



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 that 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 Edward and I retired to his room to be alone.

We carried mugs of hot chocolate with us as we walked up the stairs together. All the couples were off doing their own things. We already had our gifts for each other up in his room. Edward 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 at me. "Sorry. I'm impatient."

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

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

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

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

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

Smiling excitedly, he went to retrieve the gift. It was a tiny box, and that scared me. Small for the Cullens usually meant that it cost... a lot. I bit my lip to keep from complaining. Edward 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 in the palm of my hand, and I just sort of stared at it for a moment.

"Open it," he whispered as he pushed my hair off my shoulder.

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

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

I sighed heavily, rolling my eyes as 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 that 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 thought about carving it into a tree, but you know, that's bad for the environment. So, I decided it would be easier to have it carved into silver that I love you."

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

"Just what every man wants to hear when he confesses his love for the first time..." He replied, rolling his eyes again.

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.”

He laughed once more, grabbing my hair so that he could pull me back a little. His intense green eyes peered into my own. “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 put his forehead against mine.

Grinning, I looked at my bracelet. “It’s so pretty. Thank you. Now, it’s time for my gift,” I said excitedly, about to hop up to get it. He grabbed my waist firmly, 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 began to kiss me. No. It was more than that. It was extraordinary. The way he tasted, the way he touched me... I couldn’t have been happier.

We didn’t make love that night. Even though we both really, really wanted to. We talked about it seriously. But Edward said that he had something special planned for us. I wasn’t going to argue with him. He would let me know when he was ready. I was his whenever he wanted me. This wasn’t going to be rushed.

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

I hated the dress that 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 that she had gotten 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 that 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 that 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 that it would magically grow longer. But as soon as the doors opened, none of that mattered.

Edward was standing in the lobby, talking to someone else in a tux. He was chatting and laughing, smiling about something. He looked wonderful. I stepped out and began to walk towards him, determined to have my arms around him.

A second later, he saw me walking towards him, and his smile grew. He left whoever was talking to him without even saying another word and began to stride towards 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, his hands going to my waist.

I laughed as he tugged me closer and began to scatter 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 breathily 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 as I said it.

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

"Yeah, you better get pictures. I'm never going to wear this thing again," I scowled as he began to tug me inside the ballroom.

He brought his lips to my ear again. "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. Edward never let go of me the entire night, and I loved it. We were sitting at one of the tables, taking a little break around eleven forty. I was sitting on his lap, my legs crossed so that 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 so, 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-pp..." I simpered.

"Why?" He asked, licking my earlobe.

I opened my eyes to see that 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 an extremely tall, 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 that 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 as we walked out of the room.

We strolled directly past the couple, and I heard the girl huff heavily. Edward didn't even glance her way. I don't think that 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 for some reason.

"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. Edward lowered his lips to mine and kissed me hard.

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

His eyes never left mine as we walked to our room. He pressed 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 that 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 so that I wrapped 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 couldn't think of a better way to start the new year," I mused as I kissed his neck.

"I can," he said softly, touching my hair. "I actually want to talk to you about something."

"Anything," I promised, pulling back 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 put his forehead on 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 that 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 that 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 pressed my lips to his again.

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

He set me carefully to my feet, and gingerly began to kiss my lips and cheeks. I slowly tugged off his jacket, throwing it to the floor. His fingers wound into my hair, stroking it gently. 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 floor in a blue sequined puddle, and I stepped out of it. I turned in his arms so that I could look at him. His lips met mine in a

passionate kiss as his hands went 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, one of his hands molded to my breast. My nipples hardened at his touch, and I took in a deep breath in pleasure. He lowered his lips to my ear and whispered softly. "I will marry you one day. I will make you my wife."

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

"I love you," I sighed as he brought his lips back 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 that he didn't hurt me. Lightly his lips traced my chest, bringing one of my hard nipples into his mouth. He suckled it for a moment, releasing it with a pop of his lips.

I gasped loudly, pressing my hips into his. "I want you. Please," I panted, my head falling back against the pillows as he tormented my other aching nipple. "I want you inside of me."

His eyes were heavy with desire, and his lips glittering with moisture. "Are you sure?"

Nodding my head, I pressed my hips so that his erection brushed against my legs. He quietly moaned.

I tugged his boxers off quickly, 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 at my thighs already. I didn't need any more torture. We had literally two months of foreplay.

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

He grabbed a condom from the nightstand, something that I didn't know that he put there. I was grateful that he had thought to. I massaged him gently while he tore the package with his teeth. Carefully, I took the latex from the foil and rolled it into him. I was almost proud of myself that I did it right the first time without fumbling. He pressed his hips forward a little 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 that 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 eyes were dark and full of passion. I began to pant as my heart pounded. Just looking at him was almost enough.

“I love you,” he whispered softly as he simply gazed at me. I felt him brush against my entrance, and I shifted my hips to feel more of him.

“Please...”

He lowered his mouth to mine and kissed me hard. He grabbed one of my hips, massaging it with the palm of his hand. Our lower bodies moved against each other, his hard-on teasing me. I felt it sweep across my sensitive clit. Crying out, I closed my eyes. I heard the crowd get 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 was not the possible pain that I had 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 inside of me.

I vaguely heard the cheering and music downstairs and the fireworks outside the windows. All I could focus on was the movement of our hips as we pressed together. I was his, and he was mine.

He went slowly at first, but I could tell that 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.

He growled softly, grabbing my knee at the bend and pulling it upwards. My legs spread wider apart for him. Shoving himself deeper, he moved at a steady pace. I gasped loudly, my eyes rolling back into my head.

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 front of my eyes. I dug my nails deep into Edward's shoulders, screaming loudly. "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, though. We had all night and the rest of our lives for more. I needed him to feel pleasure. I pressed 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 told him as sensually as possible. Edward's grip on my thigh tightened, and his eyes squeezed shut. His mouth hung open as he panted, twitching hard 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 told me breathlessly, his voice low.

I giggled softly. "Just wait until I get a little practice," I teased.

Moaning happily, Edward kissed the side of my neck lightly. "It is going to be a wonderful year."

