



Part Three:

The room was almost completely pitch black with the lights off, the only illumination coming from the massive television screen. American Werewolf in London began to play, and I looked over at him with a smirk. “Really?”

“What?” Edward sheepishly questioned. “It’s Halloween.”

I rolled my eyes but didn’t complain anymore. I hadn’t seen it before, only the newer one set in Paris on late-night cable years before. Though, I wasn’t really able to get into the movie because I was getting chilly. Goosebumps crept up my arms, and I began to shiver. I tried to rub them to stay warm.

He, of course, noticed. It felt as if he couldn’t take his eyes off of me all night, and I couldn’t understand why. Without a word, he literally picked me up, rearranging my pillow and foot, and stood. He went to his bed and pulled off the comforter. Carefully, he sat beside me again and wrapped the blanket around both of us.

“Better?”

“Much,” I commented as lightly as possible. I could feel the heat coming from his body, and it was almost too much for me. Edward put his arm across the back of the couch, watching the show again.

Finally relaxing, I got into the film. But for the same reason that I didn't enjoy haunted houses, I didn't like scary movies. Much to my shame, I squeaked loudly at a jump scare and twisted my face against his shoulder. His arms were waiting for me, wrapping me up tightly and letting me hide.

“Shh, it's almost over,” he whispered. His breath brushed along my ear, causing me to shiver in pleasure. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

Pulling back to look at him, I realized, like so many times that night, he was only inches away. I could see his eyes sparkle even in the dim light. His grip tightened for a moment, and then something astounding happened.

He kissed me.

We crashed together with fantastic force. His hands tangled into my hair, holding me to him. I couldn't help but return the favor. I wanted to feel his silky locks running through my fingers. Gently, I tugged on it, making him moan.

His mouth was almost magical as he continued his glorious assault on mine. He was one hundred percent in control of the moment. Cautiously, he twisted us around, so I was lying flat on my back, and he moved on top of me. Our lips never parted as he rested himself between my legs. Dirty thoughts flooded my mind, and I wished we had no clothing on at all. As it was, I could feel every inch of him pressed against my body.

This was not the first kiss I had imagined for myself. It was far better. I expected something clumsy and awkward, but this... was pure bliss. He was careful to be respectful while still making me feel desired as his hands smoothed over my arms and stomach tenderly. Edward's kisses were intense, just like him. I could have never dreamed of anything that perfect.

Lightly, he sucked my tongue into his mouth, massaging it with his own. It wasn't a sensation I was expecting, but the shock that ran through my spine surprised me even more. Without thinking, I reacted and pushed myself closer to him. Of course, I used my bad ankle.

I groaned in protest at the pain. Instantly, he pulled away and laid his forehead on my shoulder, panting. “I'm sorry...” He whispered quickly. “I'm going too fast. It's just that I wanted to do that all night.”

I wanted to explain that he wasn't. That I loved what he was doing, and it was my stupid injury that was causing the trouble. I didn't know where to start, though. "Edward..." I breathlessly whimpered.

Glancing up, he waited for me to say something. He looked like a beaten puppy. As if he was sure I was going to tell him to get lost. I had to make that look go away.

So, I did it the best way I could think of. I tangled my fingers into his beautiful hair and tugged his mouth to mine, meeting it halfway. He moaned loudly against my lips, his grip on my waist tightening.

I wanted to feel him closer to me- to feel his weight on my body. Wrapping my good leg around his hips, I pulled him to me. I groaned when I felt something very stiff rub against the center of my thighs. I had never experienced friction like it before. It was utterly divine. Rocking back and forth a little, I moaned against his mouth with every pass.

His hand slid from my waist to my thigh, spreading his fingers out over my bare flesh as he reached my knee. Grabbing it, he adjusted me rather roughly. My head lolled back with the tantalizing sensation. His lips traveled from my jaw to my neck, where he focused his sweet torture. Our hips moved in time with each other, causing one another to pant and moan. His palm slid up and down the outside of my thigh, massaging it.

"Bella, you taste as good as you smell," he whispered flirtatiously into my ear.

I was about to respond when I heard my name again, but not from Edward's lips.

"Bella! Where are you? Are you okay?" Alice called from somewhere in the house.

He grumbled loudly. Before I could figure out exactly what was happening, he was sitting up, and my feet were back on his lap with the blanket covering us once more. He smiled apologetically, his hand resting on my knee underneath the covers.

"Later," he grinned right before his sister came into the room, not even bothering to knock.

"There you are! What are you doing up here?" She demanded with her hands on her hips.

"She's going to sleep up here tonight. You kick like a mule," he stated in a matter-of-fact tone.

Her face instantly scrunched up at being called out. "Oh..." She mumbled, a little deflated. There was no way to argue because she knew that he was right. She came over to the couch and brought my head up, so it was on her lap. "What're you watching?"

"Where's Jasper?" He sourly questioned with his mouth tight. She didn't notice.

Twisting her fingers into my hair, she playing with it absently as she gazed at the screen. "He went home. He has to get up early in the morning. Before you ask, I don't know where Emmett and Rose are, but I'm positive whatever they're doing, it doesn't involve clothes."

"Too much info," I sighed, looking up at the ceiling.

"Tell me about it," she laughed. "So, what are we watching?" She repeated.

So, I ended up lying on top of two Cullens, not really paying attention to the movie. My world was going in and out, my eyes drooping shut. Between Edward rubbing my knee gingerly and Alice stroking my hair, it surprised me I lasted five minutes.

I dreamed about his mouth on mine again. It was so vivid. Perhaps it was the pain medication Carlisle gave me. I would have to thank him for it later. Somehow, our clothes had gone missing, and we were doing more than kissing... I moaned loudly, feeling pleasure surge through me.

"Bells, are you okay? Does your ankle hurt?" My best friend asked as she woke me with a shake.

Blushing brightly, I hated the fact I made noises in my sleep. At least I hadn't given too much away. I often spoke. "No, I'm fine."

"Ally, I think I should get her to bed," he announced, carefully arranging my feet off of him as he stood.

"Is that a hint to leave?"

"No, it's me telling you directly to," he sarcastically replied. He pointed to the door with a smirk.

"Fine, fine, fine," she muttered, leaning down to kiss my forehead. "I'll be downstairs if you need me. I'll see you in the morning. I'm sorry about your ankle."

"I probably would have done it no matter what," I reasoned. "I had a lot of fun tonight, anyway."

“Well, that’s something. Alright, I’ll see you in the morning,” she repeated. Alice danced to the exit, blowing her brother a kiss. He slammed it shut in her face. He even locked it. Giggling, I leaned my head back on the couch to look at him. He was smiling at me.

I couldn’t believe how fast he could move. One second he was by the door, and the next, he was leaning over the arm of the sofa, kissing me. We were turned in two completely different directions, but that didn’t seem to alter how incredible of a kisser he was. I wound my fingers into his hair once more. When he sucked on my bottom lip, I thought I was going to die of ecstasy. Edward pecked down my chin, nipping at it playfully before he traveled down my neck. It seemed as if he was going to continue his explorations further downward, but he suddenly stopped, resting his forehead against mine.

He closed his eyes. “I’m going to hell,” he muttered to himself.

I laughed. “Why?”

“I’m taking advantage of a stoned girl.”

Laughing again, I shook my head. “Oh, please. I’m not that high. If my ankle weren’t hurt right now, I would be off this couch and trying to get your clothes off just like in my dream.”

“Really?” He questioned with a broad crooked smile, the word drawn out.

I realized what I said too late. Closing my eyes tightly, I blushed. “Okay, maybe a little stoned. I can’t believe I said that. I have no filter.”

“No, no, no. I want to hear about this dream of yours,” he pleaded quietly. When I shook my head at his request, he frowned. I had already said too much. He brought his perfect lips to my ear. “Please?”

“Edward... I’m embarrassed,” I admitted, biting my bottom lip.

“Why?” When I didn’t answer, he came around the couch and scooped me up into his arms. Then he carried me over to his bed and laid me down in the center.

“It’s...” I started but wasn’t sure how to finish.

I couldn’t help but look at his perfect backside as he walked over to the sofa. He retrieved the comforter and placed it at the end of the mattress, then crawled towards me. I knew my mouth was gaping open, so I snapped it close before he came to rest beside me.

“What is it? I promise I won’t make fun of you,” he assured me, holding my chin. His expression had me dazzled, almost too stunned to speak.

"I'm not worried about that. I'm concerned about making a fool out of myself," I corrected him.

"What do I have to do to reassure you?" He inquired as he ran his hand over my cheek and across my jaw. I shrugged my shoulders. And even though he pouted, Edward nodded. "I won't push you, but I really do want to know."

"Thank you," I breathed.

Softly yawning, I was exhausted. It almost felt as if my limbs were detached from my body. He chuckled and leaned down to kiss my temple. "I'll let you rest."

When he stood, I instantly reacted and grabbed his arm. "No, stay."

"I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

"I don't want you to sleep on the couch, and since you won't let me, I can only see one thing we can do. Sleep together." I didn't realize how that sounded until it fell from my lips. He was going to think I was a slut or something. In all honesty, if he asked me to take off all my clothes, they would have been gone in a second. "Besides, it's going to be a cold night. We can keep each other warm," I tried to clarify and only made it that much worse.

I could tell he was trying to bite back a smile. "Bella..." He breathed my name

"Yes?"

"You can stop talking now if you want." Grinning, his eyes were mischievous. He ran his thumb gently over my lips, causing my breathing to hitch.

"Thank you," I muttered again in embarrassment.

"I think that's a good idea, though. You do seem... cold," he remarked, his gaze going over me in an appraising way. It took me a moment to realize what he meant, and I automatically brought my arms across my chest to cover my hard nipples. They had nothing to do with the weather. He chuckled. "Would you like me to get you something warmer to wear?"

"No." I shook my head. "I think once we get under the blanket and get comfortable, I'll be good."

He smiled as he got the comforter, wrapping it tightly around us. Edward snuggled in close to me, his arm draped across my waist. Lightly, he kissed the crook of my neck, taking a deep breath. "Goodnight, Bella."

