



The Halloween Fair: A Decade Later

I woke up to Edward's hand down my panties.

It was the best way to wake up.

He was stroking my already slick clit while kissing my neck from behind, his other hand gripping my breast through the faded and torn college shirt I often wore for my pajamas. There were several holes of different sizes, all from our misadventures together. The first was from our second move when it got caught on the door. The latest was from when he tried to make dinner and set the pan on fire. But I had worn it the first night we were together, and I couldn't throw it away, even if it was well over a decade old. Though I might have been sentimental, especially lately.

Pushing his face into my throat, he kissed it. “Do you know how much I love waking up to you moaning my name?” He groaned in my ear, pinching my nipple through the fabric. “How many times is it this week?”

“I don’t know,” I admitted, flushing as I closed my eyes. I ground my ass against his hard cock. He was only in boxers. “I don’t even remember what I was dreaming about this time.” My dreams had become more vivid and intense recently, but I rarely held onto them beyond a second or two after being awake, though he was often the star.

“Is it that good?” Edward teased, rolling the stiff flesh between his nimble fingers. “So good, you dream about it every night?”

His sultry words made me wetter. “Yes. You know it is.”

If practice made perfect, my man was a perfectionist.

I felt him smile against my skin, pinching harder. “Be a good girl and cum for me,” my boyfriend whispered as he moved faster between my thighs. “Then I’ll fuck you however you want.”

His other hand drifted up to my throat, his fingers wrapping around it and squeezing until I tilted my head back. It was so hard not to scream out in pleasure. It was spectacular. But we had downstairs neighbors. Sometimes, it didn’t stop me. I almost felt bad about it, but occasionally, it couldn’t be helped.

My toes curled in satisfaction as sparks flew in my vision for just a moment. My underwear became soaked as he continued.

Panting, I stared at him over my shoulder for a minute. He smiled briefly, his expression horny and pleased. Cocky was sexy on him. He brought his fingertips up to his mouth and sucked the two of them clean while maintaining my gaze.

Pouncing on him, I struggled to get his boxers off while we frantically kissed. He tore my shirt over my head, holding my bare chest to his. He still worked out every day, and it was pleasantly firm. I wasn’t nearly as tiny as I used to be, but my extra weight filled out my breasts, ass, and thighs. I was rail-thin as an eighteen-year-old. Now, at almost thirty, I was soft in all the right ways.

I got on my knees wordlessly, and he knew exactly what to do. Ripping my panties down, he got into position behind me, arranging me so when he pushed all the way in, he would brush against me. My face was shoved into the blankets because I couldn’t keep my noises to myself when he did this. Whimpering, I dripped with every pass. He pulled out for a moment and stroked himself against my clit with his head until I came again, then thrust into me once more.

Whining into the sheets, my entire body was shaking as he pounded into me.

“O-oh, god...” He moaned as he gave in to his own pleasure and came inside of me. Shuddering, he held onto my hips. When he pulled out, it dripped against my lips.

Sinking onto my stomach, I smiled in happiness. Edward kissed up the back of my legs and over my ass until he was pecking behind my ear. “Mm... Happy anniversary, love.”

“Happy anniversary,” I grinned, looking over my shoulder at him. “You know, it’s funny. I was going to give you the exact same thing.”

Chuckling, he relaxed beside me on his side. “Oh, that’s not your gift... I’ve got plans for you, Ms. Swan.” His fingers danced over my ribs. “I’ve got reservations and lots of presents.”

“I plan on giving you yours after dinner,” I replied, shifting my head to look at him. I laid my cheek on my crossed arms. We smiled at each other. His hair was wild, sticking up in every direction. He had it just cut, and it made it redder somehow, bringing out its shine. His happiness made him glow.

“What do you want to do until tonight?”

I hummed. “I want to take the day off and relax. We’re always busy, and it’s never going to slow down.”

Sighing, he pushed his face into my arm, so our noses were almost touching. He was still a new doctor, and though he was now working regular hours at an office, it was over fifty hours a week plus school. He would go for the rest of his career, it felt like. But he loved his work as a pediatrician, and he was amazing at it. I had gotten my master’s in engineering, and my hours were far more normal at the university where I did research on a government project.

“That sounds good,” he mumbled, speaking into my skin. “Want to watch a movie?”

“Sure, as long as it’s not a horror,” I smirked.

Once again, he chuckled. “Aw, but it’s Halloween!”

I pushed myself out of bed to get cleaned up. “I don’t care. I still hate them.”

He rolled onto his back, grinning. “We should watch *An American Werewolf in London*. You know, like that first night.”

Snorting, I shook my head. “We didn’t watch it then either.”

“I did. You napped.”

I leaned against the dresser. On top of it was the cute purple bear he won me at the fair, along with pictures of us together through the years- our first Christmas, some silly photos on our first New Year's Eve, and a slew of others. My favorite was the one where he held me like a princess, my head falling back as I laughed at Alice and Jasper's wedding. I caught the bouquet, and he got the garter. Our graduation ones were wonderful, too.

"No, I was in a drug and petting induced coma." And I dreamed about fucking him then, too.

After breakfast, we settled on the couch in our living room. We were just in our underwear still, too lazy to get dressed. Wrapped in a blanket, I cuddled with him. My head was on his lap as he stroked my hair. I loved being able to have little moments like these. They felt precious to me. In all our time together, he never stopped trying to make me feel cherished.

Living with him was the best, and somehow better than I imagined. As soon as I finished high school, I moved up to Seattle to his apartment. It was a tiny place, but we were comfortable and together. And that was all that mattered to me. I could live in a box if it was with him. Our current flat was much nicer, but we were talking about getting a house soon. We had been saving for a few years, but we were waiting for something to push us in that direction. There was no reason to get a big place for only the two of us. But I had a feeling that was coming soon.

I wasn't really watching the movie he picked out, just staring off into space as he played with my curls.

"What are you thinking about?" Edward questioned softly. "You're so quiet."

Sighing, I smiled. "The future."

He grinned in return, nodding. "And what about it?" Gently, he pushed my hair away from my eyes.

I rolled over some to look at him better. "I wonder what it's going to be like in another ten years. What do you see when you think about it? What do you imagine it'll be like in another decade?"

Humming, he laid his head back against the cushion. "Well, huh..." He pursed his lips. "You're the head of some project, and something you're designing is going to space to start." I smiled at his words. I was working on a contract that was creating tools for high altitude flights that could benefit space travel, and it was already going well. "I've got my practice." He pushed another curl away from my cheek as he smiled slightly. "And hopefully, you'll finally be my wife."

"I'm going to be one way or the other. I'll be your common-law wife by then," I joked.

We were just so busy, and then, after a while, it didn't seem that important. When Edward was a kid, it was something he focused on. But we weren't ones to celebrate anything loudly. It was only a piece of paper, and we were together. That's what mattered. We knew we would one day, but it wasn't a rush. We had put it up more to fate, deciding to get pregnant first. Or, at least, stopped trying not to get pregnant. That was two years before. If I ever got knocked up, we would finally get hitched. That's what we told our parents to annoy them when they bugged us about marriage and children. Even Charlie was getting annoyingly loud about it.

Edward blew out a long breath. "I'm better than that. I wouldn't do that to you. You deserve-

"I got what I want," I interrupted him with a grin. "So, kids? Do you see any of those?"

He nodded as his hand brushed over my belly. "Yeah, one or two. I hope," he replied wistfully. He adored children. Seeing him work with them was a joy. His nieces and nephews worshiped him, and they all called me aunt.

"Really? That's it? I see at least three," I continued in a playful voice. "Maybe more."

"Oh, you plan on being pregnant a lot in the next decade," he joked too, in a good mood. His smile stretched across his face. He was so handsome.

"Not necessarily," I responded, rolling towards him all the way, so I was facing him. "Though, I do plan on having a lot of sex." My boyfriend grinned at my naughty words. "Wanna get started on that?"

He didn't answer. He just picked me up over his shoulder and carried me to the bedroom. The movie was totally forgotten, left playing quietly in the background.

We spent the next few hours in bed, probably pissing off our neighbors.

After, we started the shower, letting it warm up. I combed my hair as he brushed his teeth, having to be patient. It took forever. It was an older building.

"Where did you get that?" I pointed to a bruise on his stomach.

"Toddler donkey kicked me," he mumbled through a mouth full of suds. Cackling, I put my hand over my eyes. He spat into the sink. "They tried to jump off the table. They were mad I didn't let them, too."

"Oh, no!" I continued to giggle.

He chuckled, looking down at it. "Eh, it's okay. Still better than pumping drunks' stomachs at two in the morning."

I moved into the shower stall. "I hope your dad doesn't have to work tonight."

"Nah, he's off. He's taking mom out to dinner, I think," he replied, following behind me. His arms wrapped around my stomach, kissing the base of my neck. "This is still one of my favorite things to do with you," he uttered against it.

Grinning, I leaned back into his touch. "Mine, too."

As we got ready to leave for the restaurant, I felt my nerves build up as I thought about the gift I was about to give him. It was already waiting in my purse, where it had been for a couple of days. Edward was in a chatty mood, smiling and happy as he moved around me. He kept giving me kisses and telling me how much he adored me or how beautiful I was. Before we left, he assisted in putting on my bracelet from our first Christmas together and a diamond and platinum necklace from our fifth anniversary. My dress felt too tight, but he loved it. I rarely wore it. It was something Alice helped me pick out for some hospital function. It was floor-length, violet, and sequined. I wore flats because I was still clumsy when I was anxious.

But that almost didn't stop me.

In the parking lot beside his car, I tripped over my dress. Edward was already holding onto me, his arm around my waist. Before I could even tip forward, he grabbed my forearm and whirled me to his chest. It made me laugh loudly in scared shock, gripping onto his shoulders. He twisted both of his arms around me tightly.

"Please don't sprain your ankle again," he joked with a smile, squeezing me.

"Oh, my god! Can you imagine!" I giggled. I laid my face against his jacket and shook my head. "That would be my luck." I let out a breath as my heart quieted down.

"Don't worry, I'll always be here to catch you," he promised before giving me the sweetest kiss.

The restaurant we went to wasn't all that busy. Halloween wasn't usually. It was for kids and not adults at upscale French places. Luckily, anniversaries were good excuses to get out of kid's parties. My friends and family were smart enough to know not to even ask this year. We had taken the weekend off just to make sure we had this time together- alone. Ten years was a big deal.

As soon as we sat down, Edward ordered a bottle of champagne from the server who was already standing by it. It startled me.

“Wait, wait, wait,” I laughed, putting my hand on his. I looked up at the confused waiter. “Actually, could you give us a few minutes? I’m sorry,” I smiled awkwardly. I should have known he would do something like that, but I figured I had more time.

“Of course,” he replied, hurrying away.

My boyfriend was instantly worried. I squeezed his palm. Clearing my throat, I sat back. I honestly believed I was going to throw up. It was a real possibility. “I thought I’d be able to wait a little longer to give you your gift, but I don’t think I can.”

“Oh,” he chuckled. “That’s sweet. You really-” He shook his head as I pulled the small, long jewelry box out of my purse. I couldn’t let him argue with me. It looked as if it was for a watch because it was originally. The timepiece was also in my bag in a tiny velvet sack. Something else was housed inside, though.

“Well, it’s just that it’s the biggest thing I’ve given you. And the most expensive,” I laughed, glancing away. My hands were shaking, so I pulled them into my lap. I felt as if my heart was going to beat out of my chest. If I looked at him, I knew I would cry.

“Should I be worried?” He teased as he picked it up.

Giggling, I closed my eyes for a moment. “Yes, very.”

Laughing, he opened the box. The stick in a vacuum-sealed bag was wrapped in a plastic-y piece of paper, the end of the pregnancy test poking out of it. Edward instantly seized it, not looking at the ultrasound. It slowly floated to the table. It was curled in on itself from being encircled around it.

His hand flew to his mouth as his eyes watered. “Seriously?” He breathed.

I nodded. He laughed louder, flying from his seat to hug me. His arms wrapped around my thighs and lifted me up in the air as he kissed me. My arms coiled tightly around his neck. I was trying so hard not to cry, smiling as I returned his affection. “I love you,” I whispered in his ear. “Daddy,” I giggled the word.

“I love you, too,” he choked out through thick emotions. “Yes!” He shouted, bouncing me as he did. “I’m going to be a father!” He fist-pumped in the air.

There was a gasp that went through the restaurant, and I realized I recognized some of them. Looking around, I saw first our best friends, Alice and Jasper, who were holding their toddler. She had a pacifier in her mouth, her blond curls pulled into pigtails. She was grinning behind it. And at the table with them were Emmett and Rose with their two kids. She was several months pregnant and due at Christmas. At the table beside them were Edward’s parents and mine too, with their new spouses, Phil and Sue. Flushing, I met all of their gazes.

“What’s going on?” I giggled as I looked at them, then back at my boyfriend.

He laughed almost hysterically. “I’m sorry.” He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, sniffing. His smile was enormous. “I should have done this sooner, but I was going to wait until we had champagne.” He got down on his knees in front of me and pulled a ring box from his jacket pocket. “Isabella Swan, will you please do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

All the tears I had been holding back came flooding out as I laughed too. I nodded because I couldn’t talk because I was crying too hard, but I held out my hand. He slipped the ring on and bounced back to his feet to pull me into a hug and kiss. He lifted me into the air again, spinning me in place.

There were cheers and whoops from our friends and family who filled the seats. I hadn’t even noticed that some of our work colleagues were there too. He placed me down to my feet, putting his hands on my hips as he pulled back to look at me. “We’re going to have a baby!” Holding his gaze, I slowly shook my head. He cocked his face to the side, confused. His smile grew. “Twins?” I shook it once more.

His expression morphed six times in two seconds, then suddenly he remembered the paper on the table. He moved so quickly to pick it up that he almost tripped over his own feet. When he unrolled it, his eyes went over it repeatedly. Then he swayed in place. Putting his hand on the tabletop, the color drained from his face.

“Triplets?” He breathed. He looked up, then down at the sheet, blinking rapidly. “Three? We’re-” Edward covered his mouth for a moment. “Um, you said- Oh, my god! We’re having THREE!” He shouted the last word.

Another gasp rolled through our friends and family. They had stood up to congratulate us, but they all stopped when they heard. I had told no one, only finding out the week before. I was about eight weeks and not showing at all. I wanted him to be the first to know. I wasn’t sure if we could hide it until Christmas, but I considered telling the entire group then.

But this was better.

Gazing at my ring, I grinned at it. It was lovely, but his taste was remarkable. “I’m going to be able to wear this for like a week before I swell up like a balloon.” Edward chuckled, putting the paper on the table and pulling me into another embrace. “By the way, I have an actual anniversary gift for you. It’s the watch that came in the box,” I kissed his ear, whispering the words so only he could hear them. “It’s engraved on the back. It says, ‘To my incredible future husband, and the father of my children- I love you.’”

“You were going to propose to me with it?” I nodded, making him chuckle as he laid his forehead against mine.

“Well, it just made sense since we’ve always done things in our own time.”