



Alternative Universe: Bella's POV. If Edward was even slightly smoother.

It was only two days after the 'hotel incident,' as I was referring to it in my head. Jasper had returned to Albany, and I was missing him already. We didn't get to speak that much, only a few texts here or there.

I got up early because I needed to run some errands. My truck needed an oil change and a new front tire. And I had to go to the dry cleaners and run to the grocery store. I was already dreading the workload.

Dragging my feet getting ready, I showered, blow-dried my hair, and finally got dressed. Tanya had given her goodbyes when we passed each other going to the bathroom. She had an early modeling shoot before working at an event later in the day. It was brief and a little awkward, but that might have been because of me. She was trying. I just felt weird.

When I came out of my bedroom, Edward was leaving Tanya's. He was wearing his forest-green scrubs that matched his eyes, his hair slicked back away from his forehead. My heart sped up when I saw him.

"Bella," he greeted with a small smile. He was blushing a bit. "Or should I say, Marie?"

Laughing awkwardly, I glanced away as I flushed, too. "Um... When I play, it's actually Isabella," I explained before scrunching up my nose. "I'm sorry that I freaked out on you. I was just so worried that you were hurting my friend."

"No." He shook his head quickly. "I get it. I do. I'm happy that you care so much about her. It's nice to know that you would fight for her. I really thought you'd punch me, though," he laughed.

I covered my face with my hands to hide my brightening blush. "Oh, I was."

"Thank you for your restraint," he teased, lightly touching my arm. The contact was electric, even if he was gentle. "I mean, it's something that I'm into, just not when I'm not expecting it."

"I was planning on decking you in the face and knocking your lights right out. I don't think you're into that."

"You could have certainly tried," he smirked as he looked me over as if he was sizing me up for a fight. "I'd like to see your effort."

I tilted my head to the side to look at him. "Do you really want me to punch you?"

Edward ran his tongue over his teeth slowly, his dark eyes focused on my face. "No. I want you to try so that we can wrestle around on the floor before I pin you down and fuck you hard." I gasped. "I'm sorry, I just blurted that out. Jesus." He looked away from me as he flushed himself. "I- I didn't mean to-" he cleared his throat, looking down at his feet. "What the fuck am I doing? Why am I so nervous?"

"Why are you nervous?" I repeated.

He came just a little closer to me. "Because I really want you. Right now. But I'm sure your boyfriend would kill me if I tried."

I opened my mouth slowly, but no sound came out. Swallowing, I stared at his face. I was too much in shock to look away. Finally, I whispered. "He's not my boyfriend, actually."

"Why?"

"What?" I asked in confusion.

He took a step toward me. "Why is that idiot not dating you?"

Laughing, I shook my head. "He's not here enough. He works a lot, and his job is important. I realize that he doesn't have time for me or some outdated romantic ideals that I might have. Jasper is my friend. That's all. We have fun when we're together, but he's made it clear that's all I am."

"Do you want more?"

"Does it matter what I want?"

He put his hand on my cheek, his thumb gently brushing over my temple. "It should, Bella. He's a fool for not-" Edward stopped, shaking his head. "I agree with you. He's not here enough. You deserve more attention and effort than that. I know Tanya worries about you being lonely."

I brought my hand up to his wrist, but he didn't move. His smooth palm pressed against my skin as his fingers curled into my hair. He leaned in a bit, his face so close to mine that I could taste his sweet breath on my tongue. It was minty from just being brushed.

"You shouldn't do that. Tanya-" I began just before his lips pressed to mine.

He tugged me closer with his other hand. My waist was flush with his own as my head tilted back against the force of his mouth. "Shh. It's okay. She knows," he said when he pulled away for just a second before kissing me again more forcefully.

Sliding it down to my ass, he cupped it as he held my body to his for a long, delicious moment. My fingers gripped onto his shirt, just holding on as he ravished my mouth. When he pulled away, he did so with my lip between his teeth.

"I have always thought you had the most perfect lips of any woman that I have ever seen," he declared against them, brushing his thumb along my chin. "Women pay thousands of dollars to have lips like these." He kissed me again, this time more urgently. I moaned softly. "I've wanted to do that for so long."

"Have you?" I whispered in surprise. There was no way he could want me. I couldn't wrap my mind around it.

Pressing his nose to my hair, he breathed me in. "I've wanted you since before I saw you on your knees in that hotel room, Isabella. I can't tell you all the fantasies I've had about you." He kissed my cheek. "I never imagined you might want to do them, too."

"Like?" My mouth asked before I could stop myself.

Edward began to kiss my neck below my ear, his hand holding my throat as he did. His teeth slowly dug into my skin, biting me gently. Whimpering, my fingers automatically went to the back of his head to hold him to me. Then again, deeper.

“Oh, god... Edward...” I called his name, trying to get my mind to function again. His other hand gripped my ass tighter. “We shouldn’t do this.”

“Why not?”

“You have a girlfriend.”

“Who loves to watch me fuck other women,” he interrupted.

I opened my mouth just a little, drawing in a quick breath. “Well, she’s not here right now to watch.”

“Would you enjoy it if she did?” Smirking, his hand moved down my chest to my breast. My nipples were hard, and he lightly brushed his knuckles over my t-shirt. “I know that you like to be watched. Maybe we can show her what she’s been missing.”

Pushing him back gently, I looked into his intense green eyes. “I don’t want to be your side chick.”

“Do I seem to be the kind of man who has a ‘side chick’?”

“Then what would I be?”

He ran his fingers over my aching nipples again, watching his hands as he did. “My submissive.”

“And what if I just don’t want to submit?” I pushed back again. His big hands came to my wrists and brought them above my head on the wall, pressing me against it before he kissed me again. He held them in one hand. “Why would I want to watch you make out with your girlfriend when you’re not in the mood for me?”

Edward dotted kisses from my ear to my lips. “I promise you won’t be lacking for attention.”

“That doesn’t answer my question.”

“You would sit and watch because you’re a good girl who wants to please me. Because you know that I will reward you for following my orders. I’ll give you everything that you need whenever you need it. And sometimes, she’ll be watching us. Or... maybe I can watch you two.”

I shivered as his nose dragged over my jaw. He was hard against my stomach. "She probably wouldn't like that."

"Tanya's a horny slut who likes attention in any way she can get it." I exhaled loudly at his words, making him chuckle. "She loves threesomes. She's been hinting at one with you for years."

I flushed brightly, looking away from him. When I did, his mouth went to the nape of my neck. His teeth dug into it again, making me moan. "I want you right now. Please?" He smirked against my cheek, kissing it. "I know that you want it, too. Let me have you." He cupped my breast, squeezing it roughly. "Tell me to fuck you, Isabella."

"Fuck me," I whispered almost automatically. The words just came out.

"Good girl," he murmured before he kissed me again. Letting my hands go, both of his went to my face to hold me in place. His mouth was powerful and demanding, and I could hardly keep up with him.

He began to back me up into the living room, leading me towards the couch. We stopped in front of it, and he started to remove my belt from my jeans with a smirk. "You enjoy getting spanked. That's your thing, isn't it?"

"Yes," I breathed, swallowing as I watched him run his fingers over the soft brown leather.

"Have you ever thought about what it would be like for me to spank you, Isabella?" He seductively asked. "I have."

My eyes couldn't meet his hot gaze. "Yes. Of course, I have."

"Of course, you have?" He repeated in a softer voice. Edward lifted my chin with the belt. "I knew that I made you nervous. I figured you were just shy."

"I'm not," I admitted. "I felt guilty for being attracted to my roommate's hot boyfriend, who is very much out of my league."

"We're both in a different league because we're not playing the same game as everyone else."

I had no idea what to say.

Edward put the belt down on the coffee table before he lifted my shirt above my head. He tossed it to the floor, smirking to himself as he looked me over slowly. I had never felt so exposed before in my life. "The way your blush covers your skin is lovely. Just from being told the truth. You really are an innocent little thing."

I snorted as I turned my face away. "You were coming to watch me get beaten and fucked. I'm not innocent."

"Innocence is a state of being or mind. You are because you flush at a compliment merely hinting at your beauty. Because your hands are shaking right now." He walked behind me and unhooked my bra before slowly pushing it off of my shoulder. Gently, he pulled my hair away from my neck so that he could nibble on the nape.

"Oh," I whimpered as my arms automatically went up to my breasts to cover them. Chuckling, he ran his tongue up the back of my ear.

"Mm... That's why you're innocent. Put your arms down. I want to see your tits."

He brought his hands to mine and straightened out my arms so that they were at my sides. Pressing his palm to my bare stomach, he pulled me back against him so that his erection ground against my ass.

"Do you feel that?" He asked as his hand moved down to undo the button of my jeans. "Do you feel how hard you make me?" I could only nod my head. "I've been fantasizing about you in that little black skirt for months now. You will wear it for me while over my knee." Edward pushed my pants down my thighs until they were around my ankles. I stepped out of them and my shoes, kicking them to the side.

Walking in front of me again, he looked me up and down slowly as he tilted his head to the side. His lip caught between his teeth for a moment, his expression hungry. Not wearing anything alluring, I was only in my boring white cotton panties. I brought my arms up again to wrap around my stomach but didn't cover my breasts. I didn't feel sexy in my tube socks that were men's because they were more comfortable.

"You are delicious, Isabella." He reached forward and plucked at my nipples roughly. One and then the other. "Get on the couch on your hands and knees."

Trembling, I automatically crawled onto the cushions. My hands shook so violently that the tremors went up to my arms and shoulders. I tried to take several deep, calming breaths, but they weren't doing anything.

He smoothed his palm up and down my spine, coming to stand beside me. "It's okay. I won't hurt you."

“Yes, you will,” I whispered as I closed my eyes.

His hand wound around my hair. “Well. Just a little.” And then he smacked my ass hard enough to make me sway. I moaned loudly in surprise, my mouth hanging open. Then, again and again, each time much harder than the last. I cried out, my fingers curling into the sofa. Again, again, again, again, again. He continued until my ass was stinging, and I fell hard onto my elbows.

“Do you like that?” He stopped, his grip tightening on my hair to the point of pain.

“Yes!” I gasped.

“Can you handle harder?”

“Yes,” I repeated quickly. As soon as I did, he hit me harder than Jasper ever did with even the belt. My eyes got huge. “Fuck!” He struck the other cheek, the power of which shoved my face into the plush microfiber.

Edward marked me with his powerful hands. He was leaving deep bruises, kneading the spots after. Finally, he picked up my belt.

“I love that I can tell how much you like it. Your panties are fucking soaked. Is this how you thought about me spanking your cute ass?” He teased as he dragged it between my legs. I nodded as I closed my eyes and swallowed. I had thought about him taking me in every way that I could.

When the belt cut across my thighs, I yelped. The next made my eyes water. Blood began to rush through my ears as he continued, and I became dizzy. The second it was proving too much, he stopped. I couldn’t move, just trying to catch my breath. His smooth fingers moved over my overly hot skin. The burn was painful.

Pulling my panties down my thighs just enough to expose me, he hummed in pleasure. Shockingly, his long finger pushed into my drenched pussy. He added another after a moment, curling them until he found the right spot inside me. His expert movements were not slow or gentle.

“Fuck, Edward...”

“When you submit to me completely, I’ll take you to my place and do that to you properly. I have a whipping bench that would be just perfect for your pretty ass.” I shuddered at his words, and he chuckled. “Oh, yes. I’m going to tie you to it and spend some time using you for my pleasure.”

His fingers worked faster, and he leaned down to spread kisses all over my stinging skin. They felt too cold, my flesh flaming hot. His other hand began to play with my clit. As soon as I started to cum, he bit down into one of my cheeks. I shrieked in surprise.

I came so hard that it went all over my thighs and down his hands. Instead of stopping, he started to lick and kiss between my legs while roughly massaging me once more. One orgasm turned into another. When he pulled away, his fingers pinched my clit.

“Oh, yes. Drip, Isabella. Make a mess for me.”

When he finally stopped, I heard him quickly getting undressed. My eyes were so blurry that I couldn't see. Pushing my face into the couch, my heart threatened to come out of my chest. Then I felt him crawl behind me on the sofa, his thighs flush against mine.

“Please tell me you have a condom on!” I cried out somewhat coherently.

Edward pressed inside for the first time. I had felt it but had not seen him, and I realized how huge he really was. Whining, I bounced back against him to take as much of him as possible.

“Of course,” he promised, his hands on my hips as he adjusted me in place. “Arch your back.”

I glanced behind me as I did. His hands smoothed down my sides, pulling me tight against him. His movements were savage and fast, his fingers digging into my skin as he pounded into my body.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” I whimpered, cumming around him violently. He spanked me hard, and I lost all grip on my reality. He finished a few moments later, silently.

I fell forward onto my stomach, covering my face with both of my hands. A million things went through my mind at once. Shame washed over me, arousal still throbbing between my thighs. My ass hurt as did my head. Slowly, I rolled over onto my back.

Edward was standing over me, finishing cleaning himself off with his scrub shirt. He walked into the kitchen to throw away the condom, washing his hands before he came back. I couldn't move. He leaned down to press a kiss to my lips, his hand tenderly running through my hair.

He picked up his cell phone wordlessly and pressed a few numbers. “Hi, Kate? It's Dr. Cullen. I'm sorry about the short notice, but I have to cancel my day. I had a personal situation come up that I need to deal with.” He offered me his hand so that I could stand. I looked at it for

a long second before I took it. I was still shaking. "I should be back tomorrow, but I'll give you more warning if I need to change my schedule again. Thanks, sweetheart. No, I'm fine. It's not a bad one. Once you get done with that, take the day off. Yeah. No, that works. Okay. You, too. You're welcome. Have a good day," Edward finished as he pulled me to his naked chest. He leaned down to capture my lips again. "I'm going to spend the rest of the afternoon fucking you on every surface of this apartment."