



Episode eleven-

My phone rang just after one. Jasper had just gotten off of work. He knew I wasn't asleep.

"No," he started right away. "You're not doing this, Tony."

"I couldn't do it."

"Why?"

"I don't know!" I nearly shouted. "God, she was so lovely to me, too. All day. She-" I sniffled. I didn't want to cry again. Especially on the phone with him. "Fuck. I'm so stupid. What am I doing?"

"Yeah, good question. So, what the hell happened?"

"We went to the zoo, and she was so easy to talk to. And at dinner, she gave this little speech that just..." I trailed off, I didn't know how to explain how it made me feel.

"What did she say?"

"She said I was going to be a big deal and that I was talented. And tonight before she went to bed she told me that it was *marvelous* and that she couldn't wait to tell her grandkids about the week she spent with me," I said quietly, taking in a deep breath.

"Oh, my god! And you just let her walk away?"

"Yeah."

"She likes you! You're ridiculous. She's leaving in the morning. So, that's it? You're all mad for this chick, but you're just going to let her go without even trying? You know, you talk a big game, but she must not be worth it if you're not even willing to tell her that you like her."

"Hey! She has nothing to do with this! I'm the pussy here. She's amazing! I don't deserve her!"

"There! There it is! And you're fucking wrong, Tony! You deserve her. You deserve to have everything you want in your life because you're amazing, too! If she is half as awesome as you're fucking talking her up to be then you need to pull your head out of your ass. If she turns you down at least you tried, but I swear to you, I will not entertain this a moment after she leaves. You know what you need to do. The problem is you. She's giving you every opening. She made the first move! She kissed you! She's already told you that she likes you, she just didn't use the exact words."

My heart pounded in my chest at his words, and I knew I was blushing. I swallowed heavily.

"Yeah. Okay. You're right."

"I know I am. About everything," he said the last part sarcastically.

"What if she turns me down?"

"Then she's an idiot," he said instantly.

I scoffed, "she's not an idiot."

"Then she won't turn you down."

I spent the rest of the night working on editing. I finished my personal footage for the jump. It was easy to put together. There were so many good shots. I slipped as much of Bella into it as possible.

When the sun came up, I took a shower to clear my head. I tried to imagine what that night was going to be like. I already hated it. I tried to imagine a world where the day went well, but I couldn't. Anxiety and dread were filling me, just like it had the Sunday before but in such a different way.

I decided a little before eight that I needed to get coffee. When I walked passed Bella's door, I realized that the light was on. Stopping, I stared at it for a long minute.

Jasper was right. I knew what the problem was, and it was me.

I didn't know what I was going to say precisely. I wanted to simply drop to my knees in front of her and beg her to give me a chance, despite being wildly unworthy of her time. I wanted to tell her that no other woman in the world could ever compare to her in my eyes. Though, of course, no human was perfect, she was perfect for me in every way. I wanted her, and I wanted to be hers, fully and freely. No masks. No acting. Just the real me. Bella unknowingly owned my heart already.

I quickly knocked on the door.

"Yeah?" I heard her quietly call.

I slowly opened the door and looked inside. "I... saw the light. I'm not waking you?"

Bella was standing up, dressed, and ready for her flight. She was wearing blue jeans and a purple flannel shirt half open over a white tank top. Even as tired as she looked, she was lovely.

"Of course not." She smiled a little, not looking at me. "What are you doing awake? I didn't expect to see you this morning."

"I've not been asleep, to be honest. I worked on editing all night."

"Me too." She looked up at me finally and took a couple of steps towards me. Thunder rumbled quietly as the storm began to whip up outside. I could only hear my heartbeat in my ears.

"So, I know that it's really important to you to remain professional while you're working," I tried to figure out how to start. I was, after all, the big creep in her bedroom very early in the morning.

"It is. But, I'm off the clock right now." She took another step towards me and smiled.

She has already told me she likes me, I reminded myself what Jasper said. I took a deep breath.

"Bella, I meant it when I said that I am very fond-" I saw a bolt of lightning behind her

head in the window as it crashed into the ground. I could have pissed myself. Both of us jumped towards one another. The loud boom shocked me even more, and I grabbed her forearms automatically, pulling her closer protectively.

The lights flickered for a second before dying. Half the cars in the neighborhood were beeping loudly in complaint. Bella's fingers had twisted into my shirt as she looked back at the rain, her breathing quick. I couldn't take my eyes off of her, though. She turned back slowly to look up at me.

"Isabella, I like you," I nearly shouted. I cleared my throat, lowering my voice, "I am more than just fond of you."

"I like you too, Edward. So much," she told me quickly, her perfectly mismatched eyes looking up into mine. I could feel her fingers tighten around the fabric of my shirt.

"I have such strong feelings for you. I'm kind of overwhelmed by them because honestly, I've not felt like this about a person before and I thought I had-" *been in love before*, I almost revealed to her. I had never been more grateful for a phone call in my life. Bella quickly released my shirt when her cell began to ring on the bedside table.

"That's my boss. I have to take this. I'm so sorry," she said in embarrassment.

"No, go ahead. I understand." I let go of her arms so she could answer.

She snatched up the phone from the table and brought it to her ear. "Hello."

Then she did the most fantastic thing. Bella reached her hand up to me. I smiled and quickly moved towards her so that I could take it. I brought it up to my lips and kissed her knuckles gently. She grinned widely, biting her bottom lip as she watched me.

"Hey, Bella- it's Jessica. I've got some bad news. I was just checking my email, and I got one from the airline. It was forwarded to me too since I made your arrangements. Your flight has just been canceled due to the weather. I wanted to make sure you knew as soon as possible. I hope I didn't wake you."

My mind literally began to jump for joy. *All I need is more time*, I kept thinking. And the minute I tell her, I get it. It was almost funny. It had to be fate. I was not sure what I had done to deserve this great bit of karma. Especially after being a whiny little bitch all week. I didn't think the worst of the storms would hit until well after she left. I never expected them to cancel her flight.

"Um. no. You didn't. Wow, I didn't realize it was that bad," she said to the loud woman on the other side of the phone. Our eyes never left one another's, both of us smiling. I felt like my face was going to crack open.

"Yeah. There is a good chance that tomorrow's flights will be canceled or at the very least delayed. So, I negotiated with the airline and got you fifteen hundred in credit to get a flight out whenever you want, weather permitting. But, I can't give you any extra cash for a hotel or

food. I'm sorry."

The look of pure happiness as she quickly answered made me so excited for the conversation we were about to have. Bella wanted to be there as much I wanted her to be. "No, that's not a problem. I can afford to be a tourist for a couple of days. That's amazing about the credit. It's so much! When do I need to use the credit by?"

"It doesn't expire. And, you don't have to use it all at once. It's like a gift card. I sent everything to your email."

I would have to personally send this loud woman flowers. *Bless her.*

"That's great, actually. Thanks. Maybe I can have a little vacation since I'm here. Stay an extra day or two. Give them a few days to catch up from the madness this is sure to cause," Bella said hopefully. I nodded to her eagerly. *Yes. Please, stay. Stay forever.*

"You are welcome to stay for as long as you want." I squeezed her hand.

She pulled her hand out of mine so she could reach up and brush her fingers over my cheek. They smelled of vanilla, warm, and sweet.

"Is he there?"

Bella smiled happily. "Yes. He's very sweet."

I placed my hand on top of hers so that I could bring her palm to my lips. Closing my eyes, I breathed her in deeply as I kissed her soft skin. She tasted as good as she smelled.

"Oh, really? You'll have to tell me all about it... later. Send me your edits by the end of next week though."

"Not a problem," she told the woman quickly.

"Enjoy your vacation and stay safe from the storm. It's supposed to be really bad. Like a few inches of rain and really strong wind. Flooding, too. Be careful."

"I will," she replied absently before hanging up the phone. Glancing back at her bed, she tossed the electronic device onto it carefully. Then she turned her warm eyes back to mine. Bella cocked her head slightly to the side before she told me dryly, "oh, *darn*. My flight was canceled, and I won't be able to reschedule for at least a day. Maybe even two."

What a perfect thing to say...

"Oh, no," I could hardly keep my voice as even as hers. I felt like I was about to start jumping up and down in joy literally. "That. Is. *Terrible.*"

She slid both of her hands up my arms until they came to rest on my shoulders. With a surprising amount of ease, Bella jumped up and wrapped both of her arms and legs around me.

I quickly caught her, pressing her tightly to me as she began to kiss my mouth.

We kissed for several blessedly long moments before she breathed, "I want you."

Her palms rested on my cheeks as she held me in place, her sweet lips moving against mine deliciously. I wanted to taste them fully. I wanted to taste all of her. Desperately, I clung to her.

I sort of stumbled into the hall. If we were going to stop, she needed to tell me because otherwise, I wasn't going to. All I could think about was how I wanted her in my bed.

"My room?"

She nodded quickly before pulling my mouth to hers again.

Holy shit. This is going to happen. This is happening.

I laid her in the middle of my big bed, and she looked so tiny underneath me. I kissed her throat eagerly. As much as I wanted her, I needed to make sure I didn't push anything.

"Is this okay?" I asked as I kissed her soft cheeks and lovely lips. "I don't want to rush you. I wasn't-" Even as I was saying it, I couldn't stop.

"I jumped you. Literally," she giggled as her fingers pushed underneath my shirt. Bella pulled it over my head and tossed it to the side, her eyes taking me in warmly. I happily kissed her back as she touched my chest, arms, back, and neck with gentle hands.

Her legs were so tight around my waist. Bella's hips ground against mine, and I could feel the rough fabric of the denim through the thin shorts that I usually slept in. I realized then that I wasn't wearing underwear. I normally didn't sleep in any. I hadn't actually expected to talk to her yet.

She took a handful of my hair and tugged it back roughly so that she could begin to kiss my neck, sending a perfect shock down my spine. Pleasure tingled at where she pulled, her eager mouth creating new spots of the perfect sensation on my throat.

I began pulling off her shirt, finally touching her lovely stomach for just a moment. Both of her shirts quickly made it to the floor.

Literally, I had been thinking about her breasts in that tight sports bra at the tattoo shop all damn week. I had imagined them in lingerie and in nothing at all, too. But the reality was so much better than I had expected. Bella was wearing a gorgeous purple lace bra, and I could just make out her dark nipples through it. I shoved my face into them automatically like an idiot and moaned, "oh, they're *perfect*."

I almost expected her to call me out for it. Tell me that I was being childish. Instead, she laughed cheerfully and hugged her thin arms around my neck. With one hand, she lifted up and popped the hooks easily. I joyfully pulled the garment away from her body and tossed it over my

head dramatically. I earned the exact sweet giggle and smile that I wanted.

Her skin was delightfully soft and supple. Every inch of her tasted good. I could see myself trying to kiss every part of her, spending hours dedicated to doing so. She was sucking in deep breaths, squirming at my attention.

Bella's breasts were quite heavy on her tiny frame, her large nipples a lovely dark rosy shade. Both of them were hard for me. She scratched her nails over my back as I brought them into my mouth, tasting them for the first time. Gasping, she tilted her head back just a little in pleasure.

Then she slipped her hands down my back and into my shorts, unexpectedly grabbing my ass.

God, this is so much fun. It was my turn to gasp. She actually squeezed tighter, smiling wildly as she did so. I was so turned on.

"You cheeky little thing." I bit into the soft fleshy part just below her nipple. Bella made a little noise of surprise before laughing, both hands still on me.

"I like your ass so much," she replied with a naughty smile just before I kissed her again. One of her delicate little hands scratched up my spine before the other squeezed one of my cheeks tightly. I thrust my hips forward into her, brushing my erection against the apex of her thighs.

"I've honestly never been told that before," I whispered as I brushed my lips over her ear.

"It looked so good in your flight suit," she whispered back before kissing her way down my sweaty forehead, bringing my ear between her teeth.

Damn.

I couldn't take her blue jeans off fast enough. She helped me, pushing them down her thick hips and kicking them to the floor. I took her all in for the first time, almost entirely nude. Her light olive skin was slightly slick with sweat. Bella's panties were the exact opposite of what I had been expecting. Instead of matching lace, she was wearing Halloween themed underwear with little vampire bats on them.

"Love them," I told her honestly as I slid my hand down her stomach and over her panties. I knew the exact spot she wanted me to touch. Her hips pushed up when my fingers pressed between her thighs.

I gently rubbed her clit through the fabric, feeling them quickly soak from her arousal. She hummed in pleasure, so I pressed a little harder until she was panting and arching up off the bed. I took this chance to kiss her chest again. Her fingers dug into my shoulders, her short blunt nails dragging against my skin.

Dipping my fingers lower, I realized exactly how wet she was. She was just as turned on

as I was. I wasn't sure how it was possible.

"Oh, fuck..." Bella breathed as I touched her there, her head falling back as her hips rolled towards my hand.

Pushing her panties to the side, I brushed my fingers along her wet clit. With every movement, she swirled her hips with me, pushing up towards my hand. My mouth found the spot I had bitten before, a small bruise already starting to form, and brought it into my mouth to suckle more.

I needed to get Bella off. I had to feel her cum.

Kissing her lips gently, I breathed, "tell me what to do."

She brought her hand down to my wrist, pushing my fingers inside of her for the first time while lifting her hips up to meet them. Then she brought her own hand to clit to take over what I had just been doing to her. Bella tightened up around them almost instantly, and I honestly almost came in my shorts.

"Oh, my god," I gasped out before attacking her perfect lips. We kissed, my fingers playing within her. She moaned against my mouth, her bottom lip brushing against mine as she orgasmed around my fingers. "Yes, *please*. Oh, my god."

"Don't stop," she begged loudly as if I would. Her legs twitched, and her feet kicked at the mattress as she came over and over again.

I knew a second before she reached her limit, the squeezing becoming intense. Bella pushed herself away forcefully, her body shaking a little. She wasn't away from me very long, rolling herself into my chest and nuzzling her face against my neck. I happily held her, kissing her forehead lightly.

"Is that normal for you? Getting off more than once?" I asked before I could stop myself, pulling back a little to look at her.

Bella seemed a little embarrassed, but she was still smiling at me. "I'm really easy. I've always been. I'm pretty good at getting myself off."

"I can see that. And I am *very* impressed. It's a skill I've mastered as well," I joked joyfully.

I expected her to laugh at me, but instead, she gave me a sexy little smirk. "I bet you have. I'd like to see your *skills* in action." She tugged at my shorts so that they slid down my hips a little. Then she gently brought my earlobe between her teeth. "Do you have condoms?"

"Yes!" It was more a declaration of happiness that I did, in fact, have condoms and that I was going to use them with her than an actual answer to her question.

I flung myself off the bed, going to the drawer beside it. Inside was an unopened box of

condoms that I had gotten the week before I was going to move to America with Victoria. I figured it would be a good idea to be prepared. I was, of course, an idiot. I almost threw them away when we broke up. I was so glad that I hadn't.

I was shaking as I picked up the box. This was happening. I was about to have sex with this amazing person. And she wanted to have sex with me too.

I watched as she pulled her panties down with her thumbs and then crawled on her hands and knees over to me. She sat back on her heels, taking the condom that I just successfully ripped from the bunch. Bella put it in the bed beside her and then tugged down my shorts with both hands.

Her eyes got a little wide for a second when she took me in, and I was worried about what she saw. Slowly, Bella lowered herself down onto her elbows and brought me into her mouth.

My ex loathed blow jobs, which was fine. Everyone has likes and dislikes. I have to admit that I did miss them. She would occasionally give me one if I asked nicely enough, but it was never fun when she was so obviously disgusted by it. Bella was the exact opposite of that.

A wild shudder ran down my spine as I hit the back of her throat. She used her tongue to tease my head before sliding back down again. Over and over again, she took me into her perfectly warm and eager mouth. It was, without a single doubt, the best blow job I had ever received. I could barely breathe. The sight of her nice round ass and her bobbing head was too much for me, and I had to close my eyes to keep from cumming down her throat like I very much wanted to.

Bella wrapped her fingers around me and licked me one more time before kissing up my chest. She continued to stroke me as she did.

"Thank you," I told her quietly as I pushed my fingers into her curls so that I could bring her mouth into another kiss.

"You're so polite," she giggled lightly, kissing me again. I felt like I was on fire. It was so hard to think with her doing that with her hand.

"It's not nice to be... rude to the woman... who is doing good... *amazing*... uh... things to you," I panted.

"I can see your logic." She lightly kissed along my chin, watching my expression as she wove her fingers into my hair. Bella pulled it roughly, and I twitched in her tight grip. "I don't think that's what you like though. Being polite."

Damn.

"I think I'll like whatever you want to do to me."

"That's dangerous. What if I'm really, really, *really* kinky?" She picked up the condom,

lifting it up some.

I grinned. I certainly hoped she was. "Promises, promises."

She returned my smile wickedly, opening the foil as she did. Her gaze was so piercing. "Just so you know, I'm going to ruin you for other women."

Oh, baby, you have no idea.

"Already done."

Her mischievous face was practically glowing. She pushed the condom onto me while her eyes never left mine. Forcefully she pushed me back onto the mattress. Bella was over me less than a second later, kissing me. My hands went to her thighs, running my fingers over her soft skin to her lovely ass. I squeezed large handfuls, and I could feel her smile against my lips as we kissed.

Bella leaned back, carefully adjusting herself on top of me. She was so incredibly wet that I could feel her drip as she slid down. When she was fully seated on me for the first time, she leaned her head back as her eyes closed, brushing her own hair out of her face. While still holding her hair, she began to roll her hips on top of me. I moved my hands to them so I could move in time with her.

She moved the hand that was in her hair down her body and in between her legs. The instant she touched herself, I could feel the same tightening I had before. It was so much better around my cock, though. She really was good at getting herself off because not long after she began to cum around me.

"Edward, oh god... *Edward...*" She called my name

With that, any of my self-control disappear. I forced her down on top of me, and I thrust myself inside of her throbbing body. I went blind for a second when I came. It took me a moment to realize it was because my face was shoved into my pillows.

After she pulled herself off of my softening erection, she leaned down and kissed my shoulder, laying her slick hot body against mine. Both of us were panting loudly in the quiet. I didn't want to let her go, ever.

Thunder rumbled overhead, shaking the house again. The gray light from the window lit up the electricity-free house. Bella slowly sat up, looking out the window briefly before going to the bathroom.

I sat up, watching her go. I couldn't help the smile that spread over my lips as I watched her swaying hips. When I finally forced myself from the bed, I went to throw away the spent condom. Bella wasn't in there for very long, watching me for a minute before we switched places.

I had a hickey on my neck, and I was covered with sweat. Quickly I washed up, unable

to stop smiling at my reflection.

When I came out of the bathroom Bella was already in my bed, the covers up to her breasts. She reached for me, and I rushed towards her excitedly. I slid under the covers and wrapped my arms around her tightly. Her warm body molded to mine.

Somehow, I fell almost instantly asleep.

I woke up to my phone beeping on the bedside table. It was still dark and raining. And Bella was still in my arms, her legs wedged between mine.

Reaching over carefully so not to wake her, I looked at my cell. I had several messages. One from Seth, another from Tyler. My sister Carmen sent me one too, but it was just a picture. The newest text was from Jasper. He must have just gotten to work, it was early in the morning there. It was just before one in the afternoon in LA.

"I hope you're doing okay. We're actually doing a story on the weather in Los Angeles. It's supposed to be a whopper of a storm."

I had a million things I wanted to say to him. I couldn't think of where to even start.

Bella hummed in her sleep and rolled over slightly, her hair fanning all over my face. She was smiling in her sleep, her fingers curled against my chest.

I lifted up my phone, careful to make sure there wasn't anything naughty in the frame, and took a picture of us. My stupidly obvious smile was hidden behind her hair, my eyes glowing with joy, with sweet sleeping Isabella on my shoulder.

I sent it to him, grinning to myself.

"It's about time. She didn't leave?"

"Her flight was canceled, actually. I told her this morning that I liked her and right after she got a call that her flight was canceled, and she then jumped me. Literally fucking jumped on me."

"She climbed you like a tree, eh? Good for her. I told you she liked you, you dumb cunt. If you had just told her at the party, you could have spent all day yesterday fucking instead of bitching."

"Yes, you're right. You're always right. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go back to sleep with this super sexy woman who actually literally jumped me."

"This is going to be terrible for your ego," he replied instantly.

I placed my phone down after putting it on silent. Bella hummed again when I shifted, rolling over onto her side while her head was still on my arm. I moved so that my chest was against her back, holding her to me. She wiggled closer, pressing her plush ass against my

once again stirring erection. I needed more rest, though, and I quickly slipped back to sleep.

When I woke up, I was alone. The bathroom door was open, though. I sat up slowly, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. I had only been back to sleep an hour or so.

I pulled on my shorts, but I couldn't find my shirt. Though, I did find most of Bella's clothing twisted into the sheets and blankets that were at my feet.

Slowly, I made my way in the darkness towards her room. The door was open, and it was empty. When I got to the end of the hall, I could see her standing in my shirt by the glass wall that overlooked the pool. She was sipping from a small glass of milk as she watched the rain fall on the blue water.

As I watched her, I found myself speechless. I had spent the entire week so confused. But watching her, there were three things I knew for certain.

Isabella was, by far, the most beautiful woman I had ever met, inside and out.

The sex we just had was the most amazing and intense of my *pathetically* dull sex life.

And, I was very much profoundly, irrationally, in love with her and would be for the rest of eternity.

Bella glanced back, catching me. She smiled, placing her glass on the table since she had finished her drink.

"Hi."

"Hi there," she said softly, smiling a little.

"So, that was something else." I walked towards her slowly.

"It was," she replied shyly. "I guess we have things to talk about now."

I wasn't going to be so stupid to waste another damn minute not telling her what I wanted. I needed to be perfectly clear. That wasn't just sex. I wasn't just using her. "I want to date you. I want you to be my girlfriend. I mean, I want to be with you. If you'll have me."

Bella smiled sadly. "I live on the opposite coast, Eddie."

I couldn't give less than a fuck where she lived. It didn't matter.

"I already travel a lot for my work. I've gone to New York a few times. I can come to see you, and I can fly you out to see me whenever you want. There are more ways than ever to keep a long-distance relationship working. And I could always move to New York. I could do my work anywhere. Or, maybe one day, I can convince you to move here. There isn't a better city for photographers than LA. Look, this week with you has been one of the best of my life, and I already know that I don't want to miss this chance with you, Bella. If you feel the same way."

"Isn't it obvious how I feel about you?" She asked, flushing as she did. I wanted to tell her not to an idiot like me, but she spoke again. "But I can't afford to fly whenever I want, Edward."

How could she even think about that? Money was the one thing I had plenty of. It was confidence I lacked.

"I'll pay for your tickets."

She shook her head. "That's not fair. I don't want you to feel like I'm using you ever."

"Darling, no. I wouldn't. I'm offering. Honestly though, if I could have my way, you'd just never leave and that would fix that problem," I said quickly. The words came out lightly, but I meant them.

Bella looked away from me. "I have to go back to New York, eventually. Probably on Thursday or Friday. You have to work, too. We can't let this keep us from our responsibilities."

"Would you consider staying a week at least? I'll take care of everything. Give me a chance to convince you to stay with me forever," I begged as I walked towards her. *Give me time*, I thought. *I didn't earn it but let me make up for that mistake now*. Those were the words I wanted to say to her. Instead, I said, "please?"

"A week?" She looked back at me, and she scrunched up her nose a little bit. I knew exactly what that meant. Bella thought I was being cute, and she liked it. I decided to press my luck.

"Or, two?" I asked, and she sighed playfully as if she was disappointed.

"A week. It's cheaper to fly out on a Tuesday or a Wednesday anyway. But I don't want to get in the way of your work."

I smiled like a moron. "Last night, I got a week's worth of editing done. I'm way ahead. Besides, you make me feel so inspired. There are about thirty things I want to write down once I get a chance. After I get us some food, of course," I told her a little too honestly. I felt like I could jump over the moon in one go, my energy and excitement were nearly boundless.

"We might be stuck with Little Debbies and Pringles. You should check the weather, and if there is a break, we should go to the stores to get supplies for the lights being out. You are very much lacking in that department."

She was obviously much better at these sort of things than me. I realized that I didn't have a single candle or torch in the house.

"You're right, but first." I pulled her to me and kissed her smiling lips. "Do you want to be my girlfriend?"

“Oh, my god. Are we in high school?” She actually very dramatically rolled her eyes, flipping her long curly black hair over her shoulder as she clicked her tongue playfully. “Gonna, *like*, take me to prom and stuff?”

“Baby, I'll take you wherever you want to go if you'll be mine.”

“Man, you're like a cheesy song lyric. Stop. I'll be your girlfriend if stop being such a try-hard,” she teased as she lightly pulled my hair.

“But, trying hard is kinda my thing, though.” I pouted stupidly, earning a big smile. She smoothed one of her hands over my cheek lightly as she looked into my eyes.

“You don't have to try that hard for me. I'm easy, I promise.”

“Just because you're easy doesn't mean you're not worth the extra effort,” I said fiercely. She was very much worth it. How could she not realize? I was in no way worthy of the gorgeous woman that just agreed to be mine.

“Aw, that's the nicest way anyone has ever called me a slut before,” she replied in a thick accent as Bella placed her hand over her chest. The word *slut* was the main thing I heard, and I panicked for a moment, worried that she thought I was calling her easy. Then I saw her batting eyelashes shit-eating grin. My new girlfriend was fucking with me again and enjoying it thoroughly. I laughed loudly in relief and joy.

“Oh, GOD! That is not what I meant, and you know it. Besides, I don't think you're that easy at all. I think you are cheeky. And naughty. And stubborn. And challenging. And *amazing*.”

This goes with chapter 12 of IP.

Thanks for reading!