

# Giving in

It was raining outside, unsurprisingly. It was always raining in Forks. It tapped musically on the roof of the small white house. I found it delightful. Bella was pressed against my chest, her back to me, as she read *Jane Eyre* for class. She had undoubtedly read it before, but she enjoyed the story. I was just enjoying playing with her hair as she rested her soft, delicate body against mine.

I traced the seam of her sweater over her arm, then down her stomach to the hem. The fabric was soft to the touch, but her skin was softer. She was breathing slowly, but I could hear her heartbeat picking up. I wondered what part she was reading. Perhaps Jane and her Edward had found themselves in the garden, alone. Absently I began to play with the loops of her jeans, smoothing my finger over them.

*“Edward,”* she breathed my name.

“Yes?” I asked quietly, pressing a kiss to her cheek. “Or, are you talking to the book?” I teased.

She put her paperback down and looked over her shoulder at me. Her pretty pink lips were smirking a little bit. Bella flushed suddenly, shaking her head as she looked away.

“What?” I asked innocently.

“Nothing,” she said quickly with an embarrassed laugh.

“Am I bothering you?”

“No,” Bella said slowly, her cheeks filling with blood as she turned even redder somehow. The scent filled my nose.

“Tell me what is on your mind,” I said softly. She covered her eyes with one of her hands for a second before she lightly licked her lip, pushing her hair away from her forehead a little bit. Bella made a small humming sound because she didn’t want to answer me. “Tell me,” I said more firmly.

She rolled over so that she was facing me and ran one of her hands over my cheek lightly. Bella had such a delicate touch. Carefully she lifted her face and pressed her lips to mine. We held it for several long pleasant minutes, our kiss slow and gentle.

"You know, as distracting as your lips are, I'm not going to forget what I asked you," I teased her when she pulled away. Bella smiled in return, one of her fingers tracing over my lips. I kissed it lightly.

"I was thinking about your fingers," she whispered to me finally.

"What about them?"

"Edward," she flushed as she said my name. Even her nose was pink as she bit into her bottom lip. She kissed me again, her fingers in my hair.

"Tell me," I said against her lips. She was smiling a little bit. We both were. "What were you thinking about my fingers?"

"You were playing with my pants, Edward. You can't be so naive to not know what I was thinking about," she said back, her big innocent brown eyes looking up at me. Bella blinked at me as I slowly took in her words.

Oh.

Oh...

"I'm sorry," I mumbled in embarrassment. If I were a human, I would have blushed.

"Why?" She asked me curiously, a small smile playing at her lips still. "Aren't we engaged?" She asked as she kissed along my chin lightly. "I want you to touch me."

"I shouldn't," I said, closing my eyes as I enjoyed her attention.

"Don't you want to?" She asked me in a little pout.

"Bella..." I trailed off. She began to roll away angrily, but I grabbed her by the hips to hold her in place. "Of course, I do."

"Then touch me," she demanded.

"I am," I whispered before I kissed her softly on her lips. She sighed against them in disappointment. "I can't do *that*."

"Why not?" Bella pouted again. I felt her hands scratch up my chest, digging her nails in purposely.

"I want to be a gentleman, and I don't want to hurt you. Our wedding is only a month or so away and-"

"Yes, our wedding is only a month away, and we haven't done... *anything*. I'm not saying we should go all the way right this second. It would just be nice to know that you want me, maybe at least a little bit."

My mind stuttered for a second as I took what she said in. I wanted her so badly. I wanted every part of her. Even her blood. I wanted her so badly I could easily kill her with my desires.

I pulled her tightly to my body, smashing my lips to hers. She moaned loudly, her fingers going into my hair to hold me to her. Her leg hitched over mine, and I slid my fingers over her thigh until it grazed her ass for just a second. Bella gasped into my mouth, and her hips pressed towards mine.

"Beautiful woman." I kissed down her chin to her ear. "Sexy woman." I kissed down her neck. I laid my cheek against her beating heart. "Of course, I want you. I want you more than is humanly possible."

"Good thing you're a vampire," she said dryly before smiling playfully. "I can't wait until I'm like you so we can be together."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things. That's not a good reason to want to be changed."

"Maybe if you touched me I wouldn't be in such a rush," Bella mumbled. I looked up at her wicked expression. I rubbed my tongue over my teeth as I considered what to say to that.

"And where exactly would you have me touch you? Because I'm touching you now," I said as I kissed her skin just beside the collar of her sweater. "How would you have me touch you, my sweet innocent bride?"

"Use your imagination," Bella replied a bit breathlessly as she closed her eyes.

"Oh, I use it often, but I want to know what you want," I told her, not going to give into her easily. If Bella wanted to be bold, she would have to use the words.

She brought her hand to mine and slowly slid it up her chest. I stopped right below her breast. I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra and I could see her hard nipple through the fabric of her white thin white sweater. She wasn't deterred though, her hand resting on mine as she pressed her soft lips to mine. Slowly she laid back on the mattress, me laying beside her on my side.

"I want my *husband* to touch me here." She touched her breast, squeezing it gently. I sucked in a deep breath of surprise.

"That's mean," I told her plainly, making her giggle a little bit. I laughed once too, looking away. I would have been very red in the face as a human.

"Here." I slid my hand up slowly over hers. She squeezed again under my fingers, her eyes looking straight into mine.

"Yeah. To start with," Bella grinned. "Though right now you're just touching my hand."

"I suppose that's true," I replied. I lifted her hand and brought it up to my lips. Gently I kissed her knuckles. Bella sighed in frustration. Giving in, I rested my hand on top of her breast over the thin fabric of her sweater. Her hard nipple brushed against my palm. "Here," I repeated again. She nodded her head quickly.

Bella brought her hand on top of mine as she lifted up to kiss me again. It was slow and sweet, her breathing getting harder as time passed. I let her mold my fingers how she wanted them around her.

She whined when I pulled away from our kiss, sliding my hand back to her stomach. Bella let out a little frustrated laugh and rubbed her forehead as she closed her eyes.

"That's not helping," she said with a slight sigh and a giggle.

"Did you think it would?" I laughed, brushing her hair out of her eyes and kissing down her nose to her lips. She was looking up at me adoringly, her fingers rubbing through my hair over the back of my neck.

"God! Aren't you horny at all?" She blurted out loudly. Bella's hand flew up to her mouth in embarrassment. We both laughed, looking away from each other.

I sighed and laid my head on her beating heart, listening to it for a moment with my hand still resting just below her breast.

"Of course I am, Isabella," I breathed. "How could I not be?" I lightly kissed the center of her chest, slowly kissing downwards over her shirt. Placing kisses between her breasts and down her stomach, I breathed her in. When I kissed just at the button of her jeans, the smell of her arousal between her legs filled my nose.

I quickly sat back on my knees, taking a deep calming breath.

"You're not helping," she repeated, red-faced and beautiful. She bit her bottom lip and

swallowed as we looked at each other. Bella pleaded with me with her eyes.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do what you want tonight."

Bella pouted prettily, sighing again and looking up at the ceiling. "Dammit."

"Sorry." I rubbed her knee apologetically. "Trust me. I'd love to."

"Then do *it*," Bella complained teasingly, running her own hand over her stomach and over her blue jeans. Her hand dipped below the button and just above the center of her thighs. She was purposely teasing me. I groaned. "What are you complaining about? I'm the one who is going to have to take matters into her own hands."

I groaned again, laughing once as I looked up towards the ceiling. I suppose she had earned the right to mess with me if she wished. Admittedly, I didn't hate it.

"I suppose I can't stop you from doing that," I finally replied back, trying to hide my smirk from her. Bella knew she was getting to me, and she was enjoying it.

"No. I don't suppose you can," she said wickedly, and I saw the idea pop into her mind. Bella brought her fingers back up her stomach to the button and popped it open quickly before pushing her hand down her jeans a few inches. My mouth opened a little bit in surprise, and she mimicked me a bit sarcastically. Slowly she inched her fingers lower, her tongue sticking out a little bit between her teeth as she grinned up at me temptingly.

"Bella," I said softly as I watched her. I knew her fingers had to be just at where the hair between her legs was.

"Edward," she said teasingly. I loved her mischievous expression.

She bit her lip just as her fingers inched even lower, almost *there*. I grabbed her arm before she could go any further. Instead of being deterred, she lifted her hips and met her fingers the rest of the way. We both gasped, her in pleasure and me in surprise, and I let go.

She began to play with herself slowly, our eyes watching one another's. Bella smiled slowly, and I returned it, unable to do anything but take in the sight of my future wife.

"Edward," she moaned my name softly, tilting her head back as she pleased herself. "I want you to touch me."

Slowly I laid down beside her and brought my hand to her stomach again, letting my fingers slide over her shirt. I brought my lips to her jaw and lightly began to kiss her there. She turned her face towards mine and began to kiss wherever her lips could reach. When my hand

wasn't moving fast enough for her, she pushed it up back to her breast. I allowed her to, letting her squeeze just as she wanted me to.

It was, without a doubt, the most sensual thing I had ever witnessed in person. The gorgeous woman who was going to be my wife for all eternity was pleasuring herself in front of me because she was unable to control her urges. I truly didn't want her to control those desires.

I allowed my thumb to graze over her hardened nipple and Bella moaned against my cheek. She tilted her head back, her eyes fluttering shut. I realized she was about to orgasm underneath me, her body flushed, and the scent of her arousal incredibly strong. I kissed the thrumming vein in her neck, the one that could fill my mouth with her delicious blood, and let my thumb move over her nipple again. I swirled the pad over it for a moment. Her heartbeat nearly doubled.

She stiffened underneath me, her face pushed into my neck. Bella's mouth opened, but nothing came out as she reached her climax with her own fingers. I moved my hand away from her breast and up to her neck so that I could pull her into a kiss. Though she had stopped, Bella had not moved her hand from her panties. We kissed for several minutes.

Then I heard Charlie's thoughts below us. It was getting late, and he had been drifting off to sleep while watching ESPN. He decided to come to say goodnight to Bella because he didn't remember me leaving. He was in the slow process of pushing himself off of the couch.

"Your father is about to come to say goodnight. I need to leave," I warned her in a whisper.

"No," she complained, kissing my cheek sleepily.

"Soon. I promise," I whispered softly before kissing her deliciously plush lips once more. "Get some sleep. I love you."

I shoved myself out her bedroom window just as his foot hit the first step. I heard Bella groan as she threw the comforter over her body. Pushing myself against the tree in the wet darkness, I took several deep calming breaths. After I heard her father say his goodnights, I ran back towards my own home.

When I got back to the house, Jasper and Emmett were watching some gory Japanese movie, something both of their wives were not interested in, in the living room. They both took up a couch each, stretched out lazily across them. I wasn't interested in the movie either or their company. I needed a shower and fresh clothes.

"Well, *hello there* sailor," Jasper called loudly from the living room as I tried to just go up to my own room silently. I stopped at the bottom step, turning in the direction of the blaring

television. *Someone was having fun with Bella*, he thought at me very loudly. *Didn't get to finish?*

"Shut your face," I growled at him.

"See, that kind of language is how you can tell he's been hanging out with teenagers," Jasper teased me again, looking over at Emmett and pointing at him with the remote as he spoke. He was finding the whole thing amusing. He could feel my frustration and desire wafting off of me in thick waves.

"Oh, has someone been with Bella?" Emmett joined in, throwing up a dirty image in his head for me to see. It's what he imagined we looked like mid-coitus, and it wasn't flattering to me, to say the least. I looked like the inexperienced teenager I actually was.

"I have to deal with your vile thoughts all the time, and I don't say anything to you," I began to complain, but they were both laughing. There was no point in continuing. It was too easy for them. I was always the butt of their jokes.

"You are like three seconds from humping air," Jasper retorted. Emmett laughed louder. The image came to his mind, his laughter echoing even there. I wanted to rip his head from his shoulders and punt it like a football off a cliff. Jasper snorted at my new anger.

I simply turned on my heels, walking back out of the house. I could hear their laughter until I got into my car, turning it on and turning up the radio loudly to drown them out. Slowly I began to laugh too, resting my forehead against the steering wheel in frustration. Taking in a deep breath through my nose, I closed my eyes.

It was going to be a long month.