



## Part Nine:

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

“Trust me. Everything that 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 that we need for that anyway. But even if we did, I’d want it to be special- for both of us. The next time that I do something like that, I want to make sure that it’s making love and not just mindlessly screwing.”

I played with his hair, smiling sweetly at him. “It wouldn’t be just that for me, no matter when we did it.”

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

I shook my head. "Honestly, it never even crossed my mind."

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

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

"No! No. Not at all," he answered very quickly, taking my hip in his hand. "I would never do that to you or to anyone for that matter. But it's just-" He stopped himself, shaking his head. "No. Nevermind. You'll think that I'm cheesy."

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

His skin went from light pink to a 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?"

He finally looked up, resting his chin on my sternum. "I can see myself with you for the rest of my life. I can tell already that-" He buried his face 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 sweet. I'm not a sweet person. You should understand that right now."

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

He shook his head again, laying his cheek against my bare skin. "I can tell that I'm already starting to fall 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'm not going to 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 over his earlobe. He sighed softly, pushing his nose into my stomach for a moment. Edward almost reminded me of a big cat, cuddling up with me as he was. This was not the direction that I expected to go when he started this, but I didn't mind it.

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

"Actually, no," I snickered, poking the top of his head.

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

"You're a loyal person. You wouldn't have done anything that would have harmed your relationship with her."

"But how long did I miss out on a friend? How long did I miss out on someone who would have made my life better? I wasn't loyal, I was blindly following," Edward growled the last word. "She told me exactly what I wanted to hear, and I wasted so much time."

Pulling his face up so that he could look at me, I motioned for him to come closer. He did 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 that I would be lying underneath you, naked, if I thought I was nothing more than a rebound? I'm smarter than that."

"I know that 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 course jeans rubbed against the inside of my thighs, his bare chest pressed against mine.

I undid his trousers, working the zipper the best that 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. Gripping his firmness in my hand, his hips jerked forward as I did.

"That feels unbelievable..." Edward moaned between kisses as I continued. I wasn't entirely sure of what I was doing, but he seemed to like it. His tongue delved deeper into my mouth, his hips moving in time with my hand. One of his went to my breast, gripping it gently. Arching my chest up into his palm, I began to move 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 a mess. I want you to," I muttered, moving faster. He hadn't finished the night before, only taking care of me. Throwing his head back, his hips lunged forward as I spoke.

“How would we explain that?” He mumbled, his head falling forward against my shoulder.

“Maybe you should just take off your pants then.”

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

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 just a little. 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 really wanted to hear you moan with my head between your thighs.”

With that, he dipped in between my legs and began to cover my wet thighs with kisses. He forced them further apart, snuggling in between them to get more comfortable. He was so gentle and slow 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. “Edward, I need to touch you! Please!” I nearly screamed his name.

Instead of pulling away like I thought he would, he shifted around with his face still buried between my legs. He positioned himself so that he was on his knees to the side. My hand quickly found his erection, pulling 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 that it almost hurt. He brought his free arm underneath my thigh and pressed his fingers inside of 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 that I was still holding on to his erection.

He waited until the very last tremor ended before pulling away, raising up to his knees. He had this completely satisfied and proud look on his face, 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 lips, 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 that with more practice, I can improve..." He trailed off playfully, but I hardly noticed. I was kissing my way down his chest, sinking lower and lower on my knees.

"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 up with my ankles crossed in the air. I grabbed the back of his thighs with both of my hands and put as much of him into my mouth. There was not a second 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 dd-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 that I was playing it up and that 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 that I had won.

Moving my lips around him again, I began to tease and flick him with my tongue. I tried to see how much of him I could take into my mouth and was slightly 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 that I was doing it right. But he was so tense.

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

“Bella,” he moaned my name, his hips pushing 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 him. My free hand continued to rest on the back of his thigh, squeezing and massaging it as he came closer and closer.

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 that he was trying 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 hair 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.

Edward slumped back, sitting on his feet. “That was... Oh, my god. You are astonishing. 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.

I shifted a bit, laying my head onto his lap. Turning my face to the side, I pressed kisses to his bare thigh. His boxers were still down 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 a little as I scrunched up my nose. “I've never done that before. I want to make sure that you liked it.”

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

There was a question that 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 that she really didn't want to. It was like she was almost bored. Like she simply wanted to get it over with. It was never like... that. Damn."

"Why would she be bored doing that?" I pondered in disbelief before grinning a little 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 to me. I felt my thighs dampen a little at the thought.

"Most women, from what I understand, don't enjoy that particular activity," he smirked at me.

"Why?" I asked, my eyebrows knitted together. "It's so much fun."

Edward pursed his lips, looking away from me for a moment. He raised his eyebrows a little. "You know something? I think maybe one day, you're going to kill me with that pretty mouth of yours if you really 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," I quipped with a smirk.

Chuckling a bit, he let them trace over my hairline. "We're all sweaty," Edward commented, changing the subject.

I bit my lip, blushing a little as a new thought popped into my head. "We could take a shower. I mean, I know that I need to. But I'm not entirely sure that 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?"