

**Fanfiction Based On Characters From Stephenie Meyer's Twilight Series
Rated MA for Mature Adult Content.**

Million Dollar Baby

By ClpSuperstar



Summary: When Renee is diagnosed with a terminal illness, Isabella makes the ultimate sacrifice. Selling herself to the highest bidder to do with her as they please may just prove to be more than she bargained for. OOC AH/AU

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Chapter One

The Sacrifices We Make

I...am a sex slave; a person held in servitude as the property of another, completely subservient to a dominating influence. Technically, I suppose "whore" would be a more appropriate term to describe what I am. You see, I have made myself completely available to a man, albeit one man, in exchange for money. This would include, but is not limited to, my loyalty, discretion, and the use of my body in every way, shape and form that suits his needs.

The irony is that I wasn't forced into this life; I chose it. Well, I really didn't have another choice as a better opportunity hadn't presented itself in time, but I chose it all the same. He didn't force me. He didn't seek me out. I hadn't been kidnapped or brutally beaten into submission. I went willingly.

And I did it all to save a life.

My name is Isabella Swan, and this is my story.

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"You're sure you want to do this?" My best friend's overly feminine voice asked me for what seemed like the millionth time since I walked through the doors of the nightclub where he worked.

"No, I'm not sure, Gabe, but I have to. So, stop asking me before you make me change my mind and I go running out of here like the chicken shit we both know I really am," I snapped at him.

He never took my dramatics too personally because he gave just as good as he got.

"And you're really willing to just give up your V-card to a total stranger?" His incessant questioning was really beginning to grate on my last nerve. But, I knew it was just because he loves me and wants to be sure that I've considered everything. We had gone over all the pros and cons with a fine tooth comb and I really don't think we missed anything, but the unknown is what worried me the most.

"In exchange for my mother's life? Seems like a small price to pay," I said as I followed him down the dark corridor that led to the underbelly of the club where he worked. That's where my life changed. It was the point of no return.

My mother, Renee, was terminally ill. From birth she had always had a weak heart and it had progressively gotten worse over the years. She nearly died while giving birth to me, still she bounced back from that and numerous other operations and countless procedures. There was no bouncing back now. Her light was fading entirely too fast.

She was so weak and frail at this stage in her nearly non-existent life that my father, Charlie, had to quit his job to stay home and take care of her. I know what you're thinking, and yes, Hospice would have been a pretty good idea...But, my father couldn't stand the thought of a stranger taking care of his beloved in his place. There just was no convincing him otherwise. So, he took the task upon himself. Of course quitting his job meant that he could no longer carry health insurance. With my mother's illness and my father being out of work, we were forced to live off the meager savings account he had managed to tuck away. So, purchasing health insurance was a luxury my parents could not afford.

Renee's illness had progressed to the point that a heart transplant was essential in order for her to continue living.

I've watched my father day in and day out. Physically, he was losing weight; his primary concern for his wife overshadowing his own care. And the shadows and bags under his red eyes made it obvious that he wasn't getting as much sleep as he should either. But, he always put on a brave face for my mother. She had accepted her imminent demise, but my father...he still held out hope. The problem was that his hope was diminishing bit by bit every day. It was killing his very soul to watch her die a little more each day. I think a piece of him went with every little piece of her.

I had walked in on him one night after my mother was fast asleep. He was slumped over in his recliner, head in hands and shoulders heaving from his disheartened sobs.

No one was meant to see him that way. But I did.

I had never seen him so despondent. There was just this nagging feeling that tugged at my heart constantly that told me that when my mother dies, my father wouldn't be far behind. He would literally mourn himself to death. There was no doubt in my mind.

I had to do something. I was desperate to make this better. To make *them* better.

Gabe was my best friend. My very flamboyantly gay best friend. I had always shared everything with him, so he was wholly aware of the situation. Desperate times called for desperate measures, and after seeing just how desperate I had become, he finally told me about the more scandalous business that was being conducted beneath the nightclub.

James, the owner of said nightclub, was what one might call an aggressive entrepreneur. I called him a blood sucking douchebag pimp, or Satan for short. Basically, he's running a slave trade. Now I know what you're thinking, but I'm talking about a different form of slave; a sex slave. Regardless, one is just as bad as the other in my book.

From what I understand, some of the women, myself included, are doing this voluntarily while others owe James in some way and selling themselves was their last ditch effort to repay him.

Like I said, BLOOD SUCKING DOUCHEBAG PIMP.

God, he makes me sick.

Gabe told me that the clients were always men with more money than they knew what to do with. It was pot luck; I could end up with someone gracious and kind, or a total tyrant who enjoyed dominating his property. If history was any indication, I'd end up with the latter. I hadn't exactly had the best of luck in my life, so why should I believe the Powers That Be would grant me any favors now?

My mother's illness hadn't only required the constant attention of my father, but of me as well. It's not like I'm resentful of it, but it meant that I got a late start after high school. Instead of going to college, I stayed home with her so that my father could work. But, things had gotten so bad that he couldn't stand to be away from her any longer, not to mention they both really felt like they were holding me back. They weren't. I still hadn't made up my mind about what I wanted to do with my life anyway. You'd think a twenty-three year old would have her shit together, but no, not really.

It might have been a pretty shitty move on my part, getting their hopes up and all, but like I said, hope is

something that was lacking in my household and it certainly couldn't hurt to give them a little. So, I managed to successfully convince my mother and father that I had scored a super sweet all expense paid scholarship to NYU. Yes, I know that's not something that's likely to happen so late in my life, but they didn't know, and that made all the difference in the world. Being so far away from home meant that I wouldn't be able to visit as often, and as much as it pained me to be away from my dying mother for so long, it was absolutely necessary for my plan to work. If I was lucky, I'd be able to drag it out a while longer. But you remember what I said about my luck, right?

Yeah, I wasn't holding my breath.

The deal I made with James, aka blood sucking douchebag pimp, was that I would agree to live with my "owner" for a period of five years. No more, no less. After that, I would finally be free to live my own life again. Exactly what sort of life that would be at that point was yet to be determined, but I had decided to remain positive. Regardless, five years of my life was a small price to pay to ensure any amount of time for my mother, and ultimately, my father as well.

"Name?" A dark-skinned gentleman with dreadlocks and a clipboard asked as Gabe and I reached the end of the dimly lit corridor.

"Swan. Isabella Swan," I choked out nervously even though I had stuck my chin out to create the illusion that I was anything but.

The bass coming from the club music upstairs was pulsing through the walls and essentially taking over my heart beat, but I tried desperately not to wish that I was up there partying instead of standing where I was. All those people were up there drowning themselves in booze and good times, and they had no clue about the sordid outfit that was going on right under their feet. The women down here were drowning in something completely different.

Dreadlock dude flipped the top sheet up to look at the one beneath it as if it were some kind of guest list for an elite club. This place certainly was not for the elite socialites of Seattle. He grinned when I assumed he found my name and then looked back at me. His eyes roamed up and down my body before settling on my face again. It was when his lips curled up into a disgusting leer and he began to lick them, in a way he apparently thought would be seductive but just wasn't, that I just about lost my nerve.

"Don't you look good enough eat?" he asked with a thick Caribbean accent as he ran his calloused fingers up and down my arm. "I might just have to throw in a couple of bids on your auction myself. And a virgin too? My, my, my..."

"Hands off the merchandise, Laurent, before I have to pull every single stitch of nasty ass pubic hair out your head," Gabe said, coming to my rescue and smacking the pervert's hand away. "You couldn't afford her on your pay, and you know it. Now, where's Jamie?"

"He's busy and he doesn't want to be disturbed," he answered and then looked back at me. "But, he'll make an exception for you. You're going to make him a very wealthy man this evening."

"Oh, I'm sure she will, and I hope he chokes on every last red cent of it too," Gabe said, rolling his eyes. "Now, save the damn dramatics and just tell us where he's currently molesting innocent girls."

"Last door on the right," he said, pointing his clipboard in the same direction. "And Gabriel, you might want to get that mouth of yours under control before you find yourself jobless and out on the street."

"Whatev," Gabe scoffed and waved him off with a flick of his wrist.

We stepped around dreadlock dude and made our way past the crowd of women that lined the hallway. They were an assorted bunch, but mostly they looked sick and disease ridden. There were a couple of exceptions. Some of them didn't look any older than eighteen; innocent eyes, unmarred skin...a reflection of me at that age. Hell, probably still even to this day. It was sad and I wanted to grab them all and make a beeline for the exit. I can't even

imagine what might have happened in their lives to lead them to this place, to do what they were about to do. But, I'm sure each one had her own story, just like I had mine.

Each one had a number taped to their stomachs and they were standing in front of a mirror that lined the wall on the opposite side.

"Two-way mirror," Gabe explained. "Each client who comes in has a write-up on every girl up for sale tonight. They're herded in here like cattle and put on display for the freak-a-zoids that, for whatever reason, can't seem to get laid on their own and have to stoop to this level."

"Gee, thanks, Gabe. That doesn't make me feel like shit at all."

"Oh, sweetie. You know I don't mean it like that," he said, trying to make me feel better. "You're way too good for this sort of thing, and you know it. You're not *them*," he said, motioning toward the other women in the hall. "But I get it. You're doing it for Renee and that has to be the most selfless thing I've ever heard of."

And those other women could very well have their own Renee at home.

We reached the end of the hall and Gabe knocked on the door. A voice yelled for us to come in, but when Gabe backed out of the way and motioned toward the

entrance, I panicked. Full on hyperventilation was only moments away, I swear.

"Sweetie, look at me," Gabe said, forcing me to face him. "You don't have to go in there. We can turn around right now and walk out of this hell hole."

"No, we can't," I said, tremors racking my body no matter how hard I tried to steady my nerves.

"I can't go in there with you. You're on your own from here on out," he said with a hint of regret and worry.

I nodded my understanding and ducked my head so that he wouldn't see the tears beginning to well up in my eyes.

Gabe abruptly hugged me to his chest and practically squeezed the air from my lungs. "You can do this. Hell, maybe you'll actually get some good sex out of this. You just never know. Don Juan might be on the other side of that mirror just waiting to sweep you off your feet."

"Ha! Not likely," I scoffed and managed to smile a little before backing out of his safe embrace. "I'll be okay. You just make sure that the jerk that ends up with me follows through on our deal, or I expect you to send the FBI in here with guns ablazin'."

"Girl, you already know it. *And*, you know the digits, so you be sure to call me with status reports, or I'm coming after you. I have to get back to the bar now before I lose my job *and* the inside scoop on you. But remember that I

heart you hard, bitch," he said, kissing my cheek. "Give 'em hell, Belly Bean." And then he swatted me on the ass and turned to walk away.

"I heart you, too, Gabe," I said under my breath because he was already out of earshot.

I turned toward the door, psyching myself up to turn the knob before I lost my nerve and backed out. The second I opened it, I wanted to slam it back again and take off running.

Right in front of me was a man with long, greasy blonde hair that was tied back in a ponytail, mercilessly pounding his hips into some poor, sobbing girl from behind. His pants were around his ankles, his shirt still on and he was grunting with each thrust of his hips that smacked against the woman's ass while he held her roughly by the hair of her head.

Blood sucking douchebag pimp...

"This'll...just take...a minute," he grunted, not even bothering to stop fucking the woman.

With one final slam, he threw his head back and growled out some undecipherable profanities. The girl sobbed uncontrollably and rubbed at her head where he had been holding her hair. James only laughed at her between his pants and I wanted to do a Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon leap across the room and claw his goddamn eyeballs out.

When his breathing was somewhat normal again, he slapped the girl on the ass and said, "Get the hell out, Bree. And don't bother coming around here begging for money again. You're pussy's not good enough to use as collateral anymore."

The girl scrambled to her feet and hurriedly picked up her clothes before darting out the door buck naked. As she ran by me with her head ducked, I could see black mascara smeared down her face and the look of shame in her eyes.

That will not be me. That will not be me, I chanted to myself over and over again.

I turned back to James, appalled by what I had just witnessed and even more so that he wasn't the least bit averse to my seeing it.

"You're disgusting!" I sneered at him, not even embarrassed by the fact that he was slipping the condom off his dick and tossing it into the trashcan before tucking his dick back in his pants right in front of me.

"*I'm* disgusting?" He started, his voice raising an octave as he looked at me incredulously. "You're about to sell yourself to the highest bidder, and *I'm* disgusting? That's rich," he scoffed and then grabbed a cigarette from his desk and lit it.

I wasn't about to get into the difference between what I was doing and what he just did. There is no comparison.

I'm doing it to save my mother's life, and he does it out of greed and a complete lack of morals. Case closed.

"Can we please just discuss the terms of my contract?" I said with a sigh, but kept my distance from him anyway. I didn't trust him, and with good reason. Because seriously, how can someone trust a louse like him? If I had any other alternatives, I certainly wouldn't be sitting here right now.

"Right," he said, sitting at his desk and opening a vanilla folder with my name written in bold black letters across the top. "I can personally guarantee that the clientele for this evening will have no issue with discretion. In fact, it's pretty much a pre-requisite of theirs. They're the big ballers, the elite league of gentlemen...a real no-nonsense sort with more money than they know what to do with. Their reason for being interested in the type of merchandise that I deal in is their own, and I don't pry as long as they're paying me the big bucks."

The only solace I took in agreeing to this, other than the fact that I'd be saving my mother's life, was that I knew someone with enough pull could guarantee the payout required to make sure my mom got the surgery she needed and keep their mouths shut about it in the process. No one with that much money wants the world to know that they're involved in a sleazy operation like this. And I most certainly didn't want my parents to find out about what I was doing. That knowledge alone would

be enough to send them to their graves, thereby totally negating what I was trying to do for them.

The other perk was that hopefully anyone who could afford to do this, would also be refined enough not to make my life a total living hell. I'm not naïve. I know there are some twisted people out there with some sick fetishes, but I was hoping nonetheless.

"I assume you're still cool with my twenty percent cut?" he asked, shuffling the papers.

"Um, nice try. We agreed on ten percent," I said, not one bit amused by his attempt to hustle me.

"Right, right. Ten percent. That's what I meant," he said, giving me a wink that made my skin crawl. Then he pushed the contract across the desk and handed me a pen. "Just sign here...and here."

I scrawled my messy signature across the lines where he indicated, fully aware that I was signing the next five years of my life away. But again, it was a small price to pay.

Shortly after, I was ushered into another room where I was told to strip down and put on the most degrading piece of cheesecloth bikini that I've ever seen. It really left nothing at all to the imagination, which I gathered was probably the point in this type of auction. The men wanted to see what they were paying high dollar for. I

got it, but it didn't make me feel any less exposed and vulnerable.

After that, James secured lucky number 69 to my stomach, exaggerating his movements so that he could skim his slimy fingers over one of my breasts, while his other hand dipped lower than what was necessary to "brush the wrinkles out of the sign." I swear, one more second and I was about to knee him in the nards, probably ensuring a free pass to a few innocent girls along the way for at least a couple of days. Part of me actually wished he'd try to cop another free feel.

I kept my head held high as I joined the other women in front of the two-way mirror. What sucked most about this was that while God only knows who, or what, on the other side of the mirror could see me, I couldn't see them. What I could see though was myself. I'm not conceited by any means, but I had to admit that I looked good compared to the other women.

I had never considered myself drop dead gorgeous, but I was decent looking. My hair was long and thick. My eyes weren't anything special; plain brown, but once upon a time they had been full of life. That was before my mother's illness took a turn for the worse. I wasn't all that spectacular in the body department, but I wasn't too fat or too skinny and had curves in what I always thought were the right places. All in all, not bad.

One by one, the women were pulled out of the room and at first; I thought it meant they were being chosen over me and I sort of felt like the fat kid in gym class that was always the last one to be picked. But then they called my number and I made my way toward the same black door I had seen the others before me disappear through. Once I stepped inside, I was led to the center of the room. All around me, there were smaller rooms with glass walls. In each one there was one dimly lit table lamp with a telephone and a chair with one occupant inside.

The first room was occupied by a sheik with dark sunglasses, a long white head dress and a business suit. Two of the women that had been in the hallway with me earlier were on either side of him, showering him with kisses while rubbing on his crotch and chest. I diverted my attention in embarrassment, only to be faced with a man in another room.

This one was huge, like big as a house huge. He reminded me a lot of Jabba the Hutt and a picture of Princess Leia chained next to him flashed across my mind and a shiver ran down my back. I think I may have even thrown up a little bit in my mouth. I had never been one to imagine myself as Princess Leia as a child and I most certainly wasn't going to start now.

In the room next to him, there was this tiny little Asian guy with two huge body guards that stood next to him. Their hands were crossed in front of them, and I

imagined that was probably the most they had come to ever being relaxed. The little guy had his legs crossed all dainty like and was sipping on some fruity sort of drink with an umbrella sticking out of it. His white jacket casually hung over his shoulders like he was just too cool to stick his arms through it. I'm guessing Gabe was more his type. I can't imagine he'd be that threatening to be around. He was probably there to score some pretty young thing to keep up the pretenses with the public eye, while secretly sneaking someone in the back door...literally.

Come out of the closet already, little man.

I looked toward the last room and sighed inwardly when I saw that the light was out. Apparently whoever had been in there had already made their selection and left, which didn't give me much hope with the remaining assortment. *Come on, little gay man.*

And then a small orange light flickered from the darkened room like the fire on the end of a recently puffed cigarette. I looked closer and could faintly make out the lines of a body sitting casually in the chair. The figure leaned forward a bit to readjust his position, granting me a better look at him, but not enough to be able to make anything out.

"Gentlemen," James said with a clap of his hands as he came to stand behind me. "This is the lovely, Isabella Swan, item number 69 on our list tonight. I believe you

have all her specs, but allow me to highlight some of her finer attributes.

"First and foremost, she has come to us of her own accord, so you won't have to worry about her trying to run away from you. Obviously, she's not bad to look at, which can make life a whole helluva lot easier for those of you who require a partner to attend social functions. She's young, but not too young, so your friends and family will find it more believable that you have a *traditional* type of relationship, if that sort of thing is important to you. She's educated and well-mannered, has all her teeth and is in good health. And, there's no drug problem to be bothered by, which means no detox period to hold you back from what you really want to be doing with her and to her.

"And probably the most valuable asset of all is that her innocence is still completely intact. This, my fine gentlemen, is a grade A virgin; unsullied, untouched...pure as the fresh fallen snow. Perfect to train, no? With that said, let's start the bidding at \$500,000 and may the luckiest bastard win," James said with a huge, fake smile as he turned and winked at me and then stepped off to the side.

The platform that I stood on in the middle of the room began to move, and although it wasn't exactly on warp speed, it still caught me unaware and I stumbled a little before I regained my balance. Around and around I went

while the bidding process began. There were no audible sounds of voices, just the occasional buzz as the light over one of the doors would illuminate. I could see the men pick up the telephone beside them and speak into the receiver before the light would go off, so I assumed this was their method of placing bids.

I had no idea how much the bid was up to at this point. I'd just hoped that it ended with enough to pay for Renee's surgery. After a while, the sheik and the tiny gay oriental guy dropped out, leaving Jabba the Hutt and Mystery Man to battle it out. Sure, I had no idea what Mystery Man looked like, but he had to be better than drowning in a pool of Jabba the Hutt sweat.

The bidding between the two of them slowly began to dwindle down and I was becoming increasingly dizzy from spinning around on the platform. In truth, I just wanted it to be over with so that I would know my fate and could get on with this shit. Secretly, I was still rooting for the mysterious stranger even though I was scared shitless.

Jabba the Hutt's light was the last to flash on and I knew the bid was back to Mystery Man, but he wasn't answering the bid. I was starting to panic when James came back into the room and stood next to me. He smiled at Jabba and then cast a questioning brow in Mystery Man's direction. I knew it would be obvious by the look in my eyes that I was pleading with him, and I

had no clue whatsoever if it would make a rat's ass difference to him one way or the other, but I had to try.

The seconds ticked by agonizingly slow. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion in fact, and I felt light headed and dizzy. I knew that I was going to pass out at any moment if I didn't get some much needed oxygen to my brain, but I was holding my breath, praying that Mystery Man would come through for me and that I wouldn't regret willing him to be the winner.

"It looks like we have a win-" James started, but abruptly stopped in his tracks when the light above Mystery Man's room lit up and the buzzer sounded.

I sucked in a much needed breath, feeling my brain tingle with the life-giving sensation. My head shot toward Jabba the Hutt and I sighed in relief when he shook his head and waved his hand dismissively in the air before struggling to push out of his chair and extinguishing the light on the table.

"You have a new owner, Miss Swan," James cooed a little too closely to my ear. "Why don't you walk on over and meet your master?"

"I'm not calling him master," I seethed loud enough for only him to hear me as I stepped down from the platform.

"You'll call him whatever he wants you to call him if you want the cool million he just paid for your hot little ass,"

he retorted, grabbing my elbow and guiding me toward Mystery Man's room. "Well, nine hundred grand, after my cut of course."

"He paid a million dollars for me?" I asked, astounded. I tried to yank my elbow out of his grip because his manhandling was not part of the deal and he was really pissing me off. However, he grabbed me again, firmer this time, and pulled me forward.

"What? Not enough? Greedy little thing, aren't you?" he stated rather than asked. Then he opened the glass door to Mystery Man's room and entered with me in tow and without giving me a chance to respond.

The odor of cigarette smoke attacked my olfactory senses, but strangely, I wasn't repulsed.

"Miss Isabella Swan," James introduced me to the figure still shrouded in darkness. "Congratulations on your win, Mr. Cullen. I have a feeling she'll be well worth every penny."

"Have the contract sent to my address," a deep sultry voice said from the shadows. The cherry on the end of his cigarette blazed again and lit up his features minutely before he disappeared again. "And take your hands off my property for Christ's sake. I'm not paying for damaged goods."

James released his hold on me immediately and I rubbed at the spot on the back of my arm, just knowing there was going to be a bruise by morning.

"As you wish," James said, bowing unceremoniously. "Take your time with the room, but be careful, she's a feisty one."

A disgusting laugh bellowed from James that made my skin crawl and then he backed out of the room, leaving me alone with the man that owned me for the next five years of my life. I wasn't really sure what I was supposed to do, so I just stood there awkwardly.

Just when I thought he might actually be planning on the two of us staying there for the duration of the five years, he finally sighed and butted his cigarette. The light suddenly clicked on, momentarily blinding me because my eyes had become accustomed to the dark. When they had adjusted again, I looked at him.

My stomach flipped and I swear I think my heart skipped a beat...or two...maybe three.

He was gorgeous, not at all what I expected. And I was having a really hard time not ogling him. He simply sat there smirking as I took him in. He was dressed in a tailor-made Armani suit, black on black. He wasn't wearing a tie and the top buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned to reveal his collar bones and a brief peek at a sculpted, but hairless chest. My eyes finally followed the tight tendons of his neck to his prominent jaw,

shadowed with the beginnings of a well-groomed beard. His lips were succulent and the perfect shade of deep pink, his nose straight and perfect and his eyes...my God, his eyes...Never had I seen a green that intense, or a man with lashes that long. Dark brown hair shot out in different directions on top of his head, and I had come to the conclusion that I probably wasn't the only purchase he'd made tonight because someone had definitely had their fingers tangled in those silken locks.

As if reading my mind, he raised his hand and raked his long fingers through the mess. Whether in aggravation at my ogling or out of habit, I had no idea, but it was sexy as hell nonetheless.

I started to question why someone who looked like him would need to go to the extreme of purchasing a companion when he could obviously have anyone he wanted. But then, he opened his mouth and reminded me that this was no fairytale encounter and things were expected of me; things I had to do whether I wanted to or not.

"Well, let's see if you're worth it," he said with a sigh as he undid his pants and pulled his massive dick out.

I looked at him dumbfounded because surely he didn't expect me to lose my virginity to him in this shithole of a place like this. I mean, I know I'm his property now, but...really?

"On your knees, Isabella. Or the deal is off and you can go home with the lard ass in the other room. He really seemed to want you," he said with a sexy smirk while he stroked his glorious cock with one hand. "Now, show me your appreciation."

Problem number one...I had never given a blow job in my entire life.

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Chapter Two

Gag Reflex Check

"Isabella...you're wasting my time, and apparently my money."

"You want me to...Here? Now?" I asked nervously.

"Did I stutter?" Mystery Man asked with a raised brow.

I sunk to my knees in front of him and swallowed the lump that had been forming in my throat. It had become pretty vital to take in deep breaths of air to attempt to keep my nerves from making me throw up in his lap. That probably wouldn't go over very well.

"Put my cock in your mouth, Miss Swan," he sighed in aggravation.

Fuck it! No time like the present to learn, right?

I leaned forward and took his dick in my hands, finding that I couldn't even get my hand all the way around it. I'm sure I looked stupid as I studied it, trying to figure out the best way to go about doing this. There was a spot of something wet on the tip, and I wasn't really sure what I was supposed to do about that. So, I opened my mouth and licked at it with the tip of my tongue. I heard him hiss minutely and took that as a sign of encouragement. Feeling more emboldened, I wrapped my lips around the head and gave it a little suction. Then I opened my mouth wider and took as much of him as I could in,

which wasn't much. Like I said, the fucker was huge. I was almost certain that I was going to catch a serious case of lock jaw.

"Come on, you can take more than that," he challenged me.

I pressed forward until the head of his dick hit the back of my throat and I thought the corners of my mouth were going to split wide open. This seriously would've been easier if I had one of those snake jaws that unhinge to swallow down their prey. And that's about when I really started praying that I wouldn't actually dislocate my jaws.

I pulled back and moved forward again, but this time, I guess I my gag reflex decided it wasn't going to cooperate. When I gagged on him involuntarily, it set off a chain of reactions. In my hurry to squelch the gag and not hurl all over him, my teeth bit into the sensitive skin on his dick, he yelped out in pain and then he shoved me away and practically crawled up the back of his chair to get away from me and my murderous mouth.

"Goddamnit!" he shouted and then started inspecting his dick. I hadn't even broken the skin, the big baby.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me! Have you ever even sucked a dick before?" he asked, anger marring the features on his face. Even scowling he was still beautiful. "Because that is undoubtedly the absolute worst blow job I have ever been given."

So now he's the Simon Cowell of blow jobs?

I fucking hate him.

"I'm sorry. I just never..."

"You've never given a blow job?" he asked incredulously. I shook my head no. "Jesus Christ!" he mumbled as he ran his hands over his face and took a deep breath.

His insensitivity to the situation, or maybe his hypersensitivity to it, set me off. Even though I knew I should probably keep my mouth shut, because let's face it, he can pretty much do whatever he wants to me now. But, I just couldn't take it...and so I let him know all about it.

"I may not be the type of girl that goes around shoving dicks in her mouth all day, and I'm sorry if I hurt your peen, but even if I was experienced at this sort of thing, I...there's just no way in hell anyone is going to get something that humungous crammed down their throat. So, maybe you're just a freak of nature. Did you ever stop to consider that? You and your glorious, colossal cock can Kiss. My. Ass!" I yelled with as much emphasis as I could.

Me and my non-existent brain filter had obviously just contracted a hideous case of diarrhea of the mouth, and I was probably about to lose the contract and ruin everything. He just sat there and stared at me for a couple of minutes, his face contorting from surprise, to

anger and then he looked confused and maybe a little constipated. He opened and closed his mouth a couple of times, about to say something and then seemed to change his mind about it. Another moment passed as he turned his head to the side and then back to me.

"So, what you're saying is that you think I have a big dick, and it might be kind of spectacular?" he asked with a smug look on his face.

I sat back on my legs and crossed my arms over my chest, completely mortified with embarrassment because, yeah, I guess that is what I was saying. But there's no way in hell I was going to admit it for a second time.

"Do you have any sexual experience at all?" he asked. Again, I shook my head no.

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair again. He looked like he was a million miles away, probably contemplating whether or not he was going to keep me. And then he finally tucked his dick back into his pants and stood up, towering over me.

"Let's go."

"Where are we going?" I asked, ready to beg him not to sell me to Jabba the Hutt.

"We're going home," was his short reply.

"You're not mad?" I asked, scrambling to my feet and running to catch up with his long strides as he stormed out the door.

"Oh, I am extremely pissed, but I'm trying really hard not to be," he said, not even turning back to look at me as he continued down the hallway. "I suppose if I look at the bright side of things, this would mean that I can train you to do things the way I like them. But right now, I have a hard on the size of California and I'm not exactly thrilled about it. Where are your things?"

"In some room off the hallway," I sighed.

We didn't speak another word to each other as we maneuvered through the hallway and back to the room where I had changed my clothes and left my things, including my cell phone, thank God. He stood outside the door and waited for me to change back into my tank top and skirt and out of the bandages that were supposed to pass as attire in this shithole of a dive. Once finished and feeling less exposed, he led me out the back entrance to the club, one that I assumed was meant for these types of guests only. When we made it out to the parking lot, Mystery Man walked over to a limousine where a short, blonde-haired man stood in a black suit and driver's hat by the door.

"Mr. Cullen," the man greeted him with a nod and an expressionless face as he opened the back door.

"Riley," he greeted him in turn as he put his hand on the small of my back and ushered me inside. "We're headed home for the evening."

"Yes, sir," the driver said as Mr. Cullen, aka Mystery Man, stepped into the oversized backseat of the limousine and slid in next to me. Not that there wasn't plenty of other room.

Yeesh. Ever heard of personal space, dude?

The car was moving through the streets of Seattle within seconds. Mr. Cullen exhaled a long breath and shifted in the seat as he tugged at his crotch. I'm guessing California is still all the rage. I smirked a little to myself because I really could give a shit if he was uncomfortable.

"Do you live in Seattle?" he asked, breaking the silence.

"No. Forks," was my short response.

I looked out the window, watching the city lights go by. The streets were littered with happy-go-lucky people that seemed to not have a care in the world. I supposed that under different circumstances, and had the world not hated me and my family, I might have been just like any one of them. But, as it were, that just wasn't the case.

"Why are you doing this, Isabella?" he asked.

I wasn't prepared to divulge that information to him, and it certainly wasn't part of my contract. I'd prefer not to

get too personal with the man who just purchased me as his property.

"Why are you?" I shot back. Apparently my brain filter still wasn't working either.

The scowl was back on his face again, and part of me regretted getting smart mouthed with him when I considered all the ways he could punish me...but, *only* part of me.

"You do realize that I own you now, right? You'd do well to remember your place. I'm not a cruel person by nature, but your smart mouth and snarky attitude are testing my restraints," he warned with a stern look.

I'm sure I probably looked like a scared kitten right about then, because that's about how I felt. But, I looked him in the eye anyway, my pride not allowing me to turn away. Or, maybe it was fear that made me keep him in my sights and watch for any sudden moves. More likely, it was the fact that the man really was a beautiful specimen and I cursed my girly bits in that moment for being so weak.

"Look, I know this probably isn't the ideal situation for you, and you probably have your reasons, just like I have mine," he started. "But the fact of the matter remains that we're bound together for the duration of the next five years, so it would probably be a lot easier on the both of us if we can at least try to get along. I don't want to fight you every step of the way. I *won't* fight you. You

will do as I say, and that's that. If you don't want to tell me anything about your personal life before me, fine. I won't ask. But, you belong to me and I won't tolerate insubordination, Isabella. Do you understand me?"

"Yeah, I get it," I said with narrowed eyes and clenched teeth. "I'll do what you say, but don't expect me to enjoy it."

He got a wicked grin on his face then and put his hand on my bare thigh. Slowly, he began to caress my skin as his fingertips ghosted higher and under my skirt. He leaned in toward me until I could feel his hot breath wash over neck, my skin pebbling from the sensation.

"Oh, I think you will thoroughly enjoy it, Isabella," his raspy voice breathed into my ear.

He pressed his lips to the spot just below my ear in an open-mouthed kiss as his long fingers just barely pressed against my center. My stupid, traitorous body responded and I became putty in his more than capable hands. I think a slight whine may have even escaped my lips when he pulled away abruptly.

"Aw, home sweet home," he said when the car came to a stop.

I was shaken from my Mystery Man induced haze and looked out the tinted windows. The house wasn't even a house. It was huge, no doubt a mansion. I swear he could fit a whole city inside. If I hadn't already known better, I

would've said he was trying to overcompensate, but yeah...that obviously wasn't it at all.

Mr. Cullen – God, I hate referring to him by that name – stepped from the limo and held his hand out to help me. I declined his offering and got out on my own. The driveway itself was laid in brick, huge and circular with a stone water fountain in the center that was lit up with soft white lights. Pillars of water shot up into the air and rained back down into the pool of glass. As I turned and look at the rest of my surroundings, I could see nothing but perfectly cut grass and ornate shrubbery that had been sculpted into lions.

Jeez, does Edward Scissorhands live here, or what?

"Right this way, Miss," Riley said, taking my bag from my hands and drawing my attention back toward the house.

Cement statues in the shape of lions adorned the posts on either side of the steps that led to the porch. One paw on each was posed to make an attack and their mouths were forever molded into snarls. I could've sworn I heard a faint roar, but I'm pretty sure they weren't alive.

Tall, white columns bordered the entrance to the house and stretched from the over-sized porch to the second story. Riley thrust open the double-sided doors to allow us to step inside and Mystery Man gestured with his arm for me to go in ahead of him. The floors were marbled, the ceilings tall and dome-shaped.

But the thing that really caught my attention was the staircase. It was centered in the room and stretched to a landing at the top before it split off into two other staircases that led in opposite directions of the house. It looked like one of those get-ups where the princess appears at the top of the landing and waits to be announced to the awestruck crowd below before she descends gracefully and greets her guests.

See, me? I'd probably trip and fall on the first step; my body curled up into a ball as I rolled down the rest and landed with a thud at the bottom. And it would *not* be graceful. At all.

"What do you think?" Mystery Man asked as he gestured toward the open room with his arms wide open. Obviously he was proud of his home.

"Meh, it's okay. If you're into the whole pretentious snobbery type of thing," I said with a shrug of boredom. Truth is, I was impressed. Very impressed.

"I inherited the house. And I'm not a snob," he said with an air of insult. "Let's get you upstairs and into something more comfortable so that we can get some sleep. It's been a long day, and I have a feeling it's going to be an even longer day tomorrow and probably every day for the next five years of my life."

He turned and stalked up the stairs, leaving me to follow behind him again.

"It seems we agree on something, Mr. Cullen," I said.

He stopped abruptly and turned to look at me with a look of aggravation in his eyes. "It's Edward," he said in a solemn tone and then continued up the stairs. "Only the help calls me Mr. Cullen."

"Well, aren't I the help? You're paying me to be here just as much as you are them," I challenged.

"Trust me, they're not getting paid nearly as much as I'm paying you," he scoffed and then turned on the landing to go up the right staircase. "And you will be my near constant companion over the next five years. People will need to believe that we are the real deal. That's not likely going to happen if you're running around calling me Mr. Cullen."

"Fine then, *Edward*," I said, testing out the sound of it.

"Which room is mine?" I asked as we reached a long hallway adorned with large paintings on the walls.

"We're at the end of the hall," he said, still forging ahead.

"Wait. We?"

"You will be sharing my bed, Isabella. Was that point not clear to you?"

"But, we haven't even discussed the terms of the contract, Edward," I said, as he opened the door at the end of the hall and I followed him through.

As soon as I was through the door, he closed it and pinned me to it with his body. "The terms are pretty

simple," he said as his lips ghosted against the skin of my neck. "You belong to me for the next five years to do with...*whatever*...I want."

He brought his lips to mine and kissed me firmly, but I didn't kiss him back. His movements softened and he grazed his lips over mine, trying to get me to respond.

"Kiss me, Isabella," he breathed as he pressed his hips to mine. "You just might like it."

It wasn't because I thought he might be right, but because I knew I had been pushing my luck with him already and he wasn't likely to keep taking my shit. My mother needs that surgery and I was sure that we'd be a whole hell of a lot more intimate than this over our time together. So, I might as well suck it up and give in.

I took a deep breath in, my chest pressing against his, and then I parted my lips and took his bottom lip between mine. He moaned in appreciation and repositioned himself so that his thigh was between my legs, his hands on my hips and his head tilted to the side for better access. I let him deepen the kiss when his tongue swept across my bottom lip, and I don't think I will ever live to regret it.

It's not like I've kissed a lot of guys or was some sort of expert at this, but the things this man was doing with his tongue...

I moved my arms to place my hands on his biceps, feeling the bulge of muscle that flexed beneath his jacket. I wanted to be closer, and I thought he might actually appreciate me taking some initiative, so I moved my hands to his chest and just under the jacket. Then I moved them over his shoulders to force the jacket to slide down his arms. He caught it with one arm and laid it over the back of the chair beside us before grabbing my hips again and pulling me closer. I cupped my hands around either side of his neck and wrapped my tongue around his, sucking ever so gently. He moaned into my mouth and then unexpectedly pushed away, leaving me standing there with my eyes closed, head cocked to the side, hands still suspended in air and lips puckered in kissing mode.

It was kind of like that awkward moment in "Dirty Dancing" when Baby is still getting her groove thang on with thin air after Johnny walks away and leaves her standing alone in a room full of strangers.

Please, hips...do NOT start humping the air.

"See, I told you you'd like it," he smirked with a half grin.

How is it fair that he could just stand there acting like it was no big deal while I was about to bust a blood vessel willing my body not to start acting all dorkified?

Did I tell you that I hate him? Yeah, I really fucking do.

"Don't worry, we'll do that some more, but business before pleasure," he said, taking a couple of steps backwards. "The terms of the contract...I will make sure that the money is wired to the account that you have specified in said contract, from an anonymous donor, as you asked. I expect you to be discreet about the details of our relationship, and I will do the same in turn. For all intents and purposes, my family and colleagues will believe that we met on one of my many business trips and that we're deeply in love. You will accompany me to various social functions while conducting yourself as the well-mannered lady that you're expected to be. At my home, you will share my bed and make yourself available to me in whatever physical way that I need you...and I must warn you that I have quite the imagination. Have I missed anything?"

Probably, but my head was still swimming from that kiss and I couldn't think straight, so I just nodded.

"Good," he said as he lay back on the over-sized bed (I'm beginning to see a trend here with all the over-sized things surrounding this man) and propped himself up on his forearms. "Now, take your clothes off."

"Excuse me?" I practically choked out.

"Isabella, we're going to be seeing a whole lot of each other in the nude. So you might want to drop that modesty and shyness bit," he said as he looked me up and down and licked his lips suggestively. His eyes met

mine and the expression in those piercing green eyes that I saw looking back at me nearly brought me to my knees. "You show me yours and then I'll show you mine."

That's a good deal, right?

I slipped my shoes off while grabbing the hem of my shirt, pulling it over my head quickly.

"Slower," his husky voice said, stopping me.

"What? Would you like to put on music so that I can do the whole striptease for you too?" I said with a roll of my eyes.

"Now you're getting it," he said with a wink, and then he crawled over his bed and grabbed a remote control off the nightstand. He pushed a button and sultry music began to play, although I really couldn't tell where it was coming from because it seemed to be coming from everywhere.

"No! I...I can't...I mean...I don't," I stuttered.

"I'm just kidding," he said, turning it back off and returning to his spot on the bed. "Some other time maybe."

I let out a long breath and slid the zipper on the back of my skirt down and let it fall to the floor and stepped out of it.

"Stop there." He got up off the bed and walked toward me. I crossed one arm over my chest and the other over my stomach self-consciously before I dropped my eyes to

the floor. He walked in a circle around me and I could feel his eyes on me, all over me. And then I felt his touch as he stopped behind me and pressed his chest to my back, running the back of his fingertips down my upper arms until he reached my hands before taking in his and pulling them away from my body.

"Don't hide from me," he said huskily with his lips skirting across the crook of my neck.

He pulled back a bit and let my hands fall to my sides before stroking back up along my arms and over my shoulders to roam down my back. He didn't stop until he reached the clasp of my bra and before I realized it, he had it undone. He slid his fingers under the straps and slowly pushed them over my shoulders until they fell down my arms, exposing my breasts to him. I could feel the warmth of his body against mine again, and his warm breath spilled over my skin as he exhaled a slow breath. He placed a trail of open-mouthed kisses along the length of my neck and over my shoulder, leaving a path of fire in his wake. I shivered, and I'm pretty sure it was from his attentions and not from being cold. My body was heating up to the point that I thought I might explode.

And then I felt his hands on my hips. His fingers dipped beneath the band of my panties and he began to push them down, oh so slowly. I stiffened, unsure what I should do.

"Relax. I just want to see you. *All* of you," he said in a comforting voice.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax a bit. It wasn't exactly easy to do though, because like I said, the man is beautiful and again, under normal circumstances...I'd be all over him.

And then my panties were around my ankles.

I stood there naked as a jaybird, completely exposed and vulnerable to the man that had just purchased me for his own personal pleasure.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked. "*My* turn. You can either keep your back to me, or you can turn around and watch."

I knew what he was doing. He was making me choose. Only there really wasn't much of a choice to make. If I stayed where I was, I'd look like a scared little girl. Yet, if I turned and watched, I'd look like I wanted this just as much as he does. Win, win for him; damned if I do, damned if I don't for me.

So, I turned around. Because if I was going to lose, then I wanted my consolation prize. I'm thinking an eyeful of bonchickawahwah was consolation enough at this point.

He gave me that annoyingly sexy smirk again, obviously happy with my decision. Secretly, so was I. I watched as he slowly unbuttoned each button of his shirt with his nimble fingers. They were thick and long and well,

shit...*I dub thee porntastic fingers.* He pulled his shoulders back as he shrugged off the shirt, revealing one very lucky wife beater tee.

Enough was enough. I was here for a reason, right?

I stepped toward him as he reached for the hem of the t-shirt and stilled his hands. He raised a questioning brow at me, and I mirrored his expression, daring him to stop me. But, he didn't. So, I placed my hands on his hips and ran them up his sides, tugging at the shirt and dragging it up his long torso. Edward raised his arms and allowed me to pull it over his head and I tossed it to the floor.

Well, I tried to toss it to the floor, but he was quick and caught it mid-fall, gracefully draping it over the back of the chair with his jacket and dress shirt.

Okay...OCD much?

Before he could even face me again, my hands were on his belt and working it loose. Without removing it, I worked on the button of his pants and then the zipper.

"Anxious?" he asked with a sly smile. My only response was to look him square in the eye and shove his pants over his hips. Under the pants...crotchsplosion inducing Calvin Klein boxer briefs...red boxer briefs.

Move over Kellan Lutz, there's a new shroom head in town.

Now I know I saw his marvelous peen earlier...up close, but there's just something about the way a man fills out a

pair of underwear that really gets my gears a'grindin'. You can see just enough detail of what lies beneath, while still maintaining an element of mystery; a goody basket waiting to be unwrapped, if you will. So, I decided to leave those bad boys on him and enjoy the scenery for awhile.

Apparently, Edward had a different idea because he hooked his thumbs into his the waistband, maintaining eye contact with me the entire time, and took them off. It wasn't until he grabbed his discarded underwear and wife beater and turned his back to me that I allowed myself to check him out more thoroughly. He walked toward a set of doors on the other side of the room that I assumed was a closet and I let my eyes roam over his strong shoulders, down his muscular back to...

Well, hello there, Mr. Tushy!

"You're checking out my ass, aren't you?" he asked without turning around.

I snapped my head to look away before he could actually catch me. "Um...not at all," I answered, my voice cracking and forcing me to clear my throat.

"Uh-huh, sure," he said as he came out of the closet (absolutely nothing at all like the way Gabe came out of the closet) and shut the doors behind him. He walked over to his jacket and grabbed a pack of Marlboro Lights and a lighter from the inside pocket and then strolled over to the couch that sat next to the window and sat

down, still completely naked. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do, so I just stood there and watched as he lit up a cigarette and set the lighter and cigarette pack down on the table beside him.

I just stood there motionless and watched his lips make love to the cigarette with another draw of nicotine. He reached down and grabbed his dick with his other hand and began to stroke it while licking his lips and looking me up and down.

"Come here," he said, motioning to me with a backwards jerk of his head as he exhaled cigarette smoke from his nostrils.

I hesitated, watching his cock harden before my eyes.

"It's time for your first lesson," he said as he continued to fondle himself. "I'm going to teach you how to suck a cock, properly."

Well, fuck.

I walked over to him and kneeled between his opened legs and waited for instructions.

"You misunderstand. I want you to sit on the couch," he said, extinguishing his cigarette in the ashtray on the table before pulling me to stand as he did so as well. I sat on the couch and he was right in front of me. And I do mean...*right* in front of me.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth now, Isabella," his voice was dark and lusty. "It's the easiest way I know to show

you. Once you see what I like, it should be easier for you the next time. I hope you're a fast learner."

He took his dick in one hand and put the other on the back of my head, urging me forward until the head of cock was touching my lips. "Kiss it. And don't be afraid to use tongue."

God, that was hot.

I parted my lips and wrapped my tongue around the head of his dick, letting my lips close over it.

"Fuck, that's so good," he moaned. "Keep going. A little suction this time."

I flattened my tongue out and took the whole head in my mouth, sucking on it like a blow pop. I could do this, and listening to his instructions made me actually want to do a good job.

"Put your hand around the base and squeeze just a little bit."

I did as he said and felt him harden further in my mouth. He pushed my head forward so that I took even more of him in while his hips met my movements and then pulled back again.

"Oh, God, yeah. Just like that," he growled and pushed all the way into my mouth until he hit the back of my throat. Not wanting there to be a repeat performance from the club, I moved my hand up so that he couldn't go any further.

His wound his fingers in the hair on the back of my head and moved me back and forth slowly. Once my mouth had become accustomed to his presence, he began to move faster. The room was silent with the exception of the wet sucking sounds I was making and the deep, throaty groans that escaped his throat while he watched himself fuck my mouth.

He propped one foot on the couch as his hips pumped his cock in and out of my mouth. His pace quickened and he began to grunt with each thrust, which made me wet as hell and I was afraid I was going to ruin his couch. I moaned at the thrill of knowing it was feeling good to him, which must have been a good thing because he moaned in turn and thrust harder.

"Fuck! I knew when I saw that fuckable mouth of yours that you'd be good at this." His voice was all breathy and raspy and he was still fucking my mouth and I wanted him to touch me because goddamnit, he was a sexy motherfucker.

The more he moaned and groaned and even growled, the more confident I was feeling. His balls were swinging back and forth and I wanted to see what they felt like. So, I reached my other hand up and cupped him gently.

"Shit, shit, shit!" he growled out. "You're going to make me cum."

I really wanted him to, but I had no clue whatsoever what the hell I was supposed to do about that.

"Oh...God," he grunted, fucking my mouth faster. His fingers were pulling my hair and tugging my head forwards and then back again to meet his thrusts. His grip was so tight that it should've hurt, but really, it only turned me on more.

"Let's see if you can swallow," his raspy voice breathed out, and before I could register what that meant, he thrust deep into my mouth until he was touching the back of my throat. A guttural growl sounded from his chest and then thick, hot liquid shot down my throat.

I nearly gagged until my instincts kicked in and I started swallowing each spurt. Now, I'm not going to even try to fake the funk here. I'm not going to tell you that it tasted better than chocolate or fruit gushers, or some other shit like that. But, it wasn't terrible either. Really thick, really hot and really salty. And common sense tells me that I should be thoroughly disgusted, but when I got the reaction I just got from him - this total stranger who just paid one million dollars to own me as his own personal sex slave and do this to me whenever he wants - it was tolerable.

"Now *that*," he panted as he pulled his dick out of my mouth. "Was a motherfucking blow job."

I wiped the leftover wetness from my mouth with the back of my hand and did my best to look disgusted, because he didn't need to know that I sort of enjoyed that..But the asshole only chuckled in response.

"There's mouthwash in the bathroom."

He stepped away from me and took my hand, pulling me up from the couch and leading me over to another set of doors. We both stepped inside and he pulled out a bottle of mouthwash from under the sink and handed it to me. I poured some in the cup and swished it around my mouth while he grabbed a washcloth and wet it and then wiped himself off. Even limp it was stunning.

"Here," he said, pulling out a new toothbrush, still wrapped.

We stood at the his-and-her sinks and brushed our teeth in awkward silence. His reflection kept grinning at me around his toothbrush and I'm pretty sure he was getting a kick out of watching my tits jiggle with my brushing motions. I couldn't stand the smug look on his face any longer, so I averted my eyes and looked around the bathroom instead. It was a typical bathroom, albeit decorated for a king. But, the centerpiece of the whole room was the bathtub. It was a Jacuzzi big enough to hold at least four people with a bronzed faucet on one end. Two steps from the floor led to the opening with two more on the inside of the tub. About halfway up each side of the tub on the inside, there was a section that looked to serve as a sitting area. I swear he could easily throw a party inside that thing.

And then I wondered if he ever actually had. For some reason, I wanted to reach out and smack him in the back of the head for that thought.

What the hell is wrong with me? I'm standing in my birthday suit, brushing my teeth next to a man I had just met and still didn't know anything about, who had just fucked my mouth royally...and I want to smack the shit out of him for throwing a wild orgy in his gargantuan bathtub...*in my head*. I think his cock may have impaled my brain because this reaction that I'm having just wasn't making a bit of damn sense to me.

I fucking hate him.

Squelching the overpowering urge to spit my toothpaste gunk in his face, I spat it in the sink instead. My mouth was clean, but I still felt so dirty.

"Let's go to bed," he said after he spit and rinsed.

I gave him a death glare, but followed him out of the bathroom anyway.

"Um, excuse me," I said, stopping in my tracks as he walked over to the bed. "I'm still naked here. Where are my things?"

"I sleep in the nude, and now, so do you," he said, pulling the covers back and slipping under them.

"Ugh!" I huffed and then stomped across the room to the other side of the bed and climbed in as well, making sure

to stay as far on my side as I could get without falling out of it.

"Come here, Isabella."

You've got to be kidding me. It wasn't enough that I was sleeping in the nude? It wasn't enough that he was sleeping in the nude? It wasn't enough that we had just brushed our teeth in the nude after he fucked my mouth in the nude and made me think about him having wild orgies in the bathtub in the nude? But now, he wants to snuggle in the nude, too?

"I said, 'come here'," he said and then his arm stretched across the space between us and wrapped around my waist, yanking me into his chest with an umph. "There, that's better," he said as he nuzzled his face into my neck. "You better get some sleep. You're going to need it."

Yeah, like I can sleep with a humongous peen pressed to my ass.

~..~..~..~

Chapter Three

Rub-a-dub-dub

EPOV

I awoke the next morning, my body still heavy with sleep and my dick hard as a fucking rock and wedged between something warm and soft. My hand was cupped around something unmistakably feminine and perky, and I squeezed it to make sure it was real. I hate fake tits, and even though I had seen Isabella's tits through the scrap of fabric that scumbag James had dressed her in...and then really saw them when I made her strip for me last night, you just never know for sure until you feel them. The cosmetic surgery industry is making progress in leaps and bounds, but they could never mask the truth when you have a perfect set of real tits in your hands.

And make no mistake about it...these were real, and undeniably perfect.

I ran my thumb over her nipple, thoroughly enjoying the way it pebbled under my touch. Isabella may have a mouth on her, and boy does she ever have a mouth on her, but I suspect that once she's experienced my touch, she'll agree that she probably should have paid me instead.

Yeah, I'm that good.

Regretfully, I climbed out of bed, and it didn't escape my notice that Isabella groaned in protest. But, she was still

in a deep sleep and likely didn't realize what she was doing. Had she been awake, I'm sure she would've been relieved.

That fact should've made me feel like a douche; that I, a perfect stranger, was making her do things she didn't really want to do, but she's the one who signed on for this. And I think she might secretly like being forced to unleash the sexual beast that she's been keeping hidden away all her life. I saw the look in her eyes when she had my cock in her mouth last night. She was loving it, which is a good thing because I plan on sticking my cock there a whole lot more.

I trudged to the bathroom and ran a hot bath in my oversized Jacuzzi. It would be the first time I'd used it since I came in and found *them* there.

I am the primary share holder of my father's company, Scarlet Lotus. My mother, Elizabeth, actually named the company, having been an avid Buddhism enthusiast. The lotus is a flower whose seed starts growing in the mud beneath a body of water and gradually trudges upward until it reaches the surface and the flower blooms. The red lotus symbolizes love, passion, compassion and all matters of the heart. My father, Edward Sr., actually felt the name suited the company well. Scarlet Lotus is where people bring their unique ideas and watch them grow until they bloom to life; ideas that are near and dear to their heart, but the owners just don't have the

capital to bring them to fruition. For a portion of the proceeds, Scarlet Lotus will help them do just that. My mother insisted that the company give back to the community, and so charity work had become just as much a part of the company as idea development.

My parents died in a car accident almost six years ago, leaving everything to me; the money, the house and all the shares of the company that my father owned.

But none of it could even begin to replace them.

My father had a partner, William Black. He retired three years ago and handed all his stock over to his only son, Jacob. Jacob and I had been the best of friends while growing up. With our parents' success, it was nearly impossible to tell who was befriending you because they genuinely liked you, or who was just sucking up to you because of the money. Jacob and I learned the hard way that each other were all we could depend on. We were always getting into trouble, spurring each other on to do the most ridiculous stunts. Of course our parents always cleaned up our messes; couldn't have the heirs of the Scarlet Lotus fortune all over the tabloids. Very bad for business. Plus, we'd be running the company some day and no one in their right mind would put their valuable ideas in the hands of a couple of men with a reputation for screwing up.

I just never thought I'd be 22 and fresh out of college when my day came. Jacob was already shadowing his

father by that point and really learning the ropes. Together, we were invincible, and quickly became the talk of the business world.

So, when we became business partners, like our fathers, we already knew we were a good fit.

Except we weren't.

Turns out, Jacob never agreed with how much money the company was "squandering" on charitable deeds. He was a greedy motherfucker and thought padding his own pocket was far more important than helping the less fortunate. But, it was my mother's passion, and thus my father's, so I wasn't budging on that shit. Plus, it made me feel really good to give something back.

About a year ago, I had flown to New York to meet with an agency that specialized in community projects to keep kids off the streets. When I returned, I found Jacob in my Jacuzzi with my girlfriend of two years, Tanya.

To be precise, he was fucking her in the ass while she screamed, "Your cock is bigger than Edwards!"

Yeah, that shit's a lie. Remember, I walked in on them, so I saw for myself. Close, but no cigar. However, I'm a dude so that shit might have hurt my feelings a little bit.

Regardless, I wasn't exactly worried about that point at the time. I was in love with Tanya, and Jacob knew it.

When I told him I was going to ask her to marry me when I got back home from that trip, Jacob did his best

to talk me out of it. Jacob is a chauvinistic ass. He truly believed that the only thing a woman was good for was satiating his sexual desires.

"Keep 'em naked and on their knees or back 24/7, and make sure they know their place," he'd said. "There's too much pussy in the world to be tied down to one woman."

He told me that men like us couldn't trust any women because they were all a bunch of gold digging whores anyway; they either wanted a fat bank account or a fat cock. He thought I was stupid for falling in love, that it just made me vulnerable and weak.

He was right. I was broken after I caught him with Tanya...but so was his nose, a kneecap and three of his ribs.

He fucked her just to prove a point. And, although our friendship was over, the partnership was not. It wasn't that I didn't try to buy him out. He just refused to sell. And there was no way in hell I was giving up the company my father and mother worked so hard to build. So, I bit the bullet and went to work every day with my head held high and conducted business as usual.

I learned my lesson and refused to let any woman get close enough to hurt me again.

But, I was lonely. And slightly addicted to pussy.

Sure, I'd had flings with several women, but I always cut them off the second they got a little too close for comfort.

Sex was a very therapeutic way for me to get out my frustrations, but women didn't seem to want to stick around for just that purpose. There were some who said they understood that's all it was for me, but then they got clingy and wanted me to feel things I simply didn't and wouldn't, so they had to go.

I could have random, one-night stands, but that shit's like playing Russian Roulette with my dick, even with a condom, and I've grown quite attached to it over my young life, thank you very much.

What I wanted was the same woman in my bed every night and every morning, someone to greet me when I arrived home after a long and trying day at work, eager to please me...someone who would tend to my every need, no strings attached. Yeah, I know...every man's fantasy that isn't likely to come true. But, I had enough money to buy that fantasy, and so I did.

And that's what led me to Isabella.

In my world, there's always talk between men. You hear about women gossiping all the time, but women, let me tell you...men are far worse. We just don't make it as obvious.

So, it was on one afternoon that I was golfing with a couple of colleagues from other companies that I heard about the auction where I purchase Isabella. I'd done what little research I could on the place, and after speaking to the proprietor, James "Slimeball" Gigandet,

my interest was piqued. My concern was that I didn't want to own someone against their will. James had assured me that there would be women on the 'menu' that were there voluntarily and that on that night in particular, I could find a virgin. A virgin was necessary because of course I was worried about diseases or spending an insane amount of money on a woman, only to find out that she was knocked up with some other dude's baby.

Yeah, not the least bit appealing to me.

As I sat there in that booth, completely darkened because I didn't want anyone to recognize me, I let every girl showcased go without even so much as a bid. That is, until Isabella *she* stood on the podium. Isabella Swan.

I had read through her specs and the contract she proposed and was intrigued. I naturally wondered what would make a seemingly wholesome woman like her do such an outlandish thing, but I pushed my curiosity down because, like I said, I didn't want there to be any strings attached. She was offering five years on the contract, and that was right up my alley. Five years of constantly getting my rocks off in any way my pervy little mind could fathom was plenty of time to get it out of my system or find someone else. And when she was gone, I could always site the age old reason, "We just grew apart."

It was when I saw her that I knew that I had to possess her.

Not only was the contract ideal, but she was a perfect specimen. She looked just as wholesome as her specs, not voluptuous and fake looking. I wavered at the end of the auction, not really sure if I wanted to follow through, but then she gave me this look; like she was silently begging me to keep her out of the disgusting tub of lard's grasp.

I may have felt a little sorry for her, which probably should have been the first indication that this was a bad idea. But, I made the call and the final bid regardless.

The second indication came when she got on her knees and bit into my fucking dick. That shit hurt like a motherfucker and I almost punched her in the throat out of pure instinct. Now, let me make this perfectly clear...I have never and would never raise my hand to a woman, so stop mean mugging me, ladies. Even when I walked in on Tanya with Jacob, I didn't drag the bitch out of my house by the hair of her head like I wanted to and probably should have.

The third indication was when she told me she had never even given a goddamn blow job before. Really? I knew she was a virgin, but in my experience, most virgins have at least done other things to get their rocks off without breaking the seal, so to speak.

And the biggest indicator...that fucking mouth of hers.

This was a business arrangement. It was fucked up and like none other I'd ever made before, but it was a business arrangement nonetheless. I had every intention of abiding by my end of the contract, and I expected her to do the same in turn.

If I'm being honest though, her snarky attitude kind of turned me on. I don't think I could've gotten as hard with someone who was completely complacent to my every whim. She had fire and ice running through her veins, and she wasn't going to make this easy for me.

Which is exactly what's going to make this even more exciting for me.

I'm not normally an asshole, but I take business very seriously. Plus, I'm a horny motherfucker and she showed a lot of promise when I fucked her mouth into submission, even cupping my balls without having been told to do so.

Teaching her to do things the way I like them, and watching her sexuality bud and flourish was going to be an awesome sight to behold. And I had a front row seat to that shit.

I shut the faucet off once the tub was full and went back out to the bedroom. I pulled back the sheet and ran my hands over the creamy flesh of her ass...well, it was my ass for the next five years. She shifted a little in her sleep and her eyebrows puckered.

"Isabella, it's time to get up," I said in a soft voice.

"Hmm?" she hummed, but made no attempt to open her eyes.

I leaned into her ear before I continued. "Get your ass up, or I'm going to ram my cock into it," I said with more assertion and then ran the tip of my finger over her asshole, applying a bit of pressure to accentuate my point.

She shot straight up out of bed then, looking dazed and confused until her eyes focused and she looked at me. I could literally see the moment that she realized where she was and why she was there.

Her hair was a tousled mess of knots and tangles and what little bit of eye makeup she wore was smudged under her eyes.

"It's time for my bath," I told her.

"So? What's that got to do with me?" she snapped, plopping back onto the bed and covering herself with sheet.

And, guess what that smart mouth did to me at that exact moment. That's right...my dick became instant titanium.

I stood and picked her tiny frame up off the bed and hoisted her over my shoulder as I carried her toward the bathroom. She kicked her legs in protest and smacked at

my naked ass, but little did she know that she was only spurring me on further.

I threw her over into the bathtub and laughed when she landed with a thud. The water shot up around her and doused her hair, causing it to hang limply over her face. She looked like a drowned cat. *Mmm...wet pussy.*

"What the hell did you do that for!" she shrieked, smacking her hair back.

"Because you're going to bathe me and I don't want to hear any mouth about it," I answered, stepping inside the tub as well.

She tried to move away from me, but I grabbed her forearms and pulled her to straddle my lap. My dick was wedged between us and she gasped when she realized that I was already hard for her.

"There now, this," I said, pushing up so that she could feel my length, "feels so much better. Wouldn't you agree?"

"I really hate you," she seethed.

"I don't really care," I retorted. "Now, wash my hair, and do try to be sensual about it."

I was pissing her off, and I knew it, but again...I didn't care.

She huffed, but grabbed the bottle of shampoo anyway. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the feeling of her hot little pussy perched over my throbbing hardness as she

massaged my scalp with her fingers. I noticed that she was scraping her nails into my skin, probably to try to deter me from wanting her to ever do this again, but it only had the opposite effect.

I fucking LOVE the rough stuff, and she wasn't even scraping the surface...pun intended.

I hummed in appreciation and bucked my hips into her, and I know I wasn't imagining things...she was pushing back. Her breathing was shallower and I could tell that she was trying to maintain her composure and not let on that she was aroused. And then she leaned forward and rinsed my hair with the spray nozzle, the tips of her nipples brushing across my lips. I peaked my eyes open, seeing her ample cleavage perched right in front of my face, and then I stuck my tongue out and flicked her nipple.

"Oh, God," she gasped and immediately backed away.

"Uh-uh," I tsked. "Bring those pretty titties back up here, Isabella. You're not done. My hair still has soap in it."

She narrowed her eyes at me, but climbed back onto my lap anyway. I heard her suck in a breath as she leaned forward again, keeping her back bowed to keep her tits out of my face, but I put my hand on her back and pressed her forward, capturing her nipple between my lips at the same time.

Again, she gasped and I smiled around her nipple as my tongue swirled around it. My other hand went to her other breast and I massaged it, letting my thumb run over the hardened peak while I pushed my hips into her again. Her body relaxed minutely and she leaned into me as I sucked on her nipple and then let my teeth gently scrape across the sensitive skin.

She was done rinsing my hair. I could tell because the spray nozzle was just hanging limply from her hands, but she was now arching her back and pushing her tit closer to my mouth. I moaned and released that nipple with a pop to give my attention to the other one. My tongue flicked over the pebbled bud like a serpent's tongue and then I roughly sucked it into my mouth.

I lifted her hips and resituated her in my lap so that the tip of my dick was right at her entrance. When I pushed forward a little, she stiffened and braced her hands on my shoulders.

"Shh, I'm not going to," I assured her. "I just want you to feel me there."

I shifted forward a bit, applying more pressure and then groaned out loud when the head of my dick barely entered her.

"I can't wait to fuck you," I breathed into her skin and then I pulled her off of me and repositioned us so that she was now sitting next to me, because if I didn't, I was

going to fuck her right then, and I wanted to prolong the anticipation and play some more.

I leaned into her and nuzzled her neck, placing hungry kisses along the length of her neck while one hand held her by the back of her head and the other ran along the inside of her thigh.

"Have you ever had an orgasm, Isabella?" I asked as I skimmed my fingers over the soft folds at the apex of her thighs.

I heard her swallow hard before she choked out a no.

"Mmm," I hummed at her ear. "I get to be the first at everything. You have no idea how incredibly sexy I find that to be."

My long fingers dipped between her folds and I stroked her, avoiding the little bundle of nerves. Her head fell back against the tub, opening her neck up further for me. I removed my fingers and ran them back down the inside of her thigh until I reached the back of her knee. I lifted her knee to pull her leg over one of my thighs and then made a slow and torturous path back up her leg.

"I'm going to make you cum by my touch, Isabella," I whispered into her ear.

The top mounds of her breasts were peaking over the water, revealing her perfect nipples with each shuddered breath she took. I made one light stroke from her entrance to her clit, repeating the path with more

pressure. She was still with the exception of her breaths and I lightly sucked at the sensitive spot below her ear.

"It's okay to enjoy my touch. I see no reason why I should be the only one to gain any pleasure from our little arrangement," I said as I dipped one finger into her. Her walls clamped down around me and I sucked in a breath. "Goddamn, you're tight. I think the thought alone of sticking my cock into that tight pussy might be enough to make me cum so hard I lose my fucking mind."

I pumped my finger in and out of her as my thumb began to make circles around her clit.

"Would you like to see that, Isabella?" I asked, my voice thick with lust. "Would you like to see me lose my fucking mind while the thought of fucking you makes me cum?"

She didn't answer, but the way her eyes became hooded and her hips starting moving forward to meet the thrust of my finger told me all I needed to know. I inserted another finger and she moaned, her head falling to the side to face me.

And then *she* kissed *me*.

She sucked my bottom lip between hers before shoving her tongue into my mouth and lassoing mine. I pulled back because I like to be the one in control, but I kept my lips just over hers.

"Touch your breast," I whispered against her lips. "Help me make you feel good."

I didn't really need her help, but I wanted her to open up more and explore her own sexuality. Plus, watching a woman touch herself just happens to be sexy as hell.

I watched as she cupped her breast and pulled at her nipple with her index finger and thumb.

"Goddamn, that's perfect," I groaned and then pumped my fingers into her harder and faster.

I pulled my fingers out and stroked along her folds until I could manipulate her clit, softly running my fingers back and forth over the bundle of nerves. Then I quickly dipped them back into her pussy and curled them in, finding her special spot.

"Ungh...more," she moaned against my mouth before she claimed it in another passionate kiss. It would appear that I had a very eager beaver on my hands...literally.

I shifted my body and turned toward her more, releasing her kiss and dipping my head until my mouth was just below the water and sucking on her right nipple while she continued to manipulate the other.

I could feel her walls tighten around my fingers and I knew she was almost there. My fingers pumped in and out of her, curling in to stroke her g-spot. I looked up at her from beneath my lashes and saw that she was watching me. Her mouth dropped open and she arched

her back as a moan started low in her chest and finally escaped her lips. Her pussy walls constricted against my fingers and she tried to clamp her legs together, but I caught the one between my legs and held her still.

"Those are my fingers you're cumming on, Isabella. Mine. And this feeling you're having now is going to be so much more intense when it's my cock instead," I said and then claimed her open mouth with my own.

She responded immediately, hungrily devouring my mouth in return until her orgasm subsided and she was a heaving puddle of post-orgasmic bliss in my hands.

When I removed my fingers, I immediately stood and stepped from the tub, my dick still hard as an iron rod with water dripping from the tip.

"Finish your bath," I told her nonchalantly as I wrapped a towel around myself. "I have to go to work. Make yourself at home, but don't do anything stupid like try to run away. And, I expect you to be waiting for me by the door when I return at six. Do you understand?"

Her narrowed eyes were back again, obviously not liking the change in my attitude, but she nodded her understanding anyway. I may have just given her the most intimate moment of her life, but we both needed to remember that this is still just a business arrangement.

"Sure thing, boss," she said snidely and then saluted me.

"Hey, you know that little slice of heaven I just gave you? Well, if you'd like to be feeling any more of that instead of me just using your body for my own pleasure, then I suggest you watch that smart little mouth of yours," I warned her, running the tip of my finger over her bottom lip. "Of course I could always just stick something in it to keep you quiet."

"Now," I said, leaning over the tub toward her. "Where's my kiss goodbye?"

She reluctantly leaned toward me and I kissed the tip of her nose instead of her mouth.

"Be a good girl today," I said with a smirk and then waltzed into my bedroom, knowing she was watching my ass again.

I stopped before I walked out the door and flexed one cheek at a time and then looked back at her over my shoulder and gave her a wink, noticing her mouth was hanging open. When her eyes finally left my ass and she looked back at me, she grabbed the loofah and threw it at me. I stepped out of the way just as it landed on the floor with a wet thwack.

"I hate you!" she called after me.

"Maybe, but you obviously love my ass!" I yelled back with a chuckle.

She was going to be too much fun to fuck with...literally.

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Chapter Four

Double Agent Coochie

EPOV

I couldn't help but smile smugly the whole drive into work. Knowing that Isabella would be waiting for me at home when I returned was definitely going to make the day a bit more bearable. Or unbearable, considering I'd probably be thinking about all the naughty things I want to do to my million dollar baby girl, and have her do to me all day. Even that millisecond of a thought forced me to rearrange the uncomfortable hard on that seemed to have decided to take up residence in my pants.

But, I'm a man of business, and business comes before pleasure. So, the second Riley opened my door and I stepped onto the pavement that led to the revolving glass door of my second home, Scarlet Lotus, my smile was gone. Stone-faced Cullen had entered the building.

I was pretty much known as a hard-ass around the office. Employees, who had been there since my father's day, were shocked to see his rambunctious son morph into a cutthroat businessman. But, the business world is a cold, cruel bitch and to stay ahead, you have to keep your guard up or be prepared to have your balls handed to you at the first sign of weakness.

"Cullen," the only man I trusted around this place, Jasper, greeted me as I stepped through the door.

Jasper Whitlock is my right hand man, my personal assistant and probably the closest thing that I have to a friend since Jacob fucked me over. He and his wife, Alice, pretty much take care of every aspect of my life. Jasper has my back at the office, and Alice takes care of my personal business. Basically, she runs my home, is my personal shopper and makes sure I look good in the eyes of society. She's really very good at what she does, as is Jasper. Those two work together like a well-oiled piece of machinery.

I'd like to think I had something to do with their coming together. After all, tending to my shit on a daily basis meant their paths had to cross pretty often. They complimented each other so well. Jasper was a laid back, cool motherfucker...tall, southern and never without his favorite cowboy boots. Alice was just a hyperactive little shit that bounced all over the place...short, highly social and apparently never wears the same outfit twice. Not that I've ever really noticed, but I'm pretty sure I caught that little snippet of information during one of her rants that I usually try to tune out. Alice being the Yin to Jasper's Yang, it was inevitable that they would end up together.

"Whitlock," I greeted him with a smirk as we walked side by side to my personal elevator. That's right, I have a personal elevator. I can't stand to be stuck in a tin box with twenty other people crowding in on me, each one

having bathed in different colognes or not bathing at all, which meant they reeked of body odor.

Jasper stuck the key into the lock and opened the doors so that I could step through ahead of him. I sat my briefcase down and sat on the red velvet couch that stretched along the interior wall. The ceiling and each wall was mirrored, just because the illusion seemed to make the small space look bigger...and bigger is most *always* better.

"So, how did it go?" he asked as he pushed the button for the 40th floor and took a seat on the opposite end of the couch.

I'd been single for quite some time, and Alice had been relentlessly trying to set me up on dates with women she considered to be a good match for me. To stave off her attempts, I finally broke down and told her that I'd been secretly seeing someone that I met on one of my trips to Los Angeles. She bought it, and stopped trying to play matchmaker, but then she started hounding me about wanting to meet the mystery woman. Now usually, I can give someone "the look" and they knew to back off, but not Alice. She wasn't the least bit intimidated by me. So, I told her that I was going to ask my mystery lady to move in with me last night...you know, just in case I actually found something I liked and followed through on making a purchase last night, which I did.

CYA...Cover your ass.

"She said yes," I answered. "I told her to leave all her stuff behind and I flew her in last night. She's at the house now."

"What! Dude, that's great!" he said excitedly as he clapped me on the shoulder.

Jasper can get away with calling me 'dude' because, like I said, he's the closest thing I have to a friend.

"Yeah, I'm pretty psyched about it," I said with a smile, because it was true, I was very excited by the idea of having Isabella at my disposal. My dick hardened minutely of its own accord.

We spent the rest of the ride on the elevator in polite conversation. Jasper was never one to pry into my personal affairs, unless Alice threatened to withhold sex if he didn't at least try to get something out of me. I threw him a bone every now and then to keep him out of the doghouse, but he never pushed me. Today was no exception. He knew she was there, but I still haven't told them her name.

Jasper, being my right hand man and all, reminded me that Alice would be stopping by my house after lunch to tend to the shopping and make sure the maid service was doing their job, as is customary for her. Yeah, I was pretty much freaking out about this. Isabella and I hadn't discussed what story we were going to give to my acquaintances, or whether or not she even wanted to go by her actual name, for that matter.

I stepped off the elevator and nodded to a couple of the other employees in polite greeting as I passed them on the way to my office suite on the west corner. Glass doors led to the suite where Jasper's desk was set up just outside my corner office. All the outer offices had floor to ceiling windows, red carpets and white walls with green accents in the décor...the same coloring of the red lotus.

I swung open the heavy wooden door to my office and closed it behind me before rushing over to my desk and picking up the telephone, dialing my own home. I had to talk to Isabella and make sure we hashed out some details before Hurricane Alice showed up and started her super sleuthing shit and started putting two and two together and the truth about our arrangement was blown out of the water. In hindsight, I probably should've had all this shit figured out before I decided to purchase a woman, but you know what they say about hindsight.

There was no answer at the house.

Of course there's no answer. I'm sure Bella probably didn't feel comfortable answering my phone, but I was now beginning to sweat in my suit, imagining all the ways this could blow up in my face when Alice arrived to do her job. *Not. Good.*

In a panic, I picked my briefcase back up and walked back out the door, dialing Riley on my way past Jasper's desk and telling him to swing back around and pick me up.

Jasper stopped me before I could make it out the door. "Carlisle called and said he's waiting for you to let him know if you're dropping by today?" he asked, confused.

"Shit, I forgot all about that," I mumbled. "I'll call him from my cell. Not sure what time I'll be back, but I have to take care of some things," I said as I pushed the door open and slipped out into the hall.

You'd think Isabella had sucked out all of my fucking brain cells last night the way I was screwing up...and it's quite possible she did. She did have some hellified suction going on.

And there's the hard on again...

"Cullen!" Jacob's voice boomed from the other end of the hall where his office suite was located before he started making his way toward me. "What the hell is this shit about?"

I sighed and turned toward him, my hand already balling into a fist and ready to re-break his nose if he started trying to push my buttons. For the most part, we were able to stay out of each other's way, but being partners, it was impossible to avoid each other entirely.

"What shit?" I asked with my teeth clenched.

"Ten percent of what we earned last quarter was sent to charities!" he screeched, holding the quarterly report out toward me as if I hadn't already seen it.

"Yeah, so?"

"We agreed on five percent."

"The economy's been bad and charities need our help more than ever right now, Black. We have more than enough to spare and you know it," I spat out in irritation. I really wasn't in the mood to deal with his shit right now, but then again, I never am.

"Then maybe you should sell some of your shares to me, and donate *that* money, charity boy." His ugly face smiled smugly before he turned his back on me and walked back toward his end of the building.

As much as I was trying to get him to sell out to me, he was doing the same in turn. Both of us were too damn stubborn to let the other one win out. Scarlet Lotus was in my blood, but Jacob could give a shit less about it. He'd bail the second the ship started to sink if it ever came to that.

His abhorrent behavior in front of our employees and the fact that I knew he didn't really give a shit about what we were trying to do here, made me entertain the thought of knocking every one of the fucker's teeth out of his over-sized head. But they tell me that two wrongs don't make a right, and I really was in a hurry, so I slowly counted to ten to regain my composure and forced my feet to move in the opposite direction. I'd deal with him later if need be.

I made my way to the lobby and was relieved to find Riley already waiting for me. Seattle rush hour traffic can

be a bitch, but somehow, Riley always seemed to out-manuever everyone else...and in a stretch limo to boot. The man had mad driving skills; Dale Earnhardt Jr. would be one jealous motherfucker.

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BPOV

Oh...My...Good-googly-moogly!

Never...and I do mean never...have I ever felt something so insanely pleasurable in all my life.

The wicked things that man did with his fingers...and the seductive way he looked at me from under those long, lush lashes, hypnotizing me and my body into obeying his every command. The dirty things his sinful mouth said that made me feel like slapping him and riding his face all at the same time...and don't even get me started on that serpent's tongue and the malevolent way it sang to my nips. I swear, I think he was speaking in tongues even though not a sound was made, but I sure as hell felt it.

The man is evil reincarnate, Satan's immortal son and I...am doomed. I could literally feel what little religion was left in my traitorous body being sucked from my soul and turning me into a backsliding sinner.

I am going to hell...and I really hope his fingers meet me at the gate.

I sat there in my post-coital bliss, my skin shriveling up and the water going cold. Back and forth he walked from the bedroom to the bathroom as he got ready for work. I watched him brush his teeth in his underwear, and then he disappeared back into the bedroom only to reemerge in a pair of black slacks that hung low on his hips and accentuated the delicious little 'v' of his abdomen. The belt on his pants was hanging open, he still didn't have a shirt on and he was standing there barefoot. I was mesmerized by the movement of his back muscles as he looked into the mirror and did absolutely nothing but run his fingers through his sex hair. He looked over at me and did this half-smirk thing while he winked, applying deodorant in a way that made it look pornographic. I seriously wanted to nuzzle his pits, people.

There was an air of confidence about him that made me want to lick him from head to toe, and then maybe suck on all his little piggies...and let me make this clear, I HATE feet. But jeez...this man made me want to do things that I never even dreamed of doing before...and most of it would probably be illegal in the majority of the 50 states...and a whole lot disturbing.

While a part of me was relieved that he was leaving, my inner mini whore wanted to beg him to get back in that damn tub and show us that magic trick he did with those porntastic fingers again.

It wasn't until I heard him shout that he was leaving and the door closed behind him that I finally forced Double Agent Coochie, who was apparently a shameless hoochie, and the rest of my body to get the hell out of the bath of sin.

My bags were sitting just inside the door and I assumed Edward had them sent up. Once I was dressed and feeling a bit modest again, I decided to actually leave the bedroom and seek out some sustenance. I hadn't even eaten the night before because my nerves were just all over the damn place, and I just knew that if I did, I'd end up puking everywhere right in the middle of my auction.

Yeah, and that would bring the fuckers a runnin' with their wallets.

The house was eerily quiet, but oddly warm and cozy for as big as it was. I slowly made my way down the hall and toward the staircase, checking out my surroundings in awe. It was tastefully decorated with large paint prints that looked like they cost more than what my father made in an entire year as the police chief of Forks. The floors were carpeted a regal red, but the walls were kept white. Most of the doors to the other rooms were closed and I didn't bother to open them, but I knew I'd eventually see them over the next five years.

Once I made it down the staircase, I wondered toward the back of the house and through a huge formal dining room with a table in the middle that had to seat at least

fifty people. Okay, that might be a slight exaggeration, but I swear it looked like that long-ass table in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* when they served chilled monkey brains to the guests.

Shudder.

There was a door at the other end and I swore to Christ that if I pushed it open and found myself in some ancient tunnel filled with every insect known to man and booby traps, I was so out of there. Thankfully, it was just the kitchen. But, I'm not really sure you could even call it a kitchen. That just seemed like such a small word for the restaurant-style food preparation center that was before me. Everything was stainless steel and more sterile than the inside of a gallon of bleach. However, a quick glance around showed no sign of monkey brains or those brass cuppy thingies they were served in, so it was all good. I giggled a little as I strung the words together...brass monkey cuppy thingies...tehehee.

And then that kind of reminded me of that song and I couldn't help but hum as I sang the words in my head...*Brass monkey, that funky monkey. Brass monkey junkie, that funky monkey*...sigh...Oh, Beastie Boys, I adore you. But I digress.

I looked around until I finally found a pantry that was as big as the entire first floor of my house back home, and boy did I ever hit the mother-load of junk food. Seems Mr. Cullen, aka King of the Finger Fuck, has a sweet

tooth. I grabbed a box of Cocoa Puffs – because I seriously am coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs – and some chocolate syrup and did the happy time dance out of the pantry and back into the kitchen.

Now, I remembered seeing the bowls somewhere during my search, but finding it again was going to be like a massive game of Memory. After opening several cabinets, I finally found them again and squealed, "Yay, me!" while I did a fist pump in the air.

I am my *biggest* fan.

The refrigerator was obvious and, you guessed it...huge. But, imagine my disappointment when I opened one side of it to find that it wasn't a walk-in cold storage unit.

Seriously? You go all humungo on everything else and then just have a semi-huge fridge? Seems like that would be more like having a semi-hard on – you can play with it, but never be fully satisfied - but whatever.

I grabbed the milk and went back over to my stash, filling my bowl with cereal and licking my chops when the milk turned all chocolaty when I poured it over the cocoa yumminess. I was careful not to pour too much milk and make a mess, even though there was probably some little flute thingy around here somewhere to blow on so that a group of little orange men with green hair could scurry in and clean up my mess before retreating back to the dungeon of doom and gloom with the rest of their little Oompah Loompah pals.

Yeah, I know...overactive imagination, but it was totally conceivable in a place as big as this.

I knew exactly where the glasses were from my previous expedition for the bowl, so I grabbed one and squirted a crazy amount of chocolate syrup into it. I swear I could hear my dentist tsking at me from somewhere deep in the recesses of my insane membrane.

And then it was time to start another game of seek and find to score some silverware, or even just a plastic spoon would be okay at this point...or a spork. *Score!* First drawer I opened, I hit the jackpot, which was a good thing because I loathe soggy cereal.

Milk replaced, cereal box and bottle of syrup back in the pantry, and I was on my way.

And then the phone rang.

I looked around the kitchen and finally spotted it hanging on the wall next to the stove, but there was no way in hell I was going to answer that thing. I had absolutely no idea who it could be, and it wasn't really my house to go off answering the phone. Plus, how the hell would I explain who I was or why I was answering Edward's telephone?

Um, hi, yeah well I'm the piece of virgin ass that Mr. Cullen paid one million smackaroos for last night so that he can have his dirty, dirty way with me. In fact, he just fucked the shit out of my mouth last night, but that

was after I nearly bit his dick off and before he finger fucked my whore of a pussy into oblivion this morning. He's not here right now, but I can take a message for him if you want.

Yeah...I'm thinking...no.

So, I ignored the incessant ringing and dug into my goodies.

As much as it was treading on my last nerve, the sound of the phone did remind me that I needed to call Gabe and check in with him. I had stashed my cell phone away in my things, hoping whoever purchased me wouldn't do something like take it away and forbid me to have any contact whatsoever with the outside world. Edward didn't say I couldn't, so I assumed it would be okay.

Not that I really gave a rat's ass what he said. I sold him my body, not my humanity.

Once I'd scarfed down my breakfast, I rinsed my dishes and put them in the dishwasher. I had no friggin' clue what the hell I was supposed to do with the rest of my day. I thought about going upstairs and finding my cell to call Gabe, but hello? I just ate a Jethro Bodine sized portion of Cocoa Puffs, and there's no way in hell I'm carrying my fat ass up all those stairs. I'm pretty sure the rule is that you have to wait at least thirty minutes after eating before you do any form of exercise. Or, maybe that's just for swimming, but who gives a shit? So, I

decided to hunt down a television set and get my Maury on instead.

After I had roamed around for what seemed like an eternity, and was really wishing I had left a trail of bread crumbs to find my way back, I finally found what was obviously an entertainment room. It was like a testosterone filled Chuck E Cheese's for men.

Video game consoles, air hockey table, a massive stereo system and dance floor, theater seats and a leather sectional, a poker table, a wet bar and the biggest television I've ever seen. Well, it was more like a wallelevision. Seriously, it took up a whole wall.

I wondered if Edward ever sat in here with his hand shoved down the front of his pants in a classic Al Bundy pose.

Can someone please tell me why I suddenly envisioned shoving my own hand down his pants?

Double Agent Coochie smiled knowingly and nodded her head at me in answer.

"Shut up, bitch. You're out of control," I mumbled to my crotch.

Anywho...I had no clue how to turn the monster of a television on, but I did manage to find one giant ass remote control on the bar. I picked it up with both hands and sat in one of the theater seats to study it. The thing

had like a gazillion buttons on it and not a damn one of them was labeled.

This should be fun.

I closed my eyes and did that thing where you swirl your finger around in the air and just let it drop down on a button and hope it's the right one. Nothing. I peeked one eye open and looked around, finding rainbow sparkles reflecting off the walls as they spun around the room. I looked up and...he has a fucking disco ball in his man den?

I giggled to myself and tried again. This time, Eminem started blaring out of the surround sound speakers at a decibel that was probably going to cause me to go deaf in a matter of minutes. I tried to turn it back off, but of course I had my eyes closed while I was pressing buttons, so I had no clue which one it was...that probably wasn't the best idea I've ever had.

So by this time, I'm frantically pushing buttons, trying to find the right one to stop the insanity, but only causing more insanity instead. I shit you not...The dance floor started rotating, lights were flickering on and off in a multitude of colors, the seat I was sitting in started vibrating and giving me a massage and...what the hell? Was the blender seriously controlled by the damn remote?

One more button and the bastard of a television finally clicked on.

I threw that goddamn remote across the room and sunk back in the molester seat with the all too friendly fingers because God knows, as shot as my nerves were, I could really use that fucking massage.

"Calgon! Take me away!" I shouted at the top of my lungs so that I could hear myself over Eminem's *Not Afraid*.

Fuck you, Slim Shady! I am afraid...very afraid.

"What the hell is going on in here!" someone's voice yelled.

My eyes shot open and I jumped up, my heart nearly pounding out of my chest in shock. There stood Edward in the doorway looking around the room with a look of utter confusion on his face.

"Make it stop!" I yelled back.

He walked across the room and picked up the remote from the floor where it had landed and expertly pushed a few buttons until there was finally silence and my molester chair stopped feeling me up. Well, that part wasn't so bad and I sort of wished he had forgotten to push that button.

"I'm sorry!" I yelled, because apparently my brain hadn't quite processed the fact that I didn't need to anymore. Edward raised a brow at me as if I hadn't already figured that shit out. Then I lowered my voice and started again.

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to watch TV...and who the hell uses a remote with no labels anyway?"

"It takes some getting used to," he said, sitting it back on the bar.

"What are you doing home? I thought you said six?" I asked.

"Yeah, well having never done this sort of thing before, I may have forgotten to go over some details with you, and Alice will be here today," he said as he opened his suit jacket and pushed it back to put his hands on his hips.

I wanted to bite his belly. What! Wait...no I don't!

Obviously, Double Agent Coochie has taken over my brain. Fucking traitor that she is.

"And please," he continued, looking sexy as hell with in that red silk tie. "Don't play with shit if you don't know what you're doing. We wouldn't want there to be another mishap, now would we?" he asked and then petted his wonder peen through his pants as if he was consoling it.

The motherfucker was talking about me biting his dick! I wanted to grab that sexy little tie of his and strangle the shit out of him.

"Pfft, that was soooo yesterday," I scoffed. "Get over it already. Besides, I kissed it and made it all better for you last night."

Those words did not seriously just come out of my mouth. And....now I'm thinking about him cumming IN

my mouth. *Jesus, Bella! Pull it together. You hate him, remember?*

Him...not the wonder peen or those orgasmicly long fingers...which he was currently drumming on his lick-me-right-here hips.

"Fuck you! I hate you," I said, because he didn't need to know what I was really thinking.

"Oh, you *are* going to fuck me," he said as he stalked toward me. "A lot. Just not right now. We've got shit to do. Let's go."

"Go where?" I asked as he grabbed my wrist and hoisted me up and away from my super duper molester chair and pulled me behind him as he led me out of the room.

"I'm taking you to your appointment."

"What appointment? I don't have an appointment," I said, trying to pull free from his grasp.

"You do now. It would be quite irresponsible of me not to have you checked out by a doctor before I pillage that sweet little pussy of yours, now wouldn't it?"

I stopped dead in my tracks and it forced him to as well.

"You're taking me to a twat doc!" I asked, insulted.

"I don't know you well enough to just trust that you are everything that you say you are," he said as he pulled me roughly against his chest and cupped my ass. "I bought a virgin, and I intend to make sure I got what I paid for."

Plus, you'll need birth control because when I finally do get inside that tight little gold mine you're sitting on, I want to make sure I can feel *everything*."

My jaw hit the floor. Not literally, because I think we already established last night that my jaw won't unhinge like that.

"Close your mouth, baby girl...unless that's an invitation for me to stick something in it," he said and then lifted my chin with his fingers to close my mouth before stepping away with a smirk on his face.

A minute or two later, I found myself sitting across from Edward in the back of his limousine and on my way to the twat doc.

Edward lit up a cigarette and blew the smoke toward the window he had cracked open. Normally, I'd be all up in arms over the lack of consideration for my lungs, but the way he wrapped his lips around that filter...well, it made me think naughty, naughty things.

"You can kiss me, you know," he said as he took another draw off his cigarette. "I'm here for your pleasure just as much as you are for mine."

I crossed my legs, trying to find the friction that I now suddenly craved, and threw my arms across my chest defiantly, but I didn't say anything in response. I mean, what was I supposed to say to that?

Well, since you put it that way, my puss is about to get pillaged by the village twat doc, so come on over here and make her sing a chorus or two of "Great Balls of Fire"?

"This," he said, making long strokes over his cock through his pants, "is for your pleasure as well. You shouldn't be too shy to ask for what you want, Isabella...or *take* what you want, for that matter because I'm sure as hell not going to be."

I just turned my head and looked out the window, trying to ignore the throbbing in my girly bits. Said girly bits, however, were salivating with the visual that his words provided.

I saw him flick his cigarette butt out the window from my peripheral vision before he said, "Here, let me show you."

He immediately crawled across the space between us and roughly uncrossed my legs before burying his face between my thighs. Then he cupped my ass with his hands and pulled me forward to give himself a better angle to work with. I gasped in surprise when I felt the warmth of his breath seep through the thick material of my jeans while he worked his mouth back and forth over me.

I watched the movement of his head in shock, and then he looked up at me and made a show of letting me see his long tongue lick me from back to front. He bared his

teeth and gave me a crooked grin before he nipped at the place just over my clit and winked.

"Oh, God," I moaned and then grabbed two handfuls of his hair roughly and shoved his face between my legs.

"Mmm," he hummed as he increased the pressure on my pussy. "I love a woman who knows what she wants, *Isabella*."

The way he purred my name made my insides quake, threatening an eruption the likes Mount St. Helens has never seen. But then the bastard's hands moved over mine and he forced me to release my hold on his hair before he pulled back and placed one light kiss over my clit.

"That was...promising," he sighed. "I can't wait to see your reaction when there are no clothes in the way, but unfortunately, that's going to have to wait until later."

I was sitting there panting and completely unable to get my inner whore under control, but he just sat back in his seat and straightened his clothes like he was totally unaffected by what he just did to me. He ran his hands through his hair to repair the damage that I had done, and I screamed internally, wanting to yank it all out.

The passenger door opened and Riley greeted us with a smile as Edward stepped out onto the pavement and reached a hand out for mine to help me. I accepted his offering, but only because I wanted to squeeze the living

shit out of it, which I did, but he seemed unaffected by that as well. Bastard.

Through my clit-blocked rage, I barely registered that we were entering some sort of medical building and Edward was leading me down the hall and into an office area.

The receptionist at the front greeted Edward in a professional manner, but she was undressing him with her eyes the whole time, seemingly oblivious to my presence. I mean, I know I have no claims to him or anything, but she didn't know that, so her shameless flirting pissed me the fuck off.

It probably wouldn't even faze her if I boasted that he'd just had his faced buried between my legs, the shameless hussy. Before I could rip those fake ass Tammy Faye Baker lashes off her eyelids and maybe even an extension or two out of her head, we were escorted into an exam room where the nurse took some vital signs and then told me to strip, handing me a paper gown to slip on. She also handed me some form that she said they needed me to complete for all my basic information, but Edward took it from her instead.

"My uncle, Carlisle, owns this practice," Edward said when the nurse left the room. He was scribbling some information on the form he had taken from the nurse. "He's not a gynecologist, and I didn't want you to feel uncomfortable around him later, so one of his colleagues, Ezra, will be doing your examination."

"Okay," I nodded, really hating what was about to happen.

"Do you have any health issues they need to know about?"

I shook my head no in response, and he handed me the form to sign.

When I gave it back to him, he motioned for me to undress and turned his back while he continued to talk. "I've told my family and friends that you and I met some time back on one of my trips to LA. They all think that we've been secretly seeing each other for the past seven months and that I've finally convinced you to move to Seattle and live with me. I haven't told any of them your name, so it's up to you if you want to use your real name, or something else."

"Well, since you already put my real name on that form, I guess we'll go with that," I answered as I stepped out of my pants and folded them neatly before reaching for the blue paper gown.

I heard him murmur an expletive under his breath. He apparently hadn't thought of that before he filled out the form.

"Besides, if we use something else, I'm probably just going to fuck everything up. And thanks, by the way."

"For what?"

"For at least coming up with a half-way decent story about me so that I don't look like the whore that you and I both know I really am."

He turned around then and took two long strides toward me until his body was so close to mine that I could feel the heat rolling off of him in waves. He put his finger under my chin and lifted it so that I would look at him. "I'd hardly call a virgin a whore," he said as he looked me in the eye.

I didn't have a chance to respond because there was a light knock on the door and he was stepping away from me before he called for whoever was on the other side to come in.

"Edward, my boy!" a jovial Latin man with a white lab coat said as he came into the room and hugged Edward. "It's so good to see you. How have you been?"

"I'm surviving," Edward said with a genuine smile on his face as he hugged him back.

The doctor turned to me then with an apologetic look on his face. "I'm sorry, but there was no file, so I'm afraid I don't know your name."

"Isabella. Isabella Swan," I told him and then suddenly became very fascinated by the plain white tiles on the floor beneath my feet.

"Well, it's very nice to meet you Miss Swan," he greeted me with a handshake and then motioned for me to sit on

the exam table as he sat on the little rolling stool in front of me. "Now, what can we do for you today?"

"Isabella just needs a routine exam, and she'd like to go over her birth control options," Edward answered for me.

"I see. Well, have you considered a Mirena implant?" he asked me with a polite smile on his face.

"That, like...goes inside me right?" I asked, having read some material on it during my last visit to my own twat doc.

"That's right. It lasts for five years and has been a pretty popular form of contraception over the last couple of years."

"Yeah, okay...that sounds good," I answered with a shy nod.

"Well then...let's get started, shall we?" His smile was genuine and comforting, even though he was about to see all my lady bits sprawled before him.

I lay back on the table and Edward came and stood by my head before I put my feet up in the stirrups. It wasn't like I'd never had a pap before, but having all your goodies laid all out like that in front of a perfect stranger was always unnerving. I mean, crotch docs see a lot of snatch, so you have to wonder if yours looks any different from the others or if it has some kind of deformity that you're not aware of.

Before I could even complete all my inner ramblings, he was backing away and patting my leg to tell me he was done.

"There will be some cramping over the next few days. You can take some ibuprofen for the pain. And you might experience a little bit of bleeding, given your particular circumstance, but all in all, you should be fine," he said as he stripped his gloves off and tossed them into the trash. "Make sure you come in if you experience anything irregular.

"I'll just leave you to get dressed now and then you're free to go," he said as he turned for the door. "Edward, it was great to see you again."

"You too, Ezra, and thanks," he said before turning back to me. "I'm just going to go settle up on the bill and I'll meet you outside."

He followed the doctor out and I jumped up, instantly regretting the fast movement because I was already feeling sore from the implant. I dressed as quickly as I could, wanting to get the hell out of there, and when I opened the door, Edward was waiting for me.

"You okay?" he asked, probably because I had an arm over my abdomen.

"I'm cramping a little, but if I can just go home and lay down, I think I'll be okay."

"Okay," he said with a nod and then pulled out his cell phone and pushed a button. "Good morning to you too, Alice," he said into the phone. "I need you to wrap up whatever you're doing at the house. I'm on my way there and my guest and I will need some privacy."

"Yes, Alice, it's her," he said with an eye roll as he held my elbow and guided me out of the building and into the awaiting limo. "She's not up for visitors right now. Maybe in a couple of days...Call Jasper and tell him that I'll be back in the office within the hour...Thank you, Alice."

With that, he ended the call and sat next to me, draping his arm around my shoulders. "Alice takes care of all my personal business, including the household. She means well, but she can be a bit much to handle sometimes," he explained. "It'll be harder to fool her with our little secret than anyone else, so keep on your toes around her. She's a sneaky little shit."

I nodded my understanding and he pressed his hand to the side of my head and nudged me to lie over on his chest. It probably was too intimate of a thing for him to do since we just met each other the night before, but considering the intimacy we had already shared, I suppose it was okay.

I listened to the thrum of his heartbeat as we rode along in silence. And for the first time, I actually paid attention to the way that he smelled. I recognized the scent of his

body soap and deodorant from this morning - and of course that brought back memories that made me wish I had clamped my thighs shut on the twat doc's head so he couldn't incapacitate my hoochie of a coochie – but I also caught another scent that was more distinctive and so *him*. The only word I could think of to describe it - and I know this sounds crazy, but its true - was lust.

He smelled lusty and lustful.

His fingers stroked my hair and I closed my eyes, just enjoying the silence and his tender caresses. The action was so soothing that had I not been in a good deal of discomfort, I probably would've fallen asleep.

All too soon, it ended and we were home. Edward stepped from the car first and held his hand out to me, dismissing Riley's attempt to do his job. I slouched over because I was really starting to cramp a bit more by then.

"Shit, are you okay?" Edward's voice was frantic.

"I'm fine. Just a bad cramp," I said, trying to keep as much strain as possible out of my voice. I didn't want him to think I was a big baby who couldn't take a little bit of pain.

Without warning, he scooped me up into his arms and carried me bridal-style through the front doors that Riley had already opened wide. I tried to get him to put me down, but he wouldn't listen. Instead, he carried me all the way up the stairs and into his bedroom. He sat me

down long enough to pull back the covers so that I could slide beneath them and then he was gone again.

"Here, take these," he said when he returned, handing me two pills and a glass of water.

I took the offering and swallowed the pills down before Edward took the glass from my hands and sat it on the nightstand beside me.

"Will you be okay if I go back to work?" he asked, worry evident in his voice.

"I'll be fine. I just need to lay here for a day...or five and maybe get some sleep," I said through a stifled yawn.

"Go. I can relax better if you're not here anyway."

"Ouch, that hurt," he chuckled lightly with his hand to his chest as if his feelings had been hurt. "Glad to see you haven't lost that snarky attitude. I'm sure you'll be fine and ready to make another attempt at biting my dick off in no time flat."

He leaned over and kissed my lips gently and then stood up.

"Do you have a cell phone?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's over there in my purse. Why? You're not going to take it away from me, are you?" I asked, panicked that he actually might.

"Not unless you give me a reason to," he said, walking over and grabbing my purse.

He handed it to me and I assumed he wanted me to get my phone out. I pulled my phone out and gave it to him, and he pushed a few buttons before handing it back to me. His phone started ringing then and he pulled it out of his inside jacket pocket and silenced it.

"I programmed my cell number into your phone, and now I have yours too. Make sure you keep it on you at all times. Not only for your safety, but also because I won't be happy in the slightest if you keep me waiting when I need you," he said as he put his phone back in his jacket. "Call me if you need me for anything. I mean it."

Although he was trying to be stern, I could see the sincerity in the expression on his face. I rolled my eyes and nodded sarcastically, because I just really loved to piss him off, and then turned my back to him mumbling, "Go away already. Your face is making my uterus hurt."

It was true...but only because his face was so pretty and I wanted to ride it, but couldn't. And here's the odd thing about that...Not only have I never given head, but I've never been on the receiving end either. Now, all of a sudden, I can't get the picture of me riding his face out of my mind. Weird, huh?

I'm telling you...it's because he's so damn pretty and shit. And it looks like his mouth is making love to a damn cigarette when he's smoking.

"Mmhmm, okay then," he said like he didn't believe a word of what I said. "I'll see you later this evening."

I heard the door close softly behind him and I snuggled into his pillow, inhaling his scent once again. While part of me was glad that nothing would be expected of me over the next couple of days, I had to admit that another part, my inner mini whore, was super bummed that apparently I wasn't going to get a another round with the King of Finger Fuck either. With that depressing thought lingering in the back of my mind, I slowly drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter Five

Dessert a La Mode

BPOV

"Isabella," a husky voice sang into my ear as I fought my way out of a sleepy haze. I faintly registered the feel of a rather large, warm hand stroking the inside of my thigh and I moaned involuntarily.

"Mmm, you should be more careful about the sounds you make in your sleep. Moaning like that might make me lose what little control I'm maintaining. It does unspeakable things to me."

Hot breath washed over the skin of my neck and then the most delicious shiver ran down my back when I felt his tongue suck my earlobe into his mouth and then his soft lips closed around it. His hand began to knead my thigh as it gradually moved higher, causing me to squirm in an attempt to find the perfect placement for optimum advantage.

"Shit," he grunted and then pulled away all too quickly. My eyes shot open and I gasped, realizing the Commie response his touch, coupled with his sultry words, had evoked from my body.

"Dinner is ready. You should probably get up and try to eat something," Edward said breathlessly. "You've been asleep since yesterday afternoon."

Really? I lost a whole day?

I vaguely remembered waking up while he was changing my clothes, too tired to register the fact that he actually was putting clothes on me and not making me sleep in the nude. Then I recalled him waking me up this morning to take a pill and drink some water. I don't think I even got up to go to the bathroom.

Shit, I must have really been out of it.

I buried my face under the covers, because seeing him looking all breathless and horny was making me react the same way, and now was not the time to lose my shit over him.

"I'm not hungry," I mumbled into my pillow.

"Regardless, you need to eat. Now, you can either get up on your own and join me in the dining hall, or I can throw you over my shoulder, carry your ass downstairs and force feed you. Which is it?"

I growled in frustration and hit the pillow with my fist, but I made no move to get up.

"Have it your way then," he said before he yanked the covers back and started to reach for me.

"Wait!" I squeaked, sitting up and pulling my knees to my chest. "I'll get up. God, you're such a Neanderthal! Just give me a little bit of privacy to get myself together and then I'll meet you down there. Okay?"

"Fine," he said, backing away. "But don't keep me waiting long. I detest eating by myself."

I nodded in understanding and watched as he walked out the door, my eyes immediately going to his ass. *God, I'm such an ass slut...*

As soon as he left the room, I grabbed my cell phone from the nightstand and pressed the speed dial. The song, "If You Want My Body" played back as I waited for my best friend to answer his phone. *Rod Stewart, you obviously had no idea the punishment you were bestowing upon anyone who befriended Gabriel Baxter at the time you created that fuckerpiece.*

"OMG, bitch! It's about fucking time! What the hell happened to you?" Gabe's shrill voice shouted over the bass thumping in the background. Apparently, he was at work. "Are you okay?"

"Well, my puss hurts, but other than that, I'm fine," I said, suddenly feeling the overwhelming urge to piss.

"Dayuum! He done put it on you like that, boo-boo!" Gabe screeched as I jumped out of bed and did the pee-pee dance across the room.

I finally made it to the bathroom and yanked my pants down before I copped a squat on the toilet and the golden dam broke loose. And of course I moaned in relief, letting my eyes roll to the back of my head.

Don't act like you don't do it...

"You nasty ass bitch! Is you peeing while you're talking to me on the phone?" Gabe asked in a disgusted tone.

"I piss in front of you all the time," I rolled my eyes, even though he couldn't see me. "What fucking difference does it make?"

"Did you just toot your ass horn at me?"

"What! No!" I yelled, appalled that he thought that I would actually fart while on the phone with him.

"Whatev...answer the question."

"Um...What was the question again?" I asked, wrapping a wad of toilet paper around my hand. And it wasn't that cheap industrial shit either. We're talking don't squeeze the Charmin soft here folks.

He huffed and I could practically see his hands on his jutted out hips. "You said your cumquat hurts...Did he beat your shit up like that or what?"

"Actually, my hymen is still intact, but I don't know how long that's going to last." I wiped and flushed the toilet as I pulled my pants back up and went to the sink to wash my hands. And then I saw myself in the mirror. "Oh my God. I look like shit."

"You always look like shit. So, give me the deets. Who bought you? Is he hot?"

"Um, Edward Cullen...and yes, he is hot to the nth degree. Actually, I don't even think hot is an adequate description. The man is a raging inferno of flaming

hotness," I admitted, mostly because even though I couldn't lie to my best friend, it would be blasphemous to lie about Edward Cullen's level of hotness. Dude is off the charts.

"He's flaming? So, that means he's gay! Aw, sookie sookie now," he cooed and I knew he had that faraway dreamy look in his eyes and was probably already formulating some sort of plan to try and snag him for himself.

"No, he's not gay. At least, I don't think he is," I said, trying to smooth out my hair. "He buried his face between my jean clad thighs, so I'm guessing he's really into cooters."

"What a crying shame," Gabe tsked. I could hear someone in the background and he told me to hold on. "Naw, bitch! I'd rather suck on my dickie wickie than a sticky dickie. I don't know where that thing's been. Now, poof! Be gone witcha!....Sorry, 'bout that, boo," he said getting back to me. "Some scrub just propositioned me while I was on the phone. I mean, how fucking rude? It's not like my insanely expensive pants have 'I suck dick' painted on the back of them. Oh wait a minute, yes they do. I forgot I did that before I came to work," he snickered.

"Gabe! Focus!" I said, trying to get his attention. "I don't have much time. How are my folks? Did the money go

through the account? And, what the hell is a dickie wickie?"

"Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you. I found a pacifier with a dick on the end," he giggled. "Frickin' ingenious invention, right? I mean, I can suck dick all the damn time now. Of course I guess you have to wonder what sort of parents are buying that shit for their babies."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah...My parents? The money?" I asked, exasperated.

"The money is there, and damn, bitch...you went for a million? If I would've known virginity went for that much, I might have clinched my butt cheeks a little tighter and put my damn self up on the auction block."

"Gabe," I said, trying to rein him back into the conversation before he could go off on yet another tangent. "How is Renee?" I asked.

"I went by there earlier today to check on her. She's the same, sweetie. No change," Gabe's voice was more solemn. "But, now we have the money for the operation...thanks to your courageous effort." Gabe sighed. "I really admire you, Belly Bean; sacrificing your goodies like that and all."

"Well, as long as it helps Mom...it's worth it, right?"

"Mmhmm...and there's no shame in enjoying a little rat-a-tat-tat on your vag while you're at it."

I smiled and gave him a half laugh. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Look, I have to go now. I heart you hard...and tell my folks that I'm swamped with freshman shit and I'll call them the first chance I get, okay?"

"Sure thing, sweetie. And, I heart you too," he said with a hint of sentimentality to his voice. At least, as much as he was capable of. "Clit licks and tit nips, bitch!"

I hung up the phone and decided to grab a quick shower. When I walked into the bedroom, I couldn't find my things anywhere. I even looked in Edward's massive closet and still nothing. So, I grabbed one of his dress shirts, which was thankfully long enough to cover all my nakedness underneath. Yeah, I knew it was probably going to piss him off, seeing as how he's all anal and OCD over his clothes, but surely he didn't expect me to walk around naked all the damn time.

I brushed my teeth and looked myself over in the mirror, satisfied that he was going to flip his wig and then tell me what the hell he did with my things. Then I high-tailed my ass down the stairs before I ended up pissing him off for keeping him waiting so long. Again, not because I gave a fuck, but mostly because I want to be sure I'm there to see his pretty, pretty face when he does get pissed.

He was sitting at the head of the table when I entered the dining room, er, excuse me, dining *hall*. The place just to

his right was set for me, I presumed, and I took my place.

Edward looked me over from head to toe, taking in my current state of undress and I watched him swallow hard.

"I hope you don't mind. I really had no choice since all my things are gone. What the hell did you do with my clothes, anyway?" I asked.

"I'd planned on taking you shopping this afternoon, so I had the help dispose of your other things," he said, picking up his napkin. "I didn't realize you'd be sleeping all day. My apologies."

"You can't just get rid of my things!" I screeched.

"I didn't get rid of everything. Just the clothes," he said dismissively. "They weren't up to par with my lifestyle."

"Well aren't we just the snob? I'm sorry I didn't come prepared for your ritzy lifestyle, Richie Rich."

"No apologies necessary," he said, quite seriously. "We'll take care of that tomorrow. Although, I have to admit that you do look rather delicious in my shirt."

The way he was looking at me, you'd think I was an all you can eat buffet and he hadn't eaten in days. It was at the point where he licked his lips that I forced myself to look away, suddenly becoming very interested in the *actual* buffet before me. All three courses of the meal were already laid out; salad to start, a juicy steak and

baked potato, and a slice of three layer chocolate cake with a side of vanilla ice cream for dessert.

"Did you make all this?" I asked as I unfolded the napkin and laid it in my lap.

"I'm a multi-millionaire. I don't have to cook," he said, picking up his fork and stabbing his salad. "I pay people to do this shit for me."

"I see. Sort of like how you pay for pussy?" I asked, and then took a sip of water from the goblet in front of me.

Edward choked on the bite of salad he had just taken, and I gave myself a mental high five while smirking around the rim of my cup.

"Why is that anyway?" I asked, not the least bit concerned for his welfare.

"That subject is not up for discussion," he said, taking a drink of wine. "How are you feeling? Any bleeding or cramping?"

Until he mentioned something about it, I'd almost forgotten about my little excursion to the twat doc.

"Well, that's a personal question, but if you must know-"

"I must, and nothing about your body is personal from me for the next five years. The sooner you get used to that idea, the better this situation will be. Now, you were saying?"

I gritted my teeth together, trying my damndest not to tell him to go fuck himself, even though that might have

actually been sort of hot. Mentally picturing that scene, and a quick count to ten in my head, and I felt reasonably calm enough to answer his question. "The cramps have subsided, and I haven't had any bleeding at all. So, does that mean you're going to fuck me now?"

"Yes. How about right here on the table?" he said facetiously as he made a show of shaking the table to test its durability.

He gave me a crooked grin to make sure I knew he was only joking. "I think I can allow you to have the evening off to recuperate. I know you hate me and must think some pretty terrible things about me, but I'm not a monster. I am capable of showing a little compassion every now and then, you know."

Double Agent Coochie was already strapping on her hooker heels to perform her table dance and was beyond disappointed when he took it all back. She was threatening a revolt, but I mentally stomped that bitch in the face and told her to shut the fuck up.

"Have you called anyone to let them know that you're okay?" he asked, cutting his steak.

I wasn't really sure how I was supposed to respond to that. If I told him the truth, it might just piss him off enough that he would decide to take my phone away from me. But, he never established any rules regarding having contact with family or friends, plus he knew that I had my cell. I hate to lie, because one lie leads to

another, which leads to another until you've woven one hell of a web of deceit that's damn near impossible not to get caught up in. Plus, I was still looking forward to watching his pretty, pretty face in one of his pissy tantrums. So, fuck it, I told him the truth.

"I talked to my best friend, Gabe, just before I came down to dinner."

"And your parents?" he asked, his face not showing any indication that he was upset by my admission.

I was disappointed, to say the least...and I also had to snatch Double Agent Coochie's hooker heels from her and ground one into her sassy little mouth.

"They think I'm in college at NYU. I'll have to call them eventually, but they can't know where I am or what I'm doing. It would kill them."

Edward nodded his head and tented his fingers under his chin. "That's understandable. But, I want you to feel free to keep in touch with whomever you need to. As long as you're holding up your end of the deal and not trying to break our contract, you'll have most all the freedoms you enjoyed before you came to me."

"Most?" I asked, arching a brow in question.

"All except for your body, of course. That belongs to me," he clarified.

"So, I can leave the house whenever I want?" I asked, testing the limitations.

"I expect you to be here when I am here, unless I have pre-authorized an outing. I say pre-authorized because I want to know where you are at all times. Plus, there may be times when I feel the need to come home during the day for a little stress relief," he said with a crooked grin.

Let me clarify...This wasn't just any crooked grin. My cooter was leaking at an abnormal rate and I feared for the safety of the expensive fabric that lined the chair I was sitting in. My nips were at full attention and I pulled my shoulders forward, hoping my hussified reaction wouldn't be noticeable. But it didn't stop there. Oh no, I was apparently on a roll with my whorishness.

"And are you feeling stressed now?" I asked in a sultry voice.

Don't ask me where the hell that came from. I didn't even recognize my own voice. Apparently, I had let my guard down just enough to allow my hoochie of a coochie to get the drop on me, going straight for the verbal function of my brain and setting up camp. That's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

Edward chuckled and licked his bottom lip, which really sort of pissed me off because I kind of wanted to do that. "Let's see. I have an incredibly sexy woman in my house, whom I've paid some major dough to have my way with anytime I want, yet I can't because I've brought a bit of discomfort to her. So, yeah, I guess you might say I'm a tad bit stressed."

Double Agent Coochie found the part of my brain that controls my motor skills and planted her flag. I had lost all control of my own bodily functions. I laid my napkin next to my plate and pushed away from the table.

Edward kept his eyes trained on me the entire time. As I walked toward him, he sat back in his chair and tilted his head to the side with his eyebrows furrowed in question, waiting to see what I had intended to do. I slid between him and the table and sank down to my knees.

"What are you doing, Isabella?" he asked, his voice deep and husky.

"Stress management," I smirked, unfastening his belt with an unbelievable amount of confidence.

"I'm pretty sure I told you that you have the night off," he said, scooting his chair back a bit to give me more room to work with.

"You did." I unzipped his pants and laid the flaps of his pants open as I planted open-mouth kisses along the bulge just under his Calvin Kleins.

Edward ran his fingers through my hair and then cupped my chin, lifting it so that I met his gaze. "If you keep that shit up much longer, I'm not going to be able to stop you."

"Then don't," I said, dipping my head down to continue my previous actions.

He pushed his chair back further until he was just out of my reach. "Not until I've had my dessert."

Without warning, he lifted me up and sat me on the edge of the table, pushing the dinner dishes back. His hands were on both of my knees as he spread my legs and pulled himself closer. Then he moved them up my thighs slowly, dipping under the hem of his shirt and pushing it up along the way.

We both watched as he revealed the nakedness that lay beneath and I gasped when I heard a feral growl from deep in his chest. I had always kept myself sufficiently groomed in that area because...well, you just never know when you might end up in some sort of freak accident and someone might have the need to see something down there. And let's face it, freak accidents where I was concerned wouldn't be all that freakish at all.

He licked his lips as he ogled my cooch, and then he finally averted his eyes to mine. "I'm sure you won't mind if I just kiss this and make it all better."

Without waiting for my response, he spread me wider and began to suck the skin on the inside of my left thigh.

"Um...Edward?" I started in a shaky voice.

"Hmm?" he hummed as he continued to work his way up my thigh.

"Do you really think that the dining room table is the best place to do this? I mean, it can't be very sanitary."

"I eat all my meals at the table," he mumbled against my thigh.

I suppose he had a point and I probably wasn't going to win the argument, even if I really wanted to. Besides, it didn't even matter because by then, he'd reached my center and his nose was nuzzling my love nubbin'. I felt his tongue run along my folds and I grabbed onto the hair of his head.

"You smell so good, Isabella. And you taste even better," he moaned against my pussy. Then his hand ran along the underside of my right thigh and he lifted my leg, draping it over his shoulder.

I watched as his tongue continued to lick at my center and then he captured my clit with his lips and sucked chastely before flicking it with his tongue. He looked up at me and winked while his serpent-like tongue sped up, and a pleasure like I've never known shot through body and my head dropped back.

"Look at me," his husky voice said. "I want you to watch me feed on you."

"Oh God," I groaned, lifting my head to watch him as he ordered.

First one and then another finger disappeared inside me and he moved them in and out while the fingers of his other hand spread my lips apart and he sucked my clit into his mouth. Then he pushed his fingers all the way in

and curled them back and forth, and I couldn't help the pornstar-like moan that came from somewhere in the back of my throat.

"Mmm, you like that, don't you?" he asked and then flattened his tongue out, taking a long lick from my opening to my clit where he resumed his suckling.

"That's...sweet Jesus...so amazing," I groaned through heavy pants.

My chest was heaving and my grip on his hair tightened as I pulled him toward me with each grind of my hips into his face. He hummed in appreciation, apparently approving of the fact that I was showing him what I liked most.

His fingers left my opening and I whined in protest, but when he revealed that same hand again, I saw that he had a spoon full of ice cream in it. He smirked and then dropped a small dollop of vanilla ice right on my clit. I gasped at the chilling sensation against my overheated nub and nearly lost all control I had. Edward bit down on his bottom lip as he watched my reaction and then surged forward, roughly devouring my pussy and licking it clean of the sweet cream.

A coil was beginning to tighten in the pit of my stomach and I recognized it from the finger fuck-a-thon from the bath the other morning. Every muscle in my body began to tighten and my thighs were involuntarily trapping his head between them. Seriously, it was like my puss had

morphed into a Venus flytrap, unwilling to let the fuckawesomeness that was Edward Cullen's face escape. Edward sucked harder on my clit and then shook his head back and forth, which just about sent me over the edge, but then he buried his face as close as he could between my legs and licked, sucked, moaned...hummed. His fingers moving in and out, curling back and forth...I couldn't take it anymore. Feeling him...seeing him...hearing him. It was too much. Like sensory overload or some shit like that.

My whole body tensed as the coil finally sprang free and my eyes squeezed shut. Blue and black spots flickered behind my eyes as I bit my bottom lip and moaned out my orgasm. Wave after wave pulsed through my body as Edward continued to lick and suck. When the intense pleasure finally subsided and my body relaxed, he stopped and looked up at me, licking his lips.

"There. All better?" he chuckled with the sexiest grin on his face.

"Mhm," I barely squeaked out, nodding my head like only an idiot could.

He sat back in his chair, remnants of the ice cream and my juices glistening on his chin. I was so mortified that I actually fucking blushed. I mean, that much wetness can't be normal, can it?

"Pussy a la mode, my favorite," he hummed and then grabbed his napkin, wiping his mouth and chin.

I pulled the shirt down to cover myself and hopefully some of my embarrassment, and I couldn't help but blurt out the first thing that came to mind...because I have absolutely no mouth filter, of course.

"Yeah, well you still haven't had my cherry," I said suggestively.

Edward let out a hearty belly laugh and then sunk back in his chair, rubbing his hands over that pretty, pretty face that was buried in my vajayjay just minutes ago.

"Eager, are we?" he asked. "Well," he shrugged his shoulders and then slapped his thighs as he stood and hooked his thumbs under the band of his fuck-her-wear. "If that's what you really want..."

Realization smacked me like a Mack truck and my eyes widened as my legs instinctively snapped closed. "No!" I shouted, louder than I probably needed to. "I'm...I'm still sore."

It was an outright lie. I knew it. Double Agent Coochie knew it. And, more importantly, he knew it.

"Is that right? Hmm, well I could always make you," he said, using that husky voice that made my insides dissolve into a puddle of goo.

He took a step toward me and lifted my chin to give me a soft kiss, and then another, and one more before

deepening the kiss. His hands roamed over my shoulders, down my arms and around my waist as I fought to keep my whorish thighs from opening up to invite him in.

Edward broke away and trailed kisses along my jaw to the sensitive spot below my ear. "Soon," he whispered as he cupped my face in his hands and took my bottom lip between his.

He pulled away and cleared his throat. "I have some work to do tonight if I'm going to be able to take you shopping tomorrow," he said, running his hands through his hair. "You can do whatever you want in the mean time."

With that, he walked away and left me sitting on the table, stunned to silence, in a post coital haze and wearing nothing but his shirt.

Hot and cold. The man's mood swings were giving me a serious case of whiplash.

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EPOV

I had to get out of there.

Her taste and smell were everywhere and she was sitting there in my goddamn shirt, looking sexier than she had any right to be. And to top it all off...she was offering me her fucking cherry.

Did she not have any clue whatsoever about the amount of restraint it took for me not to impale her with my cock right then and there?

Fucking A...I mean, I seriously need to get my dick wet...and I'm thinking marinating it in Isabella's soaking wet pussy juices would be just the trick.

But she had to have still been sore, and ramming my dick into her unabashedly wasn't going to do anything but make that situation worse. Which also meant I'd have to wait even longer to do it again. And once I've had her...there's no way I was going to be able to keep myself from taking her over and over again, on every surface in the house. And my house, much like my cock, is pretty damn big.

Control. I had to maintain control and have a little more patience. All good things come to those who wait. Right?

I sat down at my desk and brought the fingers that I'd had inside her tight little pussy to my nose, inhaling her scent once again. Yes, it was a masochistic move, worse than any other sort of torture imaginable...other than maybe having to watch someone else fuck the shit out of her right in front of me...but, I couldn't resist the allure of eau d'Isabella.

I suddenly became aware of the massive hard on I had been sporting since she walked into the dining hall wearing nothing but *my* fucking shirt.

I groaned at the pain my rock solid dick, twisted and mangled into a very uncomfortable position, was causing me at that very moment. I reach my hand into my underwear and winced as I pulled my cock out. Swear to God, I could've used it to drill in a railroad tie.

Well, I couldn't very well let it stay like that. I'd never get any work done with that thing waving in my face, especially with Isabella's taste still on my tongue and her smell still lingering on my fingers and in my whiskers.

I reached inside the top drawer of my desk and pulled out the bottle of lotion I had stashed there.

Mind out of the gutter, pervs. I can't stand dry hands, okay?

I squirted a generous amount into my palm and ran my hand up and down my shaft. I closed my eyes and imagined my million dollar baby, still clad in my shirt, on her knees in front of me while I sat at the table. My thumb swept over the head of my dick and I hissed, picturing the flat part of her tongue making the motion instead as she scooped up the pre-cum. She closed her eyes and hummed as she tasted me.

Her tongue swept across her bottom lip in anticipation of more as her greedy little mouth devoured my cock and swallowed me down. I could feel the back of her throat constrict around the tip of my dick as she moaned and bobbed her head up and down. My hand kept time with imaginary Isabella's movements. Faster and tighter I

stroked myself and I recalled the night I fucked her mouth, my cock sliding back and forth through her perfectly pink and pouty lips.

She looked up at me and I squeezed the base of my dick tighter, bucking my hips into her mouth. My free hand grabbed onto the edge of my desk so hard I thought I heard the wood crack beneath my fingertips. But her eyes...deep, dark chocolate brown, so warm, so hungry...they never left mine. She was sucking me so hard and fast. Then she let my cock go with a pop of her mouth before she tossed her hair over her shoulder, licked from the bottom of my shaft to the top and then took me in as deep as she could go with a moan of satisfaction.

I grabbed the back of her head and held her there as the heat of my orgasm radiated through my body and my movements became jerky before I spilled my seed down her throat. When I had milked myself of all the cum I had, I opened my eyes. She wasn't there, and my hand was covered in my own spunk.

I sighed and reached inside the desk drawer, pulling out a wet wipe and cleaning up my mess.

Shut up, I only keep the wet wipes there because I don't like germs and cleanliness is next to godliness...

Once I was sufficiently germ free, I turned on my computer. I queued up the security system and found Isabella in the kitchen. I told her she could do whatever

she wanted and this is what she chose to do? She was washing the dishes by hand while she danced around to a beat that was obviously in her head. I'll have to try to remember to buy her an iPod on our shopping excursion. Her hips swayed to and fro as she jumped around and tossed her hair back and forth. Soap suds floated in the air around her and she turned around in a circle, her head thrown back as she spun and laughed.

I couldn't help but chuckle when a strand of hair got caught in her mouth and she spat and swiped at it, succeeding in inadvertently landing a clump of bubbles on the tip of her nose. She blew a puff of air out of her mouth and the bubbles went flying before she went back to work on the dishes.

I closed out the program, knowing the distraction of watching her would keep me from reviewing the files I needed to go over and email to my secretary to forward to the board members in the morning.

A couple of hours later, I was seeing double before I was through with my work. I powered down my computer and turned off my desk lamp before heading up to bed.

Isabella was already fast asleep when I reached my room, looking all angelic and shit. But, I knew she was actually the devil in disguise. I took a quick shower and slid under the covers, pleased to find that she was nude as requested. So, I snuggled into her backside and wrapped my arm around her stomach. She shifted a bit in her

sleep and murmured something unintelligible before she settled back down and her breathing evened out.

The thought occurred to me that I may have bitten off more than I could chew with Isabella, and that would never do. Tomorrow, I would reassert my position and remind her and myself of the reason she's here.

Tomorrow...

I woke the next morning, my cock in the same precarious position between her creamy thighs as it had been every morning since she arrived. Today would be different though. She's here for a reason and although I'm not a total bastard, I do have needs.

Horny fucker much? Why yes, yes I am indeed.

My left arm was draped over her waist, my hand cupping the awesomeness that was her boob. (*Seriously, did I just use the word 'boob'?* Asks the grown ass man who apparently reverts to a 17-year-old kid when he's touching boobies...*Dear God, my mind is turning to mush over tits.*) The pad of my thumb swept over her nipple and...nothing. Well that shit will never do. So, I made another pass, pinching it slightly between my thumb and finger with each sweep.

Houston, we have pebbling!

She squirmed a little in her sleep, and I hoped it was because I was making her feel good and not because she could actually hear my overly immature inner ramblings.

Her squirming called attention to the iron rod attached to my body and how insanely awesome it felt when it slid back and forth between her warm thighs.

I just needed a wee bit of lubrication and I should be able to sufficiently get off without ever dipping my wick into her virginal pussy. She's not ready for that yet, even though I'm dying to get knee deep in that shit.

I kissed her bare shoulder and made a slow trail of follow-up kisses along the width of it until I reached her neck. All the while, I was slowly pumping my hips back and forth and rolling her nipple between my fingers. Isabella gave me a little moan and brought her hand up to cover mine. I froze for a second, concerned that she might protest against what I was doing, and then I realized that I really didn't fucking care if she wanted me to continue or not. I paid for this shit, and although I'm not a rapist...this wasn't exactly rape. I just wanted to get my rocks off and she's lucky that wouldn't entail stabbing her with my peen sword...this morning.

To my surprise, she didn't try to remove my hand. Instead, she started massaging it, encouraging me to knead her breast more aggressively. That one not so simple act caused my hips to buck forward and I could feel her go rigid when her hand shot down between her legs and she found my cock.

"Not yet," I whispered against her neck and then I began to suck at her skin there.

She shivered in my arms and that shot straight to my dick, making me impossibly harder. I needed more friction. I moved my hand down her stomach and between her legs and opened her folds to allow her wetness to coat my cock. I slid back and forth a couple of times and couldn't stifle the moan the warmth of her juices elicited.

"You feel so good...just...like...this," I said with each gentle thrust of my hips against her.

Isabella arched her back and changed the angle I was rubbing against, but I knew it still wasn't what she needed. I took her hand and guided it lower so that she could feel us moving together. The arch in her back became even more pronounced as I pressed our hands tighter to the underside of my dick, and because my fingers were longer, I stretched my thumb to press the head of my cock to her clit.

"Fuck!" she gasped and rolled her back to glide along my length until she hit the spot again.

"More," I moaned against shoulder.

I pulled back and thrust forward again, the head of my dick pressed so closely to her that it inadvertently pressed against her opening. The tip barely entered her before I pulled away and thrust forward again. What surprised the shit out of me was that she was pressing back and didn't even go stiff when I was at her opening.

Her hand kept me pressed against her as I slid back and forth between her wet folds with more urgency. She didn't need me to keep her in place any longer, so I pulled away and grabbed her hip for leverage. She felt so soft and warm...and slick. My cock was swimming in her wetness and I couldn't get enough of it. Harder and faster I thrust, her slick thumb brushing over the slit on the head of my dick and then flicking over the ridge of my little helmet head. She was driving me insane.

I had to slow down, so I made long strokes against her, purposely letting the head of my dick push against her opening again. She pushed back and I forced just the tip of the head inside. Instantly, she froze. She was holding her breath and tensing up every muscle in her body.

"Relax, baby," I whispered in her ear. My breathing was out of control and I was nuzzling her neck trying to compose myself while the head of my cock was still just barely inside her...fuck, she smelled so good and she felt even better.

"I want you so fucking bad," I panted, still not moving for fear that I would take her. "Goddamnit, why do you feel so fucking good?"

My cock was throbbing with the need to pound into her tight pussy. A little voice inside my head screamed for me to thrust, grind, pull, thrust, grind, pull. Maybe if I just allow myself a tiny bit more...

"I just want to try something," I murmured against the nape of her neck.

I inched forward minutely, feeling her walls constrict around me as I allowed the entire head of my cock to be encompassed by her. A miniscule amount of movement was all I allowed myself.

"Don't move." My voice was practically begging her as I squeezed my eyes shut and fought back the urge to give my cock exactly what he wanted...more.

A tiny whimper escaped her throat and I felt her hand slip between her thighs to stroke me.

"Fuck!" I shot out of bed and practically flew across the room with my back to the wall, facing her.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" she chanted, sitting up in bed with her knees pulled to her chest.

"Goddamnit! You can't do shit like that, Isabella!" I panted. "It's taking every ounce of control I have not to fuck the living daylights out of you right now, and you go and encourage me! What were you thinking?"

She bowed her head and let her hair fall like a curtain to shield her face from me. She was rocking back and forth with her forehead on her knees as she mumbled. "I don't know. I guess I thought you would like it. You just felt so good...ugh," she groaned.

Well what do ya' know? She fucking wanted it too. We may be closer to sealing the deal than I thought.

A giant ass smirk spread across my face and I stalked back toward the bed, my dick still at full mast and ready to give her what we both wanted. And then my cock sucker of a goddamn motherfucking son of a bitchin' cell phone started ringing. I had half a mind to chuck the fucker out the damn window, but I knew I couldn't.

I groaned and walked over to the nightstand where it sat, my dick bobbing up and down with my movement.

"Cullen!" I barked into the phone.

"Good morning, Mr. Cullen. I hope I didn't wake you," Jacob's secretary, Jessica's, nasally voice replied.

"What do you want, Jessica?"

"Mr. Black wanted me to call you. He's called an emergency meeting of the board members in light of the recent crisis," she said.

"What crisis?" I asked.

"Have you not seen the news? The stock market is plummeting all over the place due to the oil spill. Scarlet Lotus' holdings have taken a real hit."

"Son of a...," I started, wiping at my face. "Fine. I'll be in right away. Tell Mr. Whitlock to be waiting for me downstairs with the latest reports."

I hung up the phone without another word and turned to Isabella. "I'm sorry, but I won't be able to take you shopping today."

"What am I supposed to do about clothes today? Wear more of your things?" she asked with much attitude as she finally looked up at me.

"As much as I love to see you wearing my things, I don't really have anything small enough for you," I said, and then I got an idea. "I'll have Alice take you instead. She really knows her way around fashion."

I pulled my wallet out of the nightstand drawer and took out the gold card. "Here. Don't worry about how much you spend; I'm sure Alice won't be. I'll call her and let her know what you'll be needing, but you can get anything else that you'd like."

"And in the mean time?" she asked, looking down at herself. "I can't exactly go out looking like this."

"I'll have Alice bring something of hers over for you to borrow."

I dialed Alice on my way to the bathroom and filled her in on what I needed her to be sure Isabella had in her wardrobe, saving the lingerie shopping for me to do with her, of course. There would be parties that we would need to attend, and I wanted to be sure she had what she needed to be dressed appropriately. Of course Alice was all too happy to be taking Isabella on a shopping spree...on my dime, of course. I warned her not to be too pushy with Isabella and to let her pick some things out on her own. I also gave her explicit instructions not to

pry into her personal life. Anything Isabella wants her to know, she'll share of her own accord.

When I had finished getting dressed, I gave Isabella last minute instructions. "Don't tell her anything about our arrangement, no matter how hard she digs for the information. Tell her what you want of your personal life, but as far as anyone knows, we met in LA. I should be home around six. Make sure you're waiting for me."

With that, I picked her up off the bed, accosted her mouth with a rough kiss and let her fall back to the bed with an oomph. "I was really looking forward to having you model lingerie for me today. Another time," I winked and gave her a crooked smile as I grabbed my briefcase and jacket and left her alone.

I hated leaving her like that to deal with Alice her very first time meeting her, but I really had no choice.

Hopefully, she'll be strong enough to deal with her, or evasive enough to keep her at bay for the time being. Plus, I'm really hoping the whole shopping spree thing will soften the blow by keeping Alice too distracted to pry.

I can only hope...

~..~..~..~

Chapter Six

Dastardly Duo

BPOV

"Hello? Is anybody home?" I heard a singsong voice call from the entryway. "Isabella? It's me, Alice, personal shopper extraordinaire...here to whisk you away to what I consider to be paradise.

That must be Alice.

I hurried down the staircase, wearing the same shirt I had put on last night for dinner. And as embarrassed as I was to meet a stranger for the first time in nothing but my john's shirt, I really had no other choice.

"Oh, hey!" she greeted me, all cheery and morning person like. Her hair was short and spiky, and she was so little and unbelievably gorgeous that she reminded me of Tinker Bell...only with dark hair instead. I just wanted to pick her up and stick her in my pocket.

"Um, hi," I said all awkward like. "Bella Swan."

"Alice Whitlock," she said with a wide smile. "I'm so ecstatic to finally meet you!"

I stuck my hand out in a friendly gesture, but she rolled her eyes playfully. "Oh, please!" She snorted softly through her pert nose as she waved off my somewhat formal greeting. "We're going to be shopping all day together. In my world, that's like having sex," she giggled

and then grabbed me for a quick hug. "Mmm, you smell good. This is for you by the way," she said, handing me a pink bag.

"Clothes?" I asked, just to be sure.

"Yeah. Say, what happened to all your clothes anyway?"

"About that," I hedged, not having any clue how to answer. "My moving here to be with Edward was kind of a rushed decision and I didn't really have time to pack very much. What little I did pack didn't really seem to be up to par with the styles and trends you guys wear around here, so I got rid of them."

There. That sounded like fashion speak, right?

Alice arched a perfectly manicured brow and I could see the wheels turning in her head as she squinted her eyes at me in doubt.

"And you were naked when you did this?"

"Um, no," I half laughed. "Of course not, silly. The clothes I had on are just...dirty. Yeah, they're dirty."

"Uh-huh," she eyed me suspiciously. "Well, why don't you go ahead and get changed and we'll get going?"

Riding in Alice's little red beamer scared the shit out of me. Multi-tasking is a gift. I'm just not so sure it's a gift that should be used while driving. She was doing well over the legal speed limit, while texting and be-bopping along to LMFAO. Every now and then, she'd honk the horn and curse at an elderly person who, and I quote,

"should've had their driver's license revoked once they hit age 50." Alice's philosophy was that no one wearing a diaper should be allowed behind the wheel of a car, and that everyone over the age of 50 should be required to re-test every year.

I'm going to have to say that I agree with her, but I'm also going to say that hyperactive little people strung out on caffeine shouldn't be allowed behind the wheel of a vehicle either, for that matter.

She whipped into a spot just vacated by another vehicle. And when I say 'just vacated', I mean they were barely even out of the spot before she parallel parked the car without even backing up...which meant that she ran up on the curb, forcing some of the patrons walking on the sidewalk to scramble out of the way.

I managed to wrench my fingertips out of the dashboard, where I was sure there would be lingering imprints, and got out of the car. By that time, I was perfectly willing to kiss the ground had it not been so grotesque with God only knows what sort of germs and diseases. Public streets and sidewalks are like Petri dishes cultivating death cocktails.

Alice popped her sunglasses on, threw her purse strap over her shoulder and said, "Let's go, chick."

Alice was wearing three inch heels and a short little dress that looked like it was made for a little girl instead of a grown woman, but she pulled it off without a hitch.

Seriously, the woman is too cute with a side of come-here-lova'-boy.

We went into the first shop and the ladies behind the counter recognized her immediately, even calling her by name.

"Friends of yours?" I asked.

"Professionally, not socially," she said under her breath. "You might say I'm a frequent flyer here. Plus, I tip *very* well."

"Ladies," she said, turning back to them and holding up Edward's gold card. "If you will be so kind as to hook my new friend up with your finest..."

I was rushed into a dressing room to strip and before I even had all my clothes off, garments were being slung over the door. I groaned inwardly because shopping just was not my thing, but I had to admit that I felt sort of like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*, being doted over like that.

Alice stood outside the door giving her praise for things she approved of and scoffing at things she didn't. I thought I was safe in my own little room, closed off from the rest of the world, but Alice wasn't having that. She pushed open the door and strolled right on in like I didn't have anything she hadn't ever seen before. I suppose I didn't, but still, I might have wanted to retain just a wee bit of privacy, crazy pixie lady.

I was beginning to learn quickly that in Edward's world, apparently my body is a free-for-all to regard. So I gave up caring and let my shit hang out like I was a Playboy Centerfold to be envied.

"So," Alice sighed as she sat down on the bench in my dressing room and watched me. "Tell me all about how you and Edward met."

"Um, I guess like anyone else does," I said, trying to figure out the contraption of a dress that Alice handed to me to try on next.

"No one meets in exactly the same way. Everyone has a story. Give me the details, girlfriend," she said, helping me with the dress.

And then I got giddy...because her curiosity was going to let me play with Edward a bit. He did tell me to say as much as I wanted, so I went with it.

"Well, he'd probably kill me for telling you this, so I'll have to make you swear to secrecy," I started.

"Bitch's honor," she said, putting her pointer and index fingers directly under her eyes like Samantha on *Bewitched*. She won me over completely with that little maneuver; a psycho after my own heart.

"I met him outside a drag queen show," I said in a hushed whisper. "He was so pretty that I thought he was one of the performers."

"Edward Cullen was at a drag queen show!" Alice shrieked and then started giggling when I cupped my hand over her mouth and shushed her.

"He *said* that he wasn't familiar with the area, wanted a drink and wandered in there by mistake," I deepened my lie. "He was outside smoking a cigarette when I showed up, and I've always secretly wondered if it was because he'd just gotten his rocks off."

Alice and I laughed together, and it felt really nice to be able to do that with someone of the same sex for a change.

"Then what?" she asked, hanging on my every word.

"Well, I might have given him the 'uh-huh, like I'm going to believe that' look, at which point he proceeded to ogle the girls," I said, flexing the boobage. "Just to prove a point, I'm sure."

"You do have nice tits," she shrugged, as if to say that made sense.

"So anyway, he asked me out for a drink, and because he was so cute, trying to prove how manly he was, I let him fuck me. I haven't been able to get rid of him since," I laughed.

"Well, I'm glad to hear he's finally decided to settle down, somewhat, especially after what happened with Tanya," she said, adjusting my tits in the dress. I think she secretly just wanted to grope them. I wasn't the least

bit offended, if that was the case, but I *was* curious about what she said.

"Tanya? Who's Tanya?" I asked, eager for a look into Edward's past. Not because I cared, but because I wanted the ammunition should the need arise to use it.

"No one. Never mind. I shouldn't have said anything," she quickly blew my question off. "Hey, you are absolutely smoking in this dress."

Way to change the subject, little sneaky one. I'll have to keep my eye on you.

I couldn't even begin to tell you how long we spent shopping. I let Alice choose the majority of the clothes, and all of the shoes. I'm not opposed to looking nice, and I actually really loved all the cute shoes she picked out, even though I knew they were a health hazard for someone like me. She refused to let me buy any underwear because Edward wanted to do that part. But really, couldn't a girl just get some regular old cotton panties!

Finally, Alice decided we should break for a late lunch.

"So, tell me a little bit about yourself," Alice said, digging into her salad.

"What do you want to know?"

"I don't know...the basics I guess. Where are you from? Who are your parents? What do you do? That sort of stuff. I mean, Edward even kept your *name* hush-hush,"

she said with a roll of her eyes, clearly aggravated by his refusal to give her any details about me.

"That's because I'm in the witness protection program," I said nonchalantly before I took a bite of my sandwich.

"You're what!" she screeched, dropping her fork.

"Yep," I said, popping the 'p' and doing my damndest not to crack a smile.

My attempt was futile because the look on her face was just priceless, and I lost it, practically spewing bread crumbs all over the place.

"You little liar!" she laughed. "You almost had me there. Now, tell me the truth."

"Okay, the truth is...I'm from Graceland and Elvis Presley is my father."

"Elvis and Graceland?" she said with an arched brow.

"Aren't you a little too young to be his kid?"

"Uh-uh. Haven't you heard? He isn't really dead. He's off with Tupac and Biggie, popping pills and smoking ganja."

Alice sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Would you believe Michael Jackson and the Neverland Ranch?" I asked in my best Maxwell Smart impersonation. "I'm white enough for that, right?"

"Alright, smartass," she said, throwing a cucumber slice at me. "I get it. You obviously don't want to talk about yourself. But why is that, Bella? What are you hiding?"

"Oh, no you don't," I pointed an accusing finger at her. "Edward's already warned me all about your conniving little ways, pixie. Don't try to go all super sleuth on me. I'm really just not that interesting. I come from a small town, and I moved out to LA because I had big dreams of breaking into the porn industry. It just didn't work out," I shrugged.

Alice choked on her water and I couldn't help but laugh at the look of shock on her face.

"I'm kidding...about the small town," I giggled.

That earned another huff from Alice, but she finally dropped the subject when I asked her to tell me about herself. Apparently, she had no secrets whatsoever. She even told me about the sexual position she and her husband, Jasper, tried out last night and said I should try it with Edward. But, what she didn't know, and could never know, was that I'm a virgin hooker, and really have no say in what Edward and I do in the bedroom...or on the dining room table...or in the limo...or the bathtub, for that matter. Not that I'd know what the hell I was doing in the first place.

Lunch was eaten, the little black strip on the back of Edward's gold card was thin and almost non-existent and Alice's trunk was almost too full to close the hatch.

We were on our way back to the Cullen estate and I hadn't given up one morsel of information, so I was pretty damn proud of myself. I'm not sure Alice had actually believed anything that I told her all day, except maybe the drag queen show tidbit. Honestly, she wasn't as tough as Edward led me to believe.

We pulled around the circular driveway and Alice put the car in park right in front of the door. She didn't get out though. She turned to me and pulled her sunglasses down, looking over the top rim.

"I like you, Bella. I really do, and I can already tell that we're going to be great friends," she started. "But let's get something clear. You need to understand that Edward is more than just a boss to me and Jasper. He's our friend, and Lord knows he doesn't have many of them. He's been hurt before and I can't stand idly by and let something like that happen again. So, as long as you're being good to him, I won't pry into your personal life."

I put my hand on her shoulder and gave her the serious eye. "You're a terrible liar, Alice, but I'll try not to hold it against you."

Her mouth dropped open as if she was offended, but she knew she'd been called out.

Just then, Riley came out to help us with my bags. I gave Alice a wink and got out, leaving her sitting there with her mouth still hanging open.

I thought it was sweet that Alice was being so protective of Edward. If she only knew the truth behind our relationship, she wouldn't be so quick to give me the 'if you hurt him I'm going to have to kick your ass' speech. She never actually threatened me, outright, but she was most definitely warning me.

"This isn't over, Bella!" she called from inside the car as Riley and I made our way inside the house.

"See you tomorrow, Alice!" I called over my shoulder with a giggle and then disappeared inside the house.

I went up to Edward's room and started going through the bags to get things put away. I had no clue where to put my things, but something told me that most of what Alice had picked out wasn't supposed to be balled up and stuffed in a drawer somewhere. I went to his closet and opened it up. I'd like to say I was shocked by the meticulous way he had everything stored there, but I wasn't. Neat rows of shoes, each pair polished to perfection, dress shirts colored coordinated, as were the suit pants and jackets, all sheathed in plastic dry cleaner's bags. Here's the kicker...everything was spaced so that no one thing touched another.

He is such a super freak...

So, what could I do? I grinned and bit the corner of my mouth. Then I shoved all of his clothes to one side and hung my clothes up alongside his. If he doesn't like it, he can just give me my own room.

By fifteen minutes until six, everything was put away and I was waiting by the front door, as Edward instructed. Kind of shitty if you ask me; him expecting me to just stand there like June Cleaver, waiting for him to come walking through the door. I supposed he'd probably get a real kick out of it if I took his briefcase for him, handed him his sweater and kissed him on the cheek before leading him to the den to sit in his favorite chair where his slippers and pipe were waiting. Not bloody likely, Ward.

The click of the doorknob brought me out of my TV Land guffaw and I stopped biting my cuticles to put on a fake smile. Edward looked like hell warmed over, but the smirk on his face was instant.

"Hi, honey! How was your day?" I asked with the biggest, fakest, most sarcastic smile I could muster.

Edward huffed out a laugh and sat his briefcase down on the table. He ran his hands through his hair as he cocked his head to the side and regarded me. "It was shitty."

"Aw, poor baby," I cooed, poking my bottom lip out to mock him. "Sitting behind a desk all day in an air conditioned, cushy office while other people wait on you hand and foot too much for you? Hmm?"

"You know, I like your mouth better when it's got something in it." He reached for the front of his pants and undid his belt to work on his pants. "So, why don't

you come here and make my day a little better?" he said as he pulled out his cock.

My mouth dropped open and I imagined I had the same look on my face that Alice did in the car earlier.

"Yeah, just like that, only on my dick."

"Right here? In the entryway?... But, all the help isn't gone yet. What if someone sees us?" I said with a frantic rush of words. I may have been panicking, but Double Agent Coochie was already on her knees with her hands raised in prayer, begging me to just go with it.

"Well now *that* would be part of the allure, wouldn't it?" He reached out and pulled me closer to him. I could feel the movement of his hand against my stomach as he stroked himself. His hot breath washed over my face, his lips mere inches from mine. "I bet that turns you on, doesn't it Isabella? The fear of being caught on your knees with my dick in your mouth by a perfect stranger?"

The tip of his tongue snaked across my bottom lip and then just barely flicked at my top, teasing me beyond distraction. "I'm going to introduce you to things you never even dreamed of doing before. Forbidden things that I guarantee you're going to love."

I suddenly remembered that I was still without panties, and Double Agent Cooch was now drooling all over my thighs. The man had a wicked way with words.

Caught in his trance, I sank to my knees in front of him and took his wonder peen in my hands. He groaned when I licked my lips and then gave the head of his dick a sensual kiss, capturing the little drop of pre-cum on the tip. I made a big show of swallowing it, like I was savoring his flavor. That earned me yet another moan.

"You like that, Edward?" I asked in a deep, sultry voice.

He stroked my cheek with the back of his hand and then gently entwined his fingers in my hair. With one swift motion, he pulled my head forward and pushed his cock into my mouth.

"Jesus Christ!" he hissed between his clenched teeth.

I made fast work of him, sucking and licking and bobbing...practically swallowing him whole, just the way I remembered he liked it from my first night here. I grabbed his hips and pushed and pulled him, faster and faster. His head dropped back and he balled his hands into fists in my hair.

"Too much...too quick," he grunted as he tried to pull away, but I wasn't having that shit.

I grabbed his cock again and pulled him forward. If he was going to pull away, he was going to do it without his dick attached to his body, and I was pretty confident that he didn't want that. I could feel his pulse throbbing in my mouth and I relaxed my throat, taking him as deep as I could, while desperately trying not to gag on him.

"Argh!" he growled and then I felt the hot semen spurt down my throat. His movements became jerky and I looked up at him, seeing his face scrunched up like he was in pain, but looks can be deceiving. As much as I hated to admit it, he had a fuckhawt cum face.

When his grip on my hair loosened and his body began to relax, I slowly backed away, licking him along the way. Then I let his cock go with a pop and watched it bounce lifeless.

"You were paying attention," he panted. "Good girl." And then he patted me on the head before tucking himself away in his pants.

That arrogant son of a cock sucking whore!

"I don't know about you, but I've really worked up an appetite. Let's eat," he said, clapping his hands together.

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EPOV

All fucking day long I've been trying to conceal the constant hard on in my overly expensive pants. I mean, Jesus Christ, you'd think if you paid this much money for something, it would come equipped with some fancy gadget to help a dude out with just this sort of situation. Go, Go Gadget cock block!

Pfft, whatever...

I kept imagining Isabella naked, trying on different outfits and spiked heels...all...damn...day!

Plus, Jacob Black was getting on my last nerve. The fucktard jumps to conclusions and acts like every little dip in the market is the end of the world. Scarlet Lotus is a resilient company and has always stood strong. This little crisis would be no different.

So, I was glad to finally be home, and I was even happier to see that Isabella was waiting by the door. Truthfully, I never thought she'd follow my instructions and be there, but she was...and she was running that smart ass mouth of hers, making my dick even harder than it already was.

Not a very smart move on her part. So, I stuffed something in it to shut her up. Big pat on the back for thinking quickly on my feet...

And that shit was fuckawesome, too. When I tried to back away and she grabbed my shit and forced me to stay put...Goddamn! My million dollar baby was learning to crawl and I think I might have gotten a little tear in my eye.

I was perfectly aware that my patting her on the head like a dog was going to piss her off, but that's what she gets for acting like a bitch. Fellas, am I right?

As my punishment, I suppose, she was silent during dinner. She wouldn't even answer outright questions,

and that pissed me off more, but I let that shit go. Because I was planning some punishment of my own. Eager to get to it, I insisted she join me for bed right after I rushed her through dinner. She was stripped buck naked and waiting for me under the covers when I finished in the bathroom...just as she should be...just as I paid her to be.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked her as I sauntered across the room, wearing nothing but a smirk.

She didn't answer. In fact, she actually rolled over and turned her back to me. Fuck that. I will not be ignored. Not in my house and most certainly not in *my* bed.

I slid into bed next to her and rolled her onto her back. "Don't ignore me, Isabella. I don't like to be ignored. Especially not when I've paid one million dollars to be lavished with attention."

Her eyes flickered to mine. "I'm not your bitch."

"You're anything I want you to be," I reminded her.

Before she could say anything else, I smothered her mouth with my own. Her lips were unyielding and her body stiff. She was going for the dead lay play. I had to smirk at her because it was a brilliant plan, but I'm sure she must have forgotten how traitorous her body can be when at the mercy of my capable hands.

Her punishment...bring her right to the edge of ecstasy without ever letting her fall off into it.

I pulled back and smirked at her, ready and willing to play her little game. Then, without taking my eyes off of her face, my hand went to the inside of her thighs and I pushed her knees apart before quickly cupping her pussy in my hand. She gasped only minutely, doing her best not to show any sort of reaction.

I kept watch over her as I slid my fingers between her folds, feeling them become slicker and slicker with each pass over her entrance.

"Your body betrays you, Isabella," I sang in a low voice.

I inserted one finger inside her, slowly moving in and out. Her chest was rising and falling with heavier breaths and her mouth was agape, but she met my gaze and made no sound. I took my finger out and circled her clit instead, feeling the muscles in her legs twitch as she fought to keep them under control. Two fingers dipped inside her. I curled them back and forth, masterfully manipulating her g-spot. I knew it. She knew it. But she refused to show it.

I pulled my fingers out and brought my hand to my mouth. They were glistening with her juices and I could smell her arousal wafting in the space between our faces. She still hadn't averted her stare, so I knew she could see her wetness.

"You're trying to act like you're not affected, but you and I both know differently. And this...is the proof," I said huskily.

I stuck my fingers in my mouth and closed my lips around them, tasting her. She was so delicious; I had to close my eyes to savor her. When I opened them again, her once caramel eyes had darkened and her cheeks were flushed.

She grabbed me by my ears and pulled me to her, crashing her mouth to mine and greedily kissed me. I would've laughed out loud at how easy it was to break her, but she was kissing me so passionately, her nipples were ghosting over my bare chest with each of her labored breaths, and she was writhing around, trying to ensnare my legs.

In short...my shit backfired on me, and I couldn't play games with her anymore. I wanted her. I fucking *needed* her.

Without breaking the kiss, I rolled her small form over onto her back. Her legs opened to me eagerly and I stroked her tongue seductively with my own in thanks. I had no more settled between her legs then she was lifting her hips, grinding against my cock while moaning into my mouth.

"Slow down, baby," I said with panting breaths as I broke the kiss and tried to slow her desperate movements.

"Don't worry, I'm going to make you feel good."

I kissed her softly as I began to shift my hips against her sweet spot. Her back arched off the bed and I wrapped my arm around her to hold her to me. Then I moved

along her jaw and down her neck, finding the place where her neck met her shoulder and sucked gently, all the while grinding slowly against her.

She was so wet...so receptive. Her hands drifted down my sides and over my ribs until she was finally cupping my ass, urging me closer. I could feel her warm breath brush over the shell of my ear and her tiny mewls of desperation sent shock waves straight to my dick.

She buried her face into my neck, sucking and licking at the skin there. Oh God, I just couldn't take any more. I needed her to come, and I needed it now.

I lifted myself off of her, but kept contact with my hips, still moving back and forth between her slick folds. She was biting her lip so hard I thought she was going to break the skin. A look of pure concentration was etched in her features as she pulled and pushed against me with longer strokes. She was almost there.

I leaned down on one elbow and cupped the back of her thigh with one hand and hoisted her leg over my hip. Back and forth, I rocked with long, thick strokes, feeling her clit rub over the head of my dick.

"Come on, baby. Talk to me. It feels good, doesn't it?" I panted. "So fucking good. Don't you just want to lose control? Let it go, baby. Let it go."

"Holy fuck! I'm...going...to...ungh..." she moaned out, her eyes rolling to the back of her head.

I felt her body go rigid in my arms and I knew she was feeling the bliss of the orgasm I brought her. Without hesitating, I lined myself up with her opening and pushed my cock into her, stealing her virtue with one short, swift thrust. Her back arched off the bed with a sharp intake of breath. Her mouth hung open, shocked as her eyes found mine.

I'd hoped taking her virginity mid-climax would make it easier, but I couldn't tell if it actually had. I mean, I have mirrors. I know how thick my cock is.

"Breathe, baby girl," I said with a pant. "Just try to relax. It won't hurt for very long."

I don't know who I was trying to convince, me or her, but I didn't move either. Even though every primal urge inside me begged me to thrust into her over and over again, I didn't. If I couldn't get myself under control and allow her to acclimate to my size, I'd end up ripping her to shreds. Then I wouldn't get to do this again for quite some time...plus, I might feel slightly like an ass for breaking my new toy.

Isabella exhaled slowly as her body began to relax and sink back onto the bed. I pushed forward, further sheathing myself inside her tight little pussy. She clenched her eyes shut and bit down on her lip again and I knew I shouldn't give a damn about whether or not this was hurting her, but I'm a man, and most men actually want the woman they've got their dick buried inside of to

at least enjoy it. However, this is her first time, and giving my size, it wasn't likely she was going to be getting off...this time.

I pulled almost all the way out and pushed back in slowly. I had to stop again. My legs shook with the effort not to move, sweat dripped from the tip of my nose and I think I may have actually stopped breathing. I seriously thought I was in danger of exploding from the inside out.

"Fuck, you feel so good...so fucking tight," I moaned.

"Then what the hell are you waiting for?" she asked in a challenge. It was the most she'd said since she greeted me when I came home. "Fuck me and stop acting like a goddamn pansy. Unless, that is, you're worried you'll shoot your load too soon. Jesus, you'd think *you* were the virgin here."

See? You'd think a comment like that would obliterate my erection. But here's the thing, it didn't. If it was possible, it just made me unbearably harder. There's just something about her snarky mouth and the way she challenges me that turns me the fuck on.

I'm a sick bastard. But I didn't really give a fuck because she was feeding my already scorching need for her.

"Oh you really shouldn't have said that," I quipped back and then pulled all the way out, just to thrust back into her again.

She hissed between her teeth and squeezed her eyes shut. I made short movements in and out, not really wanting to hurt her, but not caring if it felt good to her either. She's mine...here for my pleasure, and I was going to make sure she knew I hadn't forgotten about that.

"This is my pussy, Isabella. My fingers were the first to touch it...my mouth the first to taste it...and my cock will always be the first to fuck it. And for the rest of your life, the memory of my cock this deep inside of you will always be on your mind. No other man will ever compare. I have officially marked my territory...*my* pussy. Do you understand? Say it. Whose pussy is this?"

"Last time I checked, it was attached to my body," she said with heavy breaths.

"Wrong answer," I smirked and then thrust deep, not hard enough to hurt her...just enough to get her attention.

"Jesus Christ!" she gasped.

"I think you know *that's* not my name. Try again."

I kept moving my dick inside her, feeling the pressure build up within me quickly. My balls were aching, begging for the release, but I couldn't give in to the need to release yet.

Her nails dug into the skin on my back and she pushed her hips upward with a growl. Her teeth were clenched and her thighs clamped down on my hips as she met my

thrusts. I had to give it to her, I was impressed. I knew she was uncomfortable, possibly even in pain, but she wasn't giving in.

"Say...it! Out...loud!" I grunted back at her, punctuating each word with a deep thrust.

Her breath caught, but she met my eyes in challenge. Another hard thrust and I heard her whimper.

"It's yours...my pussy is yours, Edward Cullen!" she cried out.

That was all I needed to hear. With one more deep thrust, I came, grunting out my own orgasm. I let all my weight fall on top of her and kissed her, groaning into her mouth as I pumped my hips sporadically until I had no more seed to give. She kissed me back, hungrily trying to dominate the kiss...trying to prove a point that didn't even need to be proven, as much as it pained me to admit it. She could keep up with me...tit for motherfucking tat. And if she could do this her very first time, I was in a whole hell of a lot of trouble.

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BPOV

That shit hurt like a motherfucker!

Do you hear me? Like a motherfucker!

It wasn't so bad when he first pushed into me. Having been mid-orgasm and caught totally unaware that he was planning to do it, actually probably helped. I was

just stunned. But I was relieved that the whole popping of the cherry thing was finally done, even though my hoohah had taken quite the beating.

It was when Edward kept stopping that pissed me off. The longer he took to get it over with, the more uncomfortable I was going to be. Or so I thought. Because once he got going, that feeling of being completely filled was actually pretty close to the best damn thing I had ever felt. I mean, I knew it would probably hurt because he's like inhumanly monstrous and all, but feeling that raw power between my thighs, and taking that shit like a trooper...made me feel like a goddamn superhuman.

And then I had to go and open my big fucking mouth and challenge him. I guess I'm just a fucking nitwit with a penchant for punishment; one of those sick-o's who just can't admit defeat, even though I know I'm being *outfucked*, as it were...like a rookie cop on the scene of a blood bath in progress who rushes in with their gun all half-cocked, thinking they're going to take down career criminals and shit.

Super cop, I am not...but Double Agent Coochie was donning her cape and knee-high, red leather boots like she was some kind of superhero, complete with neon blue unitard and gold belt, a flaming red 'C' emblazoned on her chest.

Dumbass whore. *We fucking hurt, Cooch! Get a motherwhoring clue!*

Edward rolled over onto his back and pulled me into his arms until I was half lying on his chest.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

I nodded, not really sure what to say. I didn't want to admit that it hurt. I didn't want to admit that it was a complete turn on. I didn't want to admit that there were parts of it that I really and thoroughly enjoyed. So, I stayed mute.

Wonder Cooch, on the other hand, was already kicked back with a cigarette, blowing smoke rings with a satisfied smile on her face.

"It'll get better," he said, tenderly running his hand up and down my arm, which only made me curl my leg over his thigh and snuggle into him. Like the two-faced whore that I apparently am...

I could hear his heart beating hard and fast in his chest and my head rose and fell with his heavy breathing. A light coat of sweat covered his skin, and without thinking, I tasted him with an open-mouth kiss. That kiss led to another, and then another until I had his nipple in my mouth.

"You probably don't want to do that, Isabella," he said all breathy and shit. "I have a pretty quick recovery time

and I'm sure you're nowhere near ready for another round."

Edward's fingers drew lazy patterns down my spine and over my ass before retracing the trail on the way back up to my neck. His breathing was becoming normal and his heartbeat, although still prominent, was evening out.

"I need a cigarette," he sighed and moved a little beneath me, so I backed away from him as he sat up on the side of the bed.

He grabbed a cigarette and his lighter from the nightstand and lit it, exhaling the smoke as he turned toward me.

"You might feel better if you take a hot bath. I'll go run some water for you," he said, getting up and strutting toward the bathroom.

There was something in his face that I couldn't quite discern. Did he regret what we just did?

Part of me knew that couldn't be it, but I've seen him in this mode before, after the twat doc visit. And then it occurred to me...he may not have regretted taking my virginity, but he sure as hell felt responsible for my discomfort, and now he was trying to take care of me.

Now why in the hell did the bastard have to go and act all sweet like that? I don't know about the rest of you ladies, but I find it incredibly hard to hate someone who's being nice to me.

Double Agent Coochie thought we should show our appreciation. Benedict fucking Arnold, is switching sides on me in favor of the 'O'. And there you have it...Super Cooch was hopelessly addicted to the Wonder Peen and they were joining forces to form the dastardly duo.

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Chapter Seven

Baby Did A Bad, Bad Thang

BPOV

I woke the next morning to find that I was lying on my back, which isn't how I usually sleep...at all. Something warm and heavy was on my stomach and I peeked an eye open to investigate. Dark, tousled hair tickled my skin with each upheaval of his head forced by my inhalation. He was on his side, his face positioned just far enough down my body to allow his hot breath to spill across the sensitive flesh of my nether region. I closed my eyes and swallowed thickly, the sensation of his breath threatening to rouse the Cooch.

He shifted in his sleep and it drew my attention to the warmth of his hand on the inside of my thigh, dangerously close to my center. I moaned at the dual sensation of his breath and touch and then clamped a hand over my mouth to stifle the sound, hoping like hell he hadn't heard me.

Double Agent Coochie had most definitely heard me. She was waggling her brows and motioning for me to shove his head between my legs. *Please go back to sleep whore.*

Edward mumbled something and turned his face into my stomach. His movement actually brought his head closer to my pussy and I arched a brow at Coochie, wondering

how in the hell she had actually managed to do that shit. Shameless hussy.

He cupped my thigh and slid his hand up far enough that the side of his fingers were resting against my slit and I instinctively pushed my hips into him. I didn't mean to. It just happened, a reflex or some shit like that.

"Mmm," Edward mumbled in his sleep. At least I was pretty sure he was still asleep anyway.

And I'll be damned if that sound, coupled with his proximity to my girly parts didn't make me all horny and shit. I started doing some mental calculations, wondering if I could possibly get off on him while he slept, him never being the wiser. But of course that would depend greatly on how heavy of a sleeper he was. And let's face it, I wasn't exactly experienced in that area. But then I suddenly remembered his own words from the limo...*I'm here for your pleasure just as much as you are for mine.*

So, I decided to test the validity of what he said. You know...see if he's a man of his word and all...it's purely for experimental purposes, so don't get all judgmental on me.

With one hand, I ran my fingers through his hair, while the other hand ran along his broad shoulder and down the length of his arm until I found the hand between my legs. Edward stirred a little, snuggling into my stomach. I

couldn't see his face, which meant I also couldn't see his eyes to know if he was awake. Regardless, I kept going.

I laced my fingers through his and lifted his hand to cup my pussy. The weight of his hand there sent shivers through my body and I was instantly wet. His palm rested over my clit, providing a delicious pressure that forced a tiny mewl from my lips. I covered his fingers with mine and manipulated them to move how I wanted them to between my wet folds. I thought I heard Edward take a sharp intake of breath, but to be honest with you, with all the other sensations I was feeling at the time, I couldn't actually be sure that it wasn't all in my head.

I pushed his middle finger lower, circling it over my opening before forcing it inside my body along with my own finger. I was a little sore from the previous night, but not terribly so. In and out I worked his long finger. It wasn't the same as when he actually had control of his own movements...touched me the way *he* wanted to touch me, as only the King of Fingerfuck could.

Frustrated, I removed his finger and drug it along my wetness to tease my clit instead.

Both of our fingers were drenched in my arousal, effortlessly moving over my pussy as I worked myself into a frenzied state. I could feel him twitching, definitely awake and wanting to move of his own accord. But he didn't. He left me in control and I wasn't sure that I even really wanted it at that point. I just wanted to get off.

So I dipped two of his fingers inside me and brought them back out, hoping to entice him into taking over. When that didn't work, I lifted his hand and brought the same fingers to his mouth, dragging them across his lips...teasing him, practically begging him to want more than just the taste.

I felt his lips brush against my fingers as he drew his own into his mouth. He hummed his gratification softly, the delicious sound sending another gush of arousal from my center and down my trembling thighs. I started to remove my hand but his unrelenting grip on my wrists was like shackles. With quiet determination he brought my soaked fingers to his mouth, rubbing my essence along his lips as he moaned. He pushed one wet finger into his wicked mouth and greedily sucked on the flesh until my skin tingled in pleasure at the thoroughness of his tongue. After lapping up all of my juices on that one digit, he moved his attention to the other and paid it equal attention. The man had mad Hoover skills that went directly to my clit and it pulsed madly in response.

"There's more where that came from," I whispered suggestively. Then I pulled at his hair with my free hand and nudged him forward.

"You're actually giving me an open invitation?" his husky voice was thick with sleep.

"I'm giving you what we both want," I said as I lifted my hips in unspoken invitation, hoping to entice him to respond.

Before I even had a chance to lower myself to the bed, Edward had flipped over and was now hovering between my legs, his nose skimming my swollen clit while his lips hovered dangerously close to where I wanted him to be.

"You're fucking make me crazy, Isabella," he groaned.

"You shouldn't offer yourself so willingly to someone who's supposed to disgust you. It doesn't make any sense."

"The body wants what the body wants," I sighed. "I do believe you said you love a woman who knows what she wants? Well, right now, what I want is your mouth on my pussy." Don't ask me where or how an inexperienced, recently de-virginalized person such as myself got the nerve to say something like that. It's just as much a mystery to me, but it felt natural nonetheless.

I rolled my hips toward his face to accentuate my point.

He growled, baring his perfect teeth at me. Then he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "No."

"No?" I asked, confused.

Double Agent Coochie's mouth dropped open in shock.

He opened his eyes and the intensity of the now darkened color almost startled me. "If we do this right now, I'm going to want to fuck you. Hard." He growled

the words with heavy breaths. "I won't be gentle, and trust me...your pussy can't handle the kind of beating I'd be putting on it...yet. So you might want to stop trying to seduce me."

"Oh, what the fuck ever, Edward," I scoffed. "What's so different now from when you used me as your dessert bowl the other night? You had enough control not to fuck me then."

"I hadn't had you then. I hadn't felt you wrapped around my cock, squeezing me...God, you felt so good," he said with his eyes closed, reliving the feeling in his mind. Then he shook his head minutely and hoarsely whispered, "I can't."

With the finality of his words still ringing in my ears, he leapt out of bed and raked his hands through his already sleep disheveled hair. And just for the record...his sleepy head resembled his just fucked hair and that shit made Double Agent Cooch ache to run her fingers through it as well. *Damn slut.*

I brought my addled attention back to him and saw that his cock was till fucking hard as hell...large and in charge. Shit, his arousal alone was enough to make me want to beg for it. *Almost.*

"You can't do shit like that, Isabella! I could bend you over any available surface in this house and fuck you hard and fast, anytime I want. Don't forget that." He ran his hands over his face and then perched them on his

hips. "Alright, look...I'm going to go take a dip in the hot tub so that I can try to settle down some. You might want to make sure you're dressed and out of my bed before I get back up here."

"So you're just going to leave me like this?" I asked incredulously as I motioned between my open legs.

His eyes were drawn down to my core like a magnet and I didn't know if I wanted to giggle over his lack of control or hand him a goddamn bib to help with the drool on his chin.

"Fuck," he growled. "Yes. I'm leaving you like that."

He yanked the door open and was gone. His glorious ass practically smirked at me as he disappeared through the door.

I slammed my head back on the bed and grabbed his pillow, covering my face with it to smother my scream of frustration. That asshole made no sense to me whatsoever. He purchased me for exactly this sort of thing, told me to not be afraid to take what I want, but when I swallowed my own damn pride and attempted to do just that...he told me I can't do shit like that and then ran away like a scared little girl.

I was seriously getting whiplash.

I'm thinking the roles have been reversed here. Maybe I've slipped into an alternate universe or some shit like that. And why the hell am I all of sudden so horny for my

john? Well, I know the answer to that one...Double motherfucking Agent Coochie. The bitch has taken over my life.

My pussy was still throbbing with need and I groaned. Fuck this!

I jumped out of bed, still naked as a jay bird, and went after him. And God, I hoped I wouldn't get lost in the monster house trying to find the hot tub. Also, I might not want the help to see me like this, if I were in my right mind, that is...but I wasn't, so it's cool.

No fucking way could I have known where I was going, but somehow, I did. Maybe super cooch was tuned into the wonder peen, sniffing him out like a fucking bloodhound...er, cockhound. Then again, it was standing all proud like one of those radio towers, so it was probably sending her details of his location like some GPS navigator. Whatever the reason, I found him.

He was outside; the early morning sun had just made its appearance over the horizon and the sky was bathed in rich oranges and pinks. The back yard was vast and I noticed there was a rather large swimming pool there, but my mind was elsewhere, so I paid little attention to any of the other details. Edward's back was to me and his arms were draped over the side of the tub, thick steam swirling around him. His head was laying back and his eyes were closed as he took deep breaths in through his nose and released them out through his mouth.

I walked toward him, careful not to alert him to my presence. He didn't stir at all as I carefully slipped into the hot tub and slowly inched toward him. His muscled neck was stretched out invitingly and his chiseled chest glistened with water droplets. He was beautiful; a perfect specimen of a predator able to lure its prey by his appearance alone.

Double Agent Coochie started faking a limp.

I could've stayed like that, ogling him, or I could seize the opportunity and touch him...make him touch me. But I hate him, so you've probably already guessed what I did. That's right. Before he could become aware of my intentions and attempt to stop me, I placed my hands on his sides and straddled his lap, immediately nuzzling the spot between his neck and shoulder.

Not what you expected? You try to see if you could pass that shit up.

"Isabella, what are you doing?" his shocked voice asked as he grabbed my shoulders and tried to push me back, but I pushed back harder.

"I'm taking what I fucking want, Edward. You don't get to renege on your offer," I said, positioning myself against his still hardened cock.

"Stop!" he ordered, pushing me away.

I was caught off guard and lost my balance, which in turn made my ass fall heavily into the heated water. A

chlorinated deluge splashed around me, drenching my hair. I huffed in frustration and crossed my arms over my chest, giving him the major stink eye. His eyes were hard as he watched me, the act pushing my breasts up so that my pebbled nipples were looking right back at him.

Enough was enough. Both the cooch and I were hot, horny and waaaaaay pissed off.

"What the fuck is your problem, Cullen!" I screeched as I threw my hands into the air and slammed them back down into the water, showering him.

He calmly wiped the drops of water from his face, but his chest was heaving, indicating he was anything but calm.

"I'm trying not to hurt you any more than I already have," he said between clenched teeth. "A feat you're making insanely hard for me to do at the moment."

"Yeah? Well fuck that."

I lunged toward him and scrambled back onto his lap. I grabbed his cock and placed it at my entrance, prepared to do all the work myself. He tried to fight me off, but I'm a persistent little bitch when I've got my mind set on something. And at that moment, I needed to prove something to myself. Edward walked away from me after I shamelessly threw myself at him, and that shit just didn't set well with me. I don't handle rejection well.

"Fine! You want it? You got it," he snapped and then he grabbed my hips and pushed down hard.

"Fuck!" we both yelled at the same time. Only mine was more like a son-of-a-whore-this-shit-fucking-hurts kind of a fuck, where his was an oh-my-God-this-feels-so-fucking-good kind of fuck.

I sucked in a breath and held it as I buried my face in the crook of his neck, my fingertips digging into his shoulders. I was trying so hard not to move because doing so would make it hurt even more.

His hot breath was on my ear as he whispered huskily, "See? I told you, but you just have to be so stubborn...so defiant, don't you?"

His hands rubbed up and down my back in a soothing motion as he continued. "Will you please let me decide when you're ready now? I just might have a little more experience than you at this sort of thing."

I nodded my head in acquiescence, still holding my breath and unable to talk.

Edward lifted me off of him slowly and cradled me in his lap. He pushed my hair out of my face and stroked my cheek. "I promise there will be much more fucking over the next five years, but I appreciate your eagerness to please both yourself and me. It's what made it too hard for me to take care of you back there in the room."

Normally, his assumption that I was just all hung up on him and his dick would've earned a snarky response from me. But to be honest, I just didn't have it in me.

That shit really did fucking hurt and I felt defeated. And he was right. I was all kinds of hung up...on his dick, not him.

I'm not stupid. I knew it wasn't normal for me to feel that way about someone I was supposed to hate. Don't get me wrong, I still hated him. But something totally messed up was going on in my brain and body. Maybe it was that Stockholm syndrome or something. I guess my not exactly being his hostage ruled that out. And I wasn't really being forced to do something against my will; I signed the contract, even decided the terms of said contract.

I was so fucking messed up in the head. I didn't know whether I was coming or going, but I'd really wished I had been cumming.

He lifted my chin toward him and softly kissed my lips. "I'm sorry I hurt you," he whispered with his forehead against mine. "This whole thing was supposed to be about pleasure, not pain."

"Yours, not mine," I reminded him.

Edward closed his eyes and sighed before sitting back up. "At first? Yeah." He sighed again and watched as his hand caressed the swell of my breasts. "I want you to feel good, Isabella."

Yeah, me too. What the hell did he think I'd been trying to do all morning?

I lifted myself from his lap and turned to face him. My fingers twitched, wanting to touch his hair, so I granted them that small favor. He reached for my hips and pulled me to him, his mouth suckling my breast. But I needed more. So, I put one foot on the bench seat beside him, and nudge him on the shoulder until he released my nipple and sat back. Then I did the same with my other foot and hoisted myself up into a standing position, my body dripping wet. Double Agent Cooch was directly in front of his face and she puckered her lips for a kiss.

Edward cupped the back of my thighs to offer further support and keep me from falling. He looked up at me, emerald green eyes questioning my intent.

I gave him a half smile and then said, "Make me feel good, Edward," as I laced my fingers through his hair and nudged his head forward.

He smiled crookedly at me, his eyes lighting up with desire as he bit down on his bottom lip and shook his head. "Where the hell did you come from, Isabella Swan?"

He didn't wait for an answer. His mouth was on me, placing open-mouthed kisses to my folds, sucking the skin into his mouth while his tongue did that magical thing it does. My head dropped back and I moaned loudly, letting him know just how good he was making me feel. His fingertips were firm against my thighs, demonstrating his strength and assuring me that he

wouldn't let me fall. My fingers worked through his hair, urging him closer as he hummed his approval. Then his very talented tongue dipped inside me and I loosened my hold to allow him movement to thrust it in and out.

"God...I should be paying you," I moaned.

His tongue swirled around my clit and then he lightly grazed the bundle of nerves with his teeth before gently sucking on it.

"Right there," I mewled, pushing my pussy closer to his face while pulling his hair to keep him in place.

He kept sucking on my clit while flicking his tongue over it quickly. That inexplicable glorious pressure building in my girly bits as my legs started shaking. Edward brought his hands up to cup my ass and held me to him. He maneuvered one until his fingers were grazing my opening, but he didn't enter. Instead, he went to my other opening and pressed until one finger entered me.

"Holy...fuuuuuuuck!" I screamed out my orgasm.

Everything exploded within me and my body started to convulse. I might have been afraid that my knees would buckle and I would fall...if I hadn't been so completely overwhelmed by the sensations radiating through every molecule of my body.

"That's right, baby girl," his husky voice dripped with lust, even though his mouth was still on me. "Feel good for me. Just feel good...only for me."

My hands had such a tight grip on his head, shoving his face into my pussy, that I wasn't sure how he was able to make any coherent sounds. I wasn't even sure how he managed to breathe, let alone talk. He sucked my clit into his mouth again and moved his finger slowly in my ass, causing another orgasmic wave to shoot through my body. I was seeing little tongue shaped stars by that point and I wasn't sure how much more I could take, but I sure as hell wasn't going to stop him.

However, I did let my fingers relax in his hair so that he could regain some freedom of movement. He apparently thought that meant he had my permission to stop because he did just that.

Note to self: The next time Edward Cullen has his face buried in your pussy, do not let go of the back of his head.

"Come down here, baby," he urged me as he put his hands behind my knees to help me down.

I sank down into his lap and immediately claimed his mouth with my own, wanting to show some appreciation for what he had just done for me.

"That...felt...so good," I managed to get out between kisses.

"Yeah?" he asked with a conceited smirk.

"Yeah," I said, pressing my sensitive pussy against his hard on. "I want to make you feel good now. Let me fuck you."

"Isabella...", he warned.

"I know, I know...but I don't think it will hurt. If it does, we'll stop, okay?"

I wanted to do this for him. I was so fucking horny for him, even though he'd just gotten me off. I don't know how to explain it. I just really wanted to make him feel good and I didn't think that sucking him off was going to be good enough after what he had just done for me. I wanted him. I wanted his cock buried inside me.

"Please?" I begged pathetically.

"I want to...really fucking bad," he said, squeezing my hips and moving me against him. "But, we shouldn't. Not yet."

His hands stilled on me as he turned his head away.

"We're going shopping today. Go on up to the room and get dressed. I'll use one of the other guest bathrooms."

His voice was back to sounding detached and commanding.

"So, I guess now we're back to the whole 'I bought you and you'll do as you're told' thing?" I asked, stung once again by his rejection.

"We never left there. I said I want you to feel good, but that doesn't change anything. I just wanted you to know

that I'm not a total bastard." He still refused to look at me.

"Yeah, well I disagree," was my only response. If he could be an asshole, then I could certainly be a bitch.

I removed myself from his lap again and climbed out of the hot tub. In my rush to find him, I hadn't thought to grab a towel, so when I saw his draped over the back of a nearby lounge chair, I took it for myself. I heard him mutter an expletive behind me, but I don't think it was over the stupid towel. Regardless, I didn't even bother to look back at him before I wrapped it around my torso and went back into the house.

Of course he was right. Not about the not being a total bastard part, but about nothing changing. I was stupid and naïve to think kind words during his momentary lapse in character meant he actually had a heart. I mean, what sort of knight in shining armor runs out and buys a whore for his own selfish purposes anyway? Regardless of the fact that he wanted me to feel good as well. That's just something else he gets off on...knowing he's that good that he can command total control of my body when I've lost all ability to control it myself.

Back in the room, I jumped into the shower, leaning against the wall as the water washed the tears of rejection down my face. What the hell was I doing? I threw myself at him, practically raped the man that I'm supposed to be disgusted with. And why? Because he

gave great poonani head? I'm the disgusting one. He's supposed to be the predator and me, his prey. Yet I was carrying on like some crazed nymphomaniac. Stupid lamb batting her lashes and flashing her tits at the starved lion.

And where the hell did I get off, getting off while my mother, the soul reason for me doing this, was lying at home in her bed, probably dying? I haven't even called them to check in for Christ's sake. I had no clue if they'd found her a donor, if she'd had the surgery, if she was still breathing. Okay, I might be overreacting a little bit because I know that Gabe would call me if there was something seriously wrong. But for all intents and purposes, my parents think I'm at NYU getting an education, not right under their noses in Seattle getting my freak on. They're probably worried to death that I haven't called.

I shut the water off and stepped out of the shower. I could hear Edward mumbling a string of profanities from his closet and I stifled a giggle. Apparently, he didn't like my organization skills. Within minutes, I heard him slam the closet door.

"I'll be in the goddamn car! If you know what's best for you, you won't keep me waiting long!"

With that, another door slammed and he was gone.

With my towel still wrapped around me, I grabbed my cell phone and sat on the side of the bed. Just one push

of a button and two rings later, my father's voice came through on the other line.

"Bella, sweetie. What's wrong?" Charlie's tired voice sent a pang of guilt through me and I wanted to cry.

"Nothing's wrong, Charlie. Can't I just call my parents to check in?" I asked, trying to sound irritated to keep the sadness out of my voice.

"Er, yeah, of course you can. How's New York treating you?"

"I'm fine. My classes are a handful and one of my professors, in particular, is a gigantic bastard," I answered, only slightly lying. Okay, so I was lying my ass off, but technically, there really was someone in authority over me who was educating me. Just not the sort of education my parents thought I would be getting.

"Yeah, well just keep your nose to the grindstone and stay away from all those frat parties and you'll do just fine, kiddo."

"Charlie, you sound tired. Are you getting any rest at all?"

"I get plenty enough," he sighed, used to hearing me nag him over his own health. "She needs me, ya' know?"

"Yeah, I do. How is she?" I asked in a more somber tone.

"Mom's hanging in there. She's awake if you want to talk to her. It might actually make her feel better. In fact, she's got some good news for you."

"Yeah, I'd love to hear her voice." He didn't need to know just how true it was.

I could hear him saying something in the background and then the shuffling of bedcovers as he handed her the phone.

"Bella? Is that you, baby?" My mother's voice sounded so weak and frail.

"It's me, Mom. How are you?" I choked out.

"Meh, I'm not so bad," she laughed lightly. "Hey, I've got good news, baby. Some anonymous donor deposited a rather large sum of money into our bank account. Can you believe it? Charlie says it's a scam, but I think it's an answer to a prayer."

"Oh wow! That's great, Mom," I said, genuinely happy that I'd brought her a little bit of sunshine when all her days had been filled with doom and gloom.

She started a coughing fit and Charlie had to take the phone away from her, but not before she managed to cough out an, "I love you, baby."

"Is she okay?" I asked my dad, concerned.

"She's fine. She just has those fits when she tries to talk too much."

"So, good news about the money, huh? Do me a favor and don't try to over-analyze it or anything," I said. "She needs that money. I don't care where it came from. When is she scheduled for surgery?"

"That's the thing, Bells," he sighed. I heard a door close in the background and assumed he left the room, not wanting her to hear the rest of our conversation. "Having the money and all is great, but it doesn't do a damn bit of good if she doesn't have a donor. She couldn't be put on the list until we had the money and there are just so many people ahead of her...I just don't know if it will be in time."

Well, shit. That thought never even occurred to me.

"Don't worry, Dad. Miracles have a way of happening when we least expect them."

"You might be right." I could still hear the doubt in his voice.

"I know I am," I affirmed. I managed to get the money, somehow I'll manage to get her moved up on that donor list too. There has to be a way, because I refuse to believe that the universe would let me put myself through all this just to let her die in the end.

"I've got to get to class. Give her a kiss for me and promise you'll get some rest."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. You do know it's the parent's job to worry, right?"

"I'll always worry about you guys. It's killing me that I can't be there right now."

"Don't go all sappy on your old man, Bells. Get off the phone and go live. Love you, kid." With that the line

went dead. I was shocked because Charlie rarely ever expressed his feelings like that. It wasn't like I ever questioned that he loved me. I knew he did. It was just a shock to hear it.

Suddenly, I felt a renewed strength in what I was doing. Talking to my parents reminded me of the reason I was so hell bent on doing it in the first place. And the truth of the matter is, I would've done this even if Jabba the Hut had been on the one to purchase me. As infuriating as Edward was, he could've been worse.

Now I just have to figure out what to do about that donor list.

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EPOV

This shit just isn't right.

The girl was killing me, one raging hard on at a time. Blue motherfucking balls, people!

She was just too willing, too enticing...too hard to resist. But, I did it. God help me, I did it. Even when she stuck that voluptuous bottom lip of hers out, I resisted. Welcome to sainthood, Edward Cullen...Can I get a witness?

Seriously...Last night was great. I mean, *really* great. But I felt like shit afterward. I stole the girl's virginity, for Christ's sakes! Everything that should've been in place for something that monumental just wasn't. There was

no romantic setting, no vows to love her until the end of time...nothing. Save pure animalistic fucking. I fucked her. Plain and simple.

And while it was great for me, I have a hard time believing it was the end-all-be-all for her. Yet she wanted more. Isabella Swan was a glutton for punishment.

But it's what I wanted, right? Someone there to fulfill all my sexual desires and fantasies...someone who would cater to my needs, while I wouldn't have to give a shit about theirs. No emotional ties, no arguments over where we're going to have dinner, no awkward first kiss or meeting of the parents, no chance in hell of catching her in my bed (or tub) with my so-called best friend...no strings attached, period.

With Isabella, and that contract, that's exactly what I had. So why was I questioning it now?

Because somehow it's different. But different is good. And when different is wrapped around my cock, it's *really* fucking good.

Okay, that solved my mysterious momentary lapse in direction. So, with my head screwed back on straight again and motivation re-kindled, I waited for Isabella to join me in the limousine for our shopping trip. Lingerie shopping. I don't have to tell you that I was really looking forward to that shit either. Even though I knew it was just going to add to the permanent rise I was sporting in my Levis. But that was okay because I was

wearing the loose fit...commando. That should keep my pecker from busting through the zipper, right?

Wrong.

Riley opened the door for Isabella when she finally came out to join me and I swear I could kill Mary Alice Brandon Whitlock with my bare hands, or maybe slip her the tongue. I'm pretty sure Jasper likes his job – I pay well – so maybe he wouldn't kick my ass too badly.

My million dollar baby was wearing a little yellow cotton skirt that barely covered her ass, and a black tank top...sans bra...a thin, black tank top. And apparently, the air inside the limo was a little *nipply* and I needed to have Riley turn it down. Bet that shit wasn't about to happen.

A high ponytail and black, peep-toe heels...I mentally noted both as things to hold onto while fucking the shit out of her again...in the very, very near future.

"How was your date with Alice?" I asked, trying to get my shit together because I was about five seconds away from the very near future, figuratively and literally.

"I actually had a lot of fun with her," she said. "But you were right. She is extremely nosey. Lucky for you, I'm quick on the draw."

She laughed and this sound came out of her that I hadn't heard before. It almost sounded dainty, so unlike what I've seen of her so far. I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

I mean, if she started acting all innocent and shit, that could potentially make me feel worse about what I was doing. I needed to piss her off...get her to piss me off.

"Mmhmm, that's nice," I answered quickly. "So, you don't have anything on under that skirt, do you?"

"What?" she asked, taken aback. "Um, noooo...you threw out all my clothes, remember?"

"Let me see," I said with a nod of my head.

"Let you see what?" she asked with a slight edge to her voice.

"That pretty pussy."

She arched her brow at me defiantly, but I met her stare.

"You're serious?"

"Yes, I'm serious...now raise the skirt up, goddamnit!"

I'm a shit, I know. But I had to raise my voice to really piss her off.

"You're such a fucking asshole," she mumbled with a roll of her eyes, but she begrudgingly lifted her skirt to reveal my toy anyway.

Isabella looked at me like I'd lost my fucking mind, which admittedly, I probably had. But her expression changed when I undid my jeans and pulled my cock out.

"What the fuck are you doing?" she screeched.

"Come here and spit on my dick," I said, ignoring her question.

"Sit on your dick?" she asked. "I *tried* to sit on your dick in the hot tub, and *you* said we couldn't do that yet. But now...when we're in a moving vehicle, with someone sitting on the other side of a thin glass barrier and hordes of people all around us outside the car...now, you want to fuck me?"

"I said 'spit,' not 'sit,'" I corrected her and then she got this look of disgust on her face. So, of course I had to clarify the purpose so she wouldn't think I was some sort of fetish freak. "I need the lubrication."

"For what!"

"Goddamnit, Isabella! My dick is harder than a fucking titanium rod and I can't fuck you, but you come out here with your nipples all pert and your skirt all barely there and I can't take it anymore! I need some release! So if you don't mind - and even if you do, I really don't give a shit - I'm going to fucking jack off before I end up taking you like some savage caveman! Because I most definitely cannot even think about you in fucking lingerie in my current state!"

"Oh," she said simply, her mouth keeping the 'o' shape for longer than was necessary.

I felt like a dirty old man paying for pussy...

*Son of a bitch! I'm a dirty old man paying for pussy!
Well, maybe not old, but still.*

"Why not just order me to suck you off?" she asked, pulling me from my self-deprecating mode before it could really kick in. "After all, you did pay an awful lot of money for me to make you feel good."

I smirked at her. "Because I think you're starting to like my cock in your mouth a little too much."

She reached across the space between us and slapped me...hard.

Now we're fucking talking.

I grabbed her wrist and yanked her into my lap, turning her over to lay across my legs with her bare ass staring me in the face in all its rounded, creamy glory.

"Obviously, you forgot your place in this relationship, Isabella, and you must now be punished like the little brat that you are," I said before I raised my hand and came down hard on her pert ass. A red palm imprint grew across her flawless skin and I felt my balls draw up tight. I fucking branded her and damned if that shit didn't turn me on.

She was mine.

She jerked in my hold and tried to scramble away, but I slapped her ass again, reveling in the way it bounced with a slight jiggle.

"You fucking bastard! Let me go!" she screamed, her face red with anger.

"Tut, tut," I tsked her. "Name calling is another no-no, naughty girl."

I smacked her ass again, harder this time and then rubbed my hands over the pink whelp that was beginning to raise as a result. She flailed her legs, inadvertently spreading them wide and giving me a fantastic view of her sweet pussy. I angled my wrist and smacked her bare lips next...once...twice...three times. And my little naughty girl moaned.

"You like that, huh?" I asked in that husky voice I happen to know she can't resist.

I smacked her ass again when she didn't answer. Afterward, I leaned forward and caressed the mark with my tongue to ease the sting of pain. While doing so, I gave the folds between her legs a gentler slap, feeling and hearing the wetness that had developed there. I moved the pads of my fingers in a circular motion there, earning another moan that she drug out between clenched teeth. Three wet fingers slapped at her opening in rapid succession before dipping inside.

"Ungh," she mewled, wiggling in my lap.

"Be still!" I ordered her and then removed my fingers, spanking her ass hardly again.

She yelped in response, but stilled her movements as ordered. As her reward, I slipped my fingers back between her slick folds and massaged her clit before

dragging her wetness up and between the cheeks of her ass and circling her other opening. When I applied a slight pressure there, she rolled her hips, pushing back into me.

Hell yeah...she's totally receptive to my touch there. I bit down on my lip, barely able to contain my excitement because I knew I was definitely going to slide my cock in her pretty little ass.

"You want me to make you cum, don't you?" I asked before sucking and dipping my tongue in the cleft of her cheeks.

"No. I hate you," she moaned, the sound a total contradiction to the words she spoke.

"Do you now?" I asked with a devilish smirk.

I gently patted her pussy again, making sure I hit her clit. She lifted her ass into the air, trying to angle herself so that she could reap more of the benefit on that little bundle of nerves. I gave her what she wanted, but just as I felt her body tense, signaling her impending orgasm, I stopped and gave her ass one last, hard slap. Before she could even register what was happening, I lifted her and sat her back in her seat across from me. She was panting pretty damn hard, her chest heaving with heavy breaths as she dropped her chin and looked at me from beneath her lashes. Anger flashed in her eyes and I did nothing but laugh at her.

I felt the car stop and I knew that we had arrived at our destination. I still hadn't been able to get off, but we were out of time and it would have to wait. No matter, I happen to know this shop had private dressing areas, and I knew one of the saleswomen...personally. She's a real hellcat in the sack, very eager to please and willing to try anything once...or five times, not that I was counting or anything.

I tucked my dick away in my pants and leaned over the space between us. I cupped her chin in my hand and forced her to look at me even though she was trying to pull out of my grasp.

"For future reference, slapping me only turns me on. And judging from the way that pretty little kitty purred when I spank you, I think it's safe to say the rough stuff turns you on too. I'll have to remember that."

I bent to kiss her and she curled her lips in, denying me. I tugged on her chin and gave her a stern look. "Kiss me, or I'll take all your lovely new clothes away again and make you walk around the house naked for the next five years."

"Alice will just-"

I cut her off mid-sentence and claimed her mouth with mine. That must have pissed her off because she bit down hard on my lip. A low growl echoed from my chest, but I pushed on and shoved my tongue through her parted lips. She pushed on my chest as I smothered her

cries of protests, ignoring her attempts to get free of my hold.

I finally released her and gave her a cocky smile. "I told you, I like the rough stuff. You can pull your skirt down now."

She looked down at her lap and tugged on the miniscule piece of cotton just as I tapped on the window and Riley opened the door for us. "La Petite Boudoir," I said in a flawless French accent as I stepped from the car. "Come, Isabella. Let's shop."

She huffed and climbed out of the car to join me on the sidewalk. "Whatever, asshole. Let's just get this over with."

I turned to face her, fed up with her smart mouth. "You know, you might be a little appreciative of the things I do for you. I mean, you knew what the hell you were getting into when you signed up for this gig. So it makes no sense to me whatsoever why you feel like you constantly have to cop an attitude with me. I'm not exactly mistreating you. In fact, I think you've been treated pretty fairly...better than most other women in the same situation."

"Yeah, well I highly doubt you'll find many other women in the same situation, Mr. Cullen, so you don't really have anything to judge in comparison to validate that statement." She swung around, her ponytail smacking me in the face as she stalked past me. "You fucked my

mouth, you threw away my clothes, you made me greet you at the door just to give you head and you took my virginity. So, you'll have to excuse me if I'm not exactly compelled to apologize for hurting your feelings."

I noticed she didn't mention the ass spanking I just gave her...

She reached the door and swung it open a little harder than necessary. Without even looking back at me, she stepped inside and disappeared from sight.

"Yeah? Well you liked every minute of it!" I yelled after her, but of course she didn't hear me. However, the half dozen or so people walking by me on the sidewalk did.

I'm Edward motherfucking Cullen, Seattle's most eligible bachelor, and she made me look like some psychotic lunatic shouting at thin air. I looked back at the car just in time to see Riley trying to conceal his smile.

"I'm glad this is entertaining you. Wait here. We won't be long," I snapped and then followed after Isabella.

My eyes scanned the shop in search of her and I found her rummaging through some of the undergarments in the center of the room.

"Edward Cullen," a sultry Latin voice cooed from behind me.

Isabella looked up just as a pair of hands encircled my waist from behind and warm breath trickled over my

skin. "I've missed you, lover. Where have you been hiding?" Fernanda whispered in my ear.

I turned my head to the side and gave her my best crooked grin, never taking my eyes off Isabella because her reaction was just too comical. The lift of her brow and the way she raised her chin defiantly exposed her jealousy.

Well now this could get interesting.

"Fernanda," I acknowledged my one-time mistress as I turned and gave her cheek a lingering kiss. "How have you been?"

"Lonely," she said with a pout.

"Aw, a beautiful woman like you? Lonely?" I stroked her cheek. "I find that very hard to believe."

Isabella cleared her throat and when I looked up at her, she tossed her head to the side and continued to browse, acting as if she hadn't been paying attention to the interaction.

I took Fernanda by the hand and walked her toward her. "I'd like to introduce you to someone. Fernanda, this is Isabella. Isabella, meet the very voluptuous Fernanda."

Yeah, I threw that in there on purpose. But she really was voluptuous; long legs, jet black shiny hair, full lips and a figure that would make grown men cry. La Petite Boudoir was just a little side job for her. Her main

income came from nude modeling for the likes of Hustler and Penthouse.

"It's very nice to meet you, Isabella," Fernanda said with a pleasant smile as she offered her hand in greeting.

Isabella looked at me and then back to Fernanda before she finally shook her hand. "You too." Her words were curt and could fucking cut glass.

"So," Fernanda said as she retracted her hand and slid it around my arm while laying her other hand on my chest possessively. "Are you treating the lovely lady today?"

Isabella narrowed her eyes as she focused on the familiar way she touched me.

"As a matter of fact, I am," I smiled. "Do you have a private room available?"

"Any and everything I have is available to you, Edward Cullen. You know that," she laughed and tossed her long hair over her shoulder flirtatiously before leading me toward the back.

Isabella was left to trail behind us and I had to hide my smirk because payback's a bitch, and she was seething with jealous rage. I could feel it rippling off her like heat off a desert highway.

We were escorted into a private dressing room. Three of the four walls were covered in mirrors and there was a smaller room for the lady to change into different outfits before coming out and modeling it for whomever she

brought along for the show. Two racks of the top selling lingerie were stationed in one corner beside a mini bar. In the opposite corner there was a red velvet-covered bench. Fernanda led me to the center of the room and sat me down in an oversized armchair. It was in the perfect position to see everything going on in the room. Isabella sat on the bench seat with her arms crossed over her chest. "Pick something that you like and try it on," I told her, motioning toward the rack of garments.

"Edward, I don't think-" she started.

"You know what? You look like my size. Why don't I pick something out for you?" Fernanda offered. "I know what he likes."

Isabella's claws shot out like she was the daughter of Wolverine. Or at least it seemed that way to me anyway. I might have been seeing things.

Without waiting for an answer, Fernanda left the room to go back out into the store. Bella turned on me immediately, not even bothering to lower her voice.

"Did you fuck her?"

"Does it matter?" I asked as I stood and walked over to the bar to pour myself a drink.

"Yes, it matters."

"Why? Are you jealous? Because I fucked you too, and you get the benefit of a whole hell of a lot more fucking

than she ever got. Does that make you feel better?" I asked as I took a sip of my brandy.

"You're disgusting!" she huffed as she turned to look away from me again.

"I'm insatiable...big difference."

"Why did you even need to spend a million dollars on me when Little Miss Cuchi Cuchi Charo was willing to make *any and everything available* to you?" she asked, mocking Fernanda's accent. It was kind of cute.

"Charo is from Spain. Fernanda is Argentinean," I corrected her. "And while Fernanda is quite pleasing to the eye, a lot of eyes have been pleased by her. Via some promiscuous magazines," I winked and tilted my glass toward her. "It wouldn't work in the public eye. But she's cool. She understood."

She started to say something in response, but Fernanda came back in the room and started hanging garments up in the smaller dressing area. "I picked out a few things I thought would really accentuate your figure."

"Go ahead, Isabella," I said, taking my seat again. "Show me."

She just sat there, unmoving. Fernanda looked at her and then back at me in question.

"She's shy," I shrugged.

"Oh, well that's okay. I can model them for you, if you want."

God bless Fernanda and her eagerness to please. This couldn't have turned out better if I'd planned it.

"You know, I think that's a fantastic idea, Fernanda," Isabella spoke up. Her voice was hard and sarcastic as she stood up with a huff. "I'm sure Edward would prefer to see you in them anyway. In fact, let me give you some privacy."

Then she turned on me and narrowed her eyes. "I'll be waiting in the car."

With that, she stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"Did I do something wrong?" Fernanda asked.

"No, it wasn't you," I assured her as I stood. "She's a total bitch when she gets her period."

Fernanda laughed at my joke, but I knew that if Isabella had heard me, she'd probably try to castrate me in my sleep.

"Just wrap up whatever you picked out and charge it to my account. I'll take it all," I said as I turned for the door.

"It was good to see you again, Fernanda."

"You too, Edward." She hugged me close and kissed me on the cheek. "I'll have them delivered first thing in the morning. Go get the girl, sweetie."

I nodded my thanks and headed for the car.

When I got inside, Bella was sitting with her arms crossed over her chest and her face turned to look out the window. "Home, Riley," I directed him before he closed my door.

"You mind telling me what all that was about?" I asked Isabella.

She whipped her head around and glared at me.

"In the future, if you want to go visit one of your old girlfriends to get your freak on, please have the decency not to make me go along. I'm not into that kinky shit," she spat.

"She's not an old girlfriend."

"Girlfriend, fuck buddy...same difference." She studied my face and then shook her head before turning away.

"You might want to wipe that hooker red lipstick off the side of your face."

I swiped at the side of my face and looked at my hand. Sure enough, Fernanda's lipstick was now smeared on my fingertips.

"Look, I didn't bring you here so that I could *get my freak on* with an old girlfriend," I said. "Although, I'd be perfectly within my rights to do so, if I wanted. The contract states you can't be with any other men. It says nothing at all about me."

Her head snapped around again. "You fucking bastard! If you think for one minute that I'm just going to sit around

while you're out fucking every hoochie momma you come across, just so that you can carry some freakish disease back to me, you've got another thing coming! I will hightail my ass out of that house so fast it'll make your head spin!"

"And then I'll sue you for breach of contract," I stated matter-of-factly. "However, we don't need to worry about that because I don't plan on sleeping with anyone else...for the next five years at least.

"You are the only woman I want to fuck, Isabella. Now, will you please stop throwing these childish tantrums so that I can enjoy you?" I asked.

The expression on her face softened minutely to a pout, but she still held her defensive posture as she looked away from me again. I took her lack of a response to mean she was reluctantly agreeing to my request.

"Good. Now, your punishment for acting out in front of a good friend of mine and embarrassing me," I started. She looked back at me again, her mouth dropped open and she was about to say something, but I cut her off before she could.

"I was trying to buy you some nice lingerie, but now you will be required to be pantiless for me at all times." I smiled smugly at the way she opened and closed her mouth. "I should probably thank you for not being able to control your temper because that actually works out better for me. So, thank you, Isabella."

"Oh...you...ugh!" she huffed and then turned away again. The rest of the drive was spent in silence. She refused to look at me, and I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I was disappointed that I didn't get to see her model the lingerie for me, and as a man, I had secretly hoped to talk her into having a little fun with Fernanda. And maybe join in on the fun as well.

Yes, I'm possessive. But hey, I'm a dude, which means that I have the same threesome fantasy all other dudes have. So don't fucking judge me.

Regardless, I guess I could understand why she was so upset. She had been throwing herself at me all morning, and with the exception of the little gift I gave her in the hot tub, I had been rejecting her attempts to do something for me in turn. I have to admit I'd be a bit miffed if I were in her position. But where I was used to her reluctance to let me have her wicked way with her, she wasn't, for the same reason.

What she didn't understand was that I was trying to be gentle with her...for now anyway. But, all that was going to change just as soon as that pretty little kitty of hers had time to recuperate. After the beating I'm planning on putting on her - *As. Much. As. I. Fucking. Want* - I'm sure she'll be begging me to go "get my freak on" with an old girlfriend.

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Chapter Eight

Fire, Bullets and Vamps, Oh My!

BPOV

Edward left me alone for the better part of a week after the epic fail of a trip we made to the lingerie shop, or what the Cooch and I were now commonly referring to as *Pussy Galore's House for Two-Timing Cunt Fuckers*.

I wasn't jealous. I swear. It was the Cooch. She was royally pissed and throwing up picket signs all over the damn place. The Wonder Peen was going to have to kiss some major...*puss*...to win her over again. He might be able to get away with another one of those fuckawesome clit spankings.

I went to bed before Edward, but I was only faking sleep when he crawled under the covers. My feelings were a tad bit hurt that he kept his back to me and an insane amount of space between us. No nekked spooning or forking, no boob gropage...nothing.

The next morning, I woke before he did. He was still sleeping when I got out of my shower, and that's even after I made as much noise as I could to purposely wake him up. Don't ask me why I did it, because I really don't know. I might have sort of missed the bastard.

I even strolled into the bedroom butt booty-assed naked, rummaged around in his closet for something to wear, accidentally on purpose knocked a couple pair of his

shoes to the floor (and left them there) and then closed the door harder than what was necessary. Fucking nothing.

So, I had to check the man's pulse, right? I mean because who in the hell can sleep through all that?

But then my stomach made this noise that sounded something like, "Feed me, bitch" – no shit, it sounded *exactly* like that – and I distinctly remembered seeing a box of Frosted Flakes in the pantry. And well, they're grrrrrrrrreat and all, so what was a girl to do?

Meh, I shrugged, *if he's dead, he's dead*. Tony the Tiger was my friend, where Edward "Whoremonging" Cullen was not.

Really, I should probably stop holding grudges.

I had just slurped down the last of the sweetened milk in my bowl and set it in the sink when Edward finally emerged. God help me, he was standing there with towel-dried wet hair, a pair of distressed low-rise jeans and absolutely nothing else – except the little black band of his Calvin Kleins underneath. So, let me say this...naked Edward is glorious, but half-naked Edward, in nothing but a pair of blue jeans...thud. That was me passing the fuck out from all his omigod-I-just-totally-creamed-myself-ness.

That little trail of hair that led from his belly button to the wonders that lie beneath...totally lickable. And by

wonders, I mean his morning woody was apparently still in full effect because that was one gargantuan bulge beneath that denim.

The Cooch crossed her arms defiantly and turned her back on him. She refused to look at or even acknowledge the Wonder Peen's presence.

"Good morning, Isabella," he said as he ran his porntastic fingers through his hair.

"Good morning, Wonder Peen...uh, I mean, Edward." Stupid, stupid Bella!

Edward arched an eyebrow at me and then shuffled his bare feet in my direction. The closer he got, the further I backed away, until I had backed all the way up against the sink. He placed his hands on the counter and caged me in before he dipped his head and gave me a toe-curling kiss.

Double Agent Coochie turned to look over her shoulder and then quickly turned back around, remembering that she was still a pissed at him.

He tasted all minty fresh and I seriously considered sucking on his tongue, but that would give him the impression that I wanted his attentions. And although you and I know that's true, he didn't and I saw no reason to clue him in.

He rounded out the kiss with a suckle to my bottom lip and then dove straight in on my neck as he leaned his

body into mine. The gargantuan bulge pressed into my girly region and the Cooch's resistance waivered. Strong arms wrapped around my waist and Edward held me to him as he continued to wantonly knead my flesh. His neck was on display in front of my lips, the veins taut and alluring. I couldn't help myself. I had to taste him.

I leaned in and sucked on the skin between his neck and shoulder and he moaned into my ear. I sucked as hard as I could because for some unknown reason, I was still pissed about the day before and feeling a little possessive.

"Are you trying to mark me, Isabella?" his husky voice breathed against my ear.

I ignored his quiet chuckle and bit into his flesh to aid in my attempt. He apparently liked that shit because he pressed harder into me until there was no space left between our bodies. His head fell back and to the side, exposing more of that gorgeous flesh.

I wasted no time in devouring his offering with my wet and demanding mouth. My hands curled through the locks of his hair as I gave a none too gentle tug. I could taste the coppery flavor of his blood as it rose to the surface and it set off a feeding frenzy inside me.

Mindlessly, I dug my nails into his scalp, scratching at the tender flesh. Harder and harder, I sucked, reveling in the saltiness of his skin. And still, I wanted more. I swear I must have been a vamp bitch in my past life, because I

could visualize my teeth sinking into his flesh and losing myself in his very essence.

"Enough!" he finally barked in a commanding tone and yanked his neck away.

Both of us were panting pretty damn hard, and I could still taste him in my mouth. I'm not a bit ashamed to admit that I whimpered a little bit. I had just been denied living out one of my naughty vamp fantasies. But then my eyes locked onto his neck and Double Agent Coochie giggled in glee.

Edward Cullen had the mother of all hickeys.

The skin on his neck was already turning a beautiful shade of dark crimson, and a welt was beginning to raise and mar his perfect skin.

I'd be a kickass vamp.

One side of his mouth turned up into a smug smile as he looked me over. He lifted a long finger and brushed my cheek as he watched my heaving breasts with rapt fascination.

"I let you mark me, only because I plan to mark you later," he said as the back of his hand barely swept over one of my breasts. "Only my mark won't be a simple hickey on the neck. Everyone will know that you belong to me."

A shiver ran down my spine and I could feel the gooseflesh rising on my skin. Edward's gaze went to my

nipples and he sighed when he saw the evidence of how much his words had aroused me.

"Very nice," he said before rolling one bud between his fingers. "No bra? You're obeying your punishment?"

I rolled my eyes at him and crossed my arms over my chest.

He pulled my arms away and stepped toward me. "Let's take a closer look, shall we?"

His hands slipped under the hem of my shirt and slowly passed over my stomach and ribs before he found the bare flesh of my breasts. He cupped them in his hands as his thumbs passed over their hardened peaks.

"I like this. Makes it so much easier to do this," he said as he lowered his head and took one nipple into his mouth for one chaste suck, and then gave the same attention to the other one.

That might have had something to do with the whole equal opportunity employment shit, or whatever. I mean, technically, I was working for him. Well, at least my body was. The Cooch used to be a model employee, before the whole Edward slobbering all over the Latin whore thing. She was a real go-getter; always going for the 'greatly exceeds' on her annual evaluation. Pfft, brownnoser. I guess her theory was that if she was successful, she might get a...*raise*.

Fuck you. You know it was funny. But back to Edward...

"And this," he said as his hands slid down my abdomen. With one flick of his fingers, he had the button of my jean shorts undone and was slipping a hand inside my pants.

I should've felt like a heifer at a cattle auction being felt up by some lonely and very desperate farm boy. But you remember what I said about the porntastic fingers, right? Yeah, they're still porntastic.

He deftly maneuvered two fingers between my folds before slipping them inside me. His fingers curled back and forth, hitting that little spot of awesomeness until my eyes nearly rolled to the back of my head and a moan escaped my lips. Then he pulled them out, gave the love nubbin' a few quick strokes and slipped them back inside me quickly. My knees nearly buckled.

Edward quickly withdrew his hand. "You might need to change those shorts now," he said with that smug look. Then he stuck his fingers in his mouth and sucked on them like he'd just finished off a whole bucket of chicken.

"Are you finished? Did I pass inspection?" I huffed.

"You did," he acknowledged and then turned toward the refrigerator. "I have to run out and pick something up today, but I'm expecting a package to be delivered. Riley can sign for it, but the contents belong to you, so feel free to open it."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a gift." He shrugged his shoulders as he poured himself a glass of milk.

"You spent a million dollars on me and you're buying me gifts on top of that?" I asked.

"It's as much a gift for me as it is for you." He kissed my forehead and patted my ass before he walked back out of the kitchen and left me standing there by myself.

I had no idea what sort of gift it might be, but my curiosity was piqued. What woman doesn't enjoy getting gifts?

I found out a little later. The doorbell rang - and by the way, it was one of those snooty doorbells that seem to go on forever – and Riley signed for the package.

"Here you go, Miss Isabella," he said kindly as he handed the package off to me.

"Please, Riley. It's Bella," I smiled at him. He nodded respectfully and then took his leave.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I sort of felt like a kid on Christmas morning as I knelt on the floor in my skirt – yes, I changed – and ripped into the box. It wasn't an easy task either. Whoever packaged that thing had it sealed up like Fort Knox. I even had to leave it in the entryway so that I could retrieve a knife from the butcher's block in the kitchen. No worries; I was careful with it so that I wouldn't destroy the wee bit of treasure on the inside.

All that went out the fucking window though when I finally got into the damn thing and looked inside. "La Petite Boudoir" was written all over the tissue paper, and there was a note...from none other than Fernanda.

I opened it up and I'll be damned if her handwriting wasn't just as beautiful as she was.

Dearest Isabella,

Edward asked me to send these over. He's going to absolutely love them on you. I have to admit that I'm a bit jealous. So sorry we didn't get a chance to play.

Enjoy!

Fernanda

That bitch!

And fuck him for having this shit sent to me. Did he not get the clue when I walked out on their sorry asses last night? He actually thinks I want to put something on my body that would remind him of her? And she's jealous? Yeah...she wants my fucking man!

I wadded the note up and crammed it in my pocket.

In a fit of rage, I punched the box. Of course that didn't quite quell my anger, so I stabbed the shit out of it with the knife that I was still clutching in my fist. I didn't stop stabbing the damn thing until my arms got sore. Bits and pieces of lace and silk lay unrecognizable in the cardboard box, and still I wasn't satisfied. I could still see

it, and I fucking knew what it was and what it represented.

I jumped up and ran with purpose back to Edward's bedroom. I sifted through his drawers until I finally found what I was looking for. Lighter fluid.

I ran back down the stairs, grabbed a box of matches out of the kitchen pantry and drug the offending box out into the driveway. I doused that motherfucker with every last drop of lighter fluid left in the tin canister, struck a match and dropped it into the box. I had to take a step back when a ball of fire ignited and shot up into the air a little.

Yes, I know I was exhibiting irrational behavior. Yes, I know my reaction was a bit on the psychotic side. But goddamnit...I was not about to wear something one of his fucking whores picked out because she *knows what he likes*. And I wanted there to be no doubt in his mind how I felt about it either.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned...

I turned my back on the inferno and walked away. Even though the fire was relatively small and contained, in my mind, it was huge. In fact, I'm pretty sure I looked just as awesome as little Drew Barrymore in *Firestarter* with flames engulfing everything around her, because Riley stepped onto the porch with his mouth hung open and eyes widened in awe.

"Are you okay, Bella?" he asked frantically.

"Oh, I'm just perfect...now," I said as I stepped past him and into the house.

I heard the gentle purr of an engine as I stepped across the threshold and turned around to see who had come to pay us a visit. It was Edward, and he was actually driving. His car was shiny; a sleek black Aston Martin Vanquish that reminded me of a black leopard on the prowl.

He threw the car in park and jumped out, not even bothering to shut his door as he stalked over to my little bonfire. He looked at it and then up at me.

"Your gift was tainted," I said matter-of-factly before I set my chin defiantly, turned around and walked away. Of course Edward chased after me.

"Riley, get the extinguisher and put out that fire!" he ordered.

"Let it burn, Riley," I called in a bored tone over my shoulder.

"Isabella!" he shouted, but I kept walking. "Isabella! You stop right this instance or I swear to God I'll-"

"You'll what?" I asked as I spun on my heels to face him. I watched as his face contorted in shock. The muscles in his jaws flexed as he ground his teeth and his eyes

shifted back and forth, obviously trying to come up with some retort and failing miserably.

"That's what I thought," I said and then turned to continue up the stairs. "You know...something's seriously wrong with you, Edward Cullen. You knew that shit pissed me off last night. And yet, for whatever fucked up reason, you thought having a woman, who obviously still has the hots for my man, send over something that *she* picked out was a good idea? And you're supposed to be some huge business mogul?" I laughed incredulously and shook my head. "Soooo fucked up."

"Oh, and by the way," I stopped at the top of the stairs and turned to look down at him. "She left a note."

I threw the wadded up piece of paper at him and it hit him in the chest before falling to his feet. He snatched it off the floor and unfolded the crinkled page before looking it over.

"Oh for the love of...," he started and then sighed.

"Isabella, Fernanda is *bi-sexual*. She wanted to see you in the lingerie and was disappointed because she had hoped that you and she..." he trailed off.

"That we...?"

He lifted his brows and gave me an expectant look.

Oh. *Ohhhhh*...

"You're not serious...," I said with a humorless laugh.

"Well, she didn't come right out and say it, but I know her well enough to be confident in saying that's exactly what she was hoping for; maybe a little two on one fun..."

A Bella sandwich. I have to admit, I was slightly flattered. I mean, Fernanda was fucking beautiful and all. The hetero gal in me was a tad bit curious, as long as I didn't have to do anything to her...

"Gabe's going to get such a kick out of this," I mumbled more to myself.

"What?"

"Nothing. It doesn't change anything. You bought that lingerie, even after you knew how much it upset me last night. End of story. I'm still pissed." With that, I turned and walked away.

I heard him growl in frustration, and I think he might have hit a wall with his fist, but I couldn't be sure.

I felt like a total bitch about an hour later and decided to hunt him down and actually apologize. When I got to the bottom of the stairs, sure enough, there was a fist-size hole in the wall around the corner. I rolled my eyes because it was completely uncalled for, but then again, so was the little tantrum I threw with the lingerie.

See? I can admit when I'm wrong.

He wasn't in his office, or the kitchen. I thought I heard the sound of the television blaring from the

entertainment room, so I followed the sound and gingerly poked my head through the doorway.

Edward was reclining in one of the theater seats with his shirt tossed to the side. It was the most relaxed I'd seen him since the day I met him. Imagine my disappointment when he, in fact, did not have his hand shoved down the front of his pants like Al Bundy. I cleared my throat to alert him to my presence because it would be a total turnoff if he'd actually let a fart rip, thinking no one was there to hear him.

He turned his head and looked at me. The expression on his face wasn't anger. It looked more like he was about half way expecting me to warp into bitch-mode again.

"I'm sorry," I choked out, because apologizing to the man who purchased me for his sex slave wasn't exactly an easy thing to do.

He sighed and ran his hand over his bare, hairless chest. "Come sit with me for a bit," he said, patting his leg.

I walked across the room and perched myself on his lap while resting my arm behind him and around his shoulders.

"I'm sorry, too," he said, rubbing my thigh soothingly. "I didn't think...I just thought you might like the lingerie, and truthfully, I really wanted to see you in them."

I nodded mutely. "I guess I'm sorry I set them on fire," I mumbled.

"Don't be. Your feelings were hurt, so I understand why you did it." He chuckled. "You're a little hellcat, you know that? It sort of turned me on...especially when you called me your man."

Fuck. Did I do that?

"Well, you are...for the next five years at least," I covered and then diverted my attention to the television. "Are you watching *True Blood*? I love that show. There's just something about vampires that's just so sexy and...ungh...forbidden."

"Oh, really?" he laughed. "So, are you Team Eric, or Team Bill?"

"Eric, of course."

"And why is that?"

I looked at the television again and Eric had some human chick strapped spread-eagled in a standing position while he fucked the shit out of her with his vamp speed. "*That's* the reason," I answered, pointing to the screen. I was getting pretty worked up at the sight of Eric's naked ass and the way he pounded into the poor girl, but she wasn't complaining.

"I knew I had you pegged right. You really do like the rough stuff, don't you?" his deep voice asked as he moved his hand up my thigh and nuzzled the side of my breast. He took my clothed nipple between his teeth and lightly teased it.

"Hmm? Do you want me to do that to you?" he continued as he nuzzled the bud with the tip of his nose. "Have you spread-eagled in front of me while I pound into that beautiful pussy?"

Yes, please.

"I can do that, Isabella. I can fuck you like that."

I drew in a stuttering breath and he looked up at me from beneath his long lashes.

"Lift your shirt up for me, baby," he said in that husky voice.

Double Agent Coochie stood up and took notice.

I slowly did as he asked, and for once, I wasn't the least bit disgruntled about it.

He made this moaning sound that made the Cooch shiver and then melt into a pile of goo. His lips wrapped around my left nipple while his hand moved closer to my center. Slowly, his tongue circled the raised bud before he scraped it with his teeth. I could feel his hot breath wash over my skin as he exhaled in contentment. Then his lips closed over the nipple and he suckled it as he moved his head back and forth. With one long suck, he pulled away, elongating my breast before releasing it and watching it snap back into place.

I was full-on Niagara Falls gushing between the legs at that point.

Edward inclined his head and placed sensual kisses along the underside of my jaw until he reached my ear. "I got something for you," he murmured. He rushed to explain when I pulled back and gave him a warning scowl. "I promise. I picked it out, just for you. And I've never given any other woman anything remotely close to it."

"Okay..." I said warily.

He reached beside him and picked up a black box with a slim red ribbon tied around it and sat it on my thigh.

"Open it," he urged when I just looked at it.

I took a deep breath and released it slowly as I picked it up and tugged on the end of the ribbon. Then I lifted the lid, and my mouth went agape. It was a silver cuff bracelet with an oval center that was decorated with a diamond encrusted lion. Just beneath it, there was a banner with the name, Cullen, inlaid with even more tiny, shimmering diamonds. It was breathtaking.

Edward took it from my hands and secured it around my right wrist. "It's my family's crest," he shrugged. "I'm not a true dominant, and although you'd probably be a remarkable submissive, with a hell of a lot of discipline, of course," he smirked, "you're not. But this will let everyone know that you belong to me. I want you to wear it at all times."

"It's too much," I said, shaking my head.

"There's a certain standard of living that comes along with being my girl, Isabella," he said. "Although we both know that it's contractual, no one else does. I can't exactly have you running around wearing cheap jewelry. Besides, I happen to think it looks sexy as hell on you."

I nodded, reluctantly.

"Lift the bottom," he said as he nodded back toward the box. "There's more."

I reached inside the box and pulled at the little silk red tab on the bottom, trying to guess what more there could be. *Holy speeding bullets, Batman!*

I'd seen this type of thing before; Gabe had dragged me along to more "fun" parties than a person should ever be forced to attend in one lifetime. Honestly, I didn't get what all the fuss was about. And now, I found myself staring down at the Mac Daddy of all Silver Bullets. The same Cullen crest was carved into its side, but thankfully, there were no diamonds.

And then I had an epiphany. They say that diamonds are a girl's best friend, but the Silver Bullet sure can give them a run for their money in that category.

The Cooch perched her hands on her hips, insulted that he hadn't given her diamonds as well, but grateful all the same that she wouldn't have to worry about it shredding her insides. After all, if diamonds can cut through glass, what the hell do you think it would do to a coochie?

"The bracelet is so that everyone else knows that you belong to me," he started to explain as he took the vibrator from my hands. "This...is so that *you* will."

He turned the switch on and slipped his hand between my legs to press the bullet against my clit.

"Oh, God..." I gasped and my head fell forward.

"Well now, that's not the result I was hoping for," he whispered into my ear. "We've been through this before, Isabella. This little toy is supposed to remind you who you belong to. So tell me, Isabella, who is that again?"

He pulled the bullet away so that it just slightly touched that little bundle of nerves and then started working it in excruciatingly slow circles.

We're his, bitch! Say his fucking name! Tell him anything he wants! Just get me more! the Cooch was screaming at me.

"Please...Edward," I moaned and arched my hips up to close the distance.

He grabbed my hip with his other hand that he had snaked around my waist and held me down. "Please, what?" he teased.

The cocky bastard asked me to say his name and I complied. And he's *still* teasing me?

"More. I want more," I moaned pathetically.

"More what? More of this?" he asked, pressing the bullet closer and giving me what I craved.

"Oh, God, yes," I groaned.

I realized my mistake a little too late. Edward pulled the bullet away again and tsked me.

"Let's try again. In fact, let's make a new rule. Every time you feel the need to say the name, God, you say my name in place of it. And I guarantee you're going to love *my* version of heaven."

Blasphemous? Absolutely. But since I was already going to hell, I figured I might as well do it properly.

Edward pressed the bullet to my clit again and then quickly slid it between my folds before slipping it inside me.

"Ungh...Edward!" I cried out.

"Very good, Isabella. You're a quick learner," he said in approval, and then he rewarded me by taking my nipple into his mouth again and sucking it vigorously as he worked the bullet around inside me.

I didn't know which sensation to concentrate on, and I wasn't even sure why I was trying to differentiate between the two. Because together...oh my Edward, it was euphoric.

And then it was over. No bullet, no suckling...nothing.

I looked at him like he was crazy. Then I found my little Cullen bullet back in the box and on the table.

"You're not sore?" he asked.

Again, I looked at him like he was crazy. "Hell no!" I said with an increased pitch to my voice.

He slid out from underneath me and stood, forcing me to land with a thud in the chair. I was just about to protest his quick disappearance when he knelt before me and pushed my knees open. As he leaned forward and hungrily claimed my mouth with his own, his hands pushed my skirt up. I eagerly lifted my hips to assist him, although I don't know why he didn't just slide the damn thing off my legs. This way was kind of hot though. There's just something about being so in the heat of the moment that you don't even want to take the time to completely undress.

And Edward did not disappoint. I heard the clink of his belt buckle, indicating he was undoing his pants. Then he sat up, unfastened his jeans, hooked his arms under my knees and yanked me forward until my ass was just barely perched on the edge of the seat.

"I want you so fucking bad," he growled as he pulled the Wonder Peen free of his confines. "And I refuse to wait any longer. Give me what's mine," he demanded.

"Fucking take it," I challenged him.

I wasn't actually trying to be a bitch. He knew it, and I knew it. This was just what we did. We challenged each other, and then reveled in the possessiveness we both felt. As much as I'd like to deny it, I couldn't. It was a guilty pleasure that we both thrived on; raw, animalistic...wild. The hickey that I'd put on him earlier was a stark reminder of that. I reached a hand forward and swept my hand across the mark and then looked him in the eye. He knew the message I was trying to convey. Mine...

Edward let out a feral growl and leaned over to attack my mouth with a passionate and brutal kiss. I laced my fingers through his hair and gave him everything I had in me, because if you're going to tango with Edward Cullen, you better bring your fucking A-game. He didn't even bother to shove his pants over his hips before he lined up with my entrance and pushed in slowly.

"Jesus, baby," he hissed. "You're so damn tight."

The Cooch squealed in delight when she was finally reunited with the Wonder Peen. I could almost see the two star-crossed lovers as they ran across a field of daisies to finally be in each other's arms. He whispered his apologies; she forgave him of all his transgressions. It was disturbing, but very gratifying.

Once he was completely sheathed inside me, - and trust me, it was no easy feat...second time with a monster cock, folks...I was completely filled – he hooked his arms

under my knees and pushed them until I was spread as wide as I could go. For just a brief second, I allowed myself to wonder why I never tried out for cheerleading or gymnastics, because as it turned out, I was pretty damn limber.

"Oh, Edward," I gasped, still playing his name game.
"Fucking...yes..."

He pushed forward so that his hands were gripping the ends of the armrests to support his actions. His forearms were still holding my legs in place as he bent at the elbows and leaned into me.

"I'm going to fuck the shit out of you now, Isabella," he warned with his lips hovering over mine. His breaths were my breaths and I tilted my chin to kiss him, but he pulled away minutely to indicate he wasn't done. He let his lips ghost over mine as he finished torturing me. "If I hurt you, tell me, and I *might* stop."

You guys saw what he did there, right? He presented the challenge, knowing I was going to answer it, or permanently injure myself trying.

"Bring it on," I said with narrowed eyes and then leaned my head forward and bit his bottom lip.

Edward growled and then crashed his lips to mine. I could taste a slight hint of blood, and I knew that it was his. It drove me insane with want so I sucked on his lip, provoking him further. He pulled out of me quickly and

then pushed back in a little slower, but it was enough to draw my attention away from his lip. I dropped my head back and arched my back as he withdrew again and pushed back in harder.

When I looked back at him, I could see the cut and trickle of blood on his mouth. I licked my bottom lip, wanting to taste him again. It was sick, I know, but if you'd ever tasted Edward Cullen, you'd know why I was jonesin' for more.

"I'm supposed to be the vampire, Isabella. Not you," he growled as he increased his speed and intensity.

I reached for him and managed to get a hold of his hair before he could pull away and deny me what I wanted. I pulled and tugged on his thick locks until he finally submitted and let me force a kiss on him again. I went straight for the blood that was pooling on his lip and scooped it up with the tip of my tongue. Without breaking stride in his thrusts, Edward captured my tongue with his before I could bring it back into my mouth to taste him. We fought for dominance over the kiss and the blood, and it was so goddamned, er, Edward damned erotic that I nearly came right then.

He broke the kiss and looked down at the place where we were joined and I followed his lead. His jeans were just barely hanging on to the top of his thighs, having slipped with his movements. That coil in the pit of my stomach kept winding tighter and tighter with the image of his

cock slamming in and out of me. But, damnit, he was moving so fast and I wanted this sensation to never end. As if reading my mind, he slowed down so that we could both see it better, and I watched him lick his lips as a bead of sweat trickled down the slope of his nose and dropped onto my abdomen.

"That's a beautiful thing, isn't it?" he asked as he watched me. I looked back down between my legs and was immediately entranced by the sight. "My thick cock fucking your beautiful, wet...*tight* pussy. I'm going to cum all over that pretty little kitty of yours, Isabella."

He drew in a long breath and then started pumping his hips faster and faster. It wasn't exactly vamp speed, but it was pretty damn close. Yes, I felt some pain, but no, I didn't give a shit about it.

"I'm sorry, Isabella, but I forgot which you preferred," he asked between heavy breaths. "Was that Team Eric or Team Bill?"

I answered his question without a second thought.

"Team...Edward."

He gave me one of those sexy-ass crooked smiles of his and then lunged forward with his teeth bared. I felt them graze across the flesh just over the artery in my neck and then he sucked hard. The illusion that he'd created, a vampire tasting his mistress in the throes of passion, it was like I'd been picked up and slammed into an ocean of orgasmic bliss. It hit me so hard that I couldn't make a

sound; I don't even think I was breathing. My mouth dropped open, my eyes rolled to the back of my head, my back arched and I dug my nails into the skin of Edward's back and held him to me.

He slowed his movements and did this unbelievable thing where he rolled his hips with each thrust, causing a delicious friction on my clit. The whole while, he moaned into my neck and the vibrations from it shot straight to my pussy. I'm pretty sure my body was convulsing at that point, but he kept going. He finally released the skin on my neck and looked down on me.

"My turn," he grinned devilishly.

He pumped his hips feverishly. Each inward thrust made a smacking sound as his skin met mine. I was acutely aware that his efforts were actually moving me back up in the seat, but it didn't matter. I felt my walls clamp around him again as I was tossed on another wave in that ocean of O's.

"Goddamnit," Edward muttered. And then he dropped my left leg and pulled his cock out of me just before his cum shot out in spurts. It was hot and thick against the smooth skin of my pussy and I watched in rapt fascination as he slid his hand back and forth over his length. His chest was heaving with his heavy breaths and his head fell back while a low moan reverberated through his chest.

I wanted to fuck him again, just so that I could see the replay.

When he'd emptied all of his seed, his head fell forward and he looked me in the eye. His pectoral muscles flexed as he inhaled deeply to settle his breathing. He blew out the air in a quick gush and then tilted his head to the side before he leaned forward and gave me soft, lingering kiss.

"You okay, baby?" he asked as he cupped my cheek with one hand and swept his thumb over my kiss-swollen lip. I kissed the pad of his thumb and nodded my head vigorously.

He rose to his feet and pulled his pants up enough to keep them from falling around his ankles. When he turned and walked toward the bar, his little back dimples smiled at me and the Cooch gave them a coy wave.

I guess the little hoochie is thinking of two-timing the Wonder Peen now.

Edward disappeared behind the bar and I pulled my shirt down. Within seconds, he came back to me, carrying a wet towel.

"One of the many benefits of having a wet bar in the entertainment room," he said with an amused look on his face.

He cleaned up the spunk from my girly parts with tender wipes against my flesh. "Are you sore now?" he asked as he stood and walked back toward the bar.

"Gaw...Edward!" I said with a huff as I yanked my skirt down. "I appreciate your concern, but...", I trailed off, seeing the look of expectancy on his face. He was hoping I was sore.

"Yes, Edward," I conceded. "You put a serious beating on the Cooch. I won't be able to walk for days."

Truthfully, my legs were sore, and the Cooch really was licking her wounds...in blissful contentment. She'd hoped he would do that for her, but with the spunk and all... she realized that just wasn't going to happen.

He got this huge conceited grin on his face and I knew I'd stroked his ego exceptionally well.

"Hey, Edward?" I said, getting his attention.

"Yes?"

"Eric...Bill...both of those fuckable Salvatore brothers, Stefan and Damon?" He quirked a disapproving eyebrow at me. "They don't have shit on you. You're far sexier, way more exotic and although I haven't seen theirs, I'd find it really hard to believe that they could have a bigger cock. You're gold, baby."

He laughed at me and then bit the corner of his lip. "Aw, shucks," he said demurely. "You're only saying that because it's true."

"You're such a conceited ass," I laughed and shook my head at him.

"There you go...talking about my ass again. You know this obsession of yours is bordering on being unhealthy," he said as he walked back to me. He grabbed both of my hands and pulled me to stand before him, wrapping my arms around his neck as he encircled my waist.

I reached up on my tip toes and kissed him softly. His lip wasn't bleeding now, and he didn't wince in pain, so I swept my tongue across his bottom lip to ask for entrance. He granted my wish and softly stroked my tongue with his. It was the sweetest kiss we'd shared since my arrival.

This deal may not be all that bad after all.

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Chapter Nine

I Smell Bacon!

BPOV

My name is Bella Swan, and I...am an ass addict. In my defense, Edward's ass was ridunkulous. It's all round, firm and perky. Two little dimples were perched right above it on his lower back, and then there's this little smooth slope that rounds out deliciously into two muscular cheeks that hollow out when it's flexed. Add to that the creamy yumminess of the skin, and you've got a vision of divine assness.

Fucking sue me. I don't want help for my co-dependency. This works just fine for me.

It was morning and Edward was lying on his stomach while I was perched on my side next to him. He was still sleeping, and I was gawking at all his naked glory. He had kicked the covers off somewhere during the night, and when I woke, I was immediately greeted with the glorious sight of his delicious body in its untainted form: He was magnificent. Although I loved the way his clothes hung on his frame, this...this was so much better.

I watched as his back rose and fell with his even breaths. Every muscle was defined and my fingers twitched, wanting to reach out and trace them. His face was turned toward me, and I marveled at the length of his dark, thick lashes. The lack of shaving over the weekend left a

rather delectable shadow of a beard on his strong jaw. I rather liked it and made a mental note to try to find some way to convince him to wear it like that more often; corporate America be damned . His lips were slightly puckered and there was a tiny mark to the bottom, a reminder of our erotic session from the night before when he more than fulfilled my wicked little vamp fantasy.

A smile crept up on my face and I reached forward and gently cupped his face. As I delicately ran the pad of my thumb along his lower lip, he moaned before finally stirring. I probably shouldn't wake him before his alarm went off, but I just couldn't help myself. Lips like those had to be touched.

His eyes fluttered open and immediately met mine; pools of emerald so rich, you couldn't help but drown in them.

"G'mornin'," his scratchy morning voice greeted me. He puckered his lips minutely and kissed the pad of my thumb.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you," I lied and pulled my hand away.

"S'okay. What time is it?" He propped himself up on his elbows and looked at the alarm clock on the nightstand beside him. He groaned when he read it and flipped onto his back. "Fuck. I need to get up and go in to work," he sighed and then ran his hands over his face.

"Do you want me to make you some breakfast?" I asked. His hands fell from his face and he looked at me in surprise. "You can cook?"

I giggled at him, because apparently I'm going soft. "Yes, Edward. We simple, blue collar folk actually have to do that sort of thing, unless we want to die of starvation."

"Can you make...bacon and eggs?" His face wore this adorable little hopeful expression.

I rolled my eyes and nodded. "How do you like your eggs cooked?"

"Over easy?"

"I can do that, Edward. I can make you breakfast like that," I said seductively, making a play on his words from the night before. You'd think I was offering him the same damn thing that he had been offering me, because I swear he got a hard on.

"Sweet! I'll just go grab a shower and get dressed." He was out of the bed in the blink of an eye, and I was left to stare after him. Yes, I was ogling the ass masterpiece; the assterpiece. Mmm...I wanna' piece.

I slid out of bed as well and threw on a pair of shorts and a tank top. It would do until I was able to take a shower myself.

Once downstairs, I grabbed a skillet from one of those fancy-schmancy hanging thing-a-mabobs that hung over the center island and put it on the stove. The stove...

Let me tell you about this bastard of an appliance...Gordon Ramsey himself wouldn't be able to figure that thing out. There were buttons and knobs that went on for days, and I'll be damned if I knew what any one of those motherfuckers did. So, much like with the universal remote, I just started pushing anything I saw. I had a brief flashback to that day and shuddered, but I was quickly relieved when I pushed the right one on the second try. The first try? Let's not even go there. My eyebrows were still relatively intact, and there was only a slight burnt hair smell lingering in the air. So, bite me, Gordon.

I danced my way over to the refrigerator and had to push a few things aside to find the, get this...butcher cut bacon. That's right. Apparently, Edward motherfucking Cullen does not do processed meat. I shook my head at the absurdity and grabbed the eggs. After washing my hands thoroughly, I prepared my station.

The bacon was in the skillet and just about in need of a turn, when Edward's arm encircled my waist from behind. I felt a brush of his hand against my shoulder, and my hair was pulled back to reveal my neck.

Instinctively, I cocked my head to the side to allow him better access and shivered in his arms when the tip of his nose ran along the length of my neck while he inhaled deeply.

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EPOV

"God, that smells good," I whispered into her ear. "And the food doesn't smell too bad either."

It smelled fucking delicious, but there was just something about seeing her at my stove, cooking breakfast for me that made me want to taste her more. I sucked her earlobe into my mouth and teased it with my tongue while my hands began to roam over her silky skin.

"Edward...I'm trying to cook," she giggled. The sound sent shock waves to my cock.

"So cook." My hand slipped under her shirt and I played with the waistband of her cotton shorts. I could feel her pulse quicken under my tongue as I placed sensual open-mouthed kisses along the tender flesh of her neck.

"Unless you like burnt bacon, you might want to stop that," she sighed. "It's incredibly distracting."

"Don't burn my bacon, Isabella." My voice was seductive, yet demanding...just how I knew she secretly liked it.

I slipped my hand inside her shorts and cupped her beautiful pussy with my massive hand. She gasped and tried to turn to look at me, but my hold kept her in place.

"No, no, Isabella. You need to watch the skillet," I reminded her. "Because if you burn my bacon, I'm going to have to punish you."

She gave me a seductive little half smile. Yeah, she wanted to be punished just as much as I wanted to fucking punish her. Jesus, I loved our little games.

I parted her lower lips and slid my long fingers between the already wet folds. I loved the way she was always so receptive to my touch. So, I pressed my entire body against her back to give her more of it. I knew she could feel my dick hardening against her, just like I knew she got off on that shit just as much as I did.

I continued my assault on her neck as I let the fingers of my other hand do the walking to find a pert nipple. She arched her back and pressed her ass against my erection when I gave it a slight tweak.

"Edward..."

"Shh...bacon," I whisper against her ear.

I wanted to play with her, see how good of a multi-tasker she was. So, I withdrew both of my hands and slowly pushed her shorts over her curvy hips and down her legs.

"What are you..."

I answered her question when I spread her legs and inserted two fingers into her from behind. As I worked her with my right hand, the left made fast work of my pants and my cock sprang free.

I was perfectly aware that I would probably forever associate the smell of bacon with what was about to happen. And much like Pavlov's dogs, I'd likely get a

massive hard on anytime the scent permeated the air around me. But it was a chance I was willing to take.

"What about my eggs?" I asked as I curled my fingers back and forth inside her. "Come on, Isabella. I'm starving."

Shaky hands picked up the two eggs and cracked them against each other to crack the shell. She was going to play. I loved how adventurous she was.

I pulled my fingers out as she carefully dropped one into the skillet. As she cracked the shell of the other egg against the rim of the skillet, I pulled her hips back and lightly pressed down on her lower back to get the perfect arch.

"Don't break the yolk," I warned and then pushed into her at the same time she dropped it into the skillet. She jerked and nearly broke it, but recovered nicely and managed to keep the yellow center intact.

Fucking Isabella was un-goddamn-believable. In all my past endeavors, I had never come across a pussy as sweet as hers. It was all hot with silky flesh that hugged my cock fucking tighter than any other I'd had the opportunity to infiltrate. It drew me in and squeezed possessively like it never wanted to let me go. I was a slave to it, which was ironic since *she* was supposed to be *my* slave. She played her part well, make no mistake about that, but that little cunt of hers owned me. And I didn't mind that shit, not one motherfucking bit.

I bent slightly at the knees and held her in place as I slowly moved in and out of her. She felt so fucking good wrapped around my cock like that that I wondered if I would ever be able to get enough of her. When she turned her head and looked over her shoulder at me while biting down on that goddamn bottom lip, I knew the answer was fuck no, I would never get enough.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled, forcing her to arch her back further until that delicious little mouth was in my reach. I claimed it in a heated kiss and she moaned into my mouth.

"Is that bacon I smell burning?" I asked against her lips.

She turned back toward the skillet and flipped it over with shaky hands. I kept my hand in her hair, and the other on her hip as I increased the pace and urgency of my thrusts. The cheeks of her perfect little ass jiggled with each smack of my hips against them and I found it impossible to look away. Wanting to see the treasure trove hidden between those two heavenly dollops, I grabbed her hips with both hands and used my thumbs to spread her open. I groaned when the garden of forbidden pleasure was revealed. Her back entrance teased me with its tightness and I felt my dick grow impossibly harder.

"Fuck, baby," I moaned. "Your ass is so beautiful. I can't wait to put my cock in there."

I felt her body stiffen and she looked back at me again.

"Not now, Isabella, but soon," I assured her. "But trust me, as freaky as you are...you're going to love it."

I ran my thumb over the entrance and pressed until it slipped inside. She gasped, and then I felt the walls of her tight little pussy constrict around my cock. I could feel the pulse of her orgasm as her head fell forward and she held onto the counter for dear life.

"Yeah, baby," I moaned. "Mmm...fuck...that's just a sample of what it will feel like."

I bit my bottom lip and grabbed a hold of her hips as I pounded into her sweet little cunt, increasing her pleasure. My balls tightened and an awesome feeling of euphoria soared through my body until it exploded out of me like fireworks. The grip I had on her hips grew tighter, but I didn't have the sense about me to worry about bruising her at that moment.

A long, feral growl clawed its way out of my chest as Isabella rolled and pushed her hips back into me over and over again until she'd milked me dry. I released her hips and placed my hands beside hers on the counter and then pressed forward to cage her in place. My forehead fell forward as I pulled my cock out of her and panted against the skin of her shoulder. Between much needed breaths, I managed to drop a few chaste kisses here and there; mostly because I couldn't get enough of her, but also as a form of thanks.

Yeah, look at me. I'm thanking a woman, who's forced to fuck me, for letting me do just that. It's better than fucking nothing though, right?

"Um, Edward?" her soft voice broke the silence. "I think I burned the bacon."

I lifted my head and looked into the skillet. Sure enough, the bacon looked like charcoal and the yolk on the now rubbery looking egg was broken. I dropped my head and laughed against her shoulder as I wrapped my arms around her. "That's okay, baby," I said between heavy breaths. "I wasn't really all that hungry anyway."

"But...you're still going to punish me, right?" God bless her, she actually sounded hopeful.

"Oh hell yeah."

By midday, I found myself sitting at my desk, unable to concentrate on a damn thing because I couldn't stop thinking about her. Jasper had been looking at me funny all day, and it was really beginning to piss me off.

A knock sounded at the door before it popped open and Jasper waltzed inside.

"Four slices of bacon, two eggs over easy and toast," he said with a quirked brow as he sat a Styrofoam container in front of me. "Breakfast for lunch?"

I shrugged. "What can I say? I had a craving."

"Hey, Edward!" Alice greeted me as she bounced into the office and tucked her purse under her arm. She saddled

up to Jasper and he pulled her into his side. "You're lucky the diner down the street serves breakfast twenty-four hours a day."

I gave Jasper a questioning look.

"She was on her way in anyway, so I asked her to pick up your lunch," he shrugged. "You're always saying I should learn to delegate."

"Hey!" Alice said in mock protest as she playfully punched his arm. "You don't delegate to your wifey, ass."

"Yeah, well, why don't you and your *wifey* run along and play so that I can enjoy my lunch in peace?" I suggested as I popped the lid of the container open.

The smell of the bacon immediately brought back the memory of this morning, and sadly, the front of my pants tightened. I could almost feel her hot wetness constricting around my cock as I moved inside her. Goddamn, I missed Isabella.

"Actually, I have something I want to talk to you about," Alice said, yanking me out of my fantasy world.

I looked up at her and motioned toward my lunch. "Can it wait? This shit doesn't taste very good when it's cold."

"No, it can't," she said as she took a seat in front of my desk. "Go ahead and eat. It won't bother me."

And because I knew she'd just be pacing outside my door, with several interruptions in between to check to

see if I'm finished, I gave in. Alice can be a pushy little shit when she wants something.

"Alright, what's so important?"

Jasper cleared his throat and started walking backwards toward the door. "I'll just be at my desk if you need me."

I saw the look of apprehension on his face, and that clued me in that I wasn't going to like whatever it was she wanted to talk about. Like I said before, Jasper is Alice's opposite. He knows when to leave shit alone, where Alice pushes until she gets the answers she wants. I picked up a piece of bacon and took a bite while I waited for her to begin.

"So, I was balancing your bank account this weekend, paying the utility bills and whatnot, when I ran across an entry for a rather large sum of money that had been transferred from your personal account to an account in Forks, Washington," she started in a questioning tone.

"And?" I pressed as I took a bite of the eggs. They needed salt.

"And...a million dollars? Edward, I know it's not my place to ask, but what the hell?"

"You're right, it's not your place to ask," I said, suddenly losing my appetite. I knew she'd see the transaction, but she'd never questioned me about my outlandish splurging before. Then again, the last time I'd dropped a

load even remotely similar to that, it was for my Vanquish.

Alice narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "Are you doing something illegal?"

"Alice, I'm warning you...back off," I said in my most menacing tone of voice. "The last time I checked, I was the employer and you were the employee. So don't fucking come up in here like you're going to grill me over shit that is none of your goddamn business."

"You don't scare me, Edward Anthony Cullen," she said as she stood and waved a finger at me. "Something's up, and I don't know what it is, but you know I'll just keep digging until I figure it out. And don't think I didn't notice that the transaction just so happened to take place at the same time that Bella showed up."

She was pissing me off. I could literally feel the vein in my forehead bulge.

"Isabella," I corrected her.

"No, she asked me to call her Bella. I guess she prefers that to her given name, but you should know that since you two are so in love," she said, crossing her arms over her chest. "What's the deal between you and her, 'cause I'm not buying the 'whole we met outside a drag queen show in LA and fell in love' bullshit. You're a lot of things, but into dudes, you are not."

My eyebrows shot up into my hairline and I nearly choked on my own damn saliva. "She told you she met me at a drag queen show!"

Fucking typical of Isabella. I shouldn't be surprised. I chuckled and shook my head. That's when I got an idea that would help me fuck with both of them; Alice for snooping when she should be minding her own damn business, and Isabella for making the drag queen comment in the first place.

"Did she tell you that she has a penis?"

"Shutthefuckup!" Alice's mouth dropped open in shock and then she quickly snapped it shut as she got a thoughtful look on her face. "Wait a minute," she said with a hand on her hip. "I've seen her naked. She definitely does not have a penis."

"Anymore," I added. "What do you think the money in the account was for?"

I could practically see the hamster running on the wheel inside her head as she processed what I was saying. "Oh. My. God! Bella's a dude that had a sex change!"

"*Used* to be a dude," I corrected her. "Her name was Paul. She looks pretty convincing now though, doesn't she?"

"But you're not into dudes."

"She's not a dude...now." I laced my fingers together and cupped the back of my head as I reclined in my chair.

"Any more questions?"

Alice looked dumfounded and lost as she stared off into the distance and barely shook her head. She started for the door, but I stopped her before she could leave.

"Oh, and Alice?" She turned to look at me. "This has to be our little secret. You can't say anything to anyone, especially not to Isabella. She's pretty sensitive about the subject and just wants to be accepted as the woman she had always felt she was on the inside."

"Oh yeah, right, no problem," she said as she nodded vehemently while giving me this forced look that said 'pfft, as if' and then grabbed the doorknob to leave.

I was pretty damn proud of myself for being able to think so quickly on my feet. When Isabella finds out what I did, she's going to be mega pissed. For me, that translates into another epic sexcapade. Ding, ding, ding, ding...triple whammy. Edward Cullen, you are the king of mindfuckery!

"One more thing," I stopped her again. "I'm fucking kidding."

"About what?"

"The whole goddamned thing, Alice. I made it all up. Isabella has never been a man named Paul, and she most certainly does not now, nor has she ever, had a penis," I

laughed. "But God, you should've seen the look on your face."

"Ugh! Edward Anthony Cullen!" she seethed between clenched teeth as she marched toward me. "I should knock the piss out of you!"

She swung her purse and smacked me in the back of the head.

"Ow!" I laughed and ducked my head to avoid further blows.

"I'm going to fucking tell her about this!" she said as she took another shot at me.

I'm counting on it, pixie.

She backed away and the coast appeared to be clear.

"Look, it doesn't surprise me that she said she met me at a drag queen show. She has a very odd sense of humor, Alice. You never know if what she's saying is true, or if she's bullshitting you," I explained. "It's one of the many things I love about her. But, the truth is, we met at a conference."

The real truth was that most of what I said actually *was* true.

"Apparently, she's not the only one who bullshits around here," she said with her hands on her hips. Then she sighed and said, "Okay, confession time. When I saw that big ass deposit, I started thinking and nothing was adding up right. So, I did some research and lo and

behold, I couldn't find any trips that you've booked to LA over this *supposed* time you've been seeing her." She actually made fucking air quotes over the word 'supposed'.

"And even though I had no last name to go by, I also didn't find anyone named Isabella or Bella on any of the flights from LA the day she showed up." She took a breath. "What I did find was a receipt to a seedy little club, that just so happens to be owned by one James Gigandet. Further background searching on him revealed charges for trafficking. Human trafficking. Women, to be specific. So," she sighed. "You wanna' tell me who Bella really is?"

Fuck my life! The motherfucking jig was definitely motherfucking up.

"It's complicated, Alice," I said, defeated. Damnit, I needed a cigarette and a shot of Patron.

"Edward," her voice was much lower and she gave me this pitiful look as she took a seat in front of me again. "You bought her, didn't you?"

I gnawed on the inside of my cheek and just looked at her. She obviously took that as an affirmative.

"I'm not going to ask you why, because I'm pretty sure I know the answer to that one already. But Bella...she's a good girl. Why would she do something like that?"

"I don't know," I answered honestly. "We agreed not to discuss that topic."

"Well, don't you think you should find out?" she asked incredulously as she flailed her hands in the air. "Just because you can't discuss it with her, it doesn't mean you can't do some digging on your own. Jesus Christ, Edward. Use the head on top of your shoulders instead of the one between your legs. Who knows what sort of trouble she might be in?"

She was walking a very thin line with the way she was talking to me, but if anyone could get away with that shit, it was Alice. She's just too little to go all ballistic on. It would be like attacking a fourth grade child.

Plus, she was right. And if I hadn't been so distracted lately, I would've done just that. Isabella just has this way of making me forget who the fuck I am. It wasn't exactly like I didn't have the connections to find out more about her, and possibly even the reason she did it in the first place. Maybe part of me just wanted to live in the fantasy world I'd created with her.

I mean, it doesn't change shit. I bought her fair and square, but if she was in trouble, maybe I could help her out. After all, a large part of what I did at Scarlet Lotus was managing the charitable causes to which we donated. My mother would've helped her. She wouldn't have purchased her or taken her virginity, and she

probably would've kicked my ass if she knew I did, but nonetheless...

"So?" Alice asked, obviously waiting on a response from me.

I sighed. "I'll do some digging," I relented. "Now will you please go away and stop bothering me, you little piss ant?"

"Sure thing," she said in a more cheerful tone as she stood and practically skipped toward the door. "I was just about to go over and visit with Bella anyway. I'm sure she can use the girl time."

"Don't bring this up to her, Alice. I mean it," I warned.

"Okay, okay," she said with her hands raised in surrender.

"And you're fucking fired, by the way."

She rolled her eyes, knowing I didn't mean it, and said, "Mhm. Okay, Edward. I'll pick up your laundry and drop it off at the dry cleaners. So, I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah, see you tomorrow."

As soon as she was gone, I picked up the container of my uneaten lunch and chucked it in the trash. I slammed my fist down on my desk in frustration, mostly aimed at myself. I should've been smarter about this. I should've been a little less selfish, a little less perverted...a little less hard up.

I opened up the contacts list on my computer and found the number I was looking for, J. Jenks. He was a ruthless private investigator that I'd hired when shit went down with Tanya. I thought for sure she'd try to pull some shit and blackmail me or something, so I'd commissioned him to do some digging to get the dirt on her before she could even try. I've used him on occasion since then, like when I wasn't sure if a particular charity organization was legit or not. The fucker charged an arm and a leg, but the work he did was worth every inflated penny.

I dialed the number and was pleasantly surprised when he answered on the first ring.

"J. Jenks."

"Jenks, Edward Cullen," I greeted him.

"Mr. Cullen! What can I do ya' for?" He was obviously happy to hear from me.

"I need you to find out everything you can on a lady by the name of Isabella Swan from Forks, Washington," I said. "Do you need anything else?"

"An age would be nice."

I felt even more disgusted with myself because I've violated her in so many ways, with plans to violate her in even more ways in the future, and I didn't even know the answer to that simple little question.

"Early twenties," I guessed.

"That should be enough to go on. I'll call you by the end of the week," he said and hung up the phone abruptly.

Jenks didn't have the manners for pleasantries, but I was fine with that because I knew he was fast at work the second the call ended.

"Edward!" Jacob bellowed as he barged in my office, unfucking-announced and un-motherfucking-invited.

"What the fuck do you want?" I said in a voice that conveyed that I wasn't in the mood to deal with his shit.

"Do I have to want something to come have a chitty-chat with my friend?" he asked with an arrogant grin as he sat in front of my desk and propped his feet up on it.

"You and I haven't been friends for a long ass time, Jacob. And I doubt that we ever really were." I leaned across the desk and knocked his feet down. And I was none too nice about that shit either.

"Oh, don't be that way, Eddie," he said with a mock pout. "Don't tell me...you still have your panties in a twist over that Tammy girl, right?"

As if he didn't already know the answer to that dumbass question.

"Tanya, and fuck you."

"No, fuck you," he said as if he was insulted. "I can't believe you let a chick come between us, man. Whatever happened to bros before hos?"

"I don't know, Jacob," I sighed. "Whatever happened to not sticking your penis in your boy's Venus?"

Jacob leaned forward and casually propped his arm on my desk. Then he tilted his head down and looked at me from beneath his raised brows. "Don't you mean *Uranus*?"

I was trying damned hard to keep my composure, because I knew he got off on ruffling my feathers. But it was all I could do to keep myself from diving over that desk and choking him until his trachea ruptured.

"Chitty-chat time is over, Black. Get out, or I'll throw you out," I said between clenched teeth.

Jacob stood and started for the door. "I swear, I don't know why you're still so bent out of shape over that slut. I told you man. Or at least I *tried* to tell you. They're all gold diggin' whores. Hit it and quit it, love 'em and leave 'em...whatever," he said with a shrug. "Just don't get emotionally attached and never *ever* let them see you sweat, my brother."

"Like I'd take relationship advice from you," I scoffed.

"Say what you want, dude. But the ladies are clawing at each other to get all up on my jock," he grinned and then grabbed his junk. "Just wait until you see my date for the ball. Whew! She is one hell of a looker," he said with a wink.

"Hooker is probably more like it," I mumbled as he walked out.

I could hear the smug bastard boisterously greet Jasper as if they were old college buddies and it made my eye twitch in aggravation. I really hated him. Our whole lives, he just had to have anything I had. I'd thought it was just one of those things that best friends do, but Jacob took that to a whole other level. My friends, my girl, even my company; he wanted it all.

Well, I had something he could never have. I had Isabella. And I'll be damned if I ever let him anywhere near her.

I'd had enough for the day, so I picked up the phone and told Riley to pick my ass up. It wasn't exactly like I was getting anything done anyway. So I packed up my shit and told Jasper to call me if anything needed my immediate attention.

I couldn't wait to see Isabella for a bit of tension release and I was pacing like a mad man by the time Riley arrived.

"Where to sir?" he asked as he opened the door of the limousine for me to step inside.

"Home, and when we get there, make sure the rest of the staff takes the rest of the day off," I told him. "I'd like a little bit of alone time with the missus."

"Mr. Cullen, sir, Bella left with Alice. They went shopping for a gown for the ball, I believe."

"Riley, have you forgotten your place?" I asked in a calm voice because he'd just called her Bella and that's not at all like him. "Her name is Isabella."

"My apologies, sir, but she asked me to call her Bella."

My jaw clenched shut and I reached out and grabbed the door handle and slammed it shut on myself. I shouldn't be upset with him, because it wasn't his fault. He was just doing what he was asked to do, as usual. But damn it all to hell if I wasn't royally pissed the fuck off that it seemed everyone else on the motherfucking planet was calling her by such an informal name, yet she'd never asked me to. You'd think the guy that was getting cock deep in her guts would be awarded that privilege.

It was around five o'clock that afternoon when Alice finally dropped her off and she strolled through the door. Obviously she wasn't expecting me to be home so early, and I didn't bother to call and tell her that I would be either. So she was surprised when she opened the door to find me sitting on one of the benches in the foyer. My knee was bouncing like crazy and my hair was pulled in every direction from having practically pulled it out by the roots in my impatience.

"Oh! Edward," she said with a look of shock. "I wasn't expecting you home so early."

"Obviously," I said with a bit of resentment to my voice.
"Where the fuck have you been, *Isabella*?"

"I went shopping with Alice. She said there's some sort of company function this weekend and insisted I have a new dress tailored," she sighed with a roll of her eyes.

"I told you that I wanted to know where you are at all times. Why didn't you fucking call me?" I realized that I sounded like a mad man, but damnit, I was pissed.

Silence fell around us as she continued to stare at me like she expected my head to literally explode. "Bad day?" she quietly asked after what seemed like an eternity.

I dropped my head and looked at the floor. "Yeah, you could say that," I mumbled.

Isabella sat her bags down and walked over to where I sat. When I wouldn't look up at her, she knelt down in front of me and searched my face. Without a word, she cupped it in her hands and pressed her lips to mine.

What started out as a sweet kiss that was meant to calm me down, quickly spiraled into a heated exchange of desperation.

"God, I fucking missed you too," she mumbled between kisses. I let the fact that she didn't say my name in place of God go, because I couldn't really make myself really care about that shit when she was rubbing all up on my junk and pressing her fucktabulous tits as close as she could get them to my chest.

She shoved my jacket off my shoulders, and as I shrugged out of it, she went straight for my belt buckle. Then she made quick work of my pants and pulled the waistband of my boxer briefs away to reveal my cock. Of course I was already hard for her because that's the kind of shit she does to me.

A tiny mewl escaped her luscious pink lips as she looked me over. Then, without even pulling my underwear down, she grabbed me by the base of my dick and plunged it into the hot, deliciously wet cavern of her mouth.

I hissed when I felt her teeth barely scrape my length. She was looking up at me from beneath thick lashes and her plump lips were wrapped around my cock, moving back and forth like she was starving to death. Then she closed her eyes and hummed like my dick was the best damn thing she'd ever tasted. It was a divine sight.

"Isabella," I breathed as I caressed her cheek with the back of my hand.

Saying her name like that reminded me of how I was apparently the only motherfucker who called her that. But again, I let that shit go, because I could feel the head of my dick hitting the back of her throat with each pass she made. Plus her moans, intermingled with the wet sucking sounds coming from her efforts, echoed through the empty space that surrounded us. The foyer had really goddamn good acoustics.

"Harder, baby," I panted. "Fucking suck me harder."

She growled around my dick and then met the challenge. She repositioned herself so that she had a better angle and went to fucking work on cock. Faster, harder...and son of a bitch, she was even going deeper. I could've put my hands on her head to help her, but it was all her. I wanted her to do it on her own.

She abruptly slowed down and sunk as far down on my dick as she could go. Then I felt her swallow around my cock, taking it even further down her throat. My baby could deep throat like a motherfucker.

"Goddamn, goddamn, goddamn," I chanted as an orgasm came out of nowhere and commenced to kicking my ass.

My release was fierce and forceful as it shot out of my cock and down the back of her throat. She hummed and closed her eyes as she swallowed my cum down, still taking my cock in further with each gulp.

"Fucking...shit...Isabella," I gasped between pulses of my release. My heart was pounding in my chest, hard and furious. "You've gotta' fucking stop, baby, or I'm going to have a goddamn heart attack."

With one long, last suck, she released me with a popping sound. She kissed the head of my dick and that made it twitch, which apparently amused her because she giggled and then did it again.

"Where the fuck did you learn to deep throat like that?" I asked as I fought to get my breathing under control. "I didn't teach you that shit."

She shrugged and wiped the corner of her mouth. "Alice told me how to do it and I thought I'd try it out. Why? You didn't like it? Did I do it wrong?"

Alice may have redeemed herself just a little bit.

She looked so worried that it was really fucking cute. I grabbed her and kissed her hard before putting my forehead to hers. "You were perfect, Bella. I fucking loved it."

Yes, I called her Bella. I wanted to see what she would fucking do.

Her eyes went wide and she backed out of my embrace. "Isabella," she said curtly and then she stood, grabbed her bags and started to walk away.

I quickly shoved my dick back in my underwear and took off after her. "Oh, so Riley and Alice get to call you Bella, but I can't? What the fuck is that shit about?"

"*They* didn't pay a million dollars to have me as their business associate. *They* are not my boss. *They* are my equals; just lowly servants paid to succumb to your every need."

"That's fucked up," I said as I put my hands on my hips. The action drew her attention to my center and her eyes

lingered on my crotch, my pants and belt not yet secured back in place.

"It is what it is, Edward. It is what it is." She turned and continued up the stairs, effectively ending the conversation.

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Chapter Ten

Eazy Does It

BPOV

That bastard had some motherfucking nerve. Calling me out by my name like that...what the fuck?

I heard him taking the stairs two at a time as he ran after me, so I walked faster.

"Isabella!" he yelled, but I just kept walking. Well, I was sort of jogging by that time because I just wanted to get away from him.

All this shit, everything I've been dealing with and continue to deal with, was hard enough without him making it harder. I had to get away before I totally lost it in front of him.

"Wait, goddamnit!" he yelled as I dropped my bags and took off at a full sprint.

I opened the door to a random room and slammed it shut behind me. It was pitch black in there and I had no clue where I was, but I knew that I was throwing up a blockade between me and Edward and that was all that mattered. I fumbled in the dark until I found the locking mechanism on the door knob and I secured it in place before turning my back and leaning against it.

He was already there, pounding on the other side with his fists. I heard him growl in frustration, the sound almost frightening me.

"If you don't open this door, I swear by all that is holy that I will break it down!"

"I don't want to talk to you right now. Go away," I said as loud as I could so that maybe he could hear me over the beating he was putting on the poor, defenseless door.

"Fine. Have it your way."

The pounding stopped and I sighed in relief because he had given up. I had begun to sink down to the floor when I heard what sounded like a strained battle cry from the other side, followed by a loud crash against it that sent me tumbling forward. I managed to catch myself on my hands and knees and whipped my head around as light from the hallway spilled into the room.

Edward was standing in the center of the doorway, his arms hanging at his sides, his shoulders rising and falling with heavy breaths. A shadow fell across the front of him, but I could still see the menacing look on his face. He looked...almost lethal.

"You accuse me of treating you just like any other employee, yet you never listen when I give you an order," he seethed.

"Yeah, well I'm insubordinate. Fucking fire me," I said as I got to my feet and started to storm past him.

He grabbed my arm and swung me around until my back was pressed to the wall just inside the door. His body was pressed closely to mine, his forearms flush with the wall as he rendered me immobile. He forced my legs apart with his knee and I could feel his hot breath against my ear as he ground the bulge in his pants against my stomach.

"Why? Why can't I call you Bella?" he asked with his head buried in the crook of my neck. The sound of his voice was a mix between desperation, anger and frustration, and for the life of me, I couldn't figure out why. He drug his lips across my skin sensually and then lifted his head to look me in the eye. Deep emerald orbs reflected an intensity that both shocked and made me want to give him anything he asked for.

"I've treated you well. Better than you could've possibly hoped for in your situation. And I've always made sure you've been adequately taken care of in other ways as well," he reminded me of his meaning by bending at the knees and slowly grinding into the very center of my girly bits. A traitorous moan escaped my lips, Double Agent Coochie well aware of her close proximity to her partner in crime, but he didn't capitalize on it. "So, why? Give me one good reason."

How about five? Because it makes this too personal. Because it will be too hard to leave you at the end of the

five years. Because it's going to make it too easy to fall in love with you. Because I just can't...

That was the truth. But if I told him any of those things, even just a smidge of it, he'd send me packing and demand a full refund.

"Because you want to."

"I want *you*." He leaned forward and gently tugged at my bottom lip with his teeth. His hands left the wall and he began to run them up and down my sides desperately.

"Why are you torturing me?"

I'm torturing him!

"I'm not torturing you, Edward," I sighed. "Not giving you the right to call me Bella means that for once in your life, you can't have something you want. And you only want it because you can't have it. And it's killing you because you have no control over it whatsoever. You're overly privileged and spoiled rotten. And it's pretty obvious that everything has been handed to you on a silver platter in your life, but this one...it's personal. You have to *earn* the right, and only I get to decide when you have adequately done so."

I could feel the vibrations of his growl against my chest, reminding me of how enticingly close we were.

Obviously, he didn't like my answer. "You're *mine*. Maybe you forgot that. Here, let me remind you."

His body kept me pinned against the wall, but his hands yanked my skirt up over my hips before he pulled the front of his underwear down and released the beast within.

Double Agent Coochie curled her finger at the Wonder Peen, inviting him inside. Great! Now I guess she wants to have the fucker over for tea?

I understood perfectly what Edward was doing. I had stripped him of the control he thought he had and made him feel like less of a man. This was his way of regaining it. I expected it, even coveted it. We both knew my body would react; the Cooch had that on lockdown, but my mind, my soul...that was mine to give, only when I felt him worthy. And let's face it - that was *never* going to happen. This was no fairytale. This was me, being owned by a man who had paid big money to ensure my physical submission. Nothing more. And I wasn't about to put myself out there like that, because I could definitely see myself falling for the likes of Edward Cullen, which guaranteed a broken heart for me.

"Do it. Fuck me," I challenged. "That's what I'm here for, right?"

He stopped what he was doing and searched my eyes. Then he leaned in until our lips were barely touching and asked, "Why did you sell your body to me?" His cock was now pressing against my entrance, but he didn't enter me.

"You were the highest bidder." The tip of my tongue made brief contact with his lower lip and I arched my back to try to entice him to just put it in already.

"That's not what I mean, and you know it. Why did you put yourself up for auction? What did you need the money for?"

"Boy, you're full of questions today, aren't you?" I asked as I ran my hands through his hair teasingly. I tried to maneuver my hips so that his head could enter me, but he pulled back just enough to thwart my effort.

"Answer the damn question and stop trying to fuck me," he said forcefully.

"Why? Don't you want to...*fuck*...me?" I asked, annunciating the word 'fuck'.

He hooked his hands behind my thighs, lifted me off the ground and then thrust his cock into me. In one swift move, he was totally submerged inside my body.

"You tell me. Does it feel like I want to fuck you?" he asked and then rolled his hips to grind into me. "It's damn near the only thing I ever think about lately. I'm so fucking addicted to your tight little pussy that I can't fucking think straight. Now, stop trying to distract me and answer the question."

He kept his hips still and refused to move anymore, even though I was doing my damndest to get some friction against him.

"Edward...please," I begged like a shameless hussy. I could feel his thickness stretching me and I wanted more.

He leaned forward and his husky voice permeated my ear, sending shivers down my spine. "Answer the question and I promise I'll give you what you want. Because you want it too. Don't you, Isabella? You want to fuck me just as much as I want to fuck you. *Goddamnit*, just think about it...my thick cock moving inside that tight little cunt of yours. In and out until you feel like you're going to explode."

I moaned and slipped my hands under his arms and down his back until I could slide them down the back of his boxer briefs to grab a handful of the assterpiece. Then I rolled my hips the fraction of space allotted to me, desperate to feel the mind numbing orgasm I knew he could give me.

"Yeah, you like the thought of that, don't you, baby?" He sucked my earlobe into his mouth and nibbled it teasingly. "All you have to do is answer the question."

I was already teetering on the edge of maintaining control and then he just had to go and fucking call me baby. He'd been doing that a lot lately and every time he did, it shoved me right on over the edge into insanity. I fucking wanted him so bad I thought I might cry. And he smelled so motherfucking good that I swear I could probably orgasm off his scent alone.

I whined out of frustration because I knew I couldn't give him the answer he wanted, just like I knew that he wasn't going to give me what I wanted if I didn't.

"You're not going to tell me, are you?" he asked.

"No," I answered and he let out a frustrated breath. "Like my name, my reason for the contract is also personal."

He clenched his eyes shut tight and I could see his jaw muscles working as he ground his teeth. Abruptly, he pulled out of me and sat me on my feet. He made quick work of tucking his dick back into his pants and then secured the belt in place. It had to hurt because he was still hard as granite. He hissed in discomfort, confirming my suspicion.

When he was done, he looked back up at me, shook his head in disappointment and then walked out of the room without even a word.

I sank to the floor with my knees drawn up to my chest and my face buried in my arms. That's when everything came crashing down on me. My mother's illness, my father's despair, the stupid fucking contract...and Edward. The pretenses I had to keep up with him; pretending that I was so much more unaffected by him than I actually was. It was too much and it had made me numb.

I was lying to my parents. I was lying to Edward. And I was lying to myself...

Oh what a tangled web we weave...

How was I going to get through the next four years and however many fucking days of this contract when I was already drowning in a sea of what-the-fuck-am-I-doing? I'm so out of my league. No way was I going to come out of this unbroken.

I was digging on him big time already. I meant what I said earlier; I had missed him today. I couldn't stand being away from him. And then when I walked in and he was waiting for me, looking exactly like I felt; spent and anxious from the separation...I needed him. I needed him to need me.

Yeah, I said needed. Not wanted, *needed*.

I'm so fucking screwed. Figuratively because I was actually still really, really horny. And well, if I was actually really fucking screwed, that wouldn't be true. Now would it?

Confused? Me too.

I hauled myself off the floor and decided a nice, long dip in the pool would probably be a good idea. It was the perfect solution. It would help me pass some time so that I wouldn't have to look at Edward and know what I couldn't have, and it might even cool off Double Agent Coochie so that she wouldn't suffer from self combustion.

Luckily, the house was big enough that I didn't bump into Edward on my way to the bedroom. I did a quick change, putting on the 'Band-Aid' that Alice swore up and down was a bikini, and made my way outside to the pool. I had to stop every few feet to pull the floss out of my ass, and I swore I was going to kill that little piss ant if I chafed or some shit like that. I may have also sent a silent prayer in thanks to the powers that be that Charlie didn't have to see me in this ludicrous get up.

However, I soon realized just how much God was punishing me for this life of sin I had stumbled upon when I found Edward swimming laps in the pool.

I was momentarily stunned when I caught sight of his sinewy muscles as he sliced through the water like a hot knife through warm butter. His movements were smooth and fluid, like he was part of the water himself. When he reached the end of the pool, he grabbed onto of the side and pulled himself out. Water cascaded off his frame and his wet hair shown black as night and reflected the light of the moon. My eyes trailed over his shoulders, down his lean back to his...Oh. My. God. He even swam in the nude.

The Ridunkabutt was flexed and more chiseled than any butt had a right to be. I wanted to bite it. Hard. Maybe even put a hickey on it.

"You're staring at my ass again," his voice dripped like liquid sex and knocked me out of my drunken stupor.

Yes, I was drunk on the badonkadonk. And what the fuck? He's got eyes in the back of his head? Or maybe those little back dimples were actually an extra pair.

I gasped when he turned around and he quickly covered himself. "The water's a little cold," he shrugged.

Well, you could've fooled me. I mean, he wasn't as colossal as I was used to seeing him, but there are plenty of men out there that only wished they were as large when they had a raging hard on as Edward was with limp. When Eazy E wrote the lyrics, "I'll slap you upside your head with nine inches of limp dick" he definitely had Edward motherfucking Cullen in mind.

It's okay, Eazy. I'd pay homage to the King of Peens too if I had the talent to do so.

"Sorry, I didn't know you'd be down here. I'll just..." I trailed off and turned to go back inside.

"No, don't. Stay."

I turned back around and he was walking toward me with that towel wrapped around his waist and beads of water clinging to his smooth as a baby's behind chest, But make no mistake about it, the body under that skin definitely did not belong to a baby.

The towel did nothing to dissuade my ogling. The Wonder Peen was bulging like a motherfucker under there and if he got excited, I knew the massive tent he'd pitch would be big enough to shelter the whole dam von

Trapp family. Kind of made me feel like singing...except my singing voice really sucks. So much so that it had been outlawed in my own home. But, I digress.

Cooch was threatening to gnaw her way through my bikini to get at him and I smacked her on the head to get her to settle down.

Apparently, it wasn't a mental smack, because Edward looked at me with a raised brow.

"Um, I thought I felt a mosquito, and well...that would be a really uncomfortable place to have the itches," I covered. Yeah, it wasn't a very good cover.

"Uh-huh. Well, you're free to use the pool. But if you don't mind, I'm going to relax in one of the lounge chairs for a bit while I air dry. I'm feeling a little tense and could really use the fresh air."

"I could give you a massage if you want," I blurted out. "I mean, I'm pretty good at it."

He looked just as surprised as I was by my offer, but he tilted his head to the side as if he was considering it.

"Yeah," he nodded and then gave me a crooked smile. "That would be really nice."

I followed him over to one of the lounge chairs and waited while he reclined it all the way flat and lay down on his stomach. He folded his arms so that his chin was resting on them while I stood there like a complete idiot trying to think of the best way to approach him.

The assterpiece looked like the best seat in the house, so I straddled him and perched the Cooch right on top of it. Like the ass whore we all knew she was, she got herself a little better acquainted with him right away, flirting unabashedly with him behind the Wonder Peen's back. I stifled a giggle when I suddenly got a mental picture of what it would look like if the Wonder Peen and Ridonkabutt decided to fight it out over her.

"Um, this usually works better with lotion. Do you want me to go get some?" I asked.

Edward lifted his head a bit and looked back at me. "Not really. I'm pretty comfortable and would prefer you stay right there."

So not moving. The Cooch and I were in agreement on that one.

I started on his neck and shoulders, kneading the flesh as firmly as I could without pinching his skin. He moaned in approval as I worked the tense muscles until I could feel the tension melt away under my fingers.

He kept his eyes closed as I did my thing and as I made my way across his shoulders and down his back, I couldn't help myself. I leaned forward and gently kissed the back of his neck. He moaned again and shifted his hips, causing a delicious bit of friction between my legs. I figured since he liked that, I'd do it again to see if I could get the same reaction. Edward did not disappoint.

I kissed a trail down his spine and all the while, I continued to massage his muscles, craving the feel of him beneath my fingers and palms. He arched his back, which brought his ass even closer to my center like an offering. So, I slid down his legs and made a pit stop to swirl my tongue in those little dimples above his ass, dragging my arms and hands along the flesh of his back as I did so. When I reached the towel, Edward lifted his hips and I slowly peeled it back, exposing God's gift to ass whores everywhere.

My tongue slipped out to wet my lips as I ogled it, feeling suddenly ravenous. Then I slid my hands over the two luscious mounds and palmed them greedily.

"Fuck me...your ass is so...fucking *perfect*," I purred as I leaned forward, gave it a quick flick of my tongue and then I bit him.

Edward flinched with a hiss and I bit him again, but on the other cheek. He was delicious...assilicious even. I sucked a hunk of his skin into my mouth and gave it all the suction I had. Son of a whore, I was finally getting what I wanted most and it was so worth the wait. My moans mixed with Edward's hisses and then some shit went down seriously fast.

Somehow, Edward was able to flip over without bucking me off of him and onto the ground. I found myself straddling his chest with my legs over his shoulders and the Ridonkabutt was nowhere to be found. I was kind of

pissed about that, but I quickly settled down when I felt Edward's mouth frenching the Cooch.

"Shit..." I said with a sharp intake of breath when I realized he had also managed to pull the strings on my bikini bottom and had me bare. I swear, when Edward Cullen wants something, you can't even bat a lash around him or you're going to miss seeing how he got just that. Not that I'm complaining or anything.

"Take your top off for me. I want you to feel the cool night air against those beautiful little pink nipples," he said as he looked up at me from between my legs.

I reached behind my neck and pulled at the string and let the top fall forward. He kept his eyes on my every movement while he gently kissed and sucked at my clit. My nipples were already pebbled and I wanted to give him a show, so I palmed my breasts and rolled the rosy peaks between my fingers. He hummed in appreciation and then I released the tie at my back and tossed my top to the side.

"Lay back, baby. Let me make you feel good," he purred.

His arms came up to my sides and he helped ease me back until my stomach was flat and I could feel his cock under my shoulder. Then he slid his hands back down my sides and grabbed my hips. The sky was clear and the moon was full and fat overhead. I could see each and every single star in the night sky and it felt like I had been warped into another universe. Edward was doing

that otherworldly thing with his mouth as a gentle breeze washed over my skin and I could hear all the nocturnal sounds of crickets and other bugs and animals around us. It was serene and exotic.

I felt Edward's tongue enter me and I suddenly wanted more. I wanted to feel *him* inside me...right in that exact place...at that exact moment. Not that what he was doing didn't feel simply awesome, I just wanted more.

I didn't want to argue. I didn't want to think. I didn't want to do anything but just feel.

So, I sat up and after a brief protest from Edward, I broke up his little make-out session with the Cooch.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked, confused.

I simply shook my head as I straddled his waist. "No talking. Just feeling," I whispered against his lips and then kissed him passionately.

His arms wrapped around my back and he held me to him, answering my kiss with just as much fervor. This was what I was looking for. Our bodies said things our mouths would never admit. There was no competition, no challenge...just two people giving and taking in the most natural way, fulfilling a base need.

I put my hands on his pecs for leverage and raised myself up. His eyes were locked with mine as I rolled my body and slid my wet folds along his length. I had no idea if I was doing any of this right because I'd never been in

control before. I was just doing what felt nice to me and hoped like hell he liked it too. When his lips parted and his eyes became hooded, I had my answer.

My hands travelled down his chest and over the defined muscles of his abdomen until I found his monstrous cock. I lifted myself off of him and positioned him at my entrance, but then I hesitated. God, I so did not want to fuck this up.

Edward must have sensed my unease because he caressed my thigh and in the tenderest voice said, "Just ease down slowly, baby, or you'll hurt yourself."

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly as I lowered myself onto him, feeling every bit of his massiveness fill me inch by magnificent inch.

"That's it, baby. God, you feel so fucking incredible."

"I don't know what to do," I confessed once I had taken him all the way in, and he was so much deeper from this angle than he'd ever been before.

"Move your hips; up and down, back and forth. Ride me, baby. Do whatever feels good to you, and I guarantee it'll feel good for me too," he encouraged me. Then he licked his luscious lips and said, "Come here. Kiss me."

I leaned forward and he craned his neck up to meet my lips. As he did so, he held my hips and slowly began to move back and forth inside me. Then he swiveled his hips and I felt him grind into that little bundle of nerves.

I gasped when a shockwave of pleasure shot through my body.

"See? Just like that," he said, breaking our kiss.

I kept my eyes on his and my hands on his chest as I sat up a little and rolled my hips to recreate the same sensation. I could feel the ridges of the head of his dick, the throbbing of his pulse, the pressure of his hands as he pulled me back and forth. His thumbs were pressed to the sensitive spot over my hip bones and I moaned and dropped my head back.

The stars and moon were looking down on me and I was convinced that this was the most perfect I had ever felt in my entire life. I felt...alive, no longer numb.

"What are you thinking about, baby?" Edward's husky voice asked.

"How perfect this feels," I answered honestly as I looked back down at him.

He rose up into a sitting position and cupped my face in his hands as he pulled me in for a languid kiss. It was deep and sensual and fit the moment perfectly. Neither of us rushed; we took our time and enjoyed the feel of each other without any thoughts of contracts, illnesses...reasons.

He wrapped one arm around my waist while the other massaged a breast. Then he broke the kiss and his mouth latched on to my other breast to gently suck me. I ran my

fingers through his hair and held him to me, my own locks falling forward and creating a curtain around him. I moved my hips faster and rode him with more purpose than when we had begun. I could feel the tip of his tongue flick at my nipple and I closed my eyes and let my head fall into the crook of his neck as that familiar feeling in the pit of my stomach spiraled out of control and my orgasm released like tiny molecules exploding through my blood.

"Oh, Edward...ahhh," I moaned out.

When the moment had nearly passed, Edward lifted me up and put me on my back. Then he put my arms above my head and linked his fingers with mine to hold my hands in place as he lay flush with me. In and out he moved, intensifying my orgasm and bringing it back to life.

"God, you're so fucking beautiful, Isabella. Do you know that?" he breathed heavily. "So fucking...beautiful."

He gripped my hands tighter and thrust deeper, but not faster. The look in his eyes was intense and his lips were slightly parted as he looked down on me. "I'm sorry...for everything. I'm so sorry."

Before I could even ask him what the hell all that was about, his lips crashed to mine. He hummed and moaned and grunted as he assaulted my mouth with a ferocious hunger. I answered as best I could, but he was just...out of my league on that one. It was a desperate

kiss, like he couldn't get enough, which was just fine with me because I never wanted that moment to end, but I was concerned. His movements became more erratic and I heard that familiar guttural growl that always preceded his release. Then, just as forecasted, he broke the kiss and came inside me, his eyes never leaving mine.

"Oh, fucksogood, baby," he ground out between clenched teeth. His thrusts became uneven and staggered as the last of his seed sputtered forth. When he was done, he collapsed on top of me for just a split second before he clutched my body to his and rolled us over onto our sides.

Edward was still breathing pretty heavily as he pushed the hair back out of my face and gave me an adoring look. Then he leaned forward and kissed me gently on my swollen lips.

"Why did you say you're sorry? For what?" I asked, because I just had to know.

He sighed and shook his head. "For badgering you about the name thing. I was being unreasonable. It makes sense that you would want me to call you by your given name instead of one that's so much more familiar."

"Oh. Well, you definitely made up for it," I laughed lightly.

"Mm-mm, that was all you. You're incredible."

"I am pretty spectacular, aren't I?" I joked. The Cooch popped her collar.

At least my uncharacteristic arrogance got a laugh out of him, and it was so surreal because he didn't do a whole lot of laughing. He pulled me closer and I nuzzled into his chest to listen to the heavy thud of his heartbeat as I looked up at the sky. I think I made a comment about how beautiful the stars were and I heard him murmur his agreement, but for the most part, we were silent. I would've given anything to know what he was thinking, but I knew it would probably just turn into another one of those petty little arguments we tended to have. And I really didn't want to ruin the moment. So I kept my mouth shut and just basked in the moment...in the feeling. Because between me and Edward, both of us stubborn as mules...who knew what tomorrow would hold?

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Chapter Eleven

What The...?

BPOV

I was dreaming. I could feel Edward's body against my back as he held me under a star-filled sky, whispering sweet nothings into my ear as I drew his arms tighter around my waist.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't know," he whispered. "But, now that I have you here, I can never let you go. Never, Isabella. You are a part of me now. I just can't let you walk away from me."

"There's no place else I'd rather be, Edward," I sighed and nuzzled closer. "I want to be here...like this...with you...forever. Just...hold me tight and don't ever let me go."

"Never. I love you, Bella...Please tell me you..." His raspy voice faded out and the scene around me became fuzzy and melted away. I desperately tried to summon them back with my mind, but it was too late. I was rousing from my sleep, and they were simply gone.

"Please tell me you don't just lie around and sleep all damn day."

"Huh?" I sat up and blindly looked around the room, which really didn't fare well with my hair all over my face like Cousin Itt from The Addams Family. My hands

clumsily swiped at the rat's nest enough to part the curtain of mane so that I could see the little piss ant that dared disturb my slumber. Because that sure as hell wasn't Edward's voice.

"Fucking, Alice," I huffed and then fell back onto the bed in dramatic fashion. I grabbed Edward's pillow and hugged it to my chest as I inhaled his scent and sighed contentedly. "Go away. I'm sleeping." I really just wanted to see if I could recapture my dream. Disturbing? Hell yeah, but so the fuck what?

"Not anymore, you're not," she said and then I heard her skip across the room to do God only knows what, but I swore if she jumped on me, I was going to give her a thunder flick to the forehead, followed up by a Wet Willy to the ear. She was way too bubbly in the mornings, and probably deserved it for that shit alone, but I was biding my time so that I'd have the element of surprise on my side.

"What do you want?" I half whined as she pulled the drapes back and let all that bright ass morning sun assault my comfy-cozy surroundings. I practically hissed and buried my face in my pillow. Then thoughts of vampires filtered into my brain, which then led to thoughts of the vampiric sex Edward and I had in the entertainment room with Mr. Eric Northman as an audience.

We should so do that again.

The Cooch perked up like ten thousand volts of caffeine had been pumped into her. Fucking bitch. I guess she was seconding the motion.

"Well, for starters, I'd like for you to do something with that God awful shit you call hair," Alice said and then I felt her delicately lift one tangled lock of it before dropping it again and rubbing her hands together. You'd think she thought I had cooties or something. "And then, we need to have a talk."

"About what?" My sleepy voice was muffled by the pillow, and I just about gagged when my morning breath came back at me. The hair could wait; Momma needed some Cinnamon Rush flavored Crest and a toothbrush.

"Stuff. Now get your ass up before I go get a pitcher of ice water and throw it on you," she said and then smacked me on the ass.

I sat up with a huff and narrowed my eyes at her before I got right in her face. "I really fucking hate you, Alice. You know that?"

"Whoa!" she drew out as she pinched her nose and backed away while waving her free hand through the space between us. "Evidently so, Mrs. Yuck Mouth. What did you do, get up and make a shit shake as a midnight snack?"

"Fuck you," I laughed and knocked her to the bed as I jumped out quickly and made a mad, naked dash for the bathroom.

Once I'd showered – pleasuring myself twice with the help of my nifty little Cullen bullet - shaved and, yes, brushed my teeth, I went back out into the bedroom where Alice had already made the bed and evidently picked out my clothes for the day. I dressed and threw my hair up into a messy bun before I made my way downstairs.

"Alice?" I called, having no clue where she would be.

"In here!" she called from the kitchen.

When I entered, I found she already had coffee made and had poured me a cup. "Wow, you almost look human."

"And you may have just kept from getting your ass kicked for having coffee made," I countered, because the best part of waking up, really was Folgers in your cup. However, I highly doubt the rich aroma I smelled was Folgers. I can't exactly see Edward having anything other than the best gourmet coffee known to man in his house.

I took my seat across from her at the island bar and started shoveling sugar into my cup. "So...what's so important that you had to disturb my beauty sleep?" I asked.

"We'll get to that. First of all, I want to know if you tried the deep throat thing?" she asked excitedly, ready to dish and get dished the girl talk.

It was really pretty fucking awesome to have an actual girl to talk to about these things. I mean, Gabe was probably about as close to a girlfriend as I'd ever had, but he was...well, Gabe. And whenever we talked about sex, it had always turned out to be mildly disgusting and wholly disturbing. I loved that bitch like there was no tomorrow, but he could certainly learn a thing or two about the importance of leaving some things to the imagination.

"Yep," I answered her, popping the 'p'. "And I do believe you'd make one hell of a Yoda, and not just because you're vertically challenged."

"A quick learner you were, young Skywalker. Or should I say, young Streetwalker?" She said in her best Yoda impersonation. We both laughed, but then Alice abruptly stopped and cleared her throat. "Um, sorry," she said with a ping of guilt on her face.

"For what?" I asked, confused.

"Oh, um, nothing," she said with a dismissive wave and then took a sip of her coffee.

"Uh-uh. No way. You spill. Now," I said with a finger pointed at her.

Alice sat her cup down and heaved a great sigh. "Oh, God. He's going to kill me. I just know it," she said as she nervously rang her hands.

"Who? Edward?" I asked, knowing damn good and well that's who she was talking about. "For what, Alice?"

She scrunched her face up like she was about to say something she didn't really want to say. Then she covered her face with her hands and peeped out at me between her fingers. "I know, Bella. I know *everything*."

"What's everything, munchkin? You're not giving me anything to go on here," I said with a roll of my hand, hoping to encourage her to keep the deets coming.

"I know about the contract that you and Edward have. I know that he paid a million dollars for you to come here to live with him for the next five years. I know that you two aren't a legitimate couple. I know about the sex. Oh God, Bella...I know about everything, and I really wish I didn't know jack shit because it's just too much, too overwhelming for someone like me to handle knowing," she blurted in one long strand of frantic words.

My hands were shaking so badly I had to sit the coffee mug I was holding down for fear that I might drop it...or throw it across the room at a wall...whatever. "He told you?" I asked in a relatively calm voice, which surprised the shit out of me.

"No, no, no, no, nooooo. Please, Bella, it's not his fault," she pleaded desperately like she was trying to fix everything. "See, I do all his household accounting, and I saw the money transfer and confronted him about it. I put two and two together and ascertained that the money was transferred around the same time that you showed up. And then, well, you know how I am already...I started to do some digging. But, to be fair, if you had just told me the truth when we first met, I wouldn't have had to. I mean, you were talking about Elvis, Tupac, MJ...fucking drag queens, and Edward...Edward wasn't any help either. When I asked him about the money, he said that you used to be a man and it was for your sex change, and-"

"Ho, ho, hoooo!" I belted out, stopping her. "What the fuck did you just say?"

Alice took a deep breath. "Which part? Or do you want me to start all over again?" she asked.

"God, no. I don't think my brain could take that a second time through," I said as I pinched the bridge of my nose because I had a massive headache threatening to break loose in my head from all the yammering and revelations that were being thrown at me. "Alice? Did you just say that Edward said I used to be a man and had a sex change?"

"Yeah, but he also said he was just joking," she said with a shrug and then her eyes got wide as saucers. "He was

just joking, right? You didn't really have a schlong, did you?"

"Fuck...Alice! Yes!" I screeched.

"Yes, you had a schlong?" she asked with a very shocked and possibly even a wee bit of a curious expression on her face.

"No, Alice. Yes, he was joking," I clarified. I am so going to make him fucking pay for this shit.

"Good. I mean that's...good," she said with a sigh of relief. And then she propped her elbow up on the table with her chin in her hand. "Bella? Honey, why did you do it? Why did you sell yourself for sex?"

"It's personal, Alice. And I don't want you to go snooping around to find out. If you do, I swear I'll kick your scrawny little ass," I warned her. She crossed her heart in a silent promise not to. "Besides, Edward doesn't even know."

"Yeah, and I'm sure he hasn't pressed the issue with you either, especially since that would mean he'd then have to tell you about Tanya's cheatin' ass. Bitch," she murmured.

"Wait, that's the second time you've said her name, and I want to know what the deal is with this chick? Is she like an ex-girlfriend or something?" I asked, knowing if anyone was going to spill the beans, it would be Alice.

She had probably already told me more than she was supposed to anyway.

"Shit! I swear if he ever finds out about this, he's going to fire me for real, and probably Jasper too. You know...the whole guilty by association thing. And then we'll be homeless with nowhere to go, no money to shop with..."

"Tragic," I muttered sarcastically.

"I know, right?" she said as if it really were. "Okay, look...I'll tell you, but only after you tell me what the real deal is between you and Edward."

I thought about the dream, but that's all it had been. Right? Of course I'm right. Edward could never feel that way about me, no matter how good I was at deep-throating his colossal cock. "The real deal is that it's a business transaction, Alice. Nothing more than that," I said matter-of-factly.

"I'm not buying it, Bella. You can lie to Edward, or even yourself for that matter, but I don't believe it," she said, calling me out on my shit. "I heard you. Before I woke you up. You were talking in your sleep, and from the sounds of it, you've got it bad for the boss man, sister."

"Goddamnit, Alice! Is there ever a time when you're *not* being a nosey little bitch?" I asked, clearly offended by the invasion of privacy.

"Hey! Don't you use the Lord's name in vain with me!" she chastised me with a wagging finger.

I put my elbows on the table and ran my hands through my hair in frustration. "I'm sorry, Alice. Look, this isn't exactly an ideal situation for me. I'm falling for the man who paid enough money to feed a starving village for longer than I have any knowledge of, just so that he can get in my pants anytime he wants to...with no strings attached. This shit just doesn't bode well for me, and try as I might to hate him, I fucking can't! What the hell is wrong with me? It's not Stockholm syndrome, because yeah, I haven't exactly been kidnapped and I'm not being kept here against my will. I signed on for this shit, but it's just getting to be too *real*. Ya' know?"

Alice just kept nodding her head with a sincere look on her face as I continued to ramble on. "And with all the shit I have going on back at home...all I can do is throw up my hands and say 'Jesus, please take the wheel' - which isn't going to do me a whole hell of a lot of good, because the life I'm living isn't exactly saintly - but I have no freakin' clue what I'm doing here. And I seem to just be digging myself in further and further. I mean, I know I'm just a whore to him, and that he could never feel anything for me that's even remotely close to the mad crush I have on him, but...shit!"

I took a deep breath; my face was flaming hot and I thought I might start crying at any moment. No way was I going to do that because it would make me look weak and even more vulnerable than I actually was. But I was

thankful that I could get at least some of it off my chest, before a complete and total mental breakdown crept up on me, permanently incapacitating and turning me into a zombie. Because I'm telling you, I was seriously damn close to that happening.

Alice just seemed to really get me though, and contrary to her own personal nature, she just listened and let me vent without trying to force me to go into any more detail. There were just no words to describe my gratitude.

She stretched an arm across the counter and took my hand in hers with a comforting smile. "You're carrying a pretty big burden, huh?"

"I don't want to talk about it," I said.

Alice and I both started laughing at the same time. Not a full on belly laugh, just one of those laughs where we both recognized just how ridiculous my statement sounded after the huge load I had just dumped.

"Don't worry, sweetie. You're going to get through this. And you never know what might happen. I mean, Edward's not incapable of having feelings. At least, I don't think he is. I just hope that nasty little debacle with Tanya was only a minor setback and not something that will leave him emotionally scarred for the rest of his life."

"Yeah, you were going to tell me about that. What's the deal with him and that chick?"

"Well, she's a total whore for one," she started with a disgruntled look. "Edward dated her for like two years, give or take a lifetime. Her father, Dr. Ezra Denali, is a really close friend of the family and that's pretty much how they hooked up."

"I, um, I met him, Dr. Denali," I said, remembering his name from my trip to the twat doc.

"Yeah, Ezra's a good guy. I don't judge him by his offspring," she said. "Anyway, Edward went away on a business trip, but had decided – against better judgment – to propose to her when he got back. For some unknown reason, he thought he loved her. I'm not so sure that he really knew what love was, and I'm still not convinced that he does even now. But anyway, he came home only to find his beloved Tanya getting rammed cock-deep in the ass by his best friend."

I gasped and put my hand over my heart. I wasn't doing it for dramatic effect; it's just one of those natural reactions people have when they're shocked. "Oh, no..."

"Yeah, oh no is putting it mildly," Alice said. "Needless to say, Edward's heart was crushed, or maybe it was just his ego, but either way...he was devastated." She paused and looked at me with this fearsome, over-protective mother bear expression in her eyes. "And, Bella...I just don't know if he can take any more. So, if this thing between you two really does advance to another level, you keep that in mind. You feel me?"

How friggin' sweet was that? She was about as big as a mosquito, and just as annoying, and there she was...sounding all Black Dagger Brotherhood like and issuing a thug's warning. And somehow, I didn't put it past her to follow through. Not that that's anything she's going to have be concerned about, because Edward Cullen simply was not into me like that and I was going to fight against every urge I had to make sure that I didn't put myself in front of that train either. Any type of feelings I was developing for him would just have to be buried somewhere deep inside, lest my fucking heart get ripped to shreds in the hands of the one man with enough power over me to do so.

"I feel ya', Alice. No worries," I said with a nod of affirmation. "Although, I really don't think Edward's the one you're going to have to worry about getting hurt in this equation."

"Yeah, I get that. I know he seems like a hardass on the outside, but when he lets the real him shine through..." she sighed, "He's got some real potential of being all that and a bag of chips. So, I can absolutely see where there's cause for worry."

"Ahhh, don't say that, Ali," I whined and put my head in my hands.

"Sorry, babe," she stood and patted my shoulder. "Just keep your chin up, and believe for all its worth that what's meant to be will be." She winked at me before

grabbing her clutch and tucking it under her arm. "I have errands to run. I'll talk to you later."

She gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek and then all I heard was the clip-clop sound of her heels as she walked away, leaving me there to dwell on all my shit. The funny thing was that I didn't dwell on it. I was more concerned about Edward and the shitstorm he'd been through.

Yeah, my shit was probably tons more pressing, what with my mother dying a little more each day, but it was the nurturing side of me - and probably my perpetual state of denial - that made me push that aside for the time being and just feel for him. I can't even imagine walking in on my best friend and my guy going at it like that. For me, it would probably be a little bit different though. After all, my best friend was gay, so that would open up a whole other can of worms that I'd rather not think about.

I cursed myself when an image of Gabe and Edward together flashed behind my eyes and sent a shiver down my spine.

It would never happen. I knew that, but it would certainly be devastating if it ever did.

Poor Edward. I guess that explained the reason a wealthy man with looks to kill and a body to die for would stoop so low as to purchase a woman who could never pull that shit on him again.

Stoop so low...that would put me on the bottom of the barrel then, wouldn't it? Of course it would. Even though I wasn't good enough for him, I pledged to make sure I took care of him the way he needed and wanted me to, even if only for the handful of years I was bound to him.

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EPOV

Ten minutes to purchase her.

One hour to get her lips wrapped around my cock.

Three days to taste her juices.

Four days to pop her cherry.

Two weeks to lose my fucking mind...

Shit.

Just over two weeks. Fifteen goddamn days.

That's all it took for one purchased virgin to get me all kinds of wrapped around her cute little pinky. In the two years that Tanya and I had been together, she never once managed to pull that shit off, but Isabella...I just don't even know what to say. My whole world was turned upside down just outside two motherfucking weeks.

It wasn't at all how this shit was supposed to go down.

How in the hell was I going to last five fucking years when I'd already give her anything she asked for on a silver fucking platter? Fucking Candy-Ass Cullen, that's what I should change my name to.

Goddamn it.

I had done nothing but think about her all damn day at the office. And that's exactly why I pulled a desperate move like having Riley bring her with him to pick me up. Yeah, I could've just had him break every fucking traffic law there was in the state of Washington to get me to her quicker, but when I started to entertain the thought of purchasing a goddamn helicopter so that I could avoid the delay rush hour traffic would create, I decided having her brought to me was probably the best alternative.

I was fucking sick in the head. And I probably should've looked into some sort of twelve-step program for my new obsession because there was no way in hell that shit could have been healthy.

Riley pulled up to the curb where I was waiting impatiently, and before he could even get out and open the door for me, I held my hand up to stop him because I'd get to her so much faster if I just opened that shit myself. I wrenched the door open, and there she was...my million dollar baby, wearing nothing but my robe and a pair of spiked heels, just as I had requested when I called her earlier in the afternoon. And fuck me running...she was lounging back on the seat with the black silk of the robe open and hanging off her shoulders as it pooled around her body. And that part right there was all her doing; I hadn't requested that, but I was overjoyed that she took some initiative.

She was all cream and silk, and goddamn it, she was fondling her breast with one hand while the other caressed the flat plane of her stomach. Her naked flesh had only ever been touched by one other person like that...*me*, and it almost seemed to be beckoning me to it once more.

I quickly looked around and my lips curled back into a protective snarl I didn't even realize I was emitting as I scanned the area around me to see if anyone else had gotten an eyeful of my woman. I had to have her, had to mark my fucking territory, and I could not and would not wait until we were back to the seclusion of the house.

"Home, Riley," I growled. "And take the scenic route or whatever. Just don't open this fucking door and do not disturb us."

"As you wish, sir," he nodded and then got back in the driver's seat.

I quickly stepped inside and closed the door to shut the outside world out and keep Isabella's hidden treasures all to myself. Because I was a selfish bastard and I never shared. Ever. I didn't even want anyone else to see what I'd laid claim to.

I knelt before her, threw my briefcase and the jacket I was holding to the side and quickly undid my belt and pants before shoving them over my hips. My dick sprang free and I grabbed it to keep it from bouncing around all awkwardly.

"Get it wet for me, baby," I said as I angled myself so that I was right in front of her face. God bless her, she licked her lips and eyed me hungrily before leaning forward and opened her mouth to take me in.

"Not like that," I stopped her. "Lick it, baby. I want to watch your tongue work me."

She gave me a sexy as hell smirk and then flicked her tongue out to gather up the spot of pre-cum on the tip. My dick twitched of its own accord as I hissed through my teeth. She kept her eyes on me as she wrapped her hand around the base of my cock and flattened her tongue out to give it a long lick from bottom to top.

"Son of a...bitch," I groaned.

Out of my peripheral vision, I caught her movement as she closed her thighs and worked them back and forth to create friction. I had to see her, needed to see the evidence of her arousal.

"Let me see that pretty pussy, Isabella. Spread your thighs wide for me."

She made this greedy little sound as she swirled her tongue around the head of my dick and then put one foot on the ground, opening her legs for me. Goddamnit, she was so fucking wet already. I cupped her bare sex with my hand and slid my fingers between her silky folds. She arched her back and rolled her hips to get closer but I pulled away, wanting to tease her.

"Don't be mean," she protested in a deep, sultry voice.

I gently smacked the bundle of nerves at her apex...once, twice...three times before applying pressure with three fingers and massaging it slowly. Isabella rolled her hips in a circle and pushed back against my fingers. Then I felt her hot mouth engulf my cock as she took me inside. I sucked in a breath of air as I watched her work me. My fingers slid down her center and I pushed all three inside of her. It was a hell of a tight fit, but she moved forward to meet them regardless. I eased them out and reinserted two so that I could curl them back and forth over her little magic g-spot, which really sent her into a feeding frenzy on my cock.

Two weeks ago, she was a virgin. Today, I'd swear she was a professional.

"Oh, fuck! Easy, baby. You're gonna' make me cum," I warned her. As good as it felt to release in her mouth and watch her swallow me down, that wasn't what I wanted this time. I needed to fucking mark her, from the inside out.

I tried to pull away, but she had a tight grip on my cock. So I removed my fingers and pushed against her shoulder to get her to release her hold. She gave me a pout, and it was so fucking sexy I had to lean forward and suck on that bottom lip. She wound her fingers through the hair at my nape and pushed her tongue past my lips to seek mine out. I gave it to her without putting

up a fight, but only briefly because I needed to be inside her and didn't want to waste anymore time.

So I broke the kiss and grabbed her roughly behind her knees and yanked her forward until she was slouched in front of me with her ass hanging halfway off the seat. I spread her legs and positioned myself between them, my cock straining to get inside. Isabella was rolling her body, trying to get closer, but I still wanted to play.

"Watch, baby. Watch my cock fuck you." Her eyes drifted to the space between us and her mouth dropped open when I took the head of my dick and rubbed it back and forth between her folds and over her clit. She was so wet and her pussy felt like hot silk.

I pulled back the skin of her folds and watched as her entrance stretched minutely. She was so fucking tight that it amazed me that I had ever fit inside her. My cock was so thick she couldn't even get her hand all the way around it, and yet I'd had it inside that tiny little opening.

I swirled the head of my dick around her opening and then lined myself up. "Fuck, I need you. I have to be inside you."

Slowly, I pushed into her, watching her stretch miraculously to accommodate my girth. A little at a time, my cock disappeared inside her.

"Oh, shit. I can feel...everything," she breathed.

"You like the way that looks? Hmm? It's a beautiful fucking thing, isn't it? Fucking sexy as hell," I panted. I realized I was rambling, but I really didn't give a shit, because...Jesus, it was incredibly erotic to watch.

"God, yes," she answered and then I arched my brow at her because she said 'God' instead of my name.

I pulled out of her and made another pass over her clit until my cock lay between her folds. Then I held her lips in place and moved to and fro in a stroking motion. My cock was bathed in her wetness and it was glistening in the little bit of light that filtered in through the windows. I couldn't take it anymore. I pulled back and thrust deep inside her, eliciting a gasp from her strawberry colored lips.

"Oh, fuck...Edward...," she moaned as I gripped the tops of her thighs and thrust in and out of her at a steady pace.

We were both watching the movements, both breathing through parted lips, both fascinated by how fucking perfect we looked joining together. I could feel her walls gripping my cock tight as if her beautiful little pussy was claiming me, unwilling to let me go. My balls slapped against her ass cheeks with each thrust forward, creating a dual sensation.

This was fucking heaven, and I needed her to cum because there was something else I wanted to do before I had my release.

"Touch us, baby. Cup your pussy with the palm of your hand and spread your fingers around my cock," I instructed her.

With the hand attached to the wrist bearing my bracelet, she timidly reached forward and did what I said. Her head fell back, exposing that creamy neck in open invitation and there was no way I was going to turn it down. I leaned forward and lightly scraped my teeth across her flesh before sucking it into my mouth. Then I kissed my way up to her ear, all the while pumping my engorged cock into her tiny body.

"Did you miss me today, baby? Because...*God*, I fucking missed you. I had to jack off three times because I couldn't stop thinking about how good you feel wrapped around my cock." I accentuated my point by thrusting faster. "Did you? Did you play with yourself while you thought about fucking me? Maybe even pulled out my gift for some practice rounds? Did you get yourself off, baby? Tell me you got yourself off."

"Twice," she admitted. "And it was nowhere near as good as the real thing."

"That's...what I'm...talkin'...'bout," I growled, emphasizing each word with a deep thrust of my cock.

She whimpered in response and wrapped my tie around her fist before yanking hard and pulling me to her mouth. I ravished her with a hungry kiss; laying claim to what I already knew was mine, but reaffirming it...just in

case. Our tongues moved deftly against each other as I gripped her hips harder and fucked her faster.

My hips pumped my cock in and out of her and I could feel the walls of her pussy constrict around my thickness with each push and pull. I broke our fevered kiss and dipped my head to capture a pert nipple between lips to lightly graze it with my teeth.

I felt the nails on her free hand scrape my scalp as she held me to her, and I regretfully had to break that shit up so that I could sit back because I wanted even deeper. I watched as my cock appeared and then disappeared inside her over and over again, aided by her arousal.

"Baby, put your fingers in my mouth. Let me taste you."

The way Isabella played along and followed every single one of my directions was just fucking great. She slipped her fingers between her folds, gathering up her juices before she brought them to my lips. She ran the tips of her fingers along my lips teasingly and I flicked my tongue out to gather up her offering before I opened my mouth and allowed her to push them inside. I groaned loudly when her taste hit my tongue. She was just so goddamn good...I couldn't even think of the words to describe it, so I didn't even bother to fucking try.

I licked her clean before releasing her fingers again.

"Do I taste good?" Fuck me running...The way she was looking at me from beneath her lashes, licking her fucking lips and saying those dirty, dirty words...

"See for yourself," I said and then pulled out of her. She wanted to talk dirty, so I was going to show her just how dirty I could be.

I raised myself as much as I could with the low ceiling of the limo and pushed her head down toward my groin at the same time. She got the message and greedily took me into her mouth. And I'll be damned if my little prized possession didn't fucking hum when she tasted herself on my cock. I pumped my hips back and forth a couple of times and then took it away from her again.

"Time for fucking, not sucking," I said and then plunged back into her pussy. She was mewling and moaning, arching her back, whispering my goddamn name, biting on her bottom lip and rolling her head from side to side...It was a fucking awesome sight to see.

"Shit, baby. I need you to cum." It took everything in me to restrain myself from blowing my load inside her.

"Harder, Edward. Fuck me harder." I would have, gladly, but in our current position, it just wasn't possible. Not to worry, I had a solution.

I pulled out of her. "Turn around, baby. I want to go deep."

She groaned in protest, but I knew what was best for the both of us, so I wasn't budging an inch.

"Turn the fuck around, get on your knees, hold onto the back of the seat and spread your legs," I ordered hurriedly.

She looked confused, but did as I said. I helped her get on her knees in front of me, but had her facing the rear window so that she could hold onto the back of the seat. Her plump ass was perfectly round and her back was arched at just the right angle to allow me free access to that delectable little pussy. But when she saw the traffic moving all around us at a slow pace, she turned her head away as if she were hiding.

I slid inside her from behind and leaned forward to whisper in her ear sensually. "No worries, Isabella. We can see them, but they can't see us. Pity they can't watch me fuck you. I'd like the whole world to see what they can never fucking have."

With that I sat up and pounded into her. And oh shit, I was so much deeper from this angle, and her cheeks were spread with her tight little asshole teasing me. Isabella grabbed onto the back of the seat, her knuckles going white with her grip as I fucked her as hard, as fast and as deep as I could go. Sweat was pouring off my brow and dripping off the tip of my nose, and it really didn't help that my tie had been drawn tighter around my neck when Isabella grabbed it to pull me in for a kiss. But the one sensation that was dominating all others was the feel of her constricting around me.

Fuck the outside world. I had everything I needed right in front of me.

Remembering how well she liked it before, I stroked the center of her ass with my thumb, applying pressure to her back entrance. She moaned loudly and arched her back, right on motherfucking queue. So, I took it a step further and pressed into her until my thumb was inside her up to the knuckle. Her head fell between her shoulders and she pushed back into me.

"Yeah, baby. Feels good, doesn't it?" I said as I pulled my thumb out partially and then reinserted it. "I'm going to fuck you here. I'm going to put my dick inside your tight little ass and you're going to fucking love it. Soon...very soon."

I felt her walls tighten around me in rhythmic waves as she came undone and gave into her orgasm.

"Oh..fuuuuuck!" she cried out.

God, yes. My baby wanted me in her ass just as much as I wanted to be there.

"Look at them, Isabella," I said, talking her through it.

"Look at all those people out there, going about their mundane lives with no clue about what's going on in here. They can't even fathom feeling what you're feeling right now...what I'm...about to...feel.

"Son of a..." An indescribable feeling surged from my balls and shot up the length of my cock as I finally came.

"Shit! I can feel that," she said with a breathless moan. "I can feel you cumming inside me, and it feels...it feels..."

"Fuck, tell me, baby. What does it feel like?" I managed to ask through my orgasm...because I really liked hearing dirty words come out of her fuckable little mouth.

"Like nothing I've ever...shit, I'm going to cum again," she said and then her body began to shake and spasm as she moaned my name. I increased the pace of my thrusts, praying I could stay hard long enough to see her through her second orgasm. By some small miracle I did, and when we were both done, we collapsed onto the seat with me lying on her back.

"Goddamnit," I mumbled as I rolled off her. "You're going to be the death of me, woman."

She giggled and then rolled over to kiss me softly on the lips. "So how soon is very soon?"

"What?" I asked, pulling my pants up.

"You know..." she trailed off, looking toward her voluptuous ass. "You said, 'very soon.' How soon is very soon?"

I was shocked and stammering and said the first thing that came out of my mouth, "I fucking love you..." which was a REALLY goddamn stupid thing to say, so I had to fix that shit with a, "you-rrrr enthusiasm."

Before I could shove my head any further up my asshole, I grabbed her and kissed her deeply; deep enough to

make her melt in my arms and hopefully forget my faux pas. Me, on the other hand...I swear I was ready to cut my own nuts off and take them to a butcher to ground into tiny morsels of packaged meat to be fed to vicious dogs. Because it was the most idiotic thing I could've said...but something in the pit of my desolate heart told me it was right.

What...the...fuck?

I pulled back and looked into her eyes – another stupid move – and I felt myself falling. For real. And that shit just wasn't kosher. At all.

I was weak, and she was bringing me to my knees.

Two weeks. Two motherfucking insignificant weeks that had somehow become very, very significant.

Goddamnit.

We finally made it home, relatively unscathed, as far as the human eye could tell. On the inside however, I was a fucking mess. And more than ever, I needed to know more about her. I needed to know why she was there in that situation in the first place. I had convinced myself that her personal situation didn't matter when I first started all this. But Alice was right; Bella was a good girl, even if she did act like a raging bitch at times.

I had excused myself to my study after dinner, where I did quite a bit of pacing and a whole lot of knee bouncing while I contemplated what to do. Sure, I could wait for

my man, Jenks, to call me with his findings, but I'm an impatient motherfucker, so I picked up the phone and just made the goddamn call. Yeah, there was a whole hell of a lot of nail biting going on while I waited for him to answer the damn thing.

"Jenks," he answered on the third ring.

"It's Cullen. Do you have anything for me yet?" I asked, not really sure if I wanted to know the answer, but needing to all the same.

"Actually, I just got the last of everything I needed. I was going to call you first thing in the morning, because I didn't want to disturb you," he said. "So, what do you want to know?"

"Everything..."

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Chapter Twelve

Tickling The Ivories

EPOV

"It's Cullen. Do you have anything for me yet?" I asked, not really sure if I wanted to know the answer, but needing to all the same.

"Actually, I just got the last of everything I needed. I was going to call you first thing in the morning, because I didn't want to disturb you," he said. "So, what do you want to know?"

"Everything..."

"Okay, here goes," Jenks said and I could hear him settling in his seat and flipping papers while I was anxiously awaiting any bit of information that he could give me to help me put the puzzle that was Isabella Swan together.

Before I could get even one morsel of information, there was a timid knock on the door to my study, and then it opened wide. Isabella positioned herself there rather seductively, her arms stretched above her head as she arched her back against the door frame. Her wet hair was tossed back off her shoulders and her long legs were angled so that one was bent at the knee. She was wearing black wrap-around heels, the cuff with my family's crest, one of my black dress ties and...nothing...else.

"I'm sorry, am I disturbing you?" Her voice was a purr of erotic lust as she seductively fingered the tie that hung loosely in the valley of her fuckawesome tits. "I can leave...if you want..."

My heart thumped erratically in my chest, and I'm pretty sure my mouth was hanging open. She was a vixen, a porn star...a goddess.

My cock strained against the zipper of my suddenly too tight khaki pants, all the blood having raced there within a millisecond. I thought for just a second that maybe my little soldier was trying to burrow a hole so that he could have a look-see for himself, but that couldn't actually happen, could it. Hell, I was quickly learning that whenever Isabella was around, anything was possible.

"Cullen?" Jenks voice was a vague echo in the background. My focus was trained completely on my million dollar baby, her body the siren that was distracting me from my previous obsession. She was all that mattered. Everything else just faded away into nothingness.

"I was just in the shower, and well...all that hot water was washing over my skin with the most delicious pressure...and it made me think about your body pressed against mine and that magical thing you do with your fingers...and your tongue..." She closed her eyes and reclined her head while caressing her bare throat with

one hand and the other slipping between her legs as she sighed. "Fuck, I need you to touch me..."

"Helloooo? Are you still there, Cullen?"

I shook off the haziness as best I could and cleared my throat as I forced myself to look away from her. "Um, yeah...I have someone, er, *something* to do. Call me first thing in the morning."

I didn't even wait for a response before I hung the phone up. He'd call me because he wanted to get paid. And I figured I'd gone almost three weeks without knowing the information I wanted...surely I could wait ten more hours.

With lightning quick, vampiric speed, I was standing in front of her with both hands fisted on the door frame above her. I didn't dare touch her for fear that I might bruise her, break her. "You can't...fucking...say shit like that without..."

Unable to finish my thought because she was standing there, all sinfully naked and smelling...wickedly aroused, I lost all resolve and sank down on one knee, perching one of her delicate feet (and by the way, her little toenails were painted this Call A Fucking Ambulance Because This Woman Is Killing Me Slowly red with a satin finish) on my shoulder before I leaned in to give her the tongue lashing of her life. Of course it was merely a punishment for interrupting such an important business call. It was going to hurt me far worse than it was going to hurt her.

Yeah, even I call bullshit.

"Uh-uh-uh," she cooed as she pushed ever so slightly on my shoulder with the spiked heel of her shoe to force me to sit back from her. "So, I was just wondering...You don't happen to play piano, do you? Because I just happened to find this sexy little black number downstairs, in what I assume is your music hall, and I was thinking about how incredibly erotic it would be if I were to be say, oh I don't know...on display for you while you played for me...I mean, I am dressed black tie formal and all..."

'Nuff. Motherfucking. Said.

Without even a word, because like I said...there were none needed, I threw her over my shoulder and headed toward what she so adequately named my music hall. The fucking acoustics in there were even better than the acoustics in the foyer and I couldn't wait to hear the echo of her screaming my name in ecstasy. And she would definitely scream...

--

BPOV

Men, especially admitted pussy addicts like Edward, are so fucking predictable...and easy.

All I had to do was show up virtually naked and insinuate I wanted a little bit of attention, and I had him eating out of the palm of my hand. Well, maybe it wasn't

exactly the palm of my hand that he wanted to eat out of, but either way, I got the desired result.

I'd been thinking about the whole cheating whore of an ex-girlfriend thing that Alice had told me about earlier, and I was determined to shower him with the attention he craved, to make sure he knew that I was all about him. Because when it came right down to it, that's the whole reason he stooped so low as to buy a woman in the first place. I was a sure thing: guaranteed to cater to his every whim and desire: guaranteed to want him and *only* him.

Not that I was complaining. Sure, I should have been disgusted with myself for basically being a willing participant, and I was...to an extent. But I'm a woman for Christ's sake...a human woman with needs that I hadn't ever realized I had before all this shit began, needs that were most certainly being met by a man, who under normal circumstances, would've been able to get me into his bed without having to ask twice. Besides, I signed on for this, right? I knew what I was getting myself into. Actually enjoying the "torture" had to be an added perk, right? I mean, I could've just as easily been stuck with Jabba the Hut.

The Cooch nodded her head emphatically in agreement, and then I had to go and mention that fat, nasty bastard, which sent a shiver down her spine.

Edward threw me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and I giggled like a school girl when he turned his face and nipped me on the ass with those gorgeous white teeth of his. Apparently, I'm not the only one with an ass-biting fetish. As long as Vida Guerra keeps her fat ass away from him, I won't have to cunt punt a bitch. I'm just sayin'.

We finally made it into the music hall. I could tell because his inner saber-tooth purr had become more like a constant humming vibration that I not only heard, but felt. As gently as he could, he sat me on top of his baby grand and stood between my parted knees.

"This what you had in mind?" he asked, his voice a deep, sultry rumble that travelled through his body and out through his hands, which were perched on the piano on either side of me. His voice actually travelled through the damn thing and vibrated against my girlie bits, making me reminisce about my new bestie, the Cullen bullet.

"Actually, I was thinking something more along the lines of you...sitting on the bench, letting those talented fingers of yours molest the ivories," I said while running my hands up and down his chest. "You think you can do that for me, Edward? Play me a little something...inspired by the vision of my...*your*...pussy?"

I pressed my lips to his reverently, but he made no move. He was still as a statue, an Adonis of a statue. I had just begun to think that maybe my dirty talking hadn't come

off as sultry as I'd hoped when he leaned in closer to my ear and whispered.

"Isabella?"

"Hmm?"

"I think I just came a little." Before I could formulate a response, he pulled away abruptly and went to sit on the piano bench.

With my chin perched on my shoulder and angled toward him, I watched as his hands softly ghosted over the keys without making a sound. The look in his eyes was one of pure awe and concentration, a man who obviously revered his instrument. Can't say that I blamed him; I thought his "instrument" was pretty awe-inspiring myself.

He licked his lips and shifted to a more comfortable position before he looked back at me expectantly. "Um, I'm pretty sure you promised me that if I'd play, you'd provide the inspiration."

Oh yeah, right. One problem, folks. If I tried to swing my ass around on his glossy as shit piano, which was nowhere near as slick as it looked, it was more than probable that there would be some skin squeakage. And I just didn't know if my dignity could handle a major blow of embarrassment like that when I was trying to be all sexy and seductive and shit. Damn it, I wished I had

thought of powdering up or something. So, I did the only thing I could think of to do.

I hopped down, amazingly remaining upright on the fuck-high hooker heels that I was wearing (the Cooch picked them out because they matched the nearly there outfit), and then I channeled every runway walker I could remember from the countless fashion shows that my dear friend Gabe had forced me to watch, and I strutted my naked ass toward Edward, hoping and praying that it wasn't blotchy and red from piano burn, or whatever.

I think I was pretty successful at it, because Edward eyed me like he was a wolf in one of those Looney Toon cartoons, licking his chops like I was some prized lamb. Feeling probably more confident than I should have been, I put one foot up on the bench beside him and stood up on it. You know how they say, "If looks could kill"? Yeah, well if looks could feel you up, I swear that's exactly what Edward had done to my legs...and my ass...and my boobs, the cooch...hell, his eyes had just as many appendages as an octopus, okay?

Speaking of puss...mine was positively sopping wet. Go figure. It wasn't because Double Agent Coochie was salivating; it was because the twisted bitch was crying tears of joy over what she knew was to come. Well, lots of tears, actually. So, I made a big show of perching my ass on the top of his piano again and crossing my legs to

conceal that little fact. Even though I'd come to learn that was a major turn-on for Edward, I wanted to tease him a little bit. After all, he needed some incentive to give me what I wanted before I gave him what he wanted.

Edward looked up at me from beneath his brow, and then slowly began to undo the studded buckle that was wrapped around my ankle. When he was done, he leisurely pulled my shoe off and placed a lingering kiss to the top of my foot. I wasn't the kind of girl who liked to have her toes sucked or anything, but I gotta' tell ya'...that shit felt sensual as all get out.

"Can't have these on my ivory babies...baby," he said in a hushed voice as he dropped my bare foot and went to work on my other shoe. "Jimmy Choo? Remind me to give Alice a raise."

"Just buy her a pair of these bad boys, and she'll be overjoyed," I suggested.

Sitting my shoes down on the floor beside him, he kissed a trail along my shin until he reached my knee. Then he pushed them apart and set my feet directly on the keys, as far on each end as they would stretch. The sound that came from them depressing was really quite hideous and we both cringed at the same time.

"I fucking love how wet you get for me," he said as he eyed the Cooch. She was busy oiling herself up and spraying Binaca in her mouth, warming up for the big

show. "You should probably know that no one has ever so much as laid a finger on my baby grand, Isabella, let alone their feet."

"I'm sorry. I can move them," I said, but before I could lift so much as a pinky toe, he stopped me.

"Don't. " The quiet still of his voice carried more weight than if he had barked the order.

Edward never took his eyes away from my snatch as he rolled the sleeves of his shirt up to his elbow. When he was done, he straightened his back and curved his shoulders in slightly as he finally looked away long enough to position his fingers on the keys.

"Um, I haven't played in a while," he said nervously with a shrug of a shoulder. "So, I might be a little rusty."

I already knew this. Right before Edward had called to tell me to be in the car when Riley picked him up from work, Alice had called to check on me. We talked for quite some time while I wondered around the house.

That's when I stumbled upon the room we were in.

That's also when Alice told me that he used to play all the time before the whole cheating whore debacle. When she told me that she didn't think he'd played since, I knew I had to at least try to get him to again. After all, they say music soothes the savage beast. I wasn't so sure I wanted him soothed right before he fucked the living shit out of me, mostly because I thought he needed to release some pent up...something. Rage? Frustration? But maybe if he

got reacquainted with something that made him happy once upon a time, it would still be all good.

Was it risky? Yes. But, I figured if I had any chance whatsoever at succeeding, appealing to his sexual nature was definitely the way to do it. Seems Alice thought I might be a weak spot for Mr. Cullen, and while I had no intention of exploiting that tidbit of knowledge for personal gain, I definitely wasn't going to deny myself any pleasure that might come my way from helping him learn to live again.

The Cooch oohed and aahed at my sentimentality, and I threatened to close down shop if she didn't knock that shit off. She made a show of buttoning her lip, but kept that smug ass smile on her face regardless. Cheeky bitch.

I was a puddle of goo the moment he made that piano sing the first chord. His fingers moved quickly and expertly along the keys, stringing together notes I didn't think I'd ever heard before, but were beautiful nonetheless. I was afraid for the cleanliness and sterility of his piano, because if he kept playing like that, I'd cum big time, without him even having to touch me.

Although, I guess in a way, he was; the fingers making that beautiful music that was vibrating through the piano and across my girlie bits did belong to him, after all.

"Lean back on your elbows, baby," he said without missing a fucking note.

At least I don't think he missed a note. It's not like I wrote the song or was any kind of expert at that type of thing, but it sounded right. More than right really; it was fucking awesome. I wouldn't exactly call it porn music, aka bonchickawowow, but consider this...music was obviously just another extension of Edward, much like his fingers, his tongue, his colossal cock...you get what I'm saying? It fucking moved me, made me feel things that were probably illegal in 48 states. Plus, the way his digits worked those keys...it was obviously where he got the practice in for *other* things. So I realized, the King of Fingerfuck had apparently changed his name from the King of Pianofuck.

Hey, he can change his name if he wants to. Prince did it, Diddy continues to do it. And as long as he doesn't change it to Knit-One-Pearl-Two, having taken on the fine art of knitting sweaters instead of using them for something more...constructive...I was good with it.

I leaned back on my elbows, just as he'd asked, but kept my eyes on him. Edward was looking right back at me. And when I say he was looking right back at me, it wasn't the Cooch, like I thought it would be. It was me...my eyes; he was looking at me so intensely I thought I might spontaneously combust.

And then it happened.

Without breaking eye contact or interrupting the sexy little ditty he was playing, he leaned forward and placed

an open-mouthed kiss to my clit. My jaw hinged open as I sucked in a breath and held it while my legs jerked involuntarily. Of course that messed up his angelic song, what with my toes kerplunking on the keys under my feet and all, but Edward just gave me that smug ass smile and continued on. The only difference between what he was playing before and what he had begun to play was that the notes sounded heavier, more urgent.

He also continued doing that thing he does with those luscious lips and serpent-like tongue. His mouth was hot and wet, his lips softly caressing my south mouth while his tongue expertly manipulated every nerve ending in my body from just that one spot between my legs.

It wasn't going to take me long.

The Cooch was warming up her vocal chords, prepared to give the concert of her life. Oh, hell...please don't let this turn out to be another case of some stupid idiot putting herself out there on live television to be humiliated in front of the millions of people who tune in to watch some clueless fool do exactly that, just because a mother who didn't have the heart, refused to tell the bitch that she CAN'T. FUCKING. SING!

Yes, I am the Cooch's mother, but I had no idea if she could actually sing. Edward, however, had made her hum madly over the short amount of time that they'd known each other. All I'm saying is that he's one hell of a vocal coach.

And speaking of humming...Edward was doing just that against my vajayjay, keeping in perfect harmony with the music he was playing, like he'd wrote the damn thing himself. Which he very well could have.

The muscles in my thighs were shaking uncontrollably and my hips were bucking as I tried to get closer to the deliciousness that was his mouth. I ached for my release and found myself begging for it out loud. The music suddenly stopped as Edward latched on to that swollen little bundle of nerves between my legs and sucked like his life depended on it.

I bolted upright and fisted his hair in my hands to force him to stay right where he was. At the same time as my orgasm took over my body, my head fell back, my thighs clamped around his head and a string of indecipherable profanity left my lips in a voice that didn't in any way, shape or form sound like mine. Swear to God, er... Edward, I think I'd become possessed by some evil, orgasm hoarding demon or something.

It wasn't until after the waves subsided and the tension in my body unwound a bit that I became legitimately concerned that I had cut off Edward's air supply. Death by asphyxiation, as opposed to asphyxiation, was not exactly something they'd put on a death certificate, but how cool would it be if they did?

"Oh, shit! Are you okay?" I asked with a panicked voice as I forcefully lifted him by the hair of his head to get a look at him.

He was wearing that I'm-A-Fucking-God smirk on his face as he licked the remnants of my orgasm from his lips and said, "No. But I sure as hell am about to be."

I don't know how or when he had a chance to do it, but as he stood upright, his pants were already down to his ankles and his colossal cock was standing at attention, and...oh hell, was it saluting me?

He lifted me off of his piano and sat back down on the bench with me in his lap. It took all of two seconds for him to lift my ass, position himself at my entrance and then slam me back down on top of him. And he didn't lose momentum from there. Over and over again he lifted my hips and brought me back down hard on him. His mouth was clamped onto a nipple as I held him to me. Even though I was the one on top, I was in no way in control of the situation. It was all Edward...inside me, around me, on me...he was everywhere.

With each thrust of his cock, he went deeper and harder until a light sheen of sweat coated his forehead and began to dampen his hair. My eyes started rolling to the back of my head, and I thought perhaps I literally was possessed, but I wouldn't know for sure until my head started spinning or I felt the urge to vomit pea soup everywhere. I didn't actually think it would happen

though because how could something that felt that good possibly be evil?

I came again, digging my nails into his back and I didn't give a rat's ass if I was shredding his designer dress shirt or not. All I knew was that I needed to hold on and never let go. And I did just that, even after Edward let loose this feral growl that should've frightened me, and then came inside me. With a couple of final strokes, he was finally spent and exhausted.

He kept the side of his face pressed against my chest and his arms wrapped around my waist. He didn't even bother to pull out of me. And he was silent. The only sound in the room was the echo of our heavy breaths as we both tried to come down off our high, or maybe we were just trying to make it last longer.

I didn't let him go either. I just kept stroking his air and kissing the top of his head until I finally laid my cheek against it and held on.

I couldn't let him go. I couldn't...fucking...let him go. For the first time since I made the decision to do this, to sell myself into this whole damn thing, I was scared shitless. When the hell did that shit happen?

It was in that moment that I realized how truly inexperienced and foolish I really was; a small town girl attempting to play in the major leagues with a man who was larger than life itself.

After what seemed like an eternity, we finally released each other and I retreated to the bathroom for yet another shower. I might have needed one, but more than that, I just wanted the time alone to collect my thoughts. It wasn't until the hot water from the shower hit my skin that I began to silently cry.

The pretenses...oh, God...the pretenses I had been hiding behind, that wall of I-am-woman-hear-me-roar...it all started to crumble in rapid succession. I was nothing but a girl; a girl crushing madly on a man; a man who saw me as nothing but his property. And he truly did own me in every sense of the word.

My mind wondered back to earlier in the day, after the romp in the limo. I thought he said he loved me, and my heart stuttered, felt like it had dropped to the pit of my abdomen, laying in weight to be birthed and handed over to the one person I felt I might actually be able to hand it over to willingly.

But that wasn't at all what he said. Was it?

Which just goes to show you how truly inexperienced I really was. Such a silly little foolish girl.

Edward Cullen was a man who had the whole world sitting in the palm of his hand, and I had nothing to offer him. But, God help me, I was falling in love with him.

From out of nowhere, Edward appeared, having opened the shower door and catching me by surprise. "Hey, I'm

going to go shower in one of the guest suites. Just wanted to let you know in case you get done before-" he stopped talking abruptly and furrowed his brow. "Have you been crying?"

I turned my head away and started wiping my eyes. "Um, no. Of course not," I lied. "That's a silly question. Why would I be crying? I just got soap in my eye, that's all."

He slowly lifted my chin to look at my face and I saw something in his eyes, but before I could let my mind wonder too far into the land of delusional idiots, I realized that it was just a mere reflection of myself. And it scared the shit out of me...again. Because if he saw what I felt...I shudder to think of the consequences. He'd probably take me, and his receipt, right back to James' customer service counter for an exchange...or a full refund.

He didn't feel the same way about me, and he never would, never could.

"Okay, if you're sure, I'm just going to..." he nodded toward the direction of the bathroom door.

"Yeah...I'm good," I said with a fake smile. "Go ahead, you're freezing my tits off here."

"Well we can't have that, now can we?" He leaned in, spray from the shower splashing against his bare chest as he gave each of the girls, and then my lips, a chaste kiss. With a wink and that crooked grin, he was gone.

Just like he would be if he ever found out that I was developing feelings for him, which undoubtedly was not part of the contract. Kind of went against the whole "no strings attached" clause, don't you think? I had to get my shit together and push past my moment of weakness.

I could do it. I could get over him, and be there in the capacity that he needed me, and nothing more. I've survived far worse.

I was not a vulnerable woman. I was strong. I was resilient. I had done everything within my power to help my parents deal with the impending loss of my mother, the foundation of all that we were. I had blindly sold myself to the highest bidder to make sure that she, that we all had a fighting chance.

I could get over this. I had to.

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EPOV

The next morning, I found myself sitting at my desk with my hands tearing at my hair in frustration. I hadn't been able to sleep well the night before, probably because the look in Isabella's eyes when she was in the shower was haunting me. Something was definitely there, something foreign to me, but I'd seen that look before. I just couldn't place my finger on it.

She'd lied to me. She had been crying, and since she wouldn't tell me why, I was left to draw my own

conclusions in my mind. It didn't take me long to figure it out. Duh, she was a prisoner in my home. Although I'd pretty much given her free reign, she was still a prisoner, forced to submit to my primal urges whenever the mood hit me. Why had it never crossed my mind before that she might actually find that disgusting?

Sure, a lot of women threw themselves at me, but they did it of their own accord, not because they'd been paid to and therefore had no other choice.

I stood up and went into my private bath. After turning on some cold water, I let it pool into my hands before splashing it across my face. I did that over and over again until I realized it was having no affect. Nothing was going to shake me from the numbness I felt. I grabbed a hand towel to dry my face, but I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and froze in place. I could see it then; I had become the one person that I despised most in the world...Jacob Black.

After all, what I did was nothing short of what he might have done, except I paid for a long-term contract instead of using her as a one night stand. Then again, I *was* using her...for my own benefit and with total disregard for how this might affect her in the end. And I did it all under the safety net of "she chose to do this, so she knew what she was getting herself into." And while that might be true, it certainly didn't mean I should've taken advantage of that fact. What if she's mentally ill? She

didn't really seem to be to me, but what person in their right mind does something like this? Someone desperate, that's who.

If I was taking advantage of her desperation, how was I any different from Black? Ignorance really wasn't a good excuse. I should've known that anyone, whether it was Isabella or some cracked out whore, would only do something like this out of desperation. So, regardless, I was still in the wrong from the get-go.

I went back into my office and looked at the phone sitting on my desk, willing it to ring. Like the masochist I apparently was, I wanted to know what had happened in her life to force her down this path. The savior in me, wanted to help her. Truth of the matter was, I was no savior, I was an enabler.

I must have some sort of super ESP or some shit like that, because it was at that moment that the damn phone actually did start ringing. All of a sudden, I wasn't too sure I wanted it to be Jenks because if he told me that what I suspected was true, that Isabella was in a desperate place when she decided to do this, I just didn't know how I would handle that.

I took a deep breath to calm myself and steady my nerves and then picked up the receiver. "Cullen," I answered.

"Hey, Cullen. Jenks here. Got that information you wanted. Hope I've caught you at a better time," he said

with a hint of I-know-why-you-hung-up-on-me-last-night.

I sighed and it sounded despondent even to my own ears. "It's as good a time as any," I answered. And then I waited with bated breath.

"Yeah, well...Got a pen and paper handy?" Jenks asked in his all business voice.

"Shoot," I said as I grabbed a pen from my pocket and slid my notepad in front of me.

"Isabella Marie Swan, aka, Bella Swan." *Yeah, like I needed to be reminded.*

"She's 22, lives at home in Forks, Washington with her parents, Renee and Charles Swan. I've got an address if you want it," he offered.

"Isn't that what I'm paying you for?" I asked, agitated.

Jenks rambled off the address and then got right back to it. "High school records show she was a straight A student, but I couldn't find any record of her ever having attended college." *I wasn't surprised at all that she was smart; maybe she needed the money for tuition.*

"Also doesn't look like she was much into the social scene. Not surprising with a straight A kid. They tend to be recluses." *Fuck you, Jenks.* I was one of those straight A kids, so I knew damn well that nothing could be further from the truth.

"Seems pretty boring, if you ask me." *Ah, but I didn't ask you, now did I?*

"There really wasn't much more on her, so I went digging on her folks." *Get to the point, already.*

"Her father used to be the police chief until he recently resigned to stay at home and take care of his ailing wife, Renee. Renee Swan is terminally ill, like on death's door terminally ill, and in need of a heart transplant," he said and then paused.

Memories of my mother's closed casket flashed before my eyes and I dropped my pen, suddenly losing control of my motor functions. I had lost the only two people I had ever truly loved on the face of this planet...at the same time, so I was all too familiar with how she must be feeling. And she was there with me, instead of by her mother's side. Why?

I could hear Jenks shuffling papers in the background and then he continued. "Um, they recently came into a large sum of money, donated by an anonymous source. Before that, looks like they were going under...fast. Lots of medical bills, maxed credit cards...Jeez, you'd think health insurance would pay for some of this shit. But then again, no job usually means no insurance." *Son of a bitch.*

"No police record on Isabella. I'm going to guess being a cop's daughter probably makes you walk a pretty straight line. Either that or a lot of shit gets swept under the rug.

That's it. That's all I've got," he sighed and then waited for me to say something. The problem was, I didn't know what to say. My brain was still processing the fact that Isabella's mother was terminally ill, and for the first time since my own mother passed away, I wanted to cry.

"Cullen? Cullen, do you hear me?" he repeated.

I couldn't say anything. I was choking back the flood of emotions that suddenly rushed at me and threatened to overtake the walls of the dam, which I had carefully constructed to keep those emotions in check, like they were made of twigs instead of 330 feet of reinforced concrete. The grief that I'd felt when I lost my parents...I would've done anything to save them if it had been possible. Anything.

I barely even registered hanging the phone up in my state of shock.

Isabella had done the most selfless thing any human being on the face of the earth could ask of her. She gave up her own body, her own life...to save her dying mother. She was a goddamn saint, and I had treated her like a sex slave.

Guilt, like none that I had ever felt before, started eating away at me. Because knowing what she did, and the reason she did it...it just broke my fucking heart.

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Chapter Thirteen

I Feel Froggy

EPOV

I left work early after finding out about the real reason Isabella had come to be my sex slave. I just couldn't do it; couldn't sit there acting like everything was fine, conducting business as usual...because what we were doing was about as unusual as it could get.

"Yo, Cullen," Jasper stopped me as I made my way toward the outer office door. "You heading out? What's up?"

Yeah, I probably should tell my assistant something, right? See...Everything in my goddamn head was a jumbled mess. Un-fucking-usual.

"Yeah. Just send my calls to my voice mail. I'm checking out for the day. And if anyone asks, you don't know where I'm going," I answered.

"But, I *don't* know where you're going."

"Exactly."

I turned on my heel and continued on my way, ignoring Jasper's, "Is everything okay?" question. No, everything was not okay. And no, I didn't want to talk about it. I just wanted to wallow in my own guilt for a while and figure a way out of this mess.

I knew there was only one place where I was ever going to get the peace and serenity I needed to sort this shit out, and I wasn't going to let any Chatty Kathy's delay my purpose. Which meant I had to be rude, and I was...to several employees. But, you know what? I didn't give a good goddamn if they felt slighted because I didn't smile politely when they asked how I was doing and give them the superficial, "Fine, fine. And you?" I didn't fucking care how they were, or that little Johnny had a snotty nose, or that Susie made the cheerleading squad or even that Bob finally got that promotion. I. Didn't. Fucking. Care.

I made my way out of the building and jumped in the first cab that answered my hail, because no way was I going to hitch a ride with Riley. I didn't want anyone to know where I was. Was it irresponsible of me not to tell someone? Probably, but again, I didn't fucking care.

I flipped a fifty over the seat to the driver and said, "Sunset Memorial," and nothing else.

"Sure thing, Mack. Say, aren't you that Cullen kid?"

"Nope. Must have me confused with someone else," I sighed as I sat back in the seat. Of course he knew I was full of shit. He'd just picked me up in front of the very same building "that Cullen kid" owns for Christ's sake. So, it was his fault that I had to lie to him. He shouldn't have asked such a stupid question.

Before long, the heavy traffic of downtown Seattle faded from view and the sun broke through the cloud-laden sky. It was odd to see the rays streaking down through the miniscule opening, especially when the clouds surrounding them looked like they were about to pour hell bound rain at any second, but it soothed me a tiny bit when I followed the beams straight down to the place where I was headed.

The Cullen Crypt.

Well, I suppose mausoleum is the correct term, but Cullen Crypt just sounds better. Either way, it was the final resting place for the two people who really got me, who loved me for who I was...but, one of which was probably going to walk out of that thing to smack me in the back of the head for what I had become.

"You want me to wait?" the cabby asked when he stopped at the walkway at the bottom of the hill led to my family's burial ground.

"Nah. I'm good," I answered.

"Are you sure? Looks like it could start raining any time now."

Thanks for the weather report, Al Roker.

"All the better," I mumbled and then stepped out. Torrential rain would match the way I felt on the inside perfectly, anyway.

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't the emo sort, nor was I anywhere near on the verge of cutting myself, but I felt like fucking hell. I wasn't so much feeling sorry for myself, I'm a man goddamnit, but everything – what Tanya and Jacob had done to me, what Jacob continues to do to me, what had happened to my parents, what I'd done to Isabella – it was all just...too much. For Christ's sake, I'd stolen the girl's virginity, fucked her in the back of a moving vehicle, made her suck my cock in the middle of the foyer, knowing someone could walk in on us at any moment and what I'd done to her on my baby grand. Well, that part probably wasn't too bad. After all, she had instigated that shit. But I had every intention of fucking her in the ass. Fucking hell.

"Well, I wouldn't feel right leaving you out here by yourself without at least a little something to warm your bones," the cabby said as he reached across the seat and handed me a brown paper bag with an unopened bottle of Jose Cuervo inside. My father's favorite, how ironic?

"Thanks," I said, handing him another fifty and taking the bottle.

I walked up the hill to the family crypt and took a seat on the marble bench across from the door. Then I took the bottle out of the bag, twisted the top and poured a healthy dose onto the ground. After all, how rude would it have been for me to drink it in front of the old man without offering him a sip?

"Cheers," I said with a tilt of the bottle before I took a swig. It burned going down and I winced; much like the very first time I had when I'd swiped some from his liquor cabinet when I was thirteen. Jacob had dared me to do it, and I didn't want to look like a pussy, so I choked back the cough my body had fought to let loose so that he wouldn't know I wasn't as tough as I perpetrated. Funny thing is that when Jacob took his turn, he coughed the shit out his nose. I could still see him pinching his nostrils together and whining about how much it burned, for like a good hour after it happened.

I had to let out a chuckle at the memory, and then I took another hard swig before looking down at the ground. Fuck Jacob. And, fuck me.

I still remembered the night I'd lost my parents. Of course I remembered it; I'd murdered them, so it wasn't like I was ever going to be able to forget that shit. Maybe not by my own hand, but it was my fault nonetheless, and that made me a murderer.

Jacob and I had been fucking off, as usual...drunk out of our goddamn minds. I believe Grey Goose was the culprit that night, and we were drinking that shit like it was water. The challenge? Who could drink a bottle faster – straight up, no chaser. We weren't the least bit concerned about alcohol poisoning, didn't give a shit that we were graduating the next day and had to be up at the

butcrack of dawn. And neither of us was in any shape to drive. My parents...they were on their way home from a night out at the opera when I called them. I only meant for them to send our driver out to get me, but my father was pissed, my mom, worried as usual. So, they insisted on picking me and Jacob up on their way home. They never made it; some other drunk motherfucker, who'd decided it would be a grand idea to get behind the wheel of a fucking car instead of calling for his own goddamn ride that night, hit my parents head on. They were both dead at the scene, clutching each other's hands in their lifeless state. I knew, because I'd walked up to the accident when I saw the red, white and blue lights. They were only three blocks away.

I won the contest, but it came at a very high price. It was my fault, but Isabella's mother...that shit wasn't anyone's fault, especially not Isabella's. She wasn't a spoiled rotten brat, born with a silver spoon in her mouth that had no idea just how good she had it. She wasn't a belligerent asshole that thought getting drunk and fucking everything that had a decent set of tits and a nice ass was the perfect recipe for a good time. So why was her price set so high?

I sighed and looked up toward the darkened clouds overhead. "Tell me what to do," I said, throwing my hands up in desperation and sending the tequila sloshing around inside the bottle. Coincidentally, the rain clouds

above me decided to let go of the load they'd been carrying, for God only knew how long, at that exact moment.

I had my answer. I had to let her go. Duh, I already knew that. I didn't need the euphemism. She needed to be with her mother and father. But that was a whole hell of a lot easier said than done. I tilted the bottle back again, but before the liquid fire could scorch my tongue, I threw the shit over the grassy knoll to the left of the mausoleum. I watched it roll until it stopped at the bottom of the hill and emptied the majority of its contents onto the ground, but not all of it.

The symbolism was uncanny. Isabella was the devil's juice, capable of setting me on fire from the inside out. Whenever I was around her, my mind was numb and my thoughts incoherent. And now...she was free, but there would always be a small part of her that I would carry around with me. Because Isabella Swan was not easy to get out of your system, at least, not mine.

"Shiiiiit!" I screamed as I pulled at my hair. "Just...shit." I couldn't do it. I just...couldn't.

I stayed there in the graveyard until well after the sun had set. It could have been hours after, I wasn't really sure because time seemed to stop while I wallowed in my own guilt. I did know that I was freezing and my ass and both legs were numb from not having moved from that spot on the bench. Well, except for the one time that I

had to take a piss. Thankfully, the rain had only lasted for about half an hour and I was completely dry again.

I ignored my growling stomach, my parched mouth, and my incessantly ringing cell phone. People were looking for me. I knew it. And it was only a matter of time before Alice brought out the bloodhounds to track my trail. But the one name that flashed across my caller ID that made me curious, was Isabella's.

Not gonna' lie. I wanted to answer that damn call more than anything. I grabbed the phone on the first ring, stared at it through the second and held it so hard through the third that I thought for sure I'd cracked the damn thing. But, I didn't answer it. What in the hell would I have said?

"So, I hired a PI to check into your background, because I'm a nosey motherfucker, who might have a slight tendency toward being a control freak..." Damnit, she was going to be beyond pissed when she found out I did that shit. I guaran-fucking-tee it. *"...and guess what I found out? That's right. I know that you sold your body to pay for your dying mother's heart transplant, but I'm going to keep fucking you regardless, because I'm sick and I need help...lots and lots of shock therapy...to my dick...just might do the trick."*

Yeah, so not going to happen.

My phone chimed the familiar notification that I had a text message and I picked it up. A little flutter went

through my chest when I saw that it was from Isabella, and before I knew it, I was opening the message. The digital clock told me that it was after ten o'clock already. Shit, had I been there that long?

Where r u? I'm all alone...in this big bed...naked.

My dick twitched in my pants at the image he and I both knew all too well. "Shut up. This mess we're in is all your fault, you horny little motherfucker," I scolded my lifelong friend.

Business meeting. Don't wait up.

Bullshit. Talked to Alice, but glad ur alive. I'll let her know.

Thank God she wasn't going to push it anymore than that right now. Of course I was perfectly aware that when I had to actually face her, all bets were off. But at least she'd get Alice off my back...for the moment anyway.

Going to sleep. Feel free to wake me when you get home...if you want. ;)

Oh, I want. But I won't.

I put my phone back in my pocket and went back to staring at...nothing at all. My mother's ghost hadn't appeared to smack me in the back of the head. My father's ghost hadn't come out to scold me for wasting good Cuervo, or to tell me to get my shit together and stop acting liking an idiot. I hadn't had some great

epiphany, or made any kind of decision of what I was going to do. All-in-all, it was a wasted day...and night.

I pulled my phone back out and called my Uncle Carlisle. Carlisle was a cardiologist, best in his field. Not only that, but he seemed to know everyone. Probably because he was a huge supporter of everything that had anything to do with medicine. Just like how he bought the business where Tanya's father, Ezra, practiced. That medical building supported specialists from just about every field, and Carlisle was like a sponge, constantly trying to soak up as much knowledge about everything that he could. I knew calling him was a stab in the dark, but I wanted him to see what he could find out about Renee Swan's condition and if he could maybe help her out. No way was anyone going to give me any information with all that HIPPA bullshit – not that I'd understand one word of any of it even if they did. But, Carlisle...he could do anything.

After placing my call, and thankfully getting Carlisle to agree to help me out, I called Riley for a pick up. It was time to go home, and even though I was dreading my body's reaction to seeing Isabella, my heart needed to.

Riley knew better than to say anything to me on the way home. Clearly, I was not in the mood for sharing. When we got to the house, I went in without a word and made my way toward the bedroom. Even though I knew the way by heart, it still felt like I was being pulled in that

direction by some unseen force. She was there, and I was like a magnet drawn to her.

For the very first time in a long time, I climbed into my bed with every stitch of clothing still on, except the shoes of course. She was asleep, but she was turned toward my side of the bed, her angelic face looked peaceful even though I knew the hell Fate...and I...had imposed upon her.

Every molecule in my body wanted to reach out and touch her, but I couldn't...because I was dirty and she was not. And I wasn't talking about the fact that I had spent the day in wet clothes and hadn't yet showered. I couldn't bring myself to smudge something so...pristine. But my smudges were already all over her, weren't they? I had touched her everywhere, left no inch of her perfect skin unmarred by my branding.

So, I just lay there and watched her sleep, memorized her every feature, watched her breathe. And I knew right then that I would never treat her like a sex slave again.

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BPOV

"Get your ass in gear or we're going to be late!" Alice's shrill voice was suddenly deep and more commanding than I'd ever heard her before as she barked orders at me from outside the bathroom door.

I had just wrenched open the door to tell her to kiss my ass when all of a sudden, a loud rumble shook the house and a meteor the size of Texas crashed through the ceiling and landed directly on top of Alice's head before barreling through to the first floor and landing with a thud. Her little arms and legs were all the evidence I could see when I looked down through the mammoth whole in the floor, and they weren't moving – not even a twitch. Ding, dong the bitch is dead...

"Well, it's about time!" Alice screeched, shaking me from my hallucination. The whole in the ceiling was gone, as was the whole in the floor, the debris and the gigantic meteor. Serious acid trip. Must do again.

Alice gasped and then she was...speechless? Really, that wasn't anything like her. "You're absolutely...God, I am so effing jealous of you right now," she said as she walked around me. "If the sight of you in this dress doesn't knock Edward out of that I'm-pissed-at-the-world mood of his, nothing will."

I walked over to the full body mirror attached to the back of Edward's closet door and looked at myself. The dress was gorgeous, what there was of it, anyway. It was a navy blue satin number, cut low in the back until it dipped just above the crack of my ass. The chest area was basically a sash that criss-crossed over my boobs and wrapped down and around my hips. My stomach was bare down to the place where the skirting began at my

hips. Talk about low rise...And the skirt may have been floor length, but what difference did that make when there was a slit all the way up to mid-thigh? At least the skirt's material was loose and free-flowing.

Alice had swept my hair up into a french twist, but she left little wisps of hair, strategically placed so that it looked elegant. The make-up was much bolder than anything I would have done myself, but smoky eyes actually looked good on me. If only Gabe could see me now...he'd swear I was a different person altogether, and maybe he wouldn't be so embarrassed about being seen out in public with me.

But as pretty as I felt, I doubt Edward would notice. Alice was right, he seemed to be pissed off at the world, and I had no idea what the reason was. He hadn't even touched me since that night in the music hall; the night we made the most beautiful music I'd ever had the pleasure of hearing, our bodies and his piano the only instruments in the orchestra. I had to giggle-snort at myself because that sounded corny as hell even in my own head, but it was true.

I missed him.

When he came home from his "business meeting" he didn't wake me. Unusual for him, disheartening for me...devastating for the Cooch. Alice told me that Jasper had said he took off from his office like a bat out of hell

with no indication whatsoever of where the fire was. He didn't answer his calls, not even mine.

I guess it's a good thing Dr. Doom hadn't shown up and opened a portal to another dimension smack dab in the middle of Edward's living room, because he sure as hell wouldn't have been here to do a damn thing about it. If he pulled that shit again, I was going to force him to invest in a big ass spotlight like the mayor of Gotham City had...only this one would flash the ColossalCockward insignia instead. Just picture it...a giant penis with a cape waving over the pitch black sky. Fucking epic!

Super Cooch wanted to know where in the hell her spotlight was. After all, she'd been performing some outstanding feats, considering how untrained she'd been when we started this gig.

"Did you hear me?" Alice asked in that heeeelllloooo-o tone. Oh right, daydreaming again. Note to self: Find out if Gabe ever actually did spike my drinks with something like acid.

"Um, yeah?" I asked, rather than stated.

"What did I say?" Alice had her hands on her hips and her head tilted to the side with the you're-in-big-trouble-if-you-don't-come-up-with-the-right-answer look.

"Edward lost his sight because the dress knocked him out and he wrote the world into his will," I repeated.

Okay, so maybe it wasn't spot on, but I had to be close, right?

"I really fucking hate you sometimes," she said with narrowed eyes, knowing she was lying through her perfect teeth. "Get your shoes on. The boys are waiting."

I slipped my heels on and grabbed my clutch purse before following the little yapping Chihuahua out the door and down the first set of stairs. I stopped when I reached the top of the first tier, stunned into silence when I saw Edward. He was decked out from head to toe. Black tux, navy vest, white dress shirt, black shoes...hair in total disarray. Yummy.

That tux made him look so powerful, I began to wonder if maybe it were the same one Jackie Chan wore in that movie where the suit gave him all sorts of abilities he hadn't possessed before putting it on. Only, come on...we all know that Jackie Chan most certainly did not need some 007 shit to kick ass. And neither did Edward.

He looked up toward the landing where I was standing and went to turn back around before he did a double take, whipping his head back in my direction. Ah, so I did catch his attention after all. He smiled awkwardly as I descended the staircase and ran his hands through his hair before he took my hand.

"You look...stunning," he said and then kissed the back of my hand like a real Prince Charming. I realized then just how much Cinderella and I had in common. Like

Cinderrellie, I was just a girl from the working class living out a beautiful fantasy. Only instead of a Fairy Godmother, I had a five year contract.

Edward's smile broadened when he saw the Cullen cuff bracelet on my wrist, and then suddenly, he dropped my hand and the smile was gone. Then he cleared his throat awkwardly and tucked his hands in his pockets before saying, "Okay, so we should go."

Alice cleared her throat in turn - totally inconspicuously, yeah right - and when Edward looked in her direction, she quickly tilted her head toward me while patting her throat.

"Oh!" Edward said, finally getting the fucking hint. "I got a little something for you." He reached into his pocket and brought out a thin silver chain. When he held it up, I could see the simple blue diamond dangling from the center.

"Oh, Edward. You really shouldn't have-" Jesus, I even sounded like Cinderella, but that's what the man did to me.

Edward shrugged his shoulders, but didn't look at me. Instead, he focused his attention on the clasp of the chain. "It really isn't a big deal. You deserve..." he sighed as he finally lifted his head with a look of certainty in his eyes, "...so much more."

Okay, so that was weird. Especially considering the way he'd been treating me like I had the plague for the past couple of days.

Edward walked behind me and barely brushed the bare skin of my back with his chest as he clasped the necklace in place. Before he stepped away, his fingers swept across my naked shoulders, sending chills down my spine.

I put my hand on his forearm to stop him from walking away. "Thank you," I whispered, and then I stood on my tiptoes and gently kissed his lips. When I stepped back, I noticed the muscles in his jaw tensing like he was grinding his teeth.

I mean, I really didn't get what his fucking problem was. Up until yesterday, he'd been all over me like he couldn't get enough. And now...total 180. I didn't know if he was disgusted with me, if I'd done something to piss him off or what. But I knew one thing...he most certainly was starting to piss me off. Then again, maybe that was the point. Since I found out about Tanya, I'd been trying to put my bitchy side away and play nice. Maybe he didn't like that side of me. After all, he really did seem to get off on my being bitchy in the past. Maybe he hadn't changed. Maybe I was the one who had, and the new me just didn't work the same for him.

Fine.

I stuck my chin out, dropped my hand from his arm and started for the door. And then I realized no one was following. So, I turned and looked at them and said, "Well? What are we waiting for? Let's get this over with."

The ride in the limo was...quiet. Alice and Jasper had driven themselves to the ball, just in case either we or they wanted to leave early. Edward sat on one side of the limo, smoking a cigarette while he stared out the window. Translation: he was torturing me with the whole watch-me-make-love-to-this-cigarette-while-I-ignore-you vibe he had going on.

And then the real torture began.

People. Lots and lots of people. And cameras. Flash bulbs were going off everywhere as we walked down the red carpet to the Four Seasons, people were yelling and shoving, vying for position to get a better shot...and the center of attention? Edward motherfucking Cullen...and his date. I kept my face hidden behind his wide shoulders or just turned away in general. Edward kept his arm around my waist as he smiled and posed, waved and greeted so many people...completely ignoring the probing question, "Who's the beautiful woman on your arm tonight, Edward?" Until finally, we were out of the chaos and inside where the party was in full swing.

I was relieved, but then Alice took her place by my side and said, "You ready to go inside?"

"I thought we were inside?" I asked as I looked around.

"Silly girl. This..." she said as she opened a set of double doors, "is the Scarlet Lotus Ball."

Wow. The place was huge, not that I was surprised. Everything Edward did was huge, including Edward himself. There were red lotus flowers everywhere; floating in glass bowls filled with water and candles, in bouquets...everywhere. Silky red banners were draped from the ceiling, red table cloths, red bows...it looked like a beautiful massacre had taken place in the room. And the people were just so lively and perky, too damn perky.

"Welcome to my world," Edward whispered into my ear before taking my elbow and leading me through the crowd. "There are some people I want you to meet."

"Edward! I was waiting for you," this little bouncing brunette screeched as she saddled up to his side. She looked like she'd already had one too many drinky-poos if you asked me. "Oh, you brought a date? I didn't realize you were seeing anyone."

"Jessica, just because we're outside of the office, it doesn't mean I cease to be Mr. Cullen," Edward told her in a firm, commanding voice. Just then, a waiter came by with a tray of champagne glasses. He grabbed one and handed it to me and then took another for himself.

"Oh, right. Sorry," she said, her buzz seemingly killed. She looked me up and down with a scrutinizing eye and then scrunched her nose up. "Who's she?"

"*She*...is none of your business. Now, run along and find another drink, Miss Stanley," he dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

She gave me the stink-eye one last time and I leaned into Edward with an adoring smile on my face. Fuck and you. I downed my drink because if Miss Stanley was any indication of how the evening was going to go, women throwing themselves at my man, then I was really going to need it. If I was blitzed out of my mind, maybe I wouldn't notice it as much.

"Oh! There's Rosalie and Emmett!" Alice squeaked, pointing toward a gorgeous couple just a few feet away. I managed to snag another glass of champagne before she grabbed my wrist and practically yanked my arm out of the socket as we made our way over to the world's most gorgeous couple. Edward got stopped by some suits, but Alice, determined little shit that she was, just kept chugging along.

"Rose!" Alice squealed as she finally dropped my arm and ran up to the leggy blonde and hugged her. This chick was the very definition of a blonde bombshell; built like a brick shithouse, gorgeous tan, huge tits, tiny waist, red lips. I about halfway expected to hear The Commodores break into the elevator music that was currently playing.

"Oh, Emmett!" the gargantuan guy next to her started in a girly voice, mocking Alice as he batted his lashes and

waved his wrists in the air, sort of the same way Gabe always did. "I've missed you so, and you're my favorite person. Ooh! Let me feel you up too!"

Alice broke the embrace with the brick shithouse and stared him down while said brick shithouse smacked him in the back of his head. "Don't be an ass, Em. We have company," she said, nodding toward me with a curious look.

"Oh, yeah...this is-"

"Isabella...*my* Isabella," Edward cut her off, suddenly appearing as if out of nowhere. He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me into him possessively. "Isabella, this is my favorite cousin, Rosalie McCarty, and her husband, Emmett."

"You can just call me The Gentle Giant," Emmett said.

"He's a starting defensive tackle for the New York Giants," Edward clarified.

"Damn straight," Emmett boasted, puffing his chest out.

"Rosalie is his ball-busting agent," Edward continued with a nod in her direction. "I think she busts his balls more than she does any of those blood-sucking contract negotiators."

"Someone's gotta' keep him in line. Besides, he likes the rough stuff," Rosalie smirked.

"Nice to meet you," I said as I offered my hand toward Rosalie in greeting. "Edward's told me...absolutely nothing about you," I laughed awkwardly.

"Likewise," Rosalie said, shaking my hand. One might think the whole "likewise" bit was in regard to the pleasantries, but I had a feeling she meant that as an answer on both accounts – Edward hadn't said anything about me either, which made sense, just not to them.

"So, Anthony? Have you seen Mom and Dad?" she asked Edward.

I looked at Edward with my brows raised in question.
Anthony?

He knew right away what the look was for. He rolled his eyes in embarrassment before shrugging his shoulders and saying, "Everyone in my family has always called me by my middle name. It was just the easiest way to differentiate between me and my father without having to call us Edward Senior and Edward Junior."

"Oh yeah, of course," I said with a well-duh expression. And then I sucked back half of the champagne in my glass. *See, little things like what your family calls you, is probably a good piece of information to share with the woman pretending to have known you for eons, idiot.*

"And, no, Rose, I haven't seen them yet," he said, attempting to look around the crowd as if trying to rectify that situation.

"Well, they're around. I'm sure they'll eventually make their way back over here," she said with a wave of dismissal. "You know how Daddy can be at these functions."

Emmett, Jasper and Edward started up a conversation about some sports team, that I was paying absolutely no attention to because Edward was rubbing circles on the small of my back with this thumb, while his pinky dipped beneath my dress to rest in the crevice of my ass. Alice and Rosalie were chatting it up about that chick, Jessica, and what some of the other company whores – their words, not mine, although they could have been – were wearing. I preoccupied myself with a game of *let's see if I can drink all of my champagne before the next tray comes around with more*, and I was winning. No small feat, mind you. There were lots and lots of trays.

"Pace yourself, baby," Edward leaned down and whispered into my ear. And...my head was swimming. Funny, I'd just drunk four, maybe five glasses of champagne, and I was fine. But the man calls me baby, and I'm suddenly unequivocally inebriated.

"I have to pee," I blurted out, sounding exactly like Putter from *The Legend of Billie Jean*, and I'm not even from the south.

Rosalie laughed. "I think I like her, Anthony," she said as I turned toward her. "Come on, Ali. Sounds like we need to hit the head."

"I swear, Rosalie," Alice said with a disapproving scowl and then turned to me. "She may look like a debutant, but don't let that fool you. She's a rude, crude dude underneath all that glitz and glamour."

"That's my girl," Emmett crowed as he smacked her on the ass and sent her on her way.

"Hurry back," Edward's husky voice floated across the sensitive skin beneath my ear. "I want you by my side all night." He pressed his soft lips against my neck inconspicuously, but I definitely felt that kiss and it melted me like butter over a stack of hotcakes.

"Jesus, Anthony. We're just going to the damn bathroom. I promise not to scare her off," Rosalie said with a roll of her eyes.

"Good luck with that," he scoffed. "I think you'll find Isabella is quite capable of withstanding your witty charm."

"Fuck you," Rosalie retorted.

"I love you too, Cuz," Edward smiled and then winked at me before he took a sip of his champagne and turned back to the guys.

As we made our way across the crowded hall to the ladies' room, Rosalie stopped short. "Look what the dog drug in," she said under her breath as she nodded to our right.

There was a huge mountain of a man with slick black hair, tanning bed bronzed skin and super bright teeth standing in the middle of a crowd of people across the way. I'm pretty sure I may have even seen a tiny sparkle glint off one of those insanely sharp canines. No shit, I could see the points on those bad boys from across the room. He certainly possessed a great deal of animalistic magnetism, which was fitting, I supposed.

"Well, he's a cutie...if you like the whole Wolverine Ken Barbie thing," I said with a snort. "Who is he?"

"Jacob," Rosalie sneered.

"Jacob who?"

Alice leaned to the side like she was about to tell me a dirty little secret. "Jacob, Edward's best friend that butt-fucked Tanya in his bathtub, Jacob, that's who."

I gasped, and then I got impossibly hot...under the collar, definitely *not* under the skirt.

"He's also Anthony's business partner," Rosalie mumbled, pushing the bathroom door open. "Been trying to get Anthony to forfeit his share of Scarlet Lotus since my uncle and aunt died...the cunt fucker."

And so my love affair with Rosalie McCarty began...

"Wait, Edward's parents died?" I asked, before I realized I probably should know that too, but I was just so...shocked. He'd never spoken of them before.

"Yeah, car accident," Rosalie answered. "He never talks about it, so I'm not really surprised you didn't know."

Alice's expression was solemn. "He lost them both at the same time, and it has tortured him ever since, so don't bring it up to him. When he's ready, he'll tell you himself, okay?"

"Yeah, okay," I said in a daze just as Rosalie opened up a stall door for me.

"Hurry your ass up. I need to get my drink on. Gotta' love an open bar," she giggled.

I took care of my business while Rosalie and Alice got caught up. Having babies was their topic of choice; Alice wanted one, but Jasper wasn't quite ready; Emmett wanted one, but Rosalie refused to be barefoot and pregnant while putting her career on the line.

"What about you and Edward, Isabella?" Rosalie asked as I opened the stall door.

"Um," I hesitated and walked over to the sinks to wash my hands. How was I supposed to answer that?

"Bella," Alice interrupted. "She likes to be called Bella, isn't that right?"

"Yeah, just Bella," I said with an uneasy smile. "And, um, Edward and I haven't talked about babies. I mean, we're not really...*there*...in our relationship."

"Mmhmm, I see," Rosalie said. "Well, let's just go ahead and get this out of the way, shall we?"

I turned the faucet off and dried my hands. "What exactly is *this*?"

"Look, Bella. Edward has no mother, no father and no siblings. So the whole overprotective warning bullshit falls on my shoulders," she started. "I don't really know you, but from first impressions, I like you. But know this...if you hurt my cousin, I'm going to kick your ass. And when I say I'm going to kick your ass, I mean you'll need an ass transplant by the time I'm done with you. We clear?"

I threw my used paper towel in the trash receptacle and put my hands on my hips as I faced off with her. Alice took a step back because she's a smart kid.

"Fair enough," I started. "But *you*...know this...I love that man more than I ever thought I could love another human being, unconditionally and irrevocably," which wasn't a lie at all, I realized, "And if anyone has to worry about getting their heart broken in this deal, it's me. But, if shit goes down between me and Edward, and you feel the need to kick my ass, then you've got it to do. All I'm saying is, I'm not intimidated by you. So, if you ever feel froggy...jump."

Alice sucked in a deep breath and I could actually hear her swallow the lump in her throat. I kept my stare intense, never wavering as I faced down the Amazon of a woman who very likely could've kicked my ass, but I wasn't going to back down. That would be a show of

weakness, and although I felt vulnerable as hell when it came to Edward, I most certainly was not a weak person by nature.

Rosalie's scowl broke and one corner of her mouth lifted up into a smirk, Edward's smirk. "I swear to God, if I wasn't already married, you and I would be eloping tonight."

I smiled in turn and Alice let out the breath she was holding. "You two are a match made in Heaven," she sighed. "Now, I'm missing my Jazzie, so if you're through seeing whose ovaries are bigger than whose, can we get back out there to our men?"

"Absolutely," Rosalie said, linking her arm through mine. "Mine are bigger by the way."

"Well that remains to be seen," I countered as we stepped through the door.

"I'll whip 'em out right here and now," she threatened with a laugh.

My smile dropped immediately when the sea of people in front of us parted and I caught a glimpse of Edward. He was standing across from an older, blonde man who was very handsome in a father-I'd-like-to-fuck sort of way, and he was smiling and nodding. But what made my stomach churn in knots was the woman hanging off Edward's arm. Draped like she was part of his wardrobe and belonged there, was a tall, strawberry blonde woman

who reminded me a lot of Ginger from Gilligan's Island. She was movie star material, and she looked like she knew it too.

"Please tell me that's your sister, Rosalie," I choked out.

"You shut your dirty whorish mouth, bitch," she scoffed.

"That skank only wishes she shared the same gene pool."

"Then who the fuck is she?"

"That...would be Tanya," Alice answered. "A...K...A...the octopussy. Rumor has it she fucked eight guys at once, after she and Edward broke it off, of course. Don't ask me how she did that shit."

"Octopussy, huh? I guess that explains why she's got her slimy tentacles all over my man," I said, seeing a whole lot of red...and admittedly, a bit of green. My mind started drumming up all sorts of images from Mortal Kombat, and I'm pretty sure the bitch didn't want me going all Scorpion on her ass.

"Want me to shank her? I've been itching to cut that bitch for a long ass time now," Rosalie offered. I really adored Rosalie. She was quickly becoming my sister from another mister.

"No thanks, Rose. I've got this," I said as I threw my shoulders back and made my way toward my man.

"Ribbit, ribbit," I heard her laugh from behind me.

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Chapter Fourteen

The Damn Breaks

EPOV

I fucking hated that bitch, Tanya. As I stood there with my uncle, Carlisle, and aunt, Esme, there was nothing I could do about Tanya's unwanted, unsolicited attention. Except to drink more, quickly...so that my body would hopefully numb out and I wouldn't be aware of her repulsive touch. I would need to scour with an SOS pad or something just as soon as I got home.

Not long after Isabella - who looked delectable in that gown, by the way – disappeared with Rosalie and Alice to the bathroom, the bitch had made a beeline straight to where I stood. Like I was really chomping at the bit, hoping to see her again. On the contrary, it totally slipped my mind that it was a possibility, but like I said before, my mind just hasn't been anywhere near right since Isabella walked into my life.

"Oh, fuck me," Jasper had sighed as something behind me caught his eye.

Of course I had to turn around to see what all the fuss was about, but as soon as I did, I wished I hadn't.

"Well, as I live and breathe...Edward Cullen," the familiar sound of my ex's voice cooed. She was trying way too hard to sound sultry and it didn't suit her...at all. She might have looked good, but I wouldn't know

because all I could see was her bent over while her asshole was being plugged repeatedly by Jacob's cock from behind. Nasty ass whore.

"Well, as I suffocate myself and hope to die...Tanya fucking Denali," I replied in a bored tone.

"Aw, play nice, Eddie, and I just might give you a second chance by the time the night is through." As if I was ever going to go back down that road again.

"Fuck you," I said simply as I turned my back on her.

"That's the plan."

She sounded so sure that shit was going to happen that all I could do was scoff and finish off my champagne. I was going to need something stronger to get through the night. "What are you doing here, whore?"

"Watch your mouth, Cullen. That's my date you're insulting," Jacob's ego-driven voice said as he approached our little clan and slipped his arms around Tanya's waist from behind. "Told you she was a real looker."

Fucking great. My life just keeps getting better and better.

I would have wagered my left nut that what he expected to gain from that little donkey-punch of a move was one hell of a reaction out of me; one that would be explosive and detrimental to my position in the company. He expected me to go the fuck off in the middle of a room

filled with not only employees, but clients - both current and prospective – not to mention board members. It was a good plan, but one that didn't stand a Germ-X's chance on a whore the likes of Tanya Denali of working. No way in hell was I giving him the satisfaction. So, I gritted my teeth and forced a smile.

"You're looking good tonight, Jacob. Where'd you get the tux? Buttfuckers 'r' Us? Or was it Backstabber's Emporium?" I asked, sarcastically. To their credit, Emmett and Jasper did their best to cover their laughs.

"Very witty. Did you come up with that all on your own, or did your girlfriend help you? Oh, wait...that's right. Your girlfriend is with me." Jacob's obnoxious laugh made me clench all my muscles to keep from knocking him the fuck out. "I'm going to the bar to get a real drink. Want to come, babe?"

"No, thank you. I think I'm just going to hang out here for a bit and talk about old times with Eddie," Tanya answered, keeping her eyes glued to me. Not that I was looking at her in turn; I could just feel her eyes undressing me. *Yeah, so not going down that road again, bitch. You had your chance. And blew it out your ass...literally.*

Carlisle and Esme joined our assemblage, effectively ending our little tête-a-tête and sending me catapulting into the deep, dark bottomless pit in which I found

myself trapped. My aunt and uncle would never approve of me bitch slapping the ho.

"Anthony," my aunt, Esme, sang in her motherly tone. She practically glided over to me and wrapped her arms around me for a hug. "Such a sight for sore eyes."

"Aunt Esme," I smiled broadly as she pulled back. "I'm so glad you could make it."

"Where else would I be? You know how your uncle is about these things," she said as she looked up at my uncle adoringly.

"Anthony," he greeted me with a nod and a friendly clap on the shoulder. "I hope you're behaving yourself tonight," he said as he shot a glance toward Tanya.

Yeah, they knew about the fuckery that went down between us, but they were big on the taking the high road bit. See, my uncle Carlisle was a pull-no-shit and act-your-age type of dude. My aunt Esme, as classy as they came...reminded me a lot of my mother, and like my mother, she wouldn't hesitate to yank my ass back in line if I even thought about "acting out." I felt like I was fifteen all over again around those two. I was a grown ass man; I knew this, but respect for the only link I had to my parents made me bow down like they were royalty. Because they fucking were, in my book. Plus, I needed that information from Carlisle, and I wasn't going to get it by making a fool out of us all. So, I bit the bullet and kept my ass in line...and Tanya took full advantage of it,

just as expected. Hence, the deep, dark bottomless pit that served as my own personal prison for that moment.

"Absolutely," I nodded with an innocent smile.

"Anthony and I were just about to reminisce about the good ol' days," Tanya cooed as she wrapped her arms around mine and leaned into my side. The bitch was laying it on thick, even calling me by my family name as if she were part of it, which she goddamn *wasn't*.

"Wonder what's taking the girls so long?" Jasper spoke up, doing his best to change the subject.

Fuck.

If Isabella came out and caught sight of Tanya hanging all over me at that very moment...I shuddered at the thought of the outcome. Especially if the way she reacted to Fernanda was any indication. We'd be lucky if the entire building wasn't left in a pile of rubble and ash by the time she was done going all fire-breathing Godzilla on the place.

That would be about the time that Isabella emerged from the bathroom with Rosalie and Alice...instigators by nature, those two, which didn't bode well for me.

They were laughing at first, until they looked up and...*Dear God, please, just let me keep my nuts...*judging by the ferocious expression on her face, I had every reason to panic. So, I did...inwardly, because to show weakness would only make matters worse. I

could do nothing but watch and wait as Rosalie and Alice left Isabella's side and continued on their path, giving Tanya the evil eye the whole way, but my million dollar baby didn't follow. Instead she...

What the fuck was she doing?...Oh, hell no!

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BPOV

"Want me to shank her? I've been itching to cut that bitch for a long ass time now," Rosalie offered. I really adored Rosalie. She was quickly becoming my sister from another mister.

"No thanks, Rose. I got this," I said as I threw my shoulders back and made my way toward my man.

"Ribbit, ribbit," I heard her laugh from behind me.

I set my eyes on my target: Edward Anthony Cullen – aka: King of Finger Fuck, aka: ColossalCockward, aka: Ridonkabutt, and the list goes on and on, but his newest alias...King of I'm-About-To-Be-Nutless. My mind was focused, my determination set, and my girls were looking perky and round. He was mine and no way in hell was I going to let that whore sink her talons into him. Tanya had her chance, and she blew it. It was time she realized what she gave up, and hopefully, Edward wouldn't be stupid enough to go back down that road again.

"Bella, wait!" Alice said in a hurried whisper as she ran up from behind and pulled me back. "Carlisle is there."

"So?"

"Tanya is Ezra's daughter, as in Dr. Ezra Denali?" She bobbed her head and rolled her hands, encouraging me to get the point. "Tanya's father is one of Carlisle's closest colleagues, not to mention a very longtime family friend. You can't just barge up there and grab his daughter by the hair of her head and beat the shit out of her right in front of him."

"Alice, give me a little credit," I said with my hands on my hips. "I wasn't going to beat her up, unless she forces my hand...or fist."

"As much as I hate to admit it, she's right," Rosalie said in a disgruntled voice. "You can't go all Rambella on her ass. Daddy will have an absolute fit. And you don't want to make a scene in front of everyone Anthony works with. As entertaining as that might be, it wouldn't look good on him and would probably only turn out in Jacob Black's favor. Bastard's been itching to find a way to force Anthony out of the company ever since they inherited it from their fathers. Even though everyone knows that Anthony's the one who does all the work."

"Besides, that dress is far too expensive to ruin for the likes of Tanya Denali," Alice tacked on.

"Kill her with kindness, baby girl," Rose suggested. "And it probably wouldn't hurt if you copped a feel or two of Anthony in the process. You know, just to remind him who he belongs to."

"That was the plan, Rose. But, from the looks of it, Edward seems to be quite okay with the hoochie copping the feel right now." I was going to kick his ass just as soon as I was done with Tanya. I mean, how embarrassing? I'm his date and he's letting some cum guzzling whore hang all over him like a second skin. But then again, he loved her once upon a time, so maybe he was just trying to rekindle the flame? And where did that leave me? After all, Tanya may be acting the part of the whore, but I was the one playing it in real life.

Alice stepped in front of me and grabbed both my shoulders, giving me a little shake so that I would look at her and away from the free porn show happening across the room. Okay, maybe that was an exaggeration, but that's how I saw it. "Bella, I know Edward. He's getting absolutely no enjoyment over that skank touching him right now. He's merely keeping up appearances for appearance's sake. He's probably doing everything he can to keep his dinner down at this very moment. So, go easy on him and give him the benefit of the doubt. Okay?"

"Yeah, okay," I lied. I wasn't going to make a scene, but I sure as hell was going to make my presence known...with dignity and class. And if Edward had a problem with that, then it was his problem to solve. All my brain was processing was that Tanya's hands were all over my man, and Edward was doing nothing to stop it. In fact, the

fucker was smiling, looking all hot and shit, and seemed to be enjoying himself a little too much. And that...in no way, sat well with me.

I needed a fucking drink so that I could get my head straight and figure out my plan of action. Marking my territory was a really good suggestion, but as angry as I was at Edward in that moment, I'd probably mess around and yank his nuts off with my bare hands. And that could get pretty gruesome, thereby defeating the purpose of not causing a scene.

As I turned to look toward the bar, I saw Jacob Black standing there...all alone. A plan started to formulate in my head, one that I fully intended to act out because I knew that if there was even one ounce of Edward's possessive nature over me left, what I was about to do would most certainly force him to pay attention.

"You two go ahead," I said to Rosalie and Alice. "I'm just going to grab a drink and take a moment to calm down before I end up hiking my skirt up to piss on Edward's leg."

"Have I told you lately that I love you?" Rosalie asked with a look of adoration on her face, and then she bumped her shoulder into mine. "Grab me a shot of Patron, will ya'?"

"Sure thing, and thanks," I said with a genuine smile right before I turned and headed toward the bar. Not to mention, my weapon of choice in my arsenal of how to

make Edward Cullen feel just as fucking insignificant as he made me feel in that moment.

"Patron Silver, on the rocks...two," I told the bartender as he greeted me.

"Well, hello there, little lady," the scumball of an ass fucker said as he saddled up next to me – just as I'd hoped he would. He reeked of cologne that would have smelled good if it had been applied in a small dose, but he had to have bathed in it. Plus, there was a lethal dose of obnoxiousness spilling from his pours. I recognized the scent because Alice gave a little bit of it off too, but luckily, she was only mildly infected, whereas Jacob Black was obviously the poster child for the shit.

"Hi, yourself," I answered him, turning on the charm.

"Jacob Black," he introduced himself as he extended his big paw to shake my hand.

"Isabella Swan," I returned the cordial greeting as I took his offering.

"Wow! Nice bracelet. A gift?" he asked as he looked at the cuff bracelet that marked Edward's territory. "Cullen, huh? You related to Edward?"

"Thanks. And, no, Edward's my boyfriend. You know him?" I asked, knowing full well that he did, but playing the part oh so well.

"Yeah. We're the best of buds...practically family," he lied. "Funny, he never mentioned you. Must be his dirty

little secret," he said playfully, still keeping hold of my hand.

"I guess you could say that. He doesn't like to share, so he keeps me hidden away."

"Such a shame," he tsked in a saddened voice. "A diamond like you should be on display for the whole world to see."

I almost gagged at his lame attempt at complimenting me, but I kept the smile on my face as I looked over and made sure that Edward was watching...which he most certainly was. So, I stepped into Jacob and ran my fingers under the lapel of his jacket. Never dropping the façade I was putting on for Edward's benefit, I leaned in and said, "Well, see...I know aaaall about you."

"Do you, now?" he asked in a deep, seductive voice as he moved in closer. "You can't believe everything you hear, you know. Jealousy can make some people very spiteful."

"Mmm. You're absolutely right," I agreed. "But, see...I don't think that was the case here."

"Well, now you've piqued my interest," he said, inching even closer and putting a hand on my hip as he ogled my cleavage. "Do tell. What have you heard?"

"You were Edward's best friend, but then you went and fucked that whore over there behind his back. Well, I guess technically, it was from behind *her* back, but still..." I said with a shrug as my fingers followed his

lapel up and around the collar to his neck. "So, it would seem that Edward is absolutely warranted by wanting to keep his dirty little secret his own. However, what he fails to realize is that not every woman is as easily susceptible to falling prey to the likes of you; a mere wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Is that right?" he asked with a confident smile, baring his canines, which only proved my point.

"Mmhmm," I nodded, still maintaining a flirtatious smile. "I see you for what you really are."

"And what, pray tell, is that, exactly?"

"You're a leach, a parasite, a common remora."

"What the hell is a remora?" he asked as he shifted from one foot to the other.

"Remoras cling to sharks and other stronger, more powerful species. They use them to get around that big ol' ocean without having to do any of the legwork themselves. For sustenance, they feed off the leftover scraps of food from their host, and sometimes, the host's feces," I explained in a voice that reminded me a lot of a kindergarten teacher talking to her students.

"See, in this equation, Edward would be the shark; working hard, fighting for every meal, making his own way. But you...you're the parasitic remora; feasting off his *shit* and doing your best to gather up his leftovers, while you wait for everything to be handed to you," I

smiled broadly, my expression a total contradiction to the words I spoke.

"You're a lazy motherfucker with no real life of your own, no originality, and thus, no chance in hell of ever being truly happy. So you do your best to make the people around you just as miserable as you are. You prey on their weaknesses and twist them until you find a way to capitalize on them, thereby filling the empty void in your own life, if only for a moment. I feel sorry for you, truly, I do. But, if, for even a millisecond, you see me as a potential kink in Edward's chain that you can use against him...you better think again. Unlike you, and that whore of an ex of his, my loyalty to Edward Cullen knows no bounds. I live and breathe for him and him alone."

"Goddamn, woman. You just gave me a hard on the size of California," he chuckled.

"California, huh? Not bad," I nodded. "But...Edward wins again. He may not be Texan, but his cock obviously is. And you know what they say...*Everything's bigger in Texas*. Yee. Motherfucking. Haw," I said and then stepped back. Just then, I saw Edward on the fast track toward us. "I'm glad I got to meet you, Jacob Black. I wish I could say it was a pleasure, but I'd be lying. Toodles!"

I tucked my purse under my arm and then grabbed my drink, along with Rosalie's before I turned and walked away. I only made it about ten feet before Edward

reached me. And boy was he pissed. His eyes were almost pitch-black and his nostrils were flaring slightly in anger as he gave me the death glare. He grabbed my arm and pulled me into his body so that he could talk without being overheard by everyone around us.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he asked with an air of malice as he shot daggers at Jacob.

"You've got about two seconds to let go of my arm before I start screaming bloody murder," I warned in a calm voice.

He turned me loose and stuck his hands in his pockets. "Answer the goddamn question."

"I was thirsty. I went to the bar to get a drink. And that kind gentleman struck up a conversation," I said nonchalantly. "I didn't want to be rude."

"Yeah, well that kind gentleman..." he snarled and then stopped.

"What?"

"Nothing," he said with a shake of his head as he looked down at the floor and then back up at me. "Look, just...I don't want you to talk to him anymore. In fact, I don't want you to talk to any man here. Do you hear me? You're mine."

Well, well, well...and Jealousward comes out to play.
My turn.

I narrowed my eyes at him. "You sure as hell don't act like I'm yours," I snapped and then stepped around him to walk back toward Alice and Rosalie, whose rapt attention was on our little display.

I heard him growl from behind me and then his rapid approach to keep up with me. "What's that suppose to mean?"

"Oh, don't play me, Edward," I huffed. "You know exactly what it means. Who is she? Huh?"

"Who?"

I spun around on him, nearly sloshing the liquid out of one of the low-balls I was holding. "Really, Edward? You think I can't see? And don't try to tell me she's another one of your relatives or some sort of business associate, because relatives and business associates don't feel you up like that unless you're from some fucked up colony of incest freaks."

"She's...no one," he answered as he ran his hand through his hair, clearly frustrated. "Look, we'll talk about it later." He made a move to step around me.

"I want to talk about it now," I said, blocking his way.

"Don't make a fucking scene, Isabella. I work with these people," he warned.

"Oh, well since you put it that way...no worries. No scene from me. No sir-ree-bob," I said, making a show of

clamping my mouth shut as I continued on my merry, obedient way.

"It's about time," Rosalie said as I handed her one of the glasses.

Alice looked at me with her brow furrowed in question, then back in the direction where Jacob was now standing with that tart, Tanya - who had apparently scurried away when Alice and Rosalie made an appearance - and then back again. I shook my head minutely to indicate it was no big deal.

"Here she is," Edward said as he put his hand to the small of my back. "This is my Isabella," he told the blonde FILF, and the beautiful woman at his side. Damn, this family had to be directly descendent from angels, themselves. That's how fucking gorgeous they all were. "Isabella, this is my uncle, Carlisle, and wife, Esme."

I put on a happy face, smiling as brightly as my cheeks would let me. "Hi. I'm so glad to meet you," I greeted Esme. I said nothing to Carlisle...he was a man, of course, and Edward had instructed me not to talk to any men, and he was most certainly...all man. I was just following orders like a good little subordinate, after all.

Carlisle cleared his throat, attempting to ignore the fact that I hadn't said anything to him in greeting. "So, is Anthony being a gracious host?" he asked.

Oh yeah. He's taken my virginity, threw out all my clothes and then purchased a whole new wardrobe for me – sans panties, of course - and allowed me to suck his cock on more than one occasion. But, I have received multiple orgasms out of our little arrangement, and if that isn't the very definition of a gracious host, then I don't know what is.

That's what I could've said, but lucky for Edward, I wasn't allowed to talk to men, so...I didn't. Instead, I just nodded with a smile.

Edward gave me a disapproving scowl. Alice stared at me all bug-eyed. And Rosalie covered her giggle with an inconspicuous cough.

"How do you like Seattle, dear?" Esme asked.

I perked up and answered, "Oh! I simply love it. What I've seen of it, that is. Edward keeps me...pre-occupied most of the time."

"Oh really?" Carlisle asked. "And what exactly does he have you doing?"

Well shit...how was I going to answer that with a nod or shake of my head?

Aha! I shrugged my shoulders.

Carlisle and Esme looked confused. Emmett, Jasper, Rosalie and Alice turned their backs away like they were suddenly interested in the crowd. But I saw their

shoulders shaking...a very clear indicator that they were laughing.

Edward cleared his throat. "Will you excuse us? I'd like to trip the light fantastic with my date."

"Yes, of course, dear," Esme said with an uncomfortable smile.

Edward took my glass out of my hand and sat it on the table next to us. "Dance with me?" he asked, but I caught the underlying tone. It was an order, not a request.

"Why, Mr. Cullen, it would be my honor," I said with my best southern belle impersonation.

Edward said nothing more as he took my hand and led me out onto the sectioned-off dance floor. As we faded into the crowd, he spun me around and pressed me tightly to his body before leaning down so that his warm breath was at my ear as we began to sway back and forth.

"What the hell was that all about?" he asked.

"What?" I asked, his scent invading my senses and making me forget what he was talking about.

"You were being very rude to my uncle. If it weren't for the fact that you were actually talking to his wife, I'm sure he'd be thinking you were a mute," he said, lightly pressing his lips to the spot just below my ear.

It was a good thing that he was holding me so tightly, because my knees suddenly turned to jello, and I'm sure I would have fallen out.

"You told me not to talk to any men, and correct me if I'm wrong, but I do believe your uncle is a man," I answered breathlessly. "Either that, or he's a very convincing cross-dresser. Or...gasp...Is he a hermaphrodite?"

"Ha, ha. Very funny," he said in a dry tone and then he bit my earlobe. "Do me a favor, and knock the sarcastic shit off."

"Yes, sir. Whatever you say, Mr. Cullen, sir," I said. Edward pulled back and looked at me, obviously not amused by my tone. "What the fuck is your problem all of a sudden?"

"Problem? No problem," I shrugged. "Just being myself. The only one here with a problem, is you."

"Whatever," he sighed. "I should've known better than to bring you here. My fault."

"Why?" I asked, trying to pull out of his hold, unsuccessfully. "Because I'm just some whore you purchased. One who doesn't quite fit into your social class?"

Edward pulled back and looked into my eyes. "You're fucking kidding me, right?" When my expression didn't waver, he leaned down and whispered into my ear.

"You're the most beautiful woman at the ball, Isabella."

It would have been so easy to believe him, if it hadn't been for that gross display I saw when I came out of the

ladies' room. And so, true to form, I let him know about it.

"Yet, you couldn't keep your eyes off that other woman," I mumbled. "Tanya Denali, right? Your ex?"

I felt his body go rigid against mine, every muscle coiling like a viper ready to strike. "Who told you?"

"Does it matter? The point is that *you* didn't," I sighed.

"Maybe that's because you still have googly eyes for her."

He sighed as he pulled back again to look at me. At the same time, his hand moved further down my back until it was resting over my ass. "You couldn't be more wrong."

"Is that so?" I asked, meeting his gaze. My eyes immediately latched on to the sight of his tongue darting out to lick his luscious lips and I struggled to keep my train of thought. "Because you went from not being able to get enough of me, to not touching me at all. You've been sleeping in your clothes, you don't talk, or even *yell* at me...it's beyond obvious that you don't want me anymore. And I know I have no right to question any of this, but damnit, Edward...I don't like feeling like...like I don't matter."

He stopped moving to the music and just stared at me, his eyes shifting back and forth like he was looking for something. What, I don't know. Then, without a word, he

took my hand and started for one of the exit doors.
"Come on."

"Where are we going?" I asked, quick-stepping to keep up.

"Someplace more private," he answered as he opened the door.

I looked back at the crowded hall and noticed Tanya and Jacob huddled together, just under the chandelier, which was now shaking. Just as the wires broke loose and the ornate fixture began to fall, Edward jerked my arm...and me, out of my make-believe world again. Damn it all to hell.

He looked from left to right until he finally chose to go right. We turned the corner into another hallway, and then another until all I could hear of the music from the party was a dull bass thud. There was a darkened stairwell to the left of where we had ended up, and Edward punched open the door and pulled me inside.

My back was pressed against the wall and Edward's body was flush with mine within a heartbeat. Before I could say anything at all, his hands were on my hips and his soft lips were moving over mine in a sensual kiss, that I absolutely answered with just as much tenderness. And then, just as quickly as it had begun, he broke the kiss, his hands cupping my face as he studied my face.

"What there is or isn't between me and Tanya Denali, doesn't matter. But, you? You fucking matter, and don't you *ever* forget that." His voice was low and husky...seductively erotic. And he had a hard on...the size of Texas.

"Is that for her?" I asked, pushing my hips forward to rub against him.

"Isabella," he sighed and rolled his eyes.

"Because if it is, it's okay. Just let me be the one to take care of it for you. It's what you paid me to do," I rambled. "I mean, I know I'm not her, but-"

"You...could *never* be her," he said angrily as he backed away from me until his back hit the opposite wall.

No, I couldn't be her, could I? He loved her, and apparently, he still did. I would never measure up. She was from money, practically a member of his family...and I? I was the whore he bought to get over her. I slowly crossed the space between us. "No, I know that. And I would never try to fill her place," I assured him as I reached him and knelt before him.

"Isabella, don't," his voice was raspy, but he didn't move to stop me as I undid his pants and pulled his cock out.

"And I may not be the one you love, but I'm the one you're with. So, let me fulfill my purpose," I said, nuzzling the head of his dick and then giving it an open-mouth kiss.

"No!" he shouted and then pushed me away, quickly tucking his dick away.

"Why, Edward!" I said as I stood up before him, completely humiliated.

"Because this isn't what I want," he said, motioning back and forth between the floor and himself. "*This...this isn't right.*"

"Well, fuck you, Edward! Maybe you forgot that you're the one who purchased me!" I was pissed, and hurt and...pissed. I did a desperate thing at a very desperate time, but that didn't make me any less of a person than Tanya. What she did was far worse than what I did. At least I got paid for what I was doing. "I may not be Tanya, but *I* sure as hell would never let your best friend fuck *me* in the ass!" I yelled.

His head snapped up, and his stare was almost lethal. I guess that was the proverbial slap across the face. I immediately regretted saying the words the second they left my mouth, but the bitch in me was rejoicing...simply because she needed to hurt and humiliate him the same way he had just done to me.

I fucking loved him, even though I knew he could never love me, that he was already in love with someone else. And there I was, on my knees before him in an elegant dress, willing and able to help take his mind off what he didn't have so that maybe he could focus on what was right...in front...of his stupid, beautiful face – or cock, as

it were - and he pushed me away like I just wasn't good enough for him. Well, fuck. Him.

Edward took his phone out of his pocket and dialed a number. After a moment he said, "Meet us on the south side, Riley. We're leaving."

"Let's go," he said as he snapped his phone shut and took my hand. "Shit!" he cursed and then opened it back up and pressed another number. "Alice? Isabella and I are leaving. Grab her purse and tell anyone who asks that she wasn't feeling well, so I took her home."

"I feel fine," I mumbled as he tugged me along.

"Funny, kind of seems like you've lost your motherfucking mind to me," he barked. I didn't argue, because quite frankly, he was probably right. But I wasn't done with him either. He was pissed. I was pissed. And that's when he and I were at our best. We fucked, and made up. That was how we did things.

We made it through the labyrinth of halls without being noticed by any of the other partygoers, a miracle in and of itself, and then we were outside. I stopped short because it was storming its ass off – lightening, thunder, torrential rain...the whole bit. Riley was there with an umbrella to shield us from the rain and Edward drug me into the back of the limo. The same limo, mind you, where he had fucked me as I looked on at all the other people living their mundane lives, like they were the caged ones being gawked at by the one who was actually

living freely. The same limo where he told me that he was there for my pleasure, just as I was for his. The same limo where he told me that he loved a woman who knew what she wanted.

He sat on the side opposite of me, and lit up another one of those damn cigarettes...and I'd had enough.

"Look at me," I said, authoritatively. He ignored me.

"I said, fucking look at me!" I demanded. He exhaled a puff of smoke, but never turned my way.

I reached across the way, took the cigarette from between his lips and threw the damn thing out the window. Then I lifted my skirts, straddled him and grabbed two handfuls of his hair, forcing him to look at me. "Don't ignore me. I don't like to be ignored."

"Then stop acting like a bitch," he said with zero emotion. I should have smacked him, would have smacked him...except he was right. I *was* acting like a bitch. But again, that's how we did things.

"Fuck me."

"No."

"Because I'm not her?"

"No. Because I don't want to *fuck* you anymore."

It felt like whatever held my fucking heart in place, just let go and it free fell into the pit of my stomach; like a thrill seeker taking the plunge over the Royal Gorge

Bridge, without a bungee cord to yank them back to safety. Only I wasn't fucking buying it.

"Bullshit. I don't believe you," I said and then I forced a kiss on him. I could taste the tobacco that he had just smoked seconds earlier and the champagne that he'd drank before everything got so out of control. I wanted him to want *me*, not her. I wanted him to fuck *me*, not her. I wanted him to love *me*...not her.

I...was delusional. And, he...didn't kiss me back.

"Get off of me." His voice was eerily calm, unruffled, like he'd given up and had no fight left in him.

The car came to a stop and I just looked down at him. Then the car door opened and Riley was there with the umbrella again, getting soaked while he waited for us to make a move.

"Are you going to get out, or not?" Edward asked me.

I finally got off his lap to step out, pushing past Riley because I didn't want the damn umbrella. I wanted to feel the rain against my skin, because at least then, I'd be feeling something. I stalked toward the front door and barged inside the dark house with Edward following.

I had one more card to play, a bonafide ace up my sleeve. And if it didn't work, there was nothing left to do.

"You might not want to fuck me," I said, climbing the staircase in my ruined gown, "But there was at least a

half a dozen other men back at that party that did. In fact, one springs to mind, in particular."

That was all it took.

Just as a clap of thunder resonated through the night sky, Edward's hand shot forward and he grabbed me by the ankle, causing me to trip and lose my balance. He caught me before I could hit my head and laid me down on the stairs beneath him as he hovered over my body. His face was clouded in shadow as the only light in the house came from the lightening that spilled in through the massive windows.

"You want to fuck?" His voice was cold and rough as he yanked my skirt up and around my waist. "*I'll* fuck you." It took half a second for his pants to be undone and his cock just barely exposed. I couldn't even see it for all the skirt material in the way, but then again, I was too focused on the hard lines of his face to pay much attention. In one swift, unforgiving motion, he entered me.

There was nothing gentle about what he did, nothing slow, nothing sensual. Yet, it was everything that I wanted because although there was no pleasure in it for me, he wasn't ignoring me anymore.

Edward pounded into me fast and furious, and I hung on for dear life, digging my nails into his back and taking anything he would give me, because at least it was something. He buried his face in my shoulder as he

relentlessly pumped into me, not giving me the satisfaction of seeing his face or the dignity of looking into my eyes. There was no way to know what he was thinking about, but I knew who I didn't want to be on his mind.

"Don't you dare think about her!" I ordered, my voice cracking as I held him to me. "Don't you fucking *dare* think about her while you're inside me!"

The only sound from him was his heavy breathing and an occasional grunt as he fucked me hard and without any emotion, except anger. A bolt of lightning flashed outside the window, followed closely by a loud boom of thunder that rattled the glass. It was almost poetic, how it mirrored Edward's current mood. The brief flash of white light cast shadows of our entwined bodies across the walls, and I realized that we actually emanated from those shadows; we were just as empty...just creating the illusion of a happy couple, passionately in love when nothing could be further from the truth. And that wasn't what I wanted. I wanted this to be real: a tangible thing I could touch, that wouldn't disappear when we were suddenly shrouded in darkness and out of the spotlight.

Edward came, his whole body seizing up as he spilled his seed inside me with a strangled growl. I clung to him, not wanting to let him go because I knew I'd crossed the line and forced him to do something he didn't really want to do. All I felt in that moment was Edward's heated body

and his weight on top of me. It wasn't the furious beat of my heart, the edges of the stairs digging into my back, and it most certainly was not the cold that had seeped its way into my heart and threatened to spring tears to my eyes.

He was going to send me away. Of this, I was sure.

When he was done, he broke free of my hold and then stood to put his clothes back together, his movements very calculating and mechanical in nature. I remained as I was, unmoving and numb as I looked up at him.

"I can't take back what I just did. I can't take back any of it, for that matter. And it's fucking killing me..."

Edward's voice trailed off until he sighed and looked at me. His face was twisted up in anguish, his hair just as disheveled as his clothes, and I saw him clearly...he looked just as broken as I felt.

He ran his hands over his face with a frustrated growl. "I know, Isabella. I know about your mother, and I know she's the reason you did this. I didn't want to fuck you, because...it wasn't right. I didn't want...to *fuck* you anymore, because...somewhere along the way, I did the unthinkable," he said incredulously as he threw his hands up into the air. "Jesus...I fell in love with you. There. Are you happy? Now you know. And for the record, it was *never* about her. It was always about you."

He didn't wait for me to respond. Truthfully, I didn't know that I could have even if he did. He just dropped

his arms in exasperation, curled his shoulders in on himself and walked up the stairs, cursing along the way. A rumble of thunder rolled across the sky like a solemn ovation for my enormous fuck-up.

What...the hell...had I done? And how was I supposed to fix it?

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Chapter Fifteen

Making Love Out of Nothing at All

EPOV

"I can't take back what I just did. I can't take back any of it, for that matter. And it's fucking killing me..." I could hear my own voice breaking, the emotional turmoil on the inside seeping its way out. I tried to reign it back in, but when I looked down at her, her gown still shoved up around her waist and her fragile body laying on the hard-ass stairs...How could I have done that to her? I had vowed to never treat her that way again, but I guess my word didn't mean shit, not even to myself.

I ran my hands over my face with a frustrated growl. Not telling Isabella about everything that I knew was exactly what forced her hand and led us to that moment. And I couldn't hold it in any longer. I had to get it out. I had to purge the secret because if I didn't, I was going to cross that thin line between guilt-rot and insanity, and things between us would only get worse.

Just say the fucking words, Edward.

"I know, Isabella. I know about your mother, and I know she's the reason you did this. I didn't want to fuck you, because...it wasn't right. I didn't want...to *fuck* you anymore, because...somewhere along the way, I did the unthinkable," I said throwing my hands up into the air. "Jesus...I fell in love with you. There. Are you happy?"

Now you know. And for the record, it was *never* about her. It was always about you."

Fuck me, I'd done it. I'd told her everything.

She just looked at me, stunned.

And...all I could do was sit and wait for the fallout, but not then, and not there. She would find me when she was ready, and I'd feel so much better about doing it in our room. At least within the relative safety of those four walls maybe she wouldn't get the urge to push my ass down the fucking stairs.

I dropped my arms in defeat and started the long trek up to the second floor. My legs felt heavy, my feet like cement blocks as I took one step at a time, willing myself to walk away. Everything inside me was screaming for me to go the opposite direction, to sweep her up into my arms and run like a mad man, carrying her away from everything...to someplace where the outside world couldn't interfere anymore.

That was the dreamer in me. The realist...he knew we couldn't hide from shit anymore.

With every step I took down the corridor that led to our room, the distance to the door seemed to lengthen, but I finally made it. Leaden arms grasped the knob and gave it a turn, opening up to the place where we'd first consummated our relationship. Even I had to scoff at that. *Consummated*...the word sounded far too clean for

what had actually happened there. More like I had damned it...doomed for failure from the very fucking beginning.

I shed my jacket, throwing it to the side like it was a dirty wash cloth instead of the expensive tailor-made masterpiece that it was. I didn't fucking care. There was far more catastrophic shit going on in my life for me to worry about whether or not a friggin jacket got a crease in it. Catastrophe number one, I owned a sex slave. Catastrophe number two, I'd fallen in love with said sex slave. Catastrophe number three, said sex slave had a dying mother that I was keeping her away from. Catastrophe number four, I knew all that shit and still fucked her like a goddamn animal on the fucking stairs. What a fucking douche I'd become...

Grabbing my pack of Marlboro's, I loped over to the couch and slumped onto the cushions. The flame from my lighter cast an orange glow over the otherwise darkened room as I lit my cigarette and exhaled the smoke in an exaggerated fashion. The nicotine calmed me, and God knew I fucking needed it. I was ready to explode, ready to tear down the home that my parents had built with my bare hands until there was nothing left but a pile of rubble. Because that's what my life had become...fucking rubble.

I hot-boxed the shit out of that cigarette before I butted it and hauled my moronic ass off the couch and stripped

out of the rest of my clothes, badly in need of a fucking shower. My clothes landed wherever I was when I discarded them, because again, they didn't matter. I made my way into the bathroom, not even bothering with the light because I didn't want to see myself in the mirror. Images from that day in my office bathroom were already on a constant replay in my hyper-aware mind, reminding me of just how alike Jacob Black and I really were, and I didn't need to see that shit again.

What the fuck was wrong with me? The more I tried not to be like him, the more I was. I'd fucked her on the goddamn stairs for Christ's sake. Fucked her without any emotion, fucked her without giving her any pleasure, fucked her and then left her there, but not before I admitted how I'd fucked her over.

Fuck.

I stepped into the shower without first letting the water warm, because ice water on the boys was not a pleasant thing, but that's what I deserved. All I really wanted was to relax to the point that I could hopefully lull off into a coma where I wouldn't have to feel the ache that had set up camp in my heart. But what I wanted and what I needed were two completely different things. I needed to face what I had done. I needed to stand before Isabella and take it like a man while she reamed my ass for snooping in her business. I needed to look her in the eye when I apologized for stealing her virtue. I needed to

watch her walk out of my life with no hope of ever seeing her again. And I needed to feel the heartbreak of losing her.

Emotionally and mentally exhausted, I leaned my head against the wall, using my forearm as a prop, and just let the water cascade over my body. I'd hoped the shower would somehow wash away the filth that was festering on the inside, staining my soul, but that just wasn't possible, unless I could somehow find a way to turn my skin inside out. Even still, mere soap and water would have never done the trick. Hell, I doubt even bleach would have touched it.

All I could see was the way she looked as she stepped down those stairs earlier in the night. The way her hips swayed and the way the slit of her dress parted to reveal the creamy smoothness of her legs. How soft her skin was when I put that necklace on her. The way she tasted when she brushed her lips against mine in gratitude. And I could still smell her. Jesus, the mere memory of it all gave me a hard on. I wished things could've been different. I wished that instead of standing there, wallowing in my own guilt, I could have been holding her and she could have been holding me.

But I'd ruined it. I'd ruined her, and I'd ruined me.

In the darkness, my disoriented mind actually began to play tricks on me. I swear I felt her hands wrap around my chest from behind, and a gentle kiss being placed to

the center of my back. And to make the mindfuckery even worse, her scent settled around me again, heavy and more potent in the hot steam. My cock naturally reacted to the presence that wasn't there, and I wondered how long it would take before he and I got over her.

"Please turn around." I would have thought she was actually there, except her voice sounded so meek and unsure. That's when I knew it had to be an illusion of her that I had only created in my mind. "Edward? Please...you can't just run away from me after dropping a bomb like that. That's...fucked up."

Yeah, that was definitely her. The only reason I could think of that she was there was that she was probably about to snap my dick off and shove it up my ass for snooping in her business. There was no running from her. I had to face her wrath, because she had me cornered. And I deserved every single bit of what she was about to say and do to me.

I slowly turned around, my eyes having finally adjusted to the darkness, but no amount of adjustment was going to allow me to see her when there was absolutely no light source in the bathroom to begin with.

"I know, and I'm sor-"

I didn't even get a chance to finish my apology before I felt her body press against mine and – fuck me...she was naked. I guess I expected her to still have her clothes on,

because that was absolutely something she would have done, but I didn't expect that kiss. Her lips began to caress my own: delicate, tender...un-fucking-believable. It was the sweetest damn kiss I believe I'd ever had the pleasure of being on the receiving end of.

I threaded my fingers through her hair, deepening the connection and memorizing the way she tasted, the way she felt, the way she smelled...because I had no way of knowing if I'd ever get the chance to experience any of it again.

Goddamnit, I loved her.

Her hands were all over me, her fingertips pressing into the skin of my chest, my back, my arms...it was like she was leaving permanent impressions everywhere she touched me. And at the same time, she was trying to get closer. If it were possible, I would have opened up my goddamn chest and let her crawl inside, sealing her away and carrying her with me always.

The fucked up thing was that I just didn't get why she was doing it.

And then she broke the kiss. I could feel her chest rising and falling, heard her labored breaths, felt the warmth of them against my wet skin.

She laid her head on the spot just over my heart. "Make love to me, Edward. Just once...let me know what it feels like to be loved...by you."

I knew I should've refused, but behind the façade, I was a weak man, but only for her. And I wanted her to know the truth of my words as well. Especially after all that I had done to her, what I had just done to her on the fucking staircase. But not in a damn shower, and not where I couldn't see her face.

I kissed the top of her head before nudging her back so that I could lift her chin for a soft kiss on her supple lips. Then I shut the water off, slid my hands over the curve of her ass and lifted her to straddle my waist. Isabella linked her fingers behind my neck and pressed her forehead to mine as I stepped out of the shower and carried her into our room.

Her eyes never left mine as I walked her to the bed. It was still dark, but the storm outside had diminished and the clouds were sparse enough to allow her creamy skin to be bathed in the moonlight that filtered in through the windows. As I laid her upon the bed, I realized that she had so much in common with that heavenly body that hung so prominently in the pitch-black sky. She, alone, stood out amongst a sea of stars, outshining even the brightest of them. She was right there, but try as I might, I couldn't really reach her. I'd been given this one chance, this one rocket ship into outer space...and I wasn't going to waste it.

My heart was pounding in my ears so loudly that I just knew she could hear it. I was scared shitless; afraid that

she would see me for the coward I really was and not the self-assured man I'd worked so hard to become. To give her what she wanted, I'd have to bare it all, strip down to nothing and leave myself completely vulnerable. And I would do it...for her. Hell, I would have given her anything that she asked for. If she wanted my arm, she could take it. My leg? She could have it. My heart? My soul? They were already hers.

As I crawled into the bed and lay on my side next to her, I stroked her cheek, letting my finger drift down the side of her neck. She shivered under my touch and I realized that I hadn't even toweled her off, like the moron that I was, and she was cold. But when I reached for the sheets to cover her body, she stopped me with a hand to my forearm.

"It's not from the cold," she whispered with a slight smile. My heart did a flip-flop in my chest.

I captured Isabella's lips with mine as I hovered over her, careful to rest my weight on my elbow. The back of my hand continued its journey over her shoulder, sweeping past the curve of her breast and then down her side before coming to rest on her hip. Every dip, every curve reminded me of just how precious she was, or at least, should have been. She deserved to be worshipped, to be revered for the treasure she was.

I covered her right thigh with mine, slipping my knee between her legs as she angled herself toward me. The

palm of her hand slid over my ribs and she urged me closer as my tongue swept across her bottom lip, asking for entrance. She didn't hesitate; the tip of her tongue came out and greeted mine like old lovers embracing after oceans and years of separation.

My knuckles ghosted over the soft skin of her stomach, travelling further upward to skim one hardened peak of her full breasts. Dear God, she moaned into my mouth and arched her back, begging for more.

I broke from the kiss, my lips forging a trail over her delicate jaw line and down her slender neck to her collarbones. I sucked at her skin gently, because this wasn't about marking her – she wasn't my territory, or my plaything; this was about loving her, the way she deserved to be loved.

She held on to my bicep, her fingertips dragging down my arm and onto my chest, leaving fire in their wake. Every nerve ending in my body was on high alert, each touch from her sending shockwave pulses of pleasure straight to my nether region. She could do that to me; whether we were role playing vamps in my entertainment room, making out like exhibitionists in the back of my limo or makin' bacon in my kitchen...she could do that to me. I was putty in her capable hands, and it would never be the same for me with anyone else. I pulled her hand to my mouth and gave her palm an open-mouthed kiss before placing it over my heart so

that she could feel the heavy thump, thump, thump. That was for her, and I conveyed as much with my eyes.

With one gentle kiss to her succulent lips, I dipped my head and captured one of her pert nipples with my mouth, swirling my tongue around the raised bud until she sucked in a deep breath, bringing herself even closer. I sucked the sensitive skin into my mouth and flicked at it with my tongue as I nuzzled her. One of Isabella's hands was in my hair, the other gripping my shoulder and holding me to her. She was forced to relinquish her hold somewhat as I turned toward her other breast, wanting to shower it with equal attention.

I gave her nipple a soft kiss and then moved down her body, covering every inch of skin with my mouth and hands. No part of her would be left untouched. As I slipped my hand behind her knee and lifted her leg over my hip, I rolled my hips into her. It was an involuntary reaction to her closeness. I hadn't meant to do it, but judging from the moan that escaped her lips and the way she pushed back, she hadn't minded it at all. In fact, her hand slid down my back until she was cupping my ass and pressing me closer. The heat of her arousal coming into contact with my cock was nearly my undoing. So, I pulled back, hushing her grunts of protests as I moved down her body and spread her legs to accommodate my shoulders.

I loved that she was always bare for me...bare, soft and oh so wet. Keeping my gaze locked with hers, I placed a chaste kiss to the apex of her folds. She closed her eyes, bit down on her lip and let her head fall back into the pillow. A ripple effect went through her body as her back arched, her stomach rolled and her hips surged forward to bring her center even closer to where I wanted her to be. So, I took her offering, dipping my head and partaking of her delicious fruit while letting her juices coat my lips, my tongue, my face.

"Edward..."

My name sounded like a desperate plea as it fell from Isabella's lips. Her hips rose and fell as she laced her fingers through my hair and enclosed her thighs around my shoulders. Not so much as to smother me, but just enough to cocoon and keep me where she wanted. She propped a tiny foot on my shoulder and slid her soft sole down my back and over the curve of my ass before retracing her path, again and again. I slipped two fingers inside her, curling them back and forth, in and out while I licked, sucked and kissed every inch of her precious heaven. And then all too soon, she shuddered under my manipulations. Her thighs went taut, her hips stopped moving, her hands tugged on my hair and she let out this sound that I will never...*ever* fucking forget. It wasn't loud - Isabella was never overtly, porn-star loud when she came – but it was animalistic, like a lioness' purr as

she bathed in the evening sun after having filled her belly.

I could feel the wetness gathering on the head of my dick, threatening to seep out prematurely, and that shit would never do. I ignored my own desire to satiate my needs, wanting to bring her to the brink once again so that I could watch as she fell over the edge of the cliff. My tongue and fingers continued to work her, guiding her through her orgasm until another one followed closely on its heels.

Slowly, the muscles in her thighs relaxed, giving me permission to abandon my post. Not that I wanted to, but I had to stop eventually, or I feared I never would.

My eyes drifted over Isabella's form, her body writhing beneath my stare as she looked up at me. "You're so...beautiful," she all but whispered.

I looked into her eyes, the brown of her irises a milky caramel as they reflected the moonlight. "Not nearly as beautiful as you, Isabella." It was the truth. She didn't need a fancy house, expensive cars or a high-profile job. She had everything she needed in that heart of pure fucking gold. She was just as beautiful on the inside as she was on the out...and that was what made the difference between me and her.

That was what made her perfect.

Unable to look without touching any longer, I crawled up her body, hovering as I positioned myself against her center. I was careful to maintain my weight on my forearms as I settled upon her and pushed a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

"*This...should have been our first time,*" I said, and then I slowly entered her.

She let out a soft mewl that I smothered when my mouth covered hers. Isabella's legs crossed at the small of my back as I moved back and forth inside of her, oh so slowly. Her fingernails dug into my shoulder blades with each push and pull of our bodies. She answered my rocking motions with a purposeful grind of her hips. I pulled back from the kiss and went to her neck, lavishing her skin with open-mouthed kisses, licks and sucks.

As I held myself up on one forearm, my other hand cupped one half of her delicious ass and moved down her thigh. When I reached the bend behind her knee, I tenderly nudged it back, keeping my hand there and opening her up further to me, allowing me to go even deeper. The need for her to feel me all the way into the depths of her soul took over and drove my every action. I angled myself a little to the side as both of her hands made their way down my back and she cupped my ass. Isabella was definitely an ass chick. I made sure to flex the muscles there for her benefit, thrusting deeper inside

of her, rolling my hips to give her little bundle of nerves the friction I knew she craved.

Back and forth, our bodies rocked, like the ebb and flow of the ocean's current sending waves crashing against the rocky shore only to recede and do it all over again. It was magic in the making, the kind of stuff you only read about in those sappy romance novels. But, never had two bodies been made to fit more perfectly together, whether in real life or make-believe.

It was the kind of thing that made you believe you'd finally found your other half. Too bad I was the only one who felt that way, but as much as it ached to know the truth of it, I didn't care. I was fated to love her, of this I was sure. Even if it was only meant to teach me a lesson, at least I knew what it was like to care more about someone else than I did about myself...for once.

I'd face the fallout of my decision later, but at that moment, she was there and she had to know the way I really felt. I couldn't let her leave that room without knowing, beyond a shadow of a doubt, where my mind, my heart, my soul was. They were with her, and forever would be. And if she left when it was all said and done, she would take it all with her.

I nuzzled the spot just below her ear, my words thick with passion and laced in pain. "I love you, Isabella...with my whole...fucking heart."

"Oh, God...Edward," her voice was so full of emotion that I had to look at her. Her bottom lip trembled as her eyes glassed over. A timid hand cradled my face as the pad of her thumb swept over my bottom lip. "Please...call me Bella. Just...Bella."

I searched her face for the validity of her words, and as one tear slipped down her cheek, I couldn't find one ounce of proof that she was merely saying it out of pity for me. If I thought my heart was thump, thump, thumping and flip-flopping before, it was nothing compared to the acrobats it did in that moment. My heart swelled, a gust of coldness shooting through my chest and radiating outward before going straight to my brain. I grew lightheaded, yet I couldn't curve back the smile that spread across my face.

"*Bella*," I repeated on a whisper. She shivered in my arms.

"Jesus, that sounds so sexy. Say it again," she urged me as she pushed her fingers into my hair and lifted my head just enough so that she could see my face.

I brought my lips closer, barely ghosting them over hers as I repeated her name, "*Bella*..."

Her teeth tugged on my bottom lip, once, twice...and then she sucked it between hers, mumbling, "Again..."

With more vigor than our last, I kissed her, saying her name over and over again because I goddamn

could...finally. My thrusts became more insistent as I held on to the inside of her knee and rolled my hips against her. Harder, deeper, faster. I grasped the edge of the mattress above us in my hand and used it for momentum as I pulled myself back and forth, in and out. She clung to me, the sweat from our bodies intermingling as we slid against each other. The tendons in my arms and neck were taut, the muscles in my back, abs and ass getting a serious workout as I gave her everything I had.

Isabella dragged her nails across my back and I prayed to God that she left wounds there, wounds that would never heal - scars to rival the ones that would be left on my heart when she left me.

I pulled back to look at her, memorizing her every feature, and I couldn't help but notice the way the vein in her neck throbbed with her heavy heartbeat. Yet another vision that would haunt me for the rest of my life.

So...exquisite.

A drop of sweat dangled precariously on the tip of my nose until it fell onto her bottom lip, and I watched as she flicked her tongue out and tasted it. Her eyes closed and she hummed like she'd just popped the last Dove chocolate into her mouth and was savoring the taste.

"Look at me, baby," I whispered. She did as I said, her eyes forming an instant connection with mine; a

connection that went so much deeper than outward appearances. "I love you, Bella."

"Edward, I...uuuungh," she moaned as she bit down on her bottom lip and tossed her head back, her orgasm rippling through her body in waves as her body stretched tight beneath me.

That sight...Oh God, that sight – the look on her face when I told her I loved her and she orgasmed...There. Just. Were. No. Words.

With one final thrust, I followed suit. I could feel her inner walls gripping and stroking me, milking me as I throbbed and pulsed inside her until there was just nothing left to give.

I rolled onto my side and took her with me, using both arms to hold her against my chest, unwilling to let her go. And wasn't that the crux of the matter? I couldn't let her go, but I had to – because to keep her there, would just be...cruel.

We lay there in our post-coital bliss for what seemed like a lifetime, but it still wasn't long enough. Neither of us saying anything, neither of us relinquishing our hold...both of us lost to our own thoughts. The sheets were drenched - soaked from our wet bodies, soaked by the sweat of our labor, soaked by the resulting release. And, oh...what a sweet release it was.

And then she broke the silence.

"Edward," her voice was so soft I barely heard her say my name. "We need to talk." *That...* I heard loud and clear. And I didn't want to, because this was the part where everything got ruined, where I got bitch-slapped by reality...

Where she told me she was going to leave.

"Shh...not yet," I said as I smoothed her hair back and kissed her forehead. "It can wait until the morning. For now, let's just stay here like this."

Isabella...*Bella* nodded and nuzzled her face back into my chest without another word, giving me that one last night to hold her in my arms, the first and only night that everything was right in the goddamn world because she was there and she knew I loved her. No way was I going to sleep and waste one second of what precious little time I had left with her.

For the remainder of the night, I stayed right there. As she slept peacefully, I stroked her hair, rubbed her back, inhaled her scent. It wasn't until the first tinge of orange tinted the morning sky that I finally maneuvered my way out from under her. A soft kiss to her cheek and a whispered "I love you," and I was off to take my shower.

As I passed by the bedroom door, an invisible hand seemed to reach in from out of nowhere to grab a hold of me. Down the hall and into my office, it dragged me, until I found myself standing in front of an open drawer on my desk. With a shaky hand, I reached inside and

pulled out my copy of the contract; the contract that bound Isabella to me for over four more years.

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BPOV

I awoke the next morning, and I freaked for just a moment (okay, it was longer than a moment) when I couldn't feel and then didn't see Edward in the bed. But then I sat up and looked around, noticing that the bathroom door was closed, which meant he had to be there. And then I realized that I was still naked, which wasn't too shocking since Edward had always insisted I slept like that – truthfully, I kind of, sort of liked it - and the gown that I had discarded was still laying on the floor where I had stepped out of it last night before the shower. Sweet, it hadn't all been just another one of my delusional dreams. I floated back down to the bed and snuggled with Edward's pillow.

He loved me. He really fucking loved me.

And he hadn't just said it...he showed me - with every touch, every kiss, with every part of him until there could never be any doubt.

My thoughts flashed back to the mere hours before, and I smiled so damn hard that my cheeks hurt. I was soaring on the inside, my body vibrating on the out.

I knew the second he told me that he loved me with his "whole fucking heart" that he meant it. But it just didn't

sound right for him to say something like that, without using the informal name I had insisted he had no right to use. He'd more than earned the right to call me by that name. Nothing could have been more right. And when I heard him say it, heard the 'L' roll of his talented tongue...gah, it gave me goose bumps and I trembled from the inside out, yearned to hear it over and over again.

I was going to tell him that I loved him, too, but when he told me to look at him, and I saw what I can only imagine was on his inside, plain as the sexy little nose on his face...and then he said those three little words again, using the familiar version of my name...I couldn't hold back the orgasm that it, coupled with the way his body made mine feel, evoked. Utter. Fucking. Bliss.

I even tried to tell him again, once we had each had a chance to cool our jets, so to speak. But he didn't want to talk. He just wanted to bask in the aftermath of what we'd done, and that was A-okay with me, too. Because we still had today, and tomorrow, and the next day and every glorious day of our lives after that.

We were in love, and nothing or no one was going to be able to come between us.

I mean, what were the odds? Two strangers, both taking desperate measures to relieve hardships we had both endured, continued to endure...and from all that mess, we found each other. We found love. We took nothing

and made it into something. *That...* would be the story we would one day tell our children and our children's children...leaving out the part about their mother/grandmother being a whore and all though. 'Cause I really couldn't see that being an 'awww' moment.

I was happy. I was giddy. It was a new day. The storm clouds were pushed away. The sun was shining. Birds were chirping. I bet if I had gone over to the window, pushed it open and leaned out, a little blue songbird would have even landed on my finger and sung me a song. Talk about a Cinderella moment. Not that I had any intention of doing that though. With my luck, I'd trip or something and fall two stories to go splat on the pristine concrete below with nothing to break my fall except that teeny tiny songbird. It would look like a little smooshed, blue M&M beneath me and I couldn't have had that on my conscience.

Nope, wasn't going to happen. Nothing was going to ruin the beauty of that day. So, I mentally told that little blue bird to stay on his side of the window, and I would stay on mine. That way, nobody had to get hurt.

Big sigh. Huge stretch...and, bingo! Brilliant idea moment.

Breakfast...I was going to make him breakfast. I got a huge, cheese-eating grin on my face when I decided it would be bacon and eggs, and a devilish smirk when I

thought about what could possibly come of that – well, if history was any indication as to what bacon apparently did to Edward, anyway.

Who'd have thunk it? Bacon...a cholesterol-filled aphrodisiac...huh. Great for the Cooch – bad, bad, bad for the arteries. But wait, if lots of exercise helped with the whole high cholesterol shit, wouldn't the strenuous work-out of the Cooch negate the clogged artery risk somehow?

The Cooch gave me two thumbs up for my reasoning. But of course she would, little slut.

I shrugged her off and went to toss back the covers to get breakfast started - because the way to a man's heart was through his stomach, after all – but then the bathroom door opened and Edward stepped out. He was completely dressed and looked like pure sex, even with the slight shadows under his eyes. Guess I must have kept him up too late last night. My inner whore giggled like an innocent schoolgirl. Total contradiction, I know.

"Good morning," I smiled timidly, suddenly unsure if he would still feel the same way hours later as he did last night.

"Good morning," he answered, except his tone was a tad bit more sullen than I had anticipated. He dropped his eyes to his chest and started fussing with his tie, even though it was perfect as usual. I got the feeling that he just didn't want to look at me.

Oh shit. Okay, there was no need to panic. Maybe he was just thinking along the same line as I was and didn't know what my reaction was going to be this morning. Easily fixed...

"So, um...Are you going to work?" I asked, because I wasn't really sure how to start.

"Yeah. I kind of left in a hurry last night and hadn't made all my rounds to prospective clients and the board members. So, I need to do some damage control," he answered, his preening moving from his tie to the sleeves of his jacket.

"Oh. Sorry about that," I said, feeling a pang of guilt over my behavior. "Do we have time to talk first?"

"No need to, really," he answered with a shrug of his shoulders. "I already know everything you're going to say, and the solution is simple."

Well that sort of pissed me off. How dare he presume to know what I was thinking? And what solution? To what problem? As far as I was concerned, everything was perfect.

Edward walked toward the bed and pulled a tri-folded paper from his inside pocket, opened it up...and then ripped it in half. "Go be with your mother and father. They need you far more than I do," he said as he let the two halves drift onto the bed beside me.

As I looked down at the paper, he turned his back on me and headed toward the door. It didn't take a great deal of studying to realize that the sheet he had destroyed was our contract. What once served as a tether that kept me bound to the man I loved, was now an insignificant donation to the Earth Day cause: recyclable material.

"Edward, I-" I started, but he cut me off.

"I have to go," he said, pausing at the door with his back to me. "You should, too."

With that, he opened the door and walked out on me.

"They need you far more than I do." His words were almost deafening as they rang in my ears.

My heart, which had been about to bust with giddiness just seconds before, was now much like the useless document that lay beside me...destroyed, shredded in two...

"But...I love you, too," I whispered to the now empty room. And I couldn't let him leave without at least hearing the words.

I jumped out of the bed to run after him, but when a rush of cold air caused me to shiver, I realized I was still naked. Knowing there would likely be some of Edward's help in the house, I couldn't go out there like that. So, I grabbed one of his t-shirts and threw it over my head, ran for the door and down the long corridor. I nearly fell headfirst down the stairs, but I somehow managed to

stay upright long enough to reach the foyer. Then I wrenched opened the front door and opened my mouth to shout the words...just in time to see the ass end of the limousine as it pulled down the drive.

Too late. He was gone. And I...was all alone.

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Chapter Sixteen

Jinx

BPOV

"But...I love you, too," I whispered to the now empty room. And I couldn't let him leave without at least hearing the words.

I jumped out of the bed to run after him, but when a rush of cold air caused me to shiver, I realized I was still naked. Knowing there would likely be some of Edward's help in the house, I couldn't go out there like that. So, I grabbed one of his t-shirts and threw it over my head, ran for the door and down the long corridor. I nearly fell headfirst down the stairs, but I somehow managed to stay upright long enough to reach the foyer. Then I wrenched open the front door and opened my mouth to shout the words...just in time to see the ass end of the limousine as it pulled down the drive.

Too late. He was gone. And I...was all alone.

As I watched the limousine disappear from sight, something came over me. I expected it to be defeat, agony, betrayal, heartache...but it wasn't.

Rage. Rage and...arrrgh, more RAGE.

How fucking dare he? Stupidward with his stupid big house, and his stupid big ego, and his stupid big head thinking that he knew what I was going to say. And then,

before letting me get the words out of my mouth that were sure to prove him wrong, he goes and pretty much tells me to fuck off.

He got to say *all* that he wanted, and I mean, sure, I could've echoed his declaration whilst in the throes of passion, but that passion was pretty fucking epic and I had a hard enough time remembering to breathe – yes, he took my fucking breath away – let alone being able to say anything that would have sounded in the least bit coherent or endearing. Besides, I really thought I had all kinds of time to tell him how I felt. I mean, hellloooo...I told him to call me Bella. Additionally, I didn't want him to think I was just saying those three little words just because he did. I wanted a separate moment to do the whole shout-it-from-the-highest-mountain-top-for-the-whole-world-to-hear thing so that there was no doubting the sincerity of my declaration. Because a declaration of that magnitude is a pretty fucking serious thing, but I was all kinds of prepared to make that leap...for him, for me...for us.

And then he just had to go and ruin it with all his *me-man, me-know-what-best-for-woman* caveman bullshit. Fuck and that.

All those hairy pitted, buzz-cut feminine rights activists with no boobs, no hygiene and no chance of ever really landing a man...were right. Men were jackasses.

But, the difference between me and them is that I could do something about my man because I really had nothing to lose by getting all up in his grill. I was going to make him listen to me, whether he wanted to or not. He was going to know that I loved him and he was going to feel like a total ass for dismissing me the way he did. Because I was going down to that posh little office of his and I was going to demand his attention. He was going to see how wrong he was to make the assumptions he made, and he would never jump to conclusions again. Because I was a woman, damnit; a woman who had given up everything to save her dying mother's life, and I had a fucking voice that was screaming to be heard. I'll be damned if everything I'd been through since I entered Edward Cullen's world was all going to be for nothing. Resigned to that theory, I turned on my heel and stalked back into the house with my shoulders back and my head held high. After a quick shower and a tour through Alice's wonderland of inappropriate clothing, I dressed and grabbed my cell phone from the table before leaving. I was really quite impressed with myself as I scurried down the stairs, again avoiding a neck-breaking, skull-crushing fall. Just as I reached the first floor, I heard a car pull up. It had to be Riley returning from dropping Edward off, and I gave myself a healthy dose of see-this-was-meant-to-be because how perfect was that timing?

And then there was an insistent pounding on the door, followed by a, "Belly Bean! Belll-lyyy Beeeeaannnn! Get your fat ass out of the bed and open the fucking door, bitch!"

No way that shrill, girlyfied voice could be mistaken. That was my bestie...Gabriel Baxter.

I sprinted for the door and yanked it open just as Gabe was about to pound his fist against it again. For such a girly-man, he was pretty fucking stout and I was lucky that he narrowly missed cold-cocking me in the forehead. Like I needed to look like a freakin' unicorn when I went to confront Stupidward.

"Gabe!" I shrieked as I ducked his fist. We both took a step back and eyed each other over from head to toe.

"What the hell are you wearing?" we both asked simultaneously. "Jinx! You owe me a Coke!" I yelled at the same time that Gabe yelled, "Jinx! You owe me a cock!"

Every time we played this game, I never got my Coke. Gabe, however, always got his cock...on his own because, according to him, I was a slacker when it came to finding his quarterback.

Gabe was dressed head-to-toe in black on black. Well, mostly. Black skinny jeans, black turtleneck, black snake-skin boots. But, Gabe being Gabe, he had to accessorize. One larger-than-life, pink rhinestone

studded Playboy bunny belt buckle adorned the center of his low-slung hip huggers, and he was wearing a black skull-cap with the word 'PRISS' in dainty pink script just over his perfectly sculpted eyebrows. But that wasn't all, oh no...just under each twinkling hazel eye, black paint, just like football players wore.

"What's with the Mission Impossible garb?" I asked as we gave each other an air kiss to each cheek and I stepped aside to invite him in.

"I'm breaking you out," he answered with a sway of his hips. And then he turned to look me over once again with an approving smile. "Boyfriend sure did trick you out, huh? Look at you with the little red mini dress, hooka'. I'd say it fits you like a glove, and it would be true if it were actually a glove and your body wasn't the equivalent of oh, I don't know...say...OJ's hand."

I narrowed my eyes at him, Gabe-speak for *watch-it-bitch*.

"Gasp...," he said, putting his hand to his chest.

"You...have been *thoroughly* scrogged, bitch! And you didn't call me! W. T. F!"

"Nuh-uh, we're not going there right now," I waved a finger at him. "Not until you tell me what you meant by the whole breaking me out thing."

"I meant, get your shit and let's go. Come on...shoo-shoo, away with you. I'm on a covert mission to bail your ass

out of sex-slave prison," he said and then looked around in awe. "Although, I don't really see how you could exactly call these digs a prison, boo-boo. This is a freakin' palace!"

"Gabe? Yoo-hoo, Gaaabe?" I called, waving my hands and snapping my fingers in front of his face. He was absolutely mesmerized by Edward's home. Not that I blamed him; I had been too when I first arrived. It was just that for Gabe, that was a dangerous situation. I might not have ever been able to get him to leave. He always fancied himself destined for royalty – princess, not duke, not earl, not king...princess.

"Adam Lambert!" I yelled, knowing it would get his attention.

"Where?" he squawked, finally looking from left to right, then behind himself, and then, "Move your fat ass, bitch," as he shoved me out of the way to look behind me. Really? As if I could hide someone as...we'll just say, *colorful*...as Adam Lambert behind my body.

"You are way too predictable," I laughed at his disappointed face...aaand there went his bitch brow. I swiped my hand over my own face like a mime, going from a happy to serious expression. "Okay, seriously...Why are you here, and how did you know where I was."

Gabe rolled his eyes and put one hand on his hip, while waving the other one around on a limp wrist in time with

his words. "You said Edward Cullen bought you, and it didn't don on me at first, but then it hit me like a whore getting' bitch slapped by her pimp in a dark alley...*The* Edward Cullen, of Scarlet Lotus, right? I mean, because how many Edward Cullens could there be in the world, much less in this corner of the country and with enough money to pay a million little cha-chings for his own personal little *oh-yes-daddy-milk-me-papi?*" he asked with all the great acting skills of a porn star destined for the silver screen. Yeah, right.

"Okay, so you might have a point," I giggled.

"BTW, I hope you know I'm borrowing that dress. I'd fill it out way better anyway," he said as he pinched the spandex cotton and watched it snap back into place.

Gabe wasn't a cross dresser by any means, but he liked to strut around my room wearing my clothes just so that he could prove how much better he looked in them than I did. Prissy bitch came out of the closet, just to go back in and grab a fabulous black top.

"Um, not unless you're planning on packing that meat between your ass cheeks, you won't."

"Honey, the meat I pack between my ass cheeks is never my own, and you know it."

"Whatever," I rolled my eyes. "You still haven't explained why you're here, insisting on breaking me out. I'm fine,

and really, it's not exactly like I'm a prisoner. Edward treats me very well."

My best friend took a deep breath and sighed. "I have something to tell you, sweetie," he started. *Sweetie*...he never called me that unless he was about to lay something heavy on me that he knew was going to upset me. My heart jumped into my throat and tried to claw its way out.

"Nae-Nae has taken a turn for the worse," he explained, using his pet name for my mother. "She's been admitted to the University of Washington Medical Center, and they've called in the family. I promised Charlie that I'd get you home. It doesn't look good, boo."

Just then, the front door opened and Alice bounced over the threshold. "Good morning, Bella!" she greeted me in her usual bubbly voice, as if my whole world hadn't just been turned upside down. The smile immediately dropped from her face once she saw, what I assumed was my paled expression. "Oh, God...what's wrong?"

"Edward was right," I mumbled as my chest constricted like an anaconda was squeezing the life out of it in preparation to swallow it whole. "My parents do need me more than he does..."

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JPOV

My head hurt. Hurt like I'd been sucker punched by an I-beam that had fallen from 20 stories high, hurt. Or maybe it was more like one of those chandeliers on the Titanic, or hell, even the Titanic itself.

And my mouth tasted like ass.

I cracked one eyelid open and surveyed the damages. Usually when I woke up like this, there was always one or two, maybe even three, whores that I needed to get rid of fast before they became too clingy.

Thank God I was in my office at Scarlet Lotus...alone. I guess that cunt, Tanya, took the hint when I told her to get the fuck out last night. At least I thought I'd told her to get out. I remembered fucking her...in the ass, because hell yeah, I had to take that trip down Memory Lane. Too bad Cullen hadn't been there to see it. The look on his face when he saw that Tanya was my date to the ball was priceless, just not as priceless as it could have been.

Probably because the lucky bastard had Miss Isabella Swan on his arm, or I should probably say she had him on her arm...literally. That cuff bracelet she wore said it all; he was marking her as his own personal property, which just cinched the fact that I had to have her. I just needed to get my game plan together...because nabbing a woman like Isabella Swan was going to take more than what empty promises and a fat bank account normally did for lesser women.

I stretched and felt every glorious muscle in my awesomeness of a body groan in protest. One thing was for damn sure, the cushy leather couch that I'd had imported from Italy wasn't doing anything for my bad back. Too much fucking in my short lifetime had really done a number on it. But hell, as long as I was good at producing the orgasms, I was going to keep doing it. My orgasms, not theirs. Hey, I never gave any guarantees; when I promised a good time, I always meant it for myself, not them. If the flavor of the night messed around and didn't find some way to get herself off while I gave her the gift of my cock, it was her problem, not mine.

I willed my head to stop pounding as I sat up and stretched some more to hopefully get some of the kinks out of my neck and back. Goddamn, I was sore. My head started spinning, but after a moment or two, I was able to get the floor to stop moving long enough to stand. Putting one foot in front of the other, I made a zigzag line to my bathroom – admittedly, I was still a little drunk - and grabbed the bottle of pain killers I kept in the cabinet. After popping one in my mouth – hell, two for good measure - I ran cold water in my cupped hands and drank out of them because I didn't keep a damn cup in my office bathroom.

When I looked in the mirror, I beamed at myself. Any other motherfucker who had had the same night I had

would look like shit, but not me. I always looked good to go. I reached for the toothbrush that I kept there, because damnit I had a pretty fucking smile that had to be maintained, and made my pearls gleam before jumping in the shower. A quick rub down and towel off and I headed to my personal closet to grab a fresh set of threads. Yeah, I kept a wardrobe there because someone in my position, and who looked as pretty as me, always had to keep up appearances.

The shower sobered me up quite a bit, which was a good thing because I had a very important appointment that I needed to keep and I needed to be fresh. One glance at my Rolex let me know that I still had plenty of time. Not that it would matter; when Jacob Black was involved, time stood still.

I was shocked to say the least when I walked out of my office and saw Cullen stepping off the elevator. He looked up and groaned when he saw me as well. Yeah, I guess it really sucked to have to live in my shadow. I was always one step ahead of him and, come hell or high water, I always would be...until the day he turned over his half of the company to yours truly.

"It's Sunday, Cullen. What are you doing here?" I asked with a smirk. Not because I cared, but because I loved getting under his skin.

"I have work to catch up on," he said as he pulled out the key to his office. Obviously, he was going to blow me off,

but I just couldn't let him do that before I'd had my fun with him.

"You left early last night. No worries though, I explained to the board members and clients that you had a hot little number that was demanding your attention," I said, smugly. He knew the translation; I cut his balls off and handed them over on a silver platter. Score one for the home team; his inattention to them gave me the advantage in the little game we played for control.

He scoffed and shook his head.

"Speaking of...she's one hellcat of a woman, that Isabella. Eeeew-eee!" I crowed. "Got one hell of a mouth on her too. What was it she called me?" I asked, tapping my chin as I recalled her words. "Oh, yeah...a remora. Seems to think your dick is bigger than mine too, which may be true, but that didn't stop your other whore from jumping on the Jacob Black express, now did it? Of course, unlike Tanya, Isabella sure was quick to defend her man. All passionate and shit about it, too. I could use someone like her on my list of go-to-whores."

Aaaand...bingo! That one hit home.

Hatred flashed in his eyes; mistake number one because the more he cared about her, the more I wanted her.

He closed the distance between us in half a heartbeat and pinned me against the wall with his forearm to my

throat; mistake number two because assault in the workplace just added another weapon to my arsenal.

"You stay the fuck away from her! Do you hear me!" he seethed through clenched teeth as he pointed a finger in my face. "Stay...the *fuck*...away from her. That is your one and only warning, Black. I swear to God...I'll kill you with my bare hands..."

Mistake number three, terroristic threatening. I just might need to get a protection order, you know...because I was terrified for my life and all, and shouldn't have to be subjected to a hostile work environment.

I flashed him my winning smile because I had him just where I wanted him. See? It was just that sort of emotional reaction that I'd always warned him about when it came to getting attached to the females. He wasn't on his A game, wasn't thinking clearly...had no idea that he'd just given me all the ammunition I needed to ambush him and steal away his pride and joy...Scarlet Lotus was mine for the taking. And take, I would.

His cell phone rang, and although he looked like he wasn't going to answer it, he swore and finally backed away, restoring the flow of air through my trachea. I did my best to cover my cough as I rubbed at the spot while he was distracted by answering his phone. Cullen was no wuss. I knew if we ever went toe-to-toe in a physical altercation, he'd be a formidable foe, but no way was I going to let him know that.

"What!" he barked into the receiver.

I ignored him and started toward the elevator because, quite frankly, I was bored with him. I already had what I needed and still had that appointment, so...

"Alice, slow down...Who?...Gabe? Who the fuck is Gabe?...Shit, no...Oh, God, no...Where is she?...No, no, that's fine...UDub?...Okay, just calm down. I'll call Carlisle, he's on staff there...Yeah, go...Just go be with her, Alice," I heard his one-sided conversation as I waited for the elevator. No clue what it was about, but then again, I didn't really give a fuck.

As the elevator dinged and the door opened, he looked back at me briefly and then pulled the phone away from his ear. "I meant what I said, Jake. Stay away from her," he warned again.

"Oh, yeah...sure thing. You have my word," I said with a mock salute as the doors closed. He knew there was nothing doing, but it sounded like he had his hands full with whatever crisis that little gnat had called him about. Which just gave me a wide open berth to take care of business.

I climbed into my red Viper and cranked the custom stereo, blasting Queen's *We Will Rock You*, my self-proclaimed anthem, before squealing tires out of the parking garage. All the more inadequate modes of transportation on the road ahead of me seemed to split like the Red Sea to allow me passage. It was plausible

that it was just the fact that traffic was normally sparse on an early Sunday morning, but I'd like to think it was because I was a fucking god behind the wheel of that masterful craftsmanship. That's right, you sad bastards...make room for greatness.

Within no time, I'd pulled into the littered parking lot of Gigandet's, a seedy little club with big business deals that had been successfully kept on the down low...like, underground low. Ho's and schmo's on the top, real life whores and business moguls in the pit; it was the perfect framework, and every serious entrepreneur should model their business plan after it. Fucking genius...a man after my own heart.

I walked up to the back door and gave two knocks in rapid succession, six in a heartbeat rhythm. Right on cue, Laurent, the owner of the establishment's right hand man answered the door.

"Mr. Black! Right on time, as usual," he lied convincingly in his thick Caribbean accent. I was at least twenty minutes late, but like I said, time stood still for Jacob Black. "Come in, come in."

I stepped inside the dark entrance and inhaled deeply. "Aw, the sweet, sweet smell of pussy and money in the morning," I crooned. "Is there any better combination?"

"No way, man," he laughed as he clapped me on the back. "James is waiting for you in his office with the

merchandise. I'd escort you there myself, but I've got tears and piss to clean up after last night's auction."

"Yeah, yeah...go ahead. I know the way."

I walked down the corridor, well strutted is probably more accurate, until I came to James' office door. I didn't even bother to knock, because I knew he'd be waiting for me. He was always...waiting...for me. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

I pushed the door open and there he was...kicked back in his chair, smoking a joint...naked as the day he was born.

"Hey," he lazily greeted me through droopy eyelids as he exhaled his ganja smoke. "I thought you'd never get here."

"Yeah, me either," I sighed as I shut the door and shrugged out of my jacket. "You started the party without me?" I asked nodding to the fluffy white lines of snow he'd arranged on the little rectangular mirror he kept on his desk.

"Nope, it's never really a party until you get here," he answered with a suggestive smile as he slowly ran his hand over his chest.

I hung my jacket up on the coat rack and walked over to him slowly as I unbuttoned my shirt to reveal the magnificent sculptured chest that I hid beneath. He liked to watch me move. It did things to him. Did things to me, too, knowing how much it turned him on. James was no

one's bitch, but he *was* my dirty little secret. He and the Devil's Dandruff over there were my only weaknesses. Lucky for me, no one would ever know about it.

When I reached where he sat, I towered over him in a domineering posture. In his daily life, he was always the one to lord over those weaker than him, but with me, I was the predator and he was the prey. Always. I grabbed the hair on the top of his head and pulled hard, forcing him to look up at me. One sweep of my eyes over his body and I could see he was already very eager for me. And he would have me, but not before I had a snuff of the flake.

I dipped the tip of my pinky into one of the sculptured lines and brought it to his nose. James closed his other nostril with his fingers, closed his eyes and inhaled the fine white powder.

"Oh yeah, baby. That's the good shit right there, huh?" I asked him in my husky voice as he slowly opened his lids to look up at me with those baby blues. He flicked his tongue out to lick his lips as he stared at my mouth. The sight of it gave me a raging boner that I could only barely contain. He'd get his kiss, and then he'd suck me off before I snorted a few lines and assumed the position behind him to bring it on home. I loved my fucking life...

"Don't stay away so long next time," James said as I buttoned the last button on my shirt. "I miss you like crazy when you're not here."

"Aw, I miss you too, Jamie, but you know what they say...absence makes the heart grow fonder," I said, giving him my award-winning smile. It always made him melt, and I played that card like a pro. I had an image to uphold, and if anyone ever found out that I was batting for both teams, it could severely damage that image. Not everyone was tolerant of bi-sexuals; gay bashers would ridicule me, and straight up gays would criticize me for being a fence rider. So, just like I couldn't let all those whores get attached, I couldn't let Jamie either. Although if I thought it was ever safe to drop the charade, I'd do it in a heartbeat...for him.

As it was, unbelievable sex and rockin' snort was all that would ever be between us.

"Your blow is in the bottom drawer of the desk," James said as he rolled off the couch and sauntered his naked ass into the bathroom for his clean-up time. Goddamn he had a tight little ass, and he could take the pounding I always put on him to boot.

I went over and opened the bottom drawer to get my personal supply, and that's when I saw it...a manila file folder with the name "Isabella Swan" written in red across the tab. I could practically see that sexy little smirk on her face from last night as she tore me down, and it gave me some serious wood. I knew the type of business my boy ran, so I got pretty fucking curious as to why James would be holding a folder with my gal's name

on it. I heard the shower kick on in the bathroom, so I pulled the folder out and flipped it open, scanning the singular document inside.

A satisfied smile crept over my face as I read over what appeared to be a contract promising five years of Isabella's life to one, Edward M. Cullen. "Well, fuck me...Eddie, Eddie, Eddie," I tsked. "Just like taking candy from a baby," I laughed as Edward's signature stared back at me, right alongside Isabella's.

I closed the folder and put it back. It was safer where it was for the moment, and I knew James would give it over to me any time I wanted it. I had it like that with him, mostly because he was in love with me, but also because he was hypnotized by my cock. As long as he didn't feel threatened by my intentions with the girl, he would be good to go.

The important thing was that I had finally won. What happened between me and Edward back at the office this morning...that was my word against his. And although I would have had a valid case and would have thoroughly enjoyed dragging his name through the mud, there was no way I could prove what happened. But this...there was just no denying this shit. I had it all in writing.

Scarlet Lotus was as good as mine.

~..~..~..~

Chapter Seventeen

Two For One Special

BPOV

Why were hospital rooms always so cold? It was like Death's cruel hand just reached in and stole all the warmth out of the place. No matter how warm and inviting administrations attempted to make the room that was likely going to be the last your loved one would ever see, the realization that they were in their last days, hours or even minutes negated the décor. And then there was the smell: sterile chemicals mixed with bodily fluids, sickness and...well, death. It made it too real, and I wanted to run away...as fast as I could, find Edward and just not deal with the very real possibility that I was going to lose my mother. But I couldn't. For one, I would never forgive myself if these were in fact her final hours and I wasn't there, and secondly, Edward had turned me away. Besides, it would be like running away from one problem, only to have to face another that might have been just as hopeless. I was where I was needed.

As much a part of my family as I was, Gabe was right by my side, as well as Alice. Thank goodness she had thought to bring me something warmer than the little red slut attire I'd had on before. My father would have probably keeled over with a heart attack and ended up in a hospital bed next to my mother if he'd seen me in that

getup. So, there I stood, looking out the window, dressed in a little black sweater dress and black thigh high boots. Nothing elaborate, nothing sexy. In fact, it was sort of depressing, but it matched the way I felt on the inside. My heart was still mourning the loss of Edward, vacant and hollow, but my soul was worried the bleak blackness I was covered in was actually an omen of something even more morbid to come...like the loss of my mother. As devastating as it was to lose the only man I would probably ever love, losing my mother would make it incredibly hard to find the will to live. Like a dolphin in its final moment, I'd take one last breath and then just let go as I sank into the abyss.

The cold spot I felt in the cavern of my chest amplified tenfold with that thought, like the cold of the room had somehow seeped its way into my heart. My mother was my best friend. Always had been. Not the same kind of friend as Gabe, or even the same kind of friend Alice had become; my mother was something more. She knew me better than anyone else because I was a living, breathing carbon copy of her. She could tell what I was thinking or feeling without me saying a word because of that. But since she had more experience under her belt, she knew what I needed to hear, and made me listen even when I didn't want to. As flighty as my mother had always seemed to everyone else, she was right nearly one hundred percent of the time. So to never see her warm smile again, to never hear her infectious laughter, to

never feel the warm comfort of her embrace, to never smell her white musk scent again...I couldn't even fathom the thought.

"Bells? You want some coffee?" my father asked, pulling me away from my thoughts.

I turned and gave him a half-hearted smile. That was just like Charlie; his wife was dying and he couldn't do anything to stop the inevitable, so he found something, or someone else to take care of instead. I accepted his offering, noting the thinness of his face. His eyes had dark rings under them, and judging from the almost full beard he was sporting, he obviously hadn't shaved in quite some time. I knew that lecturing him about taking better care of himself wouldn't do any good though, so I let it go. I would just have to keep my eye on him should the worst case scenario happen and we lost my mother, his life partner.

I looked down at her sleeping form and clutched the paper cup to my chest in hopes that it might warm the chill in my heart. Realistically, the only thing that would make me feel better would be my mother's full recovery...although, a cocoon of Edward's arms around me while his reassuring voice promised everything was going to be okay probably would have helped. I missed him, and I desperately wished he were there with me, but Fate had apparently had other plans for us. Funny how that worked out; Edward released me from our

contract just in time to watch my mother die, and be able to stay home and take care of my dad for the rest of his short life. I wondered if the life of sin I had partaken in with Edward had actually caused Karma to swing back around to give me a swift kick in the ass.

"Mr. Swan?" a familiar voice called from the doorway. I looked up just in time to see a tall blonde doctor retrieve a pen from the pocket of his white lab coat and begin to scribble on the clipboard he'd had tucked under his arm. "Hello, I'm Dr. Carlisle Cullen, and I'll be conducting the surgery and taking over as the attending physician for your wife. If it's okay with you, that is?"

He looked at my father and then glanced at me with a warm, knowing smile before looking back to Charlie again.

Under normal circumstances, my mother would have been the one to make the decision about her healthcare, but she had been heavily sedated since her arrival and was incapacitated. Her regular doctor assured us that her sedation made her more comfortable and decreased the likeliness that she would get too excited, thereby overexerting her already weakened heart. So, that left Charlie to make all of her medical decisions. I think the doctors and nurses on staff were relieved that it wasn't me. I might have been a bit "in their face" when we first arrived, demanding results...demanding they get off their asses and do their job...demanding they save my

mother. Gabe and Alice did their best to get me to calm down, but ultimately, it was the threat by the rent-a-cop security staff that they would remove me from the premises that finally got me to back off.

"Taking over? What about Dr. Banner?" my father asked Carlisle.

"Dr. Banner is an incompetent dipshit," I sighed, earning a disapproving scowl from my father. "What? He is."

I heard a faint chuckle from Carlisle as he checked my mother's vitals.

"See? Dr. Cullen agrees," I mumbled.

"Well, I just don't know about changing her doctor at this stage in the game," Charlie stuttered as he rubbed the back of his neck and looked down at my mother.

"This isn't a game, Dad," I said...out loud, which was totally unfair of me. I knew he didn't think of it that way, but I was frustrated, not that that excused my inappropriate slip of the tongue. My father didn't hold it against me though, because he was feeling the same thing...his words were a slip of the tongue as well.

"I assure you, I am very qualified," Carlisle broke in, slipping his pen back into his breast pocket. "I run the Cardiac department here, and have performed numerous heart transplants..."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted his list of accomplishments, all of them very great, I was sure. He

was a Cullen and greatness probably ran in their bloodline, but there was one teeny tiny detail - which was actually mega important - that I'd just caught from his earlier introduction, but hadn't been expecting him to say. "What surgery?"

My mother had been in intensive care after having coded in the emergency room and then being brought back to fight for her life another day. As far as we knew, that's where she would remain until she either a miracle happened and she showed marked improvement and we took her home, or...didn't. I had tried to pull every string known to man to get her a heart donor, but even though we had the money for the procedure it hadn't mattered because there were just too many on the list ahead of her: proof of Dr. Banner's incompetence and lack of pull.

Carlisle dropped his arms in front of his body and clapped a hand over the one holding the clipboard as he rocked back and forth on his heels. "We have a donor, Isabella," Carlisle said with a genuine smile. He remembered my name. Kind of made me feel bad for acting like a bitch to him at the ball just to get even with Edward.

"A...d-donor?" my father stuttered, an apprehensive smile drawing up the corner of his mouth. I could tell he was trying hard not to get excited, like he didn't believe what he was hearing. Truthfully, it was hard for me to believe as well, but I had a feeling Edward Cullen may

have had something to do with it. I was certain he had everything to do with the fact that his uncle, a world-renowned cardiologist, was standing in the room at that very second. It never dawned on me before that when Edward found out about my mother, he would have been fast at work behind the scenes trying to provide better care for her. He'd already unknowingly contributed a million dollars toward her healthcare, and there he was...contributing family members as well. Once again, he was showing his love for me, and I still had no way to prove my reciprocation of those feelings.

"Yes, well, we are a transplant center here, and given Mrs. Swan's condition, she is a priority case," Carlisle explained. "We had a potential donor, and as soon as we got the lab work back, we knew we had a match. Now, there's little more than paperwork to do, and the actual procedure, of course."

"She's getting a new heart..." I stated, rather than asked. I thought about Edward...again, and again, wished he was there. I *needed* him there. My mother may have been getting a new heart, but mine was still broken. I highly doubted they were running a two for one special.

"Yes, she is," Carlisle answered. He cleared his throat as a nurse, who looked sort of like Betty Boop with blonde hair, walked in. "So, um...Mr. Swan, if you'll just follow Heidi, she'll help you with the paperwork and we can get

started. Isabella," he nodded his farewell with a warm smile and then took his leave.

"Praise Oprah Winfrey! Momma Swan's gonna' live," Gabe said with his hands in the air as he gave inappropriate thanks. He believed God was a woman, and that woman, was Oprah Winfrey. "I don't know about ya'll, but all this excitement's made me hungry," he said as he stood. "I guess I'm going to head down to the cafeteria and grab some hospital slop. If I'm not back in half an hour, check the ER...and I ain't saying that because of the Latino god of an orderly down there either, although I just might have to fake a pulled groin muscle and get him to check me out after I get my belly full. Anyone wanna' come with?"

Alice's phone chirped, signaling a message and I glanced at her, noting the way she frowned before putting her coffee down and saying, "I'll go. I need to check in with Jazzy anyway." Part of me wondered if maybe that meant she was checking in with Edward as well, but that might have been just wishful thinking on my part.

Charlie came over to me and put his arm around my shoulders. "You gonna' to be okay here by yourself while I go do this paperwork?"

"Yeah, go ahead. I'll stay here with her." I looked at my mother's sleeping form. The circles under her eyes were even more prominent than the ones under my father's, and she was much thinner than even he. I felt guilty that

I'd been living in the lap of luxury in a mansion fit for a king and said king was coaxing my inner sexual goddess out to play, while the two people who meant the most to me were suffering. I should've been there for them.

"Hey, kiddo," he said, drawing my attention. "She's getting a new heart, a chance to really live again...more time. She's going to be okay, and the second they give the all-clear, I want you to hightail your ass back to school and get that degree. You hear me? No moping around now."

"Sure, Dad. Whatever you say," I laughed lightly as he hugged me to his side and then followed the nurse out. He was going to be so disappointed when he found out that I hadn't actually been enrolled at NYU, and I had no clue how to hide it from him. Guess I should've figured that out before I told that lie, but hindsight, they say, is twenty-twenty.

I went over and sat in the chair next to my mother's bed and took her hand in mine. Her skin was so cold and had a grayish tint to it, but she was still soft. I noticed that her nail polish was chipped and reminisced about the trips to the salon that she made me take with her before she got really sick. She always said she felt better when she looked good. I pictured her sickly form sitting up in her bed, painting her nails even though she knew she was in no shape at all to leave her bedroom where

someone might actually see them. Perhaps she even had my father do it. I laughed inwardly at that picture.

"Hey, Mom," I quietly spoke to her sleeping form. "So, you're getting a new heart. Yayee..." I trailed off, shaking my fists in the air like pom-poms with a goofy smile on my face. Admittedly, I was glad my back was to the door so that no passersby would look in and see me talking to someone who couldn't answer me back. Because that would be crazy, right?

"But before you do, and while you're out like a light and won't really hear anything I'm saying now, I have something I want to talk to you about.

"See, I met this guy, and he's wonderful. His name is Edward Cullen," I rolled my eyes, knowing the reaction she would've had to that if she'd been conscious. "Yes, *the* Edward Cullen. Don't let the money and his gorgeous face fool you...he can be a real prick, but that's one of the things that makes him so wonderful. So, anyway...we've been seeing each other for a while now, and last night, he told me he loves me." My mother would've squeed at that point, and probably would've broken into a rendition of Sandra Bullock's *he-loves-you, he-wants-to-marry-you* song from *Miss Congeniality*, which would have been a whole lot better than Sandra's rendition of the Ying Yang Twins' *Get Low* from *The Proposal*. Yes, she and I had actually re-enacted that scene like a thousand times in some of our goofier moments.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said with another roll of my eyes, even though she couldn't actually see me. "Here's the thing though...this morning, he pretty much told me to get the hell out of his life. I have a feeling that he did it because he thinks he knows what's best for me – men, right? – but anyway, I never got the chance to tell him how I feel about him." I buried my face in my mother's shoulder and sighed, "I can't stand the fact that he's there, and I'm here and he doesn't know, but I do, which can really be even more torturous...because, gah, knowing and not really being able to do anything about it?...It's not exactly something you say in a text message or over the phone, right? No, it's gotta' be face to face. But the problem is, his face isn't here and I don't know if I'll ever get the chance to see it again. You gotta' help me, Mom...because I have no clue what to do."

"My face is here now...," a familiar voice said from the doorway. My head snapped up and I turned in his direction. He was there, looking like he'd just stepped out of the pages of a magazine as he leaned against the doorframe with his hands tucked into the front pockets of his jeans. "Tell me, Isabella...How *do* you feel about me?"

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EPOV

I'd overheard every word she had just said. It wasn't that I was trying to eavesdrop, I just didn't want to interrupt

the moment she was having with her mother. I even turned to walk away, but when I heard my name, human nature took over and I stuck around to see if she'd admit how much she hated me. But it was nothing like that, even though she still hadn't exactly said how she really did feel about me.

Bella looked at me stunned, but she didn't answer my question. She didn't say anything. She just leapt to her feet and ran over to where I stood. I righted myself just in time to catch her as she jumped into my arms. Both of her hands held my face as she looked into my eyes and a lone tear slid down her cheek. Then she kissed me as if it had been years since we had last seen each other, rather than just hours.

"Hey, hey, hey," I got out between the onslaught of kisses. I could taste the saltiness of her tears as they dripped onto her lips. She was full-on crying and shaking uncontrollably, so I tucked her head into the crook of my neck and held her tightly. "It's okay. I'm here now, baby. I'm here. Everything's going to be okay."

"Shit, Charlie can't see me like this, Edward. He still doesn't know anything about you or what I did and he can't find out. He just can't," she said frantically.

"It's okay, baby. I'll take care of it," I reassured her. I needed to get her to Carlisle's office where we would have some privacy.

"Damnit, Edward! What did you do to her? Is she okay?" Alice asked as she stormed up to me. Normally, I'd say her tone was way out of line and I'd give her a stern talking to, but under the circumstances, I understood her abruptness. She and Isabella had grown close and Alice was just being protective over her, just like I always knew she was where I was concerned. So, I let it go.

"She will be," I answered. "I need to get her out of here."

"No! I can't leave," Isabella protested through her tears, but she still wouldn't look up.

"No, baby. I'm not going to take you away from the hospital. I just want to take you someplace a little more private so that we can talk," I reassured her, stroking her hair.

"Ohmigod, Al," a very metro-sexual man gasped as he sauntered up next to Alice. "That's Edward freakin' Cullen! And he's got my Belly Bean."

"I'm sorry, you're what?" I asked.

"That thing in your arms...that's mine," he said, pointing at Bella. "My BFF to the DEF."

DEF? Oh...death.

"Gabe, leave him alone," Isabella mumbled into my neck.

"Ah, Gabe," I said, finally figuring it out. "You're the best friend. Well, listen...I'm going to take care of her, but I need to get her somewhere a little more private before her father sees her. Can you sit with her mother while I

get her calmed down?" I asked, and he nodded in agreement. I turned to Alice then, still holding my million dollar baby in my arms. Fuck that, I guess she was just my baby now. "Alice, for some reason I will never understand, you have a way with people. They like you. So, can you stay here and run interference with her father?"

"Roger that," Alice said with a salute and a playful wink. When Alice had a mission to accomplish, that's when she thrived.

I left Gabe and Alice to their tasks and carried Bella down the corridor, ignoring the curious glances of hospital staff and patients alike. When I finally made it to Carlisle's office, I knocked on the door and he called out, "Come in!" He stood from his desk when he saw Bella in my arms and a look of concern crossed his face.

"I, uh...we just need a little privacy. Do you mind?" I asked.

"Not at all. I was just finishing up. I'm due in the OR to scrub in and start the procedure anyway," he said and then cleared his throat as he passed me to leave. "Just lock the door and no one will disturb you."

I sat Bella down on the couch after he left, but when I tried to pull away, she grabbed my arms and looked up at me pleadingly. "No, please don't leave me."

"I'm not going anywhere, Bella. I promise. I'm just going to lock the door, okay?"

She nodded and reluctantly released her hold. I quickly went to the door and locked it and then stopped by the mini refrigerator to grab a bottle of water. "Here, drink this," I said, removing the top and handing it to her.

She took a tiny sip and then sat it on the table. As soon as I sat down beside her, she crawled into my lap and laid her head on my shoulder. She was still shaking and quite visibly upset, and I had no idea how to calm her down.

"Shh, it's okay, baby. Everything's going to be okay now," I said, rubbing her back and kissing the top of her head. "What's got you so upset? Huh? Talk to me."

"Oh, God, Edward...it's not okay. She's dying. Or at least she *was* dying, but now Carlisle says they have a donor, and I was such a bitch to him at the ball. But all I knew was that she was dying and Gabe came to get me and I had to get here, and I was scared to death that I wouldn't get here fast enough. I didn't want to leave you, but I had to. And I needed you here, but you weren't because you ran away from me this morning and I was so *pissed* at you. I wanted to yell at you. I wanted to smack you upside your beautiful, *stupid* head and you weren't there, but you weren't here either...and I still kind of want to yell at you and punch the shit out of you, but I can't because you're here now and I just want you to hold me.

You just...left me..." She was hyperventilating and ranting incoherently at the same time, and the tears were back in full force, but I understood every word she said. The gist of it was that she was upset and scared, and I wasn't there when she needed me the most. She was right; I was stupid. And she had way too fucking much on her plate to have to deal with my shit too.

"I know, baby. I'm sorry," I said, and I fucking meant it. "I'm here now, and I'm not going anywhere until you tell me you don't want me here anymore."

"Good. Because I swear to God, Edward Anthony Cullen, if you poof out on me again, I'm going to hunt you down and cut your balls off," she said, and then her shoulders started heaving with her heavy tears again.

I just sat there with her, rocking her back and forth while she got it all out. Her tears, her rants, her frustrations, her sadness...all of it. After a while, she grew quiet and at first, I thought she'd fallen asleep, but then she looked up at me through tear swollen eyes and smiled. I kissed the tip of her little nose, tinged pink from her crying, before returning her smile.

"I've ruined your shirt," she said with a hoarse voice.

"It's just a shirt, Bella. It'll be fine," I said, rubbing her arm. "I'm more worried about whether or not you'll be fine."

"Yeah. I'm sorry I broke down on you like that. I just took you as my hostage and forced you on board the train to Crazy Town. I take regular trips there, just so you know," she said with an embarrassed shrug of her shoulders as she reached forward and grabbed a tissue out of the box on the table.

I chuckled lightly in response. "It's not a secret, Bella. But, I happen to find that trait very endearing about you."

"How long have you been here?" she asked as she dabbed at her tear-stained cheeks.

"Not long enough," I answered, taking the tissue and finishing the job for her. "Congratulations on the donor, by the way."

"You did that, didn't you?"

"Well, I hardly have that kind of power, Bella."

"Yeah, but you got Carlisle to come, didn't you?"

"I may have asked him to oversee your mother's care, yes."

"Then you're her savior...by default. Because if he hadn't stepped in, she wouldn't have gotten that donor."

"I'm no superhero, Bella," I sighed as I tucked a wayward strand of hair behind her ear. I took her chin in my hand and looked into her eyes. "But I'd take a speeding bullet for you, maybe face down a powerful locomotive with nothing but a raised hand in defense, and leap tall

buildings in a single bound to get to you...anything it takes to make you happy...because I love you, and that's all the reason I need."

"I love you, too," she whispered.

The blood in my veins surged and my heart swelled to the point that I thought it might burst right out of my chest. She loved me. My million dollar baby loved me, too.

"I may not have all kinds of pretty words to express it like you do, but-"

"Hey," I said, stopping her rambling before she got going again. "That's all I need...just to know that you love me."

She closed her eyes and exhaled slowly. When she opened them again, her honey brown eyes looked into mine and she said, "Edward Cullen, I love you so much, it hurts."

I slowly leaned forward and took her bottom lip between my own for a sensual kiss. I could feel her hands fist in my shirt as I pulled away slightly and then kissed her again, and again; each time deepening it a little more. As I swept my tongue over her bottom lip, she parted her lips and gave me the entrance I was asking for while she pulled and tugged on my shirt, trying to bring me closer. Never breaking the kiss, I maneuvered out from underneath her so that she could lie back on the couch as I knelt on one bended knee between her legs. Again, she

tugged on my shirt, pulling me down to her until our chests were flush together.

We were making out like a couple of teenagers in my uncle's office, on his couch and I felt so alive. My hand travelled up the outside of her thigh and under the hem of her dress, and I stopped abruptly when I got to her hip. Something was very much out of place.

I hooked my fingers under the elastic band there and snapped it back into place. "What the hell is this, Miss Swan?" I asked against her lips.

"Panties," she answered breathlessly as she started trailing kisses down my neck.

"I know that. What the hell are they doing on your body?"

"Alice brought them to me along with the dress," she said as she cupped my ass and pulled my hips into hers.

"But you didn't have to put them on..." I said, cupping her ass as well - her *bare* ass. Well, at least they were thongs.

She cursed and arched her back when I nipped at her neck and sucked languidly. "No, but you left me, and even though I didn't really think you'd get a chance to see them, in my head, I'd gotten even, just a little bit. Besides, you ripped up the contract." Her breathing was ragged, just like mine.

"Contract be damned, you still belong to me," I said, grinding against her center and eliciting a moan from her to prove my point. "And you've been a naughty little girl, Isabella."

"Mmm, I love it when you get all possessive and threatening," she purred, wrapping her legs around my hips.

This was what I loved about our relationship. We'd just confessed our undying love for each other, and there we were...about to get all kinds of kinky in my uncle's office. But it wasn't right. Not here, not now.

"Baby, I would love nothing more than to dole out your punishment right now, but we have to stop before we get carried away," I said, pulling away minutely.

She sighed and let her head fall back onto the armrest as she unwrapped her legs from around my waist. "You're right," she said, closing her eyes and biting down on her bottom lip. She opened them again and shoved on my chest. "See? This is the kind of stuff you do to me, Edward Cullen," she huffed as I sat back and she scrambled into a sitting position and started to right her clothes. "You come in here and get me all riled up, knowing that we can't do anything about it...and my mother's right down the hall, about to go into surgery. I have half a mind to tell my father all about how you've taken advantage of his sweet, innocent little girl and

turned her into a walking poster for teenage hormones..."

She stopped abruptly. "Oh shit! Charlie!"

"What about him?" I laughed.

"How am I going to explain you to him?"

"How about, *Dad, this is my very rich, very hot boyfriend...he's got a colossal cock and a wicked tongue?*" I asked, licking my bottom lip to tease her.

She narrowed her eyes at me. "I'm serious, Edward."

"So am I, and I think I've already proved the validity of that statement, but I can always refresh your memory," I said with an evil grin and a waggle of my brows as I slid my hand up the inside of her thigh.

"Edward!" she said, slapping my hand away. She stood up and started pacing the room. "My father thinks I've been at NYU, not Edward Cullen's House for Daughter De-flowering." *Ohh...* "How am I going to tell him I met you?"

"Well...I can always leave and he doesn't have to know anything about me," I offered.

She stopped dead in her tracks and turned on me with a finger aimed in my direction. "Oh no...you're not going anywhere, mister. I want you here with me."

"Okay, calm down," I said, throwing my hands up in surrender. She dropped her hands to her hips and

started chewing on her bottom lip. She had to stop doing that, or we weren't going to make it out of that office without fucking like bunnies. I stood and walked over to her, pulling her bottom lip from her teeth and cupping her face. "I'll think of something. Just go back to your mother's room and find some way to tell Alice and Gabe to meet me here without your father knowing."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet, but I'm sure if the three of us put our heads together, we'll come up with something believable."

"Okay," she nodded. I gave her a chaste, yet soft kiss and walked her to the door.

"Hey," I said, stopping her before she left. She turned to look at me. "I love you."

The smile she gave me was so electric it could've powered the entire city of Seattle. "I love you, too."

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Chapter Eighteen

Hors D'oeuvres

EPOV

We finally had a plan. It took us four hours to come up with one, but we finally had one. Of course, some of that time was spent waiting on the reinforcement Alice had decided we needed to call in, in the form of my cousin, Rosalie.

"You're a disgusting pig, you know that?" Rosalie spat at me after having sat through the explanation of why we needed her there.

"Yes, I do," I agreed, because it was true, but it was also irrelevant at that moment. "Regardless, it's not like that now. I love her and she loves me and she's sitting in there with her father, unwilling to let me leave so that she doesn't have to go through all this shit by herself. Now, are you going to help us, or not?"

"Yes," she finally agreed and then gave me her signature bitch look. "But...I'm only doing this for *her* because *you* obviously took advantage of the situation. She doesn't deserve to go down in flames for something that you're equally as guilty of, enabler."

I was fine with that, because she was right.

Rosalie was actually the one who came up with the ingenious plan. I was shit for contribution because I

couldn't get the thought of Bella wearing panties out of my head. It was a blatant disregard for my rule, a cheap shot, and she had to be punished...soon. I was so looking forward to it.

"Alright, team, let's get out there and bring home the win," Gabe said, and as I walked past him, he grabbed one cheek of my ass firmly in his hand. I immediately stopped and turned to look at him with a raised brow.

"What?" he said with a coy smile on his face.

"You just totally grabbed my ass. That's a gross invasion of my personal space," I said with an I'm-on-to-you-look.

"Oh, pfft," he scoffed. "Don't be so full of yourself, honey. Although you do have a very cutie patootie, that was just an eensie, weensie, teeny, tiny smack on that fair derriere...like when one team player smacks another team player on the ass on the way out to the football field."

"He's right," Rose said. "I'm a sports agent, I should know. I see it all the time. Kind of hot, if you ask me."

"See, look." Gabe turned toward Rose and said, "Boobie gropes," as he palmed both of her breasts and squeezed them twice. "Oh shit, them's some nice boobies," he sang, alternately weighing them in his hands. "Water bra, or boob job?"

"Bitch, please," she said with a roll of her eyes as she grabbed his wrists and pulled his hands free at the same

time she craned her neck around to check out his rear.
"Butt pads, or is your ass just that fat?"

"Oh my God, sassy mouth!" he screeched as he playfully smacked at her. "I swear, if I didn't fluv the dong so much, and you weren't already married, I would so turn bi- for you."

There was definitely way too much gayspeak in the room for my liking.

"What about me?" Alice asked with a pout, clearly feeling left out of the orgy of inappropriate touching that was quickly spinning out of control.

"Aw..." Gabe cooed as he pushed his bottom lip out to mock her. "Come here, Tink-Tink-Bo-Bink." Alice's face beamed with excitement as she skipped over to him, clapping her hands. Gabe put his arms around her, grabbing both ass cheeks and humped her three times, fast and hard.

When he was done, Alice stood back with wide eyes and started fanning her face with her hands and said, "Wow," with a look of admiration on her face. Bet Jasper would love to know that his wifey was thoroughly turned on by a gay man. I made a mental note to remember that for later, because you just never know when information like that might come in handy.

Gabe turned his chin to his shoulder and looked me up and down before saying, "See? And there ain't no shame

in getting' a little somin'-somin' out of it if it felt good to ya', honey. Just let me know if you needs some privates time, is all."

"What! No!" I said in shocked horror.

"Whatever. De...ni...al," he said with a flamboyant snap for each syllable. "It ain't just a river in Egypt, Spank-me McSpankerson."

"And now I see where Bella gets it," I said with a smirk.

"Come on, let's get in there. I don't want to spend another moment away from her."

"Aww, how sweet are you? I think you just might be okay for her, after all," Gabe cooed sincerely. And then the smile faded and he stepped into my personal space, coming nose to nose with me. "But, make her cry again...and I will make you my bitch, right before I set fire to your testicles." And then he sang, "Your nuts roasting on an open fire..." before batting his mascara'd lashes and turning away with a flare that rivaled that of Jack from *Will and Grace*. Or maybe it was Kurt from *Glee*. Hell, I don't know...it's not like I watch a whole hell of a lot of television, and I sure as hell wasn't taking notes on the various personalities of gay men. Not that I was a homophobe, but you know...

Regardless, he made his point. Make me his bitch? I don't think so. Set fire to my boys? Well, obviously Gabe was flaming in more ways than one. After witnessing what Bella did to that box from Fernanda's shop, there

was no doubt in my mind that she and her BFF to the DEF also shared a love of pyrotechnics. It made me nervous...very nervous.

Despite that, I was just happy that Bella had someone else that would fight tooth and nail to protect her. I was pretty sure that where Gabe was concerned, that statement could be taken quite literally.

We finally made it out of Carlisle's office and were making our way toward Renee's room when Gabe saddled up to Rosalie and linked his arm through hers. "So...sports agent, huh? You must hang out with a lot of famous people then. Any chance you know Adam Lambert, and can maybe get me a hook-up? I mean, I know he's not an athlete, but he's definitely a sexlete and that's gotta' be sort of the same thing, right?"

"As a matter of fact, I do happen to know Adam. He sang the National Anthem at one of Em's home games and ended up sitting with me in the box seats afterward. He's sort of got a thing for my husband...*and* me."

Gabe covered his mouth with his hands and gasped.

"You shut your dirty whorish mouth."

"I will not," Rosalie laughed. "The Glambulge is definitely bi-. Em's not down with that scene, and I'm a possessive bitch, so nothing ever came of it. We're still good friends with him though. So good, in fact, that I'm certain I can arrange an introduction between the two of you."

"Rosalie McCarty, from the bottom of my fatherfucking heart...I want to have your babies," Gabe said, completely serious. "And I'm pretty sure that if I paid a doctor enough, he can make it so that I could totes push one out of my asshole for you. We could name him, her, it, whatev...Asstasia, or Buttford, or Derrierick," he said, flaring his hands out with each name as if they were lit up in lights on Broadway.

Alice and Rosalie bust out into a fit of giggles, drawing attention from the nurses and orderlies at the nurse's station.

"Shh..." I hushed them, trying damn hard not to burst out laughing myself. "Okay, Rose...go do your thing," I said, putting my hand on the small of her back and giving her a push toward Renee's room.

"Wait a minute, Dumbward!" she said in a hushed command as she pulled back. "Delicate shit like this takes finesse and preparation. You can't just go rushing in without looking the part. Alice? Gabe?"

I sighed in defeat and watched as Alice scurried off toward the water fountain with a paper cup in her hands. Rosalie turned toward Gabe and he started bunching her clothes up in his hand while Rosalie pinched and smacked at her cheeks. When Alice returned, she drew her arm back and started forward, causing some of the water to spill from the cup before Rosalie stopped her with a, "Wait a goddamn minute! I'm supposed to look

like I've been rushing, not like the winner of a wet t-shirt contest!"

"Oh...right. My bad," Alice said with a sheepish grin.

"Okay. Now..." Rosalie mussed her hair, threw her shoulders back and then lifted her chin. "Drizzle me, baby. Make me sweat."

There were about a million inappropriate things I could've said to that comment, but she was my cousin and no way in hell was I gonna' be labeled one of *those* perverts. Plus, I was pretty sure that Isabella would've tied me to a car bumper, stomped on the gas pedal and dragged my ass down the middle of the street until my balls were thoroughly ravaged with road rash. Let me tell you, the thought of picking tiny pebbles out of my sack with tweezers for the next year of my life was not the least bit appealing.

Alice dipped the tips of her fingers into the cup and flicked them toward Rosalie's face, neck and chest until she looked, very convincingly, like she'd been rushing around in a panic. Afterward, Rosalie breathed in and out rapidly until she was practically panting, turned toward the doorway and yanked it open with a purpose that perfectly mimicked the plan we had set in motion.

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BPOV

The wait was excruciating; sort of like when you're waiting to see if the little white stick you just pissed all over was going to show one line, or two after a drunken one night stand where the person you ended up going home with was a scrub with no job, no money and no control over their bodily functions. Okay, so I didn't really know anything about that, but I had an imagination and I watched a lot of cable TV. My mother was in surgery, my father sitting patiently beside me as he read the local newspaper and Edward was somewhere in the building, concocting God only knew what sort of plan to explain his presence in my life. My fingernails couldn't withstand the torture my gnawing teeth were putting on them for much longer, and I'm pretty sure that if you put a lump of coal between my ass cheeks you were going to get a diamond the size of a baseball.

Ironically, I found the fact that I could possibly produce something so valuable fitting. Sort of made sense that Edward paid a million smackaroos for me; the return on his investment would far surpass that of his company shares within a day's time. Smart cookie, that one. All he had to do was keep the drama a'comin' and blammo!...instant gazillionaire. Sort of made the Golden Goose look like chump change in comparison.

Heidi, aka Nurse Barbie, had come into the room moments earlier to let us know that everything was well

with my mother and that she was in recovery; Carlisle would be in soon to give us the rest of the details. It was fanfuckingtastic news, but I still had the other drama to worry about. My dad might have been a bit off his game, but he was so skilled at detecting bullshit, that I knew we weren't going to get away with anything as far as he was concerned. I just hoped Edward's plan was just as flawless as his ridonkabutt...and that Daddykins wasn't carrying his firearm. Double Agent Coochie was just as terrified that she might not ever be able to pay homage to the Colossal Cock again, shameless whore that she was.

Suddenly, the door flew open and I jumped so high out of my chair that I listed sideways and hit my head on the wall. That shit smarted too.

"Oh my God...Bella! We came as soon as we could," Rosalie said as she rushed into the room and wrapped her arms me. *Where the fuck did my DoubleBitch Twin, Rose, come from? And why the hell did it look like she'd just run a marathon?* "Are you okay? Is your mom okay? What's going on?"

"Rose? What are you doing here?" I asked her, confused.

"Saving your ass," she whispered into my ear.

Just then, I looked over her shoulder and saw Edward stroll in with all the swagger and grace of a runway model. No, scratch that...he looked more like a rock star turned sex god. His right hand was wedged into the front

pocket of his jeans and the fingers of his other hand were casually stroking the edge of his impossibly chiseled jaw. The pad of his thumb caressed his bottom lip and just a hint of his talented tongue peeked out to wave a 'how do you do'.

The Cooch waved back frantically, while bouncing up and down and clapping like that little twerp, Alice. I say twerp with love, not malice. It was when Edward casually adjusted himself in his jeans that the Cooch put the back of her hand to her forehead and swooned on her feet until she finally passed straight the fuck out. Yeah, that's the effect the man had on my body. And my mom was okay, so my reaction to him wasn't the least bit indecent, thank you very much.

"Ohmigod, is this your dad?" Rosalie asked, as she turned me loose and sashayed over to him. Yes, she fucking sashayed, which made me wonder if the ingenious plan the four of them came up with had anything to do with infidelity or something that animal rights activists might get their girdles in a twist over. She was laying it on pretty thick with the batting of the lashes and the cleavage...I was pretty sure a donkey was waiting somewhere in the wings, or at the very least, a stripper's pole.

"It's so nice to meet you, Mr. Swan," she said as she offered him her hand. "I'm Rosalie McCarty, Bella's roommate." My roommate? Yeah, that threw me for a

loop, but I decided I should probably keep my mouth shut and see how it all played out. One look at Alice and Gabe holding their breaths let me know that I was right. Charlie was awestruck by Rose, and I sort of wanted to punch him for salivating over her like that when his wife, my mother, was laying in a recovery room somewhere. Not that I really thought Charlie would cheat on her. And to be fair, it wasn't as if it was his fault; I ventured a guess that Rosalie just had that affect on men, so his reaction was pretty normal. Plus, he recovered from his tit-induced trance pretty quickly, so I had to give him credit for that at least.

"Rosalie McCarty, infamous sports agent and wife of Emmett McCarty?" My dad asked with an awed expression. Aha, so that would explain the salivating. The only other thing that could make a man react that way would be sports, and my dad was a fanatic.

"One and the same," Rosalie said, nodding her head with a red carpet smile on her face. Oh, she was good.

Charlie looked just as confused as I was; only I'm pretty sure it wasn't written all over my face. Mostly because I was distracted by the way Edward was breathing. Well, it wasn't so much the *way* he was breathing as it was the fact that he just *was*. Add to that the fact that he was there and that he loved me...and I was pretty much done for in the coherency department.

"Didn't Bella tell you?" Rosalie asked with a confused expression as she looked at me and then back at my dad. She sighed and rolled her eyes in exasperation when I shrugged my shoulders dumbly. "When Bella got to campus, it turned out there was some mix-up on the dorm assignments; as in one less bed than they had originally thought. And well, since she was so late to report on her scholarship, she was pretty much left to fend for herself.

"Emmett and I are NYU alums, and we were there to have lunch with the dean, but as we were leaving, we overheard all the fuss and wanted to help. Lucky for Bella, we just happened to have an extra room in our penthouse just off campus," Rosalie explained, quite convincingly, I might add.

"And you didn't call us because...?" Charlie asked, tilting his head to the side while giving me that look that he always gave me when I was younger and had gotten into something I had no business getting into.

"I...erm..." I stuttered, puffing my cheeks out and looking to Rosalie for help.

"She was actually going to just pack up and go back home, but I'm a strong believer in the importance of a good education, and I couldn't let her just give up because of a technicality," she said. I'd say she was laying it on a little too thick, but if it worked, I'd give her a standing ovation and nominate her for an Emmy.

"Besides, Em's away for games a lot and I could use the company. She's my date to a lot of social functions that Em can't make it to because of his schedule, which is where she met my dear, sweet cousin, Edward."

"Edward?" Charlie asked, turning toward me. "Who's Edward?"

"That would be me, sir," Edward said, stepping forward with his hand outstretched in greeting. "Edward Cullen. It's nice to finally meet you. Bella's told me so much about you and your beautiful wife."

"She has, has she?" Charlie asked, giving me another sideways glance. "Well, I wish I could say the same about you."

I could practically hear his bullshit meter screaming high-pitched alarms.

"Yeah, um...sorry about that, Dad," I finally spat something out. I stood and walked toward Edward to make a proper introduction and hopefully do some damage control. Edward put his arm around my waist and pulled me into his side, a sign that we were forming a united front, but really it was just incredibly distracting because I could both feel and smell him.

"Dad, I'd like for you to meet my...um...boyfriend, Edward Cullen," I said, not really sure what to call him, which is probably why the whole thing came out sounding more like a question rather than a statement.

Charlie looked at me, and then Edward and then down to Edward's hand before he finally shook it. "*The* Edward Cullen, huh?" he asked.

"Of Scarlet Lotus," Edward acknowledged before pulling his hand back and tucking it away in his pocket. "I'm really sorry to hear of your wife's illness. Can I ask how she is?"

"She's doing exceptionally well," a voice said from behind us.

Everyone turned to see Carlisle walk into the room with what I assumed was my mother's chart in his hand. He pulled up short when he saw Rosalie standing beside my father. "I see you've met my nephew and daughter?" he asked Charlie. There went the bullshit meter, topped off by the arched brow of I-fucking-knew-it-you're-busted. "What a small world," Carlisle said with a grin.

"Yeah, it would appear so," my father replied with a flat tone. "So, about my wife?"

"Yes, well as I said, she's doing exceptionally well," Carlisle continued, taking on the cool and calm demeanor of a professional. "The transplant went about as well as could be hoped for. Now, all we can do is wait and make sure her body doesn't reject it. She'll be in recovery under close supervision for a while."

"Can we see her?" I asked.

"Right now, rest is detriment to her recovery. Any sort of *excitement*," he said, looking at the various faces in the room before settling on me and Edward, "won't be good. So, how about if we limit it to just you for now, Mr. Swan? Heidi will take you to her in a few minutes."

"But, Bella is her daughter," Charlie started to protest.

"I want to see her," I said adamantly.

"And you will," Carlisle answered. "Just please, be patient. One at a time for now."

"You go first, Bells," Charlie offered, even though how badly he wanted to get to her side was etched in every fine line of his face.

"It's okay, Dad. I'm hungry anyway," I cut him off with a reassuring smile. "I'll get to see her when she's feeling better."

"Why don't I take you to get something to eat?" Edward asked, and then kissed my temple chastely and rubbed my back soothingly. "I was worried you would be so upset that you'd forget to, and I was right."

He gave me a crooked smile and I bit down on my bottom lip, trying not to attack him on the spot and in front of a room full of people. I was pretty sure my dad wouldn't have appreciated that little porno moment quite as much as I might have.

"We'll go with you," Alice offered, linking her arm through Gabe's. It really kind of warmed my heart to see the two worlds of my life coming together so seamlessly.

"Okay...yeah," I said, pulling away from Edward to take his hand. I turned back to my father and said, "Tell Mom that I love her and I'll be in to see her just as soon as I'm allowed, okay?"

"Sure thing, sweetie," he answered, and then opened his paper back up.

Carlisle gave Edward and me a knowing grin and then took his leave; Rosalie, Gabe and Alice following close behind. As Edward and I turned toward the door, my father stopped us.

"Bells? A word please?" he asked, and then looked at Edward. "In private?"

I gave Edward an apologetic, yet nervous smile and he said, "I'll wait for you at the elevator." He tucked a strand of hair behind my ear and kissed me gently on the forehead before following our friends out.

I took a deep breath to still my nerves and then faced my dad with a plastered smile on my face. "What's up?"

"What took you so long to come and see your mother?" he asked.

"What do you mean? I came as soon as Gabe told me," I answered.

Charlie tossed the newspaper onto the little table between us and nodded toward it. I took a couple of steps closer and turned it so that I could see it better. There, on the front page of the Entertainment section of the current date's Seattle Times, was a picture of me and Edward on the red carpet at the Scarlet Lotus Ball. The caption above read: *Seattle's Most Eligible Bachelor, Off the Market?*

Oh shit. Busted. The Cooch fell to her knees and started chanting, *Please don't take the pretty from us, please don't take the pretty from us.*

"Dad, I can explain-" I started.

Charlie threw his hands up and stopped me. "No need to, Bells. All I know is that you were in town, and even if I hadn't seen that article, I was already questioning how in the hell you managed to make it here so quickly from the other side of the continent. I've been so caught up in worrying about your mother that I didn't even notice how suspicious it was that you just happened to get a full scholarship at the last moment and then whisked off to New York at the drop of a hat. Then, nearly a million dollars shows up in our bank account with no clue as to where it came from, *and then*, all at once, your mother has the most prestigious cardiologist signing on to her case, who just so happens to be the father of your quote/unquote roommate, who just so happens to be the cousin of," he motioned toward the newspaper again

with a flick of his hand, "Seattle's most eligible bachelor. The man's got more money than he knows what to do with, and my daughter, a kid who was so shy she didn't even go to her own prom, is dating him and has her picture plastered all over the newspaper?"

Charlie sighed and shook his head. "It doesn't make any sense, but right now, I don't care. We've been given a miracle, and I suspect all these *coincidences*," he said, using air quotes around the word, "have everything to do with it, but I won't question that miracle because it means that I get to hold on to my wife for a while longer. Just...don't make me regret it. Okay, kiddo?"

"Yeah, okay, Dad," I whispered, and then went to him, bending over at the waist to kiss the top of his head.

"Thank you."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Get out of here and go get something to eat. You're too skinny," he said, waving me off. "And when all of this is over with and your mother's back home, I want the two of you to come over for dinner so that I can properly grill him."

Translation: He wanted to introduce Edward to his Smith and Wesson.

Despite the fact that he was letting me off the hook, I gave him my best please-don't-pull-out-the-shotguns-and-embarrass-me look. Edward was important to me, and the last thing I needed was for Charlie to pull the protective father routine over his 22-year-old daughter. I

was no daddy's girl, and more than capable of taking care of myself. Charlie might argue that point if he knew the lengths in which I'd gone to help my family, but I saw it as a show of strength, not weakness. Regardless, I knew that once they'd properly met Edward, he'd sweep them off their feet the same way he did me. So, I'd let *daddy* have his fun. Besides, it might be nice to see Edward Cullen, master of control, squirm in his seat a bit for a change.

"It's a date," I told Charlie and then hugged him tight.

"I'll be back in a bit to check on Mom."

Once I'd left the room, I blew out a huge puff of air and sighed in relief before I made my way toward the elevators. I hadn't gone too far when a pair of hands shot out from an opened doorway and grabbed me, dragging me inside. There was no squeak of protest, no fighting off my would-be attacker, because I smelled him even before I saw him.

"Edward, what are you doing?" I laughed as he put my back against the wall and pinned me in place with his body.

"I told you that I was hungry," he said as he started devouring my neck with kisses.

"No, you didn't. *I* said *I* was hungry," I corrected him with a giggle.

"Po-tay-to, po-tah-to," he shrugged, securing my hands above my head with just one of his.

"You're insatiable, Mr. Cullen," I said breathlessly, my body relaxing under his touch. I craved that man and he knew every button to push at just the right time.

"Ahh, so finally you're catching on, Miss Swan," he said as his free hand cupped my right breast and he began to knead it.

"So, what are we doing here then?"

"I think you're in need of some...what did you call it? Stress management?" he answered. His hand moved down my side until he reached my thigh. Then he slipped his hand underneath and down the front of my panties. I moaned the second his fingers came into contact with the soft flesh there and began to massage the bundle of nerves at the apex of my folds. The Cooch shivered in delight.

"Mmm, yeah...you need this, don't you?" he breathed against my ear. His tongue wrapped around my lobe and he sucked it into his mouth before he scraped his teeth against it.

The Cooch bobbed her head emphatically and wept from his touch.

I tried to pull my hands down so that I could immerse them in the thick locks of his hair, but he held me firmly in place. "Ah, ah, ah, Bella. No touching, just feeling."

He accented the last word by dipping his long, thick finger inside me, languidly pushing it in before pulling it back out again, just as slowly. The heel of his palm was pressed against my clit, massaging it with his movements until I felt like my knees would buckle and I'd fall to the floor. But, there was no danger in that because Edward was very capably holding me up.

I felt a second finger being inserted and then he stroked the walls on the inside of my pussy until I rolled my hips into his come-to-me...or *for* me, hand. Back and forth he flicked his fingers, maddeningly slow and then fast before slowing down again. It was just enough, yet too much all at the same time and I felt my body coiling with sensation, ready to spring with just...a...little...bit...more.

"Not yet," he whispered against my lips and then claimed my mouth in a searing kiss as he removed his fingers, leaving me wanting. I groaned in protest and he broke the kiss, looking down on me with that evil little smirk that always made my girly bits break into a chorus of *Hallelujah*.

"Patience, baby," he snickered. "You know I always take care of your needs."

He pulled his body away from mine, and used both of his hands to move my arms down until each of my hands were planted flat against the wall at my sides. He hummed in contemplation as he looked me over and bit down on his bottom lip. "I'm going to let go of your

hands now, Isabella, but I want you to keep them in place. If you move them, you will not get your release. Do you understand me?"

"I really hate you for this," I said, but knew that I would do anything he asked me to.

"No, you don't," he smirked. "You already told me that you love me, and you can't take it back." He kissed the tip of my nose and then slowly pulled his hands back.

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EPOV

Sinking to my knees, I slipped my hands beneath the hem of her dress and pushed the skirt up and over her hips. I couldn't help the overwhelming urge to nuzzle her center, so I flicked my tongue out to sample the sweet taste of her arousal that had seeped through the black silk material. "Mmm...h'orderves. I think I'll just keep these for later," I said, ripping her panties from her body. Those fuckers had been outlawed and had no business creating a barrier between me and what I wanted. My easy access had been denied and there was just nothing doing with that shit.

Bella gasped in surprise and I smirked up at her. "Never know when I might get hungry again," I said with a shrug. "Not that I've forgotten your blatant disregard for the no panties rule, Miss Swan. You will pay for

that...later," I said as I tucked her panties in the front pocket of my jeans.

Once they were securely in place, I put my hands on the inside of her knees and pushed, spreading her creamy thighs wide for invasion. I didn't take my time, didn't make it slow or sensual...I just buried my face between her thighs and attacked. Her back arched and her knees buckled, but I held her in place with my hands firmly grasping her hips. There was no escaping me or my mouth until I was ready to release her.

I pulled back minutely, mixing the coaxing with the demanding, and saw her fingers twitch out of the corner of my eye. "Please don't move those hands, baby. I'd hate to have to stop before I give you what you want, but I'm a man of my word, and I will, so don't test me," I warned with my lips grazing her sensitive spot.

"Please...Edward, please...I need to...," she pleaded. I fucking loved to hear her beg for what only I could give her. It made my cock impossibly harder and I was overcome with the urge to get it wet.

Really, there was no reason why we couldn't both be appeased at the same time; kill two birds with one stone, or cock, as it were. I gave her delectable little pussy one last, long lick and then stood before her, planting my hands against the wall on either side of her head. I pressed my body against hers, making sure she could feel

my hardness against her core as I grinded my hips into her.

"This is what you fucking do to me. It's really quite painful, but I assure you, the pleasure is also there," I told her, relishing her moans of appreciation as I continued to work myself against her.

I quickly stepped back and made fast work of my belt and jeans before pulling them down just enough to let my dick spring forth. Then I slipped my hands between her thighs and onto the wall, forcing her to spread herself as I lifted her until she was at the perfect height with her legs draped over my forearms.

"I'm going to take my time with you once I get you back home, but for now...this will have to be quick. Hold on to me, baby," I directed, giving her permission to finally touch me.

She hooked her arms under mine and grabbed onto the tops of my shoulders with her hands as I entered her...deep. We both moaned out in pleasure and I muffled our sounds with my mouth, not wanting to draw any attention and cause some nosey nurse, or God forbid, her father to come investigate. That was most definitely not the way I wanted to kick off my official relationship with the woman that I loved, being despised by her father...and maybe lying in the basement on a slab in the morgue. Although, apparently rigor mortis had

already set in on my cock...I was that fucking hard for her.

I thrust my hips into her tight little pussy, over and over again as she sank her nails into my shoulder. I could feel the bite from them digging through my shirt, but it didn't deter me because that shit felt good when I knew it was derived of the pleasure I was giving her. Her kisses became needy, my thrusts frenzied until finally, I felt her walls clench around my cock and she mewled into my mouth. Bella's body stiffened in my arms as she orgasmed, giving me the freedom to finally let go myself and spill my seed into her with a final strangled grunt.

Hands down...Best. Quickie. Ever. Although, I did feel a bit like a douche that the first time after our confessions of love had to be that way. I would most definitely be making it up to her later...over and over again until she was thoroughly satisfied. And then starting at the beginning again, because I'm an insatiable fucker...literally.

Once we'd both ridden out our releases, I eased her back down the wall until her feet touched the floor. She swayed a little lethargically in my arms and I gathered her up to me. "Easy, baby. You okay?" I asked, a bit concerned.

"Oh yeah," she sighed contentedly. "I'm *real* good."

I chuckled at her response, admittedly a bit big-headed that I had that affect on her after such a short session.

Truth be known, she had the same affect on me as well, not that I was all that surprised; it had been that way from the very first week we'd spent together, and I was pretty sure it always would be.

Always? Was I thinking long-term about our relationship? Damn straight I was. She was mine.

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Chapter Nineteen

Envy Me Bitches

BPOV

"He did not!" my mother squealed.

"Oh, yes he did," Gabe laughed at her reaction. "You should've seen him, Nae-Nae. He was all," Gabe tucked his chin to his chest and spread his shoulders so that his arms hung to his side like a man whose muscles were too big to lay straight. Lowering his voice to sound all Clint Eastwood, he mocked my father. *"That's my wife, boy, and I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna' sit by and let some pimply faced orderly, who's just barely reached puberty and still jacked up on teenage hormones give her a sponge bath! I'm the only man that touches those goodies! Leave the sponge and the tub, and walk away slowly, son, before someone gets hurt."*

My mother was full-on laughing by the time Gabe was finished with his less than accurate impersonation, and it was such a wonderful sound to hear...miraculous even. I hadn't heard her laugh like that in so long I'd nearly forgotten what it sounded like. Of course had my father heard Gabe's mockery, he wouldn't have found it quite so humorous. Good thing he was at house getting things situated for my mother's return.

It had been ten days since her transplant. So far, so good. All her color was back, she was sitting up, laughing,

eating, smiling...living. The scar on her chest was an angry red in color, but it, too, had healed significantly, and she only hurt minutely each time she had to cough...or at least, that's what she claimed. Either way, that sparkle was back in her eye and she was soaking up every single bit of information that she could about how to maintain her health so that her body didn't reject her new heart.

The only source of worry I could find, was her concern for the family of the young lady that gave her another chance to live. She wanted to thank them properly, as we all did, as well as offer her condolences, but Carlisle said it was the family's choice not to have their information disclosed. Upon his suggestion, I sat down with my mother and we wrote them a letter that he agreed to deliver, hoping they would one day find peace with their loss. I'd also hoped my mother would find peace with her gain, but she was a sentimental person and I knew the idea that someone else had to die in order for her to live would haunt her until her dying day...and hopefully, that would be a long way down the road.

"Well, it wasn't exactly like that," Alice chimed in.

"It *was* exactly like that," Gabe argued.

"My father, the police chief of Forks-"

"*Ex* police chief," Gabe corrected me.

I gave him the evil eye and continued, "Charlie does not say *goodies*."

"Um, yes, he does," my mother interrupted with a devilish grin.

"Oh! Ew! Mom!" I shrieked. I did not need those mental images, and I started contemplating hijacking the janitor's closet to see if there was some Ajax, or bleach, or whatever in the hell it was that these hospitals used to keep everything so damn sterile to scrub my brain. It was definitely going to take something with some industrial strength; that was for damn sure.

"Oh, please, Bella. How do you think you got here?" she scoffed. "I assure you, it wasn't by Immaculate Conception." Then she got this dreamy look in her eye like she was reminiscing. "We sure did have a lot of fun making you. The things your father can do with his-"

"Do not finish that sentence!" I demanded, cutting her off. "Old people doing it is so gross!"

"Hey, we weren't old when we did it," she laughed. "No way in hell would I have been able to contort my body like that over the back seat of his El Camino if I were all Geritol and Bengay." I cringed again at the mental picture...my dad's pasty white ass plastered to the side of a steamy window, and what my mother's face must have looked like as she....EW!

"Hey! There's nothing wrong with being gay," Gabe said in mock insult, twisting her words.

"Oh...shut it, you," she scolded and threw a tissue box at him. Gabe was quick and dodged it before it could hit him, but his antics didn't dissuade my mother from continuing with the topic...Oh no...

"He really gets down on the holidays," she continued.

"For Christmas, he's stoking the old Yule Log, or stuffing my chimney with presents. For Easter, he hides his eggs – it's perfect for him really; his little white ass looks just like a little bunny's cotton tail. For Halloween, he's stirring the witch's brew, or giving me his monstrous Frank-and-steins, or staking the...vampussy-"

I plugged my ears with my fingers and started singing to drown her out. "Gray skies are gonna' clear up – put on a happy face. Brush off the clouds and cheer up – put on a happy face. Spreaaaad sunshine all over the plaaaaace – and put oooon a ha-ppy faaaaaace!" It didn't work. I could still hear her over my own hideous screeching.

"The Fourth of July...need I really say? Your dad has this fascination with the Statue of Liberty, so I have this outfit-"

"Stop! Stop! Stop! Pleeeeeease stop," I begged in a whiney voice. "I can't take any more!" I just knew she was going to bust out with some Katy Perry reenactment of shooting fireworks out of her bazongas.

Renee finally fell silent at my outburst and gave me *the look* – the one that said she knew something I wasn't telling her. "Don't act like you're so innocent, Miss Thang," she said as she smoothed out the sheets over her midsection. "I've seen that peace of manmeat you're sporting around like a second layer of skin. You two haven't been able to keep your hands off each other. I bet he's good in the sack too, isn't he? I mean, he's *the* Edward Cullen, Seattle's most eligible bachelor."

"Seriously? I'm going to puke," Rosalie said in a bored tone as she examined her nails. Then she sighed and straightened in her chair. "I love my cousin and all, but I really don't want to hear this."

"You shush it too, girly. I want the deets," she said and then turned back to me. "Inquiring minds want to know, Bella...Just how big is the big spender?"

"Oh...I'm...I'm soooo not going to answer that question," I said, appalled and embarrassed to the point that it felt like I had two Atomic Fireballs lodged in my cheeks like a chipmunk. All I really wanted to do was curl up into the fetal position and suck my thumb until it all just went away. "What are you, some kind of cougar? Need I remind you that I'm your daughter, and this is beyond inappropriate?"

"Stop being such a prude, Sandra Dee, and let your inner Cha Cha DiGregorio shine through," Gabe came to my mother's defense...as usual, whenever it came to

tormenting me. "You've shimmied your way into your painted on leather, strapped on your peep-toe hills, painted your lips red and snagged Danny Zuko." His obsession with *Grease* bordered on insanity.

"Let us live vicariously through you. I mean, you've scored the jackpot, honey, the least you could do is gloat about it a little bit...for us less fortunate hoochies," Gabe said as he crossed his legs to prop his elbow on his knee and his chin in his palm. "So...When he's poking the pokey, is he all up in them guts, making you climb the walls like a spider monkey jacked up on Mt. Dew? Or, is he merely knock, knock, knocking on Heaven's door, never quite making it inside the Pearly Gates and the *Hallelujah* doomed to forever fall on deaf ears? And don't try to lie either, Sister Christian; I've seen the size of his feet...and his hands."

"Oh my God...I cannot even believe this is happening," I mumbled, running my hands over my face. "I'm being punked, aren't I? Where are the cameras?"

Gabe made a fist with one hand and started reeling the other as if he were holding a movie camera aimed straight at me. "Isabella Marie Swan...this, is your life," he said with a game show host intonation. "So tell us...Vienna sausage or Mack truck?"

"Just tell us," Alice chimed in. I was shocked. Like, *really* shocked. She was completely focused on the conversation, like I was about to give the secret of eternal

life or something. Edward was her boss, and her husband was probably the closest friend he had, yet she was all up in my grill wanting to know how long his schlong was.

Rosalie sighed and rolled her eyes. "Tell them for God's sake so that we can move on from this disgusting topic."

"Fine!" I yelled, throwing my hands up in defeat. "He's colossal, okay? Huge! And the sex is epic! He knocks it out of the park each and every time he's at bat. He's got me speaking in tongues and my head spinning around on my shoulders like I'm possessed or something. If the absolute greatest sex in the universe were to manifest into a physical being, it would clone itself after Edward Cullen. He is the poster child for massive orgasms, the alpha and omega of cocks everywhere. His junk should be stuffed and mounted like a trophy over a fireplace, put on display behind bulletproof glass with heat sensitive alarms and motion detectors at the Smithsonian of Cockdom...it is the Holy Grail of penises everywhere, and only he has the ability to harness its full power...In short, Edward Cullen is the epitome of sex. He makes my toes curl, my body convulse and my voice demonize...There! Are you happy!"

The room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. My mother's jaw was slack and Alice's eyes were bulging out of her head. And then there was Gabe...

"So...if you had to put a specific measurement on it, what would it be?" he asked, as if my grand speech still wasn't enough.

I heard a throat clear at the doorway and my head snapped up to find Edward, the subject of said speech, leaning against the door frame with his hands in his pockets. And judging by the egotistical smirk on his face, I'd say he'd heard just enough of the conversation to make his big head, ginormous. Great. He was going to be impossible to live with.

"Sorry to interrupt, ladies," he said as he straightened and walked into the room. "Mrs. Swan, you're looking very well."

"I...uh...well...um, thank you," my mother stuttered, apparently still thinking about my word vomit and probably picturing my boyfriend naked, which was just so Jerry Springer of her.

When my mother came out of recovery, Edward had been right by my side, and I remembered the way her jaw nearly dropped to the floor and how she repeatedly rubbed her eyes as if she couldn't possibly have been seeing what she was seeing. She beamed like the mother of a beauty pageant contestant who'd just mopped the floor with all those other wannabes to secure the crown and the title of World's Youngest Girl to Be Exploited by Her Mother and Turned into Some Sick Pedophile's Object of Perverted Affection; WYGBEHMTSSPOPA, for

short. Not that my mother had ever treated me that way, or that Edward actually was a pedophile, but he was most definitely teetering on that fine line between perverted and just plain sex-crazed. Bottom line...my mother was stoked that her baby girl was dating, and for my boyfriend to be Edward Cullen? Yeah, she was pretty cool with that too.

"I missed you," Edward said as he squatted behind me and leaned in to give my neck a very sweet, chaste kiss. Then he wrapped his arms around my shoulders from behind and addressed my mother. "I spoke with Mr. Swan on the way over and he said that all the medical equipment arrived today and has been set up. Looks like you're good to go just as soon as Carlisle gives you the green light."

"Actually, Dr. Cullen said that barring any unforeseen complications, I can go home tomorrow," Renee beamed excitedly. "I want to thank you for all that you did to make...well, all of this possible. I know you'll probably never claim responsibility, but if it hadn't been for all you've done, I know that I wouldn't be here right now, and my daughter wouldn't be nearly as happy as she finally seems to be. It's because of you...you've touched the life of each member of our family, Edward, and we could never repay you for that."

"I'd do anything for Bella," he answered, hugging me tighter. "Besides, I only did what any moral human being

would do if given the resources, Mrs. Swan. I'm no saint."

"Well, in my eyes, you are, and I won't soon forget what you've done," my mother said with misty eyes. She took a deep breath and collected herself before starting again.

"Now, Bella...what are your plans? Are you going back to school?"

Yeah, that's right...she and Charlie still thought I was legitimately enrolled at NYU. How was I going to get out of that mess?

Rosalie came to the rescue. "Actually, I pulled some strings with the dean's office and got him to agree to let Bella drop her classes for this semester and re-enroll for the next, without it affecting her *scholarship*," she said pointedly with a look that said I should just go with what she was saying. As if the last time she put on an act really worked. Not. "So, she's free to stick around here for a while."

"That's great!" my mom cooed. "You'll be coming home then?"

"Um...er," I stuttered, caught off guard. I hadn't really thought about what I would do, or where I would go once she was free to leave. I turned to the side to look at Edward, hoping he'd saddle up on his white horse and come to my rescue yet again, but his defeated expression offered me no solace or hope of being able to go back home with him. I could tell by the faint way he nodded

his head and offered an encouraging smile to mask his feelings that our separation wasn't what he wanted either. But at the same time, he had to have known this would happen, which meant he was sacrificing, yet again, for me and my family. Just that once, I wished he would have been selfish and demand that I stay with him, but I knew he wouldn't.

So, I turned back to my mother so that I wouldn't have to see his pretty face, in hopes that I'd have the strength to say what we both knew I had to say. "Yeah, Mom...I'm coming home," I nodded and gave her a half-hearted smile that I hoped looked convincing enough that she wouldn't feel guilty about my obvious misery.

It was terrible of me, I know. I should've wanted to be there to help her on her road to recovery because she still had quite a way to go. But I couldn't fathom the idea of sleeping in my cold bed - the very same one I spent night after night wondering if I was doomed to never know what it felt like to have a warm body cuddled up next to me, to never know the fire that boiled in my veins from a lover's touch, to never know what it felt like to be adored by someone of worth.

I could feel Edward's warm breath on the shell of my ear as his husky voice spoke from just over my shoulder. "If it's okay with you, Mrs. Swan, I'd like to steal her away from you for the evening. Unless you need her here, of course."

Always the fucking considerate gentleman. *Throw me over your shoulder like a caveman, damnit! Whisk me away to your cave with grunted warnings for anyone who might dare try to take me away from you!* God knew the man didn't seem to have a problem behaving that way when he'd decided he knew what was best for me time and time again before. It may have been seriously fucked up of me, but part of me wanted that Edward back again...at least in that moment.

"No, no, no...Bella's been with her sick old mother every single day and night since I got here," Renee said. "She needs to get out. You two kids go and um," she cleared her throat, "have...*fun*." She tried to contain her giggles, but then Gabe and the Bobbsey Twins started snickering and all bets were off.

Really? How very junior high of them. It became very evident that I was never going to live down the whole Edward-is-a-sex-god word vomit thing. Then I realized that I had what they obviously wanted. They were just jealous, with the exception of Rose, of course...because *that* would have made the Jerry Springer episode developing in my head way too real - My Mother Wants to Sleep With My Boyfriend, but He's Too Busy Boinking His Cousin...His Married Assistant Dreams of His Penis Size, and My Gay Best Friend Might Be Pregnant With His Baby.

Intent on capitalizing on my newfound realization and making them all suffer for embarrassing me, I shook those disturbing thoughts out of my head and stood. After kissing my mother on the cheek, I grabbed Edward's hand and drug him behind me as I turned for the door.

"Where are you going?" Alice asked.

I stopped short and looked back over my shoulder at my friends, and with a knowing smirk said, "The Smithsonian. Envy me, bitches."

"Well, go on with your bad self then, girlfriend," Gabe snickered.

"The alpha and omega of cocks everywhere, huh?"

Edward asked as we stepped into the empty elevator and the doors closed behind us.

I tucked my hair behind my ear and inhaled deeply, letting the scent of him that had permeated the air in the small space envelope my senses. "Something like that," I smiled.

Edward suddenly had me pinned against the wall, his body pressed to mine firmly as he assaulted my mouth with a searing kiss. His hands were everywhere: fondling my breast, cupping my ass, stroking the sweet spot just under the seam of the zipper of my jeans. And I was jelly in his capable hands. His attack was so fast and furious that I hadn't even had a chance to take a breath, but

oxygen was overrated, right? I was pretty sure I could live without it because as long as Edward continued to do things that made my pulse race, it meant my heart was still beating. Sure, I would probably be a little brain damaged from the lack of oxygen to the old cranium when he was done, but it would be worth it.

The bell dinged, signaling that we were stopping at another floor and the doors were about to open. Edward pulled away and stood by my side just in time before we got caught by the nurse stepping on board. Judging by the way her eyes widened when she took in my appearance, I'd say she knew exactly what we'd just been up to. My chest was heaving, and I'm sure my hair looked just as disheveled as my clothes...and even I could feel the flush on my skin. When Nurse Observant finally stopped staring at me, she swept her eyes over Edward...and gasped. I turned to look him over and he looked perfectly normal to me. I was just about to chalk it up to that's just the effect his gorgeousness has on women when I suddenly noticed the enormous bulge in the front of his pants. Apparently, Nurse Observant was doubling as Nurse Free Peep Show too. Not on my fucking watch, and not with my fucking man. I quickly stepped in front of him and blocked her view of the colossal cock...*my* colossal cock. Yes, I was being a cock-blocking whore.

Thankfully, another nurse followed behind and the two soon had their backs turned to us and were engaging in conversation, which meant I wasn't going to have to spoon a bitch's eyes out for ogling my man.

Edward put his arm around my waist and pulled me back against him so that my ass was firmly planted against his erection. He nuzzled my ear with his nose as he grinded against my ass and whispered, "Jealous, Bella?"

I shook my head.

He chuckled slightly and gave my exposed neck a soft kiss. "Yes, you are," his warm breath caressed my ear. "I want to fuck you...right now...right here...in this elevator...with them watching."

My heart literally skipped a beat. I'd never thought of myself as kinky, but I wasn't really surprised that voyeurism turned me on. Edward had already shown me so many different sides of the person that I truly was on the inside that I hadn't known existed before. But damned if I didn't want him to do it just as badly as he wanted to, and I didn't think it was just so that those bitches would know that he belonged to me either.

The elevator finally stopped on the ground floor and Edward led me out the front doors where Riley was waiting with the limousine. Once we were inside, Edward pulled me to him and kissed me deeply.

"I missed you," he said, breaking the kiss.

Edward had been by my side throughout the entire ordeal with my mother. There wasn't one day that we were forced to go without seeing each other, but I knew what he meant. With the exception of the one time, we hadn't been able to hide away to take care of...business. We were both wound up pretty tightly, and it seemed that yet another separation was on the horizon, what with me going home to stay with my parents and all. Hopefully, we'd have a lot more alone time even then though because I was not one bit adverse to sneaking out into the woods with him and doing it like a couple of adolescent teens.

"Me too," I whispered, stroking his cheek.

A mischievous smile crept up on his face. "And don't think I've forgotten about your punishment, either."

I sighed and rolled my eyes. "Not with the damn panties again," I groaned.

"Oh, yes," he said, grabbing my hair roughly and forcing me to look at him, which really turned me the fuck on.

"It was a cheap shot, and you know it...so you must be punished."

"And what might my punishment be, Mr. Cullen?" I asked, eagerly playing along.

"Oh, I think I might have an idea. Hungry?" he asked, and I nodded. "Good, because I've got something for you right here."

I heard the clinking of his belt buckle and then the metal against metal as his zipper was released.

"I missed your lips," he said, kissing me chastely. Then he sighed heavily, "And I really missed...your mouth."

He wasn't talking about my sarcastic wit either and it kind of made me all giddy inside because I knew I could take care of that for him...gladly.

With his hand still fisted in my hair, he pushed my head down toward his crotch where his cock was already free and giving me a, "Hey, hi! How are ya'? I'd like to introduce myself. I'm the piece of meat that's about to get crammed down the back of your throat when my man, Edward, there forces you headfirst into his lap so that he can fuck your mouth. Tsk, tsk, tsk...shouldn't have worn the panties, woman."

I stifled a giggle because it wasn't like I was the least bit intimidated by the threat. How in the hell could something I wanted be considered punishment? Hell, I was getting off easy...er, rather, he was going to be the one to get off. And, maybe that was his angle.

"I love you," I whimpered, hoping to change his mind if in fact he had no intention of letting me get mine.

"Mmhmm...I love you too, baby. Now suck my cock," he said, pushing my head into his lap.

I loved that he hadn't lost that domineering edge that I secretly loved so much about him just because

admissions of love had been spoken. It just wouldn't have been the same...he wouldn't have been the same, and I didn't want him to change who he really was just for me.

On with the cock sucking...

The angle I was approaching from wasn't exactly prime, given his girth and all, so I slid onto the floor between his legs and took him in my hand. His skin felt so silky smooth and hot, yet he was as solid as marble and I couldn't help but admire it. He was all that I had bragged that he was, and I'd missed him so.

I took him into my mouth and hummed at finally having him back there. He was right: I did enjoy having his cock in my mouth a little too much.

"Fuck, yeah. You love this, don't you? Bad girls like to suck cock, don't they, baby? Fuck, let me see," he groaned as he gathered my hair up into his hand so that he could have a better view to watch what I was doing.

I hummed again in answer and bobbed my head more earnestly, wanting to make him happy. Saliva was dripping down his shaft, making it easier for me to exaggerate my motions and take him deeper.

"Goddamn, that feels so fucking good," Edward hissed. "I love to hear those wet sounds when you're sucking my cock real good and proper like that."

I started to move faster, spurred on by his dirty talk and a growl from somewhere deep within his chest erupted. Edward pulled hard on my hair and forced me to become immobile. Then he started thrusting his hips, his dick quickly moving back and forth inside my mouth. I could feel him hit the back of my throat with each upstroke and he pulled nearly all the way out before pushing back in again. It was all I could do to control my gag reflex, but I loved it when he fucked my mouth.

"Shit...fuck! I wish everyone else could see how fucking good you look sucking my cock," he grunted.

I have no idea what came over me; perhaps it was the realization from the elevator just moments before, or the fact that I wanted everyone to see how good I made this man feel, but whatever the reason, I reached my hand up to the door and pressed the button that released the window, and it came down...giving greater Seattle front row seats to our little show. I felt like a fucking porn star who'd just won the Golden Cock, even though the only think that anyone could see was my head bobbing up and down and Edward's orgasm-inducing pleasure faces. But, make no mistake, anyone who pulled up next to us, would definitely know what the fuck was up in the back seat of that limousine.

"Oh, God...I really fucking love you, woman," Edward moaned, the city lights spilling in through the opened

window and casting moving shadows across his chiseled face.

I took as much of him as I could, swallowing the head of his dick down the back of my throat before releasing him again.

"That's right, baby...you just keep sucking my cock like that, and when I get you home, I'm going to give you what you've been wanting," he panted. "I'm going to make love to that tight little pussy of yours and then, I'm going to fuck that pretty ass."

Game, set, match, hole in motherfucking one, touchdown, swoosh, nothing but fucking net, goal, homerun...what the fuck ever. All I knew was that my eye was on the prize and I wanted the win.

I gave him and that colossal cock all I had, going to town on that bad boy like I was a starved lard ass at an all-you-can-eat buffet. And all my hard work - yeah right, t'was mah pleasure - paid off big time. Edward thrust his hips up while shoving my head down so that his cock was lodged in the back of my throat, and then he came; spewing his hot semen into my mouth like a volcanic eruption. I swallowed as quickly as I could, not really wanting to taste the salty goo, but loving the fowl moans of ecstasy that spilled from his succulent lips nonetheless.

"Christ, woman," he panted when his body finally relaxed and I released his dick. "I would've fucked you

one way or the other, but that...fucking hell; there just are no motherfucking words."

"So does that mean I'm forgiven for the panty thing?" I giggled.

"Yeah," he smirked, tucking his dick away. "You're forgiven...but don't ever let that shit ever happen again because I will be only too happy to do a reenactment of your punishment."

"Promises, promises," I cooed, wiping the corners of my mouth.

Just then, the car rolled to a stop and I looked out the opened window and realized that we were at home...home. I suddenly felt a little sick to my stomach, not knowing how long I was going to have to be without him, or whether or not our separation would have an effect on the way he felt about me. I mean, he had his work and home in Seattle and I would be in bum-fucked Forks. Not exactly in another state, but with his schedule, how often could I really expect to see him?

"Hey, what's wrong?" Edward asked, lifting my chin to look into my eyes.

"I don't know if I can do it," I answered.

"Do what?"

"Be away from you."

"I'm not going anywhere, Bella."

"Yeah, but I am," I said, pulling my chin from his grasp and straightening myself. "And you're a horny little fucker, which is exactly the reason you bought me in the first place-"

I stopped abruptly when I saw his face contort like I'd just slapped him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I just...God, it's just killing me...you know?"

Edward sighed. "Yeah...I do," he said quietly. "But, there's always the weekends and I'll make a trip up to Forks every chance I get."

I crossed my arms over my chest in a pout. "Sure, it'll be that way for a little while and then you'll get tired of it and the trips will become more infrequent until you're just doing it every now and then out of habit...you'll start resenting me, and before I know it...you just won't be there at all...you'll have moved on." I wrapped my arms tighter, hugging myself and already beginning to feel the hole developing in my heart.

"Don't," he said with a commanding tone.

"Don't what?"

"Don't start dooming us already," he said, running his hands through his hair in exasperation. "I love you, Bella. It took me a long time to be able to open myself up like this again, and I'm not about to let you go that easily. I'm yours, and you're mine, and we're going to make the

best of the time we have together. Now get out of the fucking car."

Edward opened the door and stepped out, holding his hand out for me. My thoughts drifted back to my first night there, when I refused his offering and I never would've fathomed being where we were in that moment in comparison. I took his outstretched hand, a symbol that we were in this thing together...and together, we would find a way to make it work.

I'd no sooner stepped onto the ground when Edward snatched me up and threw me over his shoulder...just like the caveman I'd hoped he would be back at the hospital, and carried me up the steps to the door. I giggled at his abruptness, no longer feeling the pangs of separation...content to live in the moment. Because if little stolen moments were all we had for the time being, I was going to live them to the fullest and hope for the best.

Once we were inside, Edward carried me to his office, opened a drawer and pulled something out that I couldn't see since I was hanging upside down, face to face with the Ridonkabutt. All the blood was rushing to my head, but the view was fabulous, so I wasn't complaining.

"What are you doing?" I laughed.

"You'll see," he said and then turned to leave the office.

Up the stairs he carried me, and down the hall. I knew the route well; he was taking me to the bedroom, hopefully, for some happy-happy, joy-joy play time. When he finally sat me down on my feet, the blood suddenly drained from my head and flowed back into the rest of my body, making me dizzy.

"First things, first," Edward said, steadying me on my feet. In his hand lay a ruler. "If you're going to be bragging about me, I think you should have the facts."

"A ruler?" I questioned.

"You're right. Perhaps a yard stick would be more appropriate," he smirked.

He wanted me to measure his penis? And so the egomania begins...

I shrugged. If you can't beat 'em, might as well join 'em. Plus, I was more than a little curious to know the exact number, myself.

I took the ruler and reached for his pants.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Edward stopped me, taking a step back. "You can't measure it limp, Isabella; I'm a shower *and* a grower. You have to wait until I'm hard."

"Hmm, I see," I said, and then closed the gap between us. "Well, let's see if we can't take care of that...in the interest of presenting the facts, that is."

I backed him up against the wall and began kissing along the length of his neck. At the same time, I cupped him

through his jeans and massaged his cock. Even limp, he was still an impressive size, but it didn't take long before the bulge in his pants grew thick and hard under my manipulations. I couldn't help the self-satisfied grin that spread across my face.

"You're...very talented," Edward moaned.

"Mmm, I have a great teacher," I giggled as I took a step back and made fast work of his pants. "I think you're up to snuff now, big boy."

The colossal cock sprang free and I wrapped my hand around it, steadying it so that I could take a proper measurement. I was impressed...like, really impressed. Edward measured in at 8.75 inches...and all that, had been inside me, and was about to be inside my ass. Admittedly, I was a bit intimidated.

"And there you have it," he smirked. "Proof that your boyfriend's cock truly is the Holy Grail of penises everywhere."

I rolled my eyes and tossed the ruler to the side. "Just how much of that speech did you hear?"

"All of it," he said with a cocky grin and a twinkle in his eye as he stepped toward me. He took the bottom of my shirt and pulled it up and over my head.

"And now you've got a big head over it, huh?" I asked, unbuttoning his shirt. I kissed the newly exposed skin,

inhaling his scent and memorizing each indentation of the muscles in his chest.

"Well, I think we just proved that, now didn't we?" he said, kicking his shoes off as he reached forward and flicked the clasp at the front of my bra, releasing it so that the straps could fall down my arms. "And it's aaaall yours, baby," he said before cupping my breasts and suckling at one of the nipples. "Jesus Christ, I want you so fucking bad."

It didn't take either of us much longer to have the other completely undressed, and before I knew it, I was sprawled out on top of the bed with Edward's head between my thighs.

"Mmm...God, I fucking love you, baby," he mumbled against my soaked flesh.

His tongue flicked at my clit rapidly before he covered it with his mouth and sucked gently, all while still manipulating it with his very talented tongue. I brought my knees up and closed my thighs around his head, moaning over the sensation of his scruffy beard against my sensitive skin as he worked me over. Two fingers pushed and pulled inside me, while two more worked my back entrance. He was priming me for the invasion, so I relaxed as much as I could, enjoying the other sensations he gave me as a distraction. Before long, I found myself actually pushing forward to meet the thrust of his fingers, wanting even more.

"Yeah...you want it too, don't you?" his husky voice asked, and I mewled in response. "Don't worry, baby. I'm going to give it to you. I just need to make sure you're ready first."

I came...hard, rocking my hips back and forth and then stiffening as the orgasm took over my body and rendered me unable to move. Edward carefully removed his fingers and crawled up the bed to lie on his side next to me. Tender kisses were placed along my shoulder and neck until my breathing finally evened out and I could finally see straight again. Edward gathered me up into his arms and turned me so that my back was to him. And then he entered me from behind, in the traditional sense.

He made love to me slowly – holding me tight as he whispered words of admiration and love into my ear.

"I love you so much," I told him, kissing the palm of his hand, because it was one of the very few parts of him that I had access to.

"I know you do, baby," he said as he nuzzled the sensitive skin on the back of my neck. "I love you, too....Jesus, you feel so fucking good."

But, I could give him more. I was ready to, and I told him as much.

"Edward? I'm ready," I told him, sensing that he was waiting for my permission before going any further.

"Are you sure, baby?" he asked as he kissed along the length of my neck. "I want to...so fucking bad, but I don't want to hurt you."

"You and I both know that you could never hurt me," I reassured him. "Please..."

Edward reached over me and opened the drawer to the nightstand, taking out a bottle of lubricant. He didn't pull from me as he squirted a little on his fingertips and then spread it around my rear opening. All the while, he was still moving inside me.

"This will be a first for me, too," he whispered, kissing my shoulder as he pulled out of me and began to rub himself...I assumed with the lubricant.

"You've never done this before?" I asked, stunned.

"No. So if it hurts too much, I need you to tell me. Okay?" I could feel the head of his dick at my entrance, applying just a little pressure.

I nodded, holding my breath because I was nervous, but I wanted this so badly; a first for both of us. Finally, something he and I would have that no one else could ever take away.

I felt him push forward very slowly, more pressure. And then with one very quick, very short thrust, he was inside me. I gasped at the burning sensation and stiffened, holding my breath once again and willing the fire of the stretching pain to subside. Tears sprang to my eyes

unbeckoned, like a little girl who'd just fallen and scraped her knee; only this was so much bigger than that. My body's natural instinct was to push him out, but I held still and squeezed my eyes shut instead, unwilling to move or breathe for fear that it would only make it worse.

"Breathe, baby. You have to breathe," Edward's strained voice was almost a whisper as his shaky hands stroked my arms lovingly and peppered my shoulders with tender kisses. "Just breathe...and try to relax. It'll get better."

I exhaled a long breath and tried my damndest to loosen the muscles in my body. He was right; once I started to relax a little, the pain subsided a bit.

"Keep going," I told him.

Edward's voice was raspy and shook, jarred by his quaking body. "Are you sure, baby? I'm not even all the way in yet. That was just the head."

Say what!

I nodded my head quickly, my jaws feeling the pressure of my clenched teeth. I inhaled deeply and then exhaled again, readying myself for yet more pain. I could do this. I could do it for him. "Just...go slow," I said, unable to keep the strain out of my voice.

"I'm hurting you. We're not doing this," he said, and I felt him back away as if he were about to pull out, which I absolutely *could not* let happen.

"No! I want this...please, Edward...let me give this to you. Give this to *me*," I begged, and then pushed back into him slightly to prove how much I wanted it.

I heard him groan...out of pleasure, not frustration. I did that to him. Then I felt his warm, soft...wet lips along my shoulders again as he began to move inside me, oh so slowly, once more. It wasn't nearly as painful, just uncomfortable. But the more he moved, the deeper he went, the more I loosened up and started to enjoy the sensations. An involuntary moan escaped my lips, and I felt his arms tighten around me and his breathing became heavier. I wanted to know that it felt good to him too; I wanted to hear him *say* it.

"What does it feel like?" I asked him. "Do you like it?"

"Oh...God, baby...you have no idea," he moaned in that husky voice, his hot breath spilling over the skin on the back of my neck. "I love you so much. You feel so fucking good."

"It's not hurting anymore...More...give me more," I urged him on, knowing he was holding back for fear of hurting me. But I wanted him to get the full effect, and in truth, I sort of liked it. I knew I wouldn't get off this first time, but that was okay too.

Edward grabbed my hip and held me firmly in place as he rolled his hips, moving deeper still...faster.

"That's it, baby," I spurred him on. "Do what feels good to you. I want you to cum so fucking hard."

"Shit...I love it when you say naughty things to me," he panted.

Oh, he really shouldn't have said that...

"Edward, your massive cock is in my ass," I moaned, wanting him to get the mental affect as well as the physical. "Oh, God, baby...you're fucking me in my ass."

That must have done it...

"Aaarrggh, fuck, fuck, fuck!" he growled through clenched teeth. "I can't...stop. Oh, God...I'm gonna'...fuck, I'm gonna' cum, baby."

Edward thrust into me, his hips slapping against my ass and his hand clutching on to my hip so hard that I knew there'd be a bruise there by morning. He bit into the flesh of my shoulder and growled out his release...furiously animalistic. All I could do was hold on while grinning like the Cheshire Cat. I did that for him. I gave him what no one else ever had, or ever will again if I had anything to say about it. And I'd do it a thousand more times...because I could.

I'm not going to lie; it hurt like a motherfucker. But the small amount of pain and discomfort I experienced was worth it in the end, because it was a connection that only

he and I shared. I could feel how much pleasure it gave him, and I reveled in the fact that a man who's seemingly always in control, wasn't when it came to me. It was a freedom he deserved, and I always wanted him to feel like that.

I'd come to Edward a virgin in every sense of the word, physically and emotionally, and he introduced me to a world of unspeakable pleasure. He may have paid a million dollars for me, but I owed him so much more than that for what he gave me in return. I owed him my heart, my soul, my body...and they were all his.

"I love you so much, Edward Cullen," I said, just barely above a whisper as I reached around and caressed his bare ass with the palm of my hand. "Thank you."

"I love you, too, Isabella Swan," he whispered back. I could feel his heart pounding against my back as his chest rose and fell with his labored breaths. "I can't imagine ever sharing something so intimate, so...sacred, with anyone but you. Thank you for trusting me."

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Chapter Twenty

The Red Flower Blooms

EPOV

Making love to Bella was the easiest thing in the world to do, because I loved her with everything that I was, or ever would be. But bringing her pain, for the sake of my pleasure...was torture.

I had wanted it so badly; it was so forbidden, so taboo, and that made it all that much more alluring. But when I'd entered her for the first time and heard her suck in a sharp breath and felt her body stiffen...I'd expected it to hurt her at first, but I obviously wasn't fully prepared for just how much it would, and I couldn't do that to her. I had every intention of calling the whole thing off, but then she practically begged me to keep going. It was her plea for me to let her have that moment, that first with me, my first, to give even though she was receiving nothing but pain in return...that cinched the deal and made me continue on despite my reservations.

I was so in love with the woman that I was becoming a total bitch for her. I would've given her anything she asked for. I would've snatched the moon out of the night sky and laid it at her delicate feet, gathered the universe up into a neat little ball and placed it in her tiny hands...anything she wanted. Because she deserved so

much more than that, and I would sacrifice my entire life to make sure she fucking had it all.

But I'd never be able to make up for treating her like a whore, for treating her like she was nothing more than a piece of ass that was solely there to satisfy my cravings for pussy, for treating her like she was just another toy I'd acquired, a piece of property...for stealing her innocence. How were we ever going to make it when our relationship was born out of the fucking bowels of impure intentions to begin with?

I just had to have faith that we would, because if what we had was wrong, then I didn't want to be right. Yeah, it was a corny line, almost as corny as that song, *When A Man Loves A Woman*. Fucking Michael Bolton and Percy Sledge...I know, but the words rang undeniably true. See? I was turning into a total bitch for her, pussy-whipped to the extreme.

Let me prove my point...

During the actual deed, I was a nervous wreck. My body shook from both my fear of hurting her, and the strength it took to hold back and not plow into her; it felt that good. Not that her tight, little pussy didn't; it was just that experiencing the forbidden dance with her was so...you only share something like that with someone you fucking trust, someone you plan to spend the rest of your goddamn life with, someone with whom you have a sacred motherfucking bond.

The intimacy of that moment was nothing like what I walked in on between Tanya and Jacob; there was nothing intimate about that freak show. That was just two whoremongers fucking for the sake of fucking, for the sake of gutting me and leaving me to bleed out onto the floor. Fuck that bitch, Tanya. That whore would never measure up to my girl. And fuck that prick, Jacob Black. He could search the rest of his goddamn pathetic life and never come close to finding what I had with my Bella. My Bella.

We needed it, that level of intimacy before our separation. And although I knew I needed to remain strong for her, it was fucking killing me on the inside to know that she wouldn't be there when I returned home in the evenings, that she wouldn't be lying next to me naked in my bed every night, that she wouldn't...that I wouldn't see that look in her eyes on a daily basis. That look that said more than a thousand words ever could. That look that said that I was her world, just like she was mine. Lips were capable of saying anything, but the eyes...the eyes never lied, and what I saw there, reflected what I felt in every fiber of my being. She loved me. She really fucking loved me. Not my money, not my status...me. And come hell or high water, I was going to make it fucking work...somehow.

Isabella moved her ass against me, reminding me that my dick was still inside her, flaccid but becoming more

aroused the longer it remained in place, and if she kept moving like that, it was going to be harder and harder to make myself pull out of her...literally. Although I would definitely love to have another round, I knew she was already going to be sore, and I didn't want to take advantage of her need to give me even more of myself. Just her being there was enough, and it was time for me to give her something in return. So, before my dick became too engorged and hurt her even more, I swiftly pulled out...hoping that the quick movement would make it more bearable. Kind of like pulling off a band-aid, right?

I felt a stabbing sense of guilt pierce my chest when she winced, and my mind immediately went into caregiver mode. I would worship that woman, show her my appreciation and take care of her for a change; just like she took care of everyone else around her, including me.

"I'm so sorry, baby," I said, rolling her over and gathering her to me. "I'm so fucking sorry I hurt you."

My girl could've sobbed into my chest, she could've beat the shit out of me with my permission, she could've done anything she wanted or needed in retaliation for the pain I'd inflicted on her, but what she actually did astounded me. Bella wedged her thigh in between mine, wrapped her arm around my waist to palm my ass and then she attacked my neck.

"Shut up, Edward," she mumbled between kisses.

"You're over-thinking this and killing my buzz. And just so you know...I definitely want to do that again."

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: I fucking loved my girl so much it hurt.

She tilted her head back to look up at me, a spark of wicked intent evident in her eyes. I had definitely created a monster, and I thought I was insatiable. I was, but what I wasn't, was an insensitive ass. My girl was hurting, and she was trying to mask her pain so that I wouldn't feel bad about it, which was insane because of course I felt like a douche over it. How could I not?

I leaned forward and took her succulent lips with mine, deepening the kiss with all the love and adoration I could manifest. It was when I felt myself hardening again that I broke the connection, knowing that she would take that as a sign that I wanted her again, which I did. However, her needs were so much more important than mine, and right then, she needed me to take care of her, whether she wanted to admit it or not.

It took a lot for me to do it, but I finally managed to pull away from her and slip out of the bed.

"Noooo...where are you going?" Bella groaned in protest as she reached out and grabbed my hand.

I knew exactly how she felt; I couldn't stand to be away from her for even a second either. The thought alone

made me feel empty inside, and I missed her already. How was I going to tear myself away from her? My selfish side reared its ugly head temporarily and I almost asked her not to go. I knew that if I asked, she wouldn't, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I'd already taken too much from her.

"Not far...never far, baby," I reassured her. With one last tender kiss, I pulled away, severing our physical connection, but the invisible tether that stretched from the bed where she lay to my heart kept us bound across the distance. I'd never felt anything like it before...so connected, so absorbed in just one person...it was an enigma of which I didn't want to find the solution.

It gave me hope.

I quickly ran her bath water, taking care to be sure the water was neither too hot, nor too cold. Thankfully, Alice had stocked the bathroom with something girly smelling shit, and a quick scan of the label promised a tranquil, soothing calm. It damn well better, or I was going to sue the bastards for false advertisement. Only the best for my girl.

I managed to walk back in to her, only because running might make me look like an even bigger bitch than I already was. My cock was at half-staff and flopped back and forth on my thighs as I made my way to the bed where she lay. She was ogling the piece of meat as if it was a sausage link hanging in the front window of a

butcher's shop, and she was the stray pup looking for its next meal.

"I'm really trying to show some restraint here. You know, be a caring, gentle boyfriend? But if you keep licking your chops like that, the prince might turn into an ogre. And I really don't think that would be a good idea right now," I said, pulling the sheets from her naked body and sweeping her up into my arms bridal-style.

As I walked with her, Bella put her arms around my shoulders and nuzzled the crook of my neck. "I can take it," she said, lifting her chin slightly so that her sultry voice ghosted over the shell of my ear. A shiver shot down my spine and straight to my cock, which was not helping matters in the least bit.

I took a deep breath in and let it out slowly, composing myself. "Somehow I don't doubt that," I said, stepping into the bathtub with her weightless body in my arms.

I slowly lowered myself into a sitting position with her resting in my lap. When she started squirming while kissing along the length of my neck and moaning, I knew my resolve wouldn't last. So, I quickly maneuvered her tiny frame so that she sat between my outstretched legs, effectively improving the odds of being able to make it through her bath without fucking her again.

Isabella was turning into a nympho. I blamed myself for her corruption, but I wanted her to know that it wasn't just about fucking between us anymore. I thought back

to how upset she looked in the car earlier, how unsure she seemed to be that we were going to be okay, given the separation and all. I needed her to know that even though we had to be apart for a little while, the way I felt about her wasn't going to change. She needed to have faith in me, in us.

"I love you," I whispered into her ear while wrapping my arms around her waist and hugging her to me. "So fucking much. Do you know that?" Now that those three little words had found their way out of my mouth, I just couldn't stop saying them.

"I love you too," she whispered back as her fingertips caressed my arms beneath the water.

"That's not what I asked," I corrected her. "Do you *know* that I love you? Because if we're going to have to be apart for any length of time, I need there to be no doubt about how very important you are to me. And if what they say is true about absence making the heart grow fonder and all that other fluffy shit, then the way I feel about you is only going to intensify even more. *You* are my life now, and I won't let anyone come between us."

"Are you trying to tell me that you're a closet stalker, Edward?" she joked as she rolled her head to the side, exposing the creamy skin of her neck to me.

"I assure you, I am quite serious," I said, and then began a trail of open-mouthed kisses along the length of her graceful neck. I stopped when I reached her ear and

whispered, "Every moment that we're apart, I will be thinking of *you*. Every night that you aren't laying in my bed next to me, I will be dreaming of *you*. Every time I...smell fucking *bacon*, I'll have a hard on for *you*...and I'll touch myself, while calling out *your* name. I'll call you with no purpose at all, other than to hear your voice. I'll drop by unannounced, just so that I can see your eyes light up at the long awaited sight of me. And I'll steal you away, just so that I can taste your delicious little pussy. Because I'll be hungry for you, Bella. Oh, so very hungry."

She sucked in a breath and then her lips parted slightly, a soft moan spilling forth as her eyes closed and her legs opened to me as if my words had commanded them to.

"So, if you call that stalking, then yeah...I guess I'll be stalking you." I moved my hand over her abdomen to the mound that resided below it, and she rolled her hips into my touch, another soft moan escaping her lips.

"I'm a strong believer in the three-P analogy: Proclaim. Protect. Provide. I will give you everything you need. *Everything*," I said, slipping my fingers inside her while my thumb applied just the right amount of pressure to her sweet spot. "You are mine to take care of, and I'm a stingy bastard. So, if I find another guy hanging around you too much, sniffing around what belongs to me, I'm going to go after him, and I *will* inflict pain. Are you sure you're ready for that level of commitment, Isabella?"

"Oh...God...Yes, Edward," she moaned as I curled my fingers back and forth inside her.

"Yeah, baby. That's right...I am a god, ruler of my world, and *you* are my world," I told her, moving my other hand to her breast and manipulating one taut peak. "I can, and will, give you everything you need to feel good. But, I'm a jealous, vengeful god, Bella; don't make me hurt someone."

"Mmm...ooooh...no...unf," she stuttered, one hand moving between her legs to cover mine as I finger-fucked her, and the other reaching up to palm the back of my neck. "I'm...*shit*...I'm yours, Edward. Just...*oh*, *God*...yours."

"Good. I'm glad we agree," I said, pushing my fingers in further and with more purpose. "Now...do you want to cum?"

She nodded.

"Hmm, I'm not so sure you do," I said, toying with her. "Beg for it."

"Please," she said breathlessly.

"Oh come on. Surely you can do better than that," I said, rolling her nipple between my finger tips. "Convince me."

"Fuck," she moaned, arching her back while digging her nails into my neck and pushing down on the hand I had between her legs.

My fingers worked steadfastly, and just as her walls began to tighten, I pulled back, halting my efforts. "Uh, uh, uh...Not until you convince me."

"Please, Edward. I need to cum so bad I could cry. Just...please...give it to me. Let me cum on your fingers," she whimpered.

Goddamn, I wanted her. But, I needed her release to fill me, sustain me until I could have her again.

"Oh, you will cum, Bella, but not on my fingers." I released her, only to pick her up and turn her so that her ass was perched on the edge of the stone-tiled wall surrounding the bathtub. Thankfully, a nice, fluffy towel was there so that she wouldn't be too uncomfortable, given what I'd just done to her a little while ago.

I was so anxious to give her what she wanted, to taste her, that I wasn't quite as careful spreading her knees apart to allow me access to her pretty little kitty. But, there were no cries of protest, only a cry of pleasure as I buried my face between her thighs and began to lap at her silken folds with the flattened part of my tongue. She fisted her hands in my hair - damn it if I didn't fucking love it when she did that - and then she hooked her legs over my shoulders with her knees falling to the side, giving me full access.

I looked up at her and she was watching me, so I made a big show of letting her see my long, thick tongue work her juicy little clit.

"Fuck," she whispered, and then bit down on her bottom lip as she lovingly pushed her fingers through the locks of hair on the side of my head. "That feels so unbelievably fantastic. Do you like the way I taste, Edward?"

I closed my eyes and moaned an "Mmm..." before giving her slit tender, open-mouthed kisses.

I heard her suck in a breath of air and I looked back up at her, making sure she was still watching me. She was. I reached my arm around her thigh and used my fingers to pull back the hood of skin at her apex to reveal the fleshy meat hidden beneath. She needed to have the full view to really appreciate what I was doing, and I gave it to her.

I leaned forward again and sucked her engorged bud into my mouth, pulling back my head and letting it go with a pop before doing it again and again.

"Jesus...", she hissed. "Come up here and fuck me, baby. I need you inside me."

I ignored her, completely enthralled by the effect I was having on her: mentally, physically and emotionally. My eyes were trained on her face, watching every little detailed expression of pleasure, because knowing that I was making her feel good...it just fucking did things to me.

She was just as enthralled by what I was doing to her, watching every move I made with rapt fascination. I

bared my teeth, barely scraping her clit with them before the pointed end of my tongue slowly flicked back and forth over the delicious little nub. She sucked in a stuttered breath, her grip tightening in my hair as I encompassed the pert bud with my lips and gave her a wink.

I meant to drive her insane, and apparently, I was on the right track.

"Oh...God. You have to stop, baby. You're going to make me cum, and I want your dick inside me," she panted.

No way...no fucking way was I going to deprive myself of the sweet nectar of her fruit that I knew awaited me as a reward for my efforts.

I didn't stop. Instead, I drove her to the edge, flicking my tongue back and forth over her little pleasure bud with lightning speed, sucking it into my mouth and stroking it with my lips, drawing her orgasm out.

"No...don't," she said, cursing under her breath while pulling on my hair in a vain attempt to make me stop. I ate that pussy like I'd never have a chance to again, although I knew damn well that I would. I'd make sure of it.

"You're going to make me....ungh." She pushed and pulled on my head, trying to get me to release her, but I didn't give an inch. Her body was going to give me the result I was looking for and I wasn't going to stop until...

"Damn it...no..." she half moaned, half growled, and then she shoved on the back of my head so that my face was completely buried in her treasure trove. Her thighs slammed shut, putting my head in a vice grip as her body stiffened and her juices gushed onto my tongue. I licked, I sucked, I swallowed. All of it. Mine...all mine.

As the orgasm I gave her subsided – I don't want to brag, but it was apocalyptic – the grip she had on my hair loosened and her thighs became lax. She cupped each side of my face in her hands and forced me to look up at her. "You...are so...fucking...infuriating," she said between labored breaths.

"I'm pretty sure we've gone over this before, Isabella. I'm insatiable. Don't ever try to deny me what I want, because I'll always get it in the end," I said with a smirk as her chest heaved and I pulled her back into the bath.

Bella surprised me by pushing on my chest until I was flush with the opposite wall of the tub. "And, don't *you* ever try to deny *me* what I want, Edward Cullen. Because in the end...I'll *take* it," she said, and then she climbed into my lap, grabbed my dick and...

"Baby, don't. You're too..."

Too late. She sank down on top of my cock, which was hardened to titanium strength, and took all of me in...just like she did in the hot tub before.

"Goddamn, "I growled, my head falling back as I felt her tight walls envelop me.

Bella giggled at my reaction, a cocky sort of sound and I snapped my head up, only to be met with a cocky grin to match...*my* cocky grin. It was almost like looking into a mirror in that respect, and I wasn't sure how the fuck I felt about that, but I supposed I was to blame. Yeah, I had definitely created a monster. Tit for motherfucking tat, just like I had suspected from that very first time we had been together like that, the night I took her virginity. I knew then that I'd have my hands full, and she was proving me right. She was impossibly stubborn, always had to prove me wrong. I couldn't fault her for that, because I was the same damn way and she had been learning from watching me. So, I let it go, let her do her thing, let her make me feel good, because in the end...she would have it her way, anyway...and that was just fine with me.

The smell of hyacinths surrounded me, a cool breeze twirling the fragrance around my body like a tiny dust devil, filled with spring air instead of sand. I could hear the sounds of a stringed quartet and the buzzing laughter of friends and families as they gathered. The sun was warm on my face and hands. It would have been stifling had it not been for the light breeze.

I was happy; this was a momentous occasion, even if I couldn't quite put my finger on what exactly was happening.

"Oh, Edward, she's spectacular. Just the type of girl I'd always hoped you'd meet," a soft voice cooed from behind me. I knew that voice. I turned quickly, and there she stood...my mother...she was standing amidst the tall grass, sprigs of purple, white and yellow flowers blooming up around her red gown. Her arm was linked through my father's as he stood by her side with a proud grin on his face, his hair still black on top, white along the temples. My mother was right; it did make him look very distinguished, indeed.

"Mom? Dad? What are you doing here?" I asked, confused. While part of me felt it only natural for them to be, another part registered that they shouldn't have been.

"She's a sassy one, too. Kind of reminds me of your mother," my father said as he looked at his wife adoringly.

"That's a good thing. You Cullen men need a strong woman to keep you in line," my mother laughed and then kissed him on the cheek. Suddenly, they were right in front of me. I hadn't even registered that they had moved. My mother turned to me and smiled gently as she cupped my face with one hand. "She's one in a million, Edward. Don't ever let her go. Remember...From

mud and murk, the red flower blooms; overcoming all to stretch toward the moon."

I remembered her saying that all the time when I was younger, but I had no clue what it meant, and I still didn't.

"The scarlet lotus," I whispered.

She nodded once and grinned widely, obviously happy that I remembered. "We love you, Edward. You've made us so proud."

My father cleared his throat beside her and I turned to take him in.

"We have to go now, son. We can't stay."

Go? Go where?

"We just wanted to give you our congratulations," he said as he reached one arm around my shoulder and hugged me. "Oh, and thanks for the drink," he whispered into my ear.

My mother kissed my cheek and I closed my eyes, inhaling the familiar scent of her floral perfume. When I opened them again, they were gone.

I turned back and forth, all around in a circle, looking for them, but they were nowhere to be found. I stopped dead in my tracks when off in the distance, I saw a woman dressed in white, her back turned toward me. Her hair was swept up and a veil fell over her face as she turned her head to the side and fidgeted with her dress, a

bouquet of red flowers in one hand. The breeze picked up again, carrying her scent toward me, confirming what I already knew to be true. I could tell who she was by the way my heart swelled in my chest as if it were about to burst. A huge smile spread across my face in anticipation. It was her.

"Isabella?" I called out, but she didn't answer. She looked up at me, and although I couldn't see her smile, I felt it warm my heart. But then she turned back around and ran away, her ghostly giggle tickling my ear.

"Bella!" I called out, and then started to run after her, confused. "Why are you running away from me?"

I ran and ran; my legs, heavy, my feet weighed down with what felt like cement bricks. When I thought I'd caught up to her, my hand reached out just in time for the frail fabric of her dress to slip through my fingers before she was gone again.

She responded with another ghostly giggle. She was playing with me, challenging me. "Come on, Edward. Catch me."

With all the strength I could muster, I leapt forward, catching Bella around the waist and pulling her into my arms. Even through the meshed veil, I could see her eyes, alight with child-like joy as she looked up at me. Her head fell back as a joyous laughter bubbled up and released into the warm air around us, her body soft and

supple as she melted against mine. "Just where do you think you're going, baby?" I asked, holding her to me.

I could feel the warmth of her hand on my bicep and the delicate tickling of her fingers as she ran them through my hair. "Kiss me, Edward. Make me yours forever," she whispered.

I reached for her veil, lifting it to gaze upon her unadulterated beauty and seek out my prize. Just as my lips brushed against hers, she disappeared.

"Edward, wake up. Wake up, Edward, you're dreaming."

I was jostled awake, still feeling the remnants of sleep in my partially paralyzed body. My eyes snapped open and she was there, her body pressed against mine, one hand on my arm while her fingertips gently massaged my scalp at the side of my head.

It was just a dream, but I was living it...mostly.

"Hey," she said as she looked down at me, a warm smile lighting up her flawless face. "You okay?"

"Yeah," I croaked in a sleepy voice as I rubbed at my eyes. "I'm good. Did I wake you?"

"Mmmm...you could say that," she said with a playful grin. "You were holding me so tight that I was finding it a wee bit hard to breathe. Lack of oxygen kind of has a tendency to wake you up. I think it's called survival instinct," she laughed.

I swept a lock of hair that had fallen from her ponytail from her face and tucked it behind her ear, and then kissed the tip of her tiny, little button nose. "I'm sorry."

"Hey, I'm not complaining. I kind of like your possessive side," she said, petting the scruff of my jaw. "Want to tell me about your dream?"

It wasn't that there was anything terrible about the dream; it wasn't a nightmare. It was just...it felt so real and that freaked me out a little bit. I needed time to process it for myself before I shared it with her, *if* I ever shared it with her; no use in freaking her out too. So, however non-communicative it may have been, I shook my head no, choosing to hold on to it for myself a little while longer.

Just then, the alarm clock on the bedside table went off, its deafening screech piercing through the silence of the room and effectively ending the moment. Bella pressed her forehead to my chest and we both groaned in protest, knowing it was symbolic of our separation; I had to go to work, and she had to go be with her family. Neither of us was happy about it, but it was what we had to do until we could be together on a more permanent basis.

I smacked at the alarm clock, shutting it the fuck up as it fell to the floor with a thud. We didn't need the reminder, but it was there, looming like a guillotine in front of a prisoner on death row. Because that's what it felt like; to be without her would be just like having my

head severed from my body...or maybe having my heart ripped out would be a more apt description, because she was definitely taking it with her.

"I love you," she mumbled into my chest as I rubbed the satin skin of her naked back.

"I know," I answered, kissing the crown of her head. "I love you, too."

She looked up at me, her eyes set on mine with a look of conviction. "I know," she said, and the weight of the world melted away as we sealed our declaration with a kiss.

It wasn't a kiss to say goodbye, it wasn't a kiss meant to arouse each other, although I was most certainly sporting a hard-on of epic proportions. That kiss was a promise. It said we knew we'd be together, that we meant all the words we'd uttered...that we were in love, and as such, we would overcome any and every obstacle that stood in our way. No matter how far apart we were, no matter what curve balls life threw at us. Because however fucked up shit between us might have started out...from mud and murk, the red flower would bloom. I finally fucking got it.

~..~..~..~

Chapter Twenty-One

Busted!

BPOV

I was just finishing packing up the last of my things as I did my best to hold the tears at bay and try not to get all nostalgic. I'd be back, but it was still hard. I had made yet another trip into the closet to get the last of my jeans when the white shirt I'd worn the night Edward decided to have me for dessert caught my eye. I let my fingers dance along the sleeve, remembering the look on his face when I walked in wearing nothing but that. I'd hated him at the time, but even I couldn't deny the sexual attraction that hung thick in the air between us. The Cooch fully agreed and nudged my ovaries to encourage me to swipe the shirt off the hanger and pack it too. You know, for old time's sake. Besides, he'd never miss it; he had a ton of clothes, and to him, that one shirt was like a single snowflake amongst an avalanche of others. To me...it was priceless.

Edward came out of the bathroom wearing a black hoodie sweatshirt with the sleeves pushed up to his elbows, and a pair of jeans and sneakers. His hair was still wet from our morning shower, sticking up in every different direction, and he'd obviously decided to forego the shave, which I wasn't complaining about. I loved his scruff.

"A little under-dressed for the office, don't you think?" I smiled at him as I stuffed his shirt and the last of my clothes inside my bag and zipped it.

"Yes, but it's the perfect attire for taking my girl back to her folks' house," he said as he wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and hugged me close. I could smell the light scent of cologne and body wash, and I inhaled deeply, committing every little nuance to memory. Like I'd ever forget...

"You're playing hookie?" I asked as I covered his arms with mine and turned my head to look at him.

"Mmhmm," he answered, kissing the tip of my nose. "I want to spend every last second I can with you. They can do without me for another day." Edward rested his chin on my shoulder and began to lazily rock us from side to side as he looked down at my bag. "How in the world did you manage to fit all of your clothes in there?"

"I didn't pack everything," I said with a shrug. "Fancy clothes aren't exactly a necessity in bum fucked Forks. Can you see me walking around the grocery store in spiked heels and a short, spandex skirt?"

Edward hummed dreamily and pushed his hips into my backside. I took that as a yes, as did the little hoochie between my legs. The Cooch purred and tried like hell to get me to rub up against his cock like a kitten searching for attention. He would've given it too, which would have been counterproductive to ever leaving the bedroom

again. Not that I had any qualms about having yet another round with the colossal cock, but my mother needed someone at home to help out, and my dad deserved the break.

"We're never going to make it out of here if you keep doing stuff like that," I warned.

The Cooch was all, *'Yeah that's sort of the point, dumbass. Scrogg his ever-fucking brains out for Christ's sake!'*

Realizing that it really wasn't much that I'd packed and wanting to mess with Edward a bit, I exaggerated a sigh. "I will *eventually* have to go shopping however, since *you* discarded all the things I brought with me originally..."

Edward buried his face in my neck and groaned, which made me giggle. He felt like a douchebag for doing it, which I happened to find incredibly cute. I turned in his arms and cupped his face with my hands, forcing him to look up at me.

"I love you," I reminded him.

Edward tucked a strand of my hair behind my ear and looked at me adoringly. "And, I'll...never get tired of hearing you say those words. Here," he said, reaching into his back pocket and pulling out his wallet. He plucked a little black plastic card out and handed it to

me. "I want you to have this...for the clothes, or whatever else you might need...or want."

"A credit card, Edward? Don't you think you've given me enough already?"

"Hey," he said, taking my chin in his fingers. "I thought we already went over this. You're my woman to take care of, and I intend to do so quite thoroughly. I don't want to hear any complaints about it."

He gave me a chaste kiss and then grabbed the strap of my bag and hooked it over his shoulder. "Ready?" he asked as he held his hand out for mine.

I took his offered hand, because I always would. I had no idea what lay ahead for us, but I knew that as long as he was holding my hand, I'd follow him through the darkest of nights. Because somewhere at the end of our journey, there would be light.

Edward stopped dead in his tracks at the door and turned around. "What?" I asked when he gave no indication of what he was up to.

He walked to the bedside table, opened the drawer and then reached inside. With a disapproving scowl he held up the Cullen bullet. "Forgot something, didn't you?"

"Well, I didn't think I'd need it," I answered, confused.

"Oh, you'll need it alright," he smirked, stuffing it into my bag.

With the exception of Riley, Edward gave the whole staff the day off. He was so happy with a perma-grin plastered on his face, and I was reminded that I did that for him. The Cooch reminded me that she had a little something-something to do with that too, which was probably true, but I mentally reminded *her* that it wasn't just about sex between Edward and I anymore. Not that I was demanding she hang up her hooker heels or donate the Super Cooch outfit to Goodwill or anything. They'd come in handy someday...soon. Of that, I was positive.

Once my bag was loaded in the trunk of the car, and Edward and I were situated, we were off. I watched the house disappear from sight, and sensing my sadness, Edward wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into his side, laying my head on his shoulder.

"It'll be nothing but a vast waste of space until you return, and then it'll feel like home again," he said as he kissed the top of my head.

I felt the same way; not about the house, but my heart. Home was wherever Edward was, whether it was in a ginormous mansion that was surrounded by Edward Scissorhand sculptures, or a cardboard box in an alley. It didn't matter. All that mattered was whether or not he was with me.

I fell asleep sometime during the grueling, long drive to Forks. All I remembered was Edward petting my hair lovingly, and then encouraging me to lay my head in his

lap. At first, I thought it was his way of hinting for a blow job, and so did the Cooch, but it turned out he just wanted to get all cuddly and shit. Don't get me wrong; it was nice, but I felt like he was holding back that part of him that I fell in love with...that domineering, forceful side that made the Cooch go all fangirl for the bad boy. Maybe it was because he thought that was what he was supposed to do since we'd gotten all sticky sweet with our declarations and all. I would've protested against his insistence that I get some rest, or been a little more assertive with my offering of the blow job, but truth be known, he'd worn my ass out the night before and I really could have used a little more sleep. I guess my brain won the battle after the Cooch threw down the gauntlet, because before I knew it, I was out like a light. Edward woke me up quite a while later, complaining that having my face in his lap had given him a major hard on, and his balls just couldn't take it anymore. Served him right. He situated himself in his jeans while I looked around to see where we were. We were on the outskirts of Forks. I knew because I recognized all the landscape. I'd travelled that road with my folks so many times over my lifetime. When I was a kid, I used to stare out the window and make up all these different stories about the landscape. My favorite was pretending that I was a poor maiden who was locked up in a little cottage, forced to pass the days alone while waiting for my Prince

Charming to ride up on his white stallion and sweep me off her feet.

I snorted at myself internally. What little girl didn't have that fantasy?

But it had been so vivid in my mind that I still remembered most of the details. In fact, just around the bend there would be a...

"Stop the car!" I yelled and then started pounding on the divider glass that separated us from Riley.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Edward asked in a panic.

"We have to stop! Please, Edward...we have to!" I said a little louder than was necessary since he was sitting right beside me, and even though he winced at my shrieking, he got the urgency.

Edward pushed a button and the window rolled down.

"Riley, pull over." He was all business, and normally that would kind of turn me on/piss me off, but now was not the time.

Once the car rolled to a stop on the shoulder of the road, I fumbled with the door handle until I finally pushed it open and jumped out.

"Bella!" Edward called out from behind as he followed me out. "Why are you running away from me?"

I couldn't stop to answer him. It was there, the little country cottage that I'd always pretended was mine; a stone chimney, flower boxes filled with hyacinths under

the arched window, a door of knotty wood, and it was sitting in the middle of a meadow to boot. The grass was tall and green, littered with little purple, white and yellow flowers, and the air smelled crisp, clean...amazing. It was perfect, and it was...for sale.

I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. I just had to touch it, to know that it was real and not just part of my imagination. The wind blew through my hair and I suddenly felt like that little girl again; my mind, my face, my heart alight with child-like joy. Seriously, my cheeks hurt from smiling so damn hard.

I felt Edward's fingertips as he reached out and barely skimmed the skin on my arm, but I kept running, giggling like a fool. I turned to look over my shoulder at him and with another giggle called out, "Come on, Edward. Catch me!"

Just as I reached the porch of the cottage, his arms hooked around my waist and he pulled me to him. I laughed, oh God, I laughed. Everything was...perfect. I was standing in front of the little cottage, and I was wrapped in the arms of my very own knight in shining armor.

"Just where do you think you're going, baby?" he asked as he smiled down at me.

His head, with its fantastic sex hair blocked out the sun in the sky behind him, creating a halo effect and casting a soft shadow across his face. He was so beautiful. I

reached up and softly ran my fingers through his hair, my heart swelling with everything that was good and right in the world. "Kiss me, Edward," I whispered.

His eyes widened and his body stiffened. "Whoa...déjà vu." His voice was just barely above a whisper, and the expression on his face looked so...lost...confused.

"What?" I asked, equally confused.

Edward shook his head slightly. "Nothing," he mumbled as he leaned down and brushed his lips across mine.

Usually our kisses were full of fire and passion...hungry, but this one...this one was sweet and delicate, controlled...and it made me horny as hell.

"Mmm..." I sighed in perfect contentment, and then opened my eyes to see him staring down at me with this...look in his eyes. I'd always heard that the eyes were the doorway to the soul, and right then...I believed it. I'd never seen that look from him before, but it was definitely one of realization, like an aha moment.

"What are you thinking?" I asked him.

Edward just smiled and shook his head. "About mud and blooming flowers. Let's just leave it at that."

Well, that certainly was an odd thing to say, but Edward was quirky in his own little way, and I was bouncing like a little girl on the inside, so I didn't question him any further.

"Come on," I said, taking his hand and pulling him behind me to peer into the windows.

"What are we doing here?" he asked. "What is this place?"

"When I was a little girl, I used to pretend I lived here," I told him, as I looked through the window and found the room on the other side empty. I tugged on his hand to drag him around to the side of the house so that I could do the same thing. "It's just...magical, don't you think?"

"Magical?" he asked.

"Yeah, like straight out of a fairytale," I clarified as I cupped my hands around my face to block out the reflection of the sun off the window. "Oh...the fireplace is breathtaking!" I gasped.

Nothing on the inside looked modern. It had more of a quaint, rustic appeal, like it belonged in the pages of *Country Living* rather than *Modern Home*. Arched doorways, wooden floors, wavy glass windows. I could just imagine Edward and I snuggled up on the couch, or making love on a soft rug in the glow of the fireplace. Of course I was getting way ahead of myself; lost in my own world of make-believe once again. *Such a dreamer you are, Bella Swan.*

"It's a little run-down, don't you think?" Edward asked with furrowed brows as he surveyed the place.

"Edward Cullen!" I screeched, smacking at his arm.

"How dare you talk about my dream home? Besides, it's nothing that a little love and elbow grease couldn't fix."

He was right, but it wasn't that bad. Some of the shingles on the roof were missing and would probably need to be replaced, everything was caked in dust and grime, and judging by the way the wind whistled through the panes of the windows, they'd probably need to be replaced as well. But all in all...it was still picture perfect.

"Oh! I've always wanted to see the backyard," I squealed, tugging him along yet again.

When we made it around to the back of the house, I stopped dead in my tracks. The view was breathtaking. There was a little pond about fifty yards or so from the house, and a family of ducks was wading through the water. A small gazebo sat beside the pond with a white wooden swing swaying to and fro in its center. A circular flower garden surrounded it with a stone walkway leading to the house. And since it was facing to the west that meant it was the perfect place to view the setting sun.

Without warning, Edward pushed my back to the stone wall of the house. One hand landed on the house to my right, while the other cupped my ass and pulled me to him. Our bodies flush to one another's, our foreheads touching, Edward looked into my eyes and said, "That look on your face...I want you so fucking bad right now."

His lips went to the side of my neck as his hand kneaded my ass and his hips ground into me. He wasn't kidding; I could feel his hardened length against my abdomen and I wondered how in the hell he was able to keep it from busting through the tight denim of his jeans.

His hand made its way to my front and popped the button of my pants before slipping inside. When his fingers found the Cooch, we both moaned out, my head falling back against the house.

"Edward...we can't," I said unconvincingly as I pulled at his arm in vein. "Riley..."

"He's at the car. He won't come back here," he mumbled against my neck as he continued to assault it with hot kisses.

"Neighbors," I tried again, seeing the house through the trees just on the east side of the house.

"Let them watch," he breathed. "I fucking want you."

His other hand worked at his front and I heard the unmistakable sound of metal against metal as he lowered his zipper. "It'll be quick. I promise," he whispered against my ear. "Turn around, baby."

I took another look at the house across the way and seeing no one out and about, I did as he asked.

Admittedly, I was excited about the precarious position we'd found ourselves in, our need for instant gratification taking precedence over the possibility we

could get caught. But, as long as it was going to be quick...

The chilly air nipped at my ass as Edward lowered my pants down my thighs. His body covered mine as his hand drifted over the swell of my ass and between my legs.

"Goddamnit, Isabella...always so wet for me," he said, and then he sank to his knees.

My hands were pressed against the side of the house, my legs ensnared by my jeans, and there was nothing I could do to stop him. He pulled my hips out and away from the wall as his tongue sought out my pussy.

"Oh, God...Edward," I moaned, my eyes shutting as I bit down on my bottom lip and just allowed myself to feel.

Just a taste; that was all he wanted. His tongue snaked its way through my soaked folds, finding that little pleasure bud and teasing it only for a moment before he retracted it again. He gave my pussy one long lick from front to back, but then he just kept going until...

"Holy...shit," I cried out, my eyes squeezing tight as I felt his tongue swirl around my rear opening, and then he gave it a sensual open-mouthed kiss before he stood back up.

"Liked that, did you?" he smirked into my ear as I felt him rub the head of his dick back and forth between my legs in search of my opening.

Why, yes...yes I did, in fact. I was a little taken aback by it, because it should've grossed me out, but I knew I was clean, and so did Edward...he'd made sure of it himself when we were in the shower together that morning. So, yeah...I found it extremely...erotic.

Edward entered me, his cock slowly sliding inside my core until he was fully sheathed. He rolled his hips, pulling back just a little bit before pushing forward again. He was merely getting the feel of the angle, but it drove me absolutely insane.

"Ready, baby?"

"Uh-huh," I answered, my voice sounding like the wind had been knocked out of me.

Edward chuckled at my reaction and kissed the spot just below my ear. Then he held both of my hips and started a steady rhythm of in and out thrusts. "Fucking A," he moaned. "It's like dipping my dick in the honey pot. So soft...so warm...so sweet. What did I ever do to deserve you?"

Of course I knew that I should've been the one to ask that question, and he should've already known the answer to his own, but even if I said it a million times, I'd never make him believe it.

"You saved my mother's life...and mine," I answered him. Feeling a little wicked, I tacked on, "Plus you lick a mean pussy."

I heard that growl I loved so much rumble from his chest, and his thrusts increased in pace and roughness. Then he said, "In that case, I guess I do deserve you."

My face was turned toward the thicket of woods to the east, and I could see the neighbor's house. A man stepped out of the sliding glass doors carrying a tray of something as he walked toward what looked like a barbecue and lifted the lid.

"Edward," I whispered. "A guy just walked out of the neighbor's house."

"Then I guess you better be quiet then, huh?" he grunted as he continued to fuck me without so much as a pause in his stroke. "You make a sound...you'll draw his attention. Unless you *want* him to hear you."

Edward maneuvered his arm around my body until his fingers found my clit. He sucked the lobe of my ear into his mouth and lightly bit down on it as he began to work the little ohmyGodthatfeelssofuckinfgood spot with an expert rhythm. I let out a mewl of pleasure and my head fell back onto his shoulder.

"Shh...he'll see you," Edward's sex-laden voice warned me. "And once he sees how good you look being fucked from behind, he's going to want you for himself. Remember what I said about not making me hurt someone, Bella?"

"Mmm," I moaned and then bit down on my bottom lip to keep from making any more sounds.

He'd do it; I really believed that. Edward was possessive and ruthless, and judging from the shit that he'd gone through in his past with his skank-whore of an ex, there was no doubt in my mind that he'd do whatever he felt necessary to make sure he never had to endure that type of heartache again. Although I didn't really believe neighbor guy would seriously see us screwing against a house we didn't even own and decide to come over and take Edward's plaything from him, I still kept my mouth shut. Because really, there was no sense in giving him a free peep show either.

"Just a little bit more, baby. Just a little...bit...more," Edward whispered into my ear as his hips met my backside.

I could feel that tight little coil in the pit of stomach tensing up, ready to snap, and I knew that if I was going to get off, I needed to do it quick, fast and in a hurry...or Edward would hold out on getting his, thereby increasing the odds that we would get caught.

He was such a selfless lover. And he really didn't give a shit if we got busted, but I did, and with good reason.

I held my body away from the unforgiving stone exterior of the house with one hand, and maneuvered my other down to join Edward's. We worked together to bring me to my boiling point, and then...the lid burst off the pot.

"Oh...uunnnmmmm," I moaned as quietly as possible.

"Fuck yeah," Edward said in a breathless whisper as my walls clamped down around him and constricted rhythmically with my orgasm. "Cum on my cock, baby...Right...there...ahhhhh," he groaned silently as he came with me. His hips jerked to and fro and I could feel his cock pulse inside me with each wave of orgasmic release. And then the weight of his body fell against my back as he attempted to get his breathing back under control.

"Hey! What are you two doing over there!" I heard a male voice call out from afar. Both Edward and I snapped our heads in the direction of the neighbor's house to see the man starting in our direction with his hand poised over his eyes to shield them from the sun.

"Oh shit!" I screeched.

"Guess it's time to go," Edward laughed as he quickly pulled his dick out of me and we both scrambled to pull our pants up.

Once I had my jeans over my ass, I took off toward the safety of the limousine, re-situating my clothes as I ran along and hoping I didn't fall flat on my ass or something, because that wouldn't be awkward at all. Edward was laughing his ass off as he followed behind me, and if I hadn't been scared shitless that neighbor guy would catch up to us and see who we were, I would've turned around and tackled him to the grass so that I

could beat the shit out of him for almost getting us caught.

It was a good thing the other house was so far away; Forks was a very small town, a town where everyone knew everyone else. That meant that if neighbor guy had been able to make out who I was, chances were, he knew my father for sure. I didn't really think Charlie would appreciate the fact that Edward was scrogging his daughter in broad daylight...in public. My mother? She'd probably be all teen girl squealy and shit, but my dad...he had *lots* of guns in the house; guns that went boom and made your heart stop beating.

So there I was, running for my ever-loving life with cum dripping out of the Cooch, which probably meant my jeans would be stuck to me like glue and I'd have to peel them off later...Riley was standing at the opened door to the limousine with an I-know-what-you-two-little-slut-puppies-were-just-doing look on his face...Edward was all winded from running and laughing behind me, and apparently just couldn't shut his pie hole long enough for us to get out of dodge...and a man who was perfectly capable of ratting me out to my father and ending Edward's life as we both knew it - or at the very least, causing the beheading of the Wonder Peen, which I was definitely *not* cool with (the Cooch seconded that) - was potentially chasing after us. My heart was beating like a gazillion miles an hour, and I was pretty positive that

wasn't normal. As soon as I reached the car, I avoided Riley's knowing eyes and dove into the back seat. My hand flew to my chest in a vain attempt to calm my beats-gone-wild whore of a heart.

I fucking needed to exercise more, and a little bit of Jesus in my life probably wouldn't have hurt either.

Edward plopped down in the seat next to me, unable to catch his breath because he was still laughing like a fucking hyena. I smacked at him and he crossed his arms to shield his face, still fucking laughing.

"Stop laughing! It's not funny, Edward!"

"I'm...sorry," he managed to eke out between deep breaths. "You were so scared...and running...and it was just so damn cute."

I crossed my arms over my chest and turned away from him. Yes, I pouted, a fact I was not very proud of, but I did it nonetheless.

"Aww, come here, baby," Edward cooed as he wrapped his arms around my unforgiving body and pulled me into him. "I love you..."

I couldn't stay mad at him; I just didn't have it in me. And shit, I was just glad that we made it out of there without being fingered. Well, I *was* fingered *and* fucked...Edward was just fucked. Or, well...he *did* the fucking, but...oh, never mind.

"My dad would cut your balls off and eat them for breakfast, and I'm a little partial to them," I whined.

Yep, that's right...whined. But it was Edward fucking Cullen and his colossal cock...do the math and tell me you wouldn't have whined at the prospect of it going bye-bye.

"Yeah, I'm sort of attached to them too," he chuckled a little and then stopped himself, aware that I was still upset and not wanting to make matters worse.

"Hardy-har-har," I deadpanned. "Maybe I should just tell him what you just made his precious baby girl do. I bet you wouldn't find it so funny then."

"Hmm...I don't recall forcing you to do anything you didn't want to do," Edward countered. "You wanted it, Bella. You wanted my *cock*," he enunciated the last word and it made my still racing heart skip a beat. "Admit it."

"No."

"Admiiiiit it," he drawled out playfully as his fingers found my ribcage and gave it a tickle.

I laughed involuntarily and tried to pull away, but Edward pulled me into his lap and locked his arms around me so that I couldn't move.

"We're two consenting adults, Bella. And one day soon, your daddy is going to have to let his baby girl go," he said with a serious look on his face. His long finger

caressed my cheek delicately and he sighed. "Because you're *my* baby now."

I couldn't help but smile. Who wouldn't be happy to have Edward Cullen murmur those heart-stopping words to them?

Pleased with my reaction, Edward tilted his head up and kissed me sweetly.

There was never a dull moment between the two of us, and I prayed there never would be. But even if we grew old and gray together, sitting on a little, white wooden swing in a gazebo, feeding a family of ducks as the sun set before us, I'd still be happy.

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Chapter Twenty-Two

Say What?

EPOV

It had been nearly two weeks since I'd seen her. Two very long, very unbearable weeks since I'd taken Bella back to Forks. I was irritable at best. Sleep deprivation at the absence of the one he loves will do that to a man.

I'd talked to my girl every day though. Some normalcy had returned to their household; her mother was up and about and seemed to be fairing well, her father was back at the police station, and that was a good thing. Even I had to admit that Charlie deserved the break. And, according to Bella, he wasn't nearly as grumpy, but he still hated to leave his wife. Although it was for different reasons entirely, I understood how the man felt; I hated not being by Bella's side.

As if the first week without her hadn't been bad enough, I had been called out of town on business and had to miss our weekend together. The thing is, I would've just said fuck the whole son of a cock blocking whore of a trip and gone to her anyway, but there was a board meeting coming up and I'd already missed so much work. And that didn't look good on me at all, especially with the intensity that Jacob Black was breathing down my neck.

Fucker. If it wasn't for the fact that I knew he was a whoremonger of epic proportions, I'd swear he wanted

to fuck me...which would only earn him a trip to the morgue.

He had been acting even more arrogant than he normally was, if that were even possible, and I was beginning to get suspicious. It was like he knew something that I didn't; something big. I chalked it up to his threat to tattle on me to the board about our little run-in the morning after the Scarlet Lotus ball, but I wasn't too concerned about that. The board members had a lot of respect for my parents, which trickled down to me by default. More than likely, they'd say he deserved it.

I had half a mind to just go ahead and sell my half of the company to the bastard just so that I could move closer to Bella, but I just couldn't do that to my parents. That company was their dream, and although I knew my happiness would have meant more to them, I just couldn't be that selfish.

Yeah, I know...all of a sudden, I was a real saint. But since admitting my feelings to Bella, I just wanted to be the kind of man she deserved; a man who was just as self-sacrificing as she was.

Bella was very understanding, insisting that I go on my trip and get my shit done, but I knew it was all a façade, one that she put up because she knew it was something I had to do. Still, the way that she covered her cracking voice with a perkiness that sounded more like Alice was a dead giveaway, proof that the hardship of our separation

was affecting her the same way it was affecting me. It was torture...pure, unadulterated torture. But the anticipation of how great it was going to be when we finally did get to be together again...it was enough fuel to keep us both going.

I'd tried to busy myself with work in hopes that it would take my mind off the fact that she wasn't there, but that didn't work either. Admittedly, I was a bit snippy with my employees; Jasper, Alice and Riley, included. Alice snapped right back at me, which really wasn't a very good idea, but I respected her for it. She wasn't one to put up with my bullshit when she knew it was uncalled for. I granted her a reprieve because I knew that she missed Bella almost as much as I did. Her friend was gone, and she didn't have many. Being an annoying piss ant sort of limited the number of people willing to put up with her ass. Plus, I sort of forced Jasper to go along with me on my business trip as well. She *really* hated me for that, but she got over it...I think.

Two more days.

Two more excruciating, long-ass, miserable days until I would get to see her again. Hold her in my arms, taste her luscious lips, feel her soft skin. It would be enough to get me through at least the board meeting on the following Monday.

Yeah, I was an optimistic mother fucker.

I finished looking over the reports Jasper had prepared regarding the new clients I'd managed to sign on despite my pre-occupied mind, and packed up my things for the day.

"You out of here, boss?" Jasper asked as he came into my office with the finished itinerary for the meeting.

"Yeah, I'm calling it a day. Good work on the reports, by the way. They look great."

Jasper's face was a little surprised by my kind words. The poor man had really taken a beating from me over the previous days, and that shit just wasn't right. He didn't deserve it. So, channeling my newfound theory about being self-sacrificing and all, I offered up an apology.

"Hey, I'm sorry if I've been hard on you lately, it's just that with Bella gone and all-"

"No worries, man. Alice has been the same way," he interrupted, letting me off the hook.

"So you're getting it from both ends, huh?"

Jasper nodded. "I guess I never realized the affect that little gal has had over so many lives."

I hadn't either, but he was right. Even Rosalie had been calling me a lot more lately, which wasn't at all like her, and it was always to see how Bella was doing. I'd told her to call her herself, that Bella would love to hear from her,

but Rosalie didn't want to be intrusive. Yeah right, like that held an ounce of truth to it.

"Well, you don't deserve it," I told Jasper as I shrugged my coat on. I clapped him on the shoulder on my way out the door and gave him a forced smile. "Have a good night, man."

The weather had had turned chilly over the last couple of days, which was right on time with the season, but part of me wondered if it hadn't just been more obvious to me because Bella wasn't there to keep me warm. Seriously, it was like all the warmth had been sucked out of the space around me. My own personal sunshine was miles away, and I was left feeling...desolate and cold.

"Hey Cullen!" Jacob called out as I made my way toward the elevator. Speaking of cold and desolate....

I didn't stop to shoot the shit with him because I really just didn't have anything to fucking say to him. Besides, I had a telephone date with my girl, and I had no intention what-so-fucking-ever of missing it.

"What do you want, Black?" I snapped as he ran to catch up to me.

"I just wanted to make sure that you're planning on being at the board meeting on Monday, that's all." Jake's words were ones of casual curiosity, but I saw behind his outward appearance. It wasn't hard to see the cutting looks his dark eyes reflected, or the scornful sneer that

played along his lips. My right hand started to twitch and produce a fist. I wanted to knock the fucker out cold and wipe that butt-ugly mug along the floor. That should remove his cocky perma-grin.

"Why wouldn't I be there?" I sighed in annoyance as I punched the down button for my personal elevator, imagining that it was his face.

"Well, since you've been MIA so much lately, I just wanted to be sure. You don't want to miss this meeting, Cullen. It's going to be entertaining as hell." He flashed his toothy grin and then winked at me before he finally got the fuck out of my face.

*Entertaining...*the fucker really thought I'd get ousted over threatening to kill him? People say shit like that every day. And while it might not be appropriate for the workplace, it certainly wasn't enough to make me lose my own company to the likes of him. Besides, it was his word against mine, and I highly doubted he was wired at the time.

I rushed home like a madman. Well...as much rushing as a madman could do in bumper to bumper traffic anyway. Sitting in the back of the limo for so long drove me crazy. I swore I could still smell Bella's delicious scent from the couple of trysts we'd had there. I was going insane, I swear.

Once inside the sprawling mansion I'd called home for all my life, the emptiness and longing set in yet again.

Funny how when she was there, it didn't seem quite so big. Bella had a way of filling the room with a presence that was larger than life, yet so intimate it made me feel like she and I were the only two people left on the planet. And I was really into the prospect of the two of us doing all that we could to repopulate the damn place...you know, for the sake of mankind and all. And that's when it donned on me; I wanted kids with her...lots and lots of kids.

When Bella and I last spoke, she claimed she was really going to give me a work out the next time we saw each other. I had to chuckle to myself at that thought. She had become the insatiable one; once barely a kitten that trembled under my stare, she had morphed into a lioness, a sleek predator whose need to satiate her hunger made her desperate and bold. The tables had been turned; where she had become the lioness, I had become the lamb.

Not really, but I wasn't averse to letting her think so if it meant that she was going to be more...adventurous. I admired her for knowing what she wanted and not being ashamed to take it, even if I was a willing participant.

I grabbed a quick bite to eat and a shower while I waited for her call. I had just stepped out of the bathroom when my phone rang and I dropped my towel to lunge at it from the other side of the room, completely naked as I crashed onto the bed in an awkward position.

"Oh, shit...goddamnit!" Yes, those were the first words that came out of my mouth when I answered the phone.

"Hey, baby." My voice was strained, proof of the agonizing pain I was in.

"What's wrong?" she asked, worry lacing her tone.

"Fuck...I think I broke my dick," I told her as I rolled onto my back where I lay across my bed to relieve the pain from the uncomfortable position.

Bella attempted to stifle her giggle from the other end of the line. "Were you doing your cockarobics?"

"Yeah," I chuckled, playing along. "Only my dick refuses to bend that way."

"Aw, poor baby," she cooed. "Want me to kiss it and make it better?"

"You're an evil little tease. Do you know that? You know damn well that I would love nothing more than to fuck your mouth. Now I'm all fucking hard and shit from the thought, and there's not a goddamn thing I can do about it."

"Oh, I don't know about that." Her voice was all deep and sultry and shit...not helping matters at fucking all.

"What are you wearing?"

Sweet...phone sex.

"I'm lying in bed...what do you think I'm wearing?" I asked in a husky voice, knowing damn well she knew I slept in the nude.

"Mmm...show me."

"What?" I asked, confused.

"Look at your cell."

My phone vibrated on my nightstand and I reached over my head and grabbed it. Sure enough, there was a text from my baby. When I opened it, I nearly fell off the bed. There she was, buck naked, leaving absofuckinglutely nothing to the imagination. She was propped up against her headboard, her luxurious hair cascading over her shoulders, her breasts full and nipples taut. Her knees were lifted and spread to the sides, giving me a glorious vision of the tender pink flesh between her thighs. And her eyes...dear Lord, her eyes were all hooded and she was biting down on that plump, bottom lip like she was craving my touch.

"I showed you mine...now show me yours," her seductive little voice purred into the phone.

"Oh, so you want to play, do you?" I asked, with a smirk I knew she could hear even though she couldn't see it.

"Does this sound like I want to play?" I heard the click of a button and then the unmistakable vibration of the Cullen bullet I had gifted her. "I need you. I can't wait any longer. Make me cum, Edward."

"Jesus Christ..." I was more than happy to make her cum, even if it was going to have to be by a piece of

goddamn metal instead of my fingers, my tongue...my cock.

"Is that my bullet, baby?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"No, but *this* is." Another, higher-pitched vibration joined the low hum of the previous one, and I quirked and eyebrow. "Whatcha' got there, baby?"

"Gabe made me go to this little shop with him today...an *adult* shop. I never even knew it existed, probably because it was tucked away in a back alley."

"You bought a dildo?" I asked, unable to believe my ears. And hoped like fucking hell she used my credit card to buy the best they had to offer, although that motherfucking thing was going in the trash as soon as I got her back in my bed, where she belonged. No cock, real or fake, was going anywhere near my pussy when I was perfectly capable of taking care of her needs myself.

"Mmhmm. Of course it's nowhere near as big as the real thing, but since I can't have you...it'll have to do."

Yeah, my head grew about ten times its normal size...both of them.

"Tell me what to do with it, Edward. Tell me how to make myself feel good. What would you do to me if I was there with you right now?"

"Fuck baby," I growled, licking my lips in anticipation of tasting her as I ogled her picture on my cell phone. "I'd

throw your ass on this bed and bury my face between your legs to feast on you. That's what the fuck I'd do if you were here."

She moaned into the phone and my dick twitched on my stomach. Goddamn, but that woman could turn me inside out.

"But since you're *not* sprawled naked on my bed, we'll have to make do. Put the mini-me to the side and take the bullet, baby....Move it down your body and let it rest just over your clit...not on it...just above it."

"Mmm...shit," she moaned again, obviously approving of the light vibrations that were teasing her nerve endings.

"Leave it there. No matter how badly you want to move it down further, don't," I directed her. "Now, cup those beautiful breasts in your hands...knead them...God, they feel so good, don't they? Lick your fingers for me, baby. Push your breasts together, and then use those wet fingers to pull and tug on those pert little nipples. That's my mouth, hot and wet...sucking and teasing as I alternate between each one, my tongue flicking and circling...then both of them at the same time. Scrape your nipples with your fingernails...my teeth...goddamn, I want to bite them...Do you feel me, baby?"

"Oh God...yes."

"Fuck, when you say it like that..." I closed my eyes and could almost see her hands manipulating her own body.

I made a mental note to see that up close and personal sometime in the very near future...possibly even watch her pleasure herself with her little toy as well. Maybe I should reconsider letting her keep it after all.

"Touch yourself for me, baby. Slip your fingers between your pussy lips and feel how soft and warm you are," I continued to toy with her. "Are you wet for me, Bella?"

"So...fucking...wet," she moaned.

My voice was deep and throaty to my own ears, blood pumping through my veins and going straight to my engorged cock. "That's good, baby...that's...really good. Take the mini-me and put me in your mouth. I want you to suck my cock. Get me wet and ready to slide inside that tight pussy."

The hum that came from the other end of the line was muffled, and I could tell that she'd done exactly what I'd asked of her. Wet, slurping sounds mixed with greedy moans of satisfaction and I wanted to *feel* what the fuck she was doing for real, not just imagine it.

"That's enough, Bella. You don't want to make me jealous, do you?"

"Will it make you fuck me hard?" Her voice was teasing, hoping that my answer would be yes.

"You like that, baby? When I fuck you hard and fast?"

Bella mewled on the other end of the line, and my breathing accelerated just from the sound. My cock was

about as hard as it could get and I feared I might seriously bust a blood vessel if I didn't release some of the tension soon. My hand had a mind of its own at that point and I began to stroke myself.

"I love it when my pussy feels so good to you, you just can't help yourself." Fuckingsonofashitdamnit...my girl just said *pussy* and it...just...motherfucking...*did* things to me.

A growl erupted from my chest and escaped through my clenched teeth. "Fucking...say it again."

"Say what?"

She knew what the fuck I wanted to hear. She was just playing with me, and I was slightly annoyed by it...mostly because she was there and I wasn't, and I was hornier than a nymphomaniac on the set of a porno.

"You know what...say it again."

"Puuuuusssyyyy," she purred into the phone.

"Goddamnit, woman. If you were here right now, I'd have no mercy on you. I'd beat that pussy up." And I meant every fucking word of it, too.

"Now who's the tease? Tell me what to do next, Edward."

Oh...right. She was holding a dildo in her hands. So many places my mind could've gone with that thought...and it was about to hit on at least one of those.

"Turn it on, baby. Feel me vibrating in your hands. I want you to run the head of my dick up and down those wet folds...soak me in your wetness."

"Mmm...that feels so good, Edward."

I shouldered my phone and reached behind me to fumble around with my hand until I found the lubricant in the drawer of the nightstand. Then I squirted a generous amount into the palm of my hand before I threw the bottle to the side haphazardly and watched as my hand went to work on my cock.

"That's it, baby...feel me there. Teasing your opening with my cock. I'm ready for you...I want to fuck you hard and fast...I want to make you scream my name."

"God, yes...Edward," she moaned, her breathing labored to match my own.

"Sit up on your knees, baby. Can you do that for me? I want you to turn the speakerphone on, sit up on your knees and hold on to the headboard with your free hand."

I heard a shuffling noise from the other end of the line, and then her voice again, a little more distant than before. "Okay, what now?"

"You're going to ride my cock, Bella. Put it between your legs and then spread your knees until you're low enough that you can feel it at your opening."

"I want you so bad," she whined.

"I know you do, baby. Take me...lower yourself onto my cock and ride me hard, just the way you like it." Wanting to feel the sensation with her, I squeezed the head of my dick between my thumb and forefinger before bucking my hips to push the rest of my cock through the grip of my hand.

My eyes shut as the mental picture of entering her mixed with the memory of what I knew it to feel like. "Oh, fuck, baby...you feel so good. Do you like that?"

"God, Edward...you're so...*thick*," she enunciated the last word.

"Baby, you gotta' stop saying stuff like that before I get in the fucking car and drive my ass to Forks to kidnap you." And I was a balls hair away from doing just that.

"Mmm...and will you bring your *thick...cock*?"

Her words sent me into a frenzied state. My hands tightened on my dick as I stroked it faster, the lubricant warming with the friction from my palm. I closed my eyes and imagined it was her pussy wrapped around me, contracting and releasing as she rocked her hips above me.

I wanted to see her looking down at me, her mouth slightly agape as her fingernails dug into the muscles on my chest, her hair creating a curtain around us, her hips undulating against mine as she stroked that little nub against my groin.

She moaned and groaned on the other end of the line, quietly so as not to disturb the rest of the household, but she was reeling and I could tell she needed more.

"Fuck me, Bella...harder." I imagined her ass slapping against my thighs as her tits bounced with her movements. My hand quickened and I bit into my lip so hard I thought for sure I had split it with my teeth.

"Ungh...feels so good." She moaned quietly. I could hear her breaths and the soft tap of her headboard as she rode the dildo beneath her.

"Hold on, baby...just hold on," I urged her, almost there myself.

"Edward...I need you...please," she begged, seeking her release. "Give me more."

"I promised, baby...I'm going to give you everything you need. Remember? Didn't I promise you that? Let go of the headboard, Bella. Use your fingers...find that spot, the one that needs that little something more. Work it with your fingers...and when I tell you to, I want you to pinch it."

Her breathing was heavy, a keening sound building on the other end of the line until it went throaty. "Now, baby...pinch it now."

"Oh...fuck!" she called out, her voice a husky whisper as she tried to be quiet. I could practically see her head fall

back and her body go rigid under the power of her orgasm.

And that vision took me exactly where I needed to go as well. "Right there, baby...right...fucking...", I growled out my release, my hips bucking into my fisted hand as I squeezed my cock tight and pressed the pad of my thumb to the tip. Cum shot out like thick, hot molten lava as the eruption spewed and landed on my stomach in spurts.

"Edward?" she said, picking up the phone and turning off the speaker. She was still panting and her voice was laced with her post-coital daze.

I threw my arm over my face and fought to regain my composure. "Yeah, baby...I'm here."

"Edward, I miss you."

Yeah... I missed her too.

It takes about three hours to get to Forks, six hours round trip. Which meant I had enough time, to get there and be back in time for work. I'd gone over the calculation at least a dozen times in my head as I lay there watching the minutes on the clock countdown to midnight. Despite the release I'd had two hours prior, I found it impossible to sleep...yet again. There was a thin line between love and obsession, and I was afraid I was dangerously close to stepping over it. Although, it could've just been that pesky little thing called sleep deprivation that made me think like that. I needed a

cure, soon...and I knew I had two more days to wait for it. The problem was that I had absolutely no intentions of wasting any of the couple of days I had with her on sleep, so the cycle was just going to keep repeating itself until we figured out some way to be together...or I went crazy, whichever came first.

I climbed out of bed and slipped on a pair of jeans before I went downstairs to grab a glass of milk, or a shot of Cuervo...whatever the hell was going work best to get me to fall asleep. Only I was distracted when I reached the bottom floor.

I looked around and everywhere my eyes fell, I saw a vision of her. Bella on her knees in front of the door; Bella storming through said door after torching the lingerie that she clearly didn't want; Bella descending the stairs looking like Cinderella on her way to the ball...Bella *on* the stairs, tears streaming down her face after I'd just fucked her there angrily. I closed my eyes to that image, and was rewarded with one of Bella in my shower immediately afterward, her beautiful gown soaked as she held me under the spray.

I walked through the house until I reached the piano room, and she was there too, splayed across my baby grand, cradled in my lap on the bench as we made love. Down further to my office...Bella, wearing nothing but my silk tie as she stood in the doorway...the vision of her dancing around in the kitchen on the security monitor.

I missed her...so fucking much. My heart ached as my mind sifted through countless images of her; some innocent, some not so much so. Each beautiful smile rivaled the sexy little sneers from a time when she hated me. The erotic expressions on her face as she came for me over and over again. The determined look of realization as she told me she loved me for the first time. Everything about her. Maybe I could survive without her by my side, but I sure as hell didn't want to.

Distance be damned...I needed to see her.

With bare feet and no shirt, I rushed back out to the foyer, grabbed my keys out of the dish on the side table and ran out to the garage where my Vanquish was parked. A few sprinkles of rain dotted my windshield as I pulled out of the garage and made my way toward Forks...toward her.

I sped like a maniac; wet roads were not exactly prime driving conditions for the Vanquish, but I didn't give a shit. I had to make it to her, have time to hold her in my arms before I had to turn back around and leave her again...and the Vanquish was my fastest means of transportation at the time. I made a mental note to invest in a helicopter the very next day.

The rain started to fall harder along the drive, and with each slosh of water under my tires, with each swipe of the blade across the windshield, I lost myself further and further into thoughts of Bella.

I was haunted by the dream of her, and the reality as it unfolded the day I took her home. That cottage, the meadow, her laughter and the smile on her face...it was like the dream had come to life before my very eyes.

I could still hear the sound of her voice, sad and lonely as she said she missed me. It echoed through my mind and caused a tightening in my chest. I was sad and lonely for her, too. And I didn't give a good goddamn if that meant I was pussy-whipped. I couldn't think of any other pussy I'd rather be whipped by.

I stepped on the gas pedal, forcing the Vanquish to speed even faster down the road toward my destination.

Night surrounded me. The abandoned roads pitch black as my headlights reflected off the wet road before me. I was nearly there, just a few short miles and I'd have her in my arms.

By the time I had pulled onto her street, the rain outside had already become a torrential downpour. I killed my headlights, not wanting to alert Bella or her parents to my presence as I parked on the side of the street just down from her house. There was a dim light that shone through Bella's bedroom window, and it flickered, casting shadows like dancing images across her wall...obviously a candle. The rest of the house was dark and not a soul was stirring on the street.

I got out of the car and closed the door as quietly as I could, but apparently even that was too loud. First one

dog, and then another began to bark until it sounded like a whole goddamn pack of the fuckers surrounded me.

Cold rain pelted my bare skin, the merciless wind whipping it into sheets. Within seconds, I was drenched from head to toe and freezing my balls off, but I gave not a flying fuck. My body began to shiver under the elements, but I only had one thing on my mind...my girl. Of course if I had taken one ounce of that energy and thought my plan out a little more thoroughly, I probably would've known what the fuck my next step was going to be. I couldn't very well ring the doorbell; I'd be greeted by the barrel of Charlie's shotgun pressed to my balls, and I was rather fond of them.

I examined the tree that sprouted out from the ground below Bella's window and calculated my odds of actually being able to scale it to make it to her room. There were a couple of low-lying branches so I figured my chances were pretty good. That is, until I actually tried to climb it.

My feet bare, the tree soaked and covered in moss, I couldn't get a foothold on the damn thing. I grabbed the branch that hung overhead and pulled myself up, and I was nearly close enough to straddle it when it broke under my weight, sending me careening back to the ground with a hard thud. I gasped as the wind was knocked out of me, but I hadn't driven three hours to give up that easily. Just as I stood to make another

attempt, I saw the curtains shift behind Bella's window and it rose to reveal her standing there.

"Edward?" Bella's confused voice called down, having apparently been roused by the sound of the cracking limb. "Are you crazy! What are you doing here!"

My face turned toward the darkened sky, raindrops fell into my eyes and I blinked against them to keep her in my sights. As I licked my bottom lip to capture the raindrop hanging from it, I stared in awe, unable to take my eyes off the woman of my dreams. Her hair was up in a messy ponytail, a few tendrils having fallen loose in her sleep to cradle her face. Her eyes were swollen with sleep, her make-up smudged just beneath. She looked perfectly imperfect, and I wanted to make her mine for all time. And then two little words tumbled from my lips, unplanned and unabated.

It wasn't a question. It wasn't an order. Hell, it was a plea.

"Marry me."

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Chapter Twenty-Three

The Bubble Is Popped

BPOV

I stood there at my window looking down at Edward. He was half-naked, no shirt, no shoes...just a pair of soaked jeans that were plastered to his scrumptious form. His hair was plastered to his forehead, his long lashes batting raindrops away...his tongue darting out to capture one of the perfect beads that hung from his bottom lip precariously. And he was looking up at me like I was the second coming, even though I knew I looked like death warmed over.

"Marry me."

His words drifted up to me, cutting through the unforgiving wind that threatened to pummel him until he was left beaten and battered.

My heart leapt from its cage as if someone had used the defibrillation paddles on me. My knees went weak as the floor beneath my feet seemed to fall away. My grip tightened on the windowsill as I tried to keep my balance.

Tried and failed.

I teetered forward, nearly falling from the opened window, but caught myself on the branch before me just in time.

"Bella!" Edward called up to me, fear evident in his hoarse voice.

I had to get to him, jump into his arms and wrap myself around him. Taking the stairs would've taken too long, and hell, it was just too damned traditional for us. Since I was already hanging half-way inside my room, half-way onto the branch before me...I figured, fuck it; if he could weather the storm to get to me, then I could do the same. He was worth it.

I crawled out onto the limb, icy raindrops pricking my bare skin and soaking through Edward's white shirt that I had stolen away with me.

"Get back in that fucking window, Bella, before you break your goddamn neck!" Edward ordered, but since when did I ever listen to him?

I'd made it off one branch and down to another, with just one more to go before I could jump down to him. And that's when the super-klutz in me decided to wake up. Yeah, there I was trying to make some sort of grand gesture, and that psycho bitch decided to rear her ugly, deformed head.

"Oh, shit!" I called out just as I lost my footing and fell face-forward.

I closed my eyes to block out the image of my face smacking into the ground, envisioning that little blue bird squished like an M&M the entire time. Imagine my

surprise when my body met a wall of flesh instead. Edward had broken my fall with his body, but the impact sent us both tumbling onto the ground.

A rumble of thunder sounded in the distance as I propped myself up and looked down at him, still amazed that he was there in the first place. No words passed between us as we lay there in the mud, just looking at each other. His gaze was intent on mine as I searched his eyes to see if I could find an ounce of regret from his unexpected proposal.

I saw none.

What I did see was a longing that matched mine, a certainty that dispelled any doubt, truth that mirrored my own. I loved that man, and he loved me...and it was just fucking right.

The muscles in his jaw tensed as he reached up and cupped my face in his hands. Then he exhaled a breath slowly, and swept a wet lock of hair from my forehead. "I don't ever want to be away from you again. I just...*can't* do it," he said, his voice broken, shaken.

I felt the same way, but the words were lodged in my throat, engulfed by a myriad of fathomless emotions. So, since my verbal communication was shit for working, I did my best to convey my feelings through other means.

I claimed his mouth with my own in a passionate kiss, my tongue pushing through his parted lips to taste him.

And, Jesus, but he was delectable. I was lost to him. Everything else in the world ceased to exist; the unrelenting storm, the fact that it was three o'clock in the morning and the neighborhood dogs were sounding off like car alarms. All of it...just ceased to exist.

Edward rolled us over until I was writhing beneath him, doing everything that I could just to get closer. Sensing my desperation, he hitched my bare leg over his hip as the soaked denim of his jeans pressed against my center, and I moaned into his mouth. He always knew what I needed, and he would always take care of me, just as he'd promised.

My hands roamed over his naked chest, his muscular shoulders, his thick biceps...every inch of him wet and slick under my touch. I wrapped my other leg around him, holding him captive, unwilling to ever let him go again.

Edward cupped my ass in one hand and rolled his hips against mine, his kiss hot and demanding. When his lips finally left mine, his talented mouth trailed along the underside of my jaw until he reached the sensitive spot below my ear.

And then he stopped, pulling back abruptly as he looked down at me. His brows were furrowed, his lips parted...he just stared at me with a confused expression. Rain hung like teardrops from the tips of his hair, and one fell onto my cheek only to slide down the side. Funny

how a gazillion other raindrops were pummeling us, but that was the one that caused me to shiver and my skin to pebble.

"What's wrong?" I asked, unsure why he had stopped when it was just getting good.

"You didn't answer my question."

I giggled and rolled my eyes. "Edward, I just fell out the window, climbed down a fucking tree, and nearly broke my neck. All, just to get to you. Do you really need me to say it?"

"Well, yeah, baby...I kind of do." The expression on his face was so sincere as he continued. "I'm asking you to be my wife, to bare my children, to grow old with me by your side. I'm asking you to marry me, Isabella Marie Swan...for better or worse, in sickness and health, for richer or poorer, until death do we part. Does that sound like something you might want to do for the rest of your life?"

I bit down on my lip to stop the goofy grin that spread across my face and shrugged nonchalantly. "Maybe," I sang playfully, unable to contain the smile any longer.

He smiled back down at me, his teeth all perfect and white...I just wanted to lick them. "Just maybe?"

"I'm crazy about you, Edward Cullen. And I'm pretty sure that's because I'm unconditionally and irrevocably in love with you, and not because you actually *do* drive

me crazy. So, yeah...I think that sounds like something I might want to do for the rest of my life."

"Is that a yes?" he asked, as if he needed to.

"Yes, Edward," I answered, squelching any doubt he may have had left.

Edward smiled down at me, looking like a kid that had just been picked first in gym. "Okay, good."

I sighed as I ran my fingers through his wet hair. "Very good." My eyes drifted over the features of his face. His emerald eyes held so much love, adoration...passion. He was happy, and I did that for him.

I reached out with my fingertips and traced his prominent jaw, feeling it tense beneath my touch until I moved on to feel the softness of his lips. He closed his eyes and kissed my fingertips. His neck arched as I continued down his chin, and further still, to lightly caress his Adam's apple. His neck was thick and muscular, the artery that resided beneath throbbing with the life essence that flowed through his perfect body. It almost wasn't fair, how beautiful the man was. But I wasn't complaining; he was going to be mine, forever.

"Make love to me?"

"Always, but we need to get you out of the rain," he said as he rose to stand and pulled me up with him. "Charlie's probably going to have my nuts for this."

Despite my protests, he wrapped his arms around my shoulders so that I was huddled into his side and led me to the front door. And then it dawned on me; I'd climbed out of the window and the front door was locked.

"Um, it's locked," I told him once we got to the door.

"Huh. Well, you're not climbing back up the damn tree, that's for sure," he said as he looked around again to find another avenue. "Back door?"

"Locked."

Edward looked back toward his car. "You'll have to call them to let you in then. I'll go get my...phone..." His voice drifted off and he swore, running his hands through his wet hair. "Shit! I'm such an idiot. I left my phone at home."

"You drove all the way here without your phone?" I asked.

"Without my phone, my wallet, my shoes, my shirt," he said with a devilish glint in his eye. "If I hadn't already had my pants on, I would've left those too. See how crazy you make me?"

I stood up on my tiptoes and kissed him as he wrapped his arms around me. "Okay, so let's survey the situation. We're both half naked, it's dark, raining, no way to get inside...and I want you...*now*. Come with me."

I pulled out of his embrace and took his hand as I pulled him down the porch steps and toward the alcove of trees next to my house.

"Where are we going?" he asked, confused.

"You'll see," I said, giving him an impish grin.

Once we stepped through the threshold of the thick trees, I led him to a clearing in the center. I stopped and looked up, drawing his attention to the lush canopy of trees overhead that formed a barrier against the elements.

"What now?" he asked as I stepped into him.

"Now," I said, tugging at the button of his jeans. "We get you out of these wet pants before you catch your death of cold."

Edward sighed and reached for the top button on my shirt. "Well, we can't have that, now can we?"

I shook my head and then leaned up to suck on the skin just over that clit-tease of a throbbing vein in his neck as we both worked to rid each other of the remainder of our clothes.

Once all barriers had been discarded, Edward picked me up so that I could wrap my legs around his waist while our lips found each other again. He slowly lowered us down to the ground until his back was resting against the trunk of a tree and I sat comfortably in his lap.

As my tongue sought out his, my hand travelled down his chest and abdomen to find his cock, wedged between our bodies. He hissed and threw his head back when I finally touched him, giving me ample access to his neck and shoulders. I didn't waste a second of time, bathing his delicious skin with my tongue, my lips...my teeth. His cock was titanium smoothness in my palm and I pressed him against myself, coating him in my wetness.

Then his hands cupped my ass, and he lifted me as I guided him to my opening. He filled me completely, just like he'd always done, just like he always would. We both moaned at the sensation of our bodies coming together like puzzle pieces perfectly matched to one another.

Finally, I could ride the real him and not just some synthetic version that could never really compare.

Edward released my hair from the band that was barely holding it in place, and then he dipped his head to capture one of my nipples with his mouth. His teeth scraped the hardened peak as his lips sucked and his tongue flicked back and forth at a maddening pace. I arched my back as I took him in fully and began to ride him. Slowly, tenderly, we made love as we each whispered words of forever.

It didn't take long for either of us to reach our climax. I guess having spent so much time away from each other had both of us wound pretty tightly. Plus, the turn our relationship had taken - the promise of many years spent

in the company of the one we loved, our soul mate – had driven us both to the point that we just wanted to be consumed by the other.

Consummation had its perks.

Before long, I was cuddled in his arms, the heat of our bodies providing all the warmth we needed. We were completely spent, undeniably satiated.

"I have to go," Edward reluctantly whispered with his lips pressed against my throat as his hands caressed my bare back. "I don't want to, but Black is up to something, and I can't risk missing another day of work before the board meeting on Monday."

I straightened and gave him a soft kiss as I raked my fingers through the hair at his temple. "It's okay. I understand."

His hands brushed my damp hair from my shoulders and then he cupped my face, kissing me more deeply. I actually whined when he pulled away. "How are we going to get you back inside?"

"You leave, and I'll bang the shit out of the door," I laughed.

"And what, pray tell, are you going to tell Charlie when he asks how you got locked out in nothing but my shirt? Which looks so very fucking good on you, by the way."

"Don't worry about my dad. I can handle him," I said, having no clue whatsoever how I was going to explain it

to him, but I'd come up with something. "Hey, I'm the future Mrs. Edward Anthony Cullen. Some of your ingenuity has to have rubbed off on me, right?"

Edward bit down on his lip as his eyes became fixated on my mouth. "Goddamn, that sounds good." He hugged me close and then stole my breath away with a hungry kiss.

Moments later, after much prodding to make Edward get his ridonkabutt in gear so that he wouldn't be late for work, I found myself standing on my front porch, my fist banging on the door. As expected, Charlie's sleepy face wrenched the door open and his eyes widened when he saw me standing there.

"Bells? What the hell are you doing outside in the rain in the middle of the night?" he asked.

I pushed past him to stand inside as he closed the door and turned toward me for an answer. My mother appeared from the hallway, obviously having been roused from her sleep as well.

"What's going on out here?" she asked, wiping the sleep from her eyes. She looked the picture of perfect health as she stood there leaning against the door jam.

"I was just about to find out the answer to that myself," Charlie told her, his stare never leaving me. "Bells?"

So...I told them the truth.

I turned toward my mother, knowing I'd have the best chance with her. "Edward showed up, and asked me to marry him."

"He what?" she asked, her eyes wide with excitement and a huge smile spreading across her face.

"He what!" my dad also asked, his voice not sounding near as pleased as my mother's.

I turned toward him and set my chin in determination.

"He asked me to marry him, and I accepted."

"That's wonderful!" my mother squealed as she came to hug me.

Charlie raked his hands over his face in exasperation.

"And how the hell did you end up locked outside in the rain?" he asked, propping his forearm against the wall as he put his other hand on his hip.

"I climbed down the tree to get to him," I said matter-of-factly.

"Oh, that is so romantic." My mother had that dreamy tone in her voice.

"That is so stupid!" Charlie countered. "You could've broken your neck, young lady. Where is he!"

"Oh, stow it, Charlie," my mom said, coming to my rescue. "This is great news and I'm not going to let you ruin it for us."

*For us...*my mother, having never really had what you'd call a romantic proposal, was living vicariously through me. The way she told the story, Charlie had picked her up for a date, turned and looked at her and said, "So, you wanna' get hitched?" She told him sure, and he said, "Well, alright then," before turning back to start the car. She hadn't been complaining; it was just the way they were. Just like Edward's proposal, and my acceptance, was the way *we* were.

"Let's grab some coffee," my mother said, dragging me toward the kitchen. "You have to tell me everything."

My father sighed in resignation and rolled his eyes. "I'm going back to bed."

Renee and I were still sitting in the kitchen when the storm finally subsided and the sun peaked over the horizon. I'd told her the whole story, even the part where we made love under the canopy of trees next door. She hung on my every word like she was a kid and I was telling her the story of Santa Claus.

"Let me see the ring," she said, lifting my left hand up to see that there was none there.

I shrugged. "It was sort of spur of the moment. Besides, I don't really need a ring."

"Bella, he's Edward Cullen. I'm sure he's going to make sure you have one."

"Either way, it doesn't matter. Just to know that he loves me is enough." And it was. I'd never been the flashy type, but my mother was right; Edward was going to make sure I had a ring. I only hoped it wasn't going to be something huge that cost way too much. Hell, he could give me a secret decoder ring out of a Cracker Jack box and it would suit me just fine. Alice and Rosalie would probably go bat shit over it, but I wouldn't care.

"Baby," my mother said with sincerity as she took my hand in hers. "You have to go to him. You can't stay here."

"Mom, he's cool with it," I said, cutting her off. "When you're better, that's when I'll go."

"Now you listen to me Isabella Marie Swan," she said, her voice taking on that motherly tone. "I'm doing just fine. In fact, I've never felt better. It's time you stop living your life around me and your father, and go live your own. That man is crazy about you, and you're just as crazy about him. Go. I insist."

"You're kicking me out?" I asked in mock outrage.

"Why, yes I am," she said, playing along. "Get your shit, and get the hell out of my house."

We had a good laugh and hugged. I was all kinds of giddy inside, knowing that Edward and I would finally be together without anything keeping us apart. The Cooch was mighty excited about that prospect as well. She and

the Wonder Peen were going to be reunited, and the only thing that stood in the way of their happiness was the Cooch's obsession with the Ridonkabutt. However, I didn't doubt they'd somehow work things out so that she could enjoy the best of both worlds.

Edward had called me just to let me know that he made it back okay and was on his way into work. I decided not to tell him that I was coming home to him, or that I had told my folks about our upcoming nuptials. I wanted to see the look of surprise on his face when I showed up and made the announcement.

I called Gabe and woke his lazy ass up to tell him the good news. After about three straight minutes of listening to his bitching about me waking him up, I finally cut him off and just blurted the words out. His reaction?

"You shut your dirty whorish mouth, bitch! I swear to Oprah that if you're lying to me, I will cut your tongue out and use it as toilet paper!"

I laughed at his threat, even though I knew he meant every word of it. "I'm not lying, Gabe. Feel like being my maid of honor?"

Gabe sighed. "Always a bride's maid, never a bride. Yeah, I'll do it, but you know I'm going to look better than you, right? So don't get all mad at me when that gorgeous hunk of man leaves you jilted at the altar so that he can ride me into the sunset."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know," I told him with a roll of my eyes. "Now get your prissy ass over here. I need you to drive me to Seattle."

"You're lucky I have to work tonight," he huffed. "I'll be there in two shakes of a donkey's dick, trick."

I had my things packed and stacked by the front door when I saw my father sitting in the kitchen, home for his lunch break. He looked up at me and gave me this saddened look and then returned his attention to his sandwich.

I slumped my shoulders, knowing he was upset, but holding his tongue for fear of my mother's redemption. I had to talk to him.

"Dad?" I said, walking into the kitchen and taking the seat next to him.

He cleared his throat and sat back in his chair, attempting to look nonchalant. "What's up, kiddo?"

"You know I'm going to be okay, right?"

"Let me tell you what I know," he said, crossing his arms defensively over his chest. "Nothing, that's what I know. You go off to college, money shows up out of nowhere in our account, your mother gets the best heart surgeon in the state, hell, in the country for that matter, you show up with this bohunk who has more money than he knows what to do with, and all of a sudden, my baby girl is running off to marry him. Hell, he didn't even ask me for

your hand in marriage. Now you tell me, Bells, what's there for me to be worried about?"

"I know, Dad. But, you have to trust me. I'm not a little girl anymore. I know what I'm doing."

He turned his head to look out the window and then sighed again. "Do you love him?"

I laid my hand on his shoulder and he turned to look back at me. "More than I ever thought possible. And he loves me too...so much."

Silence stretched between us before he finally said something.

"You know, when I first held your tiny body in my arms, I swore that I would protect and keep you safe from everything this cruel world has to offer. But, I also promised myself that I wouldn't be so overprotective that I kept you from being happy."

"Edward makes me happy, Daddy," I told him, trying to convey my sincerity through my eyes. "I'm miserable without him. I want to spend the rest of my life loving him, letting him love me. But I can't be truly happy without your blessing. I want you to walk me down the aisle, and give me away to Edward, knowing that I'll be in safekeeping. Can't you just do a background check on him or something? Would that make you feel better?"

Charlie grinned mischievously. "Already did. He checked out. Hell, on paper he's actually a really good guy."

I slapped at his arm playfully. "I can't believe you did that."

"You can't believe that I'd do everything within my power to make sure that my baby girl isn't dating a serial killer?" he asked.

I nodded in acquiescence. "Okay, I get it. So, do we have your blessing?"

Charlie looked down at the table as he picked up a potato chip and shrugged. "I guess. But if he steps even a millimeter out of line, I'm going to be up his ass like a pogo stick," he said, and then popped the chip into his mouth.

I threw my arms around his neck and hugged him tightly. "Thank you, Dad! But just so you know...you'll have to stand in line behind Gabe to get your chance to stick something up Edward's butt."

"Ah, geez, Bells!" My fathered groaned as I giggled at his response. Then he pushed his plate away, having suddenly lost his appetite.

"Holy torpedo in a Speedo!" Gabe gasped as we walked through the front doors of Scarlet Lotus and he looked around in awe.

"Wow, this is...impressive," I said, looking around at the ornate fixtures of the lobby. "My man has done very well for himself, indeed."

"I really hate you right now," Gabe said as he narrowed his eyes at me in jealousy. "Just remember that what's yours is mine."

"This won't be mine, Gabe," I said as I spotted Alice and she waved us over. "I don't want anything from Edward other than his love...and maybe, no, *definitely* his body."

"Congratulations!" Alice squealed when we reached her, and then she threw her arms around me for one hell of a bear hug. To be such a tiny little thing, she sure was strong. I guess it was true what they said about ants being able to carry about fifty times their own weight.

"Um, helloooo?" Gabe said in annoyance. "Why the hell are you all up on the potted meat when there's pate on the menu?"

"Oh, sorry, Gabe," Alice said and then gave him an air kiss to each cheek. When she pulled back, she got that excited look in her eyes. "So, come on. Let's get you upstairs to your *fiancé*."

She led us to an elevator and we stepped inside while she punched the button to the floor where Edward's office was. The entire ride up, she kept asking about the wedding; who was going to plan it, who was going to cater, the date, and the list went on and on. I could see the aggravation on her face when my answer to every question was, "I don't know."

"Alice, he just asked me to marry him a few short hours ago. When did I have time to plan a wedding?"

"Pfft," she said with a dismissive wave of her hand.

"Honey, I'd had my wedding planned since I was like three."

Somehow, I didn't doubt that.

The door dinged, signally our arrival to our destination and the doors pulled back so that we could step off the elevator. We followed Alice down a hallway and I noticed that everyone stopped and stared after us like we were on display. It made me feel slightly uncomfortable as I recognized some of the faces from the ball. In particular, that chick Jessica. Her face was turned up into a scowl and I wondered if she knew Edward was damn close to being permanently off the market.

Fuck you, bitches! Seattle's most eligible bachelor is mine, all mine. So you can retract your meat claws and go bark up someone else's tree.

Of course I was too much of a lady to actually say that out loud. Well, maybe not, but I didn't want Edward's employees to think he was marrying trailer trash.

"Hey, wifey! What are you doing here?" Jasper asked in surprise when we walked into his office. And then his eyes nearly bugged out when I stepped out from behind Alice. "Holy shit! What are *you* doing here?"

"Shh," Alice said, cupping her hand over his mouth. "Is he in?"

Jasper only nodded because that's all he could do. "Well? What are you waiting for? Go get him," Alice directed me with a nod toward Edward's office.

I walked over and cracked the door open. He was sitting at his desk, his back turned toward the door as he looked out his window like he was a million miles away. His hair was disheveled and his jaw was slightly scruffier than normal. Apparently, his little impromptu trip to Forks had left him with no time to shave.

"Having second thoughts?" I asked quietly as I closed the door behind me.

Edward swung around in his chair, his brow raised and eyes wide.

"Surprise," I cooed as I walked toward him.

"Bella? What are you doing here?"

"I figured two can play the whole surprise visit game," I told him as I took a seat in his lap. "Only I'm not leaving. I'm here to stay. My mother swears she's fine, and my father...well, we have his blessing."

I felt his whole body relax around me, as if every ounce of tension that our separation had caused him had suddenly melted away with my words. His hold tightened as I leaned in and nuzzled his ear.

"Looks like you're stuck with me," I whispered.

Edward cupped my face in his hands and brought his face to mine. "Welcome home, baby," he said against my lips before capturing them for a searing kiss.

I melted against him, into him, as his words permeated my skin and became a part of me. I was back where I belonged, in the arms of the man who'd captured my heart for an eternity. My mother was healing, my father back to work...all was right with the world, and nothing could penetrate the happy little bubble I'd found myself in.

"Yo, Cullen!" The door to Edward's office swung open, disrupting our happily ever after moment as a voice I wished I could have forgotten tainted our pure air with obnoxiousness.

Edward growled, ire thick in his voice. "What do you want, Black? And what the fuck are you doing barging into my office unannounced?"

"Oh, wow...were you two about to get it on in here? Because I'm pretty sure that's against company policy. We can always ask the board at the meeting on Monday to be sure if you want."

I turned the full force of my glare on him and he actually took a step back. "Come in search of your dinner, crumb snatcher?" I asked.

"Isabella!" he said, smiling widely in greeting.

"Slumming it again? When are you gonna' drop Cullen and give Big Daddy Dick a go?"

Edward attempted to lunge from his chair, but I managed to hold him in place, just barely. As much as I'd love for Edward to be able to beat the shit out of the man, he just simply wasn't worth him losing his company over. "Let it go, baby. He's not worth it. He's just suffering from penis envy."

"Ow, my feelings," Jacob whined as he put his hand over his heart and stuck his bottom lip out.

I ignored him and stood, turning to face Edward. "I'm going to the house to unpack. I'll see you when you get home." Intent on making sure Jacob Black knew who was buttering my bread, I gave Edward a kiss that was so hot it made my own toes curl. "I love you," I told Edward and then walked toward the door.

"Move!" I ordered Jacob.

He was smart enough to step to one side, but not without giving me a sarcastic grin and an, "I love you, too, sweetums."

Gabe, Alice and Jasper had just walked back into the office, all three carrying fresh coffee.

"Oh, shit," Jasper sighed as he saw Jacob's back before he closed the door.

"Hold the phone. Who is that piece of tall, dark and handsome?" Gabe asked, checking him out.

"He, is what we like to refer to as pathetic scum," Alice answered.

"No, seriously. Who is he?" Gabe asked again. "I think I know him."

"Let's hope not," I said. "He's Jacob Black. He owns the other half of Scarlet Lotus."

"Are you sure? Because he looks awfully familiar."

"No offense, Gabe, but I hardly think he'd be running in the same circles as you," Jasper said as he sat on the corner of his desk and pulled Alice to stand between his legs.

"Huh...Well, never mind. It doesn't matter anyway," he said, shrugging it off. Then he turned toward me. "You ready to go, ho? I don't have much time before I have to be at work and we still need to unload all of your trash at the manse."

"Yeah, I'm ready," I told him and then bid a farewell to Alice and Jasper. Of course Alice promised she'd be over first thing the next morning to start wedding preparations. I shuddered at the thought.

Gabe and I had made it back to the mansion and, with Riley's help, had all my things unloaded and stacked in Edward's bedroom. Shortly afterward, I had seen Gabe off for his shift at the meat market. Of course he

complained he was all sticky and nasty after all the manual labor, even though Riley and I had done most of the work and he hadn't even broken a sweat. I had just gone to the kitchen to pour myself a glass of ice water when the doorbell rang. As I walked back toward the foyer, I spotted Gabe's pink scarf where he had discarded it earlier.

I snatched it up, knowing that Gabe just couldn't be without it and opened the door to hand it to him. "Forgot your scar-" My voice caught in my throat when I realized that it wasn't Gabe on the other side of the door.

"Honey, I'm home." Jacob Black stood there with a slimy smile on his mug.

"Edward's not home yet," I said and attempted to slam the door in his face, but he stuck his arm out and kept it from closing.

"I'm not here to see Edward. I'm here to see you," he said, forcing me to back up as he pushed his way inside.

"You just don't take a hint, do you?" I asked, enraged by his relentlessness. "I don't want *anything* to do with you, asshole."

Jacob kept advancing on me until my back was pressed to the wall and he had cornered me. He smiled down at me as he caged me in with his body, his grotesque hand pushing a lock of hair out of my face.

"What do you want, Jacob?" I asked, trying to sound peeved, but there was an air about him that made my stomach lurch into my throat. He was almost menacing.

"I want you."

"Well, I *don't* want you."

"Aw, no worries, babe. I can pay you...just like my partner did."

I could feel all the blood in my face drain with his words, and I was suddenly paralyzed with fear.

"How much will it take? A thousand? Ten thousand? A hundred grand? Oh no, that's right. The going price is *one million dollars*, right? Damn, that's gotta' be some pussy of gold."

Oh, God. He knew.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, my voice breaking and sounding unbelievable even to my own ears.

"No?" he said with a look on his face that said he knew for sure that I knew what he was talking about. "Let's see if this rings a bell. Edward bought you at a slave auction for a cool mill...to be his sex slave. Sound familiar?"

My whole body was shaking with trepidation. He knew. I didn't know how, but he knew.

"How did you know?"

Jacob chuckled. "I might have access to a certain contract."

He found the contract? But how?

"What do you want?" I asked, ready to hear his demands.

He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me against his body. Then he leaned down and whispered into my ear. "I want to sample the golden pussy for myself."

"No!" I said, shoving at him, but he was too stout and I couldn't make him budge.

"Face it. You're a whore, Isabella. It's what you're paid to do. Only instead of money, your reward will be my silence. Edward keeps his half of the company, I get to soak my dick in that million dollar pussy, and you get to know what it's like to be with a *real* man. Everybody wins," he said, and then he licked the length of my neck from my collarbone to my earlobe. "If you don't...well, I go to the board *and* the press. Edward will lose everything; his company, his dignity, his standing in the public eye. And your folks will know their daughter is nothing but a common whore. So what's it gonna' be, Isabella?"

He moved his paw to cup my breast and began to take liberties, squeezing it like it was a stress ball. I felt so completely vulnerable and I was scared out of my wits.

His hot breath fanned out over my skin as he started to plant slimy kisses along the length of my neck.

My heart was pounding furiously in its cage as I willed my mind to think of a way out of the predicament that I'd found myself in. Edward. I wanted my Edward. He'd be home shortly and then he'd...

And then it hit me. That was exactly what Jacob was counting on. Jacob wanted Edward to walk in and see him fucking me, just like he'd walked in and found him fucking Tanya. He meant to destroy him completely.

So, the decision I was left with was to either let him fuck me and break Edward's heart, or to refuse him and watch helplessly as Edward's company is handed over to Jacob Black; a company his parents had constructed from scratch. His reputation would be ruined. Edward would be ruined. And my parents would know what I had done. But if he walked in and saw us together...it might do far more damage. Could Edward still love me after all that? Either way, it seemed there was no easy answer.

Edward's face flashed across my mind; the anguished expression when he first told me he'd fallen in love with me, the light in his eyes when I finally got a chance to say it back, the desperation as he stood in the rain half-naked and asked me to marry him. I couldn't rip his heart out. I just...couldn't put him through the same thing that whore of an ex of his did.

Material things, he could replace. Edward was smart enough and had the talent to rebuild. As for his damnation in the public eye; people were bloodthirsty and ruthless when it came to celebrities, but as soon as the next star fell from the sky, his sin would be forgotten. And yeah, I would forever see the disappointment in my parents' eyes after they learned their daughter sold her body for a million dollars, but the loss of their respect was a fair price to pay when I thought about the alternative.

It was much more difficult to mend a broken heart, and Edward's couldn't take much more heartache. It took a lot for him to finally trust someone else, and he'd put everything he had left in the palm of *my* hands. No way was I going to destroy a gift that precious.

"No," I answered Jacob. "I won't fuck you. I belong to Edward, and Edward alone. I am his."

I felt every muscle in Jacob's body tense as he registered my words. A low growl rumbled from his chest as he pulled back a fraction and glared down at me. "I *will* have you. Willingly, or not."

Before I even had a chance to react, he grabbed my shirt and ripped it apart, sending buttons flying across the floor.

"No!" I screamed, and then I gathered every ounce of strength I had in my body and pushed against him.

It was enough force to make him stumble back, giving me just the right amount of room to get out of his clutches. I made a run for the door, but Jacob was quick on my heels. Just as I reached for the door handle, he grabbed my arm and yanked me back, sending me sailing across the floor until I hit my head on the wall.

I looked up at him as he stalked toward me, undoing his pants in the process. I scrambled, trying to get away, but he was on me in a nanosecond. So, I did the only thing I could do.

I fought. If he was going to take me, it wouldn't be without a fight. As he hovered over me, I kicked my foot out, nailing him in the balls.

"You bitch!" he spat as he doubled over, but he wasn't giving up. He grabbed at my flailing arms and pinned me down to the floor. I was trapped under his weight, unable to move. He wedged his knees between my thighs and forced them apart as he fumbled with my pants.

"Please! No!" I cried out as tears stung my eyes.

I squeezed my eyes shut to block out the horrific image of the disgusting man on top of me. He was a fucking animal; a panting, feral beast that was out of control with determined lust. The stench of his sweat burned my nostrils and scalding tears ran freely down my cheeks, their saltiness leaking past my trembling lips. At that moment, I hated Jacob Black enough to want to kill him.

His hands went to the button on my jeans and I struggled to break free of his unyielding strength, determined not to let him touch me...there.

I was *not* a whore!

Just then, the front door flew open.

"Get the fuck off her!" It was Edward's voice, and he sounded demonic, as if he were possessed by Satan himself.

My bare skin felt an unexpected chill before I realized that Jacob was no longer on top of me. Instead, he was flying through the air, his body crashing into the side table with a sickening, yet pleasing crack as wood splintered under his weight.

Edward gave me a fleeting glance before he went after Jacob, and I saw the rage that flamed behind his darkened eyes like red serpents licking the velvet sky. His shoulders heaved with angry breaths, his body tensed, poised and ready to strike. I had never seen him look so fearsome.

He stalked toward the place where Jacob lay amongst the debris trying to regain his bearings, but before he could get to his feet, Edward was there. Edward grabbed Jacob's collar and drew his fist back, and then a loud crack echoed through the room as he landed the first blow to Jacob's face.

Jacob retaliated by grabbing Edward and throwing him back far enough to allow himself enough time to get to his feet. Blood spilled from his lip, his face swollen and discolored with an angry red. Then a battle cry clawed its way out of Jacob's chest as he ran full force toward Edward, hooking him around the waist and driving him into the wall behind him.

"Edward!" I screamed as I got to my feet. No way was I going to let Jacob Black kick my man's ass.

I ran at him and jumped on Jacob's back, wrapping my arms around his neck to put him in a choke hold.

Admittedly, I probably didn't pose much of a threat, and Jacob proved that when he grabbed me and pulled me off his back to throw me back into the floor.

It was the distraction Edward needed. He threw another punch, this one striking Jacob's ribcage. Jacob doubled over and Edward took the opportunity to land an uppercut to Jacob's chin, sending him flying back again.

As he crashed onto the floor, Jacob's head lolled to the side and his body went limp. His face was bloodied and bruised, but that didn't keep Edward from continuing his attack. He straddled Jacob and just kept swinging and landing every single punch as he pummeled him over and over again. When he was satisfied that Jacob had no more fight left in him, he shook out his swollen hand and stood, looking down at Jacob in disgust.

When he turned toward me, his face quickly morphed from anger to heart-clenching concern.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asked as he knelt down beside me with his back turned toward Jacob.

Everything, the whole weight of the situation, finally hit home and I sobbed uncontrollably. Jacob knew everything, and that still wasn't enough. No...He hated Edward so much, that he was going to rape me just to destroy him. He was going to *rape* me.

I clutched Edward's shirt in my fists and pulled him to me as I buried my head in his chest. "He wanted me to...and I couldn't do that to you, and...he was going to..."

"Shh, shh, shh," Edward said, cradling me in his arms. "I know, baby. It's okay. I'm here now, and I won't let anyone hurt you."

Oddly, it wasn't the fact that I was nearly raped that had me so upset. Sure, it had a lot to do with it, but Jacob never got the opportunity to follow through on his threat. Edward had protected me, just like he had promised he would. What was most upsetting was the fact that Jacob knew everything and would stop at nothing to see Edward a broken man.

It wasn't fear for my own well-being that had me so distraught; it was fear for Edward's.

I saw movement out of the corner of my eye just before heavy footsteps made a mad dash for the door. It was

Jacob, and he was running away. Edward turned me loose and made to go after him, but I pulled him back. "No, you can't!" I yelled, holding onto him with all my might.

"Baby, he's getting away," Edward said, trying to pull my hands loose.

I grabbed his face and forced him to look at me. "He knows, Edward. He knows everything."

And just like that, our perfect little bubble had popped.

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Chapter Twenty-Four

I Heart Gay Gabe

EPOV

Riley had just dropped me off at the front of the mansion with my briefcase and a bouquet of flowers for my girl in hand. I stared in confusion as I noticed we had a visitor and I knew for a fact it wasn't Gabe. Jacob Black's Viper was parked in plain sight and for just a moment, my mind flashed back to that day I had arrived home to find him ass fucking my would-be fiancée in my bathroom.

All I could think was...*Please, not her.*

My knuckles tightened around the bouquet in my hand for a brief second until my senses brought me back to the fact that Bella wasn't that slut Tanya, and she would never do anything like that to me.

Still, the fear was there. Had I let my guard down only to be fucked over again?

Haunted by the desolation that replayed like a wavy vinyl disc under the needle of an old phonograph, I found it hard to force my feet forward. It was as if they had been fastened down with cement blocks to the rocky bottom of a murky river, cutting off the freedom required to swim to the surface for a much needed breath of air. My heart was giving me a pep talk like a motherfucker, but the agony over the possibility that Bella could have fallen under Jacob's mysterious spell overshadowed the

fucking trust I had given to her so easily. What the fuck did women see in him?

I was bitch slapped back from my morbid thoughts when a crash came from somewhere inside the house. The bouquet and my briefcase tumbled to the ground at the next sound.

"You bitch!" It was Jacob's voice, outraged and laced in venom.

"Please! No!" The hair on the back of my neck stood at attention.

Bella's scream was a desperate plea to assuage whatever attack she was under, and I took the front steps in giant leaps. Without a second thought, I threw myself against the door, my body numb to the pain that I should've felt in my frantic attempt to get to her.

The violent scene was displayed before me; my girl...my *fiancée*, trapped and fighting off the unwanted advances of that piece of shit motherfucker, Jacob Black. Her shirt was ripped down the middle and he was holding her down while pulling at the button on her jeans. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she squeezed her eyes shut and awaited the inevitable rape that I had interrupted just in the nick of time.

My fucking heart was seized by a myriad of emotions that seemed to take on a life of their own. As they took shape, a full spectrum of colors clouded my eyesight and

rendered me helpless to the maniacal beast that lay dormant within. Horrific greens morphed into sodden blues of terror. Violent midnight shifted to an outraged orange consumed by disgust until my vision was enflamed with a demonic red that burned white hot with the intensity of rage. And then finally, everything went black with the vengeance every microscopic cell in my body needed to claim.

"Get the fuck off her!" My voice didn't even sound like it was mine, but that was the least of my concerns.

I barely even registered that I had moved before I had Jacob's clothes clenched in my fists and had thrown him across the room, away from my girl. Bella looked up at me, and everything inside screamed for me to comfort her, but the driving force to make Jacob pay for what he had done won the battle.

Fury consumed me until I was possessed without control over my own body. Fists were thrown and connected, my back was slammed against a wall, and then Bella flew across the room, as if from out of nowhere, and landed on Jacob's back. It was when he swatted her away like she was nothing but an insignificant gnat that I snapped like a rubber band that had been stretched beyond its limit. I'd had enough of wrestling around with him like two scrawny boys grappling for dominance on a school playground. I was out for blood. I meant to beat him to a

pulp until the very life force that kept the pathetic excuse for a human being alive was sucked dry of him.

And I almost did just that. I was on him, hovering over him just as menacingly as he'd been hovered over my girl. Punch after punch connected with that slimeball's face, and I could hear his bones cracking under my fists.

It was pure instinct that told me when I'd succeeded. Jacob lay on the floor, no motion to his lifeless body, barely even a breath. I shook out the sharp bolts of pain that shot from my hand and up my arm, not giving two shits about it, because it was worth it. Then, like a gravitational pull, I turned toward Bella. Every trace of anger was suddenly diffused and dissipated when I saw her face.

She needed me, it was written all over her face, and *nothing* would stop me from going to her.

"Are you okay, baby?" I asked as I knelt down beside her and looked her over for injuries.

Her face had been blank and then suddenly, tears streamed unabated as the gravity of the situation came crashing down on her. She reached out and clutched my shirt in her hands as she buried her face in my chest and sobbed uncontrollably.

"He wanted me to...and I couldn't do that to you, and...he was going to..." Her voice was strangled and broken as she tried her best to explain.

But she didn't need to tell me. I already knew.

"Shh, shh, shh," I did my damndest to soothe her as I cradled her in my arms. "I know, baby. It's okay. I'm here now, and I won't let anyone hurt you."

I meant it. With my dying breath, I fucking *meant* it.

We sat there like that for a little longer, Bella, crying and holding onto me as if I might leave her at any time, and me, doing my best to console her. I never wanted to see her like that and I couldn't help but feel that I had failed her in some way. I should've been there, should've somehow been able to see Jacob's intentions. But I never once figured him for something as vile as what he attempted to do. I knew he hated me, and I knew that he would try to seduce her, but to try to...*rape* her? It became evident that I never really knew the man I used to call my best friend after all, and that made me even more disgusted.

I heard shuffling from behind me just before Jacob made for the door like a bat out of hell. And I'd be damned if I was going to let the motherfucker get away with an ounce of life still beating in his cold, hard veins. I pushed Bella away to stand to my feet, but she wouldn't let me go.

"No, you can't!" she yelled, desperately holding onto my shirt and preventing me from chasing after him.

"Baby, he's getting away." I tried to pull her hands loose, but she just kept clinging to me.

She grabbed my face, her death grip forcing me to look at her. Black mascara was streaked down her face and her eyes were puffy, wide as if she was trying to get me to see something she knew, but that I wasn't quite grasping.

"He knows, Edward. He knows everything."

I froze, stiff as a twelve-point buck that had just heard a twig snap in an otherwise still forest.

"What..." My voice was caught in my throat and I had to clear it before I could go on. "What does he know? What are you saying, Bella?"

"Everything. He knows about the auction, the contract, how much you paid for me...everything," she said as her eyes darted across my face as if she was searching for something.

I clenched my teeth together and breathed deeply through my nose. "I don't care. He's not getting away with this shit," I said as I pulled my cell phone from my pocket and started to dial.

"Who are you calling?" she asked as she wiped her nose on the sleeve of her shirt.

"The police."

"No, Edward...please," she said, putting her hand over the phone as she shook her head back and forth frantically. "You'll lose everything."

"Nothing is more important than you! *Nothing!*" I snapped and she flinched at my words. I hadn't meant to take it out on her, but I was just so...fucking irate.

I gathered her into my arms and held her to my chest, stroking her hair as I kissed her forehead over and over again. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I said, rocking her back and forth. I pulled back and cupped her face in my hands as I tried to get through to her. "Bella, baby, he tried to..."

I couldn't even say the word out loud.

Bella pulled my hands from her face and held them in her lap. "I know what he tried to do. But he *didn't*," she said, almost as if she was trying to comfort me instead. "He didn't because you stopped him, Edward. *You* stopped him."

"He put his fucking hands on you, and I can't...I just *can't*." I could feel the vice around my heart squeeze tighter. I dropped my gaze, no longer able to look into the innocent face of the woman I had failed.

Bella ran her fingers through the hair at my temples and lifted my chin to look at her again. "You listen to me, Edward Anthony Cullen. This was *not* your fault. There was no way you could know what he would try to do, so don't you dare start blaming yourself."

I started to protest, but she put her finger over my lips to silence me. "I'm fine. But if we call the police...everyone

will know and my parents...they can't deal with something like this, Edward. My mom just had a heart transplant. Do you really think she could handle knowing what *almost* happened to me? And my father...Edward, Charlie would kill him. And Jacob will still tell everything he knows about us. You'll lose your company, my father will be in prison, and the heartache of losing my father and knowing what her daughter has done will probably make that heart transplant my mother received be all for nothing. I can't do that to them. No, we have to be smart about this."

Isabella Swan never ceased to amaze me. In the face of the unspeakable evil that had almost befallen her, she was still thinking about everyone else. Never had a more selfless person existed in this fucked up thing we call life. And of course, she was right. As much as it pained me to let him go, I knew we had to re-group and figure shit out. "Okay," I relented with a helpless sigh. "We'll do it your way."

I took her hand and pressed a kiss to her palm, content on just having that. But when I tried to pull away, she climbed into my lap and wrapped her arms around my neck, her lips melting against mine. It was unexpected to say the least, especially in light of what had just happened, but it wasn't a kiss that was meant to go further. It was just a kiss that conveyed the love that we

shared, the love that not even that coward, Jacob Black, could tarnish.

Later that evening, we were in the entertainment room, not really watching the outrageously expensive television that was playing *Lord of the Rings*. I was aware that knowing every line to the movie probably made me a geek, but so the fuck what? It calmed me down, even if it didn't take my mind off things entirely. That would be an impossible task.

I was wearing a pair of sleep pants that I just happened to keep around the house in case I had visitors, and Bella was perched in my lap, freshly showered, wearing nothing but another one of my white button-ups and smelling like the allure of sex. The actual deed itself couldn't have been further from my mind, though. Okay, so if I was being honest, it was playing at the edge of my thoughts because that was the kind of shit she did to me, but I would never act on it.

As much as she was trying to be a real trooper, acting like what had happened with that assfucker hadn't affected her, I knew that probably wasn't the truth. But I wasn't going to press her on the subject. She would talk about it if she wanted, and I would listen and offer as much support as I could. Until then, any contact we had of the sexual nature would be by her initiation alone.

"So, he said he had access to the contract?" I asked. We were still trying to figure out what the fuck to do about the situation Black had created for us.

"Yeah, but I don't get that," she said, lost in thought.

"You ripped your contract up, and my copy is still in with my things. So where did he get one? Do you think he could've broken in here and made a copy or something?"

"Not likely," I answered, my fingers casually rubbing circles on her bare thigh.

The telephone rang beside us, pausing our little brainstorming session and I answered it.

"Hey, Gabe," I said when his prissy voice greeted me from the other end. "...She's right here...Yeah, hold on a second," I continued when he asked me if Bella was with me and to put him on speaker phone.

"You're on. What's up?"

"Hey, boo!" he said in greeting to Bella. "So, I finally figured out where I've seen that little piece of man-meat that was in your office today."

"Wait a minute, what?" I asked, confused.

"Jacob," Bella answered for him. "He saw Jacob in your office earlier and thought he recognized him."

Well, wasn't that just an interesting tidbit of information?

"Where do you know him from?" Bella asked.

"Right here at the club," Gabe answered. "Every now and then he comes in after hours. I've seen him when I've stayed over to clean up, or um...meet that night's Mr. Perfect. But never mind that. Boyfriend sneaks right in the back entrance and disappears into James' office downstairs. It's usually a while before he leaves, but he's always toting a little white dust with him when he does."

"Black's snorting?" I asked, surprised, although I shouldn't have been. He'd always played around with recreational drugs when we were younger. I just figured that was all it was.

"Oh, honey...that man's so thick in it, a big, fluffy cloud probably pops out of his ass when he farts."

Bella rolled her eyes even though he couldn't see her.

"Gabe, I don't think it quite works that way."

"Whatever. I'm just sayin'. And I know you just rolled your eyes, bitch. I wish you *would* make me have to come over there."

Bella giggled, and the sound was like music to my ears.

And then it occurred to me, hit me like a fucking lightning bolt from out of nowhere was probably more like it. "Gigandet."

"What?" Bella asked, confused.

"James would have a copy of the contract as well. After all, he was the broker in the deal. Shit!" I pulled at my hair and let my head fall back as I growled in frustration.

"I should've known that rat bastard would pull some shit like this. It's all about the bottom line for him. He knows nothing about work ethics, and I'm sure that if Jacob waved enough cash in front of his face, he'd turn that shit over in a heartbeat."

"I really fucking hate him. Blood sucking douchebag pimp," she sneered. "I guess it's not enough for him to exploit women the way he does, he just has to take it a step further and ruin innocent lives in the process, too."

"Um...hello?" Gabe called, reminding us that he was still on the line. "What the hell are ya'll talking about?"

I looked at Bella, searching her face to see if she wanted me to make something up. It hadn't dawned on me that she and I were still the only ones who knew about what had transpired earlier, and it was her decision as to whether or not she let anyone else in on it.

Without taking her eyes from mine, she set her chin in quiet determination and spoke. "Jacob Black knows about the contract between me and Edward. He made that fact quite clear when he showed up here today and tried to force himself on me in return for his silence."

"He did what!" Gabe's voice was shrill with shock and I had to plug my ear to get it to stop ringing. "That son of a goat cock sucking whore! I swear to God, I'm going to rip his nuts off with my bare hands and shove them down his throat. And then, I'm going to introduce him to my friend, Chavez; a big, burly ass Mexican who's done hard

time at Oswald State, aka Oz, and has no qualms whatsoever of ass raping another dude just for the fun of it. I hear boyfriend has eaten so many Naga Viper peppers that his cum is literally liquid acid. He just might be the reincarnation of Beelzebub, but he's always been good to me, and I'm pretty sure I can get him to do me a favor. Of course that means I'll owe him one, but for you-"

"Gabe, stop," Bella said, interrupting his revenge spiel. I personally thought he was on to something and wanted him to set the wheels in motion, but Bella apparently disagreed. "First of all, Oz isn't a real place. It was a television series. Second of all, we're not going to stoop to his level. We need to figure out what to do, so I need you to get serious and focus."

"You thought I was joking?" Gabe asked, but Bella ignored him.

"Wait a minute," I said, putting the facts together. "Black said he had *access* to the contract, right? Not that he actually had it?"

"Right, and?"

"Well then that means that I might be able to go pay Gigandet a visit and maybe offer him more money than what Jacob was willing to pay for it. Then, he wouldn't have any proof. We can sweep his legs out from under him."

"Nuh-uh. Not gonna' work," Gabe interjected.

"Why not?" I asked, a bit peeved that he was busting my bubble.

"Boo, did you not hear me when I said that Jacob spends quite a bit of time in the office with James before he leaves?"

"Yeah, so?"

Gabe giggled knowingly. "Honey, James may be a disgusting pig where the ladies are concerned, but he's a perfect gentleman when it comes to that hunk of man."

There was a long pause, during which, Bella and I just stared at each other in confusion.

Our silence must have clued Gabe in on the fact that we still hadn't figured out what he was trying to say. "Let me be blunt since you two still don't get it. James is in love with Jacob Black. They're getting in touch with their inner Greeks...bumming...pluggin' brown eyes...stirring the fudge pot...chugging pickles...bumpin' uglies. They're *fucking!*"

"Oooohhhh," Bella and I both said at the same time.

"So...Jacob's bi-sexual?" I asked, finding it hard to believe.

"Mmhmm, bungee boy to the sextreme. And not only that, James is a total smitten kitten, so there's no way he's going to just hand that contract over to you," he answered. "However, if I know him the way I think I do,

then he hasn't handed it over to Jacob either. Think what you want of him, but he's a shrewd businessman. You had him pegged when you said that it's all about the bottom line for him, but think about it... If word got out that he let a confidential contract like that leak out, not only would he lose his business in a massive raid, which he'd probably be able to cover up, but no one will trust him with their business again. Not to mention, there's no telling how many hits would be put out on the man just because there would be the potential risk that he would leak identities in an attempt to bargain with the feds. You were there, Eddie. You saw the caliber of businessmen he deals with. Them's some ruthless mofos."

He had a point. Lots of points, really. So I ignored the fact that he'd just called me Eddie and I hated being called that.

"So, how do you think he was planning on getting the contract for himself then?" Bella asked.

"I'm not sure, but if I had to guess, I'd say he's planning on wooing James, maybe even getting him so strung out on the nose candy that he's not coherent enough to know what's going on, and then stealing it for himself."

"Okay, then we just need to beat him to it," I said, squeezing Bella's thigh triumphantly as she smiled down at me.

"Not you, boo," Gabe said. Seriously, he was getting on my nerves with the way he kept deflating my ego. "You walk in here and James is going to know something's up. I'll do it, but I can't do it alone. Belly Bean, get your shit together and meet me at the club when it closes. I'll let you in."

"No, uh-uh...no way!" I protested. "I'm not letting her do it, Gabe. We'll have to figure out another way."

Bella turned my head toward her and leaned forward. She had the first three buttons of my shirt open and her breasts were looming like a carrot dangled in front of a horse's face. When she tilted my chin up, her lips hovered just over mine, enticing me with the sweetness of her breath. "Edward, there is no other way. We have to do this. I'll just slip in, Gabe and I will get the contract as soon as James leaves, and I'll be back in your bed before you even notice that I'm gone. Safe and sound."

"What if he tries to-" I started, but was interrupted when Bella swept her tongue inside my mouth to lightly flick at my own just once before pulling back. "He won't even be there. Besides, Gabe will keep me safe. Safe and sound, remember?"

I was caught in her spell and closed the fraction of the distance between our lips to tug on her bottom one with my teeth. "Safe and sound?" I asked, my voice sounding like a breathless whisper.

"Mmhmm," she purred as she pressed even closer to me and shifted her ass over my cock. "Safe and sound. I promise."

Damn, but the woman knew how to weaken my resolve. Bella put her hand over mine on her thigh and slowly started to move it over her creamy skin until it was under the hem of my shirt. I should've stopped her; somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew that I should, but all that was shot to hell when she pushed my hand further until my fingertips skimmed the soft folds between her legs.

"I'll call you when I'm on my way, Gabe," she said, and then leaned over and pushed the disconnect button to end the call. And just like that, there was no further discussion. She'd won.

I nudged her hair back with my nose and nuzzled her neck, sucking and nipping at the skin there as she spread her thighs and replaced her hand on mine, urging me even closer until my fingers slipped between her wet lips.

"We shouldn't do this," I said against her skin, but I didn't stop nuzzling or allowing her to move my hand because I just couldn't. The woman was addictive.

"You would deny me what I want?" she asked, all sultry and shit. Her hand left mine and opened another button on the shirt until she could pull it to the side and reveal one of her perfect breasts. Then she nudged my head toward her chest.

"Never," I answered her. I took the offering, my tongue flicking over the raised nipple before I took it into my mouth.

"Make me forget, Edward. Claim me as yours and erase the memory. I only want to remember *your* touch."

She needed this, needed me. And I would deny her nothing.

Bella's hand was back on mine and she arched her back, simultaneously bringing her breast closer to my mouth while pushing both of our fingers inside her. She moaned out and I felt my cock twitch at the sound.

I firmly sucked on her succulent nipple, never able to get enough. The woman did things to me, made me lose every ounce of self-control that I fought to maintain. Her pussy was so wet and tight around our fingers, soft, like liquid silk, and she was pushing us deeper, maneuvering my finger so that it flicked back and forth inside her while the palm of my hand massaged her clit. Together, we were erasing the blasphemy; this was how it was supposed to be between a man and a woman.

"Oh, God...Edward. I want you inside me," she moaned. I released her nipple and softly kissed it as I mumbled against her skin, "Stand up for me, baby."

She did as I asked, allowing both of our fingers to slide out of her with a disgruntled whimper. I smirked up at her, loving how cheated she felt, and lifted my hips to

push my pants down my legs before kicking them to the side.

When I sat back, I took my hardened cock in my hand. "Is this what you want?"

Her hair fell into her face as she looked at my lap and bit down on her bottom lip, eyeing my cock hungrily. "Oh, yes," she hummed, and then straddled me, taking my cock and putting it at her entrance before sinking down on it.

It took some maneuvering and a couple of strokes to get all the way inside her because...well, I was pretty colossal and she was oh so very tight, but I put my hands on her hips and we worked it out together.

As she leaned down to kiss me, she moved her hand to the side and flipped a switch, turning on the massage mechanism in the chair. I moaned at the vibrating sensation under my nut sack. That sensation mixed with the rolling massage, Bella's nipples ghosting along my chest, her seductive kiss and her hot pussy clenched around my dick was almost too much for one man to bear. But bear, I did. It was a delicious sort of torture.

"I love you, Edward," she whispered against my lips.

"Not half as much as I love you," I answered. Whether or not that was true, I had no way of knowing, but I found it hard to believe that any one person could love another as much as I fucking loved her.

She rolled her hips against me, seeking out the friction against her little bundle of nerves and I pushed her breasts together, taking both of her nipples into my mouth at the same time. Her hands were in my hair as she rode me and when I made a showing of scraping my teeth along the hardened buds of her breasts, her head fell forward.

"Oh, shit...that looks so sexy...feels so fucking good," she moaned, moving her hips with more purpose as she grabbed on to the back of the chair.

Back and forth, she rocked over me, milking me for her own pleasure and giving it back to me in tenfold. I was about to lose my damn mind, but managed to stave off my orgasm so that she could reach hers first.

I was rewarded for my efforts when I felt the walls of her pussy tighten even more around my cock and she began to move in a deliberate rhythm. Her lips were parted, her eyes closed as she concentrated on the sensation. She was there, about to combust, but she needed more. I knew her body better than I knew my own, so I could read the signs. She needed the man she gave herself to willingly to take control and stake his claim.

"Give it to me, baby," I encouraged her. "Give me those pussy juices and cum on my cock."

My hands moved to her ass and I grabbed a hold of each cheek, lifting her and slamming her back down as I forced her hips to roll forward before doing it again and

again...and again. I could hear her fingers digging into the leather on either side of my head, and then her head fell back and her body seized as she cried out *my* motherfucking name with her orgasm.

I didn't waste a second. There was something that I had wanted to do with her ever since that first day that I found her in my entertainment room amidst the chaos she had provoked with that damn remote. I secured my arm around her waist and lifted us out of the chair before carrying her over to the pool table. She continued to roll her body in my arms unabashedly, still milking her orgasm, and I found the distraction nearly made it impossible for me to walk, but I managed to get her there.

With my other arm, I swiped the balls out of the way and laid her down, never pulling from her sweet little slice of heaven in the process. Once she was safe, I pulled her hips to the edge, pushed her knees back and spread her open with one leg in each hand. And then I thrust into her hard.

"Oh, fuck!" she cried out, and I stilled, mentally kicking myself in the ass for being so rough with her, especially after what she'd been through.

"Shit, I'm sorry, baby. I...I didn't mean to-" No apology was going to make up for what I'd done.

"No, I'm good. I'm good," she said, breathing heavily.

"It's just...goddamn that felt so fucking incredible. It's

what I need, Edward. I need us to be ourselves. Don't hold back on me...please."

I was both stunned and relieved.

My body finely attuned to her needs, I smirked down at her. "Well then in that case, you might want to hold on to something, baby, because it's about to get so much better."

Bella put her arms down at her sides and reached for the edge of the pool table, holding on for dear life. I grabbed her hips once she was secured and let her legs wrap around each of my arms. Then I pulled back before slamming into her again. The test drive proved that everything was a go, so I let loose, driving into her furiously and with a quickness that left me panting.

Her breasts were bouncing to and fro with each thrust and my balls slapped against her ass as I drove my cock deeper and deeper inside her. Bella was moaning, her head thrashing back and forth as she breathed through her opened mouth. I could feel the sweat beading up on my forehead, but still, I continued to fuck her with reckless abandon.

And then I looked down at where we were joined, watching as my cock slid in and out of her tight pussy.

"Oh...fuck, baby," I growled, unable to look away. "Your fucking pussy is so...goddamn..."

My hips slammed into her over and over again, harder and harder, deeper and deeper. My thick cock stretched her tight, little hole and it was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. I could see it glistening, coated in her wetness, the section that had been inside the firm grip of her pussy, colored a deep pink from the friction.

Everything that had been building inside me snapped and I shut my eyes tightly to the sensation as I growled out. I could feel my cock throb and pulsate inside her as I slammed my hips into her one final time and came, spewing my seed inside the woman that I would do any fucking thing for.

Once I'd given her all that I had to give, I pulled out of her and loosened my grip from her hips, just then noticing how hard I'd been holding on to her.

"Shit, I'm sorry...that's probably going to bruise," I said as I leaned forward and placed lingering kisses to each red mark.

Bella's fingers went to my hair and I laid my head on her stomach, listening to her heartbeat. In that moment, mine seemed to synchronize with hers, as if we'd become one. And I knew it was true; we were two parts of one whole. No matter what happened with Jacob Black or the whole fucked up fiasco she and I had created by our own doing, nothing was going to come between us.

I meant it when I said I'd do any fucking thing for her. If worse came to worst, I would. Even if I had to give up

everything, be defaced in the public eye, steal her away to some deserted place like Alaska so that she wouldn't have to endure the embarrassment of everyone knowing what she'd done to save a life...I'd do it.

Because nothing was more important than her.

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Chapter Twenty-Five

Mission Impossible

JPOV

Goddamnit.

I checked myself over in my bathroom mirror. My gorgeous face looked distorted, but at least I'd managed to clean off the blood and bandage the open wounds.

They wouldn't go to the cops. I was sure of it. Doing so would mean they'd have to expose themselves in the process, and I was pretty damn sure prostitution and being involved in a human slave trade would carry a much higher residual penalty in the long run than what I almost did.

Shit just wasn't supposed to go down like it had, though. I'd planned perfectly.

Step one: Make my proposition to the whore, threaten to expose their whole sordid affair and bank on her loyalty to Edward - which I'd seen firsthand at the company ball - to seal the deal.

Step two, my personal favorite: Fuck her blind, let her know what she was missing by dissin' Big Daddy Dick, leave her begging for more, all while waiting for Cullen to walk in and catch us in the act.

And then the pièce de résistance: Sit back and relax while I watched the bane of my existence go all self-

destrueto with the knowledge that I'd claimed yet another one of his prized possessions for my own.

But my shit backfired on me. Isabella didn't accept my proposal, which meant that in order for me to make sure Cullen saw us fucking, I had to force myself on her. I hadn't figured on her being a fighter; a little thing like her should've cowered to my advances. But she didn't. As a result, the scuffle that ensued lasted for far too long. Edward had come in and busted me in the act.

Literally, he busted my shit up pretty bad.

"Fucking dick," I scoffed into the mirror before I walked into my office and poured myself a stiff one.

Swirling the dark amber liquid in my glass, I walked over to the window and looked out over the city. *My* city...I fucking owned it, or at least, I would.

I winced when I took a drink and the glass made contact with my busted lip. A drop of alcohol dribbled out and landed right on the cut, stinging like hell and adding insult to injury.

"Goddamnit!" I roared and then threw the glass against the closest wall. It shattered, coloring the white canvas with sprays of whiskey while tiny shards of glass rained down onto the floor.

Just another fuck up for the evening. I swore under my breath and decided to leave it there for the cleaning crew, and then turned back to my window.

What went down earlier was nothing but poor planning on my part. I should've allowed myself a little more time with her. Not that he wouldn't have wanted to kick my ass even if she had been a willing participant. It's just that if that had been the case, his fist wouldn't have packed quite as much punch. Wounded pride and a broken heart are a whole lot easier to deal with than a man with a superhero complex going on a Rambo rampage to defend his territory.

Kind of ruined my plan. No matter, I still held all the power. Or, at least, I would before the night was through. No, I didn't have to fuck his girl to destroy him; I already had that in the bag with the reveal I'd planned to make at the board meeting on the following Monday. But I *did* have a point to prove. How many times had I tried to make the dumb fuck understand that women were only out for one thing? Money. Plain and simple. Gold digging whores, each and every one of them.

Okay, maybe two. Dick. They liked that shit, too.

When we were a couple of young punks, I'd tried to drill my theory on bitches into his thick skull, mostly because I wanted him to be available to hang with me on the weekends, or just...whenever. But, I believed what I said to be true. I'd seen my father change wives almost as often as he got a haircut. And every one of them left, owning a little piece of his fortune; a fortune that should've rightfully belonged to me.

As adults, it was even more important for my partner to focus. I needed Cullen's head in the game if we were going to make our fathers' company soar to heights the old fuckers couldn't even imagine. But if he was all googly-eyed over a woman, a fucking cunt and two legs, he'd be too distracted to put his best foot forward...and I wasn't talking about the one attached to his third leg either.

Chasing tail for the sake of getting laid was one thing; allowing yourself to be pussy-whipped was something else, entirely.

Cullen didn't listen to me though. He was fresh out of college when his parents died. He inherited his half of the company, had a gorgeous woman on his arm and I...I was all but forgotten about. And not just by my supposed best friend; my father looked at Edward with so much pride and adoration it was almost palpable.

He'd never looked at me that way.

Edward Cullen was a rising star, had every fucking thing I didn't, and I was damn tired of living in his goddamn shadow.

"Why can't you be more like Edward, Jacob?" my father's voice rang in my ears, a constant reminder that I would never live up to his expectations. I made mistakes; I was young, and I liked to party. But those mistakes were unacceptable to him.

My old man was weak in my opinion. He shared his company with those fucking Cullens when he could've claimed all the success Scarlet Lotus had on his own. Goody two-shoes Cullens and their, *Let's donate a sizeable portion of our profits to charities...give back to the community...do something good with the blessings that have been bestowed upon us.*

Pfft...those weren't blessings. It was hard work; my father's blood, sweat and tears. But he didn't see it that way. Truthfully, I think he was secretly in love with Elizabeth Cullen. I saw the way his face lit up whenever she walked into the room. The bitch had him wrapped around her little pinky, and he'd do anything she asked of him even though he could never have her.

Which just proved my point about the effect women have on men. And my dad wasn't even hittin' that.

Speaking of hittin' that...I had a date.

I opened another button on my shirt, showing more of my bronzed chest of iron - because that's the way he liked it - and then I grabbed my keys. It was getting late. James would be closing shop soon, and he would be waiting for me with a fantastic ass and a fuckload of pixiedust. Damn, but I needed a hit of that...both of them.

And then afterward, I was going to borrow that little nugget of gold I knew he was storing in his office. It was

nothing but paper and ink to him, but for me...it was the future of Black Enterprises.

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BPOV

Warm water surrounded our naked bodies as we lounged in the outrageously massive bathtub. I was perched between his thighs with my back pressed to his chest and my head resting against his shoulder. His strong arms encased me and I closed my eyes as he moved the loofah over my exposed breasts. My nipples were so hard they could cut diamonds. They'd been in what seemed like a constant state of arousal since I set foot in that house for the very first time.

Funny, I had wanted to hate him so much back then. And there I was, hopelessly in love with the man that had purchased me for a million dollars so that he could have his wicked way with me whenever, wherever and however he wanted.

I guess the saying was true; sometimes it's when we stop looking that loves finds us. And usually, it's the person we least suspect that manages to lasso our heart and turn us inside out.

The Cooch was all for being turned inside out by the Wonder Peen at that moment. Or, for that matter, upside down and round and round. Hell, even the King of Finger Fuck would've done just as well. Insatiable hussy.

As if hearing her plea, Edward's free hand wondered down my side and over my abdomen until his long, thick fingers could delve between the swollen folds at the apex of my thighs to give her a proper greeting. His deliciously scented breath ghosted over my neck just before it was replaced by his hot, wet mouth.

Edward's tongue was sinfully talented, his lips gifted with the ability to put all my senses on high alert. His teeth scraped my skin teasingly and I lifted my arm to wrap it around his neck. The loofah tumbled from his hand and he cupped my breast, his fingers gently rolling and tugging at the nipple, torturing me.

I could feel his hardness pressed to my lower back, the fingers of his other hand between my legs exploring every nerve ending within his reach, the delicious pressure of his lips, tongue and teeth against the crook of my neck.

"Edward..." my voice came out like a breathless plea.

He never stopped his manipulations as he lifted his mouth to my ear. "Tell me what you want, Isabella." His voice as he called me by my given name was so deep, husky...lust-ridden.

The Cooch pulled out her pen and paper and started making a list, but I ignored her. There would be so much more time for all the ways she could find for him to worship her later. I wanted to do something for him.

"You," I answered as I lifted my head and turned in his arms. "I want to taste you."

Edward hissed as I got on all fours between his legs and eyed him suggestively while licking my lips. The bath water rocked with my movements, sloshing against the muscular plains of his abdomen.

"Far be it for me to deny you anything you want." He put his hands on the ledge behind him and used the brute strength of his arms to lift himself until he was sitting on the ledge. Water cascaded down his body as he took his dick in one hand and began to stroke it teasingly.

Another long arm stretched toward me in invitation as he said, "Come, Isabella...suck my cock."

His words, they reminded me of my very first night there, the night he sat on his couch, his lips making love to the cigarette he smoked...completely naked. The skin on my arms pebbled from the memory and a pathetic, wanton mewl escaped my lips as I inched closer to him. When I was within reach, he buried his hand in the hair at the back of my head and guided me to the colossal appendage he had so graciously aimed toward my mouth.

Edward's hand squeezed the base of his cock and a sultry groan escaped his throat when I took him into my mouth. I circled his tip with my tongue before I engulfed as much of his length as I could fit into my eager cavern. My lips stretched around him as he brought my head

closer. His hand fisted my hair and he lightly pulled me back and forth, back and forth. When he propped one perfect foot up on the side of the tub and leaned back against the wall to watch me suck him, I suddenly turned into quite the exhibitionist.

I released him momentarily and dipped my head between his legs. Keeping my eyes on his face, I licked his balls, taking them into my mouth one at a time to gently suckle him.

"Goddamnit," he moaned, and then his mouth dropped open and his chest began to rise and fall more rapidly.

My tongue made a path from the nook of his balls, over his fingers and up his long shaft. Edward used more force as he pushed my head down on him and I could feel the crown of his cock at the back of my throat. My teeth lightly scraped against his smooth skin as he pulled me back and then pushed me forward again. His eyes were trained on my lips and I began to bob my head, sucking him deep. I swallowed and relaxed my throat to take more of him, moaning around the thickness in my mouth like it was the most delicious thing I'd ever tasted...because it was.

"Fuck, baby," his voice was almost a whisper...a rough, barely controlled whisper. "You have no idea how fucking good you look sucking my cock. Harder, baby. Suck me harder."

I did as he asked. I sucked so hard my cheeks hollowed out. So hard you'd have a hard time convincing me his cock wouldn't be one giant hickey by the time I was done. Edward groaned, the muscles in his arms, chest and abdomen clenching. Faster, harder, deeper I took him while he watched on with rapt fascination. He was unable to take his eyes from my mouth and I noticed his hand squeeze the base of his dick even harder.

I could've died a happy woman with his cock in my mouth. Death by cockstrangulation.

"Bella...fuuuuck," he moaned, and then his face twisted up. "Stop, baby. Stop."

I didn't want to stop, so I kept going.

"No...fuck..." he growled, and cupped my face in his hands, forcing me to release his cock. "I want...I want to be inside you when I cum." He was breathless, the veins in his neck were taught and his eyes dilated, hungry...commanding. "Turn around, baby. Hold onto the ledge."

Yeah, I might have joined The Cooch in a cheer on the sidelines when the announcement was made that she was getting called in on the play.

Edward, Edward, he's our man! If he can't fuck the fucking shit out of us, no one can! Yes, in my head, I was growling the words 'fucking shit' through clenched teeth...'cause I really fucking meant that part.

I did as he asked, spreading my legs so that he could fit between them comfortably and arching my ass into the air. When I felt his breath on the back of my neck, his chest pressed against my back and his cock at my entrance, I nearly came right there.

His mouth was at my ear and I felt the tip of his cock slip between my folds, teasing me, never filling me with what I so desperately needed. I shifted my hips, trying to align my opening with his dick, but he pulled back, causing me to whimper at the loss of contact.

I felt his breath caress the shell of my ear. His voice was deep and menacing, but I couldn't fear him.

"Hmm...Which entrance should I use, Bella? This one?" he asked, moving the head of his dick over my traditional opening. "Or, this one?" He slid the tip over my asshole and applied a slight pressure.

The Cooch was foaming at the mouth in anticipation, and at the threat that he might use the other entrance instead of her, she narrowed her eyes at my ass and made a slash mark against her throat.

Yeah, Cooch, I'm probably not going to let you cut a bitch, especially if that bitch is my asshole.

"Whichever one you want. Just like you won't deny me, I won't deny you anything, either," I answered, even though...yeah, my last experience with the backdoor entrance had been extremely painful, but I did want to try it again. And I did say I wanted to do something for

him, so if he wanted to fuck my ass, then by God, I was going to let him.

Edward chuckled in my ear and even though I couldn't see his smirk, I knew it was there. "Is that so? So brave, Isabella. So giving. I love how willing your body is...how shamelessly you react to my touch. I can't wait to get my cock in your delectable little ass again, and I will. But this time, I think I'll go...here."

The thick head of his cock pushed into my pussy, stretching and filling me as he moved to sheath himself completely inside me. I moaned and bit down on my lip as I arched my back so that I could rest my head on his shoulder. He cupped my breast in one hand while his other hand flattened out on my stomach. Then he pushed on my abdomen, forcing me to bend ever so slightly, but changing the angle so significantly that it caused me to gasp.

"Easy, baby," he breathed into my ear. "Goddamn, you feel so good."

"You don't feel so bad yourself," I managed to say.

Edward began to move inside me again, slowly rocking in and out while he lavished the back of my neck with open-mouth kisses. My head lolled to the side as the hand on my stomach moved further down and the tip of his middle finger began to massage my clit. I moaned again because that shit felt so fucking good, and he pressed his chest even closer to my back.

I knew what he wanted. He wanted me to bend back over, so I did just that and held onto the ledge so that he could have his wicked way with me.

And have his wicked way with me, he did.

His lips moved over my bare shoulders sending a tingling feeling dancing across my skin. He removed the hand from my breast and laced his fingers through mine at the ledge of the bathtub, the slight weight of his body on mine engulfing me so perfectly. The other hand moved back to my abdomen and he held me there as he thrust in and out with greater purpose. His mouth was at my ear and I could hear every little grunt, feel every exhale of hot breath against my skin with each surge forward.

"I need to be deeper in you, Bella. Deeper than I've ever gone before," he mumbled into my neck.

His hand slid down my body until he reached the inside of my left thigh. He pushed against it, urging me to lift my knee until it was perched on the side of the tub. Then he straightened and slowly thrust balls-deep inside me.

"Oohh...", I moaned at the sensation.

"That's it, baby. Right there," he said as he rotated his hips against my ass, causing another moan to spill from my lips. "You like that?"

"God, yes." I could feel his cock swirling inside me, pushing against my walls and I arched my back even

more to give him better access. "I can feel you...your cock feels so...unngh."

"Yeah, I like that too," he said as he pulled back a little and pushed back into me.

He made short, quick thrusts, each one more glorious than the last. Everything inside my body bunched up. It was on high alert, threatening to explode with the glorious pleasure only he could give me.

"Harder, Edward. Fuck me harder," I spurred him on.

He did just that. One hand wound itself in my hair and he pulled back on it, forcing me to lift my head while he fucked me like a mad man. Long, hard, fast strokes brought his groin against my ass. Skin slapped against skin as his fingertips dug into my hip. Chest constricting, abdomen coiling, clit throbbing, teeth biting into my bottom lip...my fingers gripped the edge of the tub until my knuckles were white.

And then everything just let loose all at once and I cried out with an orgasm that rocked my very foundation.

"Edward...Oh, fuck...Edward," I moaned as my heart hammered in my chest.

"I know, baby," he grunted, still thrusting ferociously from behind me. "Right there...I'm going to cum. I'm going to...arrrrgh!" he growled as his hips slammed against my ass and he held them there for just a second

or two before continuing his assault again, his thrusts sporadic and irregular.

And then finally, he stilled. It was like the calm after the storm clouds pushed away to reveal the sun once more. Blissful, peaceful...contented.

His body slumped as he pulled from me, his forehead pressed against my back. "Woman...you're going to be...the death...of me," he panted.

Him? I was pretty sure I was in danger of suffering from a massive heart attack, judging by the way it was trying to bust out of my chest. But, boy...what a way to go...ranked right up there with cockstrangulation.

Edward refused to let me go to the club to meet Gabe alone; I refused to let him go anywhere near the club and jeopardize the plan. So, at a standstill, it seemed a compromise was in order. I turned down all the ways he tried to finagle his way into going, as well as his suggestions of Jasper or Riley accompanying me. However, I managed to get him to consent to letting Alice take me instead.

I was pretty sure it was because of her mad driving skills. And by mad, I mean the chick was nuts behind the wheel of a car, and we'd be lucky to make it there in one piece. But, according to him, Alice could be a force to be reckoned with when push came to shove. That might have had something to do with the fact that she was just

tiny enough to scale a man and rip his fucking head off before he even knew what was happening.

So, there we were, parked across the street from the front of the club in the dark where there were no streetlamps, waiting for Gabe to call with the all clear. The building looked deserted and lifeless as far as I could tell. The parking lot was empty, and the neon sign had long been extinguished.

Alice was decked out all in black, including a pair of black combat boots. What the hell she was doing with combat boots in her wardrobe was a complete mystery to me. The thought crossed my mind that it may not have been the first mission impossible she had been a party to, not that it surprised me.

"Is your phone even on?" she asked for like the cajillionth time.

"Yes, Alice, it's on," I mumbled sarcastically.

Her leg was bouncing up and down like she'd had way too many cups of coffee, and she'd developed a serious case of the shifty eyes. Swear, you would've thought we were casing the joint to rob it, knowing full well a whole SWAT team was waiting in the bushes.

"Check again," she said because apparently she thought I was a idiot who didn't know how to work a damn cell phone.

I rolled my eyes with an annoyed sigh and looked down at my phone again, even holding it up for her inspection. Just then, it vibrated in my hand, causing me to jump a little.

It was a text from Gabe: ***Stop playing with yourself and get your fat ass in here, bitch!***

Yeah, that would be the all clear we were waiting for.

"Let's go," I told Alice as I reached for the door handle.

We got out of the car, both of us being careful to shut the doors as soundlessly as we could. Hunched over with knees bent, we made our way across the street and through the parking lot, all sorts of stealthy-like and shit. The *Mission Impossible* theme song kept playing over and over in my head, but I knew Tom Cruise didn't have jack shit on us. Once we reached the front of the club, we pressed our backs against the wall and I lightly tapped on the door. First two raps, a pause, and then three more.

"Is that the code you guys agreed on for the knock?"

Alice asked in a whisper.

"No. We don't have one." I shrugged when she looked at me all confused. "I just thought...oh, shut it. I'm nervous, okay?"

Alice let out a squeak of a giggle and then hurriedly covered her mouth to stifle any more sounds. That was about the time that Gabe opened the door.

"What the fuck is you bitches doing?" he asked with a stern whisper, and then turned his scowling face on Alice. "Are you trying to get us caught? This ain't no slumber party, Gidget."

Alice dropped her hand and did her best to conceal the humor in her face. "Sorry."

"Cute outfit," he said as he looked Alice over, his tone of voice taking a sudden turn into Valley Girl Land.

Alice beamed at the compliment. "Thanks! You too," she said as she looked him over in turn.

And that's when I noticed that he was dressed in much the same way as she. In fact, it was the same outfit he had on when he'd shown up at Edward's to, quote/unquote, "kidnap" me. I was pretty sure that wasn't what he wore to work, because it sure as hell wasn't what he had on when he dropped me off at Edward's earlier.

"Did you change?" I asked him, because it was pretty hard to believe even though I already knew the answer.

Gabe gave me a well-duh look and let his arms slap down to his side as he stomped one foot lightly. "I couldn't exactly wear the same thing to two events, now could I?"

"Ladies and gentlemen...my gay best friend," I mumbled with a roll of my eyes.

Alice did the giggle-snort thing again and then Gabe stood to the side, ushering us inside.

"Is he gone?" I asked as he closed the door behind us.

"I think so, but he always leaves out the back door, so I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know! You didn't check!" The incredulous tone was evident in my voice even though I was still whispering.

"Well!" Gabe said all flustered. He scrunched his face up and then started waving his hands in the air nervously. It kind of reminded me of that old sitcom, *I Love Lucy*. Aw, I was his Ethel and he was my Lucy. But, I digress...

"Great. Now what are we supposed to do?" Alice asked as she slumped her shoulders in defeat. I knew it was killing her; proper planning defined her life, so to have to wing it meant certain disaster in her book.

I threw my shoulders back and straightened to my full height. "We're going to go find out if he's here, and then we're going to get that fucking contract," I said assertively, taking control of the situation.

The club was dark, but lit neon beer signs that hung over the bar and the flood lights around the emergency exits provided a miniscule amount of light. Of course Gabe knew the layout like the back of his hand, and I knew the direction to the basement from my last trip there, so we were good to go.

As we descended the stairs, I almost expected dreadlock dude to be waiting at the bottom with that damn

clipboard that made him think that he was a god or something. But he wasn't there. In fact, it was completely dark in the blacked out hallways. So dark, that we had to trail our hands along the walls just for some sort of navigational tool. Before we even got to the end of the hall, I could see the light filtering out from under the door there and hear the bass of the music playing from just beyond it.

James was still in his office.

Alice grabbed the back of my shirt in her fist, and I did the same to Gabe in turn, slightly yanking him back.

"Great! What the fuck are we going to do now?" I whispered, hurriedly.

"Three things," Gabe answered as he yanked my hand off his shirt and turned on me. "First of all, shut the fuck up before you blow our cover. B, don't ever touch my clothes. And three, follow me."

I swear, I would've bitch slapped him if I didn't think it would have alerted James to our presence. But, I was forced to let him get away with it. So, Alice and I followed him down the hall instead, still remaining as stealthy as we could. I might have accidentally on purpose pulled his hair really fucking hard in the process, and he might have stopped with his butt stuck out to force both me and Alice to stumble, but we managed to make it inside a little closet that was right

beside James' office without making too much of a ruckus.

"So, what? We're just going to wait it out here until he leaves?" Alice asked.

We were packed in the tiny space like sardines, but it wasn't like we had any other options.

"Yeah, pretty much so," I said.

"Not necessarily," Gabe said as he maneuvered himself so that he could turn toward the wall that would be on the opposite side of James' office.

"What are you doing?" I asked as he started fidgeting with something that looked like a sticker stuck to the plaster.

"I might have had a little safeguard placed in here in the event that some Hottie McTottie decided to let me whisk him away for a little I-can't-wait-any-longer-to-have-you rendezvous," he said as he pulled at something and then a beam of light shot through a hole. "This way, I could check to make sure the boss man wasn't looking for me."

"You're an evil genius, do you know that?" I asked him, impressed with his ingenuity. "A total slut for gettin' down and dirty in a supply closet, but a genius all the same."

I leaned forward and put my eyeball to the hole to see what James was up to, and...

I gasped as I shot up straight, bonking Alice in the nose in the process. "Holy shit!"

Gabe cupped his ultra soft hand over my mouth because my whisper was definitely in danger of becoming a whole lot more than that.

"What?" Alice asked. "What did you see?"

I pulled Gabe's hand from my mouth so that I could talk. "Jacob's in there with him."

"Fuck!" Alice swore. "What the hell are they doing?"

Before I answered her, I leaned back over to look again, wanting to make sure I hadn't just been seeing things. Sure enough, there was James, bent over the couch, and Jacob was right behind him...both buck naked while Jacob plowed into James from behind. There was something white on James' back and I watched – totally disgusted, by the way – as Jacob bent over and snorted the powder up his nose.

"They're snorting coke," I whispered, almost more to myself than to Gabe and Alice. I was completely in shock. "And...and...fucking."

"What?" Gabe asked, just as unbelieving and probably a little turned on. "Move. Let me see," he ordered as he pushed me out of the way. You'd think I just told him that Adam Lambert was on the other side of that wall whacking off to an altar he'd erected, adorned with my gay best friend's pictures.

"You've got to be joking," Alice said, but it came out as more of a question than a statement.

I shook my head back and forth. I could feel my eyebrows reaching for my hairline, so I knew my face was still registering my shock. Gabe had told us that Jacob and James had a thing going on, but I never imagined I would actually witness it for myself. And I knew that for as long as I lived, I would never be able to get that image out of my head. Not even if I bleached my brain, which was looking like a pretty good idea.

"Did Edward do that to his face?" Gabe asked and I nodded with a proud smile. "Damn, I think I'm in love with that man."

He went back to watching the show through the peephole and then pulled his cell phone from his pocket, holding the lens over the hole. "Shit, this is some sexy-ass shit. I'm saving this for later," he said, recording the video on his phone. That was disturbing to the nth degree, but so like Gabe to want to add to his own personal gay porn collection. He liked the real stuff, none of that fake Smuttywood acting. I know this because I stumbled upon his collection while looking for a decent movie to watch at his apartment one night.

We stood there for a few moments longer, because hell, what else were we supposed to do? And then I thought I heard a sound from the other room. Curiosity got the best of me, so I pressed my ear against the wall and

listened while Alice managed to nudge her way in between me and Gabe until we were tits to tits to do the same.

Someone was moaning and groaning...definite cum crow...and then, "Yeah, you love the Big Daddy Dick, don't you?" Jacob's smug voice was disgustingly strained right before I heard another sort of distorted howling sound that made my skin crawl.

"Oh, that is just so wrong," Alice said from beside me, her nose scrunched up tight.

"What are they doing now, Gabe?" I whispered across the space to him. He had been watching the whole sordid scene play out on the display of his iPhone.

"Jacob just smacked him on the ass. James is turning around and he looks *very* happy...they're kissing now," he said, giving us a play-by-play. "Jacob's hugging him from behind and they're walking together like that to the bathroom. The door just closed. I bet they're taking a shower, gettin' all slippery wet and shit...and maybe even a little more kinky-binky."

"I'm going," I said as I reached for the door.

"Wait a minute!" Alice whispered harshly, putting her hand on my arm to stop me. "We don't know that that's what they're doing. You could get caught."

"But if they are, and I don't go now, I might not get the chance to get the contract at all," I reasoned. "I'll go

inside real quick, and if I don't hear the shower, I'll slip back out and we'll wait it out a little longer."

"Let her go, Tinker," Gabe told Alice. "We can watch from in here and if she gets into trouble, we'll go all *regulators, mount-up* and ride to the rescue."

"Um...okay," Alice answered. I could hear the reluctance in her voice. "But if anything happens to you, Edward's going to have my ass. So just...don't get caught."

"Okay," I nodded nervously and then turned the doorknob very slowly.

Once in the hallway, I tiptoed along the wall the couple of feet to the door to James' office. I checked the handle, finding it unlocked and then pushed it open slowly. My ears perked up to the sound of the shower running and I could hear two male voices from the other side of the bathroom door.

"You know I love you, baby," Jacob was crooning.

Fucking gag. I threw up a little bit in my mouth.

I hurried over to James' desk, not really sure where to start looking for the contract, but as luck would have it, I didn't have to search for long. The very first drawer I opened led me to the jackpot of all the files James kept, or so I assumed. And there it was...filed under 'S' for Swan, a folder with my name on it. I pulled it out and flipped it open, praying Jacob hadn't beaten me to the punch.

I smiled like the Cheshire cat when I saw the original contract nestled between the fold.

"You're shivering, baby. Are you getting cold?" Jacob's voice drifted from the bathroom. "Maybe we should get out of here and get you dried off."

Oh, shit.

I grabbed the contract, replaced the folder and tiptoe-ran back across the room just as the shower shut off. I was careful not to make any noise as I slipped out the door and pulled it to behind me. Gabe and Alice were already waiting for me in the hallway. I held up the contract with a huge grin on my face while I shook my butt from side to side in a happy-happy-joy-joy dance. Gabe and Alice bounced up and down on their toes while giving me a golf clap for applause. At the exact same time, we all abruptly stopped our victory dances, and headed for the stairs to make our stealthy escape.

Mission accomplished.

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JPOV

I stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around my waist before I made my way back out to James' office. I needed to work fast before he came out and fucked my shit up.

"Where are you going? You better not even think about leaving. You promised we were going to go away for the weekend."

"I know, baby. We are," I called back, using his distraction to reach into his desk and grab the folder with that bitch's name on it. "It's just cold as fuck in here, and I'm anxious to go," I continued as I made long strides across his office to my suitcase and slipped the file inside the front zipper pocket to hide it.

I rushed back to where my discarded clothes lay and started dressing as quickly as I could. I'd just buckled the belt on my pants when I felt James' arms encircle my chest from behind. His hands were so rough and masculine in a good way as he cupped my pectoral muscles and toyed with my nipples.

"Mmm," he hummed as he nuzzled and kissed my back. "I can't wait to go away with you, either."

I slipped my shirt over my head, which forced him to back up a little, and then I turned to face him. Cupping his face in my hand, I leaned in and kissed him delicately before pulling back and giving him my winning smile.

"Well let's go then."

The contract was in my possession, tucked away, safe and secure until Monday morning. I'd enjoy the weekend with my lover, give him my undivided attention, because once he found out what I'd done, he'd never speak to me

again. As much as I hated to lose him, it was worth it to finally have everything I ever wanted.

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Chapter Twenty-Six

Dare To Dream

EPOV

All Fool's Day, better known as April Fool's Day.

Scholars had debated its meaning and origins for a great many years, and although they all had their theories, no one really knew why or by whom the tradition had started. Regardless, it remains a day that has been annually celebrated throughout the world, even extending back to the time of Ancient Rome. Set during a time of year when nature so often fools us with sudden changes between rain showers and sunshine, it seemed apt that I would find that the day of the all-important board meeting had fallen on April first. Traditionally, the day was celebrated by the execution of hoaxes and practical jokes of varying sophistication with the goal of publicly embarrassing the gullible.

I was not gullible. But then again, neither was Jacob Black.

Monday morning came quicker than I thought it would. I was nervous, hoping like hell that the plan we had concocted would be a success and not somehow backfire in our faces. Either way, by the time the day was through, the fool would definitely be determined.

And to the victor, would go the spoils.

Win or lose, king upon the throne or court jester, the whole masquerade would finally be over, and Bella and I could live our lives without the fear of someone finding out about the deep, dark secret we were keeping.

When Bella had arrived home with Gabe and Alice and the contract in hand, we'd immediately taken it, along with her copy and my shredded version and burned them in the same damn trash can Bella had used to torch the lingerie. Watching the last and only bit of proof of our arrangement disintegrate into ash was like a weight being lifted off our shoulders. Both of our bodies seemed to relax at the same time once the fire burned out, proof of how much stress it had taken on us physically in addition to the mental and emotional turmoil.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...we had given ourselves a new beginning and we weren't going to take it for granted.

Gabe had been only too excited to show me his prize video from their excursion. I could only take the briefest of seconds of it before I turned away in horrid disgust. I wasn't homophobic or anything of the sort, to each his own and all, but I didn't want to see the shit. It gave me the damn heebie jeebies...at first, and then I got a rather brilliant idea.

And so, there I was: Monday morning, just moments away from the board meeting and Bella and I were riding my personal elevator up to my office floor. She insisted

on accompanying me for moral support and all that jazz, and truthfully, I was glad she did. If, for whatever reason, shit backfired on us, we needed to be able to form a united front. Or get the hell out of town quick, fast and in a hurry. I heard Alaska was really nice that time of year.

I wasn't really worried though. We had that shit in the bag, and Jacob was going to go down.

"Nervous?" she asked as she walked up behind me and put her arms around my waist.

I shrugged my shoulders nonchalantly. "Nah, just another day at the office as far as I'm concerned. I'm really hoping the board approves of my newest charitable campaign though."

Bella turned me around and looked up at me. "I'm sure they will. You worked really hard on the presentation all weekend. That can't be all for nothing, right?"

She was smiling, and the confidence I saw in her eyes set my mind at ease. When she looked at me like that, it gave me a renewed confidence that couldn't be shaken. It was me and her against the world, and by God, I believed we had a damn good fighting chance. Together, we could bring it to its knees.

The bell on the elevator dinged and the doors opened to show the hustle and bustle of the office before us.

Employees were always on high alert when it came to

board meeting days, trying to look even busier than normal. Everyone was decked out in their most professional attire, the looks on their faces ones of all-business.

A few looked up and gave me and Bella a small smile in greeting and then went right back to work. I straightened to my full height and pushed my shoulders back as I let out a breath to steel my nerves.

Bella's left hand came to rest in the nook of my arm and I looked down at it, feeling like an ass because her ring finger was bare even though we were engaged. I'd have to fix that shit ASAP.

She was still sporting the Cullen cuff bracelet I'd given her, but it wasn't enough. Marking her as my property back when she actually was, contractually, was one thing; symbolizing that she belonged to me by her own choice was something else, entirely.

We stepped from the elevator and I escorted her to my office where she would wait for me. Board meetings were always closed to the public, so she wouldn't be able to sit in. She was cool with that though because Alice would be there to keep her company. As my assistant, Jasper would be in attendance and he would have his phone dialed into Alice's so that she and Bella could, inconspicuously, overhear the entire meeting from my office.

"Everything in place?" I asked Jasper when we walked inside.

I sat Bella in the chair behind my desk and Alice took the one on the opposite side. Like they were planning some undercover sting operation, Jasper called Alice's phone and ran a check to make sure everything was a go.

"Yep. You ready, man?" Jasper asked me.

I nodded and looked down at Bella. "Well, here's goes nothing. Can I get a kiss for luck?"

She stood on the tips of her toes and tugged at the lapel on my suit jacket to pull me to her. Her lips found mine and she wrapped her arms around my neck as she kissed me with a whole lot of passion that said a whole lot of words that needn't be spoken. When she pulled back, she pressed her forehead to mine and looked me in the eye with certainty.

"You don't need luck, but I'll take any opportunity I can to taste your lips."

As if she didn't have free access to them anytime she got a hankering...

"We're meant to be together," she continued. "So I have no doubt in my mind that everything will fall into place. Besides, you're Edward Cullen, and that name just screams success."

"God, I love you," I told her.

She smiled, triumphantly. "I know, and I love you, too."

"Let's go, man. Time's a'wastin'," Jasper said in his southern drawl as he leaned over and kissed the top of Alice's head.

"Knock 'em dead!" Alice said with an encouraging smile. Our own personal little cheerleader.

I kissed the tip of Bella's nose and turned her loose so that I could grab my briefcase. With a wink, I turned and walked out of my office with Jasper close behind.

We walked down the corridor that led to the boardroom. Once we got there, I saw the representative for my newest charity sitting in the waiting area just outside the door and gave him a nod. He gave me a cordial nod back and that was all the exchange we needed. I turned the handle on the door and opened it before stepping inside.

Here goes nothing...

It looked like Jasper and I were the last to arrive. I had to hide my snicker when I saw Jacob's bruised and battered face, and I wondered what kind of story he'd made up to explain it away. He was already situated toward the front of the table, and his father, William, was sitting at the head.

William had turned his control of Scarlet Lotus over to Jacob, and although he sometimes showed up at the board meetings, it was on very rare occasions and only when something big was on the agenda. So, it was obvious that Jacob insisted he be present because he

really thought he had some shit on me that might finally make him look better in his father's eyes.

I almost felt bad for him.

Almost.

I took my seat across the table from Jacob with Jasper at my side and William on the other. Jacob, the smug bastard, shot me an I-know-something-you-don't-know grin that looked mighty painful considering the split in that lip (courtesy of moi), but other than that, he kept his trap shut. It was probably the smartest thing he could've done because I would've really hated to show my hand before the meeting even got officially underway. As it was, I found it extremely difficult not to launch over the table and kill the fucker with my bare hands. I just kept seeing him hovering over my girl, trying to take something that belonged to me, something she had no intention of giving him freely. But I kept my shit in check.

Thankfully, the assfucker's father interrupted my thoughts and provided a much needed distraction. William got this proud, wide smile on his face when he turned toward me and although I could see the slight resemblance to Jacob, it was sort of endearing. He'd always liked me better.

"Edward, my boy! How the hell are ya'?" he asked as he clapped me on the back and took my hand in a firm grip.

I couldn't help the affection I felt for the man. He was my father's partner, his best friend...and he felt like fucking family. How in the hell he spawned someone as devilish as Jacob was beyond me.

"I'm good, Billy," I answered, and because I just couldn't resist, "Finally met the woman of my dreams and somehow, I managed to convince her to be my wife."

The look on Jacob's face was priceless, but it only held for a second before that smug smirk reappeared. The fucker really thought he was going to win this one. Comical.

"Well ain't that a kick in the pants? Congratulations, son!" He clapped me on the back a couple more times, claps that would've knocked me on my ass had I not already been sitting on it. "I damn sure better be on that guest list," Billy said, and then he turned toward Jacob. "Why can't you meet a nice young lady and settle down, Jake? I'd like to actually be able to bounce a grandchild on my knee before I get too old and decrepit to do so."

Jacob Black with kids...God help us all.

Jacob tugged at the collar of his shirt as if it were too tight and did his best to hide the resentment that was evident on his face. "I just, um...haven't found the right woman, Dad," he answered his father.

That's because the woman needs to be a man who can miraculously push a kid out of his asshole. Yeah, I

could've said that shit out loud, but I didn't. I was going with the whole take the high road thing. Or is it the road less travelled? Fuck it, whatever it is, that's what I was doing.

There was a round of obligatory congratulations for my impending nuptials from the rest of the board members and employees present, and then the meeting finally got under way.

Before I met Isabella Swan, I would have been all into every aspect of the meeting, completely engrossed in all the business-speak, number crunching, statistical pie charts etc. But I've got to tell ya'...I wasn't feeling it. My mind kept wondering back to my wife-to-be, who just so happened to be sitting in my office, in my chair, probably going through my desk because that's just how she was. And I was sure Alice wasn't doing jack shit to discourage her from doing it either, nosey little piss ant. Not that I cared; what was mine was now hers, and I had nothing to hide.

Okay, so I was just distracting myself with that shit, trying to stay awake. I looked over to my assistant and was damn glad he was taking notes because I'd have to look them over later. I'm sure he knew I'd be too wound up to pay attention, but he also knew that Scarlet Lotus meant everything to me and I'd want to know what the hell was going on.

As the new guy from accounting finally shut down his PowerPoint presentation and walked toward the back of the room, Mrs. Cope stood from her seat. "Next on the agenda, Jacob Black," she smiled and then sat back down.

Jacob shot me smile that, had I not already known what the fuck was up, would've made the hair on my arms stand on end. I kept my poker face on though, and he stood, putting his briefcase on the table, popping it open. "Over thirty years ago, my father founded this company," he said as he went to stand behind William and put his hands on his shoulders.

"Edward Sr. and I founded this company," William corrected him. "It was all *his* idea."

Jacob looked down at him with a disingenuous smile and patted his shoulders before continuing. "Of course," he said, walking around the room. "And the intention of those two enterprising men was for their thriving company to show the world that a little hard work, perseverance and a helping hand could go a long way in bringing ingenious ideas that might have never seen the light of day to fruition. Thus, making the world we all live in a better place.

"The foundation of the company millions of people have come to respect was forged through honesty, integrity and respect for the working man." He stopped and placed his fist over his heart, the expression on his face

scrunching up with his next words. "My fellow board members, it *pains* me to have to stand before you today and tell you that we've all been dooped."

Jesus, drama queen much?

"There is one among us that has dishonored everything that Scarlet Lotus stands for," he said with a finger raised in the air for dramatic effect.

There was a collective gasp as the board members and employees in attendance began to murmur and look around the room in confusion. And then Jacob finally stepped back in front of his briefcase and pulled out a file folder.

Jasper nudged me under the table as if to say, *here we go*, but I kept my eye on Jacob, and Jacob...kept his eye on me. So much was said in that look we exchanged, and it wasn't necessary to say one bit of it out loud. We knew. While I silently promised that I was nowhere near done with him after what he tried to do to my girl, he was telling me to bring it on.

I gave him a slight nod of my head to let him know that I would, indeed.

"Edward Cullen has misled us all," Jacob continued as he waved the file in the air. "He has defiled everything his father, and mine, worked so hard to achieve. He is a procurer of a slave sold in trade for money; a woman bought for his own, perverted need to satiate his sexual

desires. And I move that he be removed from his position of primary shareholder of the company."

Every set of eyes that were present turned their attention on me. Some showed disgust, others showed disappointment, but all of them were looking for me to answer the accusation – whether it was to confirm or deny the charges.

"That's absurd!" I said defensively.

"Jacob, what is this nonsense?" William asked, clearly outraged by his son's accusation.

"Nonsense?" Jacob asked. His shoulders rose and fell with the short chuckle he gave. "I have the proof right here," he said, holding up the file. "Let's just see if you still think it's nonsense after you see for yourself."

Come on, Jacob...show your hand already.

I watched intently as Jacob opened the file folder to look at its contents. The smug perma-grin that had been plastered to his mug quickly melted as his face fell, and then it was replaced with absolute confusion. He flipped the folder closed, turned it over to look at the back, opened it again...and still, it was completely empty. Bullets of sweat beaded his forehead as his expression then turned to one of a frantic need to find that which was misplaced. He slammed the file down on the table and shifted things around in his briefcase, and then he

patted down his suit jacket and the pockets of his pants, finding nothing.

"Well?" William asked.

"I...uh...I..." he stammered, his eyes still shifting around the papers before him.

Well played, Jacob. And the fool had been revealed.

"Jacob, you've made a very serious accusation. We need to see the proof," Mrs. Cope insisted.

Yes, Jacob, tell them all about how you came to know this information. Haul James' freshly fucked ass in here to testify on your behalf. Tell them the reason your face is busted up. Tell them the gory details of the rape you attempted on my fiancée when she wouldn't play nice. Go ahead. Tell them everything. Oh yeah, that's right...that shit's not about to happen.

Jacob looked around at the faces in the room and then he forced an uncomfortable smile. He threw his hands up into the air like a three-year-old kid and shouted, "April Fools!"

When the room remained silent and dumbstruck, he laughed at himself, a pitiful, half-hearted laugh. "Ha, ha...I got you all..." his voice trailed off.

"Jacob Prometheus Black!" William shouted.

Prometheus? Wasn't he the Titan that Zeus chained to a rock while an eagle ate his regenerating liver every day for eternity? Okay, that sounds about right then.

"I don't know what kind of twisted humor you think you're playing at with what you just did," William expressed his disdain for his son's antics. "That sort of prank is more appropriate for the frat house or an elementary playground, certainly *not* in a boardroom! I thought I'd taught you better than that. We will certainly be discussing this later, but until then, you owe every member of this board an apology. Most notably, Edward."

Having been properly chastised, Jacob looked at me, his top lip curling up into a snarl. "I'm, um...sorry," he managed to choke out.

Ouch, that had to hurt.

Then he turned to the board members. "My behavior was entirely inappropriate, and I promise to refrain from such childish antics in the future. My apologies."

The room seemed to exhale a collective breath as everyone relaxed back into their chairs and prepared to resume the meeting. Of course there were still some lingering scowls aimed at Jacob, who had sunk down in his chair, trying to become invisible to their scornful glares.

"Mr. Cullen?" Mrs. Cope called from the other end of the table. "I believe you're the last presenter on the agenda. If you please?"

I cleared my throat and nodded as I stood to present the statistics for the charity side of the business, as was my specialty. Every word I said, every movement I made felt very robotic as I went through the boring details of the number crunching and the status of current charitable campaigns. I couldn't help but picture my mother standing in the back of the room, glowing about how much that part of Scarlet Lotus had grown.

I'd dodged a major bullet today; a bullet that would have never been shot had I not made the abhorrent decision to purchase a human being for my own pleasure. Still, I couldn't bring myself to regret that decision. Because it led me to Isabella Swan, my future wife.

Winding down my speech, I ended the same way I always did; with the introduction of the next charity I would like the board members to consider for future donation. Jasper took his cue and began to set up for the presentation as I gave a little background on my newest pet project.

"With the outstanding financial growth that Scarlet Lotus continues to experience, we can afford to expand our reach into the world of charitable organizations to take on yet another worthwhile cause. The presentation you will see today will be for a charity that is a bit unorthodox, but my mother, God rest her soul, believed that every human being deserves a solid chance in life. Some are born into circumstances they have no control

over, and, as society often times places unreal expectation on them, they make decisions that may adversely affect the rest of their lives. When they lose their way, they only need someone to help point them in the right direction to get back on their feet again. This next organization has made it their duty to do just that.

"So, without further ado, I present Gabriel Baxter," I said as I waved my hand toward the door Jasper had just opened to escort him in.

Gabe stepped into the room, his back straight, chin up, shoulders back as he walked to where I stood...no sway at all to his hips, his gait notably masculine. He was dressed impeccably in a tailor-made suit of all navy blue and a crisp, white button-up underneath. Black wingtip loafers adorned his feet, perfectly polished. The whole get up was nothing like he'd ever wear, with the exception of the black silk tie, but that would be for another purpose where he was concerned.

I was proud of him. Gone was the hint of eyeliner, blush and hair product. He wasn't even wearing cologne. He just smelled clean, like he'd just stepped from the shower.

He reached his hand out and took mine in a firm handshake, and I was surprised by that too. "Mr. Cullen," he greeted me. His voice was noticeably deeper, more masculine and earthy sounding. I almost reached

my hand up to tug at his hair to pull the mask off, convinced he was somebody else entirely.

"Mr. Baxter," I returned his greeting. "The floor is yours, sir."

I took my seat next to Jasper and sat back to watch the show unfold. Gabe turned to face the room and cleared his throat as he pulled at his cuff.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Gabriel Baxter, and I am here as a representative of an organization that is very near and dear to my heart. Rainblow Coalition is dedicated to-

"Um, excuse me, Mr. Baxter," Mrs. Cope interrupted him. "I'm sorry, but isn't it the *Rainbow* Coalition?" Bless her Midwestern Bible-belt heart.

"No, ma'am," Gabe answered, his baritone voice still holding true. "While our interests are similar, the *Rainblow* Coalition has narrowed the criteria for our assistance to a more specific group of society. We seek to help those homosexual men and women whose behavior has led them to indulge and get trapped in more destructive behavior such as drug use and pleasure-seeking wherever and however they can find it.

"Because of their sexual preference, members of society - often times without realizing how detrimental their less than favorable treatment of a person with fragile psyches can be - turn their backs on these human beings who are

crying out for help. Thus, they turn to their darker side, embracing it until they're lost with no hope of regaining who they once were. They become numb to the pain embedded in their hearts, the shame engrained in their pride. What ends up happening is that they eventually revert to their animalistic side, satisfy their most base needs and use whatever drug and physical connection at their disposal just to feel something, anything again. While this can also be true of heterosexuals, there are many organizations established to help those groups, but they can't attend to the special needs of homosexuals because they just don't understand them. The Rainbow Coalition is staffed with employees and volunteers who do.

"This film we have composed will give you a little more insight into how horrible the lives of those shunned by society can become. But take note, this demonstration is not for the weak of heart. Mr. Hale?" Gabe nodded toward Jasper, giving him the cue to roll the film.

Jasper pressed a couple of keys on the laptop that had been set up and Gabe moved out of the way of the white screen hanging from the ceiling. The countdown played on the screen, three...two...one...

And there it was, plastered on the white screen for all to see. Jacob Black, plowing into the ass of another man while snorting cocaine from his back.

"Sweet *Jesus!*" Mrs. Cope exclaimed as she pressed her hand to her heart in shock.

William's head snapped toward Jacob so fast I was concerned he might suffer from whiplash. "What the fuck is this!" he shouted as he slammed his fist down on the table.

Jacob shot out of his chair, his eyes wide and his mouth dropped open as he pointed wordlessly at the evidence of his extracurricular activities.

Gasps and exclamations were made around the room, but Gabe just kept right on going.

"I know...It's sad, isn't it?" he said with a gloomy shake of his head, and then stood in front of the screen as it kept playing. "Now...A donation from your company can help ensure men like these will get proper rehabilitation in a supportive environment. With your help, we can lead these poor, misguided souls away from the animalistic nature they've been forced to embrace and introduce them back into the mainstream of society, living perfectly normal lives like the rest of us."

"Jacob! I demand you explain yourself!" William yelled, ignoring Gabe.

Without a pause, Gabe continued talking over everyone. "We at the Rainblow Coalition would like to thank you in advance for your support. We assure you that any donation you deem fit, will be sufficiently used toward

this very worthy cause. Thank you for your time and consideration. I'll see myself out," he said as he picked up his briefcase, ignoring the carnage of stunned faces all around the room. Then he turned toward me, shaking my hand as I stood. "Mr. Cullen, thank you for being so hospitable."

"You!" Jacob growled as he turned his steely gaze on me. "You fucking did this!"

Without a second's warning, he sprang across the table and tackled me to the ground. Gabe let out a high-pitched squeal and jumped back as we rolled around. Once I'd finally secured my place on top, I pinned Jacob down to keep him from striking out and grabbed the lapels of his expensive suit. The whole room exploded in chaos and I used the distraction to state the deal I was willing to cut with Jacob. There was so much more I could get him on, but I was willing to bargain.

"Listen to me, Jacob," I seethed quietly. "This? This is nothing. Not only do I have the ability to release your little personal porno to the public and destroy you, but I have video from my security system that proves you tried to rape Isabella. It's completely admissible in a court of law and in addition to drug trafficking, possession, aiding and abetting a known felon...you could go away for life. And then *you* will be the one getting ass raped over and over again in prison."

Gabe leaned down over us and whispered, "FYI...A big, burly Mexican named Chavez already has you on reserve, bitch."

The expression on Jacob's face reminded me of a cornered rat who had nowhere to run, no hole to dive into...he was trapped. "What...do you want?" he spat through clenched teeth, clearly not liking the fact that he had no other option than to admit defeat.

I gave him the same smug smile he had been wearing just before his whole world came crumbling down. And then I metaphorically reached out and snatched the little bit of cheese his tiny paws had been clutching. "Not much, just your half of the company...and I want you to leave the state. No, better yet...I want you to leave the country. And take that low-life Gigandet with you. Seems like a small price to pay for your freedom. Don't you think?"

"How do I know you won't expose the videos anyway?"

"You don't," I answered truthfully. "But as much as it pains me to do so, I give you my word that as long as you hold up to your end of the bargain, I'll hold up mine. You can thank Isabella for that. She's far more forgiving than I could ever be."

"Or, me," Gabe said as he sucker-kicked Jacob in the side of the head.

Jasper pulled him back and wrapped his arms around his chest to restrain him from getting in another shot. Just then, William came around the side of the table to make his way to where we were.

"What's it going to be, Black?" I asked him before William reached us.

"Fine...it's yours. It's all yours," he conceded.

"You've got ten days to get your affairs in order and get the hell out of the country," I told him, and then I released the vermin and stood to my feet just as William got there.

"Christ, Jacob! You're an embarrassment! Get the hell up off the floor!" he said, yanking him up by his arm.

"Meeting adjourned," I mumbled triumphantly, and then led Gabe and Jasper out of the boardroom so that I could go and collect my winnings. Jacob's half of the company was just an added benefit.

Isabella was the real prize; One that I had every intention of savoring, and none whatsoever of squandering.

"I still can't believe it's really over," Bella said from the passenger seat of my Vanquish as we drove down Highway 101 to Forks.

I had convinced her that with all the drama we'd survived, we needed a break, and Forks was just quiet enough to afford us that break while allowing Bella to

visit with her parents as well. She thought we were going to get a hotel room.

I didn't make her think any differently.

"It's over, baby," I said as I brought our joined hands to my lips and kissed her bare left ring finger before giving her a crooked grin.

"Aw, there's the cottage," Bella cooed as we came up on it.

I had to release her hand so that I could down shift and slow to a crawl as I pulled into the driveway.

"Edward...", her voice was a playful warning, and then when she saw the suggestive lift of my brow and the way that I bit my bottom lip at the memory of the last time we had been there she said, "No...uh-uh. We're not about to do that again."

"Get out of the car, baby," I told her in what I'd hoped was a sultry demand before I opened my own door.

When I walked around to her side of the car and opened the door, she had her arms crossed over her chest defiantly. "No, Edward. We can have all the sex you want at the hotel room, but not here, not again. We almost got caught last time."

"We won't get caught," I assured her as I took her hand and pulled her from the passenger seat.

She came with me, reluctantly, but she came all the same. I might have known she couldn't resist and I may

have used that knowledge to my advantage. Maybe that was underhanded of me. So what? Sue me.

Linking my fingers through hers, I walked her around to the back of the house and kept going toward the pond and the gazebo.

"What are you doing? Are you insane?" she asked as she looked around for any evidence that the neighbors had seen us.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I am," I answered as I pulled her up onto the gazebo step and walked over to the swing. "And it's your fault. You make me crazy."

I turned her so that her back was to the swing and lightly pushed down on her shoulders, encouraging her to sit. The sun was just setting over the horizon and the orange and pink glow cast by its rays spilled over the perfect features of her face. The little family of ducks swam in an s-shaped pattern to the other side of the pond, their quiet quacks the only sound infiltrating our surroundings.

I knelt in front of her, noting the confused look on her face. "I want to give you everything you ever have, or ever will want, Bella. And I will. But, I'm a total shit for not doing this the right way in the first place," I said as I pulled the velvet navy blue box from my pocket.

She gasped and put her fingertips to her mouth. "Oh, Edward."

"You know, to be the future Mrs. Edward Cullen, your ring finger sure is looking awfully bare," I said as I smiled up at her. I opened the box, revealing her engagement ring.

It was a one of a kind original, designed for one woman, but handed down to the next in what would hopefully be a very long line of tradition. Three carats of diamond clusters were set in platinum that was intricately woven in loops and swirls around a central, emerald-cut sapphire. Nothing too extravagant, simplicity was its allure.

"It was my mother's," I told her as I took it from the casing and reached for her hand. She was shaking from nerves and I had to smile because I could feel myself shaking just a little bit too. "And now, I'd like for it to be yours."

I slipped it onto her finger and looked into her eyes. Tears gathered and spilled down her cheeks daintily, one at a time. Her smile was the most beautiful I'd ever seen and I wished I'd hired a fucking artist to be there to capture the moment in all its infinite glory, forever immortalizing it in time.

I kissed her tears away, and then my lips sought hers out for a soft kiss. "I love you, Isabella Swan."

"I love you, too," she whispered and then she looked down at the ring on her finger. "It's so beautiful. Thank you."

"You're welcome, but there's more," I told her with a devilish grin as I stood.

Her head snapped up. "More? What more?"

"Come on," I said, taking her hand and pulling her to stand as well.

I felt like I was dragging her along, and I probably should've slowed down some so that she could keep up better, but I was just too damned excited to show her the next surprise. When we reached the Vanquish, I turned and kept going toward the front door.

"Where are you going? Someone's going to call the police on us!" Her tone was a rushed whisper that said she meant business as she tugged on my arm to get me to go back toward the car.

I pulled a little harder on her hand, forcing her to collide with my chest as I wrapped my arm around her. "Calm down, baby. Nobody's going to call the police on us," I said, and then I brought my hand from behind her so that she could see it directly in front of her face. From my finger dangled the key to the cottage.

It only took a second for the symbolization to register. She looked toward the front yard, finally noticing that the 'for sale' sign now had a 'sold' stamp over it.

"Edward, you didn't."

I could feel the crooked smile tug at my cheek, unable to not show how proud I was of myself for giving the

woman I had fallen madly in love with the home of her childhood dreams. "Welcome home, Bella."

As she stood there stunned, I put the key in the lock and opened the door. As soon as I'd returned home from dropping Bella off at her folks' house all those weeks ago, I'd made the deal on the cottage. It had been as good as sold, but when I offered four times the asking price, the owner had practically fallen over himself to accept my offer. Alice took over from there, and I swear, I thought for sure she was going to spill the beans to Bella. I was pretty damn proud of her for managing to keep her big mouth shut, and she didn't even go overboard on the decorating.

I took Bella's hand and guided her over the threshold to step inside before I followed and closed the door behind me. I walked over to the mantle above the fireplace and picked up the remote, pressing a button to set the gas logs ablaze.

"What do you think?" I asked, becoming a bit nervous that she still hadn't said anything.

She looked around. Although there had been some slight remodeling done, I'd insisted that all the quaint nuances that Bella had gushed about so much were left intact. The floors were stripped and polished and the furniture was all new, but earthy and plush. Every amenity she might ever want or need was there, complete with huge

floor pillows that littered the space in front of the fireplace.

But Bella still hadn't said anything, and that made me nervous.

"You don't have to keep it like this. I had Alice decorate it because I just didn't want it to be empty when I showed it to you. You can redo everything if you don't like it."

She turned and closed the distance between us. "Shut up, Edward. You talk too much," she said, and then her fingers gripped my shirt and she yanked me toward her for a kiss that, admittedly, made *my* toes curl.

And she didn't stop there, either.

Her tongue, so soft, so pliant moved against mine, sweet like cotton candy. My hands went to the back of her head and I held her to me, taking all that she gave and giving more in return.

Her body molded to mine, and the way she moved against me...oh, God...the way the woman moved was maddening. She came to me a virgin, with no experience of the sexual nature at all. And although my original intention was to teach her everything I liked, her real teacher was her own body. She knew what she wanted and all inhibitions were dissolved when it came to getting it. She thought she was answering her own body's demands, but what she didn't know was that, in doing so, she was answering mine as well.

Her nimble fingers drifted down the center of my shirt, freeing each button as she passed over them. She never broke the kiss, didn't come up for air. She didn't need to; every breath we took was fed off one another. Her hands slid inside the opening of my shirt and pressed against my bare chest. Every muscle in my body went taut with her touch. When she finally did break the kiss, I felt the loss instantly, but her attention went to the side of my neck and that was pretty damn okay too.

Her lips pulled and sucked at the skin there as her tongue tasted me. I pressed her closer, meeting her questing hips and rubbing the titanium bulge in my pants against her. Her mouth moved to my chest and she swirled her tongue over one very hard nipple while cupping the hard muscle on the other side. And then slowly, oh so very slowly, she moved her hands over my shoulders, pushing my shirt free to slide down my arms and onto the floor.

As her mouth turned its attention to my other nipple, I weaved my fingers through her hair and held her to me. Chills ran down my spine when I felt her fingernails scrape against my abdominal muscles to the waist of my jeans. She pulled at them, forcing me even closer and then I felt her hand stroking me through my pants with the perfect amount of pressure.

"Baby..." It was all I could muster through my heavy breathing and the strength it was taking me not to lose

my shit before my cock had even been freed from its confines.

She kicked her shoes off and I found my hands at the hem of her shirt. My thumb caressed the bare skin just beneath, but it wasn't enough. So, I lifted that shirt, pulling it over her head to let it join mine on the floor. She was stunning in the frilly navy blue bra she wore underneath, the creamy mounds of her breasts spilling over the cups. My hands immediately cupped them, squeezing and kneading her through the thin material, just how I knew she liked it. My thumbs swept over her hardened nipples and she bit the skin on my chest in reaction.

Yeah, she liked that. So much so that the button on my jeans popped open and her hand slipped inside for skin to skin contact.

"Christ, Bella," I hissed when the heel of her palm swept over the head of my dick.

"God, you're so fucking hard," she said in lust-filled amazement as she moved her hand against me as much as was allowed in the tight confines of my jeans.

I looked down so that I could see her hand shoved down the front of my pants. The head of my dick was poking out the top of my waistband and apparently, she saw that shit too, because her hand receded from my pants and she knelt down before me, taking the tip into her mouth.

My balls tightened instantly and I had to grab the tops of her arms to pull her up before I shot my load right there.

"You gotta' slow down, baby. Or I'm not going to last very long," I told her as I held her at arm's length.

A sultry gleam illuminated the chocolate of her eyes as she pushed against my hold and tugged on my pants. "I don't want to slow down, Edward. I want you. I want to feel you, thick and hard inside me. I want to taste your cum sliding down my throat. I want to feel your lips and tongue on my pussy. I want it all, Edward. I *need* it all, and you *promised* you'd give me everything I wanted or needed."

"Fuck," I groaned at her dirty-talk. It was a weakness, and she knew it. She had me wrapped around her little pinky, knew how to work me just the right way, to twist my words to work in her favor. And far be it for me to go back on my word. It was as good as gold, and damn it all if I didn't want the same exact things she wanted.

I grabbed her and yanked her hard against my body, my mouth crashing to hers as our lips met, teeth clashed and tongues tangoed in a hard, hungry kiss. I sank down to my knees on the floor pillows and she followed, never breaking the kiss. Her hands were everywhere, sweeping up my chest and over my shoulders to slowly drift along my biceps. I flexed them for her, knowing she loved that shit, and she moaned into my mouth, confirming that she very much did.

While she was enjoying feeling me up, I made fast work of her bra, snapping it free so that I could push the straps down her arms and toss it to the side. Her round, firm breasts pressed against my naked chest and my lips found the spot where her neck met her shoulder. She moaned as I began to gently suck at her skin, my fingers now deftly releasing her jeans and pushing them over her curvaceous hips.

As I kissed along the length of her neck to the spot just below her ear, my hand cupped her ass while the fingers of my other hand found her mound. She gasped and dug her nails into my back as she sucked and nipped at my shoulder.

"Is this what you need, baby?" I asked as my fingers began to slowly work her clit.

"Yes...More..."

I slid them between her wet silky, wet folds, coating my fingers in her juices. "How about this?"

She moaned and nipped at my shoulder again while rolling her hips forward. "Mmm...More..."

"So greedy, Isabella," I murmured against her ear, and then I took her lobe into my mouth as two long fingers found her opening and pushed inside.

"Jesus," she gasped and her head fell back, giving me ample access to her throat.

I ran my tongue along her jugular and inhaled deeply. The scent of her arousal mixed with the light perfume she wore and I licked my lips, suddenly feeling feral, starved.

"I can smell you, Isabella. Smell how aroused you are...so sweet, so enticing." I moved my fingers back and forth at a slow pace while my thumb applied just the right amount of pressure to her little bundle of nerves. She pressed her hips forward, begging for more. "Mmm...it feels good, doesn't it, baby? You like it when I fuck you with my fingers, don't you?"

"Yes, oh God, yes," she moaned as she spread her thighs as wide as her pants would let her and moved against my hand. "Give me more."

"More? Like this?" I asked as I pumped my fingers faster, harder. She let out a mewling sound and held onto me tight. "Fuck, baby...you're so goddamn wet. I need you to lay back. I want to see."

She held onto my shoulders and I slowly lowered us so that she was lying on the floor pillows. She protested with a pouty groan when I removed my fingers from her to pull her pants the rest of the way off. I needed to see all of her, watch as I worked my fingers inside of her. She spread her legs for me, an eager invitation to do as I pleased with her...and I would.

Her wetness glistened in the light of the fire and I licked my lips in anticipation of tasting her. "Fuck, that's a

beautiful pussy, Isabella. And it's all mine," I said as I pushed my fingers back inside of her.

She moaned out and arched her back and I leaned over and took one pebbled nipple into my mouth. My tongue flicked over it, back and forth, my teeth grazing it, oh so tenderly.

"Harder, Edward," she pleaded breathlessly.

I complied, on both ends...thrusting my fingers in and out of her, sheathing them all the way up to the knuckles. I sucked and pulled at her nipple with my teeth, and she answered by pulling at my hair.

"Ungh...I need you inside me now, baby," she said as she rolled her hips against my hand. "Please..."

Yeah, I felt her pain. I needed to be inside her too, just couldn't stand not being there any longer. And that kind of pissed me off because there was so much more that I wanted to do with her, but I figured, fuck it...we had the rest of our lives, so I pulled my fingers out of her.

I held my weight up on one arm and reached between us to unzip my pants. As I pulled my cock out, my lovely assistant swept her hands swept over my ass, pushing my jeans down just enough to allow me movement. I should've taken the time to take them off, but the moment was there and I wasn't about to press the pause button.

She was eager, lifting her hips, but then I decided a little teasing would be fun. So, I rubbed the head of my dick along her slit, pressed it to her clit and rotated my hips around in a circle. She moaned loudly when she looked between us to watch the head of my cock rubbing against her pleasure nub. But I loved to torture her, build up the anticipation, so I slid it back down, pressed forward at her entrance, but then pulled away again to repeat the cycle.

"Please, Edward..."

Yeah, I liked to hear her beg for my cock.

"Please, what, baby? You want me to fuck that beautiful pussy with my cock?" I asked as I smirked down at her.

She nodded and bit down on her lip, her chest rising and falling as she brought her knees up and held onto my ass with both hands, her hips rolling under me.

I looked between us and pressed the head of my dick to her entrance, slowly entering her. We both moaned out our pleasure of finally being joined, and I just couldn't help myself. I wanted more of that feeling.

"Goddamn, that feels good, doesn't it?" I asked her.

"There's just nothing quite like the first time I push into you. The way your pussy grips my cock, so hot, so soft, so wet...That feeling...it's just second to none. Let's try that again, shall we?"

I watched the place where we were joined as I pulled out of her. Her juices coated my cock, and her opening, having stretched to accommodate my girth, melted back to the tiny hole that it was before I'd infiltrated it. It was an amazing sight to behold.

I pushed forward again, watching as the head of my dick disappeared and she stretched to take me in. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as my hips surged forward, burying my entire length inside her tight pussy. She squeezed my ass in her hands, holding me there while she undulated beneath me, rubbing her clit against my groin.

I encouraged her, wanted her to do what came natural, because that was what got me off. "That's it, baby...do what feels good to you. Use my body for your pleasure."

"You're so thick, so hard," she moaned. "I love the way your cock feels inside me."

Fucking A...my baby had turned pro on me.

I pulled back and slammed back into her. "Like that?"

She dug her nails into the cheeks of my ass. "God, yes...faster."

I gave her what she wanted, moving inside her with five quick thrusts and then I stilled, completely sheathed inside her. I rotated my hips and rolled them against her so that she got the friction she needed against her clit.

"Just like that..." she moaned. "Oh, Christ...just like that. Don't stop."

I pulled back and rolled my body as I pushed back into her over and over again. I managed to find a steady pace that was neither too fast, nor too slow and she rocked against me, meeting each push and pull of my hips with her own. Her hands squeezing my ass, the tightening of her walls around me as I moved back and forth inside her...it was so much sensation.

"Edward...I'm going to-"

"Do it, baby. Cum on my cock," I moaned, still moving inside her. "Oh, shit...let me feel how good I make you feel."

She arched her back as I kept going, my cock growing impossibly harder with each thrust.

"Right there, baby...right there," she keened and then I felt the familiar pulsing of her pussy around my cock as she cried out my name with her orgasm.

I quickened my pace, thrusting harder, deeper, helping her to achieve every single plateau of her climax. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She was beautiful in the soft glow of the fire. A light sheen of sweat coated her creamy flesh, her lips bee-stung and cherry red, her eyes closed and thick lashes caressing the soft skin beneath as she just let it take her over.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," I whispered, and then I leaned forward to taste those luscious lips.

Once, twice, three times I nipped at her lips. My cock slid in and out of her. Her breasts pressed against my chest, her lips licked at mine, her fingers clung to my ass. It was too much.

"You feel so good, Bella. I can't hold on much longer," I warned her. "I'm going to cum all over that beautiful pussy of yours."

Bella shook her head and then looked me in the eye.

"No...you've denied me too many times. I won't let you deny me again. Cum in my mouth, Edward. I want to taste you."

"Oh...shit...I don't know if I can hold out, baby. ...pussy feels...so good," I warned, doing my best not to cum.

"Now, Edward...give it to me now. Fuck my mouth," she demanded.

I pulled out of her, reluctantly, but, like I'd said so many times before, I wouldn't deny her anything she wanted. She may have started out as my sex slave, but I had become hers.

I straddled her chest, my cock bobbing and soaked in her juices as I brought it to her mouth.

Running the tip across her lips, I coated them in her own cum. "Taste me, Isabella. See what my cock tastes like with your cum all over it."

She opened her mouth and I pushed my cock inside. Her lips closed around my width and she hummed in appreciation as she savored our joint flavors. I held the back of her head up as I thrust my dick in and out of her mouth.

"Do we taste good, Bella? Do you like the way you taste on my cock?"

She answered with a moan and then she grabbed my ass, pulling me deeper inside her mouth. I could feel the back of her throat pressed against the head of my dick, and she swallowed, constricting my cock. That was all I could take.

"Fuck, baby! Fuck, fuck, fuck," I called out as I pushed even deeper still and my cock pulsed with each spurt of cum that shot down the back of her throat. With each gulp she took, I could feel more constriction. She slowly bobbed her head back and forth, milking me of all I had to give until I could feel myself begin to go flaccid in her mouth.

"Goddamn, woman, that's enough," I chuckled, forcing her to let my dick go. "You keep that up and I'll be hard all over again."

"And what's so bad about that?" she asked.

Swear to God, I fucking loved her.

I dismounted her chest and lay next to her, pulling her little body over mine like a blanket so that she could rest

her head on my chest. Her left hand was on my stomach and I looked down at it. The stones of my mother's engagement ring caught the light of the fire and reflected a rainbow of colors. It had finally found a home.

I had finally found a home. Which reminded me...

"So, you never did say," I started. "Do you like the house?"

Bella lifted her head and looked at me. A slow smile crept across her face. "You know I do," she answered.

Yeah, I did.

"But, um...I'm just not sure how all this is going to work," she continued as she began to draw patterns on my chest.

"How what is going to work?" I asked, confused as to what the issue was.

"Well, you have the mansion and now we have the cottage as well. Where, exactly, do you plan for us to live?"

"Yeah, about that," I started, suddenly feeling like an ass that I hadn't discussed any of this with her beforehand. In my defense, I had planned to talk to her about it after showing her the house, but then one thing led to another...and well, there we were. "You know how Jacob is signing over his half of the company to me?"

"Yes..."

"Well, Jasper has been so loyal to me over the years, and knows the ins and outs of the company so well that I thought I'd make him my partner."

"Edward, that's wonderful!" she said, her eyes alight with joy. "Alice is going to absolutely flip her shit!"

I laughed, knowing she in fact would.

"Wait a minute, though," she said, settling back down.

"What does that have to do with where we're going to live?"

"Oh, right," I said, getting back on track. "It really doesn't have anything to do with where we live, but eventually, Jasper's going to be controlling most of the things that will require a constant presence at the office. So, that means...we can live wherever you want. If you want to live here on a permanent basis so that you're closer to your folks, I can just set up an office here and work from home."

"But, Edward...your parents' home, that's all you have left of your family," she said, her voice sounding heavy.

I hugged her to me and kissed her forehead because I wanted to and, because she was still being so selfless.

"You're my family now, Bella. And I plan on us having lots and lots of beautiful little Bellas in the future...and maybe at least one Edward to carry on the Cullen name."

Her brows shot up as her eyes widened and a broad smile spread across her face. "Babies? You want babies?"

"Mmhmm. Lots and lots of babies," I corrected her.

"Well then," she said thoughtfully. "We're going to need an awfully big house to accommodate all those babies, don't you think?"

I shrugged. "I suppose so."

"And Alice is going to need someone around to keep her busy while Jasper is working long hours at the office. Otherwise, she's just going to be all over his ass for not being around as much."

"Probably," I agreed.

"My mom's better and Dad is back to work. And Gabe's been looking for a place to stay in the city as well..."

I knew what she was getting at. "Baby, are you trying to tell me that you want to live at the Cullen estate?"

She got a guilty look on her face. "Is that terrible of me? To not be jumping at the chance to live so close to my parents?"

"Not at all. You can visit them any time you'd like. After all, we have a quaint little home here as well. Christmas, Easter, a little summer vacation...whatever. We don't need a reason to drop everything and come for a visit."

"Plus, we don't have a nosey neighbor guy back in Seattle. And you don't have to shirk your responsibilities at Scarlet Lotus, either," she said.

"Hey! I take offense to that," I teased playfully, tickling her side.

"I'm kidding! I'm kidding!" she laughed.

"So, Seattle?" I asked, wanting her to make the decision. She nodded. "Seattle it is."

"Good," I said, satisfied with her decision. I forced her to rollover so that I could rise up on one elbow to hover over her with a devious grin. "Now, let's get started on making those babies."

As I leaned down to kiss her, she placed her fingers between our lips. "Edward, I still have the Mirena. I can't have kids for five years."

I shrugged. "We'll get it removed, but in the meantime, it doesn't hurt to practice."

She giggled and finally relented, letting me kiss her long and hard as the fire crackled in front of us.

That was the way I always wanted it to be between the two of us; carefree laughs, erotic love-making...just happy and free. Free of cheating exes, free of backstabbing friends determined to see us in ruin, free of feeling like you're the only one who can save the life of someone you love and taking drastic measures to do so...free of that isolated feeling of living alone.

It wasn't exactly the same dream that every other red-blooded American had, but the foundation was the same; someone to love, someone to care for, someone who had

our back come Hell or high water, someone to proclaim, provide and protect us from anyone or anything that held ill intentions...someone who wanted nothing more than to do the same for us in return.

And we would have that dream. I'd make damn sure of it. I wasn't so naïve that I thought everything would be perfect; we'd have our own mini-battles to fight, but in the long run, we'd win the fucking war.

We would have our happily ever after.

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Epilogue

Bringing Sexy Back

BPOV

It was the eve of the five year anniversary of the day my life was turned upside down, inside out and spun round and round ... and I was set back on my feet, firmly planted and headed in a new direction. Five years since the day that I had put myself up for auction in the under belly of a seedy night club that traded women to men of wealth and power in exchange for a hefty purse.

The other women in my class - I use that term loosely - had done it for their own reasons. I had done it to save a life. My mother's life, to be specific.

One million dollars was what I'd gone for. Auctioned off to the highest bidder, Mr. Edward Anthony Cullen, CEO of Scarlet Lotus. He would own me for five years, use me to satiate his every sexual need as he saw fit.

That man would teach me how to suck a dick properly. That man would give me the first of many orgasms, introduce me to my inner Cooch - and she to the King of Fingerfuck, the Ridonkabutt, the Assterpiece...*the Wonder Peen*. That man would pop my cherry, turn me into a wanton hussy and rock my ever lovin' world. That man would infuriate me to no end – in and out of the bedroom - and then ride in on his white horse to save the day.

That man was now my husband.

And the father to our one and only daughter, Scarlett Renee Cullen.

Scarlett was the apple of her daddy's eye. She'd been born less than a year after we married. In fact, I had been pregnant with her at our wedding ceremony and hadn't even known it. Apparently, the IUD Edward had taken me to have inserted the day after he purchased me had come unattached and had fallen out without me ever having noticed it. I had a strange feeling it happened during the scuffle with Jacob. But I refuse to think about that day.

Without a doubt, I am certain that I conceived our daughter the night Edward gave me my engagement ring.

His mother's ring.

That night will be forever etched in my mind, its perfection so blindingly glorious in every way. He offered the precious diamond to me as well as his heart. His everything. He belonged to me, and I, belonged to him.

Surrounded by the walls of my dream cottage - the house I secretly coveted as a child - our life began anew. We whispered our desires, our dreams, and yeah , we made love like there was no tomorrow. It was hot. It was magical. It was *perfect*.

He had told me that night that he wanted lots and lots of babies. And I was more than happy to oblige.

Only it didn't turn out the way that we had planned.

My pregnancy with Scarlett was riddled with complications and the birth, rough on my body. The chances of me conceiving again, much less carrying a baby to term, were desecrated. Knowing that Scarlett would be our one and only child triggered the beginning of our limitless pampering.

Yeah, she was spoiled. An endless array of everything imaginable - clothes, toys, books; she lacked for nothing. In fact, her jewelry box was a treasure-trove of gold, silver and stones almost as precious as she.

A diva has to have her goodies, Gabe had said each time he'd donned her with yet another pretty-pretty.

But more important than all those materialistic things...she was loved.

Loved by people that doted to her every whim, every fancy.

With almond-shaped eyes the color of precious emeralds framed by sooty, lush eyelashes we were lost to her charms. Creamy soft skin to sprinkle our kisses on, thick chocolate ringlets that begged to be brushed and adorned with bows and ribbons...and a smile that could make the masses bow at her feet. We were all under her spell from the moment she took her very first breath.

But Scarlett was a daddy's girl, through and through.

Don't get me wrong, she loved her Mommy, but as far as she was concerned, Daddy was the hero in her book. In fact, whenever they played dress-up to reenact one of her favorite fairy tales, Edward always played the part of the knight in shining armor (decked out from head to toe in pots and pans) set to slay the dragon, or Prince Charming riding in on his white horse to rescue her from a prison tower. If only she knew how befitting that role was for him to play.

Gabe always got the part of the wicked witch, or wicked bitch as I'd liked to mutter under my breath. He'd blurt out a naughty word or two at me in retaliation, and Scarlett would put her little fists on her hips and scowl, waving a chubby finger at him to put a quarter in the swear jar. Of course then he'd rat me out, to my own kid, and I'd have to suffer the same punishment.

But not Edward. No, he was perfect. Really, he just never got caught.

She was wrapped around his little finger and he was just as tightly wrapped around hers. So was my father, Charlie. I can't even begin to tell you about the jealousy that raged between those two over her attentions.

Charlie was her Pappy and threatened to sue for grandparent's visitation rights one weekend when Edward had "thoughtlessly" planned to take Scarlett to the same toy store that he wanted to take her to without

first checking with him to see if he ever had any intentions of doing so.

Confusing? Yeah, I thought so, too.

It was ridiculous how they fought over the child. Always trying to one-up each other in the gifts they bestowed upon her or places they took her. I'm pretty sure Charlie may have even taken out a second mortgage on my childhood home just so that he could keep up with Edward's abundant wealth.

Eventually, the rest of our family and I decided an intervention was in order. That was a week ago. I mean, seriously, Scarlett had enough love in her tiny, fist-sized heart to go around, and it wasn't fair for them to constantly put her in the middle. Auntie Gabeebee, Gammy, Aunt Tink and I had left with her for the week to go visit Aunt Ro-Ro and Uncie Emmie in New York, leaving Daddy and Pappy to stew at home by themselves. It was what they deserved, after all.

"The big babies," I'd said as I walked out the door with Scarlett in my arms.

"Big babies," she had repeated with a tinkle of laughter as I tickled her sides. "Im'da baby, Mommy."

"Yes, you are, sweetie," I'd told her as I'd given her an Eskimo kiss to her little scrunched up nose. "Tell Daddy bye."

She waved at him from over my shoulder and called out in her too sweet voice, "Bye-bye! Wuv you, Daddy!"

"I love you too, angel," he said with his bottom lip turned down into a pout. He was so cute I almost changed my mind.

The week we spent in New York was fun, but I missed my husband. And, okay...I'd missed his many assets as well. And I'm not talking about his ridiculous fortune, either. Loaded down with yet more goodies for Scarlett, and a new wardrobe for myself – Alice, Gabe and Rosalie...need I say more? – we headed home.

By the time we returned, Edward and my father had bonded through their mutual misery over *Scarlett's* absence.

Seriously? Hellllo-ooo. What was I? Chopped liver?

Turned out, I wasn't chopped liver or any other disgusting, pasty-like substance.

After a brief greeting, and lots of daddy-missed-you-so-much's, Charlie swiped Scarlett from my arms and ushered my mother out the door. She was theirs for the weekend.

And I...was Edward's.

No sooner had the door closed than I found my back pinned against it and a very eager Edward pressed against the length of my body with his hands flattened out next to my head. His face was only inches from mine

and I could feel the warmth of his breath as it fanned out over my face. Slowly, his lips came closer to mine.

"Don't ever fucking do that to me again," he said, and then his lips were on mine, fierce and demanding.

He wasn't angry, not in the least bit. Just really, really horny and very, very desperate for some release.

Um, yeah...me too.

"I missed you so fucking much," he mumbled into my skin as he directed his attention to my neck.

The Cooch agreed. She'd missed him too. In fact, I distinctly heard the sounds of some sort of bonchickawowwow music playing through the recesses of my mind. She was blowing the dust off her knee-high, red leather boots and blue unitard, stopping momentarily to contemplate Edward's black tie and those black wrap-around heels we knew he was particularly fond of instead.

As if it mattered in the least.

His hand was under my skirt, cupping my already drenched center. His fingers stroked and probed as only those of a skilled King of Fingerfuck could. The other hand was kneading my breast as he rolled the hardened nipple between his thumb and finger. And that colossal cock was grinding against my hip.

The Cooch gave him a finger curl and a sultry whispered, *Hey there, big boy. Why don't you cum on over here and we can talk about the first thing that pops up?*

Cooch, you are such a shameless hussy.

Me, on the other hand, I decided to play hard to get. During my pregnancy with Scarlett, our sex life had become somewhat vanilla. All because Edward was worried he'd hurt me or the baby somehow, as if he was really boinking her in the top of the head while he was doing me.

Anywho, once she was born, it just sort of remained that way out of habit, only then, less of it. Sure, we had stolen quickies, rushed releases in the shower and none of which were any less mind-blowing, but that raging inferno of lust that we had shared at the beginning of our relationship had dimmed to a slow candle burn. Not that I was complaining, but I missed the tit for tat, the challenge, the let me get you real good and pissed off and then fuck the shit out of you so that you remember who owns your ass.

And I was going to take it back.

With as much conviction as I could muster, I shoved him in the chest, pushing him away. He looked up at me, confused and a little wounded. But I gave him a wink and what I hoped was a sexy smirk to clue him in on my game.

"Fuck you, Edward! Do you know what tomorrow is?" I snapped.

Again with that confounded look.

"I can see you don't, asshole!" I said, lifting my chin indignantly as I stalked toward him. "It just so happens to be the five year anniversary of the day we met. The day you *bought* me for one million dollars, to be your sex slave. To do whatever you wanted to do to me, however and wherever you wanted to do it because you're a sick fuck who gets off on dominating me for your own pleasure, of forcing me to bow to your will, lording me into submission just because you have enough money to do it."

I was standing nose to nose with him, so to speak since he was taller than me and all. My girls were pressed against his hard chest and the heat rolled off of him in waves.

"Bella, I-" he started, but I cut him off.

"My *name* is Isabella! You don't get to call me Bella!" I snapped.

And there it was ... the proverbial light bulb. He got it, and judging by the arrogant smirk that spread across his face, he was game to play.

He grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked my head back while cupping my ass and pulling me against him roughly.

"Well if our little contract expires tomorrow, I guess I better make the most of my last night of ownership," he said. "I must warn you, this won't be nice. It'll be hard and rough, but you will love every minute of it. And you will do as I say, because I own every inch of your body. Your fuckable mouth, your tight little pussy, your forbidden ass...they all belong to me, and I will fuck them how I see fit, *if* I see fit to do so. You are here for my pleasure, just as I am here for yours. Have I made myself clear?"

"Quite," I snarled back at him. "Let go of me! I fucking hate you."

Let me take a time-out here to make this perfectly clear: those words were the hardest I'd ever had to mutter. They were blasphemous, but I was confident enough in our relationship to know that Edward knew I didn't mean them. So, put down that glass of Haterade and just enjoy the rest of the show. On with it...

"Yes, but you love the way I fuck, don't you?" It wasn't a question. More like a statement of fact.

He released the hold he had on my hair with a yank and took a step back. "On your knees, Isabella," he said as he tugged on his belt buckle. "I've had a very trying day and I'm in need of the stress management that I know you give all too well."

"Here? In the foyer?" I asked.

He shot a hard look at me, lifting his eyebrow as if to say I had some nerve to question him. "Did I stutter?"

Oh, hell yeah...The Cooch gave me a mental high-five, and then she pulled out her mini DVD recorder and started filming, yelling, "Quiet on the set! Action!"

In one swift movement, Edward had shoved me to my knees and the colossal cock was sprung from its prison and waving a long-time-no-sucky-sucky at me. And I'm pretty sure that was a tear it was weeping from its slit there at the head.

By all means, let me kiss that tear away, your colossalness. After all, big boys aren't supposed to cry, and my, oh my...you are *big*.

Edward let out a hiss when my tongue came out and swept up the drop of pre-cum on his tip. The corners of my mouth twitched triumphantly, and I proceeded with my torture. An open-mouth kiss, and then a greedy little moan as my lips wrapped around his head and I sucked hard.

"Fucking shit, goddamnit," he growled, yanking my head away by my hair.

Damn, I would be lucky if I wasn't bald by the time he was done with me.

His voice was deep and husky as he looked down at me. "Oh, you want to play dirty, do you? I can do dirty," his words slithered through the air and lapped at the

sensitive spot between my thighs like a serpent's tongue. "Seems you need a little reminder of who's in control here, Isabella."

He grabbed the base of his dick with his free hand and bent at the knees as he pushed the head past my lips. "Stay...just like that," he ordered. "I'm doing the fucking here. You do the sucking."

Sir, yes, sir!

He held onto my head with both hands then and started thrusting in and out of my mouth. He showed no mercy as he pushed in as deep as the confines of my mouth would allow, which meant he was hitting the back of my throat. I'm not going to lie; I was struggling to keep up. Edward's cock hadn't exactly shrunk over the last few years. My mouth was stretched open as far as it could go, but I still managed to apply some pressure with my lips, curling them in around my teeth to keep from shredding his glorious cock with them.

"Harder, Isabella. Suck me *harder*," he ordered in a growl that shot straight to my girlie bits and caused them to start doing a little tearing up of their own. Seriously, people...I needed a drip pan or something for all the basting my cooch was doing.

His hips surged forward, hitting the back of my throat and giving me a little more than what I could comfortably take and I gagged, the motion causing my throat to tighten around the head of his dick. Edward

shouted a string of profanities and pulled out of my mouth, yanking me up to my feet and crushing me to his chest.

"The sight...the sound of you gagging while sucking my cock....," he trailed off and then his mouth came crashing down on mine in a ferocious kiss.

With the strength and speed of a super human, I was thrown over his shoulder and Edward was taking the stairs two at a time. He didn't stop until he'd reached our bedroom, kicked the door open and thrown me on top of the bed. Shoes and clothes went flying across the room as he undressed us both in a frenzy. And then my hips were lifted off the bed, legs thrown over his shoulders, my neck bent at an awkward angle and Edward's face was between my thighs. Right. Where. I. Wanted. It.

"Oh, God!" I cried out at the feel of his lips, tongue, teeth everywhere. He was eating me alive and it was the most delicious feeling in the world.

His fingers spread my folds open, the fleshy pink of my hidden treasures exposed as the pads of his fingers worked my clit in circular motions. It was an erotic performance of his extreme capabilities and I had a front row seat to the show. I saw and felt his tongue push into my opening, long and thick as he stroked me from the inside out. Then his fingers smacked at my pleasure nub, spanking it in quick succession with just the right amount of force.

"Unn, Edward...please," I begged, squirming as much as I could in the small amount of room his crushing hold allowed me to move. I bucked my hips forward, wanting more, even though his face was completely buried in my pussy. He held my lips open and sucked at my clit, his tongue making quick flicking motions over the hardened bud. Then he shook his head back and forth, sucked my clit into his mouth again, hard, as he pulled back on it and let it go with a pop. Again, he sucked it in and pulled back excruciatingly slow before letting it go and eyeing it while licking his lips.

"Your pussy is the sweetest in the world, Isabella. And it's mine!"

I loved his possessive nature, but keeping in character, I felt it necessary to remind him of one thing. "Just until tomorrow, asshole," I said, my voice dripping of defiance.

Edward bared his teeth and growled at me, his face contorted in anger – he was an exceptional actor. None too gentle, he lifted my body from the bed and slammed me against the wall with his body pinning me in place.

His lips were at my ear, hot breath panting heavily.

"You'll be banging down my door within two days, begging for my cock," he said while gripping my ass and lifting me off the floor.

"Not bloody likely," I seethed back even as I wrapped my legs around him.

In retaliation, Edward sunk his teeth into the tender flesh where my neck met my shoulder. Hard and unforgiving, he thrust his hips forward and entered me.

I cried out in pleasure, throwing my head back, hitting the wall and feeling none of the pain. I did, however, feel the pain that seared my pussy. My face scrunched up and I clenched my teeth, welcoming the burn. It was raw. It was primal. It was exactly what I wanted, what I needed.

"Yeah, you like that. Don't you?" He smirked around my skin as he wound my hair around one hand and held me with the other. He pulled out and slammed back into me, the force of his thrust pushing me up the wall with a jerk.

"You fucking love my cock," he snarled, punctuating each word with a rigid plunge that went deeper and deeper inside me. "You can try to deny it all you want, but you and I both know that I own that pussy, Isabella."

I dug my nails into his back, holding him to me as the power from his thrusts drove me up the wall and back down again. I buried my lips into the crook of his neck, sucking and tasting the salty sweat of his passion mixed with fury.

This was my Edward. This was the man that could drive me to the brink of insanity and then yank me back before I had a chance to fall over the edge. And then he'd do it all over again until, finally, he'd let me go and I was plunging into the stormy sea of orgasms that raged below the jagged cliff.

Fucking Edward was an extreme sport. And oh, what a rush it was.

I came, calling out his name as he grunted with each surge of his hips. And then my body was a wet noodle in his arms.

"I'm not done with you yet." His voice was demanding, assertive, as he pushed our entangled bodies from the wall and carried me over to the couch. That couch was where he'd first fucked my mouth and a montage of frames from that encounter flooded my mind's eye. Edward standing over me, dominating, with one foot propped up on the couch while he pushed and pulled his cock in and out of my mouth.

The Cooch hit rewind and showed it to me all over again with a devilish smirk on her face.

He pulled out of me and flipped me over onto my stomach, his hand pressing down on the center of my lower back while the fingers of his other hand dipped inside me and curled in and out. Then he pulled them free, sliding the slick evidence of my orgasm through the valley that extended to my ass, entering and coating my *other* opening with the natural lubrication my own body secreted.

I was one hundred percent game, but I was also still very much in character. I shot death glares at him from over my shoulder and sneered, "Don't you fucking dare!" The shameless shift of my hips toward him was a complete

contradiction to my words, so he knew I didn't mean them.

"I told you, Isabella. I own every inch of your body, and I will have what I want," he said as he moved his fingers in and out of the forbidden entrance. "And what I want right now...", he trailed off, leaning forward until his lips were once again at my ear. "Is to fuck this tight ass."

His voice softened a bit and he kissed my cheek. "Are you ready, baby?" No amount of role play in the world would keep him from making sure that I was okay. My comfort level was always most important to him.

I nodded and arched my back, offering up what we both wanted.

"Good girl." Slipping back into character, Edward rose back into his previous position and sank to one knee behind me while propping the other on the couch.

I felt the pressure of the head of his cock at my entrance and then he was inside me, pushing ever so carefully as he sheathed himself and moaned at the pleasure.

Edward and I had done this many times since our first, usually only on special occasions, so it wasn't nearly as painful as it had been that first time. In fact, it was really quite pleasurable.

I lifted myself up on one elbow and pushed back into him, but the pressure of the hand to my back stopped me from going any further. "Easy, baby. Always so eager." I

could hear the smirk in his voice, and his insistence at treating me like a fragile piece of china was grating on my nerves.

"Are you going to fuck me, or are we going to stay here all day like two dogs knotted up?" I did a little giggle/snort inside my head at the funny I'd made, but Edward, role playing Edward, didn't think I was quite as funny.

His hand came down hard on my ass with a loud smack and a tinge of pain. If he hadn't been holding me in place, it could have been disastrous, considering the precarious position we were in.

"That was a warning, Isabella. Now hold still or I might decide not to be so easy with you."

I turned my face into the armrest of the couch to hide my grin, because yeah, that was hot as sin.

Going back to his business, Edward spread the cheeks of my ass and I imagined the look of concentration that must have been on his face as he ogled the sight, trying for all of his worth not to let his control slip. He pulled back a little bit only to roll his hips forward a fraction further than where he had been before. His groans and my moans intermingled in the air between us and had a little make-out party of their own. He repeated the movements until the muscles in my body, rigid at first, relaxed; giving him the cue he was waiting for before moving more freely.

"Goddamnit, that feels so good." His voice was breathless, tightly controlled as he moved in and out of my ass.

With one hand on my hip and the other slipping around to manipulate my clit, his pace quickened. Deep, throaty grunts echoed throughout the room and as his thrusts became more insistent. The sound of skin slapping skin joined in on the party, making an orgy out of our sexcapade, even though we were the only two invited. I was mewling and keening like a seasoned porn star, and the Cooch was getting it all on tape.

"Right there, baby," he groaned as he found an angle that was preferable.

But I was on the edge again, and even though I'd already cum once, it just wasn't right for him to dangle the proverbial carrot in front of my face without letting me have a little nip of it. "Don't you dare stop," I said and Edward kept going, pinching my clit between his fingers as the tell-tell moans of his impending orgasm built in his chest.

"Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't...sssttooopp," I called out with yet another orgasm.

I should have known he wouldn't leave me hanging. That's just not Edward Cullen's style. He *always* satisfied.

I hadn't even reached the peak of my orgasm before the rumble that had been percolating to the surface within Edward's chest reached its boiling point, forced its way up his throat and exploded from his lips in a string of profanities. His thrusts were uneven, jerky and insistent as he held me immobile and used my body to milk himself dry of his cum.

My body, numb and devoid of energy, collapsed onto the couch as I struggled to catch my breath. Every muscle in coiled in preparation when I felt Edward's movement behind me and I knew he was about to pull out, which I never found to be all too pleasant. He made fast work of it though, like pulling off a Band-Aid, and then his body was covering mine as he showered every inch of skin within the vicinity of his lips with chaste kisses. His pants of breath blew my hair into my face, and I just left it there, too exhausted to push it away.

"I really fucking love you, baby," he said between gulps of air. "I'm so glad I didn't bail out on that auction and leave you to Jabba the Hutt."

I giggled as I smacked at his bare thigh with the limp arm that hung off the couch, and he laughed at my halfhearted attempt.

"You were worth every penny I spent for you and more. Happy anniversary, Isabella."

"Yeah, right back atcha'," I managed to say playfully between labored breaths.

The Cooch and the rest of her filming crew – the Assterpiece, Ridonkabutt and the Wonder Peen - gave us a standing ovation. I could see it all, we were going to be a smash hit on Broadway, or more likely, some dusty old shelf in a porn shop frequented by dirty old men, but we were stars in our own world. And that was all that mattered.

~..~..~..~

The End

Million Dollar Baby Outtake

La Petite Boudoir Ménage à Trois

"La Petite Boudoir," I said in a flawless French accent as I stepped from the car. "Come, Isabella. Let's shop."

She huffed and climbed out of the car to join me on the sidewalk. "Whatever, asshole. Let's just get this over with."

I turned to face her, fed up with her smart mouth. "You know, you might be a little appreciative of the things I do for you. I mean, you knew what the hell you were getting

into when you signed up for this gig. So, it makes no sense to me whatsoever, why you feel like you constantly have to cop an attitude with me. I'm not exactly mistreating you. In fact, I think you've been treated pretty fairly...better than most other women in the same situation."

"Yeah, well I highly doubt you'll find many other women in the same situation, Mr. Cullen, so you don't really have anything to judge in comparison to validate that statement." She swung around, her ponytail smacking me in the face as she stalked past me. "You fucked my mouth, you threw away my clothes, you made me greet you at the door just to give you head, and you took my virginity. So, you'll have to excuse me if I'm not exactly compelled to apologize for hurting your feelings."

I noticed she didn't mention the ass spanking I just gave her...

She reached the door and swung it open a little harder than necessary. Without even looking back at me, she stepped inside and disappeared from sight.

"Oh yeah? Well you liked every minute of it!" I yelled after her, but of course, she didn't hear me. However, the half dozen or so people walking by me on the sidewalk did sure as hell did.

I'm Edward motherfucking Cullen, Seattle's most eligible bachelor, and she made me look like some psychotic

lunatic shouting at thin air. I looked back at the car just in time to see Riley trying to conceal his smile.

"I'm glad this is entertaining you. Wait here. We won't be long," I snapped and then followed after Isabella.

My eyes scanned the shop in search of her, and I found her rummaging through some of the undergarments in the center of the room.

"Edward Cullen," a sultry Latin voice cooed from behind me.

Isabella looked up just as a pair of hands encircled my waist from behind and warm breath trickled over my skin. "I've missed you, lover. Where have you been hiding?" Fernanda whispered in my ear.

I turned my head to the side and gave her my best crooked grin, never taking my eyes off Isabella because her reaction was just too comical. The lift of her brow and the way she raised her chin defiantly, exposed her jealousy.

Well now, this could get interesting. The perverted wheels in my head started spinning out of control at the possibilities that lie before me.

"Fernanda," I acknowledged my one-time mistress as I turned and gave her cheek a lingering kiss. "How have you been?"

"Solitario, amante." she said with a pout in her native tongue.

"Aw, a beautiful woman like you? Lonely?" I stroked her cheek. "I find that very hard to believe."

Isabella cleared her throat, and when I looked up at her, she tossed her head to the side and continued to browse, acting as if she hadn't been paying attention to the interaction.

I took Fernanda by the hand and walked her toward her. "I'd like to introduce you to someone. Fernanda, this is Isabella. Isabella, meet the very voluptuoso Fernanda."

Yeah, I threw that in there on purpose. But she really was voluptuous; long legs, jet black shiny hair, full lips and a figure that would make grown men cry. La Petite Boudoir was just a little side job for her. Her main income came from nude modeling for the likes of Hustler and Penthouse.

"It's very nice to meet you, Isabella," Fernanda said with a pleasant smile as she offered her hand in greeting. "Muy bonito de hecho, el Sr Cullen," she said and winked at me, telling me that my girl was very lovely indeed.

Isabella looked at me and then back to Fernanda. She obviously didn't understand the language, but that was just fine with me. Finally, she took Fernanda's proffered hand and shook it. "You too." Her words were curt and could fucking cut glass. I wasn't sure if it was because we were speaking a language she didn't understand, or if it was something else.

"So," Fernanda said as she retracted her hand and slid it around my arm while laying her other hand on my chest possessively. "Are you treating the lovely lady today?"

Isabella narrowed her eyes as she focused on the familiar way she touched me.

"As a matter of fact, I am," I smiled. "Do you have a private room available?"

"Any and everything I have is available to you, Edward Cullen. You know that," she laughed and tossed her long hair over her shoulder flirtatiously before leading me toward the back.

Isabella was left to trail behind us and I had to hide my smirk because payback's a bitch, and she was seething with jealous rage. I could feel it rippling off her like heat off a desert highway.

We were escorted into a private dressing room. Three of the four walls were covered in mirrors and there was a smaller room for the lady to change into different outfits before coming out and modeling it for whomever she brought along for the show. Two racks of the top selling lingerie were stationed in one corner beside a mini bar. In the opposite corner, there was a red velvet-covered bench. Fernanda led me to the center of the room and sat me down in an oversized armchair. It was in the perfect position to see everything going on in the room.

Isabella sat on the bench seat with her arms crossed over her chest. "Pick something that you like and try it on," I told her, motioning toward the rack of garments.

"Edward, I don't think-" she started.

"You know what? You look like my size. Why don't I pick something out for you?" Fernanda offered. "I know what he likes."

Isabella's claws shot out like she was the daughter of Wolverine. Or at least it seemed that way to me anyway. I might have been seeing things.

Without waiting for an answer, Fernanda left the room to go back out into the store. Bella turned on me immediately, not even bothering to lower her voice.

"Did you fuck her?"

"Does it matter?" I asked as I stood and walked over to the bar to pour myself a drink.

"Yes, it matters."

"Why? Are you jealous? Because I fucked you too, and you get the benefit of a whole hell of a lot more fucking than she ever got. Does that make you feel better?" I asked as I took a sip of my brandy.

"You're disgusting!" she huffed as she turned to look away from me again.

"I'm insatiable...big difference."

"Why did you even need to spend a million dollars on me when Little Miss Cuchi Cuchi Charo is so willing to make *any and everything available* to you?" she asked, mocking Fernanda's accent. It was kind of cute.

"Charo is from Spain. Fernanda is Argentinean," I corrected her. "And while Fernanda is quite pleasing to the eye, a lot of eyes have been pleased by her. Via some promiscuous magazines," I winked and tilted my glass toward her. "It wouldn't work in the public eye. But she's cool. She understood."

She started to say something in response, but Fernanda came back in the room and started hanging garments up in the smaller dressing area. "I picked out a few things I thought would really accentuate your...ummmmm...delicioso figure."

"Besides," I leaned in and whispered so that only she could hear me. "Why would I want someone else when I have everything I want and need in you?" I stepped away and raised my voice to a more normal level. "Go ahead, Isabella," I said, taking my seat again. "Show me."

She just sat there, unmoving. Fernanda looked at her and then back at me in question.

"She's un poco timido," I shrugged, telling her that Isabella was a little shy.

"Oh, well that's okay," she said and then sauntered over to Isabella. Fernanda knelt before her and placed her

hands on Isabella's bare knees, moving up higher onto her thighs. "Isabella, you're a very gorgeous woman. My body would pale in comparison, but if it would set you at ease, I'd consider it an honor to model the selections with you, but only if you want. Es un placer querida." *My pleasure, darling.*

God bless Fernanda and her eagerness to please. This couldn't have turned out better if I'd planned it myself.

Isabella's mouth dropped open as Fernanda's hands continued further up the insides of her thighs. I saw the little sultry smirk Fernanda gave her with a tilt of her head toward the dressing room. Isabella looked up at me, and then immediately down to my crotch, where I had begun to stroke myself through my pants. Because hell yeah, that turned me straight the fuck on. Between the two of them being sexy as hell, and Fernanda's Spanish innuendos, I was hard as all get out and in desperate need of some...release.

"You know, I think that's a fantastic idea, Fernanda," Isabella spoke up, her attention never wavering from the bulge in my pants. The hard edge to her voice was gone, replaced by a throaty tone of sensuality. Oh yeah, my million dollar baby was good to play.

"Sweeter words have never been spoken," Fernanda replied, equally sensuous. She turned toward me and winked as she stood and held her hand out to Isabella.

"Come. We can share the dressing room, and I'll help you undress."

"Deja la puerta abierta," I directed Fernanda to leave the door open, because no way was I going to miss that show.

"Now, Edward," Fernanda cooed in a mildly disapproving tone as Isabella took her offered hand and followed her to the dressing room. "You'll get your eye full soon enough. You just sit there like a buen chico and I promise, you will not be disappointed, hmm?"

I was sure that Fernanda knew good and goddamn well that I was nowhere near little, and I sure as hell wasn't a boy, but when she qualified it with a promise not to disappoint...how could I argue?

After several minutes, and lots of playful giggles from the other side of the door, Fernanda finally stepped out. She was wearing a red Madonna type bustier in vinyl red with black lace, finished off with a pair of red vinyl thongs, fishnet stockings and red patent leather peep-toes on a five inch heel...give or take. Man, would I love to give it where she could take it right now, but I digress because I saw my girl saunter out behind her.

Ho-ly...shit. From out of nowhere, Jace Everett's *Bad Things* started blaring in surround sound inside my head, and I imagined Isabella sitting on the back of a Harley, getting off on the vibrations of the steel roaring between her thighs.

Black leather. My girl was scantily dressed in a black leather bustier with a peasant girl's lacing down the front. Her breasts were pushed up and together, threatening to spill out at the slightest movement and her flat stomach was bare all the way down to the matching thongs that covered her little slice of seduction. I wanted to gnaw through that leather with my teeth and tongue. She wasn't wearing any shoes, but I might add that I considered bare feet to be every bit as appealing as high heels, especially when they've been well maintained, as was the case with Isabella.

Obviously, the outfit was good as sold, but I wanted to see if we could maybe have a little fun with it right then because there was no way I was going to be able to wait until we got home. Besides, Fernanda was there, and judging by the way she was eye-fucking my girl, I knew she was up to having a little bit of fun.

"Come to me, Isabella," I choked out as I sat my drink down on the floor beside me.

Isabella bit down on her bottom lip and then put one foot in front of the other, her hips swaying like a runway model's as she slowly prowled her way to where I was sitting.

"Do you feel sexy?" I asked her. She nodded. "Good, I always want you to feel this way. It is who you are, and it does things to me. Naughty things...Travieso cosas del bebe." I translated with a slight nod to bring her

attention to the very noticeable hard on in my pants.
"Makes me want to do bad things to you."

Her lips parted minutely, and I saw her hand twitch.

"You *want* me to do bad things to you, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered in a breathy whisper as she continued to ogle my bulge.

"Do you want to touch me?" I asked, and she nodded while biting down on her lip again. Something about her teeth pressing into that fleshy meat always drove me mad with want. "You may do so, on the outside of my pants only. Kneel. Fernanda, you may come and watch."

As Fernanda made her way to my side, Isabella's eyes looked up at me and a hint of jealousy flickered behind those honey brown orbs.

I caressed her cheek with the back of my finger to reassure her. "I will not fuck her. My cock will only bring *you* pleasure. It *belongs* only to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, our hostess has been ever so cordial, and I see no reason why we shouldn't reward her with a little treat," I said, tilting Isabella's chin up and sucking her bottom lip into my mouth. "You're going to love this, baby. I promise. But if at any time, you feel uncomfortable, you only have to say the words, and she will leave us."

Isabella closed her eyes and nodded in acquiescence. She was willing to do it, for me. And that was something I did not take lightly.

"Touch me," I whispered against her lips, and then slowly sat back, resting my arms on the armrests of the chair as she opened her eyes.

I thought she'd go straight for my cock, but in a surprise move, she cupped her hands around the bare skin of my neck. Slowly, she moved them across my shoulders and then down my chest, tracing every hard line of the muscles that lay beneath my shirt. The pad of her thumbs flicked over my taut nipples and made another pass before she wandered lower still. The sight of her watching her own hands as she touched me almost pushed me far enough to forget the play, release my cock my damn self and shove her head into my lap until I could feel the back of her throat on the head of my dick. But I didn't.

Her hands travelled down my thighs, and then back up on the insides until she reached my crotch. She just barely swept over my nut sack and along my tortured length before going back and doing it again, firmer on the second pass. One hand cupped my crotch, while the other rubbed my cock firmly between parted fingers...back and forth, over and over again.

"Baby...goddamn," I said huskily. "Take my cock out. I want to feel your skin against mine."

Isabella made fast work of the buttons on my jeans, of which I was grateful. And then she looked down at me, taking my dick into her hands as she gently, but firmly massaged the muscle with her hands. Her thumb swept over the tip and gathered the bead of pre-cum that had pooled there before spreading it over the entire head.

"You want to put my cock in your mouth, don't you?" I asked, and she nodded. "Do it. Let Fernanda see how goddamn sexy you look with my cock in your mouth."

My baby inhaled deeply through her nose while licking her lips before she sank down and wrapped them around the head of my dick. Deeper and deeper, her head sank into my lap as she took as much of my length as she could. I could feel the hotness of her mouth as she engulfed me and applied suction on the way back up.

"Mmm, that looks delicious," Fernanda purred as she stroked Isabella's ponytail.

"Exquisite," I moaned as I watched Isabella's lips close tightly around my length. "Is it good, baby?"

"Mmmmm," my girl answered as she wrapped her tongue around the head of my dick before going back down on it.

Fernanda wrapped her hand in Isabella's ponytail and pulled gently, bringing her back up before pushing her head back down again. Son of a bitch! Goddamn

cumsplosion to the nth degree was about to take place, but I wasn't ready for that yet.

"Suck him harder," Fernanda coached her. "Mas rapido," she directed to go faster as she pulled and pushed on Isabella's head.

With her other hand, Fernanda unfastened the top of her bustier just enough to let her breasts spill out, giving me free reign to ogle her chest. While it was hot and all, I couldn't drag my eyes away from Isabella's mouth around my cock. The light glinted off the saliva she had coated my dick in, and all I could think about was how it would look just like that as I moved in and out of her.

I wanted inside her. But I wanted her to open herself up more and explore her sexuality first.

"Stop, baby. You're going to make me cum, and I'd much rather fuck you before I do," I said, cupping her face and forcing her to release me. I kissed her pouty lips and then slipped my tongue into her mouth, finding hers and stroking it in appreciation. "Goddamnit, you're so perfect," I breathed when I pulled away. "But I have more in store for you, little one. Beseme." *Kiss me.*

She leaned forward a fraction, closing the minute gap between us and kissed me again, hungrily, wantonly...she was on fire, and I wanted to fuel her flame even more before extinguishing it for her.

I broke the kiss for a second time and held her face in my hands so that she couldn't assault my mouth again.

Because if she did, there was no guarantee that I wouldn't just take her right then and there. "Turn around, baby. There's something I want you to see."

Isabella slowly turned and when she caught sight of Fernanda in her peripheral, she quickly stood and faced her directly. Fernanda was massaging her own breasts, rolling her nipples beneath her palms.

"She has beautiful breasts, doesn't she?" I asked Isabella. I put my hands on her hips and pulled her back to sit in my lap. Then I leaned in and began placing open-mouthed kisses to the nape of her neck as I cupped her breasts in my hands. "They're still not as beautiful as yours. Let's show her, shall we?"

My fingers found the string at the top of the bustier and I tugged on it, slowly unlacing it and revealing the creamy flesh that lay beneath. Isabella kept her attention on Fernanda's manipulation of her own body, but spread her legs and reached between to pull my cock free so that she could stroke it more. My breath hitched in my throat from her unexpected touch, and at the same time the lacing opened completely, and her gorgeous breasts spilled free.

"Goddamn, woman. I'm continuously amazed by your beauty," I mumbled against the skin of her neck.

"Oh, God...what I wouldn't do to bite those pert little nipples, por favor." Fernanda pleaded while easing one hand toward her center.

I felt Isabella stiffen, her hand stilling on my cock. "Don't worry, baby. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do," I reassured her. "But I do hope you will at least consider stretching your boundaries a bit."

"Okay," she said with a slight nod. "Just...I need a little longer. Not yet, okay?"

"Ah, my sweet girl," I said, kissing the sensitive spot just below her ear tenderly. "We have all the time in the world."

My hand moved down her abdomen and onto her thigh. "Lean to your right and put your left arm over my shoulder, baby."

Isabella did as I said, allowing me better access to see what I was doing; because feeling was one thing, but seeing...was believing. As my mouth latched onto the nipple of her left breast, I pulled her knee until her leg was stretched over the armrest of the chair. Without having to be prompted to do so, she did the same with the other leg, opening herself up wide for me while Fernanda looked on with rapt fascination. It was a show of trust, a push on her boundaries, just as she'd promised, and I rewarded her with a frantic flick of my tongue over her rosy nipple. She arched her back as I began to stroke her sweet spot over the leather cover,

pushing my hand even closer. Push and pull; that was the sort of thing we did to each other. Only, I wanted to push her a little more, only because she knew that if at any time it became too much, she could ask me to stop, and I would.

"Let's see that pretty little kitty, hmm?" I said as I released her nipple and continued to stroke her leather clad center. "What do you think, Fernanda? Wanna' watch me make her pussy purr?"

Fernanda answered with a purr of her own as she sank to her hands and knees and crawled closer, stopping when she was satisfied with her front row seating. Isabella's eyes shifted from Fernanda and watching what I was doing to her, and then back again. Her chest rose and fell with her labored breaths, and I knew I had her where I wanted her. She was into it. She was ready to go further.

I unlaced her thong, in much the same fashion as I did with her top. Oh so excruciatingly slow, until her bare pussy came into view. And I'll be goddamned if she wasn't already glistening wet for me. She was a sight to behold, a picture worth more than any Hustler centerfold ever captured.

Isabella bit down on her bottom lip as she eyed Fernanda from beneath her lashes. Fernanda was now on her hands and knees, hovering just close enough so that she wouldn't make Isabella too uncomfortable. She inhaled her scent deeply and hummed as her eyelids drooped

heavily. She was in full lust mode; I'd seen it before, during some of our past excursions.

"So beautiful...and wet. Solo una muestra, Isabel?" *Just a taste*, Fernanda groaned as if the inability to touch my girl was driving her insane. I decided I would let her live vicariously through me for the moment...just until I got my girl real good and warmed up...receptive to any touch, as long as she was being touched.

"Paciencia, Fernanda." I told her to have patience. Torture? Perhaps, but it was what I did best.

I slid my middle finger down the center of Isabella's folds, the warmth of her precious pie enveloping my long finger and coating it with her juices. Back and forth, slowly I massaged her, eliciting moans of approval as she leaned into my ear and bit down on my lobe.

"Yeah, baby. Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked in that husky voice that usually made women and girls alike drop their panties on the spot. Not under-aged girls...I wasn't into that type of perverted shit.

I circled that little bundle of nerves with each agonizingly slow pass, but I never entered her. In truth, it was torturing me just as much as it was her, not to mention Fernanda. The Latina beauty queen was licking her lips, begging for a taste. So, keeping my hand firmly planted on Isabella's center, I lifted my soaked middle finger and nodded the offering to her.

I turned to kiss Isabella, thinking that she would need the distraction while Fernanda feasted off my finger, but she was too caught up in watching the scene unfold to pay me any attention. Fernanda gave my finger one long lick before engulfing my entire finger with her mouth. She bobbed her head back and forth, humming and moaning, sucking and wrapping her tongue around the digit. She wasn't leaving anything behind, that was for sure.

Greed: one of the seven deadly sins.

I pulled my finger back from her mouth, and she let it go with a sucking pop. "Well? How does she taste?" I asked, nuzzling Isabella's breast.

"Mmm...mas, por favor?" she begged for more while licking her lips.

I couldn't help the quiet chuckle that escaped my throat. I knew that yearning. "We'll see," I said with an amused smirk.

I gave the side of Isabella's breast an open-mouthed kiss and resumed my fondling, this time, entering her with two fingers up to the knuckles on my hand. My fingers flicked back and forth inside her, alternating between slow, then fast and then slow again.

"Jesus..." she breathed as her body tensed and she rolled her body to push against my hand. She fisted her hands into the hair on each side of my head and brought her

mouth crashing down to mine. "Please...I...want...you," she mumbled between fevered kisses.

"Ah, my four most favorite words," I answered breathlessly. "Lean forward a bit, baby."

She sucked my bottom lip between her teeth and bit down firmly, but as I nudged her forward a bit, she was forced to reluctantly release it. Fernanda smiled devilishly at Isabella as her face came closer to hers, and I could tell she wanted nothing more than to kiss my girl's supple lips. I wasn't going to push her though. We would do this on her time, and if she never worked up the courage to take it there, we just weren't going to go.

My hand flattened on the small of her back to keep her in place as I maneuvered my other hand between our bodies. Grabbing the base of my cock, I stroked her languidly with the head as she moaned and writhed above me. Her glorious ass, with nothing more than a thin string between its voluptuous cheeks, taunted me. I could still vaguely make out the tinge of pink from our earlier play in the limousine and it fueled me even further.

In one smooth move, I pushed into her and couldn't help the low rumble of a growl that emanated from deep within my chest at the feel of her tightness surrounding me. Isabella's head fell back as she sank down onto me fully, the sound that erupted from the back of her throat one that I would've given anything to have had a

recording of so that I could play it over and over again. Hands down, she had the best damn pussy I had ever had the pleasure of impaling...and it was all mine. *Only* mine. Not just for the next five years, but for the rest of her life...because I was the first to pillage her sweet, little treasure chest, the first to bring her pleasure...the first to make her beg for more.

I wrapped one arm around her waist and pulled her back into my body. As she did so, I wrapped my other arm around her chest and arms, holding her captive as I pulled my cock almost all the way out before lifting my hips to thrust into her again. I felt Fernanda's hands on my thighs as she grabbed my pants and pulled them the rest of the way down my legs before removing my shoes and the offending article of clothing altogether. The only shred of clothing that remained between me and my million dollar pussy was the scrap of leather that hung open around the place where we were joined. It could stay because it was a major fucking turn on for me, and I suspected the same was true for Isabella and Fernanda alike.

Isabella's head fell back onto my shoulder as she arched her back and turned to kiss me. My tongue immediately assaulted her opened mouth, seeking out hers, and I got just a taste before she made a surprise move. My baby wrapped her lips around my tongue and began to suck

on it, bobbing her head back and forth seductively, the exact same way she did when she sucked my cock.

"Mmm...you're so fucking naughty," I breathed against her lips as I ground my hips in a circular motion against her backside. "Can you be a little naughtier for me, baby?"

"Whatever you want," she said, her forehead pressed against my temple.

Those words were exactly what every man wanted to hear. What she was giving me was a motherfucking dream come true.

"Let her touch you. If you don't like it, she can stop. Together, she and I can bring you so much more pleasure. More pleasure than you've ever fathomed possible," I said as I continued to thrust into her. I lightly bit into the top of her shoulder and began to suck on her skin as I moved even deeper inside her.

"Will it make you happy?"

"Oh, baby...it will make me extremely happy to see you come undone by our joint efforts. I only want to please you, Isabella...show you a whole other world that can bring you bliss such as you've never dreamed of." I kissed her neck and then pressed my lips to her hear, whispering, "And I really want to cum inside your tight, little pussy, but I need you to get off...preferably, multiple times...before I do."

"Ungh," she moaned as she closed her eyes and nodded in acquiescence.

I looked at Fernanda and her eyes flashed with her eagerness as a seductive smile graced her lips. I moved inside Isabella slowly, because any faster and I was sure to cum before the party really got started. As Fernanda's hands began to caress the inside of Isabella's thighs, inching their way closer to my girl's center, I felt her shudder in response. Such a simple reaction, but it told me she was game to the play.

"Kiss me, Isabella. Kiss me and just feel, baby."

She turned her face toward mine and once again assaulted my mouth with a hungry, passionate kiss. I cupped one of her breasts while continuing to move inside her, and I knew the moment Fernanda had reached her destination because my million dollar baby jerked her hips and mewled into my mouth, her kiss becoming more fervent. Lightning struck faster than I could have ever imagined and I felt the walls of her pussy become even tighter, squeezing my cock as she quickened and came undone around me. She rolled her hips in a jerking motion and I had to tighten my hold around her waist to stop her because shit like that was going to be game over for me.

I severed our kiss to give Isabella a chance to catch her breath, but I wasn't done with her yet. I meant it when I said I wanted her to cum multiple times. "Mas Fernanda.

Give my baby more," I told her, and then I took Isabella's nipple into my mouth and swirled my tongue around the hardened peak, never once removing my eyes from the show going on down below.

Fernanda leaned forward and...holy threesomes! She put her mouth on my girl and hummed...loudly. And as if that wasn't enough, Isabella wiggled her right arm free and cupped the back of Fernanda's head, forcing her to bury her face into her pussy. Admittedly, I let down my guard on Isabella's hips because I just couldn't believe what I was seeing, and the hip roll thing started all over again. I let it go, because my girl was feeling that shit and I couldn't begrudge her that.

"Goddamn, baby..." I growled and my hips began to thrust even faster, deeper...harder.

There was a myriad of sensation that shot through my body, every nerve ending on edge as I watched the display. Fernanda's hot breath as she panted just above the place where we were joined, Isabella's tight pussy, slick against the sensitive skin of my cock...and oh shit, Fernanda's hands cupping my nuts as she began to massage them. She dipped her head lower and began to lap at them, and then the base of my cock and then Isabella's pussy. I could barely make out her other hand between her own legs as she pleased herself. I could both hear and feel the hum of her approval of our joint

taste, and judging from the way Isabella moaned at the same time as I, she felt that shit too.

"Son of a..." I grabbed Isabella's hip roughly and began to really fuck the shit out of her. Her full breasts were bouncing up and down, and I knew that Fernanda was finding it hard to keep up with our furious motions, but somehow she managed because I could feel her everywhere, yet I was only concentrating on my girl. The effort it took to hold myself back was more than I could stand, but I couldn't let go until she was thoroughly satisfied. "Please, baby...please...I need you to-"

"Ah...ah...aaaaah. Oh, God...Edward..." she cried out. That sound...it would star in every fantasy I would ever have from that day forward.

Her thighs jerked, her body quivered and then went taut and her hips stilled...she was literally coming undone in my arms.

"Jesus, baby, I..." I was finding it hard to breathe, let alone talk. All I could do was hug her to my chest and bite into the spot where her neck met her shoulder, pumping into her relentlessly until I too, reached the same peak and took the dive into the very same ocean of indescribable pleasure where she was floating upon, relishing in, wave after wave of her orgasm.

I could feel the miniscule weight of Isabella's body as she sagged against me, and the frantic beat of her heart under my forearm matched that of my own. The rapid

rise and fall of her chest with her panting breaths slowly began to even out as we both came down from our high and basked in the post-coital aftermath.

When I was finally able to lift my heavy head, I kissed her bare shoulder lightly, trailing butterfly light kisses up the length of her neck until I reached her ear and nuzzled it with my nose.

"That was..." I breathed.

"Delicioso," Fernanda finished, wiping the corners of her mouth. "Gracias, Isabela."

"De nada," Isabella exhaled with an exhausted breath.

Menage a trois at La Petite Boudoir. Whether or not it would ever happen again, didn't matter. All I knew was that I had just been gifted every man's fantasy, and I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that my million dollar baby was worth every penny I'd paid for her.

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