



Part Nine:

“Edward,” I sighed, my voice airy even to me. “I don’t want to rush you or make you do anything you don’t want to do. But I love this so much.”

“Trust me. Everything we’ve been doing, I’ve wanted to,” he smiled as he lightly kissed my collarbone.

“It’s just... I mean, are you ready for all of this after... that?”

Sighing, he laid his head on my stomach as he peered up at me. “No. I’m not ready to have sex, even if I really... really... really want to. We don’t have everything we need for that, anyway. But even if we did, I’d want it to be special- for both of us. The next time I do something like that, I want to make sure it’s making love and not just mindlessly screwing.”

Smiling, I played with his hair. “It wouldn’t only be that for me, no matter when we did it.”

“I know,” he grinned, leaning his face down so he could kiss my stomach lightly. “But we should get to know each other better. I want you to know, with all your heart, you’re not a rebound or-”

I shook my head. "It never even crossed my mind."

"Really? That's why I freaked out about Jasper. I didn't want to tell you about her yet. I didn't want you to think I was just messed up and needed someone to get over her with," he explained in a quick rush. His skin was light pink.

"Well... Am I?" I asked, running my fingers through his silky locks.

"No! No. Not at all," he answered hastily, taking my hip in his hand. "I would never do that to you or to anyone. But it's just-" Pausing, he shook his head. "No. Nevermind. You'll think I'm cheesy."

Giggling, I tugged the ends of his hair to get him to look at me. "No. Tell me."

His cheeks went from pink to bright red, and he buried his face in my stomach. I could feel him trying to suck in a deep breath, the air flowing over my skin. "I can see myself with you..."

"What do you mean?"

Finally looking up, he rested his chin on my sternum. "I can see myself with you for the rest of my life. I can tell already that-" He pushed his nose into my belly once more.

"Don't be embarrassed! You're so sweet. Please look at me," I begged gently. "Edward!"

"But I don't mean to be. I'm not a sweet person. You should understand that right now."

"With me you are," I smiled, trying to reassure him.

Shaking his head again, he laid his cheek against my bare skin. "I can tell I'm already falling for you. Bella, I want you. And I don't mean just lust. I want to have you around me. When I thought about how I won't see you for an entire week earlier... It made my chest hurt."

"I feel the same way," I whispered softly as I traced my fingers over his jaw and to his earlobe. Sighing, he pressed his face into my stomach for a moment. He almost reminded me of a big cat, cuddling up with me as he was. This wasn't the direction I expected to go when he started this, but I didn't mind.

"Did we really just meet?" Edward inquired with a small joking laugh.

Snickering, I poked the top of his head. "Actually, no."

He sighed heavily. "Man, I am a fucking idiot. I wonder what would have changed if we got to know each other last year or over the summer."

"You're a loyal person. You wouldn't have done anything to harm your relationship with her."

"But how long did I miss out on a friend? On someone who would have made my life better? I wasn't loyal. I was blindly following," he growled the final word. "Tanya couldn't even handle me making friends with another girl, so I didn't. But she told me exactly what I wanted to hear, and I wasted so much time."

Pulling his face up so he could look at me, I motioned for him to come closer. He did so with a curious glint in his green eyes. He crawled upwards, hovering over me. I leaned up and lightly kissed his lips, letting them linger on his soft skin for a long moment. "I'm yours now. That's all that matters."

"But-

Pushing up, I kissed him more firmly this time. "Do you think I would lie underneath you, naked, if I thought I was nothing more than a rebound? I'm smarter than that."

"I know you are. I just-

"Shut up," I asserted forcefully, surprising him. Grabbing the back of his head, I kissed him as hard as I could. He groaned loudly as he returned it. His coarse jeans rubbed against the inside of my thighs, his bare chest pressed against mine.

I undid his trousers, working the zipper down the best I could while still kissing him. That was easier said than done. His warm tongue slipped into my mouth just as my fingers slid down his boxers. When I gripped him tightly, his hips flex forward.

"That feels unbelievable..." Edward moaned between kisses as I continued. I wasn't entirely sure what I was doing, but he seemed to like it. His hips rolled in time with my hand while one of his went to my breast, gripping it. Arching my chest into his palm, I moved faster.

"If you keep doing that, I'm going to make a mess," he whispered as he pecked down my neck.

"I don't care. Make one. I want you to," I muttered, moving faster. He hadn't finished the night before, only taking care of me. Throwing his head back, Edward's hips lunged forward as I spoke.

"How would we explain that?" He mumbled, his forehead falling against my shoulder.

“Maybe you should take off your pants then.”

“Mm, good idea,” he murmured rather dumbly, panting.

Edward wiggled his jeans down his slender hips. I didn't even bother stopping. Truthfully, I was a little disappointed when he left his boxers on. I wanted him to be just as naked as I was. But I wasn't frustrated enough to stop.

He pressed his lips firmly against mine for a moment before slowly licking the bottom one. “Bella, can I taste you?” He asked in a seductive purr against my cheek. I could feel his eyelashes against my temple.

“I want to make you feel good. It doesn't seem fair,” I whined. I was having too much fun to want to stop. His reactions were sexy and made me feel like I was powerful. I wanted more.

Pulling away from my grip, he slid down my stomach. “It'll make me feel good. Besides, I never got to finish earlier. I wanted to hear you moan with my head between your thighs.”

With that, he dipped in between my legs and covered my wet skin with kisses. He forced them further apart, snuggling in between them to get more comfortable. He was so gentle at first like he was savoring me. It was almost hard to take. But his movements increased until finally, his tongue was drawing frantic circles around my clit.

My hands searched for something to grab hold of. But no matter what I found... the sheets, my hair, the headboard... it wasn't enough. “I need to touch you! Please!”

Instead of pulling away like I thought he would, he shifted around with his face still buried between my legs. He positioned himself so he was on his knees to the side. My hand quickly found his erection, dragging his boxers down his thighs to do so.

This change in position was terrific for me. His tongue found more places to touch as he dipped inside of me while his other hand played with my nipple until it was so hard it almost hurt. He brought his free arm underneath my thigh and slipped his fingers into me.

My stomach coiled and twisted as my world exploded. I was on fire, burning from the inside out. Edward continued, giving me relief and torturing me all at the same time. I felt him jerk in my hand, reminding me I was still holding on to his erection.

He waited until the very last tremor ended before pulling away, raising to his knees. He had this completely satisfied and proud look on his face and a lazy smile on his glistening lips. I was panting, my heart still pounding a million miles an hour.

Before I even realized what I was doing, I launched myself onto my knees and knocked the ice bag to the floor. Not that I cared. Grabbing his face, I kissed him wildly on the cheeks, chin, jaw, and anywhere else that I could. I had to touch him. I had to thank him for how fantastic he was making me feel.

His chest rumbled against mine with soft laughter as I buried my face in his neck. "I take it you liked that?"

"Ah-huh," I mumbled, kissing down his throat.

"I'm glad. Though, I think with more practice, I can improve..." He trailed off playfully, but I hardly noticed. I was pecking my way down his torso, sinking lower and lower.

"You're perfect," I babbled as I licked his belly button.

Kissing the V of his delicious hips, he gasped loudly as his head lolled back. "Love, what are you doing?"

"Returning the favor," I told him as I wrapped my mouth around him for the first time.

I lowered myself onto my stomach, my knees bent with my ankles crossed in the air. I grabbed the back of his thighs with both of my hands and took as much of him as I could. There was not a moment of hesitation or fear. I wanted him, and I knew this was what I needed to do to give him the same pleasure he gave me. I didn't want to hold back for even a second.

"Y-you do-don't ha-have to do that," Edward stuttered out, his eyes closed tightly.

Pulling back, I peeked up at him with wide innocent eyes. I pouted a little, knowing I was playing it up, and he would probably like my sultry words. At least, I hoped so. "If you want me to stop, I will, but you taste really good too."

"Oh god," he groaned as he looked down at me, and I knew I had won.

Moving my lips around him again, I teased and flick him with my tongue. I tried to see how much of him I could take into my mouth and was disappointed when it wasn't all of him. I wrapped one of my hands around what I couldn't before sucking the rest until he hit the back of my throat.

"Uh," he whimpered. I felt his thighs trembling under my touch from the strain of it. I knew for sure I was doing it right. But he was so tense.

"Don't hold back," I begged, flicking my tongue against the tip. "Just relax. I want you to feel nice, too."

“Bella,” he moaned my name as his hips pushed towards my mouth eagerly.

With my fingers firmly wrapped around him, I let him move in and out as he wanted, merely concentrating on sucking and licking. My free hand continued to rest on the back of his thigh, squeezing and massaging it.

He seemed to get slightly harder, the muscles in his legs tightening to new heights. One of his hands went into my hair, trying to pull me back gently. I knew he was attempting to warn me about what was about to happen, but I didn’t care. I wanted it. I wanted him.

His hips jerked forward one last time, and I sucked with all my might. Edward cried out, both of his hands going to my locks now, but instead of trying to tug me away, he was holding me in place as he spilled down my throat.

Pulling away when he was utterly spent, I understood why he had that smile earlier. I loved making him feel that way. I rolled onto my back, my head resting on the mattress. Smiling up at him playfully, I almost felt like the cat who ate the canary. I wanted to do it again, and then I wanted to try everything else with him.

He slumped back, sitting on his feet. “That was... Oh, my god. You are extraordinary. I’ve never felt like that before,” he moaned as he ran his fingers through his hair. They gripped the back of his neck as he caught his breath.

Shifting to the side, I laid my head on his lap and pressed kisses to his bare thigh. His boxers were still around his knees. “I did okay then?” I questioned worriedly.

He laughed as he stroked my hair. “You’re joking, right?”

Biting my lip, I shrugged as I scrunched up my nose. “I’ve never done that before. I want to make sure you liked it.”

“I can’t imagine what you’re going to be like when you have a little practice. That was incredible,” he grinned, his skin flushed a lovely dewy pink.

There was a question I wanted to ask, and I couldn’t stop myself. “Have you done that before? With...” I trailed off, not really wanting to say her name.

He gave a quick nod, looking away in embarrassment. “Yeah, but she didn’t do it too often. And I could tell she really didn’t want to. It was almost as if she was bored. Like she wanted to get it over with. It was never like... that. Damn.”

“How could she be bored doing that?” I pondered in disbelief before grinning impishly. “I loved it so much. I want to do it again, as a matter of fact,” I declared, looking up at him while trying to figure out why she wouldn’t enjoy seeing him like this. The pleasure on his face was sexy as hell. The way he tasted and smelled was worth it alone, but that look when he came? Oh. It was beyond erotic. I felt my thighs dampen at the thought.

“Most women, from what I understand, don’t enjoy that particular activity.”

“Why?” I asked in confusion. “It’s so much fun.”

Edward pursed his lips, looking away from me for a moment. He raised his eyebrows. “You know something? I think maybe one day, you’re going to kill me with that pretty mouth of yours if you genuinely think that way.”

I laughed. “Why do you say that?”

“Well, if you really enjoy it...” He trailed off. “And you’re going to only improve from here, I have no doubt of that. One day all the blood is going to flow straight from my brain to my... well, you know, and I’m going to have a stroke or something,” he joked, playing with a strand of my hair between his fingers.

“I’ll try not to improve too much.”

Chuckling, he traced my hairline. “We’re all sweaty,” Edward commented, changing the subject.

I bit my lip, blushing as a new thought popped into my head. “We could take a shower. I mean, I know I need to. But I’m not entirely sure it’s a good idea with my foot to do it by myself. I’m pretty unbalanced as it is.”

His grin curved to one side. “You know you don’t have to talk me into it, right?”