

Computer Repair:

By: Jeska Wood

Epilogue:

Fifteen years. That's how long it had been since that first fantastic Saturday afternoon together when I fixed her piece of shit ten-year-old desktop. Since the first time that we had made love frantically in our childhood bedrooms. Since I followed her around high school like a lovesick fool and she tripped over her own feet because she couldn't take her eyes off of me. Since the first time that we ran off to our little private meadow behind the school, though certainly not the last. Since I fell in love with the most beautiful person in the universe and I got lucky enough that she actually fell in love with me too.

I awoke to warm soft kisses spreading along my bare chest, her delicate lips making their way down my stomach in a pleasantly teasing manner. Her tongue darted over my belly button, making me groan and wriggle as she knowingly tickled me. I grinned and stretched my arms above my head a little. Bella inched the blanket downward very slowly, purposely taunting me and my raging morning wood.

"Good morning," she said in a wickedly amused tone. I didn't need to open my eyes to know that she was smiling. I also didn't have to open them to know that she wanted to play and what mood she was in. When I didn't respond, her hand wrapped tightly around me, giving my erection a squeeze.

"Mornin'," I laughed out sleepily. Leaning my head back in pleasure, I lifted my hips up to meet her tiny fist. "Someone's in an *excellent* mood this morning."

Bella massaged me for a moment, twisting and stroking up and down gently. Her skin was so soft and warm that it was easy to lose myself in her affection. I craved her attention and relished in her admiration. I needed more of her. I always needed more of my Bella. Mine, and only mine.

Always.

Fifteen years and she could turn me into a stupidly possessive and horny teenage boy again at a single touch.

"Oh, well. You see..." she drew out playfully as she squeezed again. "I have many

reasons to be happy," Bella informed me in a matter of fact tone. She threw the blanket off of my bare legs, straddling my waist. When I opened my eyes, I was saddened to see that she was wearing a little green silk robe. Why was I the only one nude? It hardly seemed to be fair.

"And what are those reasons?" I teased her, tugging at the knot of the offending garment. It slipped open easily, giving me complete access to her deliciously bare body. I ran my fingers along her soft, smooth stomach, touching her perfectly thick hips.

"Well," she continued to tease me as she swung her leg over my body and got off the bed. I tried to make a grab for her, but she wasn't having it. Bella practically skipped across the room to the small table that resided to one side. "Let's see. I got to sleep in this morning after having hours of amazing sex with my sexy as hell husband of ten wonderful years. My children, whom I love very dearly, are spending the week bothering their Pawpaw Charlie. Which means even more alone time to fuck some more. Andddd..." She drew out the word as she picked a magazine up off the table and waved it in the air in my general direction. "Your interview in Forbes came out today."

It wasn't my first interview with Forbes. But, this one was special to her. The cover was a picture of us, taken in our beautiful home several months before. It was in front of the enormous window that took up the back wall of my personal home office, the light spilling in. It was a clean, slick place. Bella had designed it perfectly for me. She knew how I worked best. In the picture, my fearsome little wife was standing in front of me with a strikingly serious and beautiful expression on her face, her arms crossed over her chest. My hands rested on her shoulders, looking forward with a slightly crooked, but very proud smile. The headline read, "Edward Cullen: from backwoods to billion dollar video games. The true romantic story of the extraordinary week that helped inspire his latest triple-A success."

I groaned quietly. I hated doing those stupid interviews. They only picked certain bits of information. They never got the whole story. I suppose there really wasn't any way for them to do so. They couldn't know all the breathtaking details. Or all the fun dirty ones. "You should have been a bigger part of the interview, too. You're better at telling the story than me."

She just shook her head with a little eye roll. Bella wasn't the face of our company, nor did she wish to be. I couldn't believe the woman she had turned into since that first week. Confident, quiet, strong, brilliant. She was *everything*.

Bella had to quit cheerleading because of her broken hand. She didn't want to hold the team back because of it. Also, she no longer felt comfortable around some of the football team for obvious reasons. Though they never said anything to her, Emmett said he had to kick some asses because they were mad at her for making them lose three of their best players. In my opinion, they were blaming the wrong people. They never came up to me either because they knew exactly what I did to Mike. In fact, not a single person at that damned high school ever said a rude thing to my face again.

Mike was arrested on a long list of charges, the worst of which was not actually the attack on Bella and myself, but that he had enough steroids in his car to kill a herd of elephants. Not a small one either. As far as I knew, he spent seven years in prison and was still on probation. Eric and Tyler, of course, were not charged as heavily but they were still expelled because of their own drug use and their part in the act. I didn't know what happened to them and I truthfully didn't care. They weren't important to me. Only Bella and my family were. Those jackasses... Well, they couldn't touch us anymore. I moved so far past their stupidity that it was actually mind-blowing.

The week after the attack, I went to the sheriff's station and began to work for Charlie. He insisted on it. He even tried to talk me into being a cop at one point, but I declined so I could stick with my computer work. I completely reorganized their personal computer system, but that wasn't enough for me. The program didn't work well enough, in my opinion. It was sloppy and confusing for people who weren't used to using computers. So, I designed a new one. A better one. One so easy anyone could use it. Then I streamlined it into an app that they could use on their phones. Literally, every cop with a phone could have instant access to every possible file they might need within seconds.

Within a year, half the state of Washington had the program through Charlie's hard pimping. There was no other way to describe it. He helped me patent it and the app and took me to police conventions for a couple of years until it completely took off.

By the time I was twenty-one, I had made my first million. The word spread like wildfire. This was the best system around. It quickly became the standard in the states before it began to spread internationally.

But, that never stopped me from going to college. Nor did it stop Bella either. Together we went to school, working towards our very different degrees. I majored in computer systems and programming while she surprised me with hers. After her frustration at trying to figure out Mike and why he did those things, she decided to go into Behavioral Psychology. It gave her some knowledge that helped her move past the attacks. She could never be satisfied with therapy alone. She had to know everything, and it drove her to be wildly successful in her own field.

We graduated together, both of top of the classes. We were married right after school, a small wedding despite my sister and mother's outcries for a larger one. Alice had gotten Jasper to give in on their own and Rosalie and Emmett's was a wild drunken bash that was still being spoken about in whispers. There was no way we were going to go through that chaos again. In my eyes, our wedding was perfect. They were bugging us about renewing our vows.

Any excuse for a party.

I built my own company during and after school that focused on filing programs for larger companies, along with military contracts. It made me money, of course, but that wasn't exactly what I wanted to do with my life. There was no spark. There was no life in it at all. Zero fun. So, I sold my company at twenty-five. I was sad to see it go, but the almost billion dollars that I sold it for made it a tad easier. It easily funded two of my next major projects.

Video Games and fatherhood.

The same year that I sold the company, Bella gave birth to our first daughter. She had just had her eighth birthday before our anniversary. I still couldn't believe that she was as old as she was. Eleven months after that, Bella gave birth to our twins, also girls. Three years after that, she gave birth to our youngest daughter. We were toying around with the idea of having another, not using condoms or any birth control to see if it happened on its own. Though at the rate we were fucking, she would be pregnant by the end of the weekend.

How Charlie could deal with four girls fishing, I would never know. He would enjoy it, though. He was retired and was going to appreciate his life with his precious grandbabies. I think he was hoping for boys, but he loved his gaggle of girls. I would bet a fair sum of money by the end of the day though that they would convince him that they weren't having any fun fishing and rather go to Chuck E. Cheese. Or, something along those lines. Perhaps a movie instead. They had him completely wrapped around their tiny little fingers. They would snap, and he would hop to it. But, so did my parents. The girls were wildly spoiled.

But, I couldn't say anything about it to any of them. They had me wrapped as well. It was a good thing that Bella was a responsible parent because I wanted to give them everything in the world that I could. It was because of her that they were turning into such fine little women. All of them made me proud every single day. All five of the loves of my life.

Emmett teases me about only being able to produce girls. I told him he was just jealous because it was my lot in life to be surrounded by beautiful women. He had two sons, so I didn't have to worry about carrying on the Cullen name. He had that covered. I was just waiting for the day Alice and Jasper finally decided to start their own family. I knew it was going to happen sooner rather than later. Jasper was ready to be a dad, too. He loved his nieces and nephews fiercely. Our children had a wonderful family to grow up in.

Somehow during that hectic five year period, I was able to produce, with the help of Ben and his very wonderful wife Angela, three best selling award-winning video games. Together we built three separate game development studios on two different continents. Since then, we had come out with several more million dollar games and a whole new gaming system that was knocking the competition on its ass. No one had seen us coming, and we were taking the world by storm.

This was due in large part to Bella.

She was the basis for the heroine in the most popular series. Beautiful and strong who also kicked ass at martial arts. The latest title was a prequel of sorts, inspired by our story.

After Bella's hand healed up completely, she started going to daily classes with me. She was determined to never be a victim again. She was now a fourth-degree black belt and scary as hell when pissed off. She got to go to classes a lot more often than I did, but I still tried. Most of my exercise was running up and down stairs at the office.

Bella was quite the warrior, but the only place she really scared me was at work.

She began working with me a couple of years before to help with game development. It was surprising how much insight she brought to characters. She really helped to round them out and the story in ways that I never expected. We sometimes bucked heads about certain things. But it usually ended up with us having sex on some piece of office furniture in the middle of a Tuesday afternoon.

Sometimes I liked to rile her up just to get a reaction, and she knew it. She liked it as well. We were solid as a rock. She could take anything I said to her, and so could I. We were never mean, just stubborn. It had almost become foreplay. But everything she did still turned me on.

I watched her in wonderment as she slid the robe from her shoulders. It brought me back from my thoughts, drawing all my attention to her. Bella sat on the edge of the table. She flipped to whatever page she was looking for in the magazine. Her legs were spread just slightly so I could take in the view. She was teasing me, and I knew it, but I couldn't give less than a damn. I wanted the torture. I wanted anything she was willing to give me.

Every day I was thankful whatever good karma I had created in my past life. I worshiped Isabella with every fiber of my being.

"Edward Cullen," she looked up at me with a smile as she began to read, "head of Breaking Dawn Studios and CEO of New Moon Systems, is a surprisingly humble man. When I spoke to him, I found him to be both polite and gracious, not something you would expect from a multi-billionaire businessman," Bella looked up at me with a wicked little smile. "Humble, Yeah. Okay. Shows how little time this person spent with you."

"Haha, very funny," I teased her back dryly as I got out of the bed slowly. Smiling with amusement, she eyed my erection before going back to the magazine. I began to stalk towards her. She tried to pretend to not notice what I was doing.

She cleared her throat, "the topic of his wife, Bella, is the one he was most enthusiastically passionate about. When asked about her he said-"

I cut her off by grabbing her waist, scooting her ass to the very edge of the sturdy table. She gave a little squeal of playful amusement. She threw her head back as my nose dragged along her neck to her ear. "That she's the hottest woman on the planet and that I love to fuck her hard over and over again until she screams."

The magazine dropped to the floor. Bella wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me down to her lips. "I don't remember reading that last part in there," she whimpered against them.

"Oh, I'm sure it's there. And I hope it's in big, bold fucking print too," I growled at her, kissing her firmly. It was far too early in the morning for foreplay, and she knew that. She knew what she was doing in teasing me. Bella moaned loudly, grinding herself against my hard cock. Her legs wrapped tightly around my waist.

"Breakfast," she mumbled like she was going to get me to stop. I pushed her back hard with my hand, making her lay back against the tabletop. Something came crashing down onto the floor, but I couldn't have cared less.

I pressed myself inside of her as I leaned forward to lick between her breast. "Do you really think I'm going to stop fucking you to eat breakfast? You should know me better than that, my love."

I had gotten bolder with age, especially sexually. I knew every move to make, every word to say, just to make her moan and writhe in pleasure. Bella taught me the right way to do these things to her. With every action and reaction, she molded me into her perfect lover. It might be a little arrogant, but I think I deserved to be about some things. Bella loved my confidence. It turned her on. I could tell by the heat between her legs.

She liked to play innocent but wasn't in any way. She liked it hard, fast, and dirty, and I could only pray to the furniture gods that this table was steady enough for what I was about to do to her. I didn't care if the table broke, but I didn't want her, or myself, to be hurt in the process. We had broken many beds, and other things, in our quest to make sure we loved each other thoroughly every single day.

I unwrapped her legs from my waist, grabbing her thighs as I forced myself a little more deeply inside of her. I pulled out slowly before slamming back in again, soaking in her warmth and beauty. Bella moaned loudly, her back arching off of the table about a foot so that only the top of her head was touching the surface. With each movement, her beautiful and ample breasts jiggled and bounced perfectly, giving me the best show to watch as I played with her swollen and sensitive clit. I moved faster and faster within her, leaning my head back as I just enjoyed being inside of her.

"Yes! YES! RIGHT THERE," Bella all but shrieked. She was a little too excited about the

fact that she didn't have to be quiet. That was something we struggled with when the kids were around. I think she was making up for the lost time. That was fine with me. She knew I liked it loud. As much as I was her perfect lover, she was mine as well.

"I know you're close. Give me what I want," I commanded her as I swirled my thumb around just the right spot. I wanted to feel her constrict around me. Though my body may have reacted like a teenager when it came to Bella, I didn't have the same recovery time. I wanted us to enjoy it as much as possible.

Her hand forced mine away so she could begin to rub herself furiously. Hot liquid ran from her tight body and dripped down my legs and onto the table. The smell of sex filled the air around us. It was so erotic to me for some reason. I loved the scent of our time together. Or, perhaps it was just Bella's aroma that I liked.

She cursed loudly as her body began to contract around me, squeezing hard. I moaned in pleasure, trying to think of anything to hold out even just a little bit longer.

I was going to make the most of our vacation as possible.

But, just as I had learned to push Bella's buttons, she learned to press mine. If she wanted me to cum, she knew exactly what to do.

I felt her clench some muscle deep within her, pulling me closer with her thighs. Her hands went to her breasts, giving me a show that she knew I loved. There was nothing more delicious than watching my wife play with herself in any way. As she rolled her nipples between her thumb and forefinger, she whimpered softly, "Edward, please... Cum for me, please. I want you to cum inside me."

"Dammit," I hissed as my body instantly gave in, spilling forth in her depths. She giggled happily as I fell forward, my head resting on her stomach. "That's not fair," I complained loudly, kissing her belly button. The taste of salty sweat lingered on my lips.

"Well... You could always ask your dad to give you a prescription for Viagra if you don't think you can keep up with me," she teased. I growled loudly against her stomach. She laughed as I picked her up, throwing her over my shoulder. "EDWARD! I was joking!"

I slapped her ass hard, just making her laugh harder. Throwing her onto the bed, I bounded on top of her. She squealed with giggles as I attacked her neck, licking and kissing it wildly. I nibbled my way over her breasts and down her stomach until I reached the part in her legs. With the palms, I spread them wide open for me before diving in face first. Bella gasped as my tongue ghosted over her clit, my fingers slipping inside of her.

"Do you really think you'd be able to handle it if I did have a prescription of Viagra?" As I

spoke the words, I curled my fingers upward, hitting the perfect spot inside of her. Her hips rose up to meet them, a tiny gasp of pleasure escaping her lips. She began to shake as I twisted my fingers, my tongue flicking over her clit again. I nibbled at it gently, tugging it before I pulled back. "Answer me," I said firmly.

"No! Oh... fuck... no... ."

She became utterly lost, spilling into my hand as my mouth found its way back to her. I kissed her lips lightly as I pulled back, watching with satisfaction as she continued to tremble.

I did that to her. Me and only me. No other man could. She was happily and unabashedly mine, and I was hers.

I flopped beside Bella, running my fingers through my wild bedhead. I could tell I needed a shave as well as a shower, but I didn't want to move. She curled beside me, throwing her leg over my hip as she got comfortable in our favorite snuggle position. "My body doesn't want to work now," she mumbled sleepily.

I pulled her firmly to me, covering us both with the blanket. I knew it was close to noon, but I didn't really care. There was nothing I needed to do that day except spend time with my beautiful wife. I could think of no better way of doing that than what we were doing. She arranged the quilt so that it fell over both of us better before snuggling back into place in my arms.

"I love you," I whispered into her hair, yawning widely as I felt the darkness creeping in.

"I love you, Edward," she whispered just before we fell into a comfortable, peaceful sleep.