna last. It’s been too long.”

"I want you to cum, baby," she coos.

Fuck!

I speed up my thrusts and use my fingers to rub and lightly pinch her clit, alternating between the two sensations as I fuck her pussy as hard as I can while still being gentle enough to not hurt her or the baby. "Edward," she moans breathily, "I'm gonna cum. Oh! Right *there!* Don't stop!" I continue pumping in and out of her and playing with her clit. I use my free hand to squeeze her tits gently, knowing they've been sore lately. She moans at the touch, so I go with it and gently squeeze her nipples. Suddenly she spasms and grips my cock even harder as her walls clamp down.

"Edward! God! Yes, yes, yes!" I smile in triumph as she lets go. She's fucking gorgeous and glorious. "I love you baby, I love you so much." I see tears in her eyes and I immediately stop my thrusts. My dick screams in protest but I tell him to shut the fuck up.

"Baby, you okay? Do I need to stop?"

She shakes her head and digs her feet into my ass. "No don't stop, I want you to cum and you feel so fucking good. These are happy tears."

That's all my dick needs to hear and he takes over. I thrust as hard as I can, still keeping in mind that I need to be somewhat gentle. I continue my thrusts until I feel the tight coil in my stomach is about to spring free. "*FUCK!*" I groan out as it explodes and I stop breathing as the intense pleasure takes over my entire body. I lean down on top of Bella in exhaustion, until I remember that I can't do that.

"Shit, sorry baby. Did I hurt you?"

She smiles lazily at me and grins. "No way! That was fucking amazing."

"I've missed your dirty mouth you know." I grin wickedly at her when she winks at me.

"I'll be right back, babe." I head into the bathroom and get a washcloth, wetting it with warm water. I head back into the bedroom and smile at Bella. She gives me a sleepy grin back as I wash between her legs. She sighs and rolls over, pulling me down with her and wrapping my arms around her belly.

"I love you Bella, and I love you little one." I rub her stomach gently and she sighs.

"I love you so much, Edward. Did you have a good anniversary?"

"Fuck yes."

She giggles at my answer, and not even a minute later, her breathing changes. I wore my love out. I yawn and snuggle closer to Bella and realize she wore me out too.

It only feels like I've been asleep for a few minutes when Bella's frantic voice pulls me from unconsciousness.

"Edward! Baby, wake up! Edward!"

I sit up quickly, muttering a sleepy, "What's wrong?"

"It's time. The baby."

"What?!" I jump out of bed and search for a pair of sweatpants.

"The baby drawer," Bella reminds me.

"Right!" I launch toward the drawer that we prepared for this moment. It has comfy sweats for the both of us to get dressed in.

I pull on the sweatpants and throw on a plain t-shirt before bringing Bella her change of clothes. I help her into them and call my parents.

"Mom, it's time." She squeals into the phone and happily says she'll be right over to watch Masen. "Come on baby," I pick Bella up and carry her downstairs. "Sit here. I'm going to go wake Masen up so he knows what's happening. Mom's on her way over. I'm sure Dad will meet us at the hospital." She nods and smiles at me, not even seeming to be nervous this time around.

"Masen, wake up buddy."

"Huh?"

"Mommy and Daddy are going to the hospital. It's time for the new baby to come. Grandma is on her way over to watch you while we're gone. Do you wanna come downstairs and see Mommy before we go? You can watch cartoons, too."

Cartoons do the trick and he's suddenly wide awake. I carry him downstairs and he snuggles next to Bella. "Mommy, when is the new baby gonna be here?"

"Very soon baby. When we come home the new baby will be with us. Are you going to be a good big brother?" He nods and smiles. Concentration and then confusion colors his features before he speaks up and asks, "If the new baby is here, I can't be your baby anymore, huh Mommy?"

She smiles and shakes her head. "You'll always be my baby. Just because the new baby will be here doesn't mean we're going to love you any less, okay?"

"Okay. But I don't wanna be a baby anymore. I wanna be a big boy."

Bella's lip quivers but she smiles. "Okay, you're a big boy now."

He smiles proudly and passes out against Bella not long after.

A thought suddenly occurs to me. “Shit! What time is it?” Bella hits info on the television and I see that it’s almost five in the morning. “Oh thank fuck.” She gives me a look. The look that says watch your fucking mouth in front of our very impressionable four year old. I give her a sheepish grin. “Sorry.”

“What are you so thankful about?”

“I was making sure it was after midnight. I don’t think we could survive having two birthdays and an anniversary on the same day.”

Bella laughs and I love the fucking sound just as much as the first time I heard it. “You’re right. That would be a little too much. But I think we could handle it, even if it was before midnight. I think we can handle anything, baby.”

“I *know* we can handle anything.”

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“Masen, say hello to your sister, Elizabeth Claire Cullen.”

“Hello Lizabeth! I’m Masen, your *big* brother!”

Everyone laughs and shushes him. He grins sheepishly and whispers his hello. “She’s really pretty Mommy, just like you.”

Bella smiles at him and kisses him on the forehead. “Thank you baby.”

He shakes his head. “Remember Mommy I’m the big boy now. Okay?” Bella laughs and agrees.

I take Elizabeth from Bella and rock her gently in my arms.

“I think we should go for a girl,” Emmett says to Rosalie who glares at him.

“Are you going to push it out?”

His face pales and he mutters something about waiting a little longer. I laugh at the two of them. They’re great parents and should definitely have more kids. My sister balances work and motherhood just as well as Bella.

I hate the idea of leaving in a month to go to London for shooting, but I’ll make as much of this month as I can.

Alice and Jasper take turns holding the baby and I can see baby fever take over Alice’s face. Jasper better watch himself. Mom and Dad hold the baby and I can see them already planning some babysitting weekends. I look to Bella and smile at her, mouthing a “Thank you” she gives me an “I love you” back.

Just then the nurse comes in and announces visiting hours are over and the new mommy needs to rest. I stay with Bella and the baby until she’s taken into the nursery.

“Will you stay with me tonight?” Bella asks quietly.

“I told you all of those years ago baby, I’m not going anywhere. I’m here forever, remember? You can’t get rid of me.”

Her smile is gorgeous as it takes over her face. “I love you more than life, Edward.”

“I couldn’t love you anymore if I tried, Bella. Actually, I think I could.” I kiss her then, pouring every ounce of fucking love I have right into her soul. She sighs and scoots over so I can snuggle in next to her.

I don’t know where our life is headed, our lives are pretty crazy; but I know we can handle anything as long as we have this; as long as we have *us*. As long as we’re together and our love stays strong we can do whatever the fuck we want, and we’ll always be happy.

A/N: Longest. Epi. Ever. I hope you enjoyed it and I hope it left you feeling satisfied. Please leave a review. Thank you so much for the reviews and the support of this story. This was my first fanfic ever and I’m sad to say goodbye to my dirty mouthed Curseward.

36. Chapter 36

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

So this isn't an actual new chapter, but I wanted to let everyone know something! I re-wrote this story in present-tense. If you read this story the first time around, you remember me realizing it was my preferred way of writing. So it's all edited and not much changed. I just think it flows a lot better now. Any who, if you would like to re-read it, go ahead. I'm planning on writing a sequel to this very soon. If that's something you're interested in, leave a review and let me know! Thanks so much for your continued support of me and my writing, you girls are the best readers ever.