



Part Eight

There was a short lull in the rain thankfully as he carried me to his brand new silver Volvo. It had been a gift for getting into college on a full scholarship, Alice had informed me with a wrinkled nose. 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 in the least. Giggling, I curled my fingers into his thick auburn hair.

The ride over to my house was quiet, besides me giving him 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 Edward as he put the car into park. He had to in the street.

"Think that 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 looked like he was in a huge rush.

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

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

“So... Dad, this is Alice's older brother, Edward. He offered to help me get some stuff and help me up the stairs.” 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 that I was right on both accounts.

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

“Dad, you were just running out the door. We'll be fine,” I assured him before he could argue anymore with me. 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 just 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 at work for me, okay?”

He sighed again heavily, easily giving up. “See you on Monday after work, then?”

“Sure, sure,” I grinned again, 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. I took the opportunity happily.

“Yep!”

He took a step forward in front of me and bent his knees a little. “Alright, girlie. Wanna 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 too when I was a teenager...'

Literally running us up the stairs, Edward made me squeal and laugh. I buried my face in his shoulder blades, holding on for dear life. He laughed loudly, a little breathlessly, once we reached the top. Spinning me around once, he elicited one more loud giggle from me 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.

He turned, twisting his upper body so that he could face me. Gently he pushed my hair out of my face, leaning over me. "You are so lovely," he whispered.

I flushed, which made him smile brightly. I couldn't help but give him one in return. He leaned in a bit more, just about to kiss me when I put my fingers on his lips to stop him. He looked a little 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 towards 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 that you're doing this to me," he answered me cockily in between kisses.

I pushed him roughly off of me, making him flop back 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 one 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, laying out 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?" He offered sincerely.

"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.

Looking 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 that it was the pain medication that Carlisle had given me. But it had more than enough time to wear off. It was all me, and I enjoyed it.

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

“What?”

He licked his lips and looked away from me for a moment. “The little blue and green ones,” he whispered, covering his eyes with his hand.

“What about them?” I asked, looking over the pieces of fabric. There wasn’t anything wrong with them from what I could tell.

“I would like to see them on you,” Edward clarified as he blushed.

“Oh,” I flushed myself before I stuck them into the bag along with a couple of pairs of white socks. I zipped it closed before hopping over to the bed. “Don’t be embarrassed,” I told him, touching his foot.

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

“Edward?” I said his name softly, stopping him.

“Yes?”

“Guess what?” I smiled innocently.

He looked at me in confusion. “What?”

“We’re all alone,” I informed him, hobbling 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 hand over his stomach.

“Mm, is there anything that you’d like to do?” He questioned, running his fingers up my arm.

I nodded my head and crawled onto the mattress on my hands and knees. I made the short trip to Edward and lowered my lips to his. We made out for a long time, slow and gentle as his fingers twisted into my hair. I placed my hand on his chest, feeling his heartbeat under my palm. 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 in the process.

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

I moved my hand over his back, running my fingers across the sliver of exposed skin that I found. “Only if you promise to do the same for me.”

“I don’t think that you could,” he whispered 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 jeans, squeezing one of his ass cheeks. “You’d be comfortable?”

He laughed, wiggling his hips. “Do you like my butt or something?”

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

He decided to take 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, bucking my hips towards his. 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 or so away from mine.

“Good to know,” I breathed, sliding my hand up and 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 lips lightly to his, watching his reaction with half-lidded eyes.

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

I pushed him so that 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. I bit my lip, knowing that 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. He massaged them for a moment, taking in a slow breath.

All of a sudden, I was on my back. He was on top of me and kissing me wildly. I moaned loudly into his mouth, grabbing his face with both of my hands so that I could just as fiercely. I felt one of his slipped in between us and popped the button of my jeans. Moving my hands 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 muttered, looking completely embarrassed that we had lost control again.

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

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

"Dammit," I muttered to myself. I felt embarrassed and a little sad for pushing him too far already. Leaning over the edge of the bed, 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, I pulled out a pair of gray panties with a matching bra. I set them on top of it so that I could shimmy out of my now soaking wet panties.

"Oh god," I heard Edward groan. I turned sharply, 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 make you uncomfortable." Blushing, I quickly grabbed my panties. "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. He pressed my naked body close to him, kissing me. I moaned loudly again, loving how his cold hands were roaming my back. His sizzling mouth went to my neck, licking and sucking it wildly. His warm breath was sending shivers down my spine. I leaned my head back, pressing my hips closer to him.

“Oh, Edward!”

He picked me up and set me on the dresser so that my legs dangling over the edge. His face was just level with my breasts. “Are you okay?” He panted, his face merely inches away from my ache 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 that he could stand between them.

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

He switched sides, giving the other the same treatment. But instead of massaging it, his right hand trailed down my stomach and between my legs. I cried out, arching up towards his hand as he palmed the wet skin there. He groaned loudly, tugging my nipple between his teeth. When I didn't protest, he continued to massage.

Edward drew his face away, resting it on my chest to catch his breath as his hand continued to explore me. His fingers dipped into my wetness, and I nearly cried over how amazing it felt. It was even better than the night before. Maybe it was because I knew that it wasn't going to end anytime soon. Or that he wanted me as badly as I wanted him. Perhaps it was just the fact that 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. Soft breaths were flowing from his full lips, and his lovely 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 lips 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, his fingers going faster and faster inside of me.

I looked down into his eyes and felt myself tighten a little around him. My mouth opened in a strangled cry. His skin was flushed, like mine, his lips parted as well as he watched me. He had a look 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 on my body 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 his body that touched mine lit me on fire.

As he leaned forward, he rolled his tongue over my neck. I cried out loudly, jerking into his hand once more. I put both of mine on 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 arms 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 Ziploc bag, he pulled out one of the half-moons of ice. He zipped it back and very gingerly placed it on my wrapped foot. I bit my lip as I watched him, curious about what he was about to do.

Edward placed 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 mouth to my right ankle, and I felt the sting of the cold ice against my hot skin. All the while, on the other side, his fingers made the same patterns as the ice.

He crept up my leg, swirling the ice as he went. I shivered, spreading 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 the ice 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 of ice danced across my belly button, I had to do something, though. My fingers tangled with my own hair, pulling it slightly at the roots as my toes curled.

He drew a straight line from my belly button to the center of my chest. I thought that he was going to ignore my breasts just as he did the apex of my thighs, but he surprised me. Edward moved over 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 out in complaint when he pulled away, but he quickly went to the other.

Finally, he worked up to my neck, where he flicked it over my ear. It was barely there now, the ice all but melted. I heard him slurp it into his mouth, quickly chewing away the last bit before sucking my earlobe between his painfully cold lips, but only for a moment. 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. Without any hesitation, he sucked my nipple into his cool 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 as he pulled away, his cold breath spread over my flesh, 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 entirely with my own. My fingers moved to his hair, tugging it gently. He moaned into my mouth, one of his soft palms going to my hip.

"You are a tease, you know that?" I questioned, stroking his face.

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