



## Part Six

“What's wrong?” I asked, my eyes wide with worry. It scared me to see him like that. I never wanted to see anyone that distressed. I would do anything to make him smile again like he was just a few minutes before.

Edward shook his head, and without another word, he picked me up in his strong arms. It surprised me. “Don't worry. I just need to talk to you about some things. I didn't want to do this right now, but seeing as it will come up, I'd rather you know from me before you hear it from crude Emmett or big-mouthed Jasper. That moron,” he mumbled under his breath. “I just don't want you to think that I'm keeping anything from you,” he told me finally as he carried me up the stairs. “It's kind of important. I guess, anyway. You might think it is.”

“Nothing can be that bad,” I reassured him, stroking his cheek gently. “Don't worry.”

Edward leaned his face into my hand, smiling. “But some stupid things can control your life for years and apparently make you blind to everything else,” he commented the very last part angrily to himself.

I didn't know how to respond to that, so I stayed silent until we got to his room. He placed me gently on the couch and sat on his knees in front of me. Rubbing my calf gently, he looked down at the carpet. It appeared that he didn't know where to start, nor that he really

wanted to. So I decided to open the line of questioning. I had a few of them floating through my head. I wanted to know why he was suddenly acting so strangely.

“Who's Tanya?”

He laughed mirthlessly, looking up at the ceiling. It caused his neck to strain, the muscles and tendons standing out. “That's a bigger question than you know. I'm not sure that I ever really knew her.”

“Did she hurt you? Because, if she did, I'll-”

Edward leaned forward, twisting his fingers into my hair, and kissed me deeply. He surprised me for the second time in only a few minutes. I kissed him back, my hands on the couch just trying to keep myself from falling over. He was rather intense.

“You're sweet. But you don't have to say that,” he promised as he pulled away.

“I don't want you to be in pain,” I confessed with a slight pout, my eyes gazing into his. They were a deep dark green, several emotions dancing in them. I could see the frustration and sadness. I wanted to clear those feelings away. He was too beautiful for that. Then something else lit up in them. Hope.

“I don't think that I will be anymore.” He blushed a little as he looked down at the carpet again. It was cute to see him shy like that. “I have to tell you that last night was the first evening in a long time that I haven't felt... angry. At everyone and everything. It was so nice.”

“What did she do to you?” I pressed, my eyebrows knitting together at his cryptic answers.

He picked at the invisible fuzz on the carpet. I could tell that he was thinking about what to say to me very carefully. I gave him time. He needed to sort it all out for himself. No matter how much I wanted to rush him, I would give him what he needed. If I pushed, I probably wouldn't get the answers that I wanted.

“Alright, well... You know how we lived in Alaska before we moved here?” Edward began, still picking at the carpet. It looked like it had been vacuumed recently and it was perfect. Yet, he found something interesting and worth fiddling with.

“Yeah. Like five years ago? It makes so much sense that you people don't notice the cold,” I muttered the last part under my breath. It was a trait that I was a little jealous of, honestly.

He smiled slightly at the comment, but sighed, his face changing as he continued. "I was fourteen. I had already been 'dating' Tanya for a year. Well, as much as you can date at thirteen," he grinned again, almost wistfully. "I was pretty well brokenhearted about it, but she convinced me that we could have a long-distance relationship. Our parents were friends, so they did visit. Plus, online and phone calls..."

"How did that work out?" I asked, wanting to give him the questions that he needed to continue. I could tell that he wanted to talk about this with me but didn't know how to do so. He just didn't know where to go. He needed some extra encouragement.

"Good, surprisingly. It got even better, I thought at least, once we got our driver's licenses. The visits increased. Me to her, her to me, or just meeting in the middle. But Tanya always pushed me for more."

"What do you mean, 'pushed' you?"

"To be honest, I'm not normally so comfortable with the physical part of relationships." Yeah, right, I thought automatically. After the night before and the morning, it was hard to believe. But then, he blushed scarlet, and every sarcastic thought that I had left my mind. He was telling me the truth. He was exposing a part of himself to me.

"If you didn't feel comfortable with what we did last night, then we-" I started, but he cut me off quickly.

"No! No," he sighed once more. "I honestly have never been so drawn to someone before, even Tanya. I mean, I was attracted to her, but this just feels different."

I looked away, blushing. "So, what happened with Tanya?" I inquired gently. I knew what he meant about attraction, and it made me pink to think that he felt the same way about me, even remotely.

"Earlier this summer, I asked her to marry me," he whispered.

"Oh," I gasped, startled. "Did she say no?"

"No."

A moment passed. "She said... 'yes'?" I concluded, confused.

"Right off. Well, as I said before, I haven't always been uncomfortable with... that sort of thing. Up until that point, I had put off having sex with her. I always wanted to wait until marriage, which honestly pissed her off. But we were both so young. That was the only thing that we ever really fought about. I just had this stupid image in my head of the white dress and

making love for the first time. We had done pretty much everything else anyway, though. After she accepted, we kissed, of course, and kissed... Then she told me that she wanted us to make love.”

“What did you do?”

“I said no, at first anyway. Then she told me that we were going to be married anyway and a piece of paper didn't matter in the end. We loved each other, or at least I thought we did. So, I just gave in. I mean, I loved her so much. Honestly, I didn't think of anything else. I wanted to make her happy, and I didn't want to fight that night. But I was stupid and blind. Obviously, if I had seen the world around me, I would have seen what I was missing,” he smiled at me, massaging my good foot.

“So, what happened next?”

He tilted his head to the side, considering it. “We had sex. I would have called it making love at the time. Not anymore. Though, honestly, I enjoyed it. After all, I am a man. But I started to realize something was off then.”

“What do you mean?” I pushed as I got wrapped up in his little story.

“I expected her to be uncomfortable or nervous, the first time. I mean, we had been together since we were thirteen! We were both virgins. But she wasn't.” He blushed. It almost seemed like he felt guilty for thinking that way. “And there wasn't any... blood, or anything.”

I flushed myself slightly. “Well, you know there are things that can happen to a girl that would, um...” I stopped, not sure how to go on. “Or she could have done something alone.”

“That's what she said, too. I believed her. I mean, I don't anymore. But at the time, I did. But anyway, we were going to go to UW together. We were going to get an apartment. We made all these plans. Just one more summer, and we'd be together for the rest of our lives. Or so I thought.”

“I guess it didn't work out that way,” I replied a bit sarcastically in a quiet tone.

He chuckled without humor again. “Yeah. You could say that. Well, Tanya worked during the summer, and I did this camp counselor thing, so we didn't have a lot of time together. But every moment that we talked... It was about weddings and our future. I thought everything was fantastic. It was a couple of weeks before school started, and the camp was over, so I decided to visit Tanya, maybe help her pack. I just wanted to surprise her. So I went up there on a Sunday and went straight to her sister's place, where she lived. She never worked on Sundays, so I figured she was home. She didn't answer the door, so I called her phone. No answer, but I

could hear it ring on the other side of the door. I knocked again. No answer again. I started to freak. She took her phone everywhere.”

“This isn’t going to end well,” I whispered to myself. “Please tell me that you found her dead,” I said, already knowing that wasn’t the way it probably happened. This would have started off as a lot sadder story and not about how he got tricked into losing his v-card before he was ready.

He laughed. “No. That crazy bitch is still very much alive.”

“Did you find her with another man then?” I went to the option that I hoped it wasn’t.

“Yeah. I found her on her knees, bare ass naked getting drilled by her... brother-in-law,” he stated quickly in disgust.

“Oh, no!” I yelped in shock. “Poor you! And her sister! How could she do that to both of you?” I demanded. I was furious at this stupid girl that I had never met before, and I hated her for what she did to him. She commanded his heart for a long time, and she stomped on it like it was nothing. And what kind of cheap tramp cheats on her boyfriend with her sister’s husband?

“She was filming it,” he uttered.

“What?” I blurted out in confusion.

“Her sister. She was filming it,” he repeated a bit louder.

“Oh, that’s messed up!” I insisted in revulsion.

“No, messed up is when Tanya asked me to join them while still getting it from behind. Did not even slow down.” His expression was blank, and his eyes hollow.

“Why aren’t you into guys now?” I asked sarcastically. “How do you trust a woman after that?”

He laughed again, laying his head on my knees. “I was wondering that myself. But then I met you. You are the first girl that I’ve noticed in a long time.”

“So, your choices are gay or me? That’s nice,” I stated dryly.

“No! Silly girl! I see you, and I want to kiss you. I want to know every thought in your head. I-” He stopped suddenly looking up at me ruefully. “I want to finish breakfast.”

I flushed wildly, feeling myself tingle at the very thought. But I had to get control of myself. I cleared my throat, looking down at my lap. I couldn't peer into his deep green eyes a second longer without jumping him.

"Why me, though?"

"I... I-I can't explain it. You make me comfortable. Honestly, I'm relaxed around you. I don't relax. I mean... ever. Even I realize that I'm kind of an anal jerkwad at times. But as soon as I was alone with you, I just melted. I don't know any other way to describe it," Edward concluded softly, lifting my chin with his finger.

"I was the complete opposite. I was so nervous," I paused, taking a deep breath before I shook my head. "I had this massive crush on you, and there I was, sitting right next to you. Just trying not to stare too much," I told him honestly.

"What about now?" He asked from under his eyelashes. "Do you still have a crush?"

Leaning forward and capturing his lips, I kissed him firmly. He raised up some, going between my legs. His fingers wound into my hair, tugging me closer. I pulled away slightly. "Yes, and I'm still nervous."

"Could have fooled me," he responded before attacking my mouth again. I moaned, scooting to the edge of the sofa. His hands wrapped around me, pulling me so that every part of me was pressed against him.

"It's just that you make me feel confident when you do that. When you kiss me."

His lips smashed into mine again, his large hand dragging down my back. He gripped my bottom firmly, giving it a little squeeze. I groaned softly into his mouth. Edward took the opportunity to lick my upper lip, sucking it between his gently. I was so into it that when I heard a loud knock, it caught me off guard.

"Hey, guys! Everything alright in there?" Alice questioned loudly from behind the bedroom door.

Edward sighed heavily as he pulled away.

"Yeah, sis. What do you need?"

She poked her head in, looking between us. "Awkwardness all done?"

"I suppose so." He looked up at me, questioningly as if he was checking to make sure it was true.

"It is," I smiled, touching his stubble covered cheek.

"Aw, you guys are so cute!" My best friend giggled.

"Ally..." Edward trailed off in a warning tone.

I could see the anal thing that he was talking about earlier, but I could also tell how much his siblings and friends liked to provoke him.

She clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes dramatically. She set her sights on me again. "Anyway, I was thinking that you should stay here until Monday morning, you know, to have my dad around to keep an eye on your ankle."

"I think that's a good idea, but I don't know if my dad will go for it," I argued with a sigh, leaning back against the couch.

"Um, I already called him and explained what happened. He said yes," Alice explained, trying to act bashful. She was very unsuccessful. She knew that, like with most people, she had Charlie wrapped around her little finger.

"Alice!" Edward exclaimed, looking rather embarrassed. I wasn't sure what for. This was a classic Alice-like behavior, and she did it all the time. "You can't make decisions for people!"

"Do you not want her to stay for the rest of the weekend?" She asked, placing both of her hands on her slender hips as she cocked one of them to the side. She knew exactly where to aim to fluster him completely. It was almost funny to see. She was too good at it. But she did it to everyone.

"Of course, I do! It's just..." He trailed off. "I think- ugh!" He growled in frustration, finally turning his attention back to me. "So, would you like to stay in my room again?" He inquired with a charming smile, trying very hard now to ignore his sister.

I bit my lip, blushing as I nodded my head in response. His smile grew wider. Alice decided that it was time not only to annoy Edward but to make me blush as well.

"Okay, well, just keep the noise down to a minimum. I am in the room underneath you, and I have to get my beauty rest. Oh, and if you're going to be doing any of that, you need to pick up some condoms unless you keep them somewhere other than your nightstand, or sock drawer, or bathroom," Alice called as she danced towards the door. She smiled playfully over her shoulder for a moment to see Edward's reaction. She got exactly what she wanted, I could tell.

His face turned bright red as he glared at her. "What the hell!? Do I need to kill Jasper?" Edward roared, pinching the bridge of his nose with his slender fingertips. I was surprised that he wasn't mad that she was in his room, in his stuff, but rather that one of his best friends was banging her. Not that it was a huge secret or anything. If he didn't know, he was blind. I mean, after witnessing what they did in public the night before, it was easy to guess what they did in private.

"Would you rather us not use protection?"

"Get out of my room!" He demanded, pointing towards the door. She grinned wickedly and pranced out, shutting it behind her. "Oh, my god," he sighed, putting his hand on his forehead before rubbing it hard.

"So, awkwardness not done yet," I giggled.

"I guess not," he groaned, laying his face against my knees again. "I'm sorry," Edward mumbled.

"I'm used to her," I told him honestly with a shrug.

"Doesn't make it right."

He took in a deep breath, blowing it out slowly. I took the lull in our quiet conversation to study his features. He was so beautiful. He ran his fingers through his wild hair before looking up at me slowly, his eyes growing curious.

"Edward..." I breathed, not really sure what I was going to say next.

I grabbed his face in my hands and kissed him forcefully. He moaned into my mouth, his arms going tight against my waist. Our tongues moved against each other while our hands explored each other's chests. Finally, he lifted up and off the floor, pushing me back onto the couch as he laid down on top of me. All the while, he was careful of my foot.

My legs wrapped around his waist automatically, pushing his hips against mine. I could feel him stiff against the center of my jeans. He groaned again softly at the contact, moving against me at a slow and steady rhythm.

Our kissing became more and more aggressive, as did our fondling and grinding. His hand slid under my shirt, and Edward began to massage my breast through my thin bra. I whimpered loudly, pulling my head back so that I could gasp in some much-needed air. Panting, I said, "I never want to push you, but you should pick up some condoms. Just in case."

“Just in case,” he agreed with a small nod and lowered his mouth to my neck. He nipped and sucked gently, teasing me.

There was another loud pounding on the door. Edward growled again against my skin, ticking me in the process. It was hard not to giggle, even though I was annoyed, too.

“What?!”

“Wanna watch a movie?” Emmett asked innocently like he didn't know what was going on in the room. He and Rosalie were the worst of them all. If there were a couple of teenagers behind a closed door, he of all people should have known what was going on. All the Cullens were oblivious.

Edward laid his head against my shoulder, breathing deeply. “If we don't leave this room soon, I'm going to take you right now,” he uttered into my ear.

I whimpered, biting my bottom lip. “So, no movie?”

He chuckled. “Come on. Let's go watch it with them, and afterward, we can go to your house and pick up some more clothes for later.”