

Staying Behind by Stavanger1

A Twilight Fan Fiction Story

Summary

My entry to the SMC contest. As the Pevensis prepare to leave, Bella chooses to stay behind with Prince Edward. What will come of this choice? My take on the ending of "Prince Caspian" because it upset me!

"I'll keep it safe for you King Peter. Until your return," said Prince Edward to King Peter the magnificent, High King of Narnia, bowing his head as a sign of loyalty and respect. King Peter Grabbed the Prince by the shoulder, giving him a tight squeeze, a twinkle in his eyes.

"I'm not coming back," he said before he went over to stand by Aslan, the Lion, creator of Narnia. A small smile was playing on the High Kings lips, and a look of content was spreading over his facial features.

"We're not coming back?" cried Queen Lucy. She did not understand. They had to come back, Narnia was their home, even more so than their own world. King Peter looked to his youngest sister with a sad smile, eyes still twinkling.

"Lucy. Bella and I will not be returning. It is something we figured out during this trip. You'll be back, as will Edmund. At least once more for him, I'm sure." Both Queen Lucy and King Edmund turned to look at their great friend, Aslan, hoping for an explanation.

"It's true children. The time has come for Peter and Bella to return to their own world and live their lives fully. You will both learn for yourselves in time," explained the Lion, smiling at the two younger children, rulers of the once again free Narnia.

So the two Kings and Queens took their time saying goodbye to their friends, their new family. They went around giving hugs and handshakes, whispering words of encouragement and love.

Throughout this time, Prince Edward stayed quiet, his heart bleeding, his lungs fighting for breath as he fought to control his emotions. He had just met her, Queen Bella, and already he had to let her go? How could that even be right? So what if she came from another world? Isn't that how he himself came to be in this place in the first place? If his pirate forefathers hadn't shipwrecked on the island and taken refuge in the cave, he would have grown up in the same world as Bella. But even then they might not have met. This could not be a coincidence. They were meant to meet this way, meant to rule together. Surely Aslan would not rip her away? Not when Edward needed her so?

Queen Bella was trying to be stoic, trying to be brave, trying her very best to mask her breaking heart. She knew she was meant to go back with her siblings, but in her heart she felt like she would be leaving the only true home she had ever known. Would it be right to go? Could it be right to stay? She chanced a glance at Prince Edward and her heart started speeding and her lips automatically pulled up at the corners. Would Aslan really make her go back when all she wanted, no needed, was to stay here with the Prince?

Aslan knew of the struggles the two lovers were facing. There would be hardships if Bella stayed behind with the young Prince, but those hardships were nothing compared to the difficulties that lay ahead were they separated, there was no doubt about that. He would not force one choice over the other, it would be left completely up to the young couple. And he already knew their decisions were made. Now all they needed was the strength to act upon it.

"Aslan?" Prince Edward called. "Will you truly be taking away my light? My life? My love? My Queen?" He knew he was being dramatic but needed to voice his thoughts and desires.

Bella turned back to the Prince as she heard the question. Did he truly want her at his side? Did he need her as much as she needed him? Was that even possible? A gentle tugging at her heart strings told her that, yes, yes it was possible.

"Edward, my young prince. Do you know what you are asking? Do you know what your true desire is?" the Lion ask him. Edward gave him a fervent nod, placing his right palm on his chest, directly over where his beating heart lay.

"Then I will stay with you, my love." Queen Bella spoke up before Aslan had a chance to respond. Prince Edward turned around to face the beautiful woman he loved so dearly and rushed to her side. The minute he reached her, he placed his hands on her waist, lifted her up and spun in circles all while laughing a joyous laugh. He had truly never felt more alive, happier. Bella was beyond

speech as they twirled, lost in a place where only her and Edward existed. It wasn't until she heard the clearing of throats that she remembered about her siblings.

Looking deep into Edward's eyes, the prince who had stolen her heart, she gave him a warm smile as he lowered her down to the ground. As soon as she was situated steadily, Bella picked up the front of her gown and ran to her brothers and sister, happy and sad tears mixing with each other as they trailed down her cheeks.

King Peter was not surprised at the show of affection. He had long since realized that his sister's heart belonged to the Prince, as the Prince's heart belonged to her. And he told her so as he crushed her to him, giving her all the love he could possibly give without breaking her. As he set her down, he watched as she was gripped tightly by both their younger siblings, both of whom were crying openly. Going over to the Prince, he clasped his hand, patting his shoulder.

"Love her, respect her, and treat her well. She deserves nothing less than that. Help her remember how much she is loved and how much she will be missed every single day until we meet again in the next life."

"I swear to you, my King, my brother. She will be treated with the utmost respect and loved long past her dying day. I will make her my wife and she will be the mother to my children and we will never forget about you, Sire, nor Queen Lucy and King Edmund. You have my word!"

Prince Edward then released the King's hand and pulled him in for a tight, yet manly hug.

"It's time Peter, Edmund and Lucy. The walkway is open," Aslan announced and the three Pevensis went up to Aslan, gave him a hug and a nod, and then proceeded through the walkway in a straight line, oldest to youngest.

Bella had been so transfixed on her siblings retreat through the gate, it wasn't until the trees sealed themselves closed that she realized she would never see them again. At least not while still in this life.

Edward was intently watching his love, and wrapped her up in his arms as soon as he saw her knees give out. He held her tight as she sobbed into his shirt, and he wondered if it had been right to encourage her to stay behind with him. Would she be able to go on, knowing she might never see her family again?

"Bella, my dear. Do not cry. I promise you will see them again. Even when this life ends, the next one starts, and you will then be able to be together with both your family you will establish here in Narnia, and your family you left behind in your old world." Bella wiped her tears while turning to look at Aslan.

"Now come, both of you. This is a time for celebration. Narnia has a new king, King Edward, and his queen, Queen Bella. From now and forever more you will both be rulers of Narnia and Edward, Although Peter will always be High King, from this day forth your bloodline will rule the Narnians in peace and with equality. Queen Bella, you will from this day forth be bound to King Edward as his wife and companion, his equal in every way possible. Do you agree?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed, tears of joy now running down her cheeks, a blinding smile in place. All the onlookers, Telmarines and Narnians alike all agreed she had never looked lovelier than she did this day.

"As do I," said King Edward, clasping hands with his new bride. They shared a knowing look, one of love and awe and excitement, before turning to face the gathered crowd. Hands still clasped, King Edward bowed and Queen Bella curtsied before their new subjects.

"Greet your new King and Queen, the newly wed couple. Give them your praises and give them your loyalty. Stay true to them as they stay true to me, and I will never be far away." These were Aslan's parting words as he retreated into the forest. The crowd cheered for their new rulers, clapping and laughing. The last thing they heard was a loud, ferocious roar. It caused all, human or

creature, to stand still, but not from fear. But from love and happiness. They now knew that as long as their King and Queen were true to Aslan, he would forever be near them.

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Time passed by in blur. There were so many things to set right. A council had been held between the humans and the Narnians, a council to decide how each should live. King Edward suggested that all could live in peace with each other, building homes and burrows wherever they might like as long as boundaries were respected. Much to his pleasure everyone had unanimously accepted his proposal, and had left happy and excited for this new time.

Edward sat back after the council was over, his back against the back of the chair, his feet firmly planted on the floor, his elbows resting on his thighs, fingers pressed together in points, eyes tightly closed. He was so deep in thought he did not hear the feet approach until someone was kneeling on the floor between his knees. His eyes shot open and he was instantly met with the beautiful, deep brown eyes belonging to his magnificent wife.

Bella was startled to see the emotion in her husband's eyes. They were so dark, so...she didn't quite know what it was she saw in them, but whatever it was, it made her stomach knot, and blood surfaced in her hot cheeks. Maybe he did want her? Maybe he did need her?

They had been married for almost a month now, or so she thought. She didn't really pay attention to the passing of days. It was calculated differently in Narnia than in her other world, and she had yet to learn how it was done. But suffice it to say, they had been married for a while and Edward, her husband, had never once shown that he was interested in doing...more than just holding hands or the light kisses.

Edward watched his wife through hooded eyes. He was trying his very best to stay in control of his desires and she was making it very...hard sitting there between his legs, looking as vulnerable and fragile as he believed her to be. He knew she could fight, he knew she had killed before. But never had she been touched by a man the way he wished to touch her. The thought alone, of her being touched by another made him see red, and his hands fisted around the arm rests on the chair. She was his, and only his.

So why had he not claimed her yet? What was he waiting for? Had he not promised to take care of her? Promised to respect her? Ah, yes, that was why. The things he wanted to do to her? It was not something a lady such as his wife should be subjected to. But the thought of having his way with her, just once? It sent liquid fire through his veins and blood straight down to his loins. Which at this present time was not something he was very grateful for. Her face so close to...no, not helping.

Bella could see Edward's demeanor changing. She could feel the charge in the air around them. It started like this often, only for Edward to leave her, claiming he had "duties" to perform. Well, Bella knew just what kind of duties he could "perform," but he always left before they got to the good part. But not this time. She refused to let him get away from her. And as she decided to make a move by placing her palms down flat on his thighs, she noticed something very, very interesting. Something was growing in her husband's pants. And she may be a woman, and she may be a virgin, but stupid she was not. She knew what was happening. A small smile tugged at the lips, triumph leaking through her pores as she softly, reverently ghosted her palms up, up, up, until they rested in the crease between Edward's thighs.

Edward did not miss the devious little smile on his wife's lips. He growled deep inside his chest, hoping against all hope she had not just heard him. But as she started trailing her palms up his thighs, stopping at the crease, he decided that enough was enough. She obviously wanted him, or she wouldn't be doing this. And she was not afraid, if she had been she would have leapt from the room as quick as a speeding arrow after seeing his arousal through his pants. But she didn't. In fact, he thought, when she noticed it is when she smirked. Did she enjoy what she saw there? Had he worried for nothing? An involuntary shiver went through him, he felt a twitch in his pants, and a smile broke free upon seeing his wife so close to where he had so desperately wanted her for so long.

Bella saw his pants twitch a little, and her smirk grew to an outright smile. He did want her. And she would let him have her, but first she wanted to have some fun. After all, he had been the one to run out on her every time she had wanted to give him pleasure before. But not tonight, tonight she would pleasure him. And he would be rendered completely under her spell from then on. She had no doubt about that.

So Bella traced her hands up to Edward's waist, and then moved them over to the drawstring where she gently tugged to loosen them. When they were loose, she looked up at his face from beneath her lashes, hoping she came across as seductive. And it must have worked, because Edward's breath flew out and in one swift 'whoosh' and his hips lifted off of the seat just enough that she could yank down on his pants.

Edward had not been prepared for Bella to look at him like that. It was completely new for her, and he found himself liking it. A lot. So as his hips involuntarily lifted off of the chair and she pulled his pants down, he couldn't find it in himself to be self-conscious or even a little bit nervous. He knew she would never deny her anything, and this is what she wanted, of that he was sure. But again, he was surprised when he gazed down at her with lust practically pouring off of him in tidal waves.

Bella was surprised to say the least when Edward's pants came down. She could not hold back the moan as it rolled forth from between her lips. She had not been expecting Edward to be completely naked underneath his pants. But he was. And apparently he was more than ready for her. And he was just so...beautiful. Were men supposed to be this handsome, even down there? She looked up at her husband, hoping to see...what? She wasn't sure, but looking into his eyes, she saw something that made her instantly know she needed to be made his before too long. She was already wet for him, she could feel it on the inside of her thighs. She would have been embarrassed about that, had it not been for the fact that she could see Edward also leaking something from the tip of his arousal.

Her eyes shifted down from Edward's eyes, to meet the object of her desire. And as she looked at it more closely, desire flooded through her, stronger and hotter than ever before. She didn't even hesitate to bring her palms back to his thighs. His muscular, firm and hard thighs. She reveled in the feeling of his naked skin under her hands. And as she inched both palms closer and closer to the pulsing object right in front of her eyes, she felt empowered. She was making the most amazing fighter in the land quiver in his seat. She didn't miss how his manhood jumped as her hands got closer. And she didn't miss how all the muscles in Edward's lower body were tensed as if ready for battle. And she didn't miss his labored breathing, or the small, almost imperceptible moans that were slipping out from his soft and pliable mouth.

She extended her fingers, and as gently as she thought possible, reached out and traced the long, thick vein that went from the base to the tip. And Edward groaned, very, very loudly. And as she looked up at him, his eyes closed tightly, his mouth opened in a small 'o' and his fists clenched around the armrest, she decided that nothing in any world could ever look as beautiful as her Edward while feeling pleasure.

Edward thought he was going to combust with lust, and he was currently experiencing a sensory. And Bella's finger tracing him was almost more than he could stand. But he was frozen in his seat. He would not be able to move even if he had wanted to, and the pleasure he felt was nothing compared to what he felt next. Because before he had a chance to even fully get used to his wife's warm finger tracing him, she had wrapped her palm around him. And she was gripping it firmly. Very, very firmly. And he was panting. Nothing in his entire life had ever felt as good as his wife holding him in her hand. And if her hand felt that good? Dear heavens but he was in for a long, pleasure-filled night.

Bella boldly started tracing Edward's hard length with her hand, eliciting the most erotic and stimulating sounds ever known to her ears. She noticed how every time she moved up from the base, if she twisted her hand just slightly as she reached the top, Edward would moan and grip the armrests harder. She almost felt bad for her poor husband, just not bad enough to stop. She would never stop. Pleasuring him is something she would do until her dying day.

Edward knew he needed to stop the delicious torture if he wanted to make love to his wife on this night. And he did. More than anything he wanted to make love to his wife. With his wife. And so,

with strength he never knew he possessed, he unfisted his hand from the armrest and brought it down on top of his wife's hand, stilling her movements. He saw Bella looking up at him with questioning eyes, and he was almost lost to her again. Shaking his head, he moved to stand up, pushing Bella gently back from the chair. What he hadn't thought off, however, was how when he stood up, his now very erect arousal was right smack in front of her face, leaning a little towards her mouth.

Bella knew it would happen that way. She had seen how if he stood up while she was still on her knees, kneeling where she was, he would be flush against her face. And she didn't move away. She wanted him placed there. There was something she wanted to try, and she was going to do it. So when she saw his erection at the same level as her mouth, she stuck out her tongue and licked the rim of the head.

Edward was not prepared for the sensation of Bella's hot, moist tongue running around his head. He was even less prepared for the feeling of her hot mouth surrounding him as she pulled him into her mouth. He moaned loudly and couldn't help the movement of his hips. He fisted her hair. It was a movement meant to stop her, but it only seemed to encourage her. Next thing he knew, her warm little hand had left his erection and now both were firmly grasping his exposed buttocks, pressing him further into her mouth. He moaned again, almost yelling as the feeling of being inside her mouth almost overpowered his senses. He knew he needed to stop her, because he knew if she kept this up he would not last very long and he would not be able to give her what he knew she wanted, what he wanted, what they both needed.

Edward reluctantly let go of Bella's hair, then traced them down to the side of her head, stopping her movements. At first she thought she had done something wrong, and almost didn't meet his eyes. But when he coaxed up by his finger on her chin, all she saw was love and adoration as she stared into his eyes.

"Bella," his voice cracking a little as he said her name. "I love you, my wife."

"I know," she responded. "I love you too. More than anything," she murmured.

"Thank you for showing me," Edward said and Bella blushed lightly. Not that she was embarrassed; it was just an involuntary reaction. Something that came naturally and frequently to her.

"I want to show you too. Will you let me?" Edward said, staring deep into her eyes.

"Yes. Please, please show me. I want nothing more than that. I want to be yours in every sense of the word, my love." Bella's eyes were shining, she knew. But not out of sadness, but out of love and joy. Her heart was bursting with it.

Stepping out of his pants, Edward bent down, lifted his wife into his arms, staring deeply into her eyes, he bent down to give her a lingering kiss. He moved them over to the bed sitting in the far corner of the large room. Laying her down on top of the covers, he knelt between her parted legs, having pushed her dress past her bent knees. He was very aware of his state of undress, but was not in the least fazed by it. In a short time his wife would be even more undressed than he was. A large, crooked smile spread over his features.

"Tonight I promise to make all your dreams come true," he said before placing his hands on Bella's knees, leaning in for a kiss.