



Part Four:

I must have been in a drug-induced state. Or, perhaps, knocked into a coma when I tripped in that haunted house. Because I was having another fabulous dream. I was snuggling in a pair of muscular arms, the owner of which smelled like heaven. I wasn't sure what time it was, but I knew it was too early to be awake. It was still dark outside. I probably hadn't been asleep for too long, a couple of hours at most.

Shifting in Edward's grip, I gazed at his face. He was completely relaxed, his features smooth of any lines in his sleep. Sliding my fingers over his chest, I felt the muscles underneath. He was perfectly sculpted and doubtlessly worked out every day. I was so unworthy of his attention.

Honestly, I don't know what came over me. Suddenly, I wanted him. Maybe I needed to prove he was real and that if I touched him, he wouldn't disappear. Perhaps I needed to know he wanted me too. It was probably just my teenage hormones. I pressed my lips to his neck, kissing and tasting his soft skin. Sucking gently, I spoiled it with attention.

Edward slowly responded, his head falling back as his hands gripped my waist. Softly, he moaned. "Bellllaaa... what are you doing?"

"Kissing you. Is that okay?" I asked, not stopping. He wasn't pushing me away, so I took that as a good sign. I slid one of my hands up the back of his shirt and dragged my nails downwards.

“Yesss...” He gasped as his palms drifted up my ribs.

My lips traveled to his ear to suck on the lobe. I flicked my tongue against it playfully, experimenting with my newfound... talents- if you could call them that. He sure could. His touch strayed over the sides of my breasts, his thumbs brushing against the undersides. Hissing in pleasure, I had never been touched like that before.

I didn't know where the confidence came from, but I decided to enjoy it. “How is this for staying warm?”

“I'm hot, that's for sure,” he groaned. “Not- not that I... oh... I want you to stop, but what- what brought this on?” He stammered out, his stomach muscles jumping as my fingers grazed them.

“I want to make certain you're real.”

“Oh, I'm real and really...” he trailed off, unable to finish as my lips suckled on his neck. “Bella, are you positive you are?”

I giggled. “Of course, I am. Why wouldn't I be?”

“You're gorgeous, and I can't believe I didn't realize you sat beside me last year. I am such an idiot. I can't believe how unobservant I am. If I had known, I would have been crawling behind you, begging for your attention.”

I probably shouldn't have laughed, but it was so ridiculous. I mean, he was Edward Cullen. He turned down girls on a weekly basis when we were in school. I couldn't imagine him wanting me, in any form or fashion, then or now.

“I think you need your eyes checked.”

“You may be right. I should have gotten them checked last year,” he answered before taking control, lowering his mouth to my shoulder. He was so gentle and sweet. “Why didn't I notice you?” He asked again, mostly to himself.

“There isn't much to see.” It didn't bother me because I knew it was the truth.

He scoffed. “Then why did I want to cart you off, caveman style, up to my room the moment I opened the door this afternoon?” He teased against my skin.

“I would have let you,” I laughed, pushing my hands further underneath his maroon University of Washington shirt.

“So...” He gently shoved me onto my back. “If I brought you up here and threw you on the bed...” He crawled on top of me, straddling my waist. “You would have been okay with it?”

Giggling, I nodded my head. “I don’t know why you’d want to. But, oh yes, it would have been more than okay.”

“Um, I have a question...” He trailed off shyly, his eyes unable to meet mine. “Do you really like me?”

I felt like screaming ‘well duh, you idiot!’ but that would have been rude, and I didn’t want him to stop. “Of course. What’s not to like?”

“A lot of things,” he spoke in a sad little voice.

“I can’t think of a single reason not to. But why do you ask?” I pressed as I ran my hands over his spine.

“Well, I was flirting earlier and-”

“You were?!” I shouted a bit too loudly in the darkness. I didn’t mean to interrupt him. It just seemed like my mouth was working without me.

“Apparently not very well,” he muttered sourly.

“I thought you were being your normal charming self,” I elaborated with a brief smile. Edward Cullen was hitting on me. It wasn’t only in my head. I had to keep myself from doing a little dance.

“Ha, I’ve been called a lot of things, but charming isn’t usually one of them,” he remarked with a laugh. He sat up, still straddling my waist. My hands settled on his hips.

“I’ve always thought you were.”

“How could you, though? From what it appears, I was a blind jackass who probably didn’t say three words to you. And you know something? I have never put this much effort into flirting in my life. Honestly, I don’t think I’ve wanted anyone to like me so badly,” he admitted. I could tell he blurted out more than he meant to. It was cute, and I enjoyed knowing I wasn’t the only one who did that.

“You want me to like you?” I questioned with a cheerful grin. Stretching my arms above my head, I let them rest in that position.

“God, yes. When I first saw you, I had to catch my breath. It felt like someone punched me in the face. I was just so blown away.”

I laughed again. “I looked like a snow beast,” I repeated the words I had thought earlier. “And it’s good to know the feeling a person gets when they see me. Punched in the face? I should wear a sign to warn people.”

“You’re a sassy one, aren’t you?” He mused as he ran his hands over my exposed midriff.

“Am not,” I replied stubbornly, making him laugh. “Okay, maybe a bit. So, you really were flirting with me?” I confirmed, still not believing it. Pleased with myself, I wiggled my shoulders.

I could practically see him roll his eyes in the dark. “I did that bad of a job? I almost kissed you like six times before I finally worked up the courage to. I need to work on my skills a little.”

“Oh, so you were going to kiss me! I thought I was going crazy!” I murmured as I placed my hand on my forehead. It felt as if I had a fever, I was so warm.

“Yes, in the car. After the teddy bear. A couple of other times,” he insisted softly.

“I wish you would have.” I brought my hands to his knees on either side of my thighs. I let them drift until I was sliding my palms over his hips again.

“Me, too,” he answered, leaning down with my fingers still on his waist. He lowered his mouth to mine, and sweetly kissed me. “Now I will every chance I get if you let me.”

I touched his cheek, feeling the light stubble there. What was he saying? What did he want? I would take whatever I could get, but I had to know just to keep myself from getting in too deep. Like that was possible. “What’s every chance you get?” I hoped he understood my meaning.

“Weekends, holidays, school breaks.”

“Edward, you live in Seattle now. Do you really want to drive all that way to see me?”

“No, I go to school in Seattle. I live in Forks. I don’t mind. Besides, I would be here anyway. Well, holidays and such,” he explained. I felt a little deflated. He wanted me to be his... I couldn’t think of a pleasant way to word it- booty call... back home. I guess I should have figured.

“If that’s what you want...” The sadness practically dripped from my voice.

“But, sweetheart, there will always be phone calls and emails. And I don’t have class on Fridays, so we’d have the full weekend,” he added quickly, rubbing his thumb across my cheek. “If that’s what you want,” he repeated my words.

“Okay...” I sighed.

“Tell me what’s the matter. You seem so unhappy right now,” he pressed gently as he shifted, so he was lying beside me.

Looking away, I gathered my thoughts. “Well, it’s just that honestly, I don’t have that much experience with guys or sex or dating. Or hooking up. Really, anything,” I awkwardly cleared my throat. “And I really like you- more than I should, and probably more than you’ll ever like me. And I don’t know if-” I was cut off by his lips, which crashed passionately into mine.

“What do you think I want from you?” He asked as he pulled back. I kind of shrugged and shook my head as I glanced away, blushing. “I think you misunderstand me. I don’t want a fuck buddy,” he spoke the words with sarcastic disdain. “I was thinking more along the lines of being my girlfriend. And I don’t think that’s possible.”

“What’s possible?” I inquired obtusely.

“That you like me more.” I laughed at the absurdity of his statement. He had no idea, and I wouldn’t inform him of my severe crush any time soon. He seemed a little confused at first but smiled, leaning his forehead against mine. “Is that a yes? Do you want to be my girl?”

I nodded, causing his grin to brighten considerably. He kissed my nose, lips, cheeks, and chin, letting his mouth linger at every spot. I moaned softly when he pecked at my throat, my hand tangling with his hair.

“That feels good...” I breathed.

He placed his hand on the other side of my neck, his large palm covering it completely. He gently turned my head to the side and lowered his mouth to my skin. Lightly kissing it, Edward’s hot breath flowed over it. I was on fire.

My hands went to his hips, going underneath his shirt. His stomach was perfect. I dragged my nails across it, making him shiver. Smiling at his reaction, I wanted to see if I could do it again. I went further, almost to his pecs. This time I earned a drawn-out moan. Pushing up suddenly, he crossed his arms in front of his chest. It took me a second to figure out what he was doing. He peeled off his shirt and tossed it to the side.

I had an almost irresistible urge to lick him like an ice cream cone. But I wasn't sure how that would go over. I didn't know where to touch, but I knew I wanted to kiss him everywhere. Before he could come back down, I sat up and wrapped my arms around his waist to keep from falling backward. Pressing my face against his chest, I breathed his scent in deeply. I kissed it several times as his arms wrapped around me before he buried his face in my hair.

Finally, I gave in to my urge and licked him once. Much to my surprise, he moaned into my curls as his breathing became heavier. "God, do you know what you're doing to me?"

"Tell me," I demanded, my unusual confidence still hanging around.

"You're making me want to lick you too," he whispered into my ear. A heavy blush spread across my cheeks. No one had ever said anything so sexual to me before. Whimpering, I leaned my body against him for support.

He brought his hand to my chin again, lifting it so I would look at him. He kissed me lightly, seeming a little sad around the edges. "I'm sorry. I'm going too fast again."

Shaking my head, I bit my lip. "If you make me feel uncomfortable, I'll let you know. I promise."

"Will you?" He mused, playing with a strand of my hair. "I don't think I could live with myself if I hurt you."

"You won't," I smiled at his sweetness. I craned my neck so I could touch my lips to his again. He was so tender. He laid me back carefully, still on top.

I had never been kissed that way before. Well, obviously. He was my first. But unlike earlier, it was relaxed, delicate, and slow. There was no need to rush. I had to tell myself to remain calm as my fingers twisted into his perfect bronze locks.

"You are a spectacular kisser," he informed me after he caught his breath. "I can't get enough of you."

I blushed brightly. "You're just saying that."

"Um, no," he smirked. "You turn me on so much."

"I'm not sure how," I breathed.

"What do I have to do to make you understand?" Edward asked with a heavy sigh. I could tell he was swiftly becoming frustrated with my disbelief. "Love, let me show you something..." He trailed off, taking my hand. When he placed it on the front of his pants, I let out

a gasp. He was solid as a rock and bigger than I realized. I felt him when he was rubbing against me earlier, but touching him like this was different. "I'm this way because of you. Because you're gorgeous and sexy, and I instantly wanted you."

"Wow..." I stated in an airy tone. Without my permission, my fingers wrapped around him through the thin fabric. He groaned softly, immediately becoming just a little harder in my hand. He lowered his mouth to my neck and kissed it again, almost like he was trying to keep it busy. I continued to stroke him, getting rougher as his touch became more demanding. I would probably have a hickey in the morning. That was more than fine with me.

His hand slipped between us and brushed over my chest. He squeezed gently, massaging me through my shirt. Right away, my body responded to his touch, and my nipples became stiff.

For some reason, he dragged my hand away from him. I was about to ask what he was doing when he slid down my torso. After nuzzling my breast for a moment, he wrapped his lips around my nipple through the fabric. Moaning, I brought my fingers to the back of his head. His warm mouth soaked the fabric. He pinched, pulled, sucked, and kissed for several fantastic minutes.

"Oh, Edward..." I whined, my back arching slightly. He gently cupped the warmth between my legs through the thin cloth of my shorts. My hips bucked against it, the grip on the back of his neck becoming tighter.

"Tell me what you want," he demanded, his voice husky in a way I had never heard before. It was beyond sexy, and I felt myself become wetter than I already was.

"More," I pleaded, not knowing what he could give me. I would take it all. I just wanted to have him touching me this way. Forever.

He slowly lifted my shirt and lowered his mouth to my exposed breast. But instead of kissing it, he ran the tip of his nose over my nipple before he let his lips leave feather-light kisses around the edges. I could feel the stubble on his chin, scratching me in the most sensual way. Giving it equal attention, he moved to the other as his hand still cupped me. "Is this what you want?" His voice was pure velvet.

I pulled him up so our mouths could meet, my lips moving fiercely against his. Once again, I found his stiffness just waiting for me. I wrapped my fingers around it eagerly. His other hand moved in time with mine, pressing his palm against my soaking need. Pushing my hips forward, I wanted to feel more.

He seemed to understand what I needed. His perfect fingers traveled down the front of my shorts, and he slid one of his fingertips along my wetness. I let out a loud hiss of surprise, jumping a bit.

He pulled away. "Did I hurt you?"

"No," I panted. "But if you stop, I will punch you in the face."

He chuckled at my choice of words, his hand returning to its position. "Just because you made me feel that way doesn't mean I want you to do it."

"Then you better not stop," I simpered, looking at him innocently. The smile that made me attracted to him in the first place made an appearance. He kissed the corners of my mouth as he slid his fingertips across my tender skin once more. I was so sensitive already, and he had just started.

"Is this okay?" He questioned gently as he continued stroking.

"It's wonderful."

When I did it at home alone, it never felt like what he was doing. This was ten times better. His hands were larger and far more firm. I knew what to touch, but he didn't. Yet he still seemed to bring stars into my vision. It was as if he was meant to be doing these things to me.

I had to grab something. Just hold on to anything, or I would lose it too quickly. I didn't want him to stop, ever. I wasn't sure if it would happen again, and I had to draw the moment out. So, I snatched the first thing it found, which was him. Moaning against my breast, he took a deep breath. With my fingers securely wrapped around his erection, I slowly matched his speed. I wondered briefly if the fabric between us was making it better or worse. I couldn't help but think skin on skin would be best.

"Edward?"

"Yes, love?" He inquired in a soft voice, almost airy. His head was resting on my chest, breathing heavily against it as we played with each other. It was more erotic than I could have imagined.

"Take off your pants..." I trailed off. Shooting up, he looked at me for a long moment. "I want to touch you like you're touching me, and it's kind of hard to do with them on," I explained as a heavy blush came over my cheeks.

"You don't have to do that. I just want to make you happy."

“It will if you let me. Please?” I quietly begged. He actually seemed to think about it for a minute. “I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

Laughing, he placed a brief kiss on my stomach. “I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

Huffing, I felt frustrated. I knew what I wanted, and I thought he could tell. I lifted my hips and tugged my shorts and underwear down. He took a sharp breath. I wasn’t sure how to take it, but then his fingers, which were still resting in between my legs, stroked me. They flicked across the sensitive bud there. I moaned softly as my back arched.

“Take off your pants. I want to touch you. Please?” He groaned at the words, his eyes becoming a little glazed over. Lifting one of my hands to his side, I tugged on his sleep pants. He finally gave in, pulling them off. He wasn’t wearing anything underneath. Sucking in a deep breath, I bit my bottom lip.

“What?” He questioned in surprise, coming to sit on his knees beside me.

“I didn’t realize you were going to be so beautiful.”

He laughed. “Stop trying to stroke my ego. You’ve already gotten my pants off.”

I decided to play with him a little. Just the prospect of having him in my hand made me dizzy. It was probably partly the painkillers from earlier, but I didn’t care. I was really enjoying it. I wrapped my fingers around him, unable to circle him completely.

“Who said anything about stroking your ego?”

He moaned louder than I thought possible. Bending forward, he captured my lips in an almost desperate kiss. With his hands on either side of my face, it became even more intense. I could tell the mood had suddenly shifted but in a good way. It wasn’t playfully anymore, but something more.

As he pulled away, he whispered, “Stop.”

He took my hand and brought it to his lips. Kissing my palm, he moved, so he was almost on top of me. I felt his hardness pressing against my stomach, and I wondered how he could fit inside me.

“Does it not feel good?”

“It feels fantastic. But if you keep doing that, I’m going to make a mess on your beautiful chest. And I’m pretty sure you wouldn’t like that.”

Lowering my hand to him again, he continued to hold the other to his cheek. He stared into my eyes, his gaze heated. My fingertips slipped into his hair once more, tugging him to my mouth. Before our lips crashed together, I breathed, "Touch me."