



## **Episode thirteen-**

“I’m going to get changed for bed,” Bella said before she pressed her lips lightly to mine. “I’ll be right out.”

I went into my room to get changed myself. I had no idea what to expect. Would she want to sleep in the other room? I hoped not. I prayed to God that she wanted to sleep in my arms as she had done in the morning.

The water was icy cold as I scrubbed my face and brushed my teeth. I needed a good shave and a hot shower, but those things would have to wait. Anxiously, I rearranged the sheet and blankets. I was tired but not in the least bit sleepy.

When Bella walked into my bedroom, she was wearing a lovely blue nightgown that was short, cutting off well above her knees. Her curly hair was wild around her head in a black halo. She was more gorgeous than any of my fantasies, and she was walking towards me with an inviting smile.

“I never imagined today would end like this. Not in a million years. Not if I thought I had a million tries. And yet, here you are,” I admitted, amazed.

“I didn’t know it was a possibility,” she almost whispered. Neither did I.

"I'm so nervous," I blurted out, my cheeks heating as I looked down at her lovely form. "Earlier was incredible and I don't want to... *assume*. I don't want to scare you. Or rush you. We can do whatever you want. If you just want to cuddle. Or talk. Or sleep. Or, *whatever*."

"It was incredible. Don't worry about scaring me. I promise to let you know. I'm pretty vocal." She brought her fingers to my cheek. "And, is it rushing? Wasn't that just the longest blind date ever?" She joked.

*Oh*, maybe she did have a point there. I was happy to play along.

"Was that our first date? That whole week? No, I'd say it was more like seven **separate** dates. I mean, we slept in between. We weren't together the whole time."

"Eight, if you count Sunday night. If you're going by that logic," she continued.

"Oh, you're right. Eight. Or, is it nine now? If you count today? I wonder what the average amount of dates before a couple has sex is," I wondered out loud.

Bella lifted up on the very tip of her toes as she ran hands seductively up my arms. "We can look it up in the morning," she answered almost teasingly before she pressed her lips lightly to my tattoo. I smoothed my hands over her shoulder and down to her own, twisting our fingers together.

I couldn't wait another minute to kiss her again, taking her delicate face into my hands. It felt like the dream that I had the first night she was there. But this time, she didn't disappear from my grip. She held onto my arms, pressing her body fully against mine. We couldn't get any closer.

Bella was so amazingly light. I easily placed her on the bed and hovered above her so that I could look down at her like this. Sweetly, she began to run her fingers over my face and through my hair. A small smile played at her lips, her mismatched eyes focused on mine. I wanted to gaze into them for the rest of my life.

"I like the way you look at me," she whispered before she pulled me down for a kiss. Lightly she pecked and sucked at my lips before using her teeth, tugging the bottom one gently when she pulled away.

"Well, that's the look of a man utterly enchanted," my mouth replied. My brain was somewhere else entirely.

"Try hard," she breathed sensually as she pushed down my pajama bottoms, leaving me only in my boxers.

“Get used to it,” I told her before I brought her lips into a heated kiss. When I had to come up for air, finally I moved to her neck. Her legs wrapped tightly around my waist again while I slid my fingers over her deliciously thick thighs. Her skin was smoother than silk. “I going to worship you.”

I pecked at her sweet little butterfly and all around it before kissing the place right above her heart. I could feel it pounding against my lips. It was almost perfectly in time with mine.

There was too much between us. I needed her skin on mine. My erection kept rubbing against her panties, making both of us moan and pant as we kissed for what felt for hours. I couldn't get enough and never would.

The faintest of gasps left her lips as my thumb ran up the center of her throat, gently squeezing it as I kissed all over her face. I wanted to learn what every part of her body felt against my lips. Her back arched up to my mouth as I kissed down to her full breasts.

“I left a mark,” I said teasingly, kissing the spot as I did so. She clearly enjoyed it.

“Leave some more,” she responded, scratching her blunt nails through my hair before pulling it. She had very quickly figure out how much I enjoyed that.

“Where?”

Wordlessly, she pulled my mouth to her other breast with her fingers tightly in my hair. I bit down, making her throw her head back against the bed. Her back arched once again as I squeezed her throat gently. She slid her hand over mine and brought them between her warm lips. Between the grinding, kissing, and finger sucking, I felt like I was going to cum in my boxers. If I weren't careful, the evening was going to be over before it even got started.

I wanted to make her feel good first.

As I kissed around her belly button, I removed her underwear and tossed them away. I didn't look where. I was too eager to taste her, something I hadn't been able to enjoy earlier. She had so graciously pleased me with her mouth, and I very much wanted to return the favor. I spread her legs as I eagerly began to kiss her thighs. I could feel the trembling as my fingers moved over her skin.

*Damn*, she tasted so good.

Bella was twice as reactive to my tongue as she was my fingers. Her thighs wrapped around my face in exactly the way that I had fantasized about. I held them in place as my tongue rolled over her clit over and over again. I knew she was close by her moans, and I wanted to feel her again. Gently, I pushed two of my fingers deep inside of her hot body.

“Oh, fuck! Edward! FUCK!”

When she came, it was hard, squeezing my fingers tightly as she lifted off the bed. Her own fingers dug into my back and at the sheets around her.

“Eddie... fuck... Edward, oh, god. Edward, please. Fuck, *yes*. Please, *Edward*,” she called my name over and over again, spurring me on further and further. I wanted to shout, ‘*yeah baby, scream my name*’, but that would have required removing my mouth from her skin, and that was the last thing I wanted to do.

I don’t know how many times she got off, but I wasn’t going to stop until she told me to. She was delicious, and I would never get enough. When she pulled me up to her mouth by my hair, her legs wrapped around me so our bodies crashing together.

“I’ll not last very long,” I admitted as she rushed to pull off my boxers. “I feel like if you touched me right, I’d explode.”

“Isn’t that the point?” She asked as she kissed my ear, curling her fingers around my cock. Lightly she rubbed me against her clit. Her wet skin felt so amazing that I couldn’t keep my eyes open. It was so hard to control myself when she touched me. “You should get a condom.”

I hurriedly retrieved one, sitting back on my knees while I massaged my aching erection. With a smirk, I put the condom on her stomach. I was feeling amazingly confident for once. Bella apparently enjoyed the show as well because she spread her legs open wide for me, her fingers dipping inside of her dripping wet body. I lightly brushed her fingers away before leaning forward so I could continue what she had been doing to me before, my head pressing against her clit with every pass. So badly I wanted to push my hard-on deep inside as I rubbed against her soft lips, teasing her entrance.

Her sounds of wanting were lovely and loud, her body shaking a little. I knew I could get her off like this. I could have easily gotten both of us off like that.

Bella took the condom from her stomach finally and whispered in the sweetest voice. “Fuck me. *Please*,” she begged as she rolled it over me. I helped her push it into place before bringing her mouth into a passionate kiss that she eagerly returned as I filled her.

She was so incredibly wet, her skin red and moist with sweat as I slammed into her. I could feel it drip on my thighs with each push, spurring me on to go harder and faster. One of Bella’s arms wrapped around my neck as her back arched off the bed, cumming hard around me. It felt like it went on forever until it was too much and I gave in, cursing loudly.

I felt breathless as I pressed my forehead against her beating heart. Bella held me to her soft body, stroking my hair soothingly. When I caught my breath, I kissed along her butterfly again before moving up to her shoulder.

“God. *Damn*,” I finally blurted out.

“Yeah,” she agreed with a laugh, bringing her hand up to her eyes.

“I really like making you cum like that,” I admitted. “Can I do that... like... *all* the time?”

Bella laughed again. “My legs are vibrating. So, yes. Please. Literally fucking vibrating. What the *fuck*?”

I laughed as well, too proud of myself. I pushed my face to her chest, breathing her scent in as I smiled to myself. Lightly she pushed me so that I laid on my back. She shifted, rolling onto her stomach to kiss me for a moment.

“I’ll be right back,” she indicated lightly before hopping up to go get cleaned up in the bathroom.

When she shut the door behind her, I literally fist pumped the air several times I was so happy. Stopping before she could catch me being an idiot, I rushed to throw the condom away. When she got out, I went in to wash my hands and face in the dark.

Much like in the morning, she was waiting for me under the covers in the nude. When her body pressed against my side, skin to skin, I felt so whole. She rested her head on my shoulder, her hand laying on my chest. I fell asleep easily with the scent of her coconut shampoo in my nose.

I woke up alone, the rain still going on pretty good outside. The bathroom door was open, so I decided to go search for Bella. I heard the shower going in the spare bedroom. It wasn’t a terrible idea even if the water would be ice fucking cold. I needed a shower myself.

Simply rinsing my body and scrubbing my hair clean, I rushed through. So quickly in fact that I beat Bella back to the kitchen by just a few minutes, giving me enough time to check the weather again. She came padding quietly out in those tiny shorts that I hoped she would wear for me and a t-shirt.

“Good morning,” she said before she kissed me, her fingers moving along my jaw.

“Good morning,” I practically purred. “I checked on the electricity, and it’s going to be out until at least later this afternoon at the earliest. When it comes back, I’d really like to take a hot shower with you because that was bloody terrible.”

“Sounds like a plan.” She smiled at my idea. “What do you need to do today?”

“Besides you?” I replied, making Bella roll her eyes. “Well, I can't edit or anything. I could do a bit of writing that I was going to have to work on later this week, but I'm going to have to do it the old-fashioned way. This is turning my schedule all around, the rain. It rains so little LA can barely handle it. Anyway, what about you? What do you need to get done?”

“My computer holds a charge for just a little while so I could probably get three or four hours of editing done before it dies. I'm glad I got a bit of a break yesterday. Sometimes the colors begin to blend together and everything looks the same. So, while you write, I can edit? Then we can take a break for lunch,” she suggested as her finger tenderly traced over my chin to my lip. I kissed at it lightly, smiling as I nodded.

When I told her that I was inspired the day before, I wasn't lying. My good mood filled me with ideas, mostly for my scripts that I was writing. I was making a kid's show for the Disney channel. The premise of a sassy little character with a sweet southern accent, full of charm and confidence, was tempting. Funny and kind. Hell, Bella was halfway to being a Disney princess all on her own.

She looked perfect on my couch, quietly working away on her computer.

I got way more work done than I expected.

Bella made us peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with chips and fruit like an old-fashioned American packed school lunch. It was simple but tasty as we chatted and watched the rain. After we ate, I needed to do a little reading that I had been putting off. Bella picked a book from my shelf, one about the history of England that my Grandpa George had gotten me when I was interested in it as a kid. She once again curled herself up my side.

The rain began to wane as the sun started to go down, the lights finally flickering back to life.

“Praise the Gods. Shall we freshen up and go get a late dinner?” I offered hopefully.

“Sure, let me go get my things,” she answered with a sweet smile. Her lovely hips swayed as she made her way to the guest bedroom to get her clothes.

I went into my bedroom, putting my phone onto charge and to get ready for our shower. To say I was excited about a hot, wet, soapy Bella was an understatement.

She came with a bag of stuff. Bella set it up on the vanity, getting organized. It apparently took many products to come out as soft and delicious smelling as she did. I probably used more than the average man, but I was in the public eye.

“So,” Bella started in a playful voice, tugging at my shirt. I helped her to pull it over my head. She was too short to reach that high. “What would you like to have for dinner?”

“I’m easy,” I replied, happy to pull off her shirt. She was wearing the sports bra from the tattoo parlor. It pushed her breasts high up on her chest and tightly together, giving her rather impressive looking cleavage.

“Hey, that’s my line,” she teased, making me laugh. I kissed her quickly, jerking the button of her shorts free.

I yanked down her shorts dramatically. “You’re not easy, Bella.”

“Oh, I think you proved otherwise last night,” she said flirtatiously, relieving me of my jeans. Bella moved her hand over my erection through the fabric of my boxer briefs.

“Yes, but it’s better for my ego if you’re not,” I joked a little breathlessly.

“Sorry.” She then put her head back, clearing her throat before she began to speak in her deadpan voice. “Oh, I’ve *never* gotten off before. Orgasms have been a mystery to me for all these years. Until-” I grabbed her up in my arms and spun her around, making her laugh loudly. Bella pressed her face against my neck as she giggled, her fingers in my hair.

“I don’t care if I’m the first, but I’d like to give you the most.”

“Oo, good answer,” she spoke into my ear.

I set her on the countertop, standing between her bare legs. “Well, it is the truth.”

“I believe you,” she answered as she reached behind her to undo the hooks of her bra. I helped her pull it from her shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. Leaning forward, she pushed my underwear down so that my erection popped free. “Come on,” Bella said as she slid to her feet in front of me before walking towards the shower. Just before she stepped in, she slid her panties off, bending over so that I got a good view of her ass.

The shower was *wonderful*.

Watching her apply her makeup was fascinating. She worked as if she was a skilled artist. Bella painted her eyelids with a tiny brush, her hands completely steady. It always amazed me what Jasper could do with a piece of paper and a pencil. He was very talented, but I

couldn't even see him being able to do so without losing an eye. Watching her roll them into the back of her head was horrifying, though.

When she was done, she gathered her dirty clothes while still just wearing a towel and went off to start her laundry before getting changed into clean clothes for the evening.

*"How's it going with your new girlfriend?"* Jasper had sent me a message sometime earlier in the day. I had already gotten dressed in my jeans and a blue button-down shirt as well as put on my shoes. I was just waiting for Bella to finish.

*"Well, it's the second day, but I'm thinking it's going well. We just took a shower, and we're about to go out for tacos."* We had somehow decided in the bath in between kisses.

*"You don't have to brag."*

I laughed to myself. *"Fuck yeah I do."*

*"Having fun?"*

*"So much. This is the happiest I've been in maybe years."*

*"That's good, darling. How's the sex?"* I chuckled to myself again at his question.

*"It's part of the reason I have to brag. I got her off like ten times yesterday, and if she's faking it, goddamn this girl deserves an Oscar,"* I told him cheerfully.

He sent a gif of someone golf clapping. I sent him one back of a guy in a tux bowing on a stage.

*"So, she's the whole package then?"*

*"She's the one."*

When I looked up, Bella was standing in the doorway of my bedroom. She was breathtaking in a little red dress and matching heels. Her smile was warm and inviting, her eyes so focused on me with her bottom lip between her teeth.

"Ready when you are," she informed me in a soft breath.

"You are stunning," I declared, making her cheeks flush. Closing the distance between us, I eagerly kissed her sugary sweet lips. "Come on, gorgeous. Let's get some dinner."