



Epilogue:

About Two months later...

Edward and I did everything fast. Not that I minded. We spent every weekend together and talked on the phone every night we weren't. We were completely wrapped up in each other. He was my world. And I knew I was his. There was no better feeling in the entire universe.

I spent Christmas with the Cullens, which was a wild affair. They never did anything small. But the best part of the evening was when he and I retired to his room to be alone.

We carried mugs of hot chocolate with us as we wandered up the stairs together. All the couples were off doing their own things. We already had our gifts for each other up there. He had his hand on my lower back as we walked. We always seemed to be touching in some way. It didn't feel right if we weren't. He still wanted to carry me everywhere.

Sitting on his couch in silence while all wrapped up in a blanket, we drank our delicious beverages. He had one arm around my shoulder, my head leaned against his. It was perfectly relaxing. I was about halfway through when Edward took my mug from my hands and set it to the side. I looked at him with a curious expression. He smiled slightly. "Sorry. I'm impatient."

I giggled. "My present isn't that amazing. Sorry."

"No, not about that. I can't wait to give you yours," he stated, rolling his eyes dramatically. It was playful and cute.

"You know you didn't need to get me anything. You're enough."

He rolled his eyes again. "Hush, alright? Just enjoy it. Make that part of my gift, please?"

He found my distaste of people buying me things as annoying as Alice did. I sighed heavily but nodded my head. "Okay."

Smiling excitedly, he went to retrieve it. It was a tiny box, and that scared me. Small for the Cullens usually meant it cost... a lot. I bit my lip to keep from complaining. He sat down beside me and tugged me into his lap. He wrapped both arms around me securely, his chin on my shoulder. He placed the minuscule blue package on my palm, and I just sort of stared at it for a moment.

"Open it," he whispered as he pushed my hair away from my neck.

"Edward..." I began, but he gently nibbled on my ear to shut me up.

"Open it, for God's sake. It won't bite you. But I might if you don't hurry," he teased. "I'm dying here, love."

Sighing, I shook my head. Taking the white ribbon off, I carefully removed the top. I gasped softly when I saw what was inside. "Edward," I breathed his name again.

He took the silver bracelet out and secured it onto my wrist before rotating the little heart charm so I could read the engraving.

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"Well, I thought about screaming it from the highest rooftop, but that would take me away from you for far too long. Then I considered carving it into a tree, but you know, that's bad for the environment. So, I decided it would be easier to have it etched into silver that I love you."

I twisted in his arms and kissed him furiously, making him laugh. "You are so cheesy!" I giggled in between kisses.

"Just what every man wants to hear when he confesses his love for the first time..."

Quickly shaking my head, I grabbed his face and smashed my lips to his once more. "I." Kiss. "Love." Kiss. "You." Kiss. "So." Kiss. "Much."

Laughing, he gently grabbed my hair so he could pull me back a little. His intense green eyes peered into mine. "Really?"

"Yes! Of course, I do. I love you. With all of my heart. From the very first kiss."

"Oh, Bella..." He trailed off softly, tracing his fingers over my cheek. He laid his forehead against mine.

Grinning, I looked at the bracelet. "It's so pretty. Thank you. Now, it's time for my gift," I said eagerly, about to hop up to get it. He grabbed my waist, keeping me in place.

"Later. I want to kiss my love right now."

Laying me back on the couch, much as he had on that first night, Edward kissed me. No. It was more than that. It was extraordinary. The way he tasted and touched me... I couldn't have been happier.

We didn't make love that evening, even though we both really wanted to. We talked about it seriously. But he said he had something special planned for us. I wouldn't argue. He would let me know when he was ready. I was his whenever he wanted me. We couldn't rush this, and some things are worth the wait.

On New Year's Eve, I got ready in the room he reserved at the hotel for the night. The University of Washington was having a big formal dance. Edward booked a suite as soon as he found out about it. I don't know how else he could get a place like it for the holiday otherwise. He was already downstairs. He explained he had some things to do before midnight.

I detested the dress Alice picked out for me. But I hated myself even more for letting her pick it. It was a... tube. Tight, it hugged my body, and it had shiny blue sequins. Cutting off at my thighs, it was a good seven inches above my knees. My breasts were pushed up uncomfortably by the strapless bra she got for it. The urge to pull off the thong and leave it behind was almost overwhelming. I was going to murder her. Painfully and slowly. She was lucky she was two hours away from me right then.

I straightened my hair and applied my makeup carefully. Finally, I dabbed a couple of spots of perfume on my neck and wrists. My knees were shaking, I was so nervous. I wasn't sure what Edward would think about my look. We had gone on many dates, but we were usually in jeans. I had never dressed up for him before. I knew he would look good, though. He looked great no matter what he wore, but the idea of him in a tux was intoxicating.

Taking the elevator downstairs, I nervously fidgeted with my dress. I kept pulling it down, wishing it would magically grow longer. But as soon as the doors opened, none of that mattered.

Edward was standing in the lobby, speaking to someone else in a tuxedo. He was chatting and laughing, smiling about something. He looked magnificent. I stepped out and walked towards him, determined to have my arms around him.

A second later, he saw me, and his smile grew. He left whoever was talking to him without even saying another word and strode to me. We met halfway.

“You look incredible,” I remarked, smiling up at him. I felt entirely too flushed.

“You’re one to talk. Good god. Let’s just go back to the room now,” he sighed as his hands slid to my waist.

I laughed as he tugged me closer and scattered kisses across my shoulder. “Don’t you want to dance with me?”

“Nu-uh,” he muttered in response, kissing the nape of my neck.

“Don’t you want to be here for the countdown?” I tried another way.

“No,” he whispered against my ear.

“Don’t you want to show off your sexy girlfriend and make all your friends jealous?” I inquired sarcastically, rolling my eyes.

“Well, I guess there is time for that,” he chuckled before he suckled on my earlobe. “Besides, I want to get pictures of you in this dress.”

“Yeah, you better get photos. I’m never going to wear this thing again,” I scowled as he tugged me inside the ballroom.

He brought his lips to my ear once more. “I’m honestly more interested in how it looks on the floor.”

I felt my knees go weak.

We danced, drank punch, took stupid pictures, and talked with his friends. He never let go of me the entire night, and I loved it. We sat at one of the tables, taking a break around eleven forty. I was perched on his lap with my legs crossed, so I didn’t flash anyone. One of his hands was on my thigh, while the other was tracing lazy patterns on my stomach. His face was buried deep into my neck, sucking and covering it with kisses. I was trying not to squeal and

laugh as he did, my arms around his neck. He laughed breathlessly at my wiggling in his lap, nipping at my flesh. I groaned, my head falling back for a moment. "Oh, Edward... stop-p..." I simpered.

"Why?" He asked, then licked my earlobe.

I opened my eyes to see a couple was staring at us. An angry-looking tall strawberry-blond with furious blue eyes kept flashing us dirty looks. She was standing beside a lanky, dark-skinned man who was whispering furiously in her ear. She appeared to be pouting, her arms crossed over her chest.

"We're being watched."

"Mm, I don't care," he grinned against my skin, but he slowly pulled away and looked at his watch. "But I do have something I want to show you."

He set me to my feet and stood himself.

"What's that?"

"You'll see," he smiled, placing a small kiss on my cheek before we walked out of the room.

We strolled directly past the couple, and I heard the girl huff heavily. Edward didn't even peek her way. I don't think he noticed anyone else but me. His arm was securely wrapped around my waist as he led me to the elevators. When I glanced back once more, I saw her stomp her foot.

"We're going to miss the countdown," I stated as he pressed the button to our suite.

He shook his head. "No, we won't. Trust me. I have something special planned." He pulled me closer as we stood in the elevator with a tug of my arm, wrapping it around his neck. He lowered his lips to mine and kissed me hard.

Moaning into his mouth, my hands rested on his throat. One of his pressed against the small of my back, the other resting on my bottom. He squeezed and massaged gently, my lower body grinding against his. It was rather apparent he was enjoying himself, too.

His eyes never left mine as we walked to our room. He forced me against the door and kissed me once more, one hand above my head while the other searched his pocket for the card key. It took him a few moments to find it. I'm sure the fact my knee was grazing his inner thigh while my foot rubbed against his calf didn't distract him at all.

Finally, we stepped inside, continuing to make out. With a little giggle, I jumped up to wrap my legs around his waist. He groaned loudly, his hands going to my ass. I saw his eyes flicker to the clock. "Ten minutes..." he muttered to himself.

"I can't think of a better way to start the new year," I mused as I kissed his jaw.

"I can," he whispered, touching my hair. "I actually need to talk to you about something."

"Anything," I promised, pulling away to look at him. I rubbed my fingers over the back of his neck, playing with the soft curls behind his ears.

Taking a deep breath, he touched his forehead to mine. "I want to make love to you tonight. I want to show you how much I love you. You were the best thing about this year. And I know you'll be the best thing about the next. And the one after that and the one after that..." He started as a small blush covered his cheeks. "If you don't want to, I understand. But I'd rather be alone with you in my arms than in a crowd of people I hardly know."

"I'm yours." I pressed my lips to his.

"Bella, I want you to think about this. I don't want you to regret this for a moment-" I forced my mouth against his again.

"I told you that first weekend, I am ready whenever you are."

He set me to my feet and gingerly pecked my lips and cheeks. I tugged off his jacket, throwing it to the floor. Stroking my hair, his fingers wound into it. I felt as if I was being worshiped by him.

Somehow he was undressed before me, only in his boxers, as he kissed my shoulders and collarbone. Though, I honestly didn't have much to shed. One simple zipper-ride down and I would be in nothing but my underwear too.

The hotel was alive below us. I could hear cheering and laughing as they started their countdown to midnight at the five-minute mark.

Edward turned me slowly and peppered my shoulder blades with kisses. With one hand on my stomach, the other pulled the zipper down. It went to the ground in a blue sequined puddle, and I stepped out of it. I shifted in his arms so I could look at him. His lips met mine in a passionate kiss as his hands slid to the back of my bra. With a simple twist of his fingers, the fabric snapped away from my body and fell to the floor.

Sighing happily, his hand molded to my breast. My nipples hardened at his touch, and I took a deep breath in pleasure. He brought his lips to my ear and whispered softly, "I will marry you one day. I will make you my wife."

I spun slowly and saw the sweet sincerity in his eyes. Nodding, I wasn't saying yes. But I was letting him know that one day, I would. His warm hands grazed my sides as he lowered his soft mouth to my chest, lightly kissing my beating heart. It thundered at his touch.

"I love you," I sighed as he brought his lips up to mine. I would never get enough of his kisses.

We walked back to the bed, my knees buckling as I hit the edge of the mattress. I fell backward, pulling him on top of me. He was always so careful to make sure he didn't hurt me. Lightly, his tongue traced my breast, bringing one of my hard nipples into his mouth. He suckled it for a moment, releasing it with a pop.

Gasping, I forced my hips against his. "I want you. Please," I panted, my head falling back against the pillows as he tormented the other nipple. "I want you inside of me."

His eyes were half-lidded with desire, and his lips gleaming with moisture. "Are you sure?"

Nodding, I flexed my hips, so his erection brushed against my apex. He quietly moaned.

I tugged his boxers down, and he kicked them off the edge of the bed. His talented hands worked my panties off next. He dipped one of his fingers inside me, feeling how wet I was just for him. I was soaked, the liquid gathering already. I didn't need any more torture. We literally had two months of foreplay.

"Make love to me, Edward. Please. I need you."

He grabbed a condom from the nightstand, something I didn't know he put there. I was grateful he had thought to do so. I gently massaged him while he tore the package with his teeth. Carefully, I took the latex from the foil and rolled it onto him. I was almost proud of myself that I did it right the first time without fumbling. He pressed his hips forward with the touch of my hand, his eyes half-closed.

I just wanted him to dive into me. I was his, and I needed him so badly it hurt. But he had other ideas. He lowered his lips to mine and lightly kissed the corners of my mouth. His hand traced my hairline, over my ear, and across my jaw. His dark gaze was full of passion. I panted as my heart pounded. Looking at him was almost enough.

“I love you,” he whispered as he peered at me. I felt him brush against my entrance, and I shifted my hips for more.

“Please...”

He brought his mouth to mine and kissed me roughly. Grabbing one of my thighs, he massaged it with his palm. Our lower bodies moved against each other, his hard-on teasing me. It swept across my sensitive clit. Crying out, I closed my eyes.

The crowd got louder downstairs as the countdown began.

10...

9...

8...

7...

“I don’t want to waste another second of my life not being in you,” he purred, a breath away from my lips.

With that, he pressed deep inside of me.

6...

5...

4...

3...

2...

1...

There was pressure, but only for a moment. It wasn’t the pain I braced myself for. My body relaxed under his heat. I felt my thighs flood with liquid. Edward groaned softly, his head falling forward as he enveloped himself deeper.

I vaguely heard the cheering and music downstairs and the fireworks outside the windows. But all I could focus on was our movements. I was his, and he was mine.

He went slowly at first, but I could tell his control was waning.

“Harder,” I egged him on, knowing my words would make him lose it. They were always enough when we did other things.

Growling, he grabbed my knee at the bend and pulled it upwards. My legs spread wider apart for him. Shoving himself deeper, he moved at a steady pace. I gasped, my eyes rolling back into my head. With this new angle, he rubbed against my clit.

His fingers were incredible inside of me, but they were nothing compared to this. This was perfection. The fireworks going on outside had nothing on the ones exploding in my vision. I dug my nails deep into Edward’s shoulders, shouting. “YES! Yes... yes...” I chanted, my voice quivering.

He hissed through gritted teeth, and I could tell he wanted to hold out for longer. But I wanted him to lose control. We had all night and the rest of our lives for more. I needed him to feel pleasure. I forced my hips up hard, my hands tugging on the back of his hair.

“Bella,” he moaned, completely lost to the sensation.

“I’m yours- all of me. Take me,” I spoke as sensually as possible. Edward’s grip on my thigh tightened, and his eyes squeezed shut. His mouth hung open as he panted, twitching inside of me.

His arms seemed to turn into Jello then. He fell down on top of me, his face buried in my neck.

“That was unbelievable,” He was breathless, his voice low.

I giggled. “Just wait until I get a little practice.”

Moaning happily, Edward kissed my throat. “It is going to be a wonderful year.”