



Part Eight:

Thankfully, there was a momentary lull in the rain as he carried me to his brand new silver Volvo. Alice informed me one day with a wrinkled nose that it had been a gift for getting into college on a full scholarship. She couldn't understand how he could pick something so boring. Carefully, he slipped me inside, even buckling my seatbelt for me. Though I think it was just an excuse to kiss me again, not that I minded. Giggling, I curled my fingers into his thick auburn hair as he did.

The ride to my house was quiet, besides me giving some directions here and there. I was surprised to see the cruiser still in the driveway. Biting my lip anxiously, I looked over at my new boyfriend.

"My dad is home," I warned him as he put the car into park. He had to do it in the street.

"Think he'll shoot me?" He teased with a small smile.

I rolled my eyes. "Hopefully not. Come on. Let's get this over with."

He picked me up again, only setting me down to hobble inside on the stoop. I was about to get the door when it popped open, and I nearly ran into my father. He was in his full uniform, his face slightly red. It seemed as if he was in an enormous rush.

“Work tonight?” I asked lamely, not knowing what else to say.

“Yeah,” he muttered, looking up and down at the boy behind me.

“So... Dad, this is Alice’s older brother, Edward. He offered to help me get up the stairs to get some stuff,” I said with the biggest, fakest smile donning my face. I tried to look innocent.

“Oh, that’s nice of him, but I can-”

“You can throw out your back. And don’t you need to get to work?” I jokingly questioned, knowing I was correct on both accounts.

He made a sour face, annoyed at being called out right away. “I could-”

“You were running out the door. We’ll be fine,” I assured him before he could argue anymore. I put my hand on his arm. “Really. I’m just going to get my stuff, and we’re going to go back. It’ll only take a second.”

He sighed a little. Obviously, he felt bad. “Bells, I really don’t mind.”

“Neither do I, Charlie,” I smiled as I said his name warmly. I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “Have a good day for me, okay?”

Sighing again heavily, he gave up. “See you on Monday after work, then?”

“Sure, sure,” I stiffly grinned, not knowing how to end the weird dialogue.

I felt a gentle hand on my back. “I guess your room is up those stairs?” Edward interrupted, trying to break up the awkward conversation between my father and me.

Happily, I seized the opportunity. “Yep!”

Taking a couple of steps forward, he bent his knees a little. “Alright, girlie. Want a piggy-back ride?”

“Um, not if it kills us both,” I replied sarcastically.

He laughed. “Nah. We’ll be fine. You weigh nothing. Hop on.”

I heard Charlie muttering behind us as he walked out the door. I wasn't exactly sure what he said, but it sounded like, 'I could carry girls around on my back when I was a teenager too...'

Literally running us up the stairs, he made me squeal and laugh. I buried my face in his shoulder blades, holding on for dear life. He laughed breathlessly once we reached the top. Spinning me around once, he elicited one more loud giggle before heading into my room. He turned his back to my bed, plopping me down on top of it. I flopped with my arms over my head and watched as he sat on the edge.

Shifting, he twisted his upper body so he could face me. Gently, he pushed my hair out of my eyes, leaning over me. "You are so lovely," he whispered.

When I flushed at his words, he smiled. I couldn't help but give him one in return. He leaned in more, just about to kiss me when I put my fingers on his lips to stop him. He looked confused, his mouth in a pout. I pointed my eyes towards the window. When I finally heard the cruiser fire up, I moved my hand to the back of his neck, pulling him to me.

"He might actually shoot you if he caught you doing this to me," I breathed as I captured his lips.

"I'm pretty sure you're doing this to me," he countered cockily in between kisses.

Pushing him roughly off of me, I made him flop onto the bed. Leaning over and kissing his earlobe, I sucked on it for a moment before tugging it between my teeth. "You're right. But you were the one on top of me."

I hopped up on my good foot, much to his obvious disappointment. "You can be on top," he suggested in a seductive voice.

"Later," I giggled. "I need to get some stuff together first."

He sighed and straightened himself up on my bed, lying flat on it. He put his hands above his head as he stretched his arms, just watching me for a moment. "Do you need any help?"

"No, that's okay. Unless you want to go through my underwear drawer," I teased. I wiggled my backside at him, not even looking.

"You're making it hard to be a gentleman," he told me in a husky voice.

Peering over my shoulder, I batted my eyelashes at him. "I'll be good then."

Honestly, I don't know what came over me. I felt so confident around him. At first, I thought it was the pain medication Carlisle had given me. But it had more than enough time to wear off. It was all me, and I enjoyed it.

Stuffing two pairs of jeans into a bag, I grabbed a warm sweater too. I also put a nicer, for me anyway, nightgown in the backpack. I carried it over to my rocking chair, setting it down so I could grab some panties. When I pulled out a couple of things I was considering, I heard him groan behind me.

"What?"

He licked his lips and glanced away for a moment. "The little blue and green ones," he whispered, covering his eyes with his hand.

"What about them?" I looked over the pieces of fabric. There wasn't anything wrong with them from what I could tell.

"I'd like to see them on you," he clarified as he blushed.

"Oh!" I flushed too before I stuck them into the bag, along with a couple of pairs of white socks. I zipped it closed before hopping to the bed to touch his foot. "Don't be embarrassed."

"I'm not. Not really. I just... god, you're hot," he whimpered the last part. "And the dirty thoughts I have in my head are probably just wrong and-"

"Edward?" I said his name softly, stopping him.

"Yes?"

Innocently, I smiled. "Guess what?"

He looked at me in confusion. "What?"

"We're all alone." I hobbled around the end of the bed towards him.

Pursing his lips for a moment, he nodded. "We are, aren't we?" He smiled ruefully, taking my hand.

"We're going to be alone for a while too..." I trailed off, running my palm over his stomach.

"Mm, is there anything you'd like to do?" He ran his fingertips up my arm.

Nodding, I crawled onto the mattress on my hands and knees, then lowered my lips to his. We made out for a long time, slow and gentle, as his fingers twisted into my hair. Placing my hand on his chest, I felt his heartbeat under it. It was just as fast as mine.

Slowly laying down beside him, we never broke our kiss. He held me in his arms, turning to his side. I brought my leg over his hip, pulling him closer to me.

"I really like you, Bella," he whispered suddenly as he trailed kisses over my neck. "Promise me you'll tell me if I ever make you uncomfortable," he begged once again in worry. "Or if I'm going too fast."

Moving my palm over his back, I ran my fingers across the sliver of exposed skin I found. "Only if you swear to do the same for me."

"I don't think you could," he murmured against my ear, lightly kissing the outer shell.

"So, if I did this..." I started quickly before dipping my hand under the waistband of his pants, squeezing one of his ass cheeks. "You'd be comfortable?"

Laughing, he wiggled his hips. "Do you like my butt or something?"

"I asked my question first," I replied childishly, giving him another squeeze.

He took matters into his own hands. Edward shoved his own into the back of my jeans. They were even under my panties, grabbing me tightly. I squeaked as my hips bucked towards him. He laughed a little. "How do you feel? Uncomfortable?"

"Nope," I said, popping the P.

"Neither am I," he insisted, his lips only an inch away from mine.

"Good to know," I breathed, sliding my hand out of his trousers. Pushing it under his shirt, I felt his muscles under my fingertips. They relaxed beneath my touch. I leaned forward and pressed my mouth gingerly to his, watching his reaction with half-lidded eyes.

His own kept locked on mine for a moment until it deepened. I brought my palm to his cheek, kissing him slowly. His lips were warm and soft and felt like heaven against mine. But I needed more.

I pushed him, so he was lying on his back. Straddling his waist, I was careful of my foot. He watched, almost completely fascinated, it seemed. I lifted my shirt up and tossed it to the side, sitting only in my bra and jeans in front of him.

He took in a deep breath, his hands going to my hips. His fingertips tickled my stomach as he traced his thumb over my belly button. Biting my lip, I knew I was probably red all over. Sliding my fingers over his stomach, I touched it for the briefest moment. Then I moved them behind my back. Popping the hook on my bra, I pushed the fabric off my arms.

Edward's eyes went wide, and I felt him stiffen against my thighs. I took both of his hands and slid them up to my stomach, using them to cover my breasts. My nipples hardened against his palms. Massaging them for a moment, he took in a slow breath.

Suddenly, I was on my back, and he was on top of me, kissing me wildly. I moaned loudly into his mouth, grabbing his face so I could just as fiercely. I felt one of his hands slip in between us and pop the button of my jeans. Moving mine from his cheeks to my waist, I wiggled my hips as I tried to pull them off.

Kicking them off a little too hard, I hissed in pain. He pulled back sharply. "Oh! Your ankle! I'm so sorry," he sputtered, looking embarrassed we had lost control again.

"It's fine," I swore, panting.

He hopped off the bed. "I should get you some ice or something. Since we're going to be here a while." With that, he was gone.

"Dammit," I muttered to myself. I felt mortified for pushing him too far already. Leaning over the edge of the mattress, I picked up my bra. Looking at the tattered old thing, I decided to go ahead and change my underwear and clothes since I was here. I stood and limped over to my dresser. Rummaging through it, I pulled out a pair of gray panties with a matching bra. I set them on top so I could shimmy out of my now soaking wet underwear.

"Oh god," I heard Edward groan. I spun, my arms automatically going to cover myself. His eyes were wide, and his mouth was hanging open.

"I'm sorry. I was just getting changed. I didn't mean to-" Blushing, I quickly grabbed my undergarments. "I should have gone into the bathroom to do this. I didn't think-"

Rushing over to me, he surprised me as he tossed the bag of ice on the bed. His arms went around me tightly, pressing my naked body close to him, then kissed me. I moaned loudly again, loving how his chilly hands were roaming my back. His sizzling mouth went to my neck, licking and sucking it ferociously. His warm breath sent shivers down my spine. I leaned my head back, pushing my hips closer to him.

"Oh, Edward!"

He picked me up and set me on the dresser, so my legs were dangling over the edge. His face was just level with my breasts. "Are you okay?" He panted, mere inches away from my aching chest. When his breath hit my nipples, I thought I was going to lose it. All I wanted to do was pull his mouth to them.

Tugging him towards me, my fingers curled into his hair. "Yes... please..." I pleaded, spreading my thighs so he could stand between them.

He hungrily attacked me, kissing, licking, and sucking on my breasts. He brought one of my tender nipples into his lips, rolling his soft tongue against it. Crying out, I wrapped my arms around his head to keep him in place. He sucked as much as he could into his mouth, palming the other.

Switching sides, he gave the other the same treatment. But instead of massaging, his right hand trailed down my stomach and between my legs. Groaning, I arched up towards it as he palmed the wet skin there. He grunted loudly, tugging my nipple between his teeth. When I didn't protest, he continued.

Edward drew his face away, resting it on my chest to catch his breath as his hand continued to explore me. His fingertips dipped into my wetness, and I nearly cried because of how amazing it felt. It was even better than the night before. Maybe it was because I knew it wouldn't end anytime soon. Or that he wanted me as badly as I wanted him. Perhaps, it was just the fact I wasn't stoned anymore.

His long thin fingers plunged into me, his thumb brushing against my sensitive flesh. Our moans matched, and I heard him whisper against my skin. "So soft..."

Tugging on his hair, I made him look up at me. His beautiful green eyes were practically shimmering with excitement. Gentle breaths were flowing from his full lips, and his cheeks were pink. I leaned down and kissed him soundly, grinding my hips against his palm.

I was getting so close. The combination of his fingers and mouth was driving me crazy. Pulling back, I sucked in some much-needed air. "There... right there..."

"Look at me. Please. I want to see your beautiful eyes," he breathed, going faster inside of me.

When I met his gaze, I felt myself tighten a little around him. My mouth opened in a strangled cry. His skin was flushed like mine, his lips parted as he watched me. He had an expression of pure desire on his face. I couldn't take it anymore. Throwing my head back, my hips slamming into his palm as I felt my body tremble.

Every hair rose as the electricity flowed through me. It was so much better than the night before. I could feel the cool breeze against my breasts, teasing my nipples further. Every inch of him that touched me lit me on fire.

As he leaned forward, he rolled his tongue over my neck. Moaning loudly, I jerked into his hand once more. I put both of mine flat on the dresser, just trying not to fall off.

He pecked a trail down my stomach, lightly kissing my belly button before making his way back up. His fingers went to my hips, squeezing them gently. I was nothing but a pile of goo at that point.

His arm slid around my waist to pull me down, but not to the floor. My legs wrapped around him, as did my arms. I buried my face in his neck, spreading little kisses all over it.

“That feels amazing,” he whimpered.

“Let me show you how incredible you made me feel,” I purred against his throat, the vein thrumming against my lips.

He shook his head as he set me down in the center of the mattress. “No, not yet. I’m not done with you.”

“Edward,” I complained a little with a soft sigh.

He went to the end of the bed and picked up the bag of ice. “Besides, we need to put this on your foot, anyway.”

“Cold and naked. What fun,” I teased dryly.

“It can be...” He trailed off, looking at me through his eyelashes. Popping open the pouch, he pulled out one of the half-moons. He zipped it back and gingerly laid it on my wrapped ankle. I bit my lip as I watched him, curious about what he was about to do.

He put the cube in his mouth, then tugged off his shirt, throwing it on the rocker for later. He spread my legs open and crawled between them on his hands and knees. He lowered his lips to my right ankle, and I felt the sting of the cold against my hot skin. All the while, on the other side, his fingers made the same patterns.

He crept up my leg, swirling the ice as he went. Shivering, I spread my thighs further. Once he reached my knee, he moved to the inside. Just when he was going to get to the hottest part of me, he slid it up and over my hip, drawing a little circle over my pelvic bone.

I didn't know what to do with my hands, but I didn't know what to do with myself, period. Once the sliver danced across my belly button, I had to do something, though. My fingers tangled with my own hair, pulling it at the roots as my toes curled.

He drew a straight line from my abdomen to the center of my chest. I thought he was going to ignore my breasts just as he did the apex of my thighs, but he surprised me. Edward moved over to the right one, tracing the full outside before working his way to the very tip. I hissed at the slight ice burn against my nipple, my back arching upwards. I almost cried in complaint when he pulled away, but he promptly went to the other.

Finally, he worked up to my neck, where he flicked it over my ear. It was barely there now, all but melted. I heard him slurp it into his mouth, quickly chewing the last bit before sucking my earlobe between his cool lips. But only for a moment before he kissed his way down my chest again lightly. He cupped one of my breasts in his warm hand, rolling his thumb over the still cold flesh. With no hesitation, he sucked my nipple into his mouth. He worked it with his tongue, lips, and teeth, making me squirm and moan while he reheated my aching skin.

"How do you feel?" He asked when he pulled away. His icy breath spread over me, causing goosebumps to form.

Instead of answering, I grabbed his face and forced my lips onto his. They were slightly harder still from the freezing cold, but I quickly warmed them with my own. My fingers moved to his hair, tugging it gently. He moaned into my mouth, one of his palms going to my hip.

"You're a tease, you know that?"

He grinned charmingly. "I'd only be teasing if I intended to stop. And I don't."